

THE STOIC

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THE STOIC

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September 2002

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people

the year



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Editors: Olli Hogg, Fred Raikes and Harry Arkwright.
 Advisory Editor: KB
 Special thanks: EST and Alison Bierman.



editorial



According to the forthcoming edition of "The Good School's Guide" *The Stoic* is the publication new parents should read in order to find out everything about the school. Heady praise indeed, but this also makes the task of editing the magazine a lot harder, we now have a reputation to live up to. What goes and what stays? You will notice that this issue barely features any artwork. Yes, that is to its detriment, but look at what else is included: yet again we have had a fine year on the sports field, winning some of the more unusual national titles; there were a wealth of trips abroad, which merit their inclusion by the educational value they give. Old Stoics have been generous in giving us articles this year, these too are of value, they remind us of what has gone before, and serve as an educational tool to the current Stoics. Of course, this issue of *The Stoic* could not pass without some mention of the events of September 11th and the school's reaction to this. Not all learning is carried out in the classroom, and this year we were fortunate in having Alli Harper, the Stowe-Harvard fellow, to help the Stoics, and staff alike, form educated responses to those events.



This year we have said farewell to many members of the common room, and thank Drs Mike Waldman and Mike Hornby for all they have contributed to Stowe over their many years here. We have welcomed the revitalised North Front. It makes all the months of scaffolding worthwhile.

We may not be as glamorous as those who organise the fashion show, or as high profile as those on the First XV, but our task is just as important. To paraphrase Lord Kitchener, "Your magazine needs you". The Stoic would not exist were it not for our contributors, and for this we thank them heartily.

“A TRIUMPH”

The completion of the restoration of the North Front and Colonnades of Stowe House was the occasion for a celebration on Saturday September 28th 2002. The Reception was attended by many people who made it all possible and hosted by Lord Sainsbury of Preston Candover (Chairman of the Campaign for Stowe), who has described the restoration as “a triumph”.

Guests included Liz Forgan, Chair of The Heritage Lottery Fund, Sir Nigel Mobbs, Chairman of the Stowe House Preservation Trust and Sir Nicholas Lyell, Chairman of Governors of Stowe School. Another guest present at the Reception was Richard Temple Bt. a direct descendant of his name-sake who was the first owner of Stowe House from 1677-1697.

The restoration is the work of The Stowe House Preservation Trust and cost £5.812 million. It has taken two years to complete and is the first of a six phase programme of restoration of the House. Generous funding has come from many sources, organisations and individual donors - but largely from the Heritage Lottery Fund which granted 75% of the cost.

The visitor now approaching Stowe using the new approach sees the great North Front, with its curving colonnades, as it has not looked for at least 150 years. It now emerges the golden colour of Bath stone rather than a dull grey. The North Front has been recovered in a lime render using appropriate aggregates to give a ‘pale stone’ colour.

The restoration has sought to return the buildings to the way they were at the end of the eighteenth century. The restoration programmes has replaced the lost urns and statuary with replicas to the roof and screen walls. One particularly striking change is the re-appearance of



the ten magnificent urns standing impressively on the North Front balustrades. These had been removed during the early days of the School as they were deemed unsafe.

The colonnades roofs were renewed to the original design and materials, with structural reinforcement as necessary. The existing Westmoreland slate covering was reused on the inner slopes, while the outer slopes were being covered with cotswold stone slates. Long term protection to the building structure has been provided by modern improvements such as felt laid beneath the roofing slates.

Sand, aggregates and stone for the building and roofing repairs were carefully selected from local sources where possible. For instance, the impressive steps to the North Front portico - used by all visitors to the House are Hornton stone, quarried near Banbury, as they had been originally. Stone with a blue rather than brown seam was used as it is harder wearing. There is so much to look at and admire in the restoration work. How many visitors to the House will notice that a lead bust of King William III has now been replaced in the repaired pediment over the massive oak doors? The false window on the portico has also been reinstated.

Since the start of the restoration work, access to Stowe House for the public has increased to at least 100 days a year. The longer term intention is to open the House in line with the National Trust's opening times for the Landscape Gardens. Regular guided tours of the House are currently offered so that many more people can take pleasure in visiting the House.

Work on phase 2 of the restoration of the House, the Central Pavilion and South Front Portico, costing £7.3 m will begin in April 2003. The Heritage Lottery Fund has granted £5.5 million towards the cost. This will cover the Central Pavilion, South Portico and South Steps. Much of the balance of the £7.3 million cost has been raised but further donations are still needed.

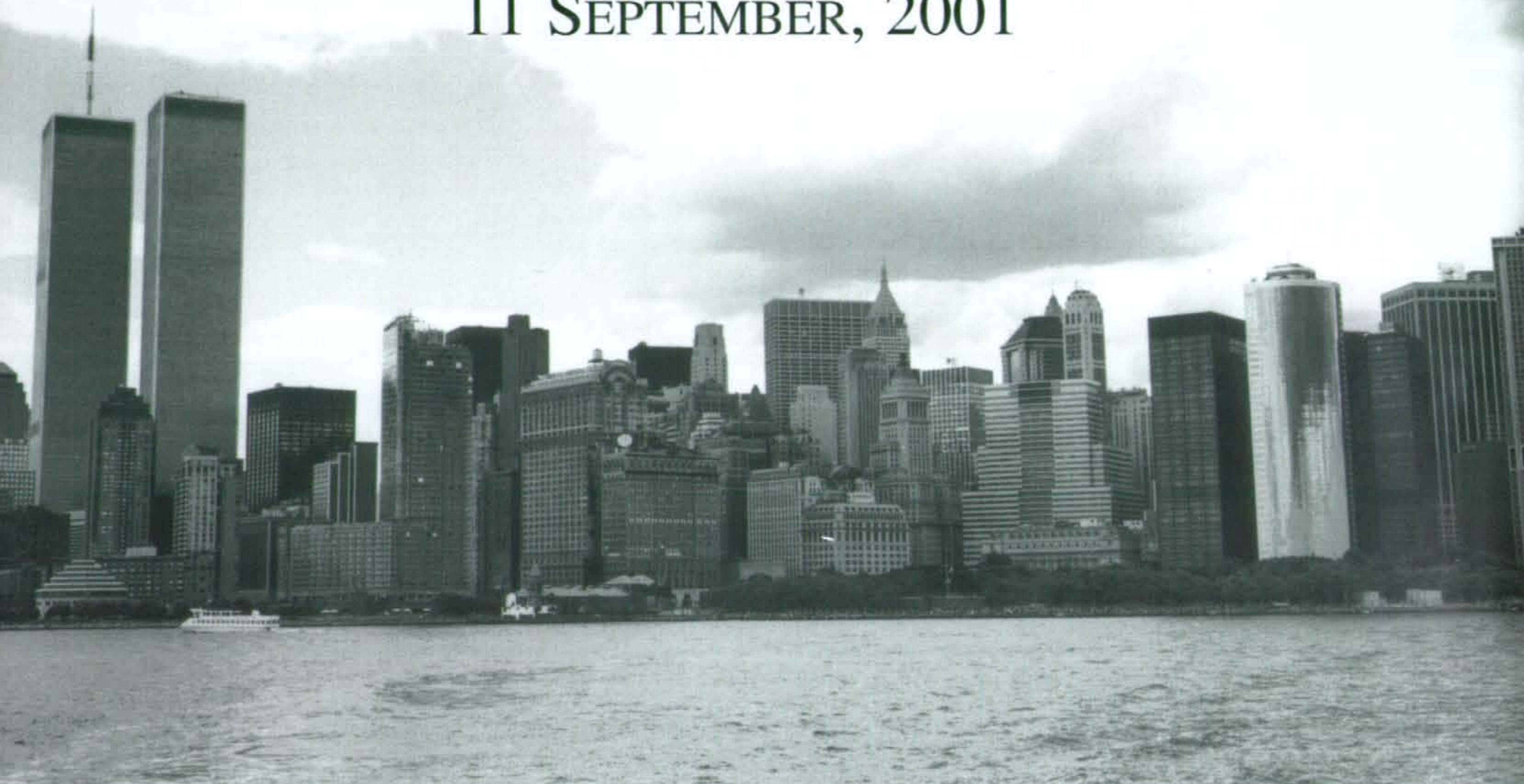
The remaining four phases of the restoration plan for the House will cost an estimated £26.5 million at current prices. The internal restoration is also part of the six phase programme and will be carried out on a room-by-room basis. It is envisaged that the overall programme will take at least 10 more years, depending on the availability of funds. The transformation made to the North Front and Colonnades can only serve as an inspiration to carry on the massive task ahead.



Sir Nicholas Lyell, Chairman of Governors, Sir Nigel Mobbs, Chairman, Stowe House Preservation Trust, Liz Forgan, Chair, Heritage Lottery Fund and Lord Sainsbury of Preston Candover KG, President of the Campaign for Stowe.

Alli Harper, last year's Stowe/Harvard Fellow writes in the aftermath of

11 SEPTEMBER, 2001



The air engulfing America has always been of a relatively secure, complacent and comfortable variety, for better and for worse.

As I've travelled throughout England and the European continent this year, one of the cultural and historical features that has stood out in stark contrast to my life in America has been the role that fighting a war on or near to one's own soil has played in forming today's society and culture over here, especially in the older generations. The pride, unity, and the national self-evaluation and awareness of values and purpose that emerge from having to defend oneself have struck me as healthy and valuable, despite the horror that encourages this discussion.

Now America shares this contemplation that comes from such a horrific attack. This thinking is taking place on many different levels, reflecting the broad and far-reaching effects that such a disaster brings about. All Americans, and even many abroad, felt the panic accompanying the uncertainty and then realisation that loved ones were lost. Beyond that immediate craze (that is obviously still very real for many), America is digesting what an attack like this means for America as a country, an ideology, and a diverse people. And what does this attack mean for rationality, religion, justice, freedom and morality? Were the terrorists rational? How much do we need to limit freedom to increase security? What happens when what is right to me is wrong to you? Most importantly, how does a world run in which such deeply held beliefs on these topics differ and sometimes conflict?

One of the hardest questions to be asked by America and the world is why America is disliked by some? Is it inevitable jealousy of a superpower? Is it the result of not doing enough to help internationally, being too isolationist? Or is it quite the opposite, that America gets too involved and violates other's sovereignty and rights to self-determination? Or is it that the world does not differentiate between Britney Spears and the rest of America or rather George W. and the rest of America, an oversimplification of America? Being an ambassador of America to some extent this year, this has been an important, interesting and difficult question to get an answer to. And how and why does the answer even matter?

The past is the past, and amidst all of these questions, we, the US and the world as entities themselves, but also we, as individuals, must move forward. Herein lie the most fascinating discussions in my opinion. First, as a nation, how should we respond? How do we lead? We have the chance to present a vision for the world and to match action with words. Too frequently, visions are a matter of rhetoric over leadership by example. I fear that we will not seize this opportunity to lead by example, perhaps a question of the particular individual in power or the nature of the US political system. I hope that George W. Bush sets the rare example of genuinely considering the welfare of the world as a whole, in addition to the self-interest of the US. What an opportunity to begin to chip away at the cynical critiques of the US and the international system in which one wonders if there is a place for any awareness of an international community


beyond as a multitude of individual self-interested nation-states... or perhaps we are not there yet.

Finally, and most relevant to our own lives, is what 11 September provoked in us, as individuals. I view America's history as a journey to fulfil ideals, that admittedly are struck down too often, set out in its earliest days in a context prohibitive to the fulfilment of many of these concepts of freedom and equality. So the rights I have today, like to vote, be educated, travel, pursue a career, speak freely of my political views, practice my religion, are results of real fights, in the midst of incredible sacrifices and risks, to make the world more fair and just. Others have fought the fight of justice—and I see no other way for myself than to figure out how to contribute to that fight in my own life. For me, to do what is right is to contribute to moving towards a more just world. And 11 September reminded me that there is no room for complacency in that fight yet.

“Others have fought the fight of justice – and I see no other way for myself than to figure out how to contribute to that fight in my own life.”

THE TIMES
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 12 2001

When war came to America

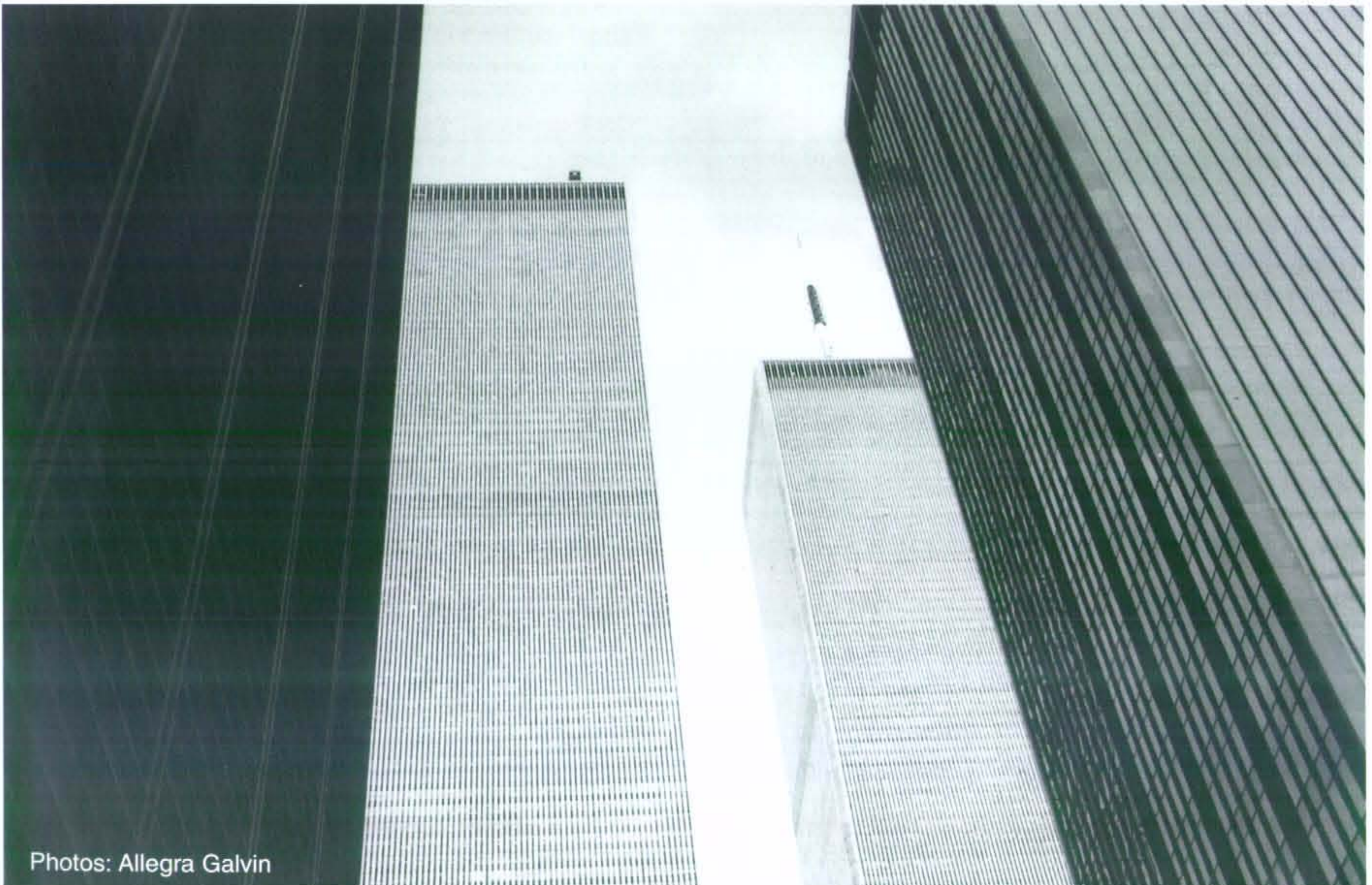


Times reporter James Bone was looking up at the World Trade Centre minutes before the twin towers fell from the sky

By James Bone

It was a clear day in New York City on the morning of September 11, 2001. The sun was shining brightly, and the air was clear. James Bone, a reporter for The Times, was standing on the roof of the New York Stock Exchange, looking up at the World Trade Center towers. He was about to go to work, and he was looking forward to a busy day. He had just finished his morning coffee and was about to head down to the office when he saw a small plane flying towards the towers. He looked up and saw the plane get closer and closer. He saw the plane hit the towers and saw a massive plume of smoke and debris rise from the towers. He saw the towers begin to sway and then fall. He saw the towers collapse and saw the towers fall from the sky. He saw the towers fall and saw the towers fall from the sky.

TEROR IN AMERICA: News, pages 2-6; Today America; Travel 2; PLUS 24-page special supplement of news, comment and analysis



Photos: Allegra Galvin

EXTRACTS FROM THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH, JUNE 2002

"...September 11th will mean a great deal to each of us at a personal level. It also has to mean something to us as a community. It is, I would suggest, a reminder that important as things like public examination results, and sporting and cultural achievements will always be to us, our mission as stated boldly on our prospectus – the encouragement of Stoics to think deeply, to think for themselves and to think of others – is of paramount importance.

As Aristotle put it, many speech-days ago: "There is a form of education which should be given to our sons not because it is useful and not because it is necessary, but because it befits a free man and is noble."

In the eight months since the New York tragedy the western world has begun to understand and explore the irony that one person's terrorist is another person's martyr. The older, retiring generations will be leaving the rising generations a huge challenge. And never was it more important, in this age of spin and mass media indoctrination, that young people emerge from their schools with strong powers of intellectual discrimination and a deep understanding of their fellow men and women across the world. A deeper understanding, indeed, than that with which my own generation was equipped...

There has to be openness of debate and an atmosphere uninhibited by excessive regimentation and regulation. The Stowe House and grounds have always provided a superb setting for just such an atmosphere and debate.

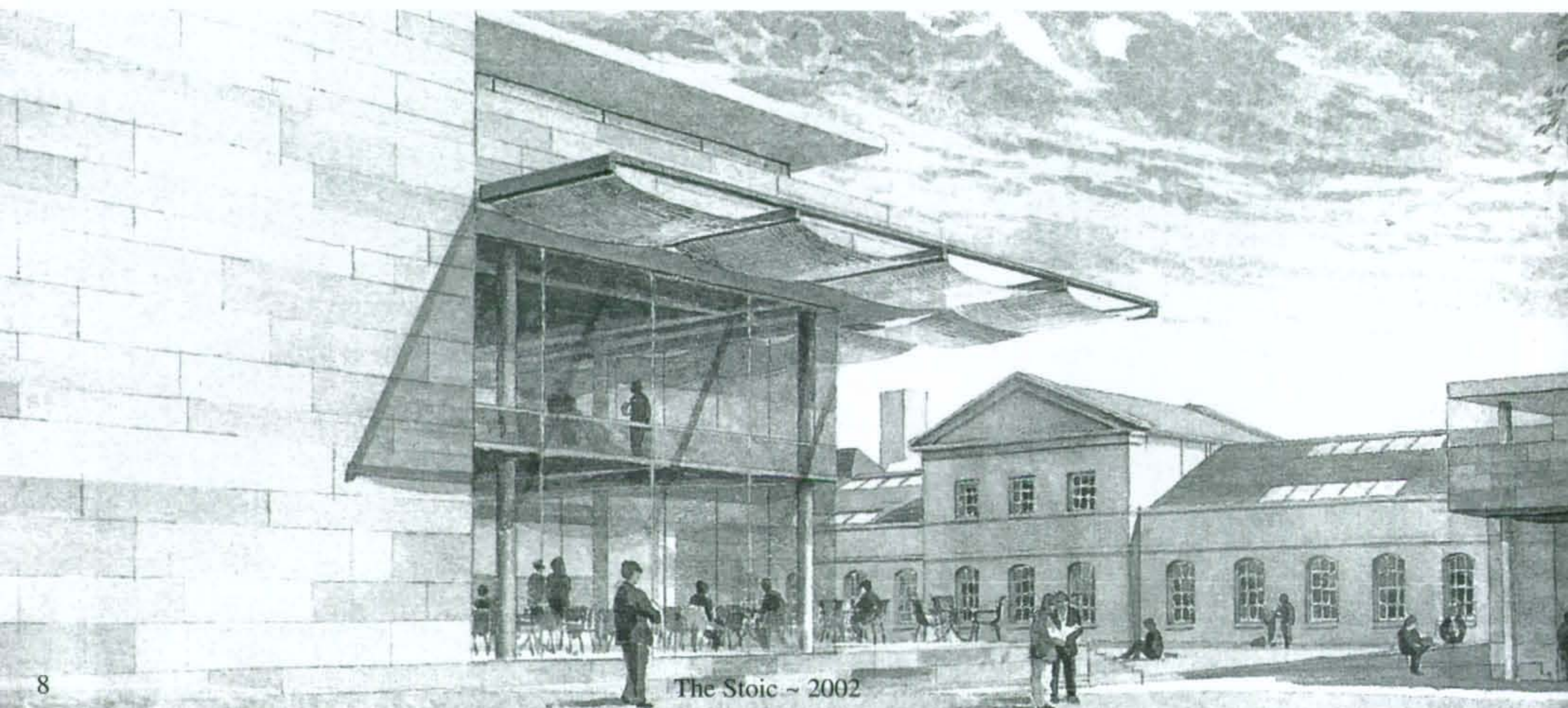
G. Wilson Knight, that distinguished scholar and former member of staff, likened Stowe to one of those



big ocean-going liners which dominated travel before the arrival of the international airlines:

"On a sea voyage you are cut off from the pressures of society, you are part of a smaller community, unlike the heterogeneous and impersonal masses of a big city. While, for a week or more, you live also in direct contact with the vast and elemental. A new state of mind is accordingly induced. Friendships flourish. And the sweeter consciousness of your small world may even seem to approach that flowering of the humanistic perception for which the age of Pericles in ancient Greece, the courts of Renaissance Italy and Elizabethan England, or of Louis XIV, are famed. You are free of the complexities of our complex world. Given a small enough community socially independent, or in some way cut off from the great social drag, man can, for a while, inherit his own.

"Stowe creates just such an islanded society, shut off from the harsher excesses of the outside world, and yet in harmony with tree and sky. A society where mutual kindness necessarily pervades, making of it a miniature, or microcosm, of social good..."





Well, that may be a somewhat rose-tinted spectacles view, but it does, I believe, contain the essential truth behind the potentialities in a Stowe education. The House and Gardens can provide inspiration enough for a whole life-time. The place is perfect for the kind of school needed to cope with a post-September 11th world. And the kind of people needed to elicit inspiration from the place are in place too. But there is a third dimension to our ideal, already on the drawing board, but not yet built of stone and glass and steel. I refer to the New Library and Tutorial Centre.

I use the term New Library deliberately. Libraries have changed dramatically over the past few years. A New Library will be able to inspire, inform and educate in a quite unbelievably more effective way than an old one. The New Library will provide the school with a vibrant intellectual focal point. If knowledge is the enemy of prejudice, then the new library will be our answer to September 11th and all it stands for.

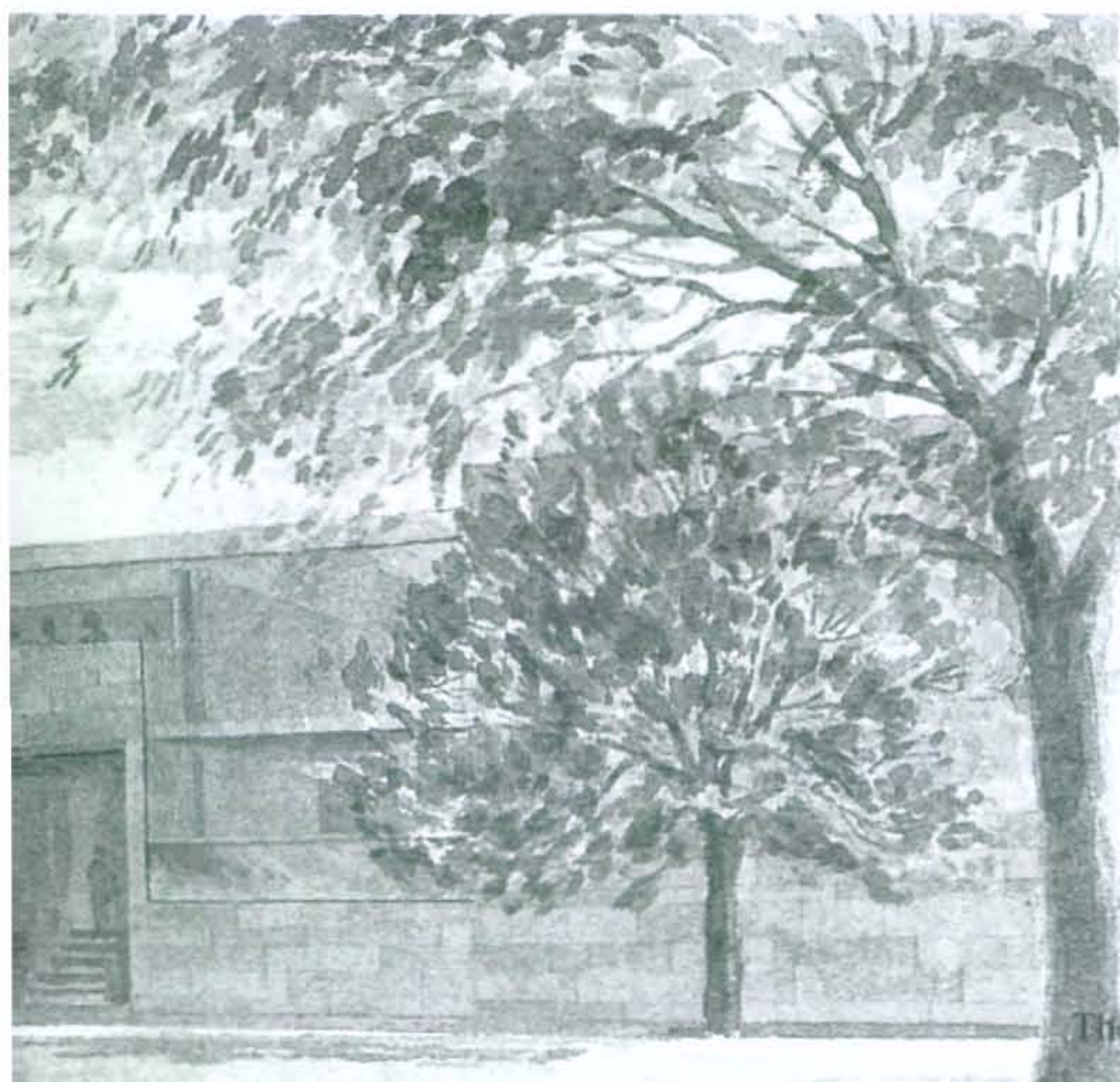
“Desire more love and knowledge,” said Shakespeare.

‘Love’ and ‘Knowledge’. Interesting companions. Francis Bacon also had something to say on the subject: “Knowledge itself is power,” he wrote. And again:

“The inquiry of truth, the knowledge of truth, and the belief of truth, is the sovereign good of human nature.”

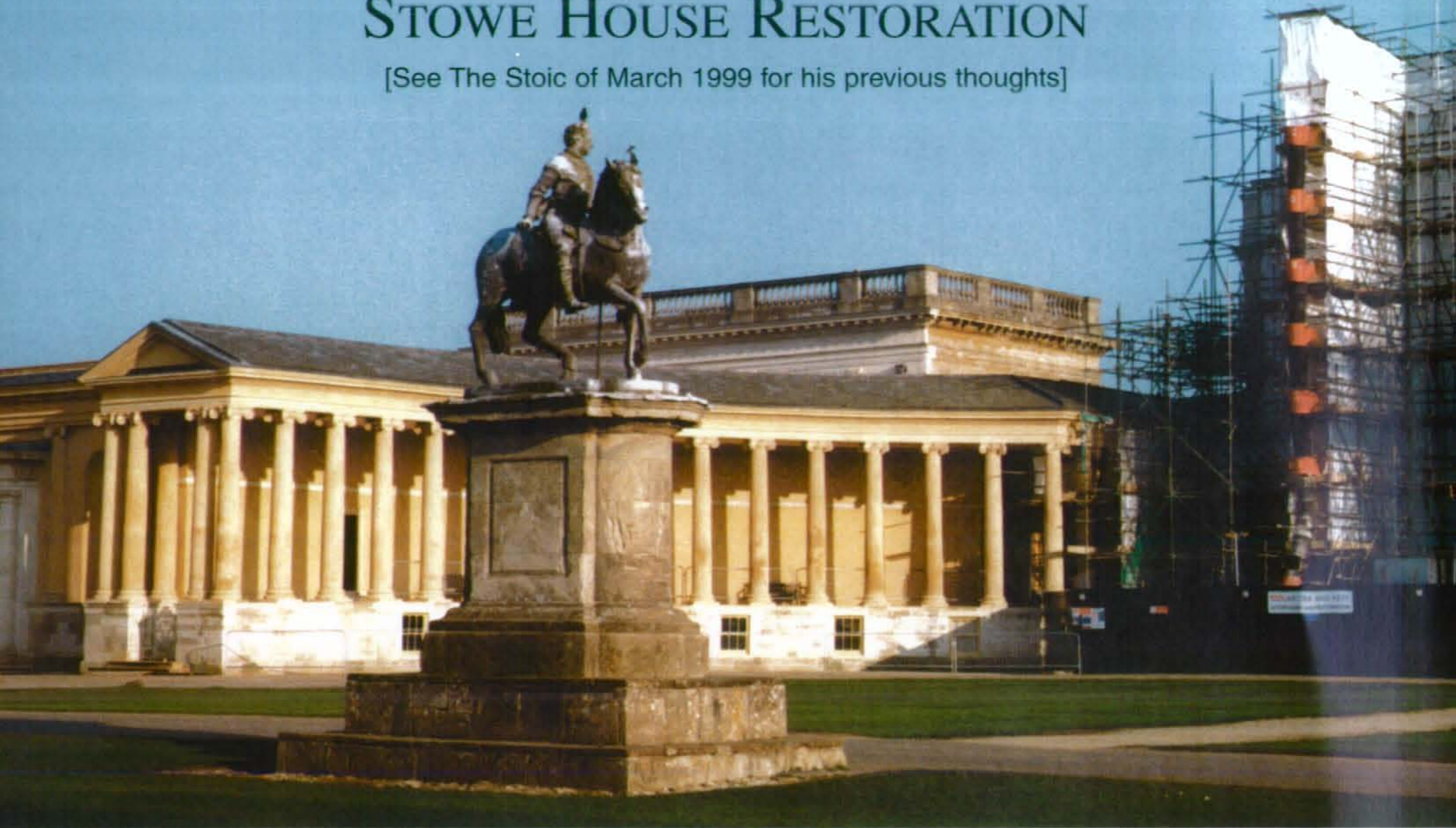
We intend our new library to be the greatest repository of knowledge and truth our highly technical society can produce, an inspiring place from which Stoics may – singly and en groupe – enquire, know and believe. As you are aware, this new centre of the school’s intellectual life will not just be a “new library”, with all that entails, but also a “tutorial centre”. This means that, as soon as it is built, Stowe will be enjoying a new, tutorial-centred form of weekly lessons.

Those of us here with Common Entrance Latin will know that the word ‘tutor’ is connected with the Latin ‘tutus’, meaning ‘safe’. Those with Latin at a slightly higher level of accomplishment will know that it is also derived from the deponent verb ‘tueor’, ‘to watch over’, or ‘to protect’. There is a direct correlation between the fountain of knowledge and truth, which the new library will offer each and every individual, and the tutorial transaction which will also go on within the building. From the pursuit of knowledge can come a steadily growing understanding of truth and from both, in the post September 11th world, can come safety and protection, not just for ourselves but others, people of every race and creed. The New Library and Tutorial Centre must be the School’s answer to September 11th and everything which it has subsequently highlighted. It is my hope that, just as we can all remember where we were when we first heard of the events in New York on September 11th, so too, we will all remember where we were sitting on June 1st when Stowe’s New Library and Tutorial Centre was dedicated, as it is being dedicated at this very moment, to playing its own small part in the furthering of understanding between all nations, the appreciation of a common humanity, and the accomplishment of a that centuries-old desire for world peace.



King George Ponders on Phase One of the
STOWE HOUSE RESTORATION

[See The Stoic of March 1999 for his previous thoughts]



My nag and I



rejoiced last year



as the colonnades



and screen walls

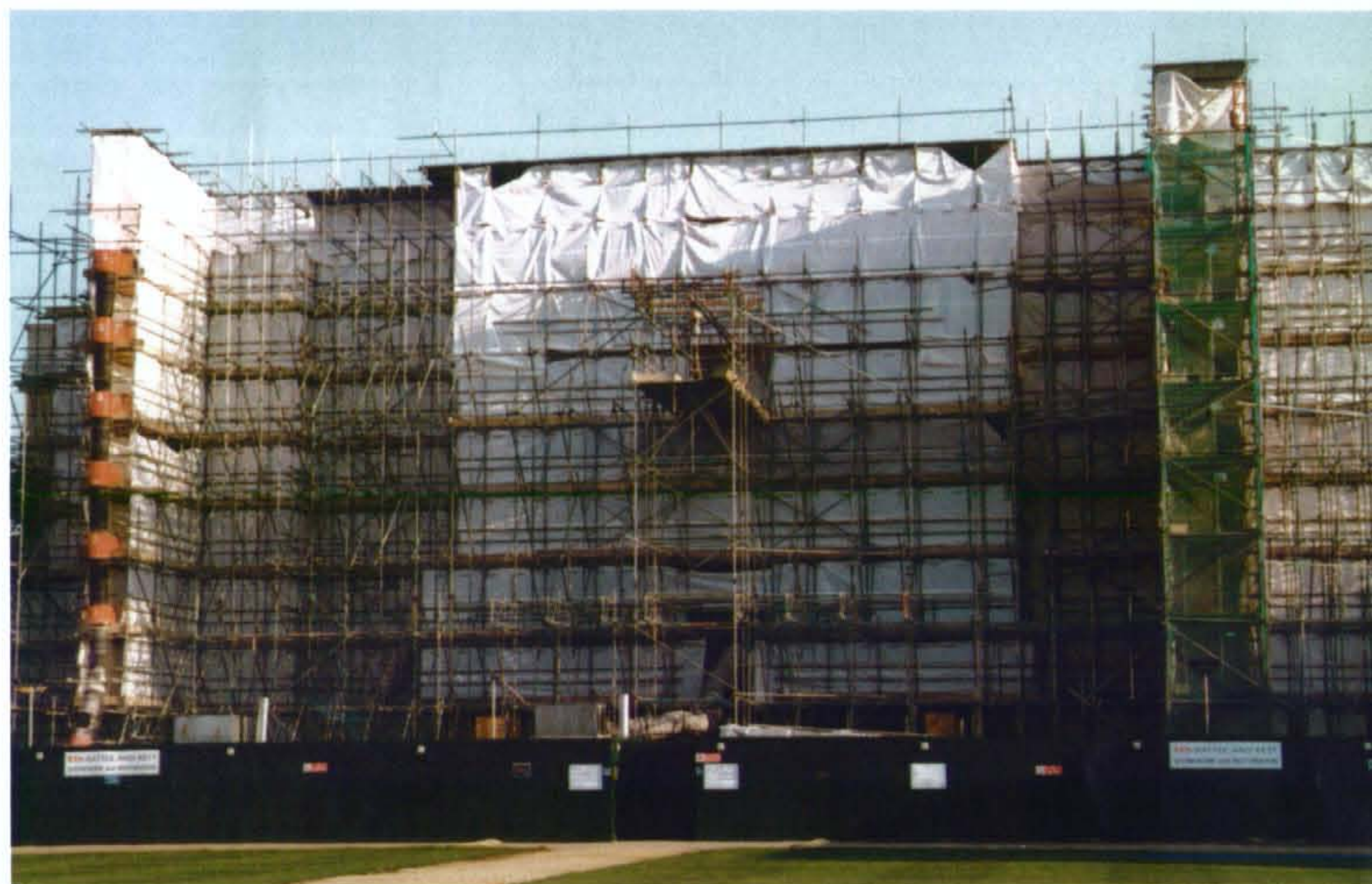


were beautifully restored.

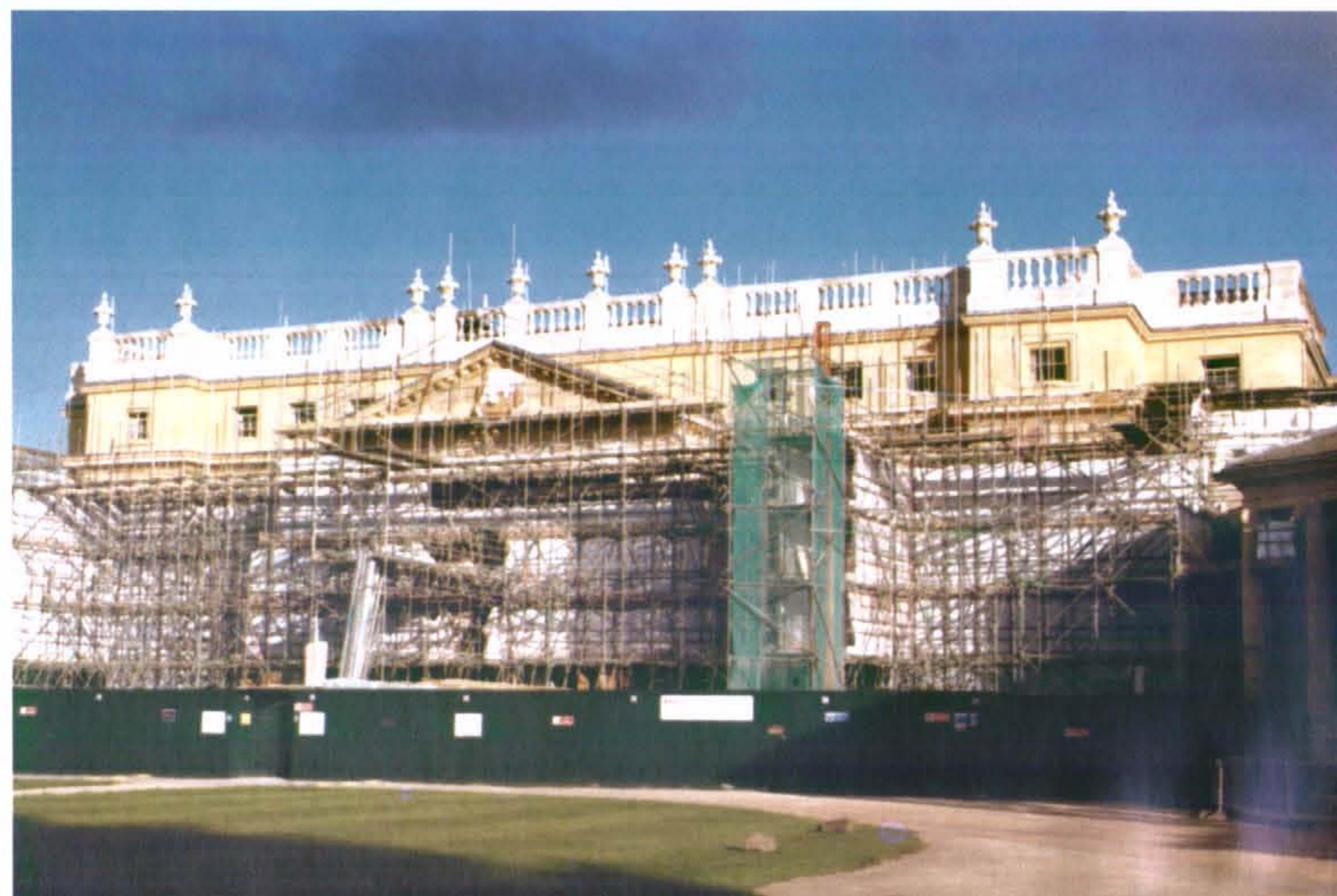
Then (August 2001)
scaffolding appeared



on the central pavilion



only to begin disappearing
(May 2002) and leave me
with a distinctly upbeat
background.

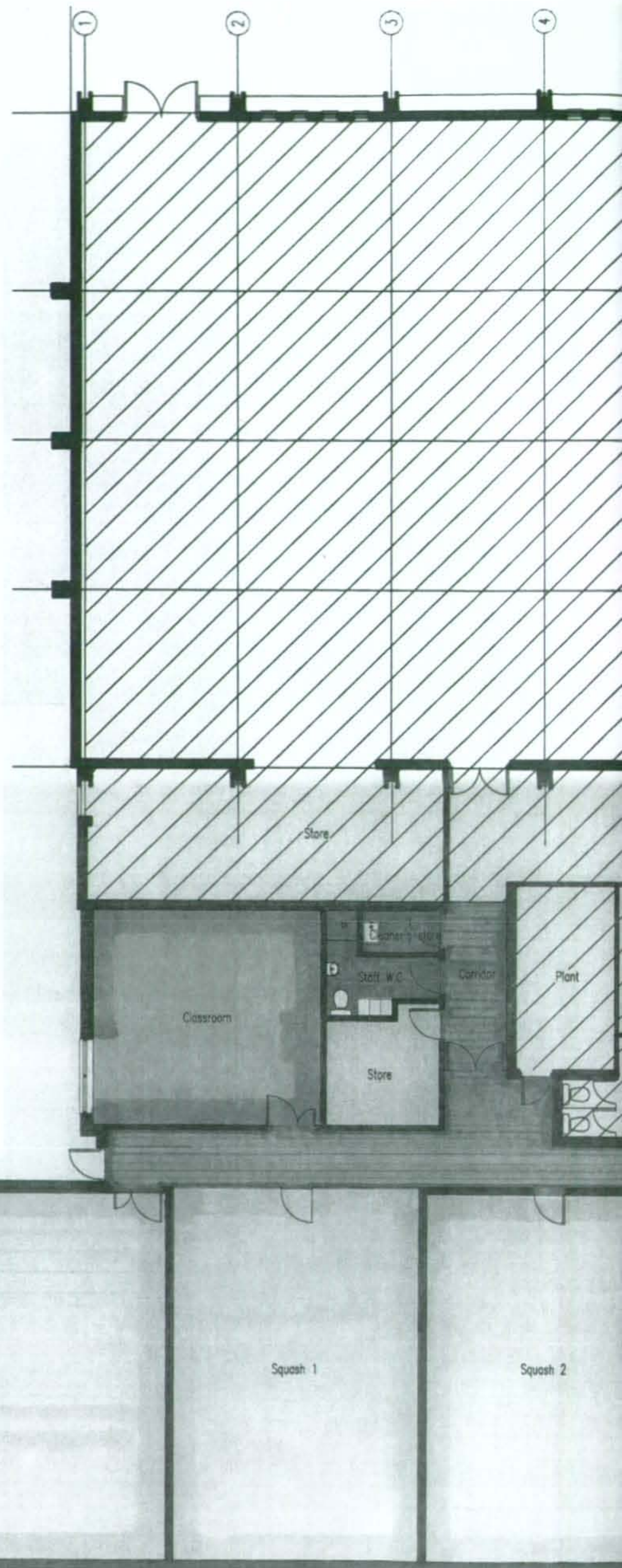


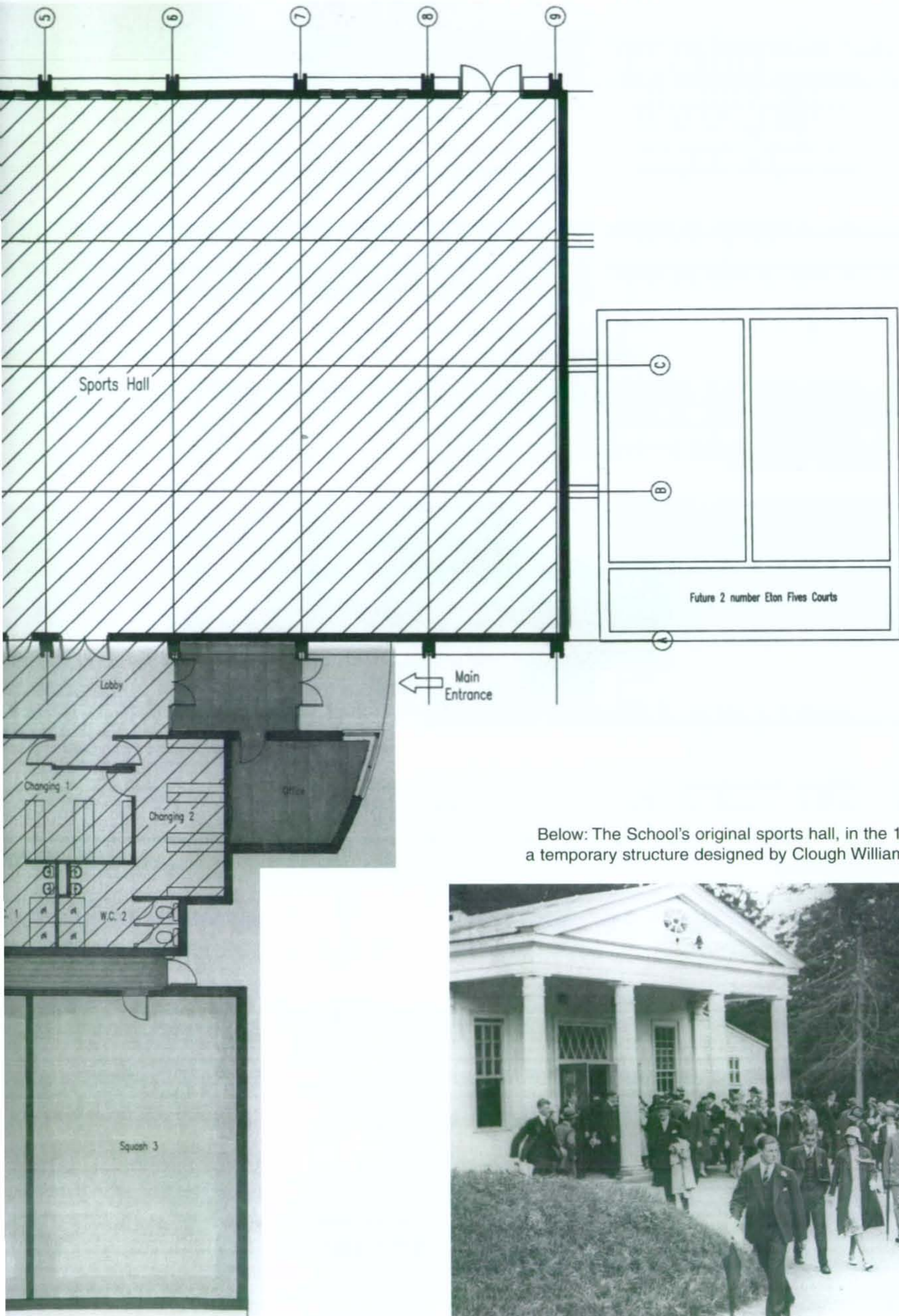
THE DRAYSON HALL DEVELOPMENT

The Bursar writes:

The Drayson Hall development started at the beginning of July and is scheduled for completion next February. The development is the enabling work for the reconfiguration and refurbishment of the academic area and involves the relocation to the sports area of three squash courts together with the creation of a multi-gym training centre, a PE classroom and sports storage facilities. The design includes space for the relocation of the Fives courts when funding becomes available.

The project involves close liaison with the National Trust. The final result will be not only to give the school improved facilities in a more coherent layout but to improve the look of an area adjacent to the Temple of Concord and Victory and the Grecian Valley.





Below: The School's original sports hall, in the 1920s, a temporary structure designed by Clough Williams-Ellis.



TEAM STOIC

Those of you familiar with Formula 1 Motor Sport will be aware of the current monopoly of both the Drivers' and Constructors' World Championships by the Italian based Ferrari team. To combat this Stowe established their very own racing team, and although we are only involved in the scaled remote controlled versions our approach was required to mirror much of the systems in place in a real team, namely design, manufacturing, testing and teamwork.

Team Stoic was established in order to compete in a national competition geared towards promoting careers related to engineering and manufacturing. The Formula Schools organisation has grown from a small Oxfordshire base five years ago into a major educational competition open to all Secondary Schools. The scheme attracts huge interest and sponsorship from Universities and Colleges as well as internationally renowned companies.

The requirements of the competition are simple, each team is given the very basic components of a petrol driven radio controlled car. From here the teams are encouraged to design and manufacture a new car, or particular component parts in order to enhance performance, reliability and speed. To accomplish this effectively all teams are expected to seek sponsorship, professional guidance to aid manufacture and establish promotional materials such as web sites and display stands.

Team Stoic were in the unusual position of being approached by a sponsor, the local Formula 1 team Jordan. Jordan expected the Team to plan and deliver a detailed presentation on the Team's objectives and how Jordan's sponsorship would be promoted. As a result Team Stoic delivered a professional, Power Point led, presentation to some members of the Board which was rewarded with a lengthy tour of both the Silverstone Factory and the Brackley Wind Tunnel Facility.





Jordan were always keen to ensure that Stoics should design and manufacture the car so this led to a number of students spending a great deal of time at both factories creating the chassis and body shell, using materials and processes used in the real industry. The resulting car was of very high quality and following the application of the livery closely resembled a grand prix car. Jordan's support was invaluable but we also needed some financial support for consumable items and having approached a number of high profile companies, such as McDonalds, Brother, Pizza Hut and Mercedes-Benz this support was provided by Budget Car Insurance.

Having established Team Stoic in September the team was finally rewarded on 14th June as all the schools competing met at the Silverstone Circuit to compete in a number of racing heats. Having been issued with authentic Jordan Pit Crew clothing the team certainly stood out against the lesser dressed teams, attracting interest from other teams, event sponsors, the press and ultimately BBC Television.

The day saw the team experience the true emotions of a racing team with the car suffering from radio failure as

well as several impacts from other competitors. The resulting racing performance was disappointing but given the coverage the team gained future sponsorship deals should be far easier to gain as we enter our second season next year. The team were rewarded with 2nd place in the "Use of Composite Materials" category and were considered, by many other teams, to possess the best looking car on the day.

As we enter our second season the Team are interested in new recruits and whereas no experience is required an insight into manufacturing, advertising and driving would be an advantage. You would be joining a small but exciting team that continues to have the backing of Jordan Grand Prix.

Team Manager:	SJP
Web Master:	Thomas Borwick
Technical Director:	Anosh Neterwala
Marketing Director:	Matthew Dalton
Associate Members:	Andrew Atherton, Harry Egerton, James Bradshaw

SJP

STOWE THE SUBMARINE

HMS STOIC

*The Stoic celebrates
a wartime submarine
with a very special name*



The Ship

HMS Stoic had a crew of 48 men and a diving depth of 350 feet. She was in action constantly from 1943 to the end of the war, in many areas of conflict but most notably the Far East. In May 1949 she was deliberately lowered by lifting craft to see how far down she would go before splitting under pressure. The answer was 532 feet. The remains were sold for scrap in 1950.

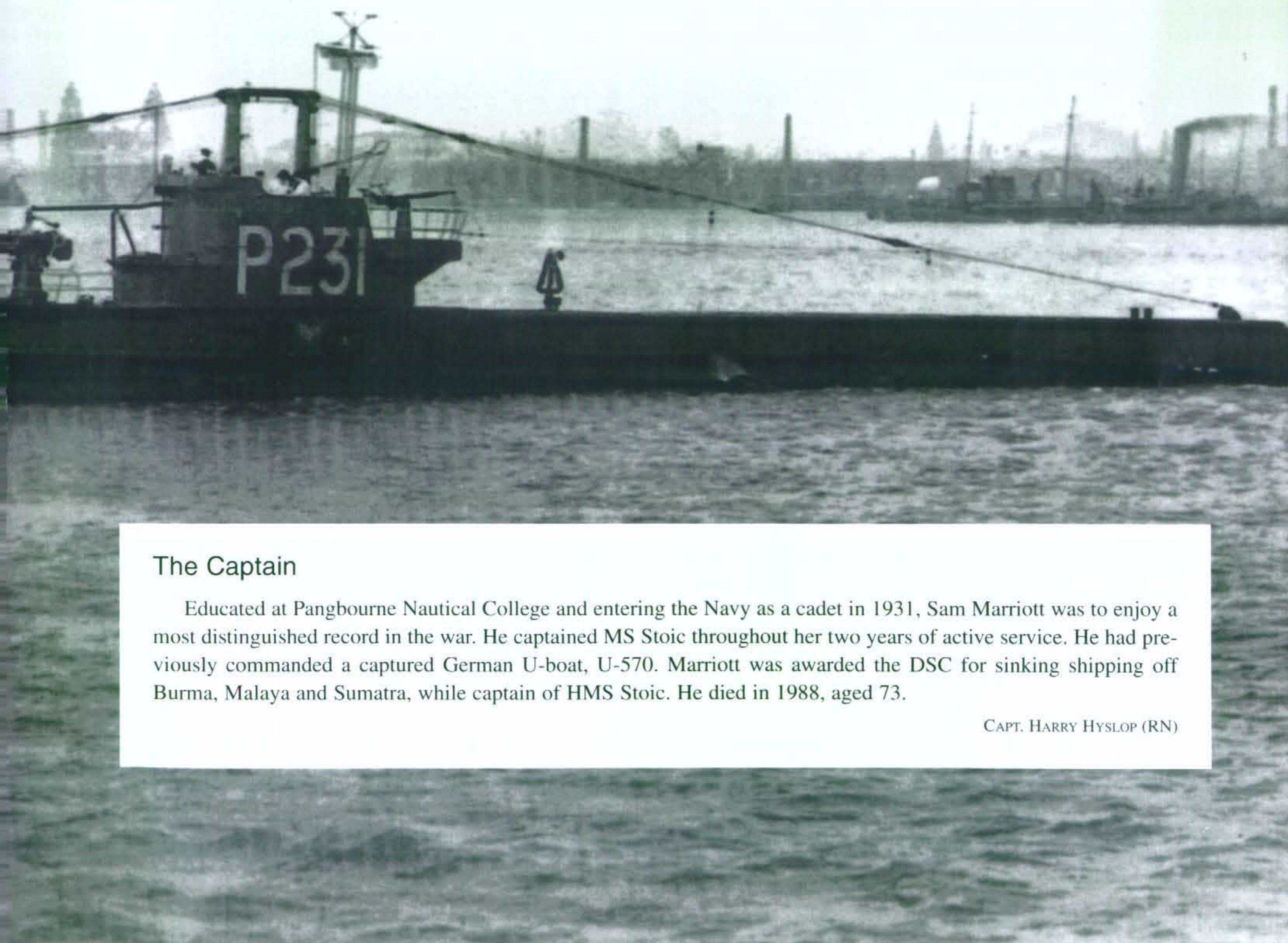
The Badge's Design

S-class subs all had names beginning with S. There was an HMS Sturgeon, for example, and an HMS Stratagem. HMS Stoic, built in Cammel Laird Yard in 1943, was given a badge by the College of Arms, as was usual with all newly commissioned ships: a diamond, half black, half white to represent the Stoic philosophy of admitting no greys only black and white. However, the ship's officers were less than impressed and approached the school for something better. The Art Department, led at the time by Robin Watt, produced a badge featuring a shell and one of the lake pavilions. The shell may possibly refer to William Kent, who often used it as a kind of signature. Kent, of course, was one of the major eighteenth-century influences at Stowe.

"This proposed crest," remembers former First Lieutenant on the Stoic, Phil Durham, "was submitted to the Admiralty who referred it to the Heralds Office, who pompously rejected it, instructing us to make use of their offered crest. To this nonsense we paid no regard and mounted and used Stowe School's offering throughout our commission."

Return to Stowe

The badge was cast in heavy metal and attached to the conning tower. It disappeared for ever when the ship was deliberately scuppered after the war. Fortunately, however, two copies were made in 1943, the second being given to a Mr Davis, who had invented the Davis Escape Apparatus, a device enabling the crew of a stricken submarine to escape, even when at the bottom of the ocean. Even more fortunately, the inventor's son, C.E. Davis, happened to go to Stowe in the 1940s, share a study in Temple with Antony Fletcher and give his studymate the badge. On May 11, 1995 Antony Fletcher kindly donated the badge to the school. It is on display in the Old Stoic Office and will, in due course, be on display in the Reception Room.



The Captain

Educated at Pangbourne Nautical College and entering the Navy as a cadet in 1931, Sam Marriott was to enjoy a most distinguished record in the war. He captained MS Stoic throughout her two years of active service. He had previously commanded a captured German U-boat, U-570. Marriott was awarded the DSC for sinking shipping off Burma, Malaya and Sumatra, while captain of HMS Stoic. He died in 1988, aged 73.

CAPT. HARRY HYSLOP (RN)

STOWE THE RAILWAY ENGINE

Ian Hawkins of the
Maunsell Locomotive
Society offers an
update



Those readers with a good memory may recall that Alexander Medwell-Bates wrote an article in the 1998 magazine outlining the history of the steam locomotive called "Stowe", that resides at the Bluebell Railway in Sussex. The purpose of this article is to mention that "Stowe" has been bought by a locomotive owning group of enthusiasts, based at the Bluebell Railway, and that work has started on overhauling the tender.

"Stowe" is one of only three survivors (the other two are "Cheltenham" and "Repton") from a class of forty locomotives (the "Schools" Class) designed by the Southern Railway's Chief Mechanical Engineer, Richard Maunsell, back in 1930. These engines were designed to haul medium weight passenger trains, and they proved to be powerful, fast and relatively simple and economical to maintain. In modern parlance, they were the railway equivalent of a GTi car. Indeed "Stowe" achieved the highest recorded speed for the class, 95mph on a passenger train, back in 1938, a very respectable achievement.

The new owners of "Stowe" are the Maunsell Locomotive Society, a non-profit making group of approximately 300 individuals, having as its main aim the preservation and operation of locomotives designed

by Richard Maunsell. To date, we have purchased and restored three engines, which were in a sorry condition having been in a scrapyard for a number of years. Between them they have subsequently notched up over 100,000 miles of service on the Bluebell Railway, so they have been put to very good use. We are now a long way through restoring a fourth engine that had been bought from the same scrapyard in South Wales.

Back in 2000, the then owners of "Stowe", Montagu Ventures of Beaulieu, decided they wanted to sell their locomotive. At the same time they expressed a preference for it to stay on the Bluebell Railway where it was already on loan. It is very rare for a locomotive of this quality to be put up for sale so this was too good an opportunity to miss. After a bit of hectic fundraising "Stowe" was purchased in September 2000, with a view to ensuring it stayed in Sussex where it will eventually be able to run with an authentic train of pre-war carriages, in an area where some of the "Schools" Class operated.

Since the purchase, thought has been given to getting the locomotive running again. As Alexander Medwell-Bates mentioned in his article, a preserved steam locomotive must have its boiler lifted out of the chassis

every ten years for examination and then all remedial work to the chassis and boiler undertaken. This is all time consuming and quite expensive. It is also skilled work and the majority of it has to be undertaken by the Bluebell Railway's full-time staff in the workshops. At the moment there is quite a queue of locomotives awaiting overhaul and no date has been fixed for when the overhaul of "Stowe" might start. However, as a considerable amount of interest had been generated by the successful purchase of the locomotive, it was decided to make a start on the tender – that is the locomotive's coal and water carrying part, behind the cab. This work can be undertaken whilst waiting for a suitable slot in the workshops.

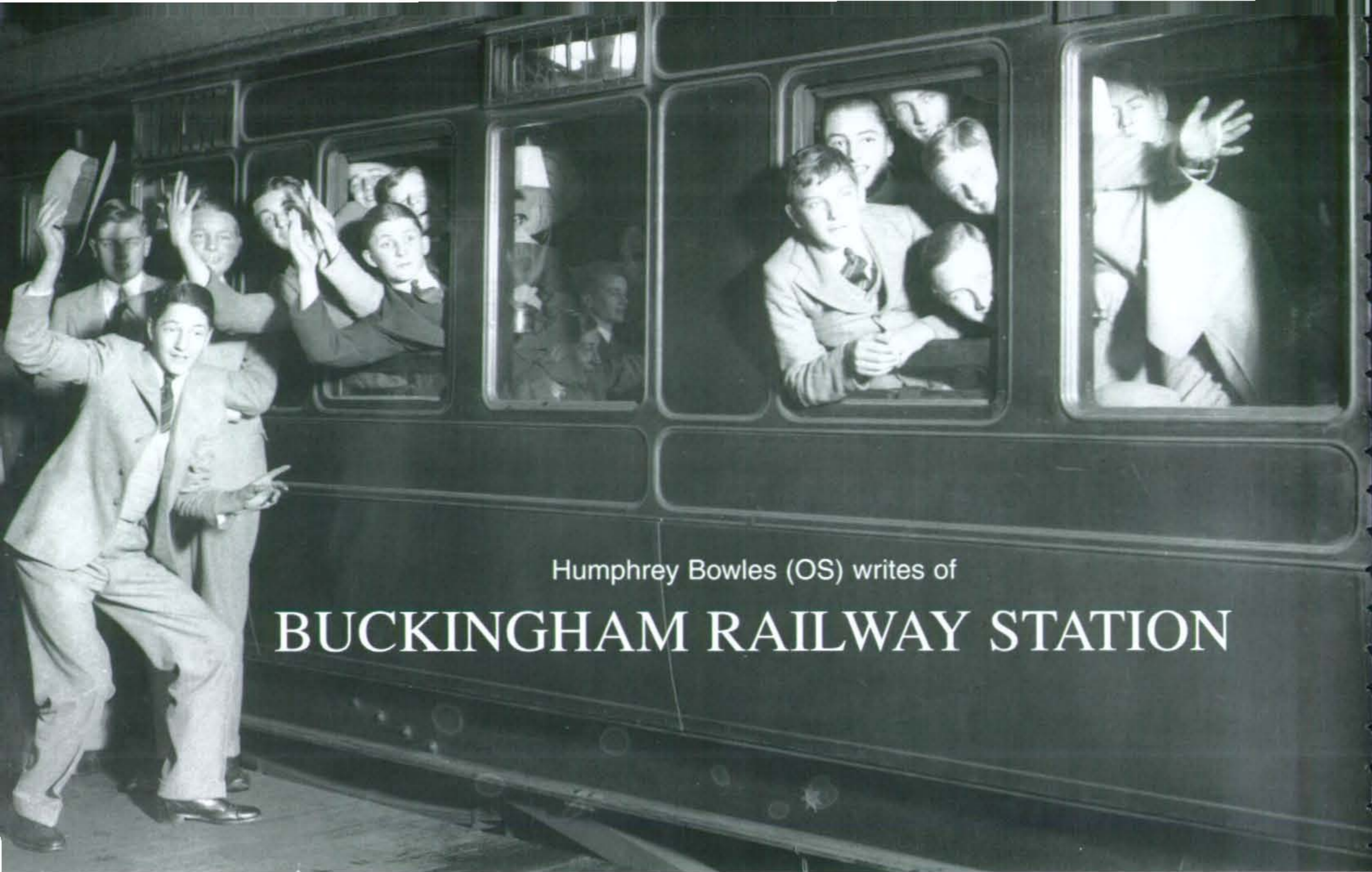
The tender is nearly 70 years old and, not surprisingly having run over 1,000,000 miles on British Railways, was found to require some major repair work. The main tender body is made of steel. This was found to be badly corroded, so it was decided to scrap and build anew. The chassis was also badly corroded at the front end so we are now busy making a whole new large front section. The main frames have become somewhat rusty on the inside faces and these are now being cleaned up and repainted. The steel rims (known as tyres) on the wheels are being machined back to a true profile. We hope to complete the work on the chassis this summer and then complete the construction of the new tender tank (for coal and water) next year. This will mean that we will have achieved a significant step in the overhaul of "Stowe" and then hopefully it will not be too long

before the locomotive goes into the works for its overhaul.

Finally, a few words about the Bluebell Railway. It was the first full sized line to be bought and operated as a preserved railway and has been running very successfully for over 40 years. It runs every weekend throughout the year and daily during the summer. It has been used by film and television companies and also runs an impressive Pullman dining train. It employs a number of full-time staff but relies on a sizeable volunteer workforce to run the railway. Although railway enthusiasts as a breed do not have a particularly good "public profile" there is no shortage of willing volunteers who want to drive and fire the impressive collection of steam locomotives based on the line. Accelerating away uphill on a train hauled by a 120-ton steam engine, in full cry, is one of those "must do" experiences that have to be savoured, if possible.

Meanwhile, with the agreement of the Editor, we will hopefully be able to update you, at regular intervals, on progress with "Stowe". We publish our own "in-house" magazine twice a year for members. Membership is £8.00 per annum and if anyone would like to join up, please write to the membership secretary, George Binns, 2 1 Barnfield Close, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 ITS. There is usually a gang of volunteers working outside the Bluebell Railway's workshops at Sheffield Park, most Sundays. If you are interested in seeing the locomotive, ask for the group working on "Stowe". We will be pleased to show you around.





Humphrey Bowles (OS) writes of

BUCKINGHAM RAILWAY STATION

A recent picture of Buckingham station in a railway magazine sharply reminded me of the extreme isolation of the school during the war and immediate post war years. Present Stoics cannot imagine how isolated we all were in those days. There were no private cars. The only way to Stowe was by rail.

And so there was the thrice yearly Special school train from Euston leaving, I think, at 4.15 pm. The new term seemed to start right there on platform ten, where Stoics were milling around, all having to wear those ghastly trilbies. The atmosphere of apprehensive misery always reminded me of the passage in *Vice Versa* where Mr. Bultitude meets Dr. Grimstone at St Pancras on the school train, the difference being that there were never any masters on the train let alone the headmaster. Indeed I doubt whether JF would ever be seen dead on a train at all.

Bletchley was always a bit of a hot spot because the train waited there awhile to reverse the engine. Sometimes there were fun and games. The buffet swarmed with hungry Stoics and, on one momentous occasion, someone shot out a station light with an air gun. All simple stuff, I suppose, but the journey was long and slow, and it was natural to get rid of our high (or low) spirits.

Eventually we arrived at Buckingham station, which was perched on a hill to the south of the town. Because our school trunks had been packed and despatched by rail about a week before the end of the holidays (at which point my heart always started to sink), we had little with us, so it was easy enough to cram into the small snub-

nosed buses that awaited us. Thus we arrived on the North Front to begin another term. At the end of term the position was reversed. Spirits lifted as the trunks were sent home in advance. The train always left really early. I still remember the sight and sound of what seemed to be a huge L.M.S. engine hissing at the platform end in the light of dawn. Looking back, I cannot remember the train ever being really late or delayed, and this was wartime with all the bombing.

It was rare for us to leave the school at all during term time, save for matches and the occasional cultural visit. We were well and truly isolated. The occasional parent came to visit, but necessarily by train then taxi or walk up. Once we departed from the station for a J.T.C. camp to Colchester, (coincidentally my home town). The journey took all of one boiling summer day, via Bletchley, Cambridge, Haverhill and Sudbury to Colchester. But we did not mind. In those days, time seemed less important.

I left at the end of 1948 when the school special was still running. I do not know when it stopped, presumably fairly soon afterwards with the ending of petrol rationing. Of course the station itself fell victim to the Beeching cuts a decade or so later. So Stowe now relies for access on road transport only, which is just as well in view of the state of the railways.

I have very fond memories of Buckingham station. It was always there, solid and dependable, and almost part of the school itself.



Right: Buses wait to take Stoics to the station in wartime.

Above: Earlier days. Travel from the station by taxi.





Dr John Outwater's

WARTIME REMINISCENCES

It was a fascinating exercise to try to remember what went on at Stowe in the war. Although it is now over 50 years ago, it seems quite vivid.

The first effort was just after the Munich agreement when Chamberlain bought time for the rearmament of Britain by sacrificing Czechoslovakia in a very prescient manner and without that agreement, it now seems fairly obvious the Battle of Britain might well have gone the other way. We started digging and the evidence is probably still evident in the form of trenches between Chatham House and the Shop. They were brutally hard to dig – clay and stones – and they never seemed either long enough or deep enough, but it was, apparently important and even gave us a chance to miss rugby – which was not my favourite game!



The following summer the O.T.C. swung more directly into action. It was quite vivid when we had to take turns at the top of the Bourbon Tower starting before dawn to look for parachutists. We were all armed with rifles and a signaling lamp together with a very small smattering of the morse code to convey information to someone miles away who could relay this to – I believe – the bell ringers at the local church, who would then sound a general alarm by ringing the bells! The other task was to ensure that Stowe was well blacked out and apparently it was invisible from the air at night as we never had any bombs near us. In fact we saw little, but all felt that we were doing our bit. The best thing we really did was the farming – it always seemed to me that there were more and more mangle-wursels to hoe and, until then, I had little idea how strenuous farming was. It was quite backbreaking for tender little schoolboys and a wonderful lesson in learning how hard farm work really was. In the summer, we were encouraged to do our bit in making pit props in the Lake District and small trees were our prey. A team from Stowe did fell trees and it was a wonder to me how short they were and how very, very difficult mining must be – constant stooping combined with chopping hard rock which was the coal.

It was a lesson that seemed far more pertinent than anything in a classroom. It was a good lesson for us. I went on to Trinity College Cambridge, as so many other Stoics did, and then into the army and off to India for a great time before being demobilized when I went to America to continue my studies. I now live in the USA and have spent almost 40 years as professor at the University of Vermont where I can use all the wonderful education that Stowe had given me. Now retired, I have still come back to Stowe with each of my four children in turn. It brings back vivid memories that I treasure indeed.



JUBILEE YEAR NOSTALGIA

On the Queen's Golden Jubilee we look back to three of the earlier royal visits at Stowe







Michael Bevington writes on

NUGENT HOUSE

Its building and rebuilding

Nugent House may appear a small part of a mighty building, but it has as distinguished an architectural history as many other parts of Stowe. At least four architects of national repute were involved: William Cleare, Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir John Soane and Sir Clough Williams Ellis, perhaps with Adam or Pitt too. In addition, and most appropriately for a girls' boarding house, it is the only area of Stowe where a lady of the family is known to have tried her hand at architecture.

1 1677-1683: the southern and northern wings

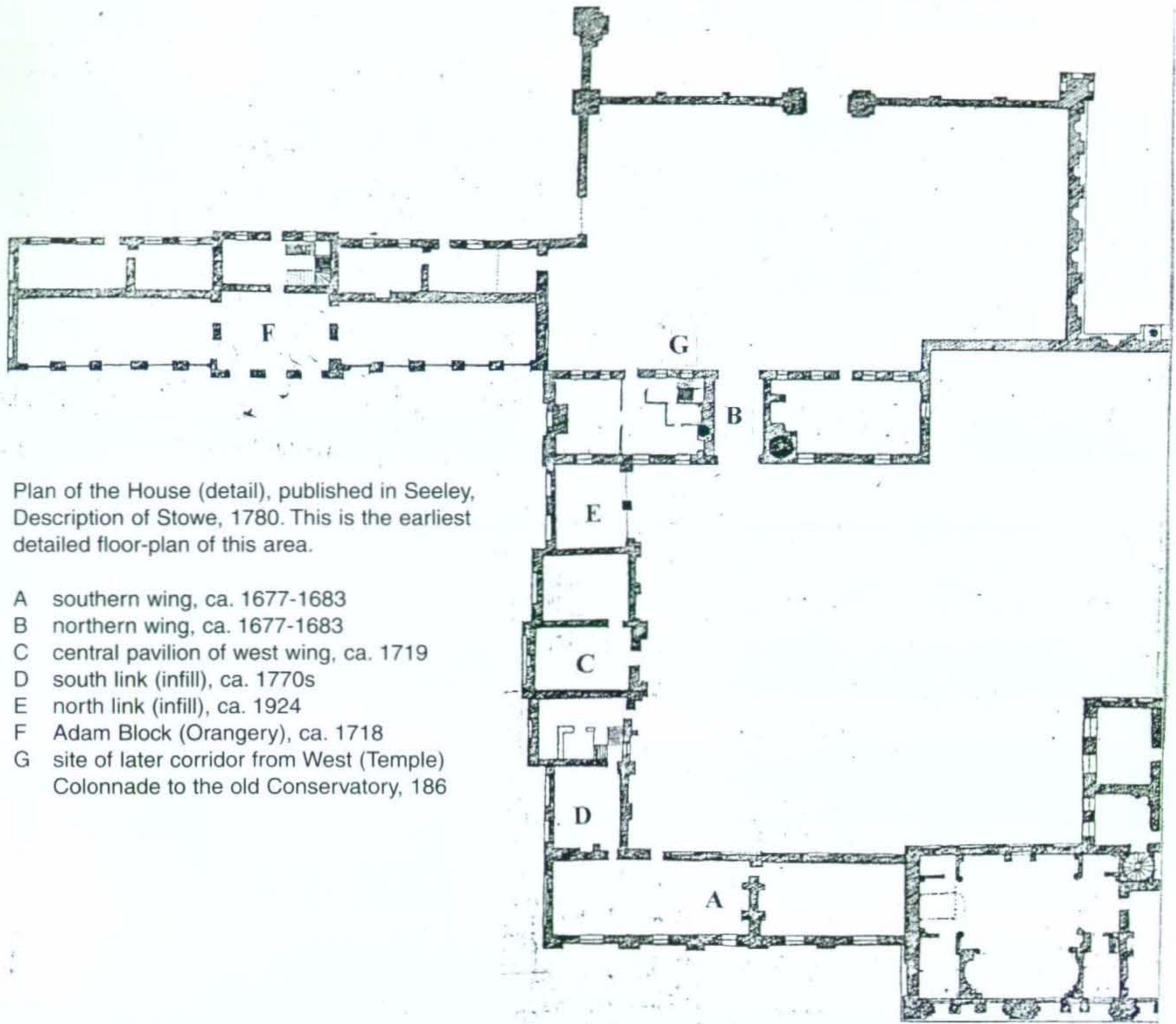
The southern and northern wings of Nugent began as outbuildings to serve Sir Richard Temple's new house designed by William Cleare. Sir Richard started the house soon after his marriage in 1675 and completed it in about 1683.

The east end of the southern wing is just visible in the 1680s' drawing of the South Front. It appears to be the long narrow building it remains in essence today, two stories high, with a pitched roof. No doubt its walls were of bricks made on the estate and it was roofed with tiles. The southern and northern wings also appear on the 1680's estate plan number 8 in the Huntington Library, California, as do the matching pair in the east courtyard. These wings have some of the few surviving façades from the 17th-century house, although they have been much altered subsequently. Similarly, the path in front of the Housemistress' doorway is on the line of the original south front walkway, before the central part of Stowe House was rebuilt further to the south.

2 1717-1724: Vanbrugh's 'Offices': the new central pavilion and changes to the wings; the 'prime ministers' bowling green

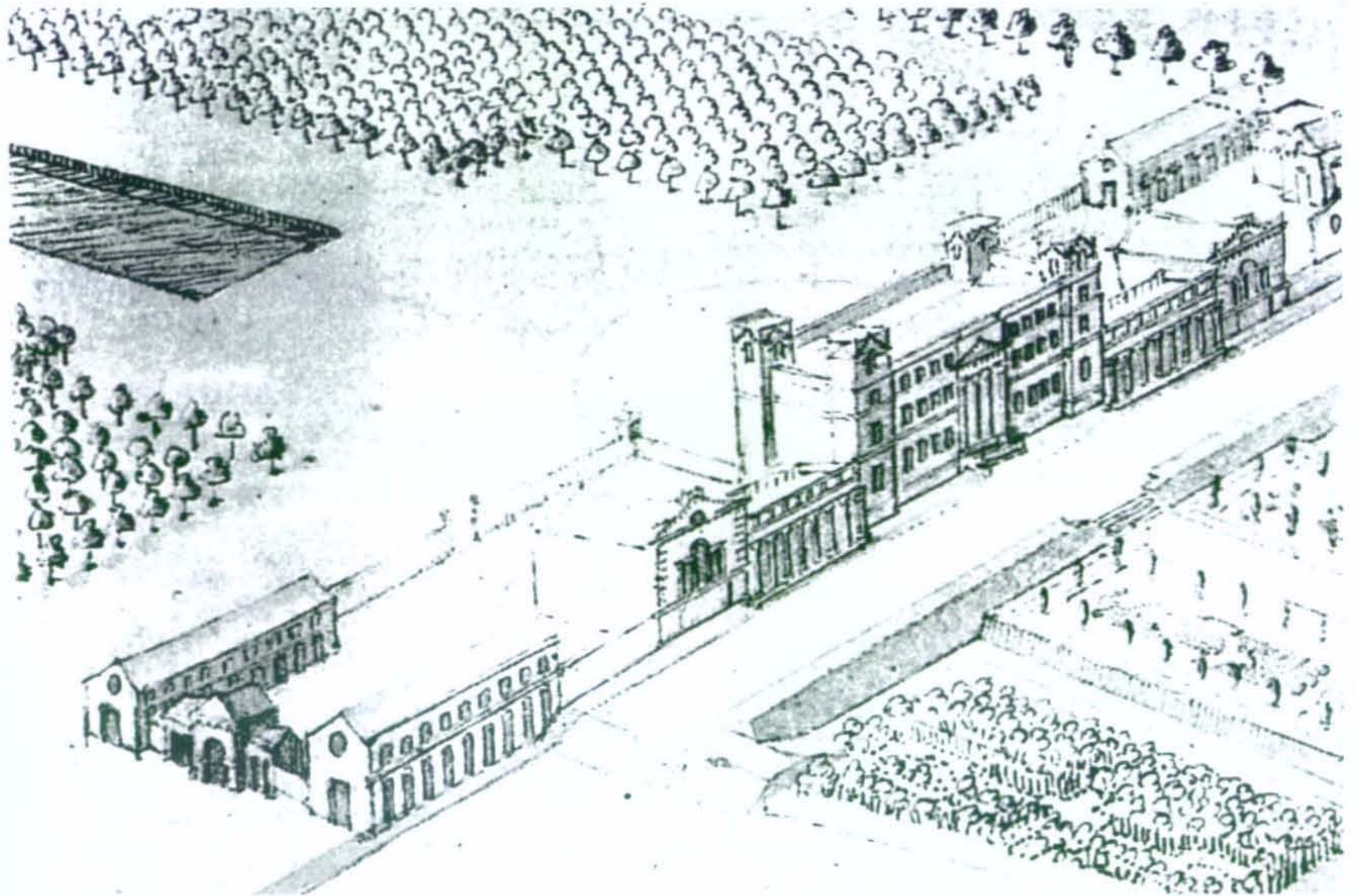
From about 1717 Vanbrugh began extensive work at Stowe. Lord Cobham married in 1715 and acquired a fortune from the Vigo campaign in 1717. Meanwhile Vanbrugh had left Blenheim, allowing him the freedom to work elsewhere. In June 1719, Vanbrugh visited Stowe to see the Coach House and Stables nearing completion. The Coach House was probably the central pavilion on the east side of the east courtyard, now part of Cobham Housemaster's House, a mirror image of the central pavilion on the west. In August 1724, an account described Stowe House 'with offices at each end built by Sir John Vanbrugh'. The 'offices' probably refer primarily to the two central pavilions added as in-fills on the outside end of each courtyard. Nevertheless, it is also possible that the 'offices' may refer to refacing the four wings, although they had been built several decades earlier. The low-oblique view shows them with nine tall arched windows and small square ones above. Surviving evidence, however, from the north side of the northern wing of the west courtyard and a photograph of 1935 of the north side of the southern wing, suggests eleven bays with windows three feet wide, and a central through archway 12 feet wide. This and the tops to the arches, so typical of Vanbrugh, suggest that they were rebuilt at about this time.

Vanbrugh loved theatrical dynamics in the relationships of his buildings to each other. Just as his Nelson's

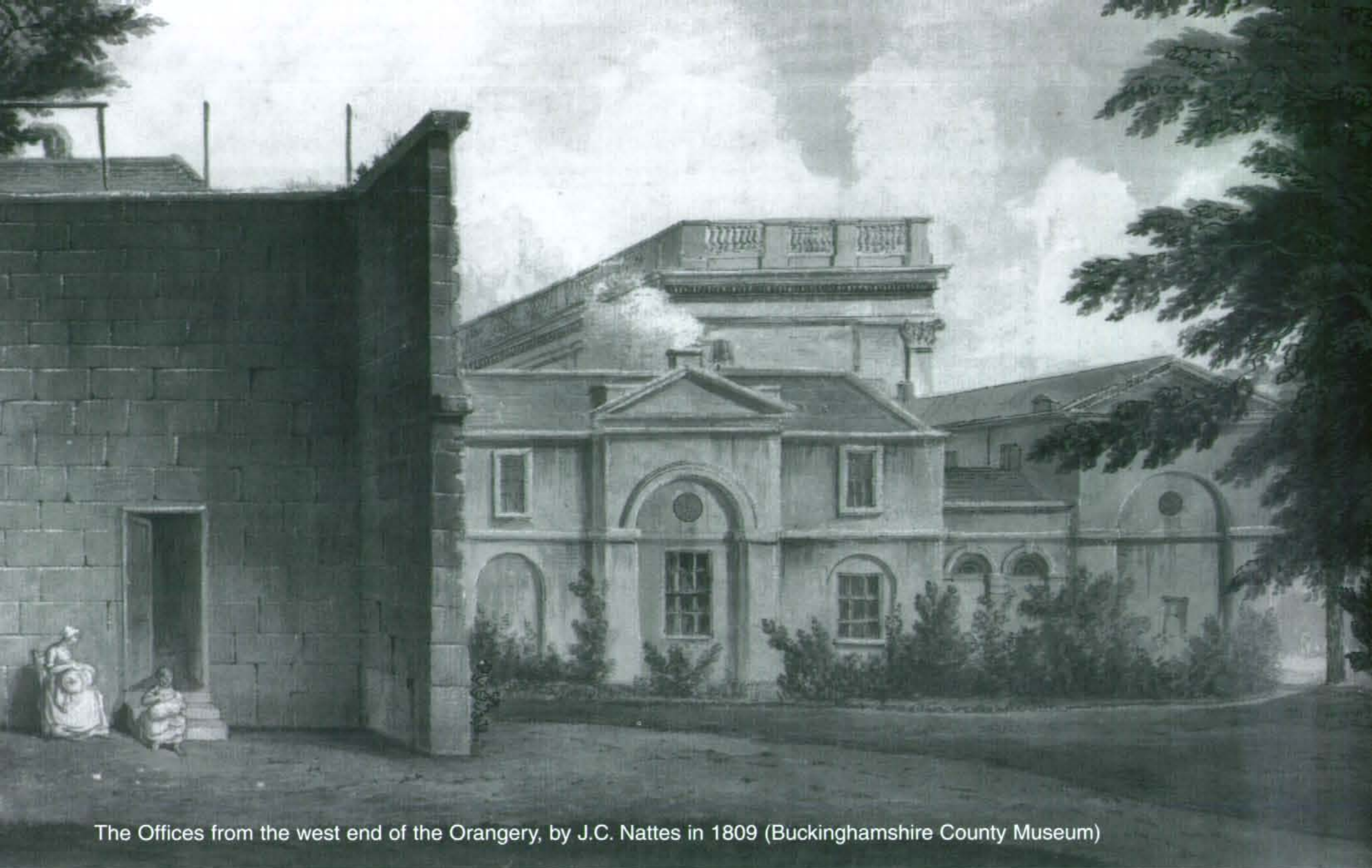


Plan of the House (detail), published in Seeley, Description of Stowe, 1780. This is the earliest detailed floor-plan of this area.

- A southern wing, ca. 1677-1683
- B northern wing, ca. 1677-1683
- C central pavilion of west wing, ca. 1719
- D south link (infill), ca. 1770s
- E north link (infill), ca. 1924
- F Adam Block (Orangery), ca. 1718
- G site of later corridor from West (Temple) Colonnade to the old Conservatory, 186



Low-oblique view, ca. 1724 or 1719, (The Bodleian Library, Oxford, MS Gough Drawings a4, fol.46r)



The Offices from the west end of the Orangery, by J.C. Nattes in 1809 (Buckinghamshire County Museum)

Seat was the focal viewpoint of the Orangery on the north side, so he aligned his 'Sumer hous' or Temple of Bacchus directly to the west of his new central pavilion on the west side of the west courtyard. Given that this first garden building dates from 1718-1719, it is likely that the central pavilion on the western courtyard was also constructed then. Either Vanbrugh, or someone doubtless inspired by him, also added the colossal North Portico to the north side of the house. This is aligned directly between Vanbrugh's two new central pavilions, a brilliantly creative dynamic now entirely hidden by the rebuilding of the 1770s. The central pavilion also had a vital role in hiding the courtyard from the Orangery which was built about this time.

There is another intriguing feature about the western central pavilion. The late Sir Laurence Whistler argued that it appears to have had a pyramidal roof, as seen in the low-oblique view. This would fit with Vanbrugh's known interest in pyramids; indeed his later monument at Stowe was a pyramid 60 feet tall. The small size of the original drawing, however, makes this no more than a possibility.

Between the central pavilion and Temple of Bacchus, just south of the Orangery, was a bowling green. It was bordered on the west by the new walk down to another of Vanbrugh's garden buildings, the Rotondo, and could have been part of his plan. It was here, according to Forster in 1848, before the present fountain was installed, that the diplomat and bibliophile Thomas

Grenville remembered playing bowls as a boy with his brothers, the later Marquess of Buckingham and the future prime minister, Lord Grenville. This was probably in the 1760s, since two of his uncles, Earl Temple and William Pitt, were spectators, along with his father, George Grenville. Both William Pitt and George Grenville were prime ministers during this decade.

3 The 1770's: enlarging the central pavilion, building the southern link, and refacing the south façade of the southern wing

Between Seeley's garden plans of 1756 and 1777, the link between the southern wing and the central pavilion was filled in. These plans may be misleading, however, because the ironstone surrounds to the arches on the west side match the details of the Orangery so closely that they may well have been added at the same time, as adornments on the blank link walls shown in the low-oblique view.

It was probably between 1756 and 1777 that the side bays of the central pavilion, as shown on the low-oblique view, were raised by a further storey to their present height, thus matching the height of the central pavilion roof. The pitch of the roof now had to be changed from east-west to north-south, leaving the central pediment curiously detached on the eastern side. Nevertheless it matches the end of the raised roof on the northern wing, which also leaves its end pediment free-standing.

This enlargement of the central pavilion could well have been part of the great rebuilding of the 1770's, since

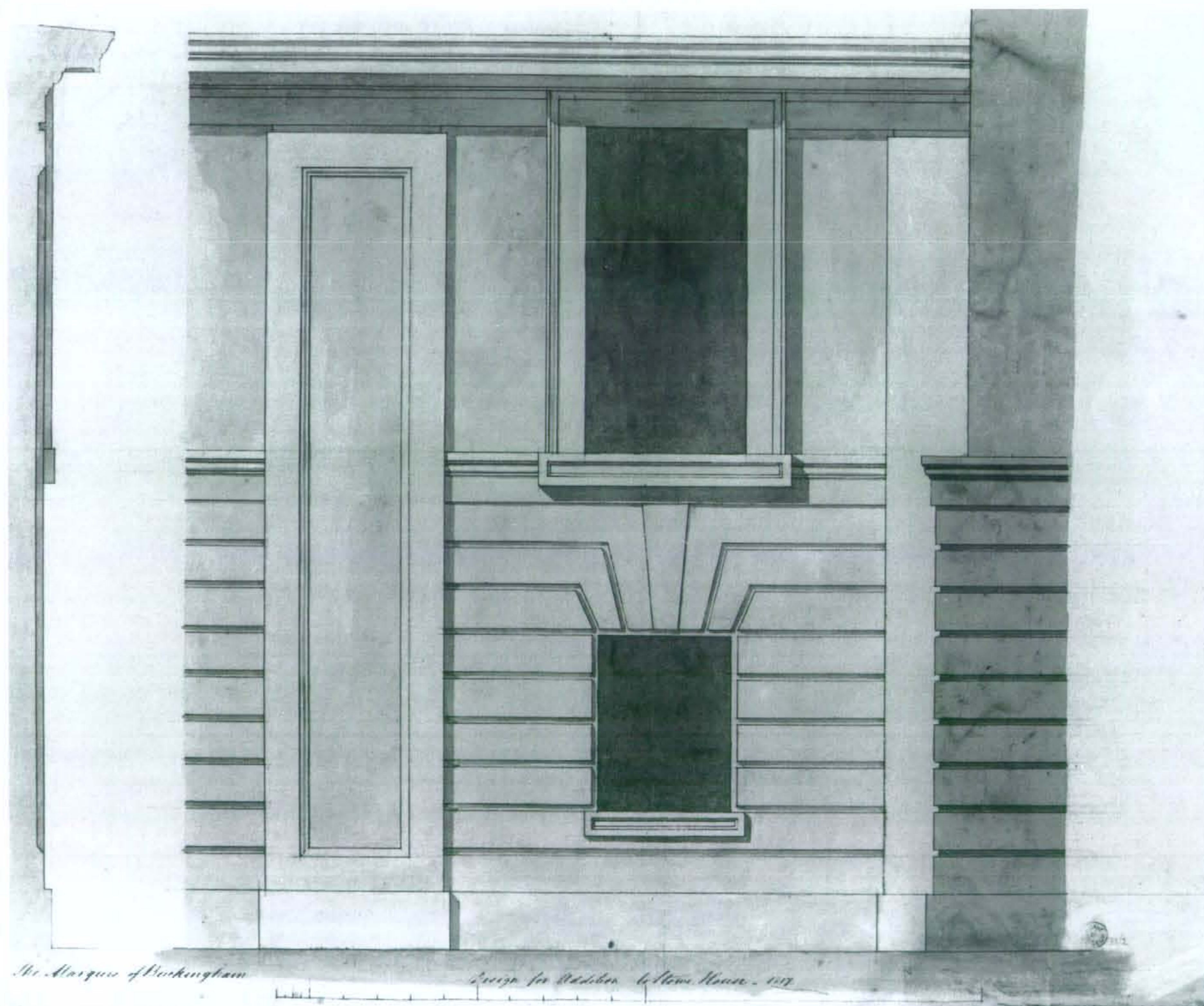
the south side of the southern wing was rescaled by then into five large bays with relieving arches. These match a key motif on the main south front of the house, and perhaps suggest that Adam or Pitt was involved here too, and therefore possibly on the rebuilding of the central pavilion. The main articulation of the central pavilion, however, must have been determined primarily by Vanbrugh's initial design, with its vast arch below a bold pediment, as shown in the low-oblique view. This motif was repeated on the ends of the two wings to make them match, but possibly not until the 1770's, since they are not shown on the low-oblique view.

4 1817-18: plans by Lady Grenville and Sir John Soane

Soon after he inherited Stowe, the second Marquis of Buckingham, later the first Duke, decided to rebuild the southern wing and central pavilion. In 1817 he called in Sir John Soane. His father had already employed Soane in 1792 to rebuild Buckingham House in Pall Mall and in 1805 to build the Gothic Library in the house.

He himself had employed Soane on Buckingham House again in 1813, as soon as he inherited, and was later to use him to rebuild Wotton House in 1821. He seems to have had two aims: to improve his offices and to develop a new suite of rooms for his wife and himself.

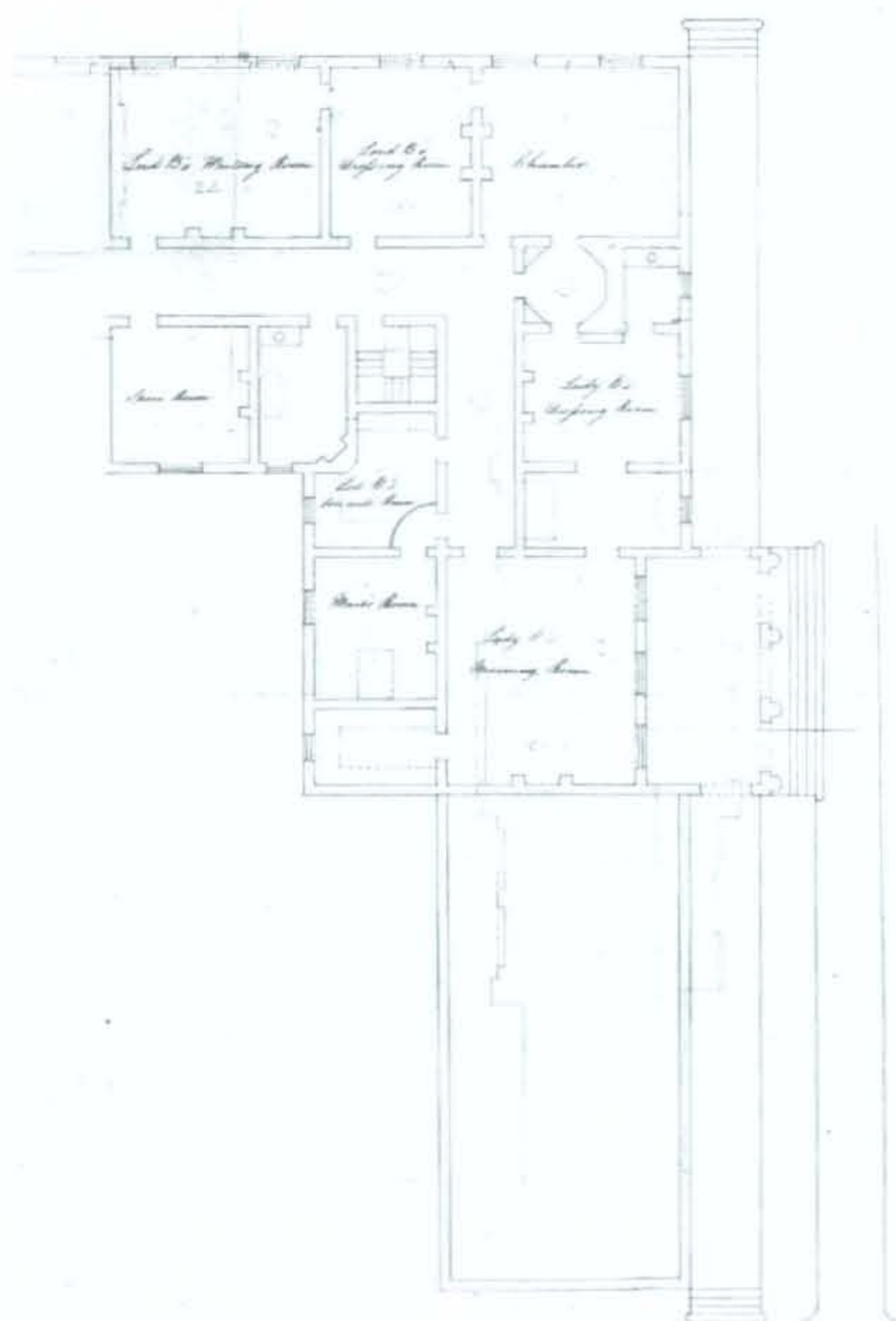
Soane was known for his insistence on attending to the most menial of service areas. In his *Lectures on Architecture* he argued that 'inferior Offices of every kind, even those least likely to be generally noticed,' must be as much an architect's concern as the principal parts of his composition. He told the story of Dean Swift being introduced at Burlington House but immediately running up to the garrets to judge the Lady's housewifery. He wanted to see whether the garrets were clean and well arranged, observing that any Lady would have her Drawing Room in order. Likewise he would first examine the offices of a house, in case they were neglected or not understood, since he thought that 'Economy and Comfort are essentials in an English Mansion', and an architect neglecting these aspects was to be held 'at a low rate.'



The Marquis of Buckingham: Design for Addition to Stowe House, 1817, by Sir John Soane. This is an unexecuted scheme for re-facing the southern façade of the south wing; the west wall of the Garter Room is shown on the right. (The Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum, drawer 33, set 2, no.6)

Soane started by producing a plan of Dairy Court and the adjacent buildings, in August 1817. Some of his work was based on the published engraving of Stowe House, but he himself made detailed sketches and measurements from which to draw up more accurate plans. His work continued through the autumn (he was at Stowe on 6th November, plan 5) that year, until, on the 4th, 8th and 9th April 1818 he provided five detailed plans of the different floors and roof timbers of the 'Proposed New Offices' at Stowe. These New Offices were to be 84 by 22.8 feet, slightly smaller than the existing wings (about 96 by 25 feet) with 9 equal bays on south side, a central through passage with stairs and 4 unequally spaced windows on the north along with two fireplaces. They may have been intended to replace the northern wing, but do not seem to have been built.

There are two fascinating plans which may give an indication of the inspiration behind Soane's projects. One, drawn on graph paper, is labelled 'Sketch for additions to Stowe House by Lady Grenville' (number 13), while the other is a fairly accurate draft of it: 'Designs for additions to Stowe House from a sketch by Lady Grenville' (number 14). This Lady Grenville was



The Marquis of Buckingham. Designs for additions to Stowe House from a sketch by Lady Grenville, ca. 1817, by Sir John Soane. This is a draftsman's copy of number 13 (Sketch for additions to Stowe House by Lady Grenville). It shows a large portico added on the west side of the central pavilion. It was not executed. (The Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum, drawer 33, set 2, no.14)

presumably Lord Buckingham's aunt, the wife of the former prime minister. Her father was Thomas Pitt who had designed much at Stowe in the 1760's and 1770's, including the Corinthian Arch and elements of the South Front of the house. She clearly inherited her father's passion and had already employed Tatham at Dropmore, while her father had employed Soane at Boconnoc. Two of her Grenville brother-in-laws had also called in Soane, who thus became almost the family architect.

The aim of the changes seems to have been to build a new suite of apartments for the Buckingham, overlooking the orangery garden, making the most of the afternoon and evening light at this end of the house. In the southern wing was to be Lord Buckingham's Writing Room at the east end, then his Dressing Room in the centre, with the (bed) Chamber at the west end. An octagonal lobby to the north of the Chamber allowed access to Lady Buckingham's Dressing Room further north in the link. In the central pavilion was to be Lady Buckingham's Morning Room, with her Maid's Room behind, next to Lord Buckingham's Servant's Room. This could have worked well, although the bedchamber might have been a little exposed on the south-west corner. In front of the central pavilion, however, was to be a tetrastyle portico set on five steps. This would have changed the balance of dynamics compared with the nearby Orangery, as well as throwing Lady Buckingham's Morning Room into the shadows behind. It was also not centred on the central pavilion and would have given the whole of this front a lop-sided look unless much demolition and rebuilding had taken place.

Possibly a related proposal was to change the south façade of the southern wing. Plan 6 shows a bold use of horizontal rustication on the ground floor, to match the adjoining west pavilion. Nothing came of any of these schemes. The reason may have been aesthetic, but probably the Marquess realised that they would be too expensive for his increasingly stretched finances.

5 The 19th century

Little structural change took place during the 19th century. The use of the buildings also remained much the same. The inner or southern courtyard was known as the Kitchen Court in 1780 and 1921. In 1839 it was called the Clock Yard and in 1848 the Brewhouse Yard.

The southern wing had two rooms on the ground floor of slightly unequal size in 1780. By 1817 it comprised the Bakehouse on the east, the Laundry in the centre, and the Wardroom at the west end. In 1848 the Ward Room was used to store furniture and furnishings. Over the Laundry was a Servants' Dormitory, in 1871, of six beds with "3' japanned green iron stump bedsteads"; nearby were the Housekeeper's and Cook's bedrooms. This Dormitory, as it was called in 1921, had been used as the Barracks for the 2nd Duke's Yeomanry in the early 19th century.

The southern link held the laundry Washroom in 1839, doubtless its role from the 1770s until 1921.

It is not always clear what the rooms in the central pavilion were called. They may have included the Women's Room and the Hay Cellar in 1839. In 1848 it may have been the West Wing with a mahogany four-post bed. By 1922 it contained the Menservants' Quarters.

The northern wing was divided by the central passage into two parts, each of which had a central door on the north side. At the west end was the Dairy, with rooms above. Thus on 8th April, 1758, John Bennett, the smith, charged for 'a new Bitt to a key for Mr Woodward's [the gardener] Room over the Dairy.' In 1839 Mrs Taylor's accommodation at the Dairy consisted of a small parlour, living room, wash-house and bed room and there was also Mr Humphries' Room. By 1848, when the Dairy had been removed, perhaps to Home Farm or near the Kitchen, the accommodation was extended and known as Upper and Lower Rooms, Brewhouse Lodge, with five four-poster beds. The Hospital Room may also have been here, unless in the central pavilion. In 1871 it was called Brewery Cottage, with two bedrooms, and in 1921 it was described as the commodious Gardener's House containing 11 rooms and offices.

The east end of the northern wing held the Brewhouse in 1817. In 1921 this was described as a large Brewery, and in 1871 it was said it could brew 13 quarters (presumably over 3 gallons) at a time. The ale or beer was stored in cellars on the ground floor of the main house. Nearby, in 1839, were the Engine House, for the fire engine and 17 canvas buckets in 1871, and the Bottle-House.

6 1923: Stowe School and Sir Clough Williams Ellis

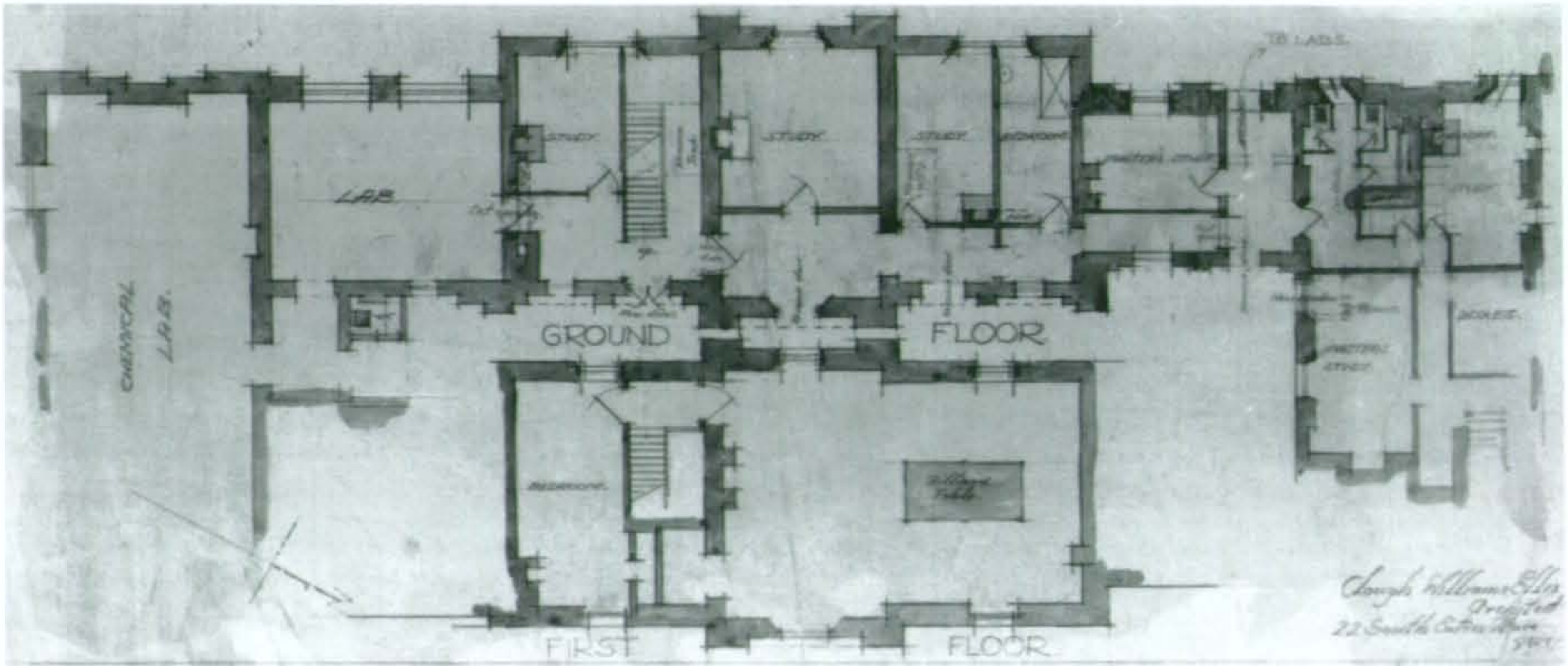
The old bakehouse, laundry and wardroom of the southern wing were first used by the school as biological laboratories, with the preparation room in the former washroom, now the housemistress' study and entrance. The original plan had been for chemical laboratories.

Sir Clough Williams Ellis made plans for the central pavilion both of existing arrangements and of his proposals for conversion, probably in 1924. He changed little on the east façade, but on the west inserted a small circular window at the top of the central arch, and a rectangular window in the north bay of the ground floor. The ground floor became masters' studies, with a corridor on the east side. Musicians had their study in the central room; a painting of them, according to some accounts by Rex Whistler, is now concealed on the wall. The north room was possibly the author T.H. White's study, complete with his menagerie. Above was the Masters' Common Room, at first with a billiard table. In the north link Williams Ellis inserted steps and an archway to give staff access to the garden on the west, then called the Masters' Garden.

The ground floor of the western end of the northern wing could not have a central window added without the removal of the large central chimney. Instead Williams Ellis inserted small windows either side to allow the creation of master's studies behind. He also probably added the pair of similar windows at first-floor level.



East and West Elevations, by Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, ca. 1924 (Stowe School, plan no. 18)



Ground and First Floor Plan, by Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, ca. 1924 (Stowe School, plan no. 18)

7 1959 and 1985: Nugent House

In the 1950s the biology laboratories were removed to opposite the old squash courts. The southern wing was then converted into accommodation for the housemaster of Bruce House, with staff rooms above. It was probably at this time that the western relief arcading was removed from the southern façade and a window inserted into the blank recess of the west wall. The staff rooms above were turned into study-bedrooms in 1985 when Nugent

became the first girls' boarding house. In the southern link, lower windows were inserted, probably in the 1950s.

In 1957, once Kinloss had been built, the masters moved out of the central pavilion and into the former headmaster's accommodation near the Gothic Library. In 1959 the central pavilion became Nugent House, the boys' waiting house. Some people liked the pun on 'new gents'. In fact Nugent was the name of the Marquess of



The Masters' Common Room. Photograph dated to early 1931 by comparison with C.K. Adamson's drawing published in *The Stoic* of December 1931 which is labeled 'up to date'.



The north side of the southern wing, photographed probably in 1935 when the West Pavilion was under repair. It shows a recessed central arch, perhaps part of Vanbrugh's changes in 1717-24, and also unexecuted plans for external fire escapes.

The Masters' Common Room and Biology Laboratories, a watercolour, dated 1937, by Peter MacCarthy, teacher of English and Modern Languages at Stowe from 1935 to 1937; presented to Stowe School by his daughter, Liz Cowie, in 2001. The three additional semi-circular windows on the Central Pavilion were added probably in early 1931 to match the earlier ones in the southern link. The tall windows for the Laboratory on the right were removed in the 1950s when this southern wing was turned into Bruce Housemaster's accommodation.

Buckingham's wife, an appropriate link given her son's and her sister-in-law's attempts to rebuild this area with Soane's help. The dormitory and houseroom were upstairs, while the housemaster occupied the central and south bay beneath, with the underhousemaster in the northern part of the ground floor.

In 1987 the north link roof was rebuilt to give corridor access at first floor level. The underhousemistress now lives in the old Brewhouse or Gardener's Cottage on the first floor. Before it became part of the girls' house, the late Cyril Atkins, a former domestic bursar, used to reside here in splendour amidst a host of Victoriana; he had his meals brought from the Kitchens across Power House Yard in appropriate style on a silver tray with white linen. The ground floor has been converted into changing rooms. The Brewhouse at the eastern end of the northern wing is occupied by the school carpenters.

No member of Nugent can complain of an absence of history. From brewery cottage to biology laboratory, from dairy to domestics' dormitory, Nugent has had them all. Moreover, there can be few significant buildings anywhere in Britain for which the wife of a former prime minister has carefully drawn out her plans on a piece of graph paper and, in doing so, shown her importance as an early female architect.



THE EPICUREAN



The Epicurean was an occasional Stowe School publication. As its title suggests, its philosophy was one of enjoying the present, which it attempted to do with witty verses, cartoons, lampoons and satire. It must have first appeared in the late 1920's, when Laurence Whistler was at Stowe, since his brother Rex was responsible for its famous cover (reproduced above). *The Epicurean* famously disgraced itself on Speech Day 1934, after which the Headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh, banned it. Fifteen years later it came bouncing back, thriving in the 1950's and the iconoclastic 1960's, before getting banned again. It was replaced by the utterly scurrilous, down-market *Middle Voice* – students of Greek will recognise from its title the magazine's desire to speak for itself – which in turn gave way in the 1980's to the somewhat soberer, sponsored-by-officialdom *Voice*. Brian Stephan, meanwhile, briefly revived *The Epicurean* in 1977 (and perhaps once in the 1980's?). Now the editors of this year's *Stoic* are delighted to be incorporating a small, special issue of its once famous old rival. Who knows? Perhaps one day *The Epicurean* will return the favour?

ENGLAND'S WORLD CUP XI FOR 2006

EXCLUSIVE!

Already in training under their dynamic new coach, Sven-Goran Bevingson, the XI are shaping up really brilliantly. Here's how their latest 4-4-2 line-up:

Jezzie "Goldenball" Nichols
Dashing wonder boy always a terrific header.



Steady Eddie Edwards
Quite a fierce striker, won't accept 50 percenters.



Pete Farkey
Dainty midfield dribbler, though also has a good pass rate.



Johnnie "bench-tripper" Mole
Better on the pitch than on the bench.



Stevie Battistuta
A strong lad & philosophical too.



Dave Grenville-Fletcher
Nifty player, always immaculately groomed.



Robbie Crett
A left-back to treasure; the further back the better. Conducts the singing on team bus with aplomb.



Big Bernie Barney
A big game player; shoots to kill. His deep geographical knowledge always a great boon on team bus.



Lionel "hunky unky" Weston
Good on the ball (especially if oval-shaped). Known as something of a play-maker.



Dave E Benjamin
Plays with a real flourish. Music to our ears (if only he wouldn't rallentando in the later stages of a match).

Doc Davie James
Good at holding centres, especially international ones. Leads team training in mangrove swamps of Borneo.



Team manager:
Sven-Goran Bevingson
Has changed team's style from push-and-run (push opponent and run away) to the classical long ball (give hefty kick & shout 'Yours, mate'). One of the game's deep thinkers.

THE STOWE HOUSE RESTOR

Collect hard Hat,
check with Proctor
you are properly
dressed and then

START

1
Walk straight
into piece of
scaffolding.

Return to start.

2

3

4

5

24
Tell Bursar "It
looks a fine mili-
tary operation".

Forward 9 places.

23
Tell Head
"It's going to look
terrific".

Forward 9 places.

22

21
Spell 'stucco'
correctly in
Vis Ed prep.

Forward 3 places.

20

19

25

26

27

28
Mistake hous-
master for site
foreman.

Miss 2 goes.

29

30

31
Overheard by Proctor
complaining about
"that ruddy scaffolding".

One week's sanctions
and miss 3 goes.

50
VICTORY

Please return your
hard hat to the
Bursar and collect
your prize, a token
for three extra
Stowe Suppers.
(You may wish to
auction one of
these and donate
proceeds to
Phase 3.)

49
Hide studymate's
essay in cement-
mixer.

Go back to
square 1.

48

47

46
Hit on head by
tumbling urn.
Taken to San.

Remain on 46
but miss 5 goes.

45

ATION GAME

devised by Al Bianco

6	7 Sell stamp collection and donate proceeds to Phase 6. Forward 6 places.	8	9	10	11
					12
18	17	16 Go to San and miss 3 goes. Restart at 16.	15	14 Send visiting lorry driver to laundry instead of temporary Reception. Back 1 place.	13
32	33 Trip over bucket of limewash. Back 3 places.	34	35 Trip over another bucket of lime-wash. Back 3 places.	36	37
					38 Trip over house-master's dog licking up limewash. Back 3 places.
44 Romantic assignation under the scaffolding, 3 am. Expelled from game.	43	42	41	40 Sprain ankle just before start of Marathon. Back 8 places	39 Run in London Marathon to sponsor Phase 5. Forward 1 place.

FAME AT LAST



FROM PAST PAGES OF *THE EPICUREAN*

From December 1949: EXPEDITIONS

“ To London, to London we travel by bus;
Academy pictures don't interest us!”
“ Then what is the point of your journey today?”
“ To go to the pictures and see Danny Kaye.”

“ To Stratford, to Stratford, the home of the Bard;
We don't care for drama whoever is starred.”
“ Then why are you going to Stratford so far?”
“ To spend both the intervals out in the bar.”

“ To Oxford, to Oxford, a concert to hear;
But we do not care for the music, we fear.”
“ Then why do you go to the concert, my friend?”
“ For the sake of the supper we get at the end.”

“ To Warwick, to Warwick, a castle to see;
But crockets and cusps do not interest me.”
“ Then why, may I ask, are you making this visit?”
“ Well ... there may be some fun and
I don't want to miss it.”

From April 1959: CAESAR'S SONG

(Shortly after the arrival of “ My Fair Lady”)

I'm getting murdered in the morning,
Ding dong the swords are going to chime:
To see what it entails – look in the entrails,
But get me to the Capitol on time.

I'm getting murdered in the morning,
Casca is going to run me through,
Metellus Cimber, Decius and Cinna,
and Marcus Brutus – even you.

I'm getting murdered in the morning,
Freedom and tyranny will die:
So they think ho ho – little do they know,
I'll see them all at Philippi.

From June 1968: THE NEWEST FOLLY

(an attack on the newly built Lyttelton)

Earth hath not anything to cause more glare:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so fearsome in its travesty:
This vista new doth like an ulcer wear
This purple brick adornment; silent, bare,
Glinting panes, shining chrome and dustbins lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky...

June 1968: THE TREENEID

(George Clarke (alias 'Clobby Narke'), Antony Lloyd and the Forestry Club were doing great things in the grounds at the time)

Inspire, O floral Muse, this song I sing,
That I may come and praises with me bring.
I write of trees and woodlands' soft delights,
Of bosky downs and creeper-hidden heights
Where human foot ne'er trod till NARKE arrived
And from thy forehead fair the lovelocks scythed,
With no restraint to cherry, ash or spruce
But let his fearful band of workers loose.
They chop and brash with adamant steel,
Thus Ian and Archie, little Ib and Niel,
The Lytteltonian, while our hero smiles
“ How goes it, Stephen?” adding to the piles
Of broken pine and Methuen-sawn Scotch Fir.
Now Charles, a forester beyond compare,
Looks at his watch – “ O, Sir, 'tis after three.”
“ O never mind, there's only one more tree
To cut.” In this bare wood the rest are gone,
The prey of G**** and hatchets sharpened by stone.

From March 1962: Cartoon

Headmaster, Donald Crichton-Miller (who came to Stowe from Fettes), on the lookout for late arrivals to Chapel.



Much have I travelled in the realms of cold,
And many goodly schools in Scotland seen;
Round many stony pillars do I lean,
Which o'er my head the chapel roof uphold.

December 1977: TO MATTHEW ARNOLD

– IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER

(An attack on heartiness and philistinism)

The sea is calm tonight
The lake is still, the moon lies fair
On the North Front; behind Stowe Church
A match gleams and is gone; and the Corinthian Arch,
Hideous and vast, asserts a transient power.
Come to the window; sweet is the night air
After the sultry stench of beds
Where rows of snorting sleepers lie.
Listen! you hear the bovine snore
Of sensual Stowe, whose minds at rest take wing
Dreaming, perhaps, of Tina, Elvis, gin,
Tremendous kicks for touch which bring
Eternal adulation in.

A gardener long ago
Saw this uncluttered landscape and there came
into his mind vistas of rolling lawns
and towering elms; we,
making obdience to the great god Games,
Plant there a rugger pitch and the first tee –

A sea of mud
Where daily by the hour in the pursuit
Of manly virtues painfully we grovel,
Beneath the windows where
The tedious long depressing hours
Happily we beguile

By drawing Tracey's buttocks on the desk
And writing "Knickers" on the classroom wall.

Ah, friends, let us be true
To our ideals; let us dye our hair
And sport a single ear ring and wear
Loud tee-shirts, denim jackets ripped in two
And hammer out Punk rhythms night by night
And hope our battered ears can stand the strain:
If we can just stay moderately tight
And get the boot in first we'll be alright.

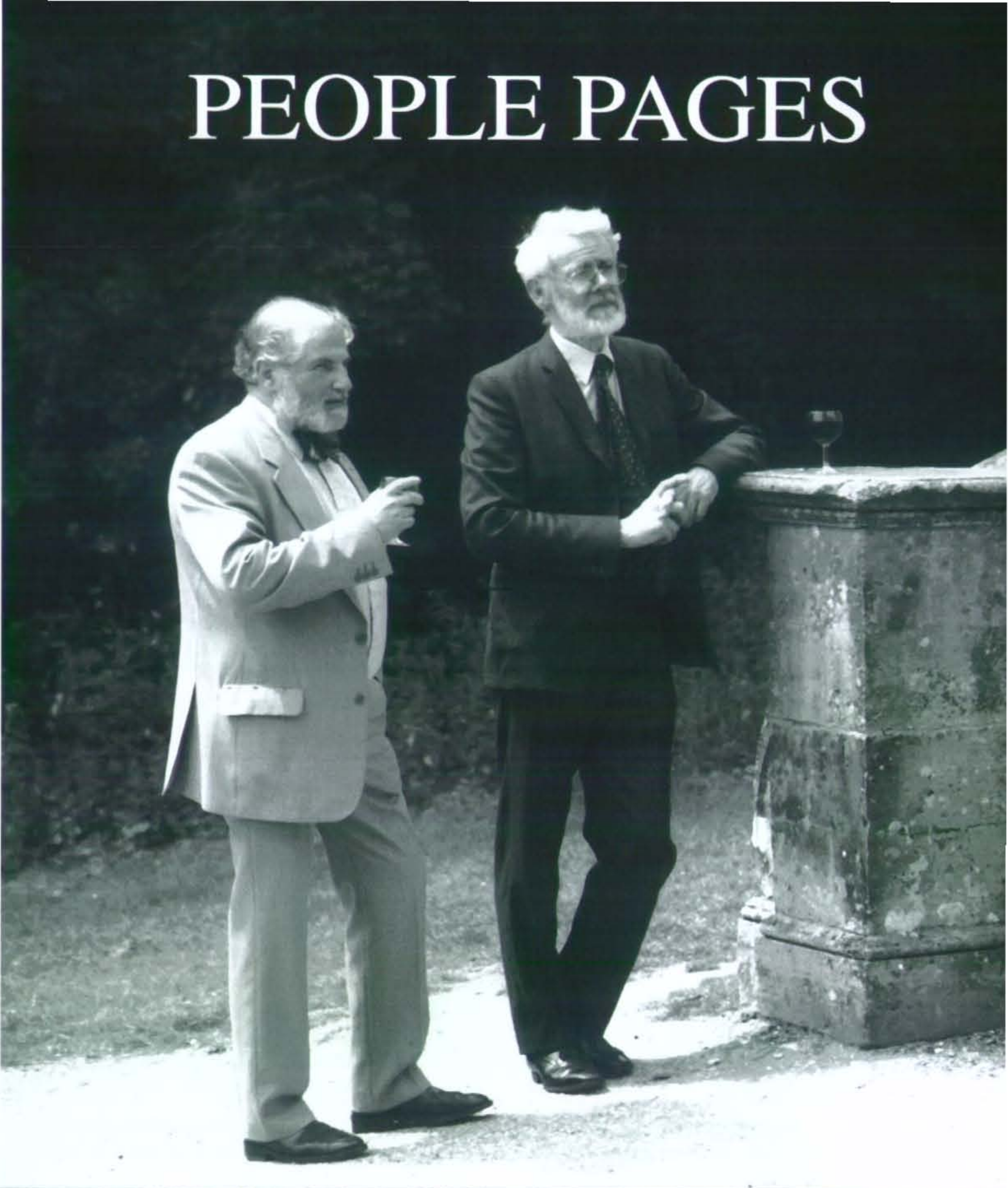
From December 1977: Cartoons
MW and GMH



E P I C U R I A N P O S T S C R I P T



PEOPLE PAGES



Below:
The June 2002
gathering at the
Queen's Temple of
present and former
Stowe Scientists,
marking the
retirement of
MW and GMH

Right:
MW & GMH



GMH

Michael Hornby arrived at Stowe in 1971 at an exciting time in the development of the Science Department, as a new, purpose-built block to replace the first science area (now occupied by the Classics Department and the Nugent Housemistress' residence) was taking shape next to the Sanatorium. After a year he joined the formidable chemistry team headed by Charlie Macdonald, and then the late Anthony Pedder, in their move to the splendid new laboratories. To a dedicated scientist with a love of nature embarking on his teaching career, this must indeed have seemed the very best of both worlds: excellent modern laboratory facilities in outstandingly beautiful natural and historic surroundings.

Although he started his academic life as a chemist at Oxford, Michael developed an increasing interest in biochemistry as he embarked on a research career, indulging for several years in the intricate naval manoeuvre of "post-doc'ing" much favoured by young scientists in the 60's. These travels took him to the USA (where he also learnt to love sausages and bacon with maple syrup!), St. Andrews (where he learnt enough golf to enable him to win the annual staff tournament at Stowe some years later!), and finally to Edinburgh, where he found himself enjoying teaching medical students. This experience crystallised his interest in a teaching career, and enabled Stowe to secure a young scientist with a wealth of expertise as a practical 'bench' chemist as well interests and experience extending through biochemistry into biology and natural history. This provided a valuable link between the Chemistry Department and the growing Biology Department, and Michael happily taught some Lower School Biology for many years

Thus for three decades "Doc Hornby's" lab has been the place where Stoics have been stimulated and challenged in a gentle, good-humoured way by a teacher respected for his huge breadth of scientific knowledge, his practical skills and his mastery of his subject. Michael is at his happiest when solving chemical problems, be it with a struggling 5th former or a high-flying Oxbridge candidate, in a hands-on way with the help of a rack of test-tubes, a Bunsen burner and assorted bottles of reagents. Beyond Stowe he has contributed nationally as Principal or Chief Examiner at A-level and GCSE in both Chemistry and General Studies over many years. Currently he is Chief Examiner for the new A2 level exams in Biochemistry and Environmental Chemistry for the OCR Board, and hopes this will continue into retirement to keep in touch, keep the grey matter active – and keep his pension topped up!

Michael's calibre as an academic chemist has ensured that he has made an impact on university level chemistry



teaching too, his close links with Oxford in particular having been most valuable. He can be justly proud of the fact that the two monographs (*Foundations of Organic Chemistry*) have proved to be the most successful in the OUP University Primer series for Chemistry. A great source of pleasure too that the chemical structures for the second volume were put together by Yuki Soga, who joined Stowe in the Sixth Form from Japan and is now completing her Biochemistry degree at Oxford.

Outside the science department Michael had responsibility for University Entrance, General Studies and Upper School through the 1980's, but it was the role he was able to play as Senior Tutor, from 1988, in restructuring the tutorial system in the School that gave him most pleasure. He brought to this post the measured, wise and above all, deeply caring approach that has characterised his dealings with own tutor group over the years. Ironically the reforms which gave every boy in the Lower School a House-based tutor for the first time also gave rise to girls-only Upper School tutor groups in the girls' houses. Having had his arm twisted by Emma Taylor, Michael gladly joined the Lyttelton team and has provided invaluable support to the girls and the Housemistresses ever since. On duty nights his pack of marking in a carrier bag would seldom get touched as a plethora of girls sought his help not only with Chemistry but also Maths, Physics and Biology prep, university prospectuses and crosswords. His seemingly limitless knowledge will be sorely missed. Rumour has it that it was here that Michael, a late convert to the joys of popular television, first fell for the allure of Ally McBeal, to the extent of taping the show to take back home and watch again!

Michael's finger on the pulse of Stowe gossip proved invaluable to the House staff in pinpointing those in need of a little t.l.c. House dances were certainly not his cup of tea nor, as he will readily acknowledge, were team sports but he could always be found at both supporting Stoics and staff alike. Happy to hold a stopwatch or keep score at sporting events, when it came to taking exercise it was in outward bound activities that Michael revelled. Starting with the D. of E., which he took charge of for three years, he introduced climbing, caving, canoeing and fishing to the Bronze and Silvers' experience. With Andrew Wild he initiated the Stowe Mountaineering Club in 1973, embarking on regular climbing trips to Chepstow and Derbyshire. Then followed a solo effort running a Caving Club, disappearing down holes in the ground in the Mendips, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, taking great pride in the fact that several Stoics took these pursuits on to university and beyond.

A veteran of the first two Stowe expeditions to Nepal where his encyclopaedic knowledge and love of flora and fauna were a huge asset, Michael re-charged his batteries by returning there in 1985 during a sabbatical term, helping to set up a Conservation Education Programme in Chitwan. He hopes his broad interest in the natural world, which amongst other things has seen him keep the monthly wildfowl count at Foxcote Reservoir for many years, will be sustained by the mountains and lakes of Cumbria in his retirement.

Michael is a scholarly person who believes that the brain needs to be kept active by exercise and by feeding! Not perhaps surprising then to find him on the one hand running the Bridge Club for many years and relishing the success of the Stowe team in reaching the final of the Daily Mail Plate at Sheffield on one occasion. On the other hand it follows fairly naturally to find him in the early 1980's not content with just wine-tasting as a civilised activity but educating Stoics in the joys of wine-making through the activities of Zymase – Stowe's very own 'official' brewing society.

A more enduring activity has proved to be Anacreon, a catering/cooking/dining club which Michael & Janet took over in the early 1980's. Vancouver Lodge has been the scene of many memorable meals organised, prepared and consumed by successive generations of Stoics.



Left: GMH and his mole-cule

Below: Janet Hornby
at the Stowe Scientists' gathering



Vancouver Lodge also provided a home, and extended family, for Stowe sixth form girls for ten years before the girls' boarding houses came into being. Before that Janet initiated the Dadford Playgroup at Vancouver and has since retained an active interest in local primary schools as Governor at both Chackmore and Page Hill. Music and teaching are both strong threads running through the Hornby family, with Sarah, Emma (Dr. Hornby mi!) and Will also all involved in education at one level or another in their careers. Janet's musical talents on 'cello and voice have served Stowe well over the years in the orchestra and choirs. On the other hand Michael needed some persuading to join the Choral Society but singing Verdi's Requiem in the Albert Hall proved a memorable experience.

Amongst the chemical elements there exists a group of metals, the Noble Metals, known for their lustre, their durability and, since ancient times, their worth. If chemistry teachers could be similarly classified, then Michael would surely be placed amongst those precious metals. As a colleague his amiable nature, his wisdom, his dry sense of humour and his eminently practical, good common sense in his approach to his subject have contributed much to the happy working atmosphere in the Chemistry Department and its academic success over the last three decades. Many generations of Stoics have benefited from his wide knowledge of the applications of chemistry in everyday life, and aspiring Oxbridge candidates have found themselves tested by an academic chemist of considerable intellect, giving them a foretaste of things to come. To say Michael will be greatly missed by his teaching colleagues and technical staff is an understatement. Our sincere thanks and best wishes go with him and Janet in their retirement.

'Doc Hornby' precious metal? Yes, Pure Gold!

BHO

MW

Dr Mike Waldman, who retired this summer after thirty-two years at Stowe, has been a remarkable schoolmaster who has made an enormous contribution to our community. It is hard to do justice in a few short words to a personality as warm and generous, as loyal and large.

First must come the startling fact that for over three decades he has been Head of Geology, an all-singing, all-dancing, inspirational one-man-band, who has taught, educated and entertained several hundreds of hugely appreciative Stoics. An expert in his field, Mike has had that happy knack of not just eliciting the best from the most scholarly, but supporting the weak and encouraging the faint-hearted, making Geology a stimulating experience at all the ability levels. For the much revered 'Doc' has always been a schoolmaster first and an expert second. That he has worn his erudition lightly is characteristic of this deeply modest man.



For many years Mike's Geology lab was on the top floor of the Adam block. To a non-Geologist it looked a little like an Aladdin's cave, a cavernous room full of various nooks and crannies, exhibiting various fascinating species of rocks, with Mike presiding over it all, genie-like, with unfailing bonhomie. In the 1970's, of course, he was not the bow-tied elder statesman of later years, but even more dapper, from his wavy black hair to the widest pair of flairs this side of Carnaby Street. But the wit, the repartee, the sheer delight in words and all things intellectual have

remained constant over the three decades. And thus Geology with the 'Doc', for those lucky enough to undertake it, has always been one of the great pleasures of Stowe, like the view from the Palladian Bridge on a summer evening or an open-air concert at a lakeside pavilion. Indeed Geology has been very much a Stowe



speciality, a valuable extra Science which helped so many qualify for a course in further education who might not otherwise have done so, and a Science with particular relevance to the Stowe environment. Although Mike's retirement has seen the subject dropped from the curriculum, the fine geological collection he built up remains in store, as an encouragement for future endeavour.

Mike was also, for fourteen years, a very distinguished housemaster, taking over Bruce from Brian Mead in 1979. Six years later he and Hazel presided over the move to the present, purpose-built house. There were big changes afoot in the boarding houses during the whole of Mike's tenure, some quite revolutionary. Those changes were effected in Bruce particularly smoothly, for Mike is such an easy communicator. His was a civilised, competitive House, with a strong intellectual core, and he seemed to attract the larger-than-life individuals. His was a House in which you would have had to try hard to feel an outsider.

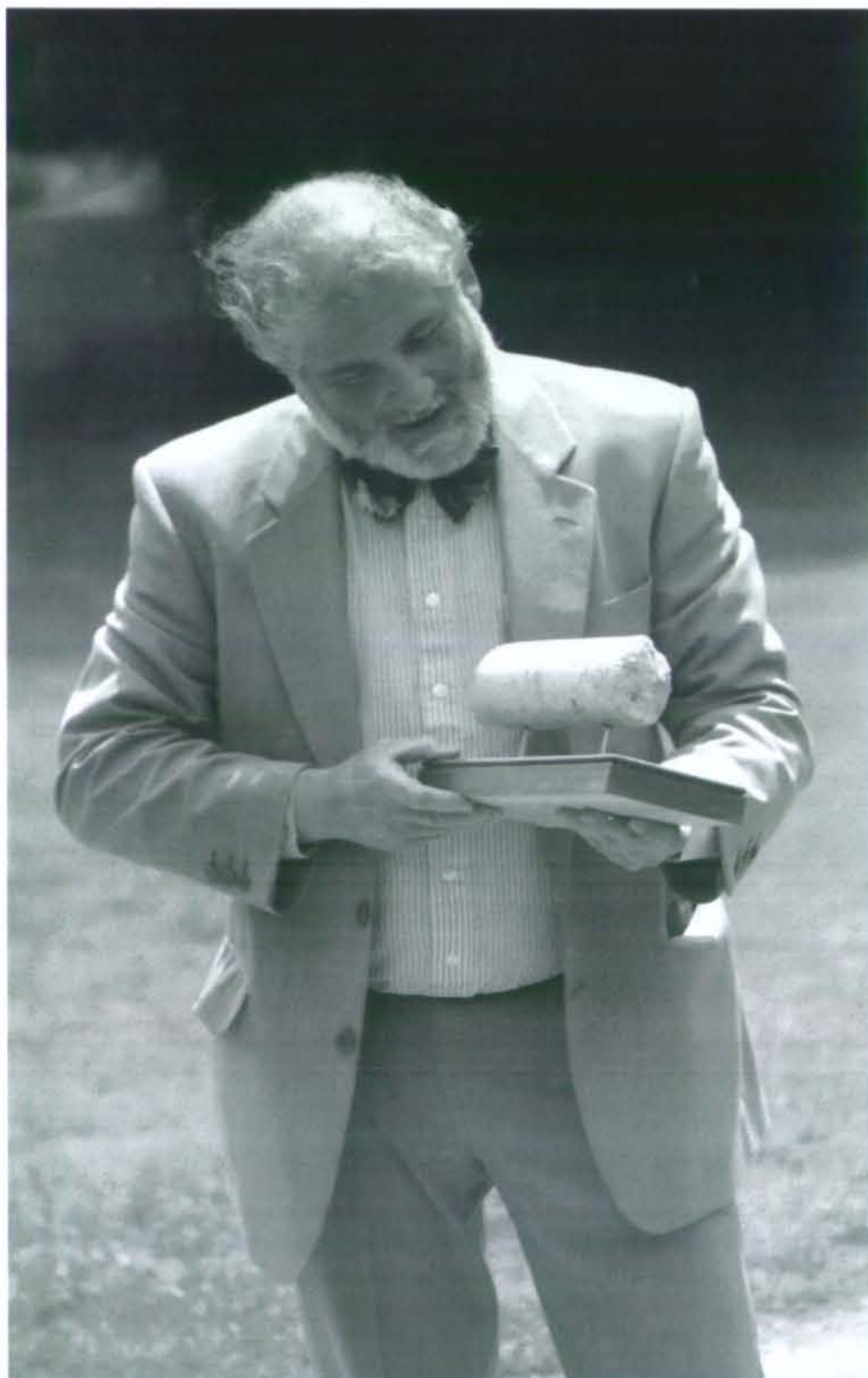
Mike's commitment to Stowe, of course, spread well beyond his devotion to his Department and House. A fine angler himself, he did an enormous amount to establish fishing as a popular school activity, with fly-tying on

Mondays a particular highlight for many. He coached rugby for many years. In the pre-National Trust days Mike was one of a number of masters – George Clarke, Antony Lloyd, Mike Hornby and John Dobinson notably among them – who took an extremely active part in involving Stoics in a wide variety of projects of nature conservancy within the grounds. Since those far-off days Mike has been busy on any number of extra-curricular fronts. In leisure moments, too, he would be regularly supporting the school, whether as organiser and captain of the cricketing Occasionals or treading the light fantastic in a staff play. Can there ever have been a scurvier pirate of Penzance or cockier cockney barrow-boy? And fortunately his (Oscar-nominated?) performance in *Guys and Dolls* remains for posterity on videotape.

In saluting Mike one must also bring in the power behind the throne, the devoted Hazel. One of Stowe's unsung heroines, Hazel would not just identify herself with everything Mike did, but very frequently go beyond the call of duty, as in the baking of a birthday cake for each and every member of the House. Fully occupied herself, not least in her teaching at Akeley Wood and in bringing up the delightful Penny, Amanda and Ben, she has also given her time, as generously as unobtrusively, to the many calls of the community.

As the pantehnicon busied itself outside Paper Mill last August and all those books were somehow found travelling space, it seemed - as indeed it was - the end of an era. We thank them both for all they have done, and been, and wish them every joy in their new life up in Yorkshire.

AGM



MW and a core of limestone from the Grenville colonnade

Below: Penny and Hazel Waldman at the Stowe Scientists' gathering



DSB

David Barr joined the English Department here in September 1988 and he has been a most industrious, innovative and successful teacher ever since. He rapidly showed himself to possess the academic and personal qualities required to make him a successful teacher of English and Drama at various levels: high-powered but also sympathetic to the needs of those he is dealing with. David's literary mind is very sharp indeed with both shrewd and imaginative qualities far beyond the level normally encountered in a schoolmaster. David works with speed and conscientiousness. He is a charismatic teacher who wins support from his pupils through convincing them that the work is worthwhile and he is worth working for. His results at all levels have been consistently excellent. He stimulated clever Stoics and encouraged the weaker ones and both categories have performed extremely well under his tutelage. David seemed equally at home when teaching a Third Form or when teaching Oxbridge candidates, the greater majority of whom succeeded in gaining places.

David has contributed enormously to the varied life of a boarding school and everything that he has done has been done with energy and efficiency. In 1995 he was promoted to being the Head of Theatre Studies and the quality of his school plays has been exceptionally high, with fine productions of Shaw's *The Millionairess*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, *Amadeus*, *The Dumb Waiter*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Our Country's Good* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.



Theatre Studies have proved extremely popular and successful. His imaginative efficiency, standard of excellence and enthusiasm put this new subject firmly on the map. He has a clear idea of what he wants, emphasising at all times the literary, textual aspect of drama.

David ran the Community Service for many years, involving hundreds of Stoics in providing support for the elderly and needy in and around Buckingham, all as a direct result of David's care and the brilliance of his organisation. Particularly memorable was the Christmas Party, organised each year. For some time, David ran the swimming, again with efficiency and success, and he has been a loyal, supportive and effective Assistant Housemaster since his arrival. His judgement of boys and girls is very astute: he is compassionate but never sentimental.

Outside the School, David has marked for the University of Cambridge Local Examination Syndicate at A-level in English and for AEB in A-level Theatre Studies. He has carried through his responsibility as an HMC Inspector of English and Drama and has passed on useful advice as we await inspection again at Stowe.

David is well liked by colleagues who enjoy his sometimes caustic, but always highly articulate, Irish wit. David owns a beautiful house in Oxford and is an active member of the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin. We wish him well as he goes to assume a senior post at Magdalen College School in Oxford. We shall miss him very much and look forward to many return visits.

PASF

PVC

Before the cult of the acronym necessitated ludicrously contrived nomenclatures, the MRCA was a big deal. Later to become the Tornado, The Multi Role Combat Aircraft appeared in model form in 1974, and the blurb on the box spoke of it being able to accomplish almost any function one could ask – reasonably or otherwise – of a fighting aircraft. Bomber, fighter, reconnaissance, ground support, interceptor. There was nothing, Airfix assured me, this aeroplane could not do in a military context.

The matter warranted little thought over the decades, but now, assessing Philip Cottam's eight year contribution to Stowe, I am minded of that glue-splattered text. You see, one might expect a Pembroke Historian to be a first rate academic and Head of History; one would not collapse with surprise to learn that a Major in the Royal Regiment of Artillery knew how to keep the troops up to task; and we would, of course, expect of a former

Sedbergh Housemaster an awareness of young people's peccadilloes and frailties. Yet as Philip moved from Head of History to Proctor he took upon his shoulders the burden of Atlas: indeed even that Titan might have balked at running the CCF, its camps, School punishment systems, prefect training, calendar committees, Speech Days, visiting speaker programmes and a range of other activities as curious as school stew. But there was no sense of the high and mighty about the man: Philip was as at home with the nitty-gritty, minuting furiously for SMT, as he was with the big ideas – which he offered to the same body after careful thought drawn from a deep well of experience both in and out of school. Perhaps it was the life of the Bedouin that kept the mind so active: Badgers Close, Stowe Vicarage, a Grenville suite and Fishers Field in Buckingham all housed the books; and Philip, more importantly, had read them.

Burns posits that "Man's inhumanity to man / Makes

countless thousands mourn", but it kept one chap in gainful employment for ten minutes each morning as he dealt with the wretched from his small cell in Plug Street. "Send them to Philip" became a ubiquitous response to any demand for court, judge and jury for Stoics who had strayed. And it was not merely from his troglodyte's haven that he contemplated the fallen with Solomonic eye: in the grounds, Club, Sixth Form Centre, academic site and Buckingham itself, the Proctor, a one man AWACS, scanned and assimilated. How remarkable, therefore, that Stoics spoke of their nemesis with an affection adolescents usually reserve only for people who run bars. They saw military systems tempered with flexibility, rectitude with empathy, authority with compassion.

And so did the Common Room. Staff duty rosters were the product of Philip's fair, systematic thinking. If a man of Philip's intellectual calibre was prepared to give so much energy and time to humdrum necessities, there was little anybody else could offer in the way of plausible excuses. Extend that into almost every crevice of Stowe life: on mountainsides, in CCF huts, on House duty in Grenville, challenging top History sets, enriching

the SMT, teaching Visual Studies, funnelling hundreds through the dining room in scenes reminiscent of Thermopylae, ...Philip was not the man for the self-pitying to approach with gripes about being overworked.

Yes, Philip's departure means Mary can close the staff dining room on time now in the evenings, and there will, admittedly, be fewer anecdotes of army capers for colleagues and Stoics to ponder. But ask those Stoics about the Proctor and they will (unknowingly, I fear) echo Goldsmith, marvelling "That one small head could carry all he knew". Our village may not be deserted, but there will a gap created by the absence of Philip's warmth, humour and conviviality as much as by the loss of his professional contributions to the School that will not easily be filled.

So it is with as much affection as admiration that all in our community wish Philip and his family deserved success in London, where Halliford School receives a real MRCA of a Headmaster – jack and master of trades. The Tornado is, of course, still in service after all these years and slicing the planet's skies at twice the speed of sound. I just hope Halliford can keep up.

CJE

IJM

For ten years Ian has blazed like a meteor across the Stowe horizon, trailing a double glow, one purely artistic the other theatrical. In the Art School he was long an integral part of that famous triple act, Scott, Melber and McKillop, which probably eclipsed even the fabled years of Robin and Dodie Watt of glorious memory. For not only did the triple act produce Grade As like so many rabbits tumbling forth unceasingly from a magician's hat, but, like the Watts, they made the Art School a place to which pupils would gravitate at all hours of the day, being such a friendly, as well as stimulating, environment. Ian's fine draughtmanship was a crucial component in this quite remarkable team.

Both theatres have derived enormous benefit over the past decade from Ian's technical direction. In that venerable building, the Roxburgh Hall, thanks to Ian's expertise and unflagging enthusiasm, many improvements were effected and new systems implemented, not least the recent acquisition of one of the most advanced computerised lighting programmes in the country. But perhaps above all comes his creation and nourishment of that very special band of devotees, the Stowe Theatre Crew, who have serviced plays and other events so well. To be a member of Ian's black-garbed team was to belong to an élite corps, a body devoted to the twin concepts of team spirit and individual responsibility. The kind of thing, indeed, that education is all about.



Ian made the theatre fun, enormous fun. Each new first night he treated with undiminished anticipation and excitement. Of course the air would be tense with the excitement of it all. Emotions would run high, and, in the latter days, E-mails might wing their way like veritable exocets. But the end result was always wonderfully good. The sets, lighting and sound provided by Ian and his team were of a quality out of all proportion to what we directors might have expected or deserved.

Ian is, of course, essentially an entertainer. He is brilliant on the piano and just as good up on the boards, putting over a show-stopping number with the panache of a Jack Buchanan, as those who saw *Grease* will testify. He is also a man of vision. And though, sadly, his excellent ideas for Stowe as a centre of the performing arts for the local area have not as yet been taken up, his whole-hearted efforts in support of Robert Secret have seen Stowe Opera become an accepted professional, summer festival. That *The Times* should compliment his fine lighting design for this year's *Don Carlos* was particularly appropriate.

Thank you, Ian, for all you gave to our lives in your own inimitable way. May the meteor blaze just as brightly over Berkshire as it has done over the placid groves of Stowe!

AGM

SJBA

Someone recently said that the only difference between Stuart and David Seaman (Arsenal and England) was the length of hair! The Staff Soccer Team will now need to look to the transfer market to replace their goalie of the past few years.

It is nine years to be exact since Stuart joined the Common Room at Stowe as a member of the Modern Languages Department and he and his wife, Mary, quickly became involved in both the school and the wider community. They now leave with their two lovely children, Jack and Katie, to move to a new life and new challenges in Southampton.

Stuart had not been at Stowe very long before he was appointed Head of Department, a position in which he demonstrated his abilities not only as a linguist but as a considerate and caring manager of people and administration. Indeed his juggling skills were also rapidly employed as full and part-time colleagues, foreign assistants and pupils needed guiding, organising and cajoling. Stuart has led a very successful department and overseen all the latest government educational wheezes with skill, wisdom and humour.

During Stuart's years at Stowe he has been attached to Temple House where he has ably assisted Messers Kreeger, Henderson and Lewis. He has been a tutor to boys in the Lower School and more latterly in the Upper School, a task that he has undertaken conscientiously throughout. In fact I believe am correct in thinking that one particular pupil, Alex Kemble, has been fortunate enough to have had Stuart's guidance throughout his five years at Stowe – a lucky boy indeed!

In Chapel, staff and students have witnessed a very important aspect of Stuart's life – his deep commitment to Christianity. His beliefs are clear and challenging and all those boys and girls whom Stuart has prepared for Confirmation will have benefited from his integrity, wisdom and kindness.

Away from the academic front, Stuart has played many other active roles within the school community, not least as an excellent male lead in the Staff production of the musical 'Sweet Charity', where his considerable talent contributed to a very successful show. I have it on good authority that the director of that particular event valued his skill, his enthusiasm and his loyalty very much indeed.

Over the years Stuart has also demonstrated great sporting talent, not only as a player but also as a coach of rugby, hockey and tennis. Boys who have been coached by him will not fail to have been impressed by his energy, enthusiasm and commitment, together with his loyalty and honour, all of which were assumed by any teams that he coached. His demonstrations of 'scissor moves' in rugby, his overhead smash in tennis and his full-length penalty saves in soccer will long be remembered.



Not only in the sporting arena has Stuart given his time and dedication, but he has also assisted with the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme at Bronze Level, serving under such worthies as 'Duke' Murray, 'Duke' Wellington and 'Duke' Young. Despite some very unworthy conditions, Stuart maintained stamina and good humour on all the expeditions including one to the Cairngorms in 1998 which, he feels, demanded more technique to survive 'Duke' Murray's cooking than it did to survive the rough and rugged mountain conditions!

There are many other aspects of Stuart's career at Stowe – too numerous to mention in detail – but that include compering a Rock Concert, regular and noisy Friday night squash competitions, organiser of the Representative ties and initiator of the Sixth Form French Exchange with Lycee Say in Paris.

At the end of this academic year the school and Common Room will say a sad farewell to a friend, a dedicated schoolmaster and a colleague of the highest professional integrity and bid him and his family good luck and God speed as he begins the next chapter of his life.

LEW

CALT

Chrissy joined the Languages Department as a part-time teacher of French and Spanish in September 2000 and immediately carved a niche for herself in room 37. Her flair and energy in the classroom have since become legendary along with her sense of humour and her propensity to sing Eurovision Song Contest winners at the drop of a hat! CALT's contract was renewed for September 2001 and she expanded her hours to include Lower and Upper Sixth Spanish (and in particular the Spanish Civil War) as well as the joys of Lower School French (God Bless 5D!). Over her two years she has worked tirelessly on behalf of the Stoics in her classes and has brought a breath of fresh air from the outside world to both pupils and colleagues alike. As she moves to Kent, the Languages Department will miss her enormously. We wish her every success and happiness.

SJBA

DAS



David has made a very wide and distinctive contribution to Stowe life during his four years here. He arrived with teaching experience from Charterhouse, backed by his MA from Durham University, which he soon put to good use in the Stowe Classics Department. He worked hard to produce helpful notes for his sets, and enabled many of his pupils to surprise themselves with their excellent results. His special interest is promoting Latin grammar which he does with great relish at every opportunity. His recent appointment as an A level examiner in Latin will allow him to further this interest.

Within the Classics Department David has done much to improve further the Department's Intranet site. He has enjoyed introducing special effects as well as enlarging its range of teaching material. He has led two visits abroad, to Greece in 2001 and to Italy in 2002, both of which have proved memorable for their participants. During his first year at Stowe he directed Aristophanes' *Frogs* as the summer Junior Congreve play, in a stylish and polished production. He has also helped host at Stowe two schools' conferences for the Oxford Classical Association.

Outside the Classics Department David has also contributed significantly to Stowe life. For three years he has been in charge of the Stowe Community Service. He maintained its wide range of activities, such as the Christmas party and school visits, and helped organise extra events like the recent charity auction. He first helped in Chandos House and for the last two years he has been the underhousemaster of Cobham, where he put on the Cobham House play last autumn. On the games field he has helped with rugby and hockey at yearlings level. Within the staff common room he has been an efficient bar manager, suiting one of his interests.

We thank David for all his efforts at Stowe and wish him the very best in his new role as Head of Classics at Felsted School. We shall miss his cheerful presence and his many accessories around Stowe, be they the latest in fashion shades, mobile phones or cars. Classics at Felsted is bound to be enlivened under his leadership.

MJB

PCA



Stowe was fortunate to secure Paul as a classics teacher, just three years ago. So well has he fitted in and so natural an all-round schoolmaster is he, that it seems he has been at Stowe much longer.

He came from two years at Wellington School, after taking his degree at Durham, where he was a contemporary of DAS. He soon made his mark in the classroom, with his quiet but effective style of teaching, helping many a Stoic to achieve success in their examinations. He has a wide range of interests within the teaching of classics, being at home in Latin, Greek and Classical Civilisation. He has now put these skills to good use in the laborious task of examining at A level Ancient History.

He has contributed within the Classics Department by helping with the departmental library and by leading a visit to Greece in his first year. He has also taken groups to classical lectures and play performances, and rewarded his star pupils with a cinema visit to *Gladiator* when it first appeared. His classroom has always been a model of organisation, with OHP, TV and computer supplementing two white boards and impressive displays.

Paul's expertise as a hockey player was soon put to good use. He coached the first eleven to good effect and also the yearlings, and for the last two years was the master in charge. Outside the school his goal-scoring abilities helped Bicester hockey club reach new heights nationally. In cricket he took the colts and then the junior colts A teams. He also found time to help with the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme and to play the 'cello in the school orchestra. He was a much-valued resident underhousemaster in Bruce for the last two years and a lower school tutor. During his first year he added publicity and marketing of the school to his interests and was involved in producing the current school prospectus.

A year after his arrival he married Vivienne. She at first worked for SSES but is now following her husband into teaching. We give them both our fond good wishes for a very happy time at Bradfield College, where Paul will be the new Head of Classics. Bradfield must indeed count itself fortunate.

MJB

SNA

It is hard to put into words the impact that Simon Austen had on Stowe in his four years here as Chaplain; certainly conversations with staff and pupils since he left reveal the depth of affection for, and appreciation of, him.

Clearly his central concern was his Christian ministry to the whole community, and in that respect one can only admire his whole-hearted and sensitive commitment to the task and responsibility. Staff found him a friend, a man of infinite patience, genuine concern for their welfare in every respect, and – what is absolutely vital in a community like Stowe – a person who showed complete confidentiality and utter integrity. Pupils knew him as a member of staff with total devotion to their best interests, someone who would give them time, a shoulder to lean on, and very wise and careful counsel.

He also had a wonderful, perhaps wicked (?), sense of humour. One day a girl in his A-Level set admitted that the previous night she had short-circuited her House Annexe by snapping shut a sandwich toaster with the flex inside it. Later that lesson Simon answered a phone-call in the office, left the receiver off the hook after the call, and then rather sombrely informed the girl that the Electricity Board were on the phone, wanting to speak to the person who had blacked out the whole of North Bucks last night...

His A-Level teaching was an impressive mixture of this lightness but also thorough academic clarity. Pupils appreciated the depth and richness of the biblical texts in a profound way – and his results were by far the best in the department. One boy, for example, struggled to gain a Grade 'C' at GCSE; two years later he achieved 75% on Simon's paper – a clear Grade 'A'. And of course Simon's Biology degree was a huge asset when the Ethics paper required an understanding of the intricacies and developments in Genetics.

There were so many sides to Simon that could easily be missed; his talent as an artist for one, such that his work has been exhibited in London; his skills as a Hockey coach; and his gregarious and wonderful company over dinner. Above all we know what a tremendous family life he and Fiona have shaped and nurtured, and it is not difficult to see what a force for good they will be in their new parish in Carlisle. I assume that Fiona's musical talents and teaching skills will still be in as much demand as they were at Stowe.

Simon won't be forgotten; there is his new book, an explanation of the basics of Christianity, with his smiling (but rather unflattering?) picture on the back, but there is no doubt that he and Fiona will be keeping in touch with so many friends here – and their home is such a good coffee-break en route to Scotland! We do thank the two of them for their ministry and labour of love here; they are very much in our thoughts and prayers.

AD

EKB

Hidden away in my video collection is an extraordinary sequence of film shot in the back of a coach, as one of my GCSE Theology groups returned from a Field Trip to Liverpool. Holding centre-stage, and leading a rousing chorus of 'Rosie and Jim', is a perpetually cheerful and socially confident young man known to his classmates as 'Blackie'. Not many years later, finishing his English and Sports degree at Loughborough, he rings me up out of the blue, and within a few weeks I am delighted to see him settled in as the new Under-Housemaster in Chandos.



Ed became a respected favourite in a remarkably short time. He proved his worth on the pre-season Rugby tour before he'd really started at Stowe, and then within days he had established his credentials in the House. He was never going to have any trouble insisting on his wishes being carried out, but I didn't really have to train him for the task. Ed has an easy but authoritative way of dealing with pupils, and his rapport was instant. It was not at all surprising that he was asked to take on more and more Sports Studies teaching, greatly appreciated by the department, but he has also proved his worth as a Fifth-Form Tutor since Christmas. Nothing fazes or worries him – and his completion of the London Marathon is a testimony to his sense of commitment to good causes, and his ability to carry extra burdens.

We will all in Chandos miss his stability and sense of fun, and the sports staff are deeply indebted to him. I am still convinced that he is a 'born schoolmaster', and would hope that his too-brief one year with us remains etched in his memory. Certainly that video won't be wiped over just yet.

AD

AJW



Adam Wharton has achieved an enormous amount in his four years at Stowe, and I am delighted that he has been appointed as Head of Theology at Cranleigh for September.

From the very beginning Adam made clear his expectations for himself and his pupils; thorough preparation, rigorous thinking, organised files, background reading. Lessons were typically run efficiently and purposefully, and he showed even as a new teacher that he could handle the intellectual difference of an A-Level class on Kant's Categorical Imperative, that might be closely followed by a truculent 5E set discussing aspects of Judaism. Perhaps his finest teaching was done with a GCSE 'B' set containing a number of boys of limited ambition or self-belief after two years of encouraging, chiding, nurturing (and probably praying) they all emerged with fine grades and some even continued their Theology into the Sixth-Form.

Adam has been an excellent tutor in Chandos, where his patient and kind approach was ideal for settling-in the new Third-Form, and charming and reassuring their parents. He was always willing to whisk them off on another tutor outing, and I must thank Ruth for the numerous occasions on which they opened up their home in Chackmore for barbecues and off-site relaxations.

Inevitably but also willingly, Adam has given of his time and talents unstintingly; he has played a central part in many activities at Stowe – whether Cross-Country, Cricket, the CCF Naval Section, D. of E. expeditions, or sermons in the Parish Church. Of course it was in Chapel that he made what he may regard as his most important contribution; there were the Bible-Studies, the Confirmation classes, and also his talks in mid-week, where one was left in no doubt as to the clarity of the message and his own convictions.

I can only conclude by wishing God-speed to Adam, Ruth and little Eloise, and I am sure that they will flourish in their new environment. They have left many friends behind who appreciate very much what they have contributed in such a short time. We have such happy and good memories of them.

AD

ALH



It seems only a few weeks ago that I drove to Milton Keynes station to meet a whirlwind of smiles and energy. After a transatlantic crossing overnight and an unknown train journey from Gatwick, Alli Harper still held the grace, goodwill and sunny disposition that we have seen everyday at Stowe. I can't believe that her year here as Harvard Scholar is nearly over, except that I know how much she has accomplished.

She has enriched the lives of the Nugent girls, not only with cookies and an open door, but also with a challenging intellect, coupled with an emotional intelligence, which has seen so many students through so many crises. This support was tangible after the tragedy of Sept 11th. As an under-housemistress she has been considerate and unswervingly loyal, supporting inter-house sporting events and enhancing Nugent occasions. Academically she has stimulated debate and has demanded exacting standards of polemic. She has forced many controversial issues into our consciousness, especially in the Amnesty Week, when we were all challenged to see and recognise beliefs, which may have been contrary to our opinions. Her commitment to the lacrosse team gave them an indomitable team spirit and she has proved equally inspirational to girls' tennis.

Alli has performed all of this with fortitude and laughter, exuberance and compelling enthusiasm. The phrase which will always remind us of Alli is, "I have a question", and it was no use thinking you could get by with a cursory response.

She leaves us to join a health programme for the disadvantaged before continuing her studies.

BTF

SALVETE

PMB

Paul Board has arrived this term from Eastbourne. After graduating he worked in the Insurance sector for several years before entering the teaching profession. He has taught in both State and private sectors for the last fourteen years, his subjects being Economics, Business Studies and (occasionally) Divinity. In addition he is an examiner for AQA – a very handy position for any teacher to hold! He is married with two children, Sam and Simon, both of whom have joined the school this year. He is a keen sportsman and is particularly fond of cricket and hockey. Last year he cycled from London to Brighton to help raise funds for the British Heart Foundation and his ambition is to cycle from Lands End to John O'Groats at some stage!

Mr. Board and his family are living in Buckingham and have quickly come to appreciate the beauty of the surrounding countryside and architecture. He is a Christian and a member of New Life Church, Buckingham.

CGG

A graduate of Reading University and the University of London, Calvin spent his formative years in Canada and worked for the civil service before entering the teaching profession. He has taught in various schools in the UK and in Canada, and has pursued further studies at Dalhousie University and at the Open University. His academic interests include Shakespeare, Commonwealth Literature and the development of Philosophy in schools; he also maintains a healthy interest in the craft of writing and in the fortunes of the Montreal Canadiens ice hockey club.

CGG

BJLS



BJLS

Barny Sandow arrived in the Physics department in September from Abingdon School. Before that he had done a PGCE at Exeter and a degree at Durham in the same College and hockey team as PCA. In between times he has worked washing up in Meribel, teaching sailing on Anglesey and putting up marquees across the South West. He enjoys getting out of the classroom to follow a wide variety of active pursuits and then bringing them back into the classroom.

SJP

Simon Plummer has joined the School as Under-housemaster in Chatham and to establish Graphic Design in both the Upper and Lower School. Having gone to school in Suffolk, he studied Graphic Design at Nottingham Trent University, graduating in 1997. Prior to Stowe he was working at the Royal Latin in Buckingham, where he led the annual skiing and snowboarding tours, notably to the US this year. In his spare time he still keeps an eye on design matters helping out old University colleagues in advertising and product design as well as watching and playing most sports.

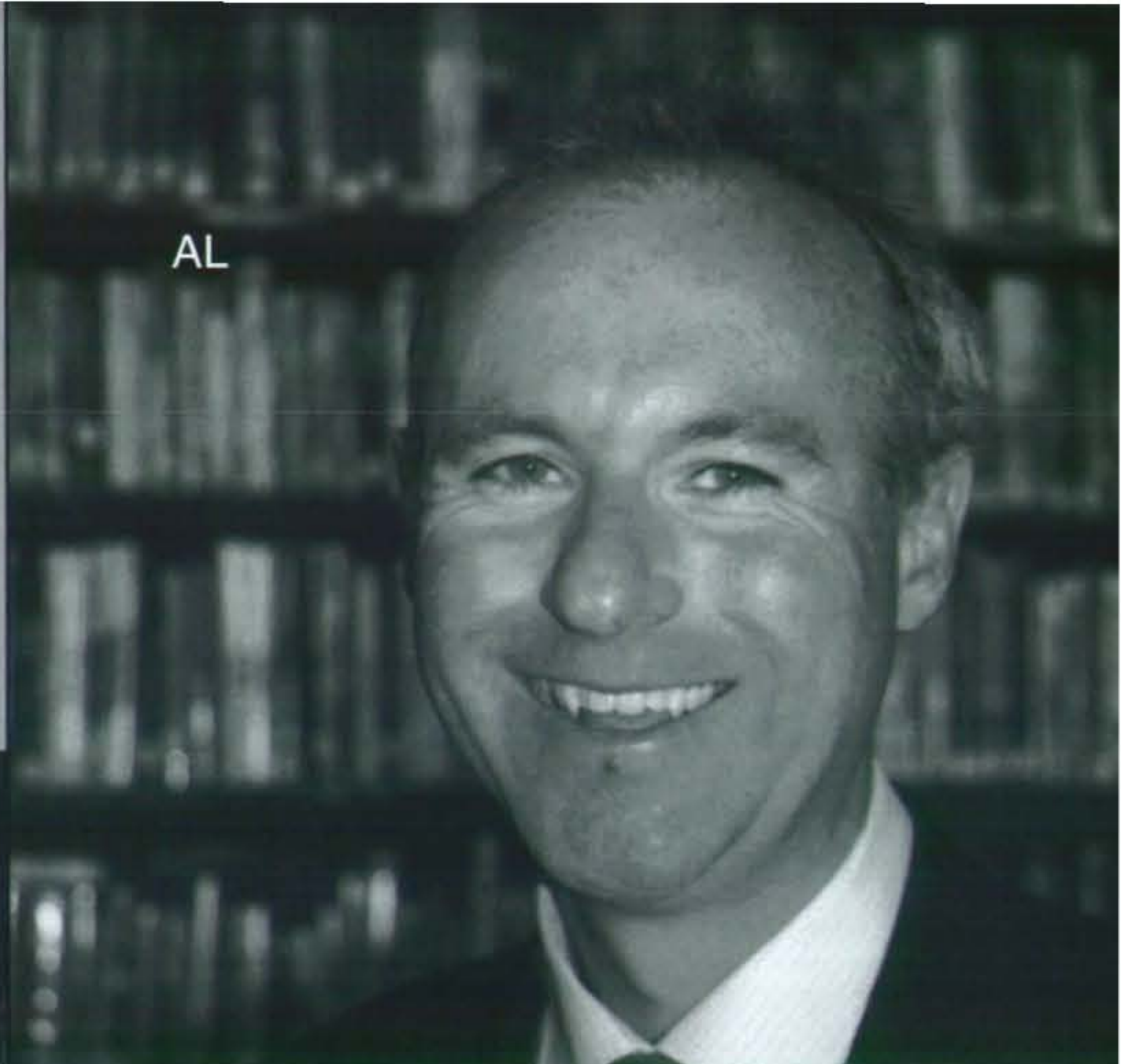
Common Room Matters

This year we have celebrated the births of Eloise Wharton and Archie Irvine, and the marriages of JRK, BJD, John Fretwell, Cherry McInnes, and GAC to Christine Shaw of SSES.

AL

Tony Lewis comes to Stowe as Temple Housemaster having taught extensively both in this country and overseas. As well as enjoying the academic rigours of History and Theology, he pursues a wide range of sports including hockey, squash, golf and skiing. His wife, Marie-Louise, an LTA tennis coach, enjoys playing both the flute and piano. Together with their children – Ben, Sophie and Harry (not forgetting Poppy their Golden Labrador) – they share a love of walking and the outdoors.

AL



SRJ



JRK

Jonathan Kingston has been involved in music, one way or another, all his life. He received organ lessons at Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral, before studying for a BMus degree at Huddersfield University. Whilst in Yorkshire, he was Sub-organist to Bradford Cathedral for three years, playing for many important occasions, CD recordings and broadcasts for local and national radio. During his final year, he won the University Prize for an outstanding finals performance, and has consequently played at many important concert venues including Bridgewater Hall Manchester, Christ Church Priory, Windsor Castle, Salisbury Cathedral and Bath Abbey. He then moved to Oxford to study for a PGCE and is delighted to have joined Stowe as music teacher, Chapel organist and Fourth-form tutor to Grenville.

SRJ

Sarah Jeffreys completed her degree and PGCE at the University of Leicester before teaching at Ratcliffe College and then Wycliffe College, running the Chemistry Departments in each school and being a Housemistress at Wycliffe. She likes reading, cooking and travelling and is a Christian and a member of Amnesty International. She arrived at Stowe with her husband, who will also be teaching here in September.

MP



MP

Matthew Pitteway joined us in the faculty of Economics and Business Studies. He graduated from Edinburgh in 2000 where he read Business Studies and also spent a year studying Economics at the Catholic University of Leuven (Belgium) where he specifically studied the Economic aspects of European Integration. He enjoys walking and playing and watching a variety of sports, particularly football and cricket, and will be coaching these sports at Stowe.

OLD COBHAMITES UNITE

In the Summer of 2001 following a conversation with Anthony Shillington, Development Director of the Stowe Campaign and David James, Housemaster of Cobham, we thought that it would be an attractive idea to organise a lunch for old Cobhamites in the Cobham Houseroom. As a parent and Old Stoic I found the idea very appealing and agreed to organise an initial lunch for contemporaries of mine from the late 1960s and early 1970s. Where addresses were known we wrote to old Cobhamites who were at Stowe between 1964 and 1974, a potential total of approximately 120 old boys. We planned the lunch for the 29th September and the initial response was a little slow as we endeavoured to trace old Cobhamites, quite a number of whom now live and work in different parts of the world. As the day grew closer momentum and enthusiasm grew as old friends contacted each other seeking to be reunited after several decades. Some people had not seen each other for over 35 years. Approximately 40 of us attended the lunch in the Houseroom following a drinks reception held beforehand. We were very pleased to be joined by the Headmaster, Jeremy Nichols, Sara Drew, Cobham Matron, David James, his wife Gail and a number of present Cobhamites.

We were also delighted that Jos Nicholl (Housemaster from 1962 to 1976) and his wife Hope, Douglas Marcuse, Under-housemaster of Cobham, and Peter Longhurst, Tutor to many of us in the late 1960s "Side Nine" group, were able to attend the lunch.

As we welcomed old Cobhamites to the Houseroom again for the first time in many years there was often a look of mild apprehension on their faces. This expression rapidly changed to one of obvious enjoyment as old friends were reunited and before long the Houseroom was buzzing with stories, past and present.

During the lunch we took a break between the main course and pudding to take advantage of the bright



sunshine and have a "House" photograph taken on the steps of the Temple of Concord in the time-honoured way. The photographs were taken by R.H. Chapman, the same photographers who took our photographs in the late 1960s and 1970s. Concord in its restored state looked magnificent in the sunshine and we endeavoured

to stand approximately where we stood in a Cobham House photograph taken in the late 1960s. We resumed lunch and marked the occasion by presenting Jos and Hope Nicholl with a framed print of The South Front of Stowe produced by B.C. Gotch around 1925 and the book illustrating The Temples of Stowe. Everyone showed great appreciation that they were able to join us.

Groups of us enjoyed walking the buildings and grounds in the afternoon recalling events and people from our days at Stowe. During his rounds in the evening, David James found a group of





Photo: R & H Chapman

Old Cobhamites still walking around and chatting before they finally departed. There was much enthusiasm from those who attended the lunch and we were sorry that a number were not able to come despite their wish to be there.

It was with great sadness that we subsequently heard that Hope Nicholl died just before Christmas. We were therefore very glad that we were able to have been reunited with Jos and Hope in September.

Our special thanks go to Anthony Shillington, David and Gail James and Sara Drew who gave us a considerable amount of their time and support in making the day possible. My additional thanks go to Joe Gambarini and Bruce Lea-Greaves for

their support and encouragement in contacting old Cobhamites. If any of the other Houses would like any support in organising similar events, I would be pleased to hear from the organisers.

JOHN ARKWRIGHT (1964-1969)





REMEMBERING JSK

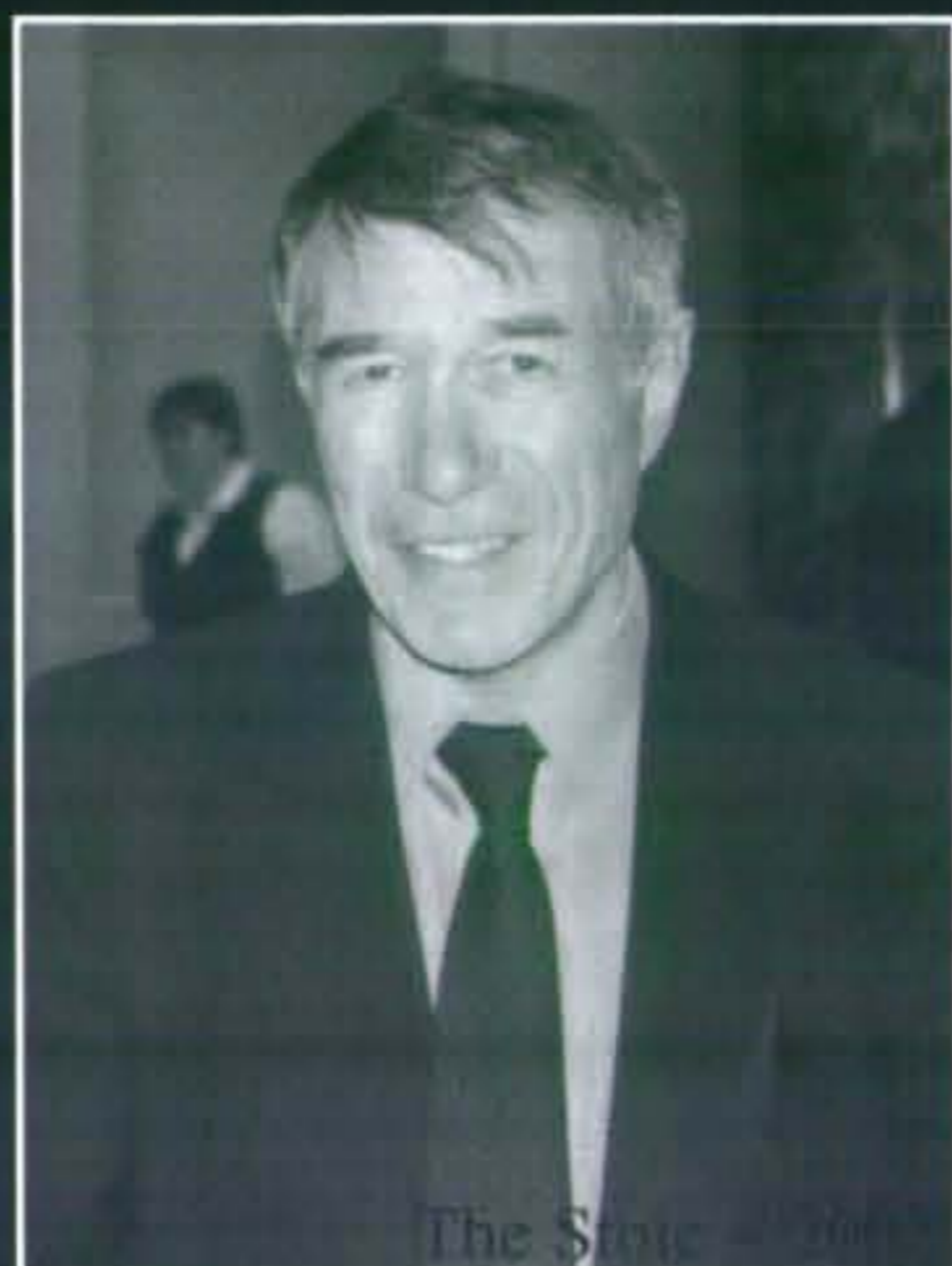
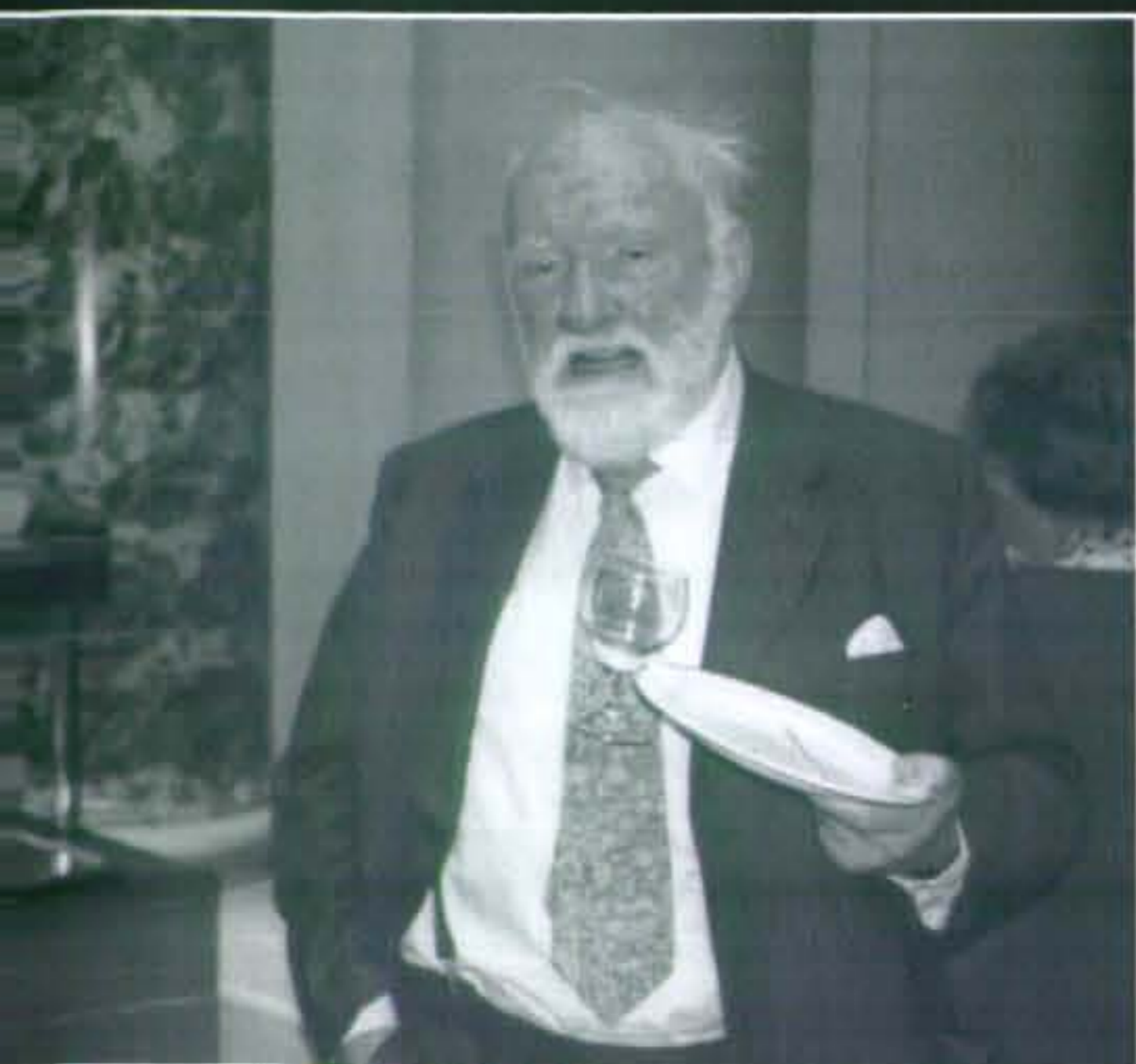


A Memorial Service for Jonathan Kreeger was held in the School Chapel last May with the Revd. Christopher Turner officiating.





A buffet lunch was later held in the Marble Hall where these photographs were taken.



James Harvey explains how to go

RACING KARTS



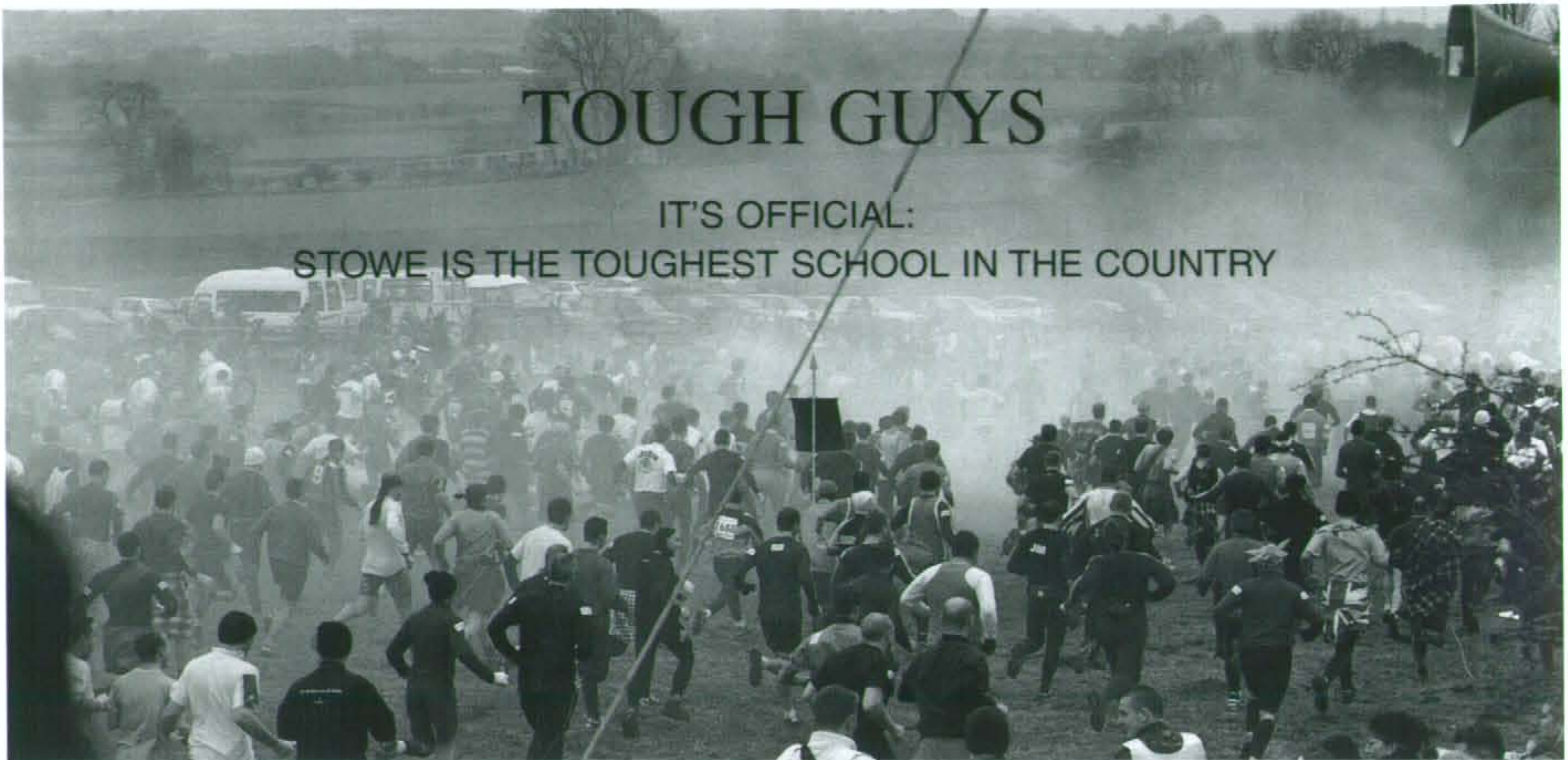
It all started when I first lived on the little Spanish Island called Majorca. I began racing when I was six years old on a small racetrack called Magaluf. The Kart I began with was an 80-cc komet engine and a Birel Chassis called cadet, which then felt quite fast. I was not able to enter a race till I was eight so I had two years of practice. The first few races made me feel like quitting. There was always something going wrong until I started to pick up a little bit and get the hang of it. We met many people on the racetrack and we even found there were many other different tracks on the island, which in a way were better because I was trying something new. Eventually the people that we met on the racetrack told

us that there many other tracks on mainland Spain where the standards were higher. We stayed on another year until I became better at the sport. By the time I was nine we tried our first race in mainland Spain, at Sills. It was a fast track and well liked. My first race was okay but there was so much more to learn. We found that the chassis we were using (the Birel) seemed to be terrible comparing to the Top Kart so we changed. I carried on racing in both Majorca for practice and the mainland for racing. The people we met in Majorca on the racetrack soon became good friends so we started up a team. This team is still going on today and now it is bigger than ever. The team was named Kart Care Racing. After one year

we found there was another place with standards twice as high as the ones in the mainland, BRITAIN, so we began to race in the British Championship. The weather was not as good, but anyway I soon learnt how to drive in the rain and ice. There were a lot of sacrifices for racing in England. One was coming to school here, leaving my friends behind in Spain and the weather. While in Britain I had some terrible accidents and twice I flipped and landed on my neck. I carried on with cadet until twelve when I moved up to Junior Yamaha. Yamaha has a 100-cc engine and we chose a Zip chassis. It was twice as fast and went at a quick 70 mph, which seemed fast when you were 2 cms from the ground. This class was more my type and I made some excellent results coming 5th in the British championship. There were so many tracks that were new to me such as Buckmore Park, Wigan, Larkhall in Scotland, Nutts Corner in Ireland and many others. After a good year we were hoping to do the same class again and this time winning the British championship. We were able to do it again because of my age.

While we were hoping this something went wrong with the class and eventually everyone pulled out leaving us with two options, TKM, or Junior Max. TKM was similar to Yamaha but slightly slower with a bad reputation. Or there was Junior Max which was a 125-cc engine and a Tony chassis, almost twice as fast as Yamaha. Of course we chose Junior Max. Mostly everything was different like the tyres, which were softer with more grip. The chassis was larger and the engine was water cooled. I am in this class at this very moment and I am racing the British championship. The last few races have not been going so well but I am hoping for it to get better. Soon I will move up to Jica which gets faster, then ICA and then Formula A which is the ultimate class. After that it is either staying in Karts or carrying on changing to cars, and onwards to Formula 1...





TOUGH GUYS

IT'S OFFICIAL:
STOWE IS THE TOUGHEST SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY

We can proudly boast this fact after winning the Schools' Cup at this year's Tough Guy Race. Five members of the Cross Country team were joined by five members of staff and a few friends to enter the event which was held on Sunday 27th January. Yes that was the Sunday of exeat! What does it involve I hear you ask. The following is a description of the event we all "volunteered" to take part in.

After a very early start to the day we joined 4500 other maniacs at the race venue, Mr Mouse Farm for Unfortunates, in Wolverhampton. The pupils dyed their hair red and black, but soon we were surrounded by far wackier efforts and a worrying amount of braveheart wannabees.

The first part of the race is a "cross country run" of about 8-10 miles. However nothing is ever quite what it seems in this event and the route quickly veers off any normal path and sends us on a demanding set of challenges designed to move competitors towards physical and mental exhaustion. Rivers were criss-crossed several times, woods were traversed with little regard for brambles or twigs, a very steep hill was climbed 12 times and various pits of stinking knee deep mud were negotiated. The run takes between 1 hour twenty minutes and two hours.

Once, or if, one manages to emerge at the end of this test, the real obstacle course is faced. With aching limbs and burning lungs we attacked giant obstacles with



TOUGH GUY 2002
BRAVEHEART



TOUGH GUY 2002
BRAVEHEART



TOUGH GUY 2002
BRAVEHEART

names such as the Behemoth, Vietcong Tunnels, Tyre Torture and Fiery Holes. Precision, agility and upper body strength are required in between the long stretches of muddy runs.

With only one mile to go we arrived at an area densely surrounded with spectators. Although by this point we were tiring somewhat, we had not got too cold. Much water had been negotiated, but anything below waist level was not too much of a problem. We soon realised why there was so much commotion amongst the gathered crowd as we were politely encouraged to fully submerge, including our heads, under five carefully placed railway sleepers in a deep, dark and very cold lake. Disorientated and now seriously questioning the sense of it all, we continued, growling at the grinning spectators.

Any further contact with the water was deeply unpleasant. And there was a lot more water to come! One's will to continue is severely tested and many competitors do not complete the course. The race is excellently marshalled and the many St John's ambulance volunteers are kept very busy. The end does eventually arrive. A cup of very welcome hot tea was quickly consumed before we headed back to a barn full of cold muddy bodies to throw on a lot of old clothes. There are no showers or changing rooms, that would be soft!

The whole idea of the race is to raise money for a donkey sanctuary. Its founder was keen to recreate some of the conditions of the Great War in order to remind our generation of the desperate conditions that were faced. Soon we were all much happier and cheered on the final group who were out on the course for over three hours.

The boys performed fantastically well. Merlin Hanbury-Tension, Chris McGee, Nick Wills, Oleg Papzov and David Hervey demonstrated true Stoic attitudes. The staff contingent included AMcD, BGD, EKB, DGB and myself. On finishing we vowed never to do anything as ridiculous as that again. However now we have a title to defend and we will be back next year!

RCS



POINT-TO-POINT



Charlie Shirley-Beavan has just completed his second season as a point to point jockey. In Point to point, a race over natural looking fences of around 3-4 miles, you can ride from the age of 16. Fortunately you do not have to be on the short side either, Charlie stands well over 6ft – although he does have to obtain a certain weight limit, something he finds difficult at times. Point to points are organised by local hunts, and Charlie rides horses trained by his mother. This season has seen some good results including Charlie's first win.

THE YEAR

The Director of Studies reviews

THE ACADEMIC YEAR

It has been another year of change, of course: AS levels being one year old it was time to change them a bit, although I'm not sure how tinkering with the exam timings helped anyone or anything; it was the first year of the A2 courses that follow them, and for most subjects their GCSE courses had been modified. We await this year's A-level results with baited breath, but last year's AS results were as expected, so we are hoping that the A2 bits will be equally predictable.

Curriculum reform is not just a matter of responding to national initiatives, however, and we have also continued our own process: we have run a pilot "Vocational AS level" course this year in ICT, and another first is that some 5th formers have been taking Business Studies AS level in whatever spare time they could find alongside their GCSEs. The Design Department now offers Graphics courses, and Drama now features properly on the GCSE curriculum. Sadly, we say farewell to Geology, but are pleased to cater for the continuing demand for Latin, Greek and Further Maths, to name but three of the more specialist courses worth protecting.

There has also been a certain amount of national reform that we have felt proper to ignore, especially the introduction of massively bureaucratic key skills assessments and the evolution of a Citizenship course. There is no need to chase the National Curriculum here: it is trying to chase us. You cannot live in a well-run boarding school without learning a few key skills and a principle or two of citizenship, and you learn them for real, not in an exercise done in a classroom as part of a subject with a funny name. The continuing health and excellence of the Debating Society and the current renaissance of ambitious House Plays, for instance, do far more for the way in which pupils "learn to work in groups", "make oral presentations" and "acquire problem-solving skills" than do even the best-designed classroom exercises. And it's a fair bet that your



"You cannot live in a well-run boarding school without learning a few key skills and a principle or two of citizenship..."

housemaster will succeed in teaching you a good deal about how you consider other people and what it takes to make a community work over the years you are with him...

The IB has been more tempting, and the HMC has toyed with designing its own equivalent, and the government has talked much of over-arching certificates, and UCAS has invented a more complicated points system to reflect the broadening range of examined courses. All these have hugely tempting positive qualities, but they also share a common motivation which is both good and bad: they are systems wishing to make assurances and discriminations that are as

accurate as possible, even when comparing apples with pears. Ultimately, they lead the way to the moment when everything you have been and done and achieved and learned at school can be expressed by way of a single number. I'm a 4,238. It doesn't matter whether I went to Stowe or Eton, or did Maths or English, or was Captain of Rugby or took the lead role in Hamlet, or was Head of an average House or average in the best House, or expelled or given a scholarship place, because when all the equivalences have been worked out using the nationally agreed formula I'm a 4,238, the same as other 4,238s, just a shade better than the 4,237s...

Independent schools don't really want to take too many steps down that road. We need to stay independent and retain our flexibility and our vision of what is worthwhile. Of course we, like everyone else, give due value to that which can be clearly seen and measured, but it's also down to us to remember that it's the very things that won't be measured – love, loyalty, initiative, confidence, grace, enthusiasm, to name but a few – that make sense of it all. Spend too long counting and weighing and grading your ingredients and you'll never actually make anything.

So flawed a measure of so incomplete a picture, is it even worth mentioning that we went up the A-level League tables for the fourth year running?

SGAH

PRIZEWINNERS

Basil Williamson Memorial: Benjamin R.M. Morgan; Drayson: Allegra M. Galvin; J.F. Roxburgh for Classics: Olivia A.G.S. Wilson; Quentin Bertram for Latin: Joshua A.H. Myerson; Charles Loudon for Greek: Joshua A.H. Myerson; Anthony Pearce for Latin Oration: David M.F. De La Motte Hervey; Zafiropulo for Classical Verse: Gabriella R. Alexander; Peters Bone for English: Ramsay E. Fanous; Gavin Maxwell for English (Senior): Georgie E.A.C. Bennett-Warner; Gavin Maxwell for English (Junior): Alexander J. Orchard-Lisle; J.F. Roxburgh for English Verse (Senior): Edward C.J. Comber; J.F. Roxburgh for English Verse (Junior): Rory C.W. Curtis; Hayward for Reading: Harry M. Vere Nicoll; Harding for Reading and Speaking: Ramsay E. Fanous; Basil Aimers for Reading and Speaking: Nathan J. Witts; Bryan Henshaw for English Speech (Senior): Louis N. Buckworth; Bryan Henshaw for English Speech (Junior): Barney E.G. Baber; Euan Dawson for English: Arabella E. Myerson; John Webster for French: Elizabeth A. Forde; J.G. Riess for German: Joanna L. Harris; Telford-Wardley for Spanish: Katrina E.R. Varian; Capel Cure for French: Harry E. Kemble; Scott-Gall for History: Alexander J. Tate; Syrett for History: George B. Margesson; Robert Barbour for Theology: Allegra M. Galvin; Burroughs for Theology: Harry N. Thuillier; Wallace for Geography: Luke C. Worrall; Peter Bates for Geography: Matthew R. Gracie; Robert Montagu for Geology: James E. Bowkett; Humphrey Foster for Physics: Alan C. Griffin; Anthony Pedder for Physics: James C. Hayhurst-France; W.D. Hards for Chemistry: Ramsay E. Fanous; Hayward for Chemistry: Toshiko Izumi; Anthony Pedder for Chemistry: Henrietta C. Addams-Williams; Choyce for Biology: William H.J. Barker; Friends of Stowe for Natural History (Senior): Sophie C. Ingold; Friends of Stowe for Natural History (Junior): Harry E. Kemble; Stewart for Mathematics: Ramsay E. Fanous; Pearman-Smith for Mathematics: George B. Margesson; James Mayne for Economics: Louis E. Powell; James Mayne for Politics: Samantha V. Hannaford; James Mayne for Business Studies: Amir H. Amirsadeghi; McDonough Lower Sixth: James C. Hayhurst-France (Economics) & Louise M. Coghlan (History); Barrus for Computer Technology (Senior): Gevork G.G.A. Anderyassian; Barrus for Computer Technology (Junior): Miles R.O. Barley; Robert Houghton for Internet Achievement: E (Zhenya) A. Semikhodski; William Dady for Art History: Katrina E.R. Varian; J.F. Roxburgh for Architecture: Allegra M. Galvin; J.F. Aimers for Art: Sophie E. Housley; Anthony Howard for Painting (Senior): Alexander F.C. de Rivaz; Anthony Howard for Painting (Junior): Harry A. Darby; Anthony Howard for Sculpture: Louis N. Buckworth; Anthony Howard for Pottery: Emma L.M. Buxton;

Richard McDougall for Watercolour (Senior): Katrina E.R. Varian; Richard McDougall for Watercolour (Junior): Nicholas R. Greenwood; Simon Alper Print Award: Sophie E. Housley & Samantha V. Hannaford; Gilling-Lax for Strings (Senior): Oliver R. Cullingworth; Gilling-Lax for Strings (Junior): Sam J. Vance-Law; Gilling-Lax for Woodwind (Senior): Peter G. Rossiter; Gilling-Lax for Woodwind (Junior): Jonathan M. Howse; Gilling-Lax for Brass (Senior): Jeremy T. Walker; Gilling-Lax for Brass (Junior): Harry A. Darby; Gilling-Lax for Piano (Senior): Philippa K. Murray; Gilling-Lax for Piano (Junior): Alexander P.J. Hodgkinson; Ian McCarey; Alexander F.C. de Rivaz; Coxe for outstanding progress in Music: Robert J. McKinnon; Burchett for Contribution to Stowe Music: Matthew J. Johnson; Worsley for Design: Edward J. Black; Friends of Stowe for Design in Wood: Edward J.H. West; John Holland for Design: Alexander F.C. de Rivaz; Andrew McAlpine for Photography: Igor Tolstoy-Miloslavsky; Andrew McAlpine for Technical Graphics: Gero Asmuth; Lower School for Design: Cameron L. Sinclair-Parry; Louis Strauss Prize: Hugh C. Maclean; Friends of Stowe Fifth Form: Paul H. Hinds, Harry E. Kemble, George B. Margesson; David Sandhurst; M. Edward Spurr; Harvard Book Prize: Peter J. Tromans; McDonough for Service: Samuel C. Allen; Dudley Baker Prize: William O. Maude-Roxby; Cumming Prize: Lucian F.P. Tarnowski; Old Stoic Goblet: Matthew J. Johnson; Buckinghamshire Careers Service for Commitment to Learning: George M. Nissen; Friends of Stowe for General Knowledge: Paul H. Hinds; White-Smith for Aviation Activities: Mark E.F. Leech; Andrew Croft for a Performance in Drama: Christian J.L. Roe; Aikman Cup for Drama: Allegra M. Galvin; Bell Quaich for contribution to Technical Theatre: David S. Loasby; Fraser Cup for Public Speaking: Benjamin R.M. Morgan; Voice Cup: Alexander R. Perry; Headmaster's Special: Tariq I.M. Al Buhaisi, Joanna L. Harris, Thomas E. Kirk, Marilyn C. Okoro, Oleg Papazov, Peter G. Rossiter, H. Moritz Schindhelm, Thomas G. Sowerby, Edward J.H. West & Nathan J. Witts; Stowe Parents' Gap Awards: Robert J. McKinnon, Charles G. Percy & Louis E. Powell; Bene Prizes: Henrietta C. Addams-Williams, Sophie E. Housley, Henry J.W. Bartlett, Sophie C. Ingold, Edward C.J. Comber, Toshiko Izumi, Rory C.W. Curtis, Harry E. Kemble, Christopher J. Dalton, Duncan E. Kennedy, Andrew N. Davis, Maximilian C.R. Kirchhoff (2), Chloe J. Delevingne, Christopher D.J. McGee, Ramsay E. Fanous, George B. Margesson, Harriet J. Fisher, Edward A. Pendleton, Matthew R. Gracie, Alexander R. Perry, Merlin Hanbury-Tenison, Peter J. Tromans, Paul H. Hinds, Oliver P.H. Wilson.

“GET UP, STAND UP” WEEK

Having been a student for my entire life and then a teacher for the first time this year, I have found myself repeatedly asking: what does it mean to be educated? Obviously, to be educated, one must learn to read, write, learn math skills, understand scientific concepts and such. But much of the rest seems up for grabs. Open a newspaper and we find out that languages might be losing their place, that tests are taking over and that different children, because of different upbringings and social standings are learning at very different levels.

My fascination with education is to ask: 1) How do we get ourselves, students and teachers, thinking more critically, more deeply, to always ask the next, harder questions that unveil the brilliant complexity of the important issues and 2) How do we get ourselves to consider our place in this world with the realisation that we are just one individual on a planet filled with all sorts of different kinds of people and ideas?

After the 11 September, there was a thinking and energy pervading Stowe—what an opportunity to throw out some of these questions and to channel some of that energy into a focused way! About 50 Stoics repeatedly met to brainstorm ideas and then make those ideas into a reality which turned into this week titled, “Get Up, Stand Up.”

The week commenced with a debate asking one of the most difficult questions facing foreign policy makers today: what is the place of protecting human rights in a list of priorities given the conditions and constraints facing domestic and international policy-making institutions? Alex Kennedy, Oliver Hogg, Danielle Goodger, Maz Okoro, Alex Pike and Oleg Papazov all presented the difficulty in answering this question taking into account real moral, practical, and political arguments.

Introduced by Tariq Al-Buhaisi, on the following Thursday, our own Mark Edwards and Hassan Abedin, from Oxford, shared their views on Christian and Muslim perspectives respectively on the tragedy of 11 September as well as larger questions about humanity and religion in a talk titled, “Post 9/11: Christian meets Muslim in a Discussion on Religion and Rights.” It was refreshing to hear another religious perspective in a comparative context.

The weekend was dominated by the visit of Christoph Mayer, an artist from Berlin, who brought and, with the help of David Loasby’s technical crew, set up “why is it called paradise.” Those who experienced the exhibit then spent a few moments recording their first thoughts after exiting. After taking a look at these thoughts, the experience was at the least pretty intense for most. Reactions ranged from tears to screams to laughter to “What the £%”%?”. Thanks to all who helped out Christoph make this weekend possible—he thoroughly enjoyed working with you.



On Tuesday afternoon, 10 student-led workshops occurred, allowing informal discussion amongst students on topics that students found interesting and important. Topics ranged from slavery to sexuality to religious diversity to individual expression to immigration to racism to challenges to western conceptions of rights to critiques of media ideals... All of the questions were hard questions, and people seemed to leave the workshops feeling through a wide range—frustration, pride, more knowledgeable, more confused, angry, closer to some, respecting some more and others less...

The week finished with the most controversial talk of all: Richard Kirker’s talk on his views on the place of homosexuality in the Christian Church. The best indication of how the talk went was that Reverend Kirker missed his train and taxi to get home because he decided to stay later because the discussion kept growing. That night was a challenging night—a test to see how a community and its individuals react when a new perspective to some is introduced. Agree or disagree—that’s not the point. Being challenged and challenging back in a respectful way ever heightening both sides’ awareness was the point, and most of Stowe did just that.

So at the end of a crazy week, I think it can be said that through the highs and lows, the arguments, the challenges, the thinking, the feeling, the love, the hate, the bravery of some, the prejudices of others, we (1) began to open a dialogue on some pretty important issues, (2) thought outside of where we normally think and (3) realised that perhaps some of these issues are more real in our lives than we thought. And even if we did none of this, we had a great time organising this week.

Thank you to all who contributed from the workshop leaders to the decorators to the exhibit helpers to the staff help. It is your hearts and minds that will provide the leadership and inspiration to advance this world to a more just place. And that is something magical.

ALH



THE MUSIC OF THE EARTH

Dr Michael Waldman
takes one final party
of geologists
to North Yorkshire



Left to right: James Bowkett, William Maude-Roxby, Thomas Greenaway,
Patricia Chadwick, Rosie Armitage and Mr MJ Ghirelli (behind). Photo: MW

The Geology Field Course, April 2002.

In this, the last year of geology as an A/AS-level subject at Stowe, I decided that it would be a good idea to combine the two small sets of Upper and Lower Sixth years (as fine a bunch of citizens – pace Bill McLaren – as one could wish to find) for a final residential field course in Wensleydale, North Yorkshire. The party was accompanied by Dr. and Mrs Waldman and Mr. and Mrs Ghirelli, and as if to celebrate the significance of the event, the weather remained set fair for the entire time, making the fieldwork a good deal easier and more enjoyable than on some previous trips, during which the heavens had sometimes taken on positively Shakespearean qualities, with the author in his wildest and most imaginative moods of pathetic fallacy! On this occasion, however, the great beauty of the Yorkshire Dales was revealed in all its glory, providing not only a marvellous outdoor classroom of the finest kind, but also a fittingly happy and rewarding finale to the many years of most memorable Stowe geology field courses.

To the uninitiated were revealed such wonders as Carboniferous coral reefs, petrified deserts complete with their scree slopes, fossilised sand-ripples from the shallows of an ancient beach and crystalline minerals

deposited from hot aqueous solutions of long ago, not to mention such star-turns as a huge, now dry, waterfall, which, at the end of the last ice-age, about 10,000 years ago, would have dwarfed Niagara.

Holding pieces of the cool, unpretentiously grey Dales limestone, we were instantly transported back 300 million years into an unfamiliar, yet equally attractive North Riding of warm, blue seas inhabited by life-forms now long-extinct, yet so obviously related to those of the present day. The concept of this stream of life flowing through time, Earth history and evolution as a natural time-machine, always holds a curious fascination for novice and old hand alike, and this year was no exception, leaving me with a deep sense of loss, saddened by the knowledge that Stoics are now to be deprived of this powerfully life-enhancing experience.

The great German geologist, Hans Cloos, once wrote that "...it was during my enchanted days of travel that the idea came to me which, through the years, has come into my thoughts again and again and always happily – the idea that geology is the music of the Earth."

It would seem that, at Stowe, this particular concert is now over.



Left to right: Mrs Maureen Ghirelli, Thomas Greenaway, Rosie Armitage (seated) with Patricia Chadwick (leaning), Mrs Hazel Waldman, William Maude-Roxby, Dr Michael Waldman, James Bowkett. Photo: MJG

IN THE STEPS OF THOMAS HARDY

Henry Bartlett writes of an Upper 6th Trip to Dorset

What a huge privilege it was for Sophie Housley, Peter Rossiter and me to travel down to Dorset in the luxury of Mr. Farquhar's car. Less fortunate were the other members of Mr. Barr's and Mr. Farquhar's classes and poor Miss Broadhurst who had to spend the journey in a school minibus that actually fell to pieces!

This trip, in March, was in aid of our study of Thomas Hardy's novel 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles'. We are studying the novel in the context of 'The Victorian Novel' and have studied other books such as Emily Bronte's 'Wuthering Heights' and Charles Dickens' 'Hard Times'. Our expedition aimed to present us with the landscape that inspired Hardy and is key to his novels.

Our first stop on the journey down was at the druidical monoliths that are Stonehenge. This pagan site features significantly in 'Tess' and seeing it really brought out the primitive in Mr. Barr who rushed across a busy main road to get the first glimpse at the rather anticlimactic landscape of National Trust fences and 'don't cross' signs. A more promising stop for us was our walk at the place known in the novel as 'Flintcombe Ash' where Tess undergoes physical and emotional hardship. The undulating hills and rolling shadows created as the bold sun moved in and out of the sporadic clouds touched us in different ways. For some of us, the great sense of the sublime and awe in nature was created,

personified in characters such as Catherine and Heathcliff in 'Wuthering Heights'. However, some of us seemed to be closer to the sickly weakling that is Linton in 'Wuthering Heights', as the cries of "I'm not walking through that puddle" could be heard.

A similar experience was found on Chesil Beach, the next morning, after a hard night of skittle where Peter Rossiter, Harry Vere Nicoll, Dom Sullivan and I all stripped off and jumped into the perfectly flat sea and the vast expanse of ocean and sky above and beyond us. We definitely identified with Hardy's "Like flies on a billiard-table of indefinite length".





I felt insignificant, totally in awe...and freezing cold!!!

Later that day we visited the resting place of Hardy's heart at Stinsford Church and his cottage and also the rather bleak town that is Kingsbere in the novel. (And, oh, we were chased off one investigation by some savage dogs, whose owner even tried to challenge Mr. F's knowledge of the novel. Oh the cheek!!)

Overall there was a great sense of smoothness to the trip and that was down to the superb organisation of Mr Barr and Mr Farquhar. A huge thanks too to Miss Broadhurst for accompanying us. I think that it is important to note that we didn't really want to come back to school as we had such a brilliant time and were enlightened for our mock exam the next day.



MY FAVOURITE PHYSICS EXPERIMENTS

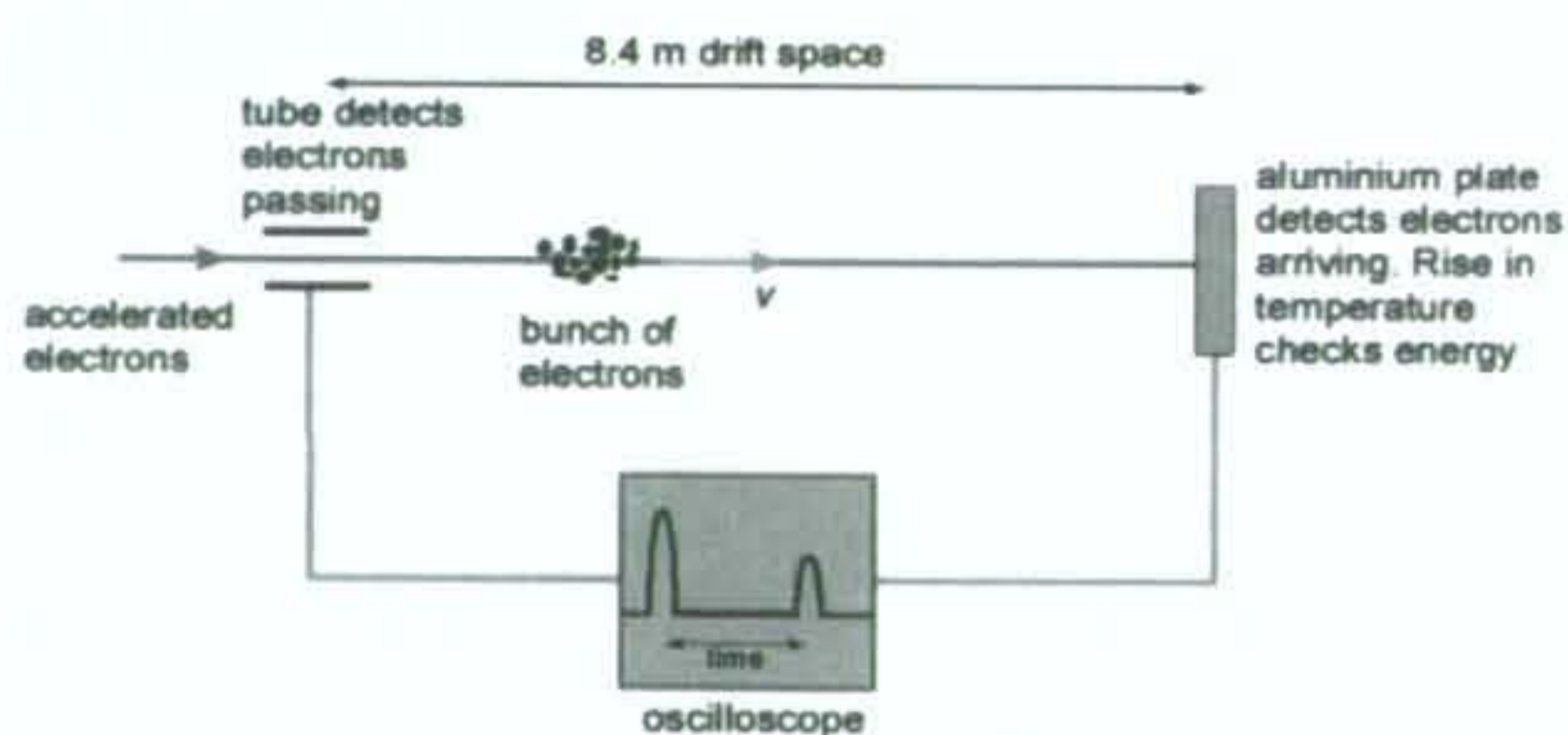
Hopefully the first of an occasional series
by Simon Collins, Physics Teacher.

Some experiments in science achieve “classic” status, because they illustrate or point the way forward at the boundaries of knowledge and understanding in the subject. These boundaries change in time as the subject grows and matures. Sometimes these classic experiments come before the theories that explain them – experimental physicists take the lead. On other occasions the theorists come up with some “weird physics” that is later confirmed by experimentation – theoretical physicists take the lead.

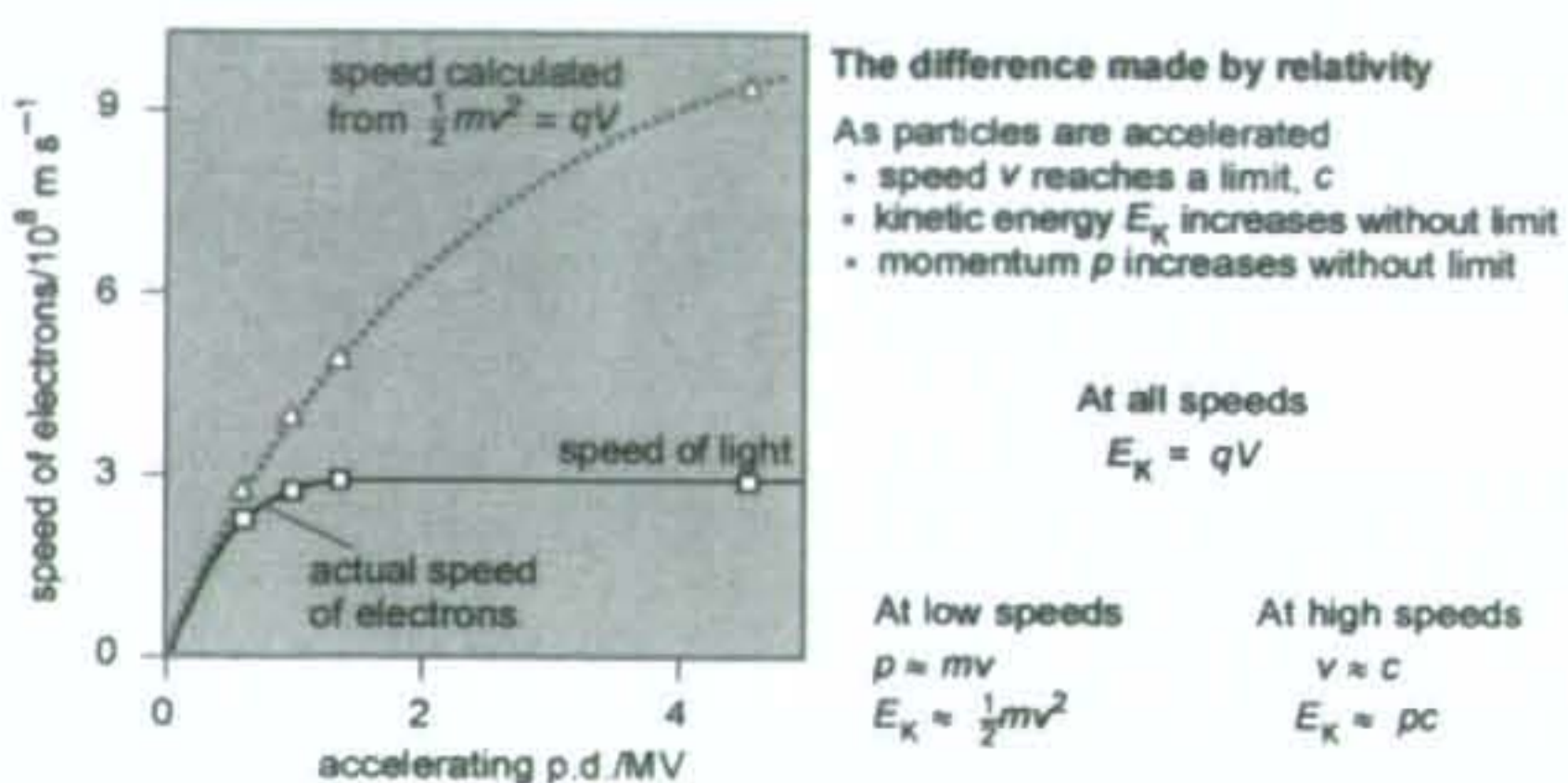
The experiments I have chosen to discuss are not “classical” because they illustrate aspects of modern Physics that are non-classical. Many aspects of classical or Newtonian physics are anti-intuitive from our everyday experiences, but this is often even more so with modern physics, which often seems weird!

My first classic experiment is called Bertozzi’s, and concerns the ultimate speed for any object in the universe. This concept of “God’s speed limit on the universe”, was first predicted by Einstein around 1905 in his paper on Special Relativity, the ultimate speed is that of light in a vacuum, an amazing 300 000 000 metres/second or 186 000 miles/second. That means it takes light about 1.25 seconds to reach us from the Moon, or we see the Moon as it was 1.25 seconds ago!

The ultimate speed: Bertozzi’s demonstration



The results:



Powerful accelerators can't increase the speed of particles above c , but they go on increasing their energy and momentum



High speeds can be achieved for electrons with relatively low accelerating voltages, because their mass is very small. In Newtonian theory 256 000 volts should be enough to accelerate an electron to the speed of light (most colour televisions run at about a tenth of this voltage and produce relativistic electrons!). In Bertozzi’s experiment bunches of electrons are accelerated and then timed over a fixed 8.4 metre path, in a vacuum. With 256 000 volts accelerating them, they are timed to take about 37 nanoseconds, and so are moving at about $\frac{3}{4}$ of light speed. No accelerating voltage is enough to take them to light speed. Higher voltages up to millions of volts only take them closer and closer to the ultimate speed as the graph illustrates. The energy they deliver on arrival at an aluminium plate at the end of the vacuum tube is also measured by its heating effect. It continues to rise as the accelerating voltage increases, but the electrons are not travelling any faster!

Newton’s laws, and the equations that follow from them, do not have to be abandoned. However, they are only good approximations, valid if the velocity is much less than that of light. As objects approach light speed, Einstein’s equations of relativity have to be used.

Classical kinetic energy due to motion is given by
 $E_K = \frac{1}{2} \text{mass (velocity)}^2$

So if the energy is increasing but the velocity is not, we might naively believe the mass of the electrons is increasing as they gain relativistic energy!

Einstein’s equations predict relativistic “correction” terms to the classical kinetic energy equation.

Relativistic kinetic energy
 $E_R = \frac{1}{2} m (v)^2 + \frac{3}{8} m (v)^4 / c^2 + \frac{5}{16} m (v)^6 / c^4 + \dots$

The correction terms come from a binomial expansion and go on and on, but higher order terms contribute less and less to the relativistic correction.

The best current interpretation here is that the mass is invariant (constant), and the higher order correction terms only become important as the velocity v approaches the speed of light c .

Voltage kV	velocity (Newton)	correction factor	velocity (Einstein)	error in velocity
1	0.063c	$\times 1.002$	0.0628c	0.3%
10	0.198c	$\times 1.019$	0.195c	1.5%
50	0.442c	$\times 1.097$	0.412c	7%
100	0.625c	$\times 1.195$	0.548c	14%
500	1.4 c	$\times 1.97$	0.86 c	62%
5000	4.4 c	$\times 10.7$	0.99 c	>300%

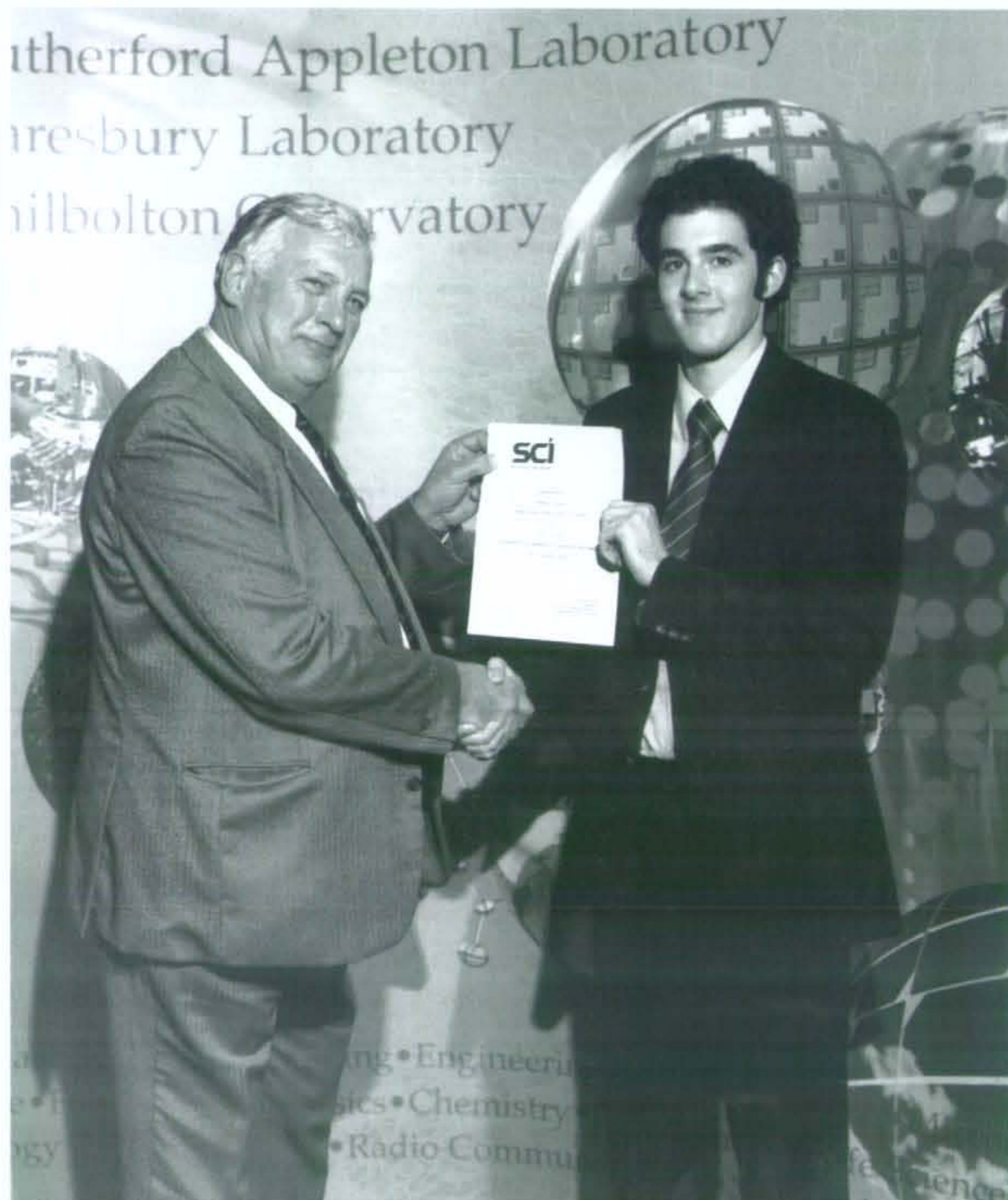
The table illustrates how classical physics works reasonably at low velocities (accelerating voltages) compared to light speed, but how we need relativity theory as speeds of objects approach that of light. Remember that the speed of Concorde at Mach 3 (three times the speed of sound) is only $0.0000033 \times$ speed of light! So, Newton's physics is good enough for most everyday objects, but not quite good enough for the electrons in your colour television.

MASTERMIND 2002

Last October we held the second of the Stowe Mastermind competitions. Would anybody be able to beat Alex Orchard-Lisle's stunning performance in the previous competition, when he beat the likes of GMH and ME to prove that PDH's questions on Inspector Morse were no match for his knowledge?

There were outstanding performances from Pollyanna Middleditch, Harry Arkwright, Henry Kimbell, Alex Orchard-Lisle and Barney Baber. One by one they were grilled on their specialist subjects by CHJ, a frightening hybrid of Bamber Gascoigne and Jeremy Paxman. Some superbly detailed knowledge was displayed, and the number of points differed only by the length of the questions posed. Then followed the general knowledge round, from which Harry Arkwright emerged as the overall winner. My thanks to CHJ for asking the questions and MCE, BJD, CJAT, TJHB and AGM for supplying them.

KB



CHEMISTRY MASTERMIND

Ramsay Fanous was this year's recipient of an annual award made by the local branch of the Society of Chemical Industry to the top chemistry students in the Lower Sixth in schools in their area. The award was based on results in the new AS examinations, in which Ramsay achieved an average of 93%. The prizes and certificates were awarded at a ceremony at the Rutherford-Appleton Laboratory, near Oxford, last October. Parents and teachers also attended and all were taken on a tour of this prestigious Science Research Council facility. Ramsay, who already has secured the offer of a place to read Natural Sciences at Pembroke College, Cambridge, received his award from Michael Goode, Secretary of the Thames and Kennet branch of the SCI.

BHO

SUCCESS IN THE ROTARY CLUB'S DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY TOURNAMENT

On Monday 25th February, schools from all over North Buckinghamshire met in the Sports Hall of Aylesbury College. Teams of four competed to build the most reliable flashing light and the most eye-catching advertisement for a fictional computer game called "Wild Fire". Three teams were entered from Stowe. The Basic team (KS3) had to make a light that flashed once, the Intermediates (KS4) had to achieve ten flashes, whilst the Advanced had to achieve ten flashes at one second intervals. An hour at the beginning was set aside for planning and brainstorming, followed by three hours for making.

Achieving a reliable time switch, using only sellotape, tinfoil, card and a few bits of wood, with a limited supply of tools, taxes ingenuity and knowledge. Most solutions made use of the regular periodicity of the pendulum, though there were two fuse solutions that failed due to the stiffness of the wire. About half the solutions used a shutter mechanism, but the more successful ones exploited the pendulum as an electrical switch. This seemed the most energy efficient solution. Some attempts were made to build electro-magnets and solenoids, but these were soon abandoned for lack of suitable materials.

The advertising brief elicited many imaginative and visually arresting solutions, some of which were cleverly integrated with the pendulum mechanisms to produce kinetic advertisements such as one might find in a games shop.

The Basic team (James Bradshaw, Charles Walker, Max Stevenson and Guy Trevor Jones) came second in their class. Their solution, a triangular prism, was robust, attractive and reliable. It produced a good strong flash on demand.

The Intermediates (Andrew Atherton, Matt Dalton, Alex Howard and Miles Barley pictured above), won their class, with a bold tripod structure, which was both elegant and reliable in operation, and was surmounted by a tower with a flashing light in a finial cupola. It had a simple but effective switch, and an interesting reflector device on the tip. They overcame some strong competition from the Bucks grammar schools. Their solution delivered ten strong and regular flashes from a well-crafted platform and pendulum.

The Advanced team (Ed Black, David Loasby, George Percy and Ed West) built a magnificent structure, and accurately solved the "one beat per second" problem. But the Royal Latin School's precise and stylish solution was awarded a higher mark.

We would like to thank the Rotary Club for this Design and Technology Tournament which is a wonderful opportunity to renew old friendships, and meet pupils from a wide cross-section of other schools in the district.

AGE



WINNING THE WATER CONSERVATORS' CHALLENGE

When we were first told about the challenge we were nervous because almost no information was given. We were simply put into pairs and advised to revise about water. This continued until we arrived in the chemistry lab where Mr. Flaxman of the Water Conservators told us about their work and gave us a talk about how companies filter water. Miss Carter then told us what we were going to do and the equipment we would be using. We had to filter dirty water – the problem being that the water contained mud, oil and hydrochloric acid and we had to clean it using sand, two types of gravel, marble chips, charcoal and some beakers and polystyrene cups. We were given 200ml of water and had to produce 50ml of the cleanest water we could manage.

We began by punching holes in the bottom of the cups using a mounted needle. These would be our filters and we filled the first with gravel on the bottom, with marble chips, finer gravel then finally sand on top. This would start the filtration process and the alkali marble chips would start neutralising the strong acid. (We had used universal indicator on a sample and it turned out to have a pH of 1!). The resulting substance was a lot clearer with no oil and a pH of 5. We then made a second filter, which was mainly gravel and sand with a few marble chips. This produced a clear solution with a pH of 7 (neutral). There was a bit of sand at the bottom so we decanted it out.

While the substances were being tested we wrote up an explanation of our methods which would be used in the event of a tie. When we came through to the prize-giving, we saw lots of strange equipment which was used to test our results. Our marks were on the board. Our sample managed 100% clarity, only 9gm of dissolved substances and our results were neutral on the pH scale. It was announced that we had won the Challenge.

Not only had we had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon but we had learnt an awful lot as well.

HARRY CROFTON AND HUGH VINEY

CHAPEL REPORT

2001-2002

Last term (March 2002) we said farewell to Simon Austen as Stowe Chaplain, after three and a half years in the post. There is a vale to him elsewhere, but might I be forgiven for adding a few words. What fuelled Simon from the start was his commitment to Jesus and his gospel. From this gospel he would not flinch, nor let the chapel shy away, yet he carried this the firmest of convictions with such gentleness and caring compassion, that he was in all senses a truly godly man. An erudite preacher, a loving and committed father and husband, and a witty and concerned friend and boss. We shall miss him enormously. But Stowe's very great loss is surely Carlisle's very great gain. We pray that God would bless his and Fiona's work up north with much fruit, and we look forward to having them back on a Sunday soon!

It falls to me, therefore, as Acting Chaplain, to report on the chapel's activities and services over the last academic year. And, as always, it has been a busy one. We started in September by welcoming the new 3rd form Stoics into the school with the traditional New Boys' Service held in the Stowe Parish Church, and began the weekly routine of short Tuesday and Thursday services, with a fuller service of Morning Prayer or Evensong on Sundays. Midweek we looked at a 'Book of the Week', running through the Old Testament from Genesis to Malachi, and on Sundays, the preachers explained the different points in Jesus' ministry. The term included the Remembrance Service, at which Paul Hinds (Temple 5th Form) shone on the trumpet, and finished as sumptuously as ever with the School Carol Service at the end of term. We have a fine choir at Stowe, as anyone who has visited our services will testify, and this is in large amount due to JCG's unstinting work in preparing, practicing and conducting. Thank you, John, very much.

The Spring term saw our focus switch, not unnaturally, to the approach of Easter, and our series reflected this. In the midweek meetings, we heard of people involved in the passion story (Mary, Peter, the crucified criminals etc.) and the Sunday speakers expounded Jesus' death from different angles, showing how it reveals several aspects of God's character. The annual Lenten Addresses were this year fronted by the departing chaplain, who filled the Music Room for four nights in March. A suitable parting shot, and a good chance to sell several copies of his newly-published book, *Why should God bother with me?* (Christian Focus Publications, 2002)! We were fortunate as well to have a wonderful team of assistants, who helped with school lessons, Bible Studies and in the houses.

At the end of term, the 35 Confirmation candidates went on a 'weekend away' at Grendon Hall, Northants, where they heard Nick Howard (the secretary of Iwerne Holidays) speak, and had the opportunity to clear up any questions they had about the Christian faith. This week-

end, as the culmination of the 6-month preparation course, has proven over the years an invaluable and informal way to get Stoics thinking afresh about matters spiritual. The Confirmation Service itself was in the Summer term, and was kindly conducted by the Rt Revd Richard Harries, the Bishop of Oxford. Midweeks for the Summer focussed on Modern Heroes of Christianity, and on Sundays we looked at Heroes of the Old Testament.

The work of the chaplaincy, however, is not confined to that one building. Crossfire, the school Christian meeting, has met every Friday this year, and continues to draw 50-60 Stoics each week. Our series have looked at the person of Jesus, the letter to the Philippians, and the heroes of the New Testament. Bible Studies continue for each year group, and for the staff, and a Stoic prayer meeting has been set up by Jeremy Walker (Chandos Lower VI). It is tremendous to see the boys and girls taking their own initiatives in their Christian faith. My sincerest thanks go out to LJG, AJW, PASF and JSM for weekly giving up a lunchtime to lead a Bible Study, and also to the many others who have spoken over the year in chapel services. Without such support, the chaplaincy (and the chaplain!) at Stowe would quickly flounder.

Next year sees a fresh start, as we welcome the Revd Robert Jackson as the new school chaplain, along with his wife, Jane, and their three girls, Clair, Anna and Lucy. Robert is at present chaplain at Lord Wandsworth College in Hampshire, and is no stranger to Stowe, having served as Assistant Chaplain here a few years ago. I look forward very much to Robert's arrival in September, and am sure he will settle in quickly, and continue the good work done by Simon and those before him. No doubt some Stoics will still sit in their seats in chapel and fidget. But for some, they will look back on their time at Stowe and say that this was when they first knew the Lord Jesus. That, after all, is the chapel's ultimate *raison d'être*, and my greatest prayer.

MARK EDWARDS ACTING CHAPLAIN

Confirmation

The following Stoics were confirmed in Stowe chapel on 12th May 2002 by the Bishop of Oxford:

Edmund Adair, Edward Jackson, Henrietta Addams-Williams, Lucinda Jones-Fenleigh, Tom Allport, Henry Kimbell, Alexander Arkell, Frederick Lambton, George Ashby, Benjamin Nesbitt, George Aubrey-Fletcher, Alexander Orchard-Lisle, William Bowkett, Andrew Parsons, Timothy Bromley-Martin, Michael Reynolds, Nicholas Campbell, Jeremy Robinson, Harry Cobb, Richard Robinson, Joshua Cole, Peter Ross-Beeby, Graeme Collins, Hamish Scott, Edward Cookson, Sam Seccombe, Charles Farr, Benjamin Stevenson, Charlie Hanbury, Verity Taylor, George Henderson, Harry Taylor, Alexander Howard, James Troughton, Oliver Howe.

MUSIC

DINNER 'N JAZZ

Dinner 'n Jazz has become one of the most important events in the school calendar and tickets for the event are so sought after that many try to book a year in advance, with tickets all sold out before the term starts. It would therefore surprise many to know that the first Dinner 'n Jazz took place only eight years ago. It was held in the Temple Room with about eighty guests and there was no room for dancing. The newly formed Jazz Band had a repertoire of about eight pieces, which they played at least twice. The rest of the evening was made up of musical items performed by members of staff including Brian Stephan and Jonathan Kreeger. However small these beginnings were the event was a great success and more people wanted to attend. So for the next two years we moved in to the Garter Room and then took over the State Dining Room. This year 260 people attended and twice as many tickets could easily have been sold. Cries go out "can't we have two". The Director of Music and Catering Manager instantly reply "no way!"

From 8.00pm until 11.30pm the Jazz Band and Jazz Combo perform live music whilst those attending first eat then dance. It is an event enjoyed as much by the performer as by the audience, the joy of playing music is so evident and it is always a pleasure to welcome back former members of the bands. The playing is always superb and young people who have worked hard over the year rise to the challenge of presenting a professional performance. As well as mention of the excellent instrumentalists we are always fortunate to have some excellent vocalists and this year was no exception. For songs such as 'Call me irresponsible' and 'It don't mean a thing', Pollyanna Middleditch was joined by her sister.

The music is great but the evening would not be so popular if those attending were not assured of an excellent meal. Geoff Higgins and the Stowe Catering team are a vital part of this event. They work so hard to ensure that all have a good evening and at least 50% of the plaudits must go to them for making Dinner 'n Jazz what it is today. If you haven't been yet, try booking a year in advance for 2003!

JCG



CAROL SERVICE AND CONCERT

The Stowe Carol Service by candlelight is something very special and unless a parent has a son or daughter in the choir they will only have one opportunity to attend, when their child is in the Upper Sixth. Thought was given as to whether we should have two carol services in order to allow more parents to attend but this would have destroyed the atmosphere as we would probably cease to have one service where the whole school attended as a community. Three years ago we came up with the idea of a Carol Concert in aid of Sophie Watson's charity "SCCWID", Sophie was still in the Upper Sixth at that time. Sophie was thrilled that this concert was being held but alas was too ill to attend and died only a few weeks later. This year the concert raised £4,400 and we all hope that we help to keep going the excellent work that Sophie began.

Using choir music from the Carol Service along with other items accompanied by an orchestra, Brass Group and sometimes the Jazz Band, the Carol Concert is very different in its format from the service. At this point we should acknowledge the special contribution made by Mr and Mrs David Fletcher. Their expertise in choosing suitable readings and performing them with such dramatic skill, help make the evening very special. Few will forget their reading this year of John Julius Norwich's version of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'.

The audience not only comprises parents but the Stowe Carol concert attracts an audience from the locality and it is a great joy at that time of year to welcome so many to Stowe and see the Chapel full. The choir does not sit in their usual choir stalls but are placed in the sanctuary, a slightly more sympathetic position for musicians. They put in a considerable amount of time and effort with many extra rehearsals whilst the rest of the school is winding down at the end of term.





The Carol Service was, as always, packed out and those who were able to attend had the privilege of hearing the Chapel Choir sing at their very best. But the service is not a concert and the readings, though well known, have that wonderful Christmas story so full of hope at the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. The music is especially chosen to reflect these readings. Beginning with Ferguson's 'People look east the time is near' we next heard 'Adam lay ybounden' which reflects the reading from Genesis where the serpent tempts Adam and Eve into disobeying God. At the Annunciation we heard 'There is no rose' and 'A Hymn to the Virgin'. After many reflective carols from the choir including Rutter's 'Dormi Jesu' and 'I wonder as I wander' the choir burst forth with 'Noel, Jesus is born', a great paean of praise. Immediately after the Headmaster's reading of the ninth lesson the brass fanfare is played from the organ gallery introducing the hymn 'O come all ye faithful'. The meaning of this service is no less for being traditional in its content and can only help those who are present to reflect on the glory of the Christian faith.

JCG

MUSIC DEPARTMENT RAISES MONEY FOR CHARITIES

Through the musical gifts of the Stoics we are pleased to be able to say that this year the music department has raised a grand total of £6,753 for various charities as follows:-

Amnesty International	£283
Hope and Homes	£1,300
Macmillan Nurses	£770
SCCWID	£4,400

JCG

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA CONCERT

In an excellent piece of programme planning RJSS was able to give a rich variety of music in the January orchestral Concert. Malcolm Arnold celebrates his eightieth birthday this year so it was fitting that the concert should begin with a work by this great English composer. The Little Suite No.1 is in three movements and is skilfully written. The work, though challenging, is within the capabilities of a good school orchestra allowing the players to give of their best musically whilst not sounding, as many pieces written for schools do, as if it were being restricted in musical scope. The work is full of energy and even the central movement moves along with a delightful lilt. All the players acquitted themselves well and the contrasts in dynamics were well executed.

The second work in the programme was a soprano aria from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, sung by Philippa Murray. The Chapel is a large building to fill with sound and the delicacy of Philippa's singing coupled with the light pizzicato accompaniment of the strings, competing with the creaking of the chairs, meant that this delightful performance was not as well heard as it should have been.

Sibelius's King Christian Suite is a challenge for any orchestra and the Stowe Orchestra is to be congratulated on their excellent performance. Few schools can command the full string section of a professional orchestra but Stowe's strings managed to put over a warm, rich sound which I have no doubt would have pleased the composer. Congratulations must also go to the woodwind who did some magnificent solo and ensemble playing in some very challenging music.

Philippa Murray returned as soloist to sing Mozart's Motet 'Exsultate Jubilate', whose last section is the well known 'Alleluia' which allows the soprano in a bravura passage to soar to a top C near the end. This was much more successful than the earlier Mozart in the programme and the fuller accompaniment made a glorious sound in the Chapel. Mozart's music is without doubt some of the most difficult to play and the orchestra and soloist brought off an excellent performance of this masterly work.

The concert was brought to a close with Britten's Dances from *Gloriana* written for the coronation of Elizabeth II. The suite takes dances from the time of Elizabeth I and much of the music is reminiscent of the 16th Century sound but with all the dissonance and rhythmic nuances we expect of a late 20th century composer such as Britten.

A considerable amount of time in rehearsal and solo practice goes into these concerts, in not only learning the notes but getting the players to perform as an ensemble and shape the music in the correct way. RJSS should feel very pleased that his work and that of the orchestra was justifiably rewarded with such enthusiastic applause.

JCG

CHRISTOPHER BELL MUSIC EXHIBITION

The generosity of Mr. Noel Bell (Chatham 33) has enabled the funding of a Music Exhibition in memory of his son Christopher (Chatham 60). Throughout his long illness Christopher Bell was able to listen to music and it was that ability which did much to sustain him through some very difficult times. The Christopher Bell Music Exhibition is awarded to a current Stoic for one year only and gives that boy or girl free instrumental tuition on one instrument. The award is made, after competition, to someone who does not hold a music award but nevertheless makes a great contribution to the music at Stowe as well as being a proficient performer.

The first competition was held in the State Music Room in the presence of Mr. Noel Bell and Christopher's widow Fiona on 22nd January. After hearing ten performers play and speak of their commitment to music at Stowe the exhibition was awarded to Freddie Laing (Grafton). Freddie as well as playing the piano extremely well, plays percussion in the orchestra and Wind Band and sings Tenor in the Chapel Choir. Making a choice between so many good performers, who all enjoy their music making, was extremely difficult. It is good to know that there are so many young musicians at the school who contribute so much and amongst them will be future holders of the award. The exhibition will next be competed for in September 2002.

It is wonderful to think that the name of Christopher Bell will be known by future generations of Stoics through this exhibition. It rewards young people who love music and are prepared to contribute to the community through their musical gifts. I am sure that there is no better way of keeping Christopher's memory alive. Noel Bell wrote "altogether an evening we shall not forget it was a wonderful memorial to Christopher".

HOUSE SINGING 2002

The competition was as fierce as ever and the fact that the competition was held in February rather than October meant that many Houses were better prepared and had chosen their song well in advance. I was also delighted that houses who had not ever won in previous competitions were rewarded for their hard work.

As usual we began with the part songs and quickly we spotted that Cobham's ensemble seemed to include a bearded gentleman and another young man of ample proportions who was already going bald. These were not obviously members of the chapel choir and their rendition of 'Lucy in the sky with diamonds' had a good strong lead vocalist but needed quite a bit of fine tuning done on it. Walpole had an excellent choice of songs in 'Easy' by Lionel Ritchie. This was well presented and the guitarists, Ramsey Fanous and Matthew Johnson, made very good accompanists. Chandos chose to do the famous unaccompanied Barber Shop Song 'Toot, Toot, Tootsie'. Although not all the harmonies were absolutely secure nevertheless they were a polished ensemble who gave a very good performance. 'Mamma Mia' by Abba is a difficult song to bring off and Lyttelton achieved a good unaccompanied performance which had a lot of strength. Like Walpole, Grenville chose to have their song, 'I feel free', accompanied by two acoustic guitars. The harmonies were very good, there was plenty of variety and the presentation was excellent with all the group really looking as if they were enjoying themselves. Nugent did a very good arrangement of 'Baby I love you' with CJE at the piano. This was good strong singing and much enjoyed by all of us. Bruce's contribution 'Get back' was interesting and it was not easy to detect many parts. I am sure that JRK will knock them into shape for next year. Grafton's choice of 'I'll be there' was excellent and they did a very good rendition of it. There was some very



good singing and they had taken trouble with getting the performance musical. It was therefore all the more the pity that they had chosen to have a drummer which meant that the balance was not good and the words were not heard. Chatham really went for their choice of song, 'You've lost that lovin' feeling'. The arrangement was a little too high for some of the voices but it was a very good effort. Finally Temple did not disappoint with a very good performance of a difficult arrangement of 'Swing low, sweet chariot'. This had good diction and dynamic variation and it was all well presented.

Nugent were awarded the cup but there were six houses within five points of them and so all are to be congratulated on their hard work and the high standard they achieved. Particular mention should be made of Walpole, Grenville and Temple who rehearsed without adult help.

With all the members of houses taking part in the unison song we are able to judge the quality of musicianship of each one of them. Cobham chose 'I am the Walrus'. It wasn't always easy to hear what the song was about but it must have been a rather sad song as there was not a smile on any of their faces. Walpole's contribution was altogether different with lots of smiles and great fun. The singing was good but the sense of enjoyment with lots of movement led to a performance which was going to be hard to beat. There can be a tendency in the house unison for one or two voices to stand out as they give a good lead. This was the case with Chandos. They went for subtle musical phrasing but unfortunately lacked the self-confidence to pull it off and as the adjudicator said "it lacked the X-factor" which was a pity. 'Fame' is a song which needs great punch and pizzazz. Lyttelton did not

quite manage this, beautifully executed and well in tune but slightly lacking in vigour. Grenville's song 'Octopus's garden' worked well. The house presented themselves well and the singing was good. The conductor used a rather small score as he wandered around the stage which looked as though he was checking dates in a diary! Nugent's song also lacked "oomph" though the singing was excellent, well in tune and the attire was very much appreciated by the audience. Oasis's song 'Wonderwall' was rather transformed by Bruce and survived more on its comic rather than musical moments. 'Father and Son' enjoyed a much more successful rendition by Grafton. Though splitting the house into two choirs did not always come off, Chatham's performance of 'I'm a believer' again used split sides and sometimes the tonal quality was something more akin to the terraces than the Albert Hall. To round off the evening Temple did a very good performance of the song 'Oklahoma' which came a very close second to Walpole who won the unison section.

Another very good evening of musical entertainment was much enjoyed by us all and the adjudicator, James Millard, Director of Music at Kings' College School, Wimbledon, did an excellent job in making worthwhile comments and coming to a decision on places. For the first time ever Chandos won the competition with Walpole, Grenville and Nugent only a point behind and Grafton, Lyttelton and Temple within four points of the winner.

JCG



PREP SCHOOL CHORAL FESTIVAL

The Prep School Choral Festival has now been an annual event since 1993 and I am pleased to say that it has always been very well supported and we have never had less than 500 choristers taking part. It was the decision of a group of Prep School Directors of Music, who were involved right at the start, that the day should culminate with a full choral evensong in the Chapel. The music would be for S.A.T.B. and the Tenors and Basses would come from the Stowe Chapel Choir and the adults who accompany the visiting choirs. This is the format that is still in operation today.

During the years it has been our great pleasure to welcome choirs from Akeley Wood, Arnold Lodge, Ashfold, Aysgarth, Beaudesert Park, Brockhurst, Bruern Abbey, Cheam, Hawtreys, Downside, Eagle House, Handcross Park, The Hall, Hill House, Keble, Maidwell Hall, Northcote Lodge, Ranby House, Rose Hill, St. Andrews, St. Martin's, Sunningdale, Sussex House, Swanbourne House, Walhampton, West House and Winchester House. This year the choir numbered over 560 and the music chosen was Whitlock's short introit 'Be still my soul', the evening service was sung to Stanford's setting in C and the anthem was Balfour Gardiner's 'Evening Hymn'. Each musical item has a separate conductor who is either Director of Music at Stowe or from a visiting school. What a wonderful sound this choir of so many voices made in the Stanford setting and anthem.

Many parents and guests were able to enjoy and feel exhilarated by such a joyous sound and the service came to an end with Barnard's hymn 'Go forth and tell!'. We hope that this Choral Festival will continue for many more years and we can continue to enjoy welcoming prep school choirs to Stowe.

JONATHAN KINGSTON ORGAN RECITAL

In September we welcomed our new Chapel Organist, Jonathan Kingston (JRK). Before coming to Stowe he was assistant organist at Bradford Cathedral where amongst the services he played for was the Maundy Service in the presence of HM Queen. He has also given recitals and played for services at many of the major Cathedrals in the land including Liverpool, Lincoln and Salisbury and this year will play for the services at York Minster for the Queen's Jubilee celebrations.

It was therefore fitting that our new Chapel Organist should start our musical events for the year with an organ recital. This was without doubt one of the finest organ recitals I have ever attended. Not only did JRK perform brilliantly but chose a programme which had considerable variety and made the Chapel Organ sound at its very best. It is not easy to find sounds on the organ which reflect the period in which they were written and he chose a programme with pieces from three centuries. Even Couperin's 'Offertoire sur les Grands Jeux', written at the turn of the eighteenth century, sounded as if it was being played on the organ of that period rather than one built in the 1920s. Not only were the sounds wonderful but JRK has a phenomenal technique coupled with great musicianship. Each piece was impeccably played and stylistically could not be faulted. We were treated to composers as far ranging as Buxtehude, Festing, Wolff, Messaien and Derek Bourgeois. Already we hear him playing the voluntaries after Chapel but I do urge you to go along next time he gives another organ recital at Stowe.

JCG



JSK and Music

I first met Jonathan Kreeger at a concert given by the Queen's Temple Singers in the Marble Hall. This was the term before I was due to take up the appointment as Director of Music at Stowe. He left me with the impression that if this was an example of an Old Stoic and a current master at Stowe I was very lucky to be joining the school. In our opening conversation Jonathan sparkled and enthused about music and we were soon discussing our joint passion for English music of the middle of the twentieth century especially such composers as Howells, Finzi, Ireland and Vaughan Williams. It was clear that I was speaking to someone who had a great knowledge of all types of music.

By the time I arrived at Stowe JSK had become Housemaster of Temple and it was clear that he was going to be a great support to a new Director of Music. I well remember in October 1991 when Temple House sang 'There is nothing like a dame' for their unison and 'Steal Away' for the part song. As always Jonathan had thrown himself into the rehearsals with great vigour and the results were superb.

Whenever I think of Verdi's Requiem, I think of Jonathan. I was trying to encourage more Stoics to attend Choral Society to sing this great work. JSK brought along a large number of Templars with him to the rehearsals and soon many other Stoics came along. This became one of the performances of a work that I most remember at Stowe and it could possibly not have happened but for Jonathan's support. The Chapel Choir was also becoming established and whilst it may not in the early days have been of the standard we expect of it today nevertheless JSK was always one of the first to give encouragement, congratulations and make sure that his boys were well represented in the choir.

JSK was not only very knowledgeable about music but he was also a good singer and fine pianist, with a great love of Jazz. I was not of course at Stowe when he recorded Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' but have heard the recording. He also played and sang at the first "Dinner 'n Jazz" and always accompanied his House at the House Singing Festival and House "At Homes". He was often involved with musicals, and appeared in *West Side Story* and *My Fair Lady* as well as starring in the staff production of *Half a Sixpence*. Like many my life was made richer through having known Jonathan and he has left a legacy of encouragement of music and setting high standards in the performance of it which still exists today.

JCG

MUSIC TECHNOLOGY AT STOWE

With the advent of AS and A2 music technology has finally grown into a subject that is relevant to the demands of the musical world. An exciting combination of composing on computers, recording both rock and classical music, examining various styles of music and an in-depth look at film music make this a subject an excellent grounding for various parts of the music industry.

We are fortunate to have a hard disc recorder, 24 track recording desk, DAT recorder, effects units and compressors. We are gradually acquiring more microphones – an AKG Drum Kit mic set being our newest piece of recording kit. On computers we run Cubase VST Score and Sibelius and upgrade the sounds with JV 1010 and 1080 sound modules.

Students working in the Music Technology department have shown considerable creativity and skill in working with the equipment to produce musical results. We are a music course making use of technology, not the other way round!

RJSS

Yeats Philippa Murray

Innisfree

♩ = 96

Soprano: I will a - rise and go to Inn - is -

Alto: *mp* I will a - rise and go now, go to Inn - is -

Tenor: I will a - rise and go to Inn - is -

Bass: and go to Inn - is

6 **A**

free, To Inn - is - free, Inn - is - free, Inn - is - free,

free. To Inn - is - free, Inn - is - free, Inn - is - free, And a *p*

free Inn - is - free Inn - is - free, And a *p*

free. Inn - is - free, Inn - is - free,

11 *p* of clay

small ca - bin build there *pp* and watt - les made; *mp* Nine

small ca - bin build there *pp* and watt - les made;

p of clay

STRINGS AT STOWE

String players at Stowe have enjoyed a busy year with commitments including chamber music, orchestra, string orchestra and solo performances.

In the Strings Festival, which took place in the second half of the Autumn Term, Mariette Richter gave a series of master classes. This is an exciting challenge for any musician, as one has to know the music well enough to be able to perform it and has to be able to alter the performance during a public lesson. The event was well supported and all the students acquitted themselves well. Mariette Richter gave very helpful and encouraging comments to all the players and it was both an inspiring session for the performers and an entertaining one for the audience.

A new String Quartet has been wowing Stowe audiences with very polished performances. Members are Sam Vance Law, Edmund Jones, Edward Cowan and Gabriella Alexander. In addition to playing in concerts the quartet has played at several functions in Stowe to great acclaim.

The string orchestra, leader Oliver Cullingworth, goes from strength to strength. It has also been good that Gene Kindell (OS, currently studying at The Royal Academy of Music) has come back to play in some of our concerts. What makes all of this possible is the hard work and commitment of the players; it is easy to be a member of staff when working with students of this quality.

RJSS

STOWE PIANO COMPETITION 2002

From a little tune to a medieval vision

I awaited the arrival of the adjudicator for this year's piano competition, Jennifer Firth, in dismal rain. On greeting her, however, it became immediately apparent that the day was going to be filled with shining enthusiasm for the playing of the twenty-five pianists taking part.

The honour of being the first pianist of the day to play fell to Miles Barley who opened the Elementary Class with Kabalevsky's "Little Tune" and "March". These are simple pieces but the adjudicator commented on the beautiful sound Miles produced. There followed three other performances and the prize was given to Harry Darby for his commanding performance of "The Detective" by P. Wedgwood.

There were two pianists in the Lower Intermediate Class: Matthew Dalton, playing Paul Harris's "Indigo", and Rupert Rowling, playing Duro's "Sam's Boogie". Both played with a real sense of performance and there was some suspense while awaiting the adjudicator's decision. After giving much encouragement and positive criticism to both she awarded the prize to Matthew.

The Intermediate Class followed with four performances. Laura Koster opened the class with Bach's famous C major prelude. This is a deceptively simple

piece but her fluid shaping of the continuous arpeggio figures impressed the adjudicator and Laura was awarded the prize jointly with Mark Stormont who concluded the class. Mark played "Deep Sleep Playing" from the film *The Piano*. This performance was rich in textural contrasts and particularly beautiful was the quiet sound he produced in the opening chords – not an easy thing to achieve on an unfamiliar piano.

The prize for the Open Jazz Class is very much awarded to the best performance relative to level of the pianist as the class encompasses players at all stages of their development. Again it was awarded jointly. This time to Harry Thuillier playing "Minnie the Moocher" and J.J. Herabutya with his performance of "C Jam Blues". Harry played with a very confident grasp of the improvisatory style required and J.J.'s playing, though not as advanced, delighted with a great variety of sound colours.

It was for performances of two works by Mozart that the adjudicator awarded the prize for the Higher Intermediate Class. Freddie Laing played the D minor Fantasy, committing himself convincingly to the great breadth of emotional expression of this popular but challenging piece, and Sam Vance-Law played, with real stylistic awareness, the first movement of the G major Sonata.

Again this year the Advanced Class bought the greatest riches of piano music to the day. Guillermo Clark won the main prize with an excitedly ornamented performance of a minuet and variations by Handel. There were, however, outstanding performances from two of our youngest pianists, Edmund Jones and Edward Cowan. Edmund played a Bach Two-part Invention and Danza Galante by Granados while Edward played a prelude by Scriabin. Both players displayed an ability to captivate the audience from their very first notes and the adjudicator awarded them a joint junior prize. Oliver Cullingworth ended the class and the day with the misty sounds, clanging bells and resounding plainsong of Debussy's *Cathédrale Engloutie*.

BJD

SPEECH DAY CONCERT

A rousing brass fanfare heralded the start of a suite of music from Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta "The Gondoliers". This piece gave many in the orchestra an opportunity to shine as soloists, bringing out those well known tunes. Haydn's Oboe Concerto in C is a real tour de force for the soloist and Robert McKinnon did a magnificent job on playing the first movement. He managed to sustain the very long lines and really brought the piece to life.

The Jazz Band were in very fine form and played with great rhythmical precision. Their performance of "Moondog" and "Groovin' High" had such drive and energy and showed enormous polish. The two following orchestral works require great control and precision of ensemble work. Poncielli's "Dance of the Hours" has

many speed changes and the orchestra coped with these magnificently. "Hopak" by Mussorgsky had all the exuberance that we associate with Cossack dancing but the orchestra brought out the more subtle elements of this piece with their skilful use of dynamics. Being the Queen's Golden Jubilee the concert ended with a rousing performance of Handel's "Zadok the Priest", performed at every coronation since George II.

CHAMBER CHOIR CONCERT

Over the years the Chamber Choir has established a fine reputation for the performance of mainly unaccompanied secular music, although we all remember the outstanding performance of "Beatus Vir" last year. It was thus a great break with tradition for the choir to perform two extended choral works, with orchestral accompaniment using soloists from among their own ranks. The timing of the concert could hardly have been more difficult coming on the day that most of the sixth form returned from half term holiday, the day before many examinations began. With the typical loyalty and enthusiasm of our singers they returned early for a rehearsal.

The two works they performed were Schubert's "Mass in G" and Vivaldi's "Gloria". Neither of them could be said to be very difficult chorally but both need to be sung well in order to raise this well known music to a standard above a mediocre performance. JRK in his first year as Director of the Chamber Choir is to be congratulated on getting such a blend of warmth, richness and vibrant singing. There was a fullness in the Choir's singing which surrounded the Music Room. He chose not to just use one voice for each solo part, but to give many singers the opportunity to sing a solo, many of whom had not had that experience before. We are indeed fortunate enough to have so many good individual voices in the choir and this concert made full use of them. As well as the singers mention should also be made to the orchestra which did such a magnificent job in accompanying. This was without doubt a highlight of the musical calendar and we look forward to hearing more of the Chamber Choir in the next academic year

JCG

MOZART TRIO PRIZE

The school's most prestigious prize for solo performance attracted a large number of entrants of grade 7 and above. Each competitor must play a complete concerto or sonata or give a recital of between ten and fifteen minutes in length. We were very pleased to welcome back as adjudicator one of our distinguished musical old boys, Roderick Swanston from the Royal College of Music. The prizes were awarded as follows:- Organ – Alexander Hodgkinson, Piano – Edward Cowan, Strings – Sam Vance-Law, Voice – Philippa Murray and Woodwind – Peter Rossiter. The overall winner who gave the most outstanding performance of the day was Jonathan Howse who performed Debussy's "Premiere Rhapsodie" for Clarinet. It was good to note that all but two of the winners were in the lower school, as were the majority of the competitors, so we can look forward to many more years of wonderful music making.

JCG

Seagull in a Storm

Harry Thuillier

Allegretto

Flute

Timpani

Piano

6

Fl.

Timp.

Pno

11

Fl.

Timp.

Pno

Young soloist shines at Arnold tribute

Sir Malcolm Arnold's reputation as a composer rests largely on the humour and vitality that infect his work.

His presence at last night's recital in celebration of his 80th birthday showed him to be venerable yet still possessed of a mischievous twinkle.

Virtually a recital of his clarinet and piano music, it also contained a few "treats" of his favourite composers: the last two movements of Spohr's 1st Clarinet Concerto, and the slow movement of that of his great friend Gerald Finzi.

The clarinet soloist was Jonathan Howse, only 15, yet possessed of an excellent technique and a wonderful range of sound. In addition to being a fine accompanist, Benjamin Davey interpreted Arnold's piano works with great authority.

Sir Malcolm Arnold – 80th Birthday Concert

King of Hearts, Norwich

Most of the music belonged to the early part of his career, often receiving its first performance at a much later date.

A late work, Three Fantasies for Piano, hinted at a more reflective melancholy side to his character, but mostly the music had the verve and dash of a young Arnold, epitomised in an excellent arrangement for clarinet and piano of music from one of his film scores.

And there's perhaps the rub; for there one feels is his true métier; the superb orchestrator and master of the infectious tune.

Frank Cliff

Above: A review in the East Anglia Gazette of a concert last October.

Below: Anthony Day, Clare Walters, Sir Malcolm Arnold, Jonathan Howse and Benjamin Davey.

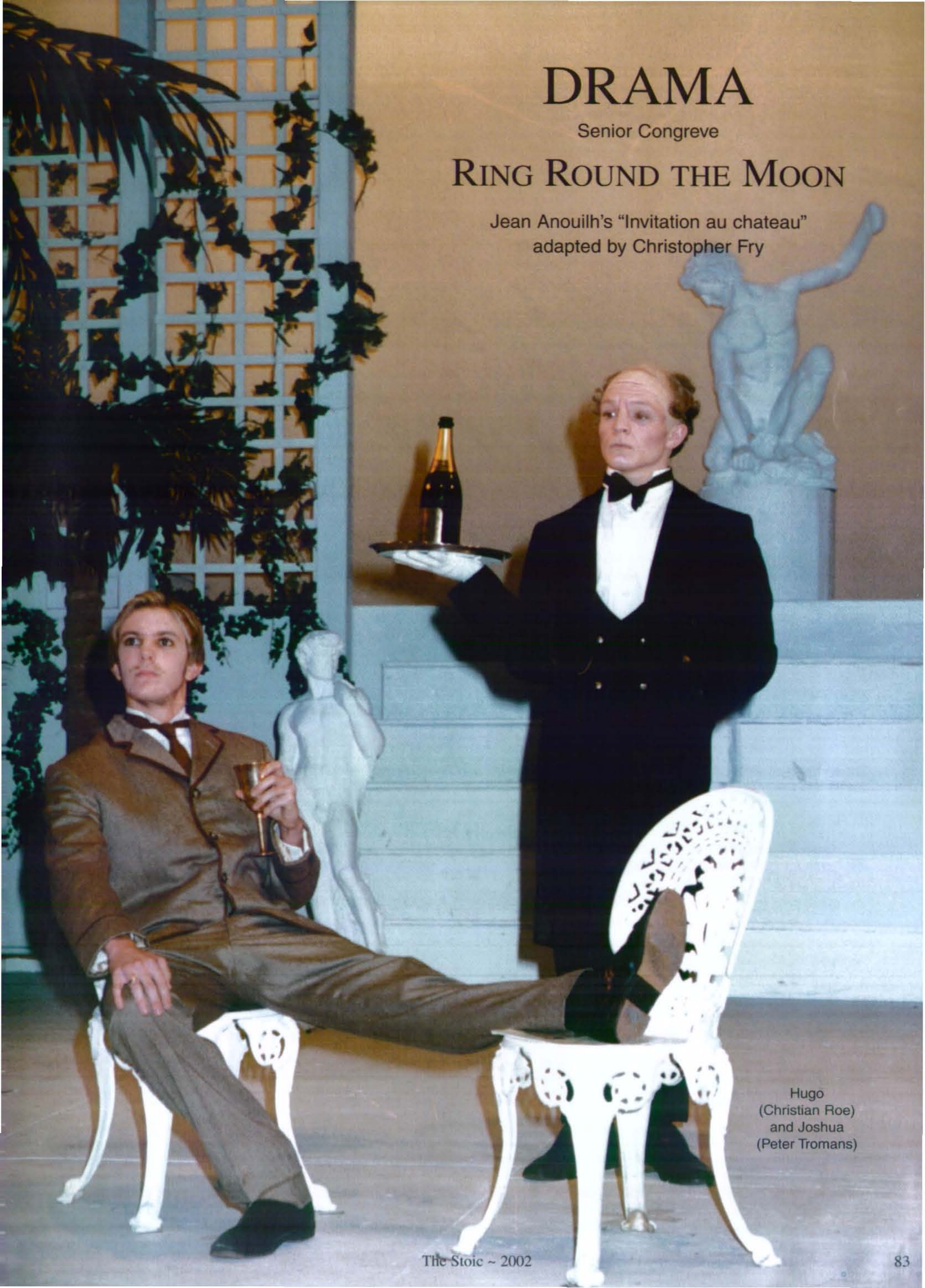


DRAMA

Senior Congreve

RING ROUND THE MOON

Jean Anouilh's "Invitation au chateau"
adapted by Christopher Fry



Hugo
(Christian Roe)
and Joshua
(Peter Tromans)

Two triumphs of teamwork require mention before any of the several examples of individual brilliance: this was a stunningly beautiful production whose every scene was a picture, performed with a rare poise and assurance.

Tony Meredith announced his intention to stage the play as a Visual Education from the first moment, placing those disturbingly blank-faced monochrome pierrots, singing their tonally ambivalent songs, in front of the rich red velvet curtains that they then draw to reveal their previously-prepared tableau, which comes to life to become the play. A picture within a picture, the carefully composed dancers, draped and arranged around the diagonals and levels and shifting depths of white lattices and greenery, become a moving picture, with all the grace and elegance that that phrase conjures up from early (thirties) cinema. The principal actors slide in, the first piece of action is a mime, and from that moment on the sense of a scene composing itself on a prepared pedestal is never lost: beautifully selected and presented costumes are modelled on figures that arrange themselves in groups and compositions, gliding around and over the lightest of sets, lit sympathetically and sensitively. The whole production was a visual feast in which every member of an enormous team, from props, stage crew and extras through stage managers, make-up, main actors, choreographer and wardrobe to directors and technical designers was successful: to pull off such a visually ambitious plan requires a one hundred percent success rate from everyone.

And it was never going to fail: the other remarkable team success of this production was the certainty it communicated. That someone may miss a line or a cue, trip over a dress, lose concentration or mis-time the music were all possibilities that simply didn't arise. Even the best school productions rarely make the audience as confident as routinely occurs in the professional theatre, but this was one. There was nothing to be seen or heard to remind you that this was an amateur production at which you may be called upon to make allowances without notice, and the audience was allowed an evening of total confidence.

The plot is actually quite complicated to grasp, and the first act brings with it some anxiety that you may get left behind: Fry's crisp and witty dialogue moves apace, Anouilh having filled in a lot of recent history quickly, and the actors are hard put to keeping the pace and steady poise of the lines at a volume that will avoid the resonance of the vast Roxburgh stage and keep the words audible. Fortunately, as the pace slows and the stock nature of the characters becomes more apparent, the anxiety dissipates and events carry with them their own momentum and explanation. Christian Roe was wonderful in the dual role of Hugo, whom he played as an old-fashioned impresario, a player-manager of a private theatre strutting his stage and pulling everyone's strings, and of Frederick, "looking submissively at his executioner", as his twin brother puts it. So well did he adjust his stance and body language according to the character he was playing, that the brothers did not really seem so alike as to be "neither permissible nor proper", as the Wildean dialogue would have it, and Isabelle's crippling embarrassing mistake of confiding to the wrong

one seemed an almost incomprehensible mistake: we all knew which one she was talking to...

Allegra Galvin's Isabelle was less spectacular but equally impressive, walking the awkward route between the pitfalls with just the right demeanour and tone: puppet but no push-over, essentially innocent despite the questionable nature of her relationship with Romainville and plans of her mother, honest and direct in relationships despite being embroiled in a deliberate attempt to manipulate them. Hattie Fisher's irascible old tyrant, dropping her voice like Margaret Thatcher at all the right moments, was a treat, even managing to extend her personality to fill all the theatre alone from a wheelchair stranded dead centre-stage at one memorable point. Daisy Russell's Diana emanated a bitchy assurance that was eventually belied by her faltering realisation that money doesn't get you whatever you want after all in a scene with her rich father that, the programme tells us, wasn't added until 1985. It was one of the moments where brilliantly drawn but flat characters are agitated sufficiently to give the illusion of being round and real. Alex Perry's Messerschmann had indeed, we realised, been detached and distanced from the beginning, not by his jealous subplot activities in themselves, but by his manner, his assumptions, his accent and his beard.

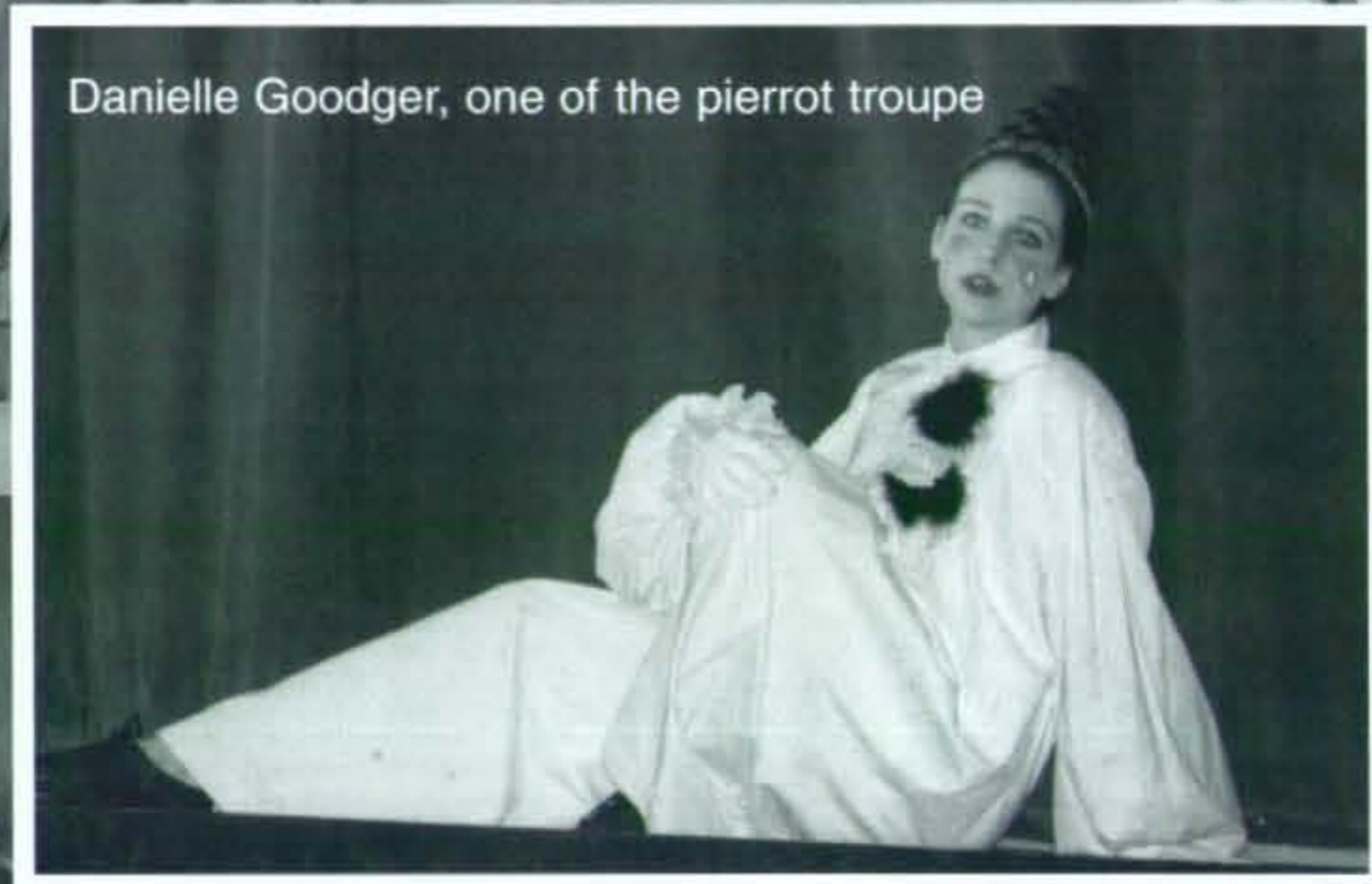
Georgina Wolsey, the "dilapidated old moth" of a mother to Isabelle, trying desperately to find the flame of wealth and splendour to fly into, was a superbly drawn Alfred Doolittle, all comic timing and flustered visual jokes. Charles Cavill, Henry Bartlett and Fleur Shepherd all perfected the nicely careless movements and offhand deliveries of the morally compromised, Sophie Housley cringed with just the right simpering defiance and Peter Tromans, a Max Wall butler, displayed a fine range of silent movie facial jokes as well as the most remarkable facility – first discovered by the same director two years ago in a Junior Congreve, I think – for whole-body comedy, most memorably his heart-swallowing fall.

It's an odd play, all surface shine and glimmer, reflecting other, weightier things. It's *fin de siècle*, the quartet on the Titanic that wouldn't stop playing, a period piece in the wrong period and with postmodern jokes – especially the deconstructionist joke at the end when we are included "in the know" with arch jokes relating to the unlikely turns of the plot being due to the impossibility of having Hugo and Frederick on stage at the same time. Shaw and Wilde are often in mind, and the end is pure Heartbreak House, though with fireworks instead of the bombers, despite having been conceived post 2nd world war. Is it a good play? The answer does not lie in literary or historical debate: it was the blueprint for a magnificent evening of wonderful spectacle and sure performances that transported the audience to another place, and caused almost three hours to slip away undetected before leaving us with a half-expressed question like the refrain from a pierrot's song and a curtain call imaginatively composed of, once again, a series of wordless tableaux. A play isn't just a script, it's an evening in the theatre; and this was a great play. Many thanks and congratulations to all those who gave it us.

SGAH



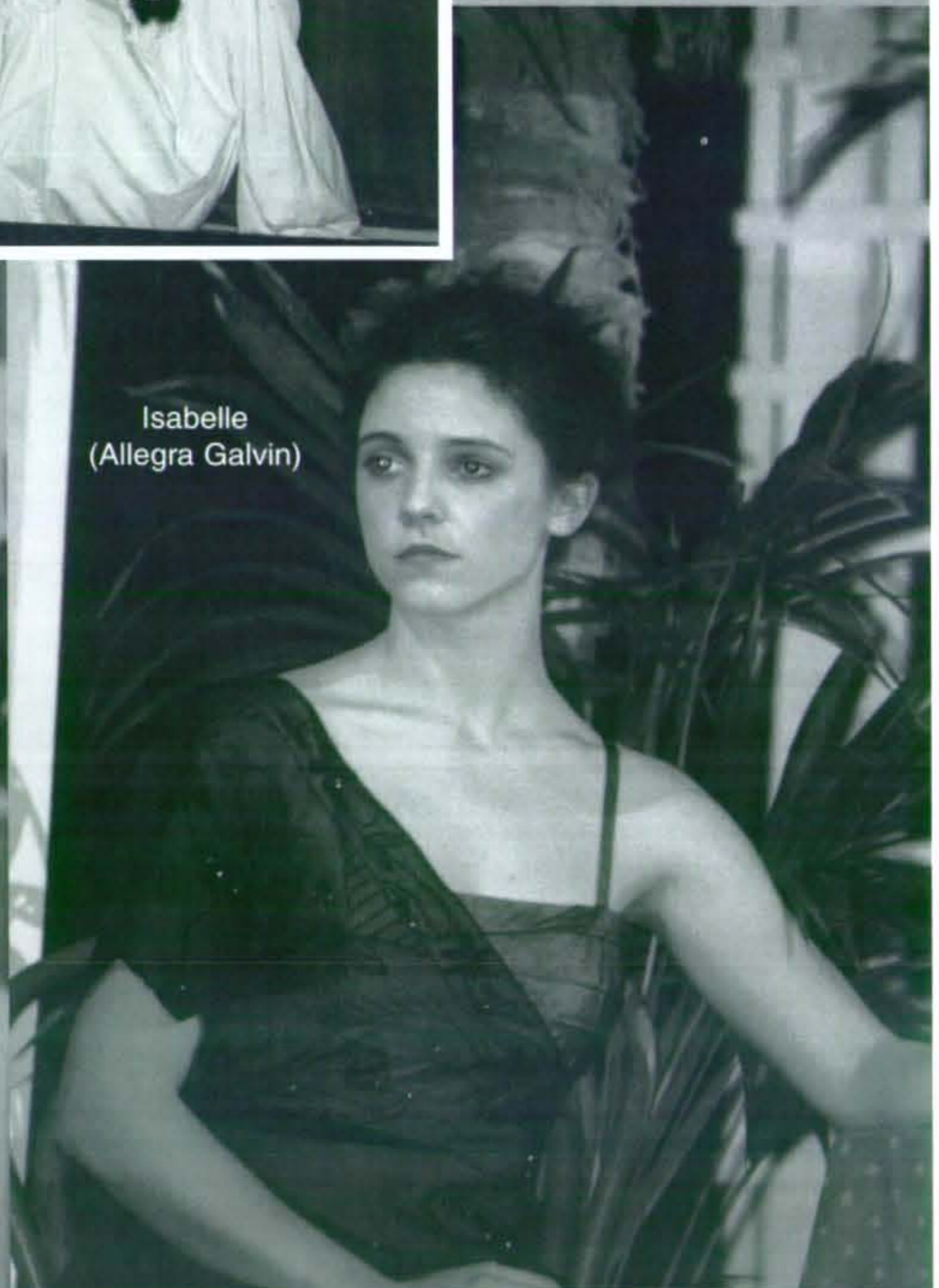
Lady India
(Fleur Shepherd)
and Patrice
(Henry Bartlett)



Danielle Goodger, one of the pierrot troupe



Diana Messerschmann
(Daisy Russell)



Isabelle
(Allegra Galvin)



Senior Congreve

B A C K





S T A G E

Photos: Tom Ward and Classic Snaps





SENIOR CONGREVE INTERVIEW

Oliver Hogg asks the questions,
AGM essays some answers.



I gather that you were involved in a previous production of "Ring Round the Moon" at Stowe. Was this year's very different?

Yes, it was. Completely. Different actors will always find very different things in a part. And then this time we focused on Peter Brook's comment that the play is firmly rooted in the *Commedia dell'Arte* tradition. This led us to invent the pierrot troupe to frame the action and sing songs at key moments. While things were going wrong for Isabelle and Diana, for example, in the middle of Act Three, the pierrots underlined the poignancy of the situation by singing "La Vie En Rose", while under "fantasy" red lighting the money torn up by Messerschmann and Isabelle was swept up and the unhappy girls stalked the park. So there was an extra dimension to it this time. It also made it somewhat longer!

Why were the songs all in French?

To help set the mood. Poulenc had originally written incidental music for Anouilh's play, so we used most of that, and we added in a little Satie and Piaf.

Why did you choose this particular play?

It's fun to act, and a challenge too. High comedy is by no means as easy as it looks (if it's working well). And all ends happily ever after, which on cold November nights down at the Roxy may be no bad thing.

How did you think the actors responded to the task?

I thought they were a brilliant cast all through. Any play will only get as far as the actors can take it, and both DSB and I were delighted at how far they took it.

What were your biggest worries?

We were anxious about rehearsal time within the new shape of the week. And we had many sleepless nights before the Music Director, Mr Davey, triumphantly tracked down the very obscure Poulenc score we wanted.

Did you have enough rehearsal time?

There can never be enough! But yes, with a smallish, talented cast we seemed to cope in the end. It did, of



course, require regular rehearsal in the evenings after Prep, and that's quite late for the kind of concentration play rehearsals require. For one reason or another we were short of time on Sundays. So it was useful to know exactly what we wanted from the play at the outset.

When did you direct your first Congreve?

1977. "Twelfth Night", done in a light, frothy way with absolutely none of the autumnal undertones. Then we went and hired an RSC set of costumes which were rich with autumnal browns, golds and reds...

Was Stowe drama different then?

Difficult to say. There were certainly some excellent productions, Houses tended to do full-length plays rather well, and Joe Bain's era as master i/c, which had only just ended, was very much talked of as a Golden Age.

What has been the most memorable production?

Impossible to say! The advent of Theatre Studies on the curriculum in recent years has certainly helped high standards. But I suspect there might have been a second "Golden Age" sometime in the Eighties, when people like Chris Haslam and Ian Small were very active. In the early nineties I was bowled over by Jonathan Kreeger's "Damn Yankees". It seemed to have everything. But, no, there have been a lot of very good shows in a variety of different styles, and it's invidious to make comparisons.

And "Ring Round The Moon"?

One of those plays which was a delight for the directors because the cast contributed so much in rehearsal. A bit like "Cabaret" a few years ago, when the rehearsals had a real fizz. It's very important that the actors constantly challenge the underlying motivation, and it makes for rewarding rehearsals when they do. The set was a bonus, very much an actors' set, giving the action sharp focus, and versatile in its character changes under lighting. The good thing about a play, when it's over, is that memory tends to erase the more stressful moments!

LOWER SIXTH PLAYS 2002

This year's L6th Drama students produced two very different plays for their Theatre Studies examination performances in May.

Mrs Ryan's class put on a very still and tense production of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* while Mr Meredith directed his class in a Japanese influenced version of the classical Greek play *Hippolytus*.

Mrs Ryan's production of *The Crucible* presented Christianity in its most dangerous guise: a tool used by the unscrupulous to achieve their own ends. Against the black drapes of the Paul Dobinson Theatre, a few simple wooden chairs and stark puritan costumes took us back to the austere world of 17th century Massachusetts and the town of Salem where the infamous witchcraft trials took place. At the centre of the play, Abigail Williams, the girl behind the fatal accusations, was chillingly portrayed by Alice Watson. Her repressed anger and steely determination were conveyed both in her posture and voice. John Proctor was played by Christian Roe as a stern and rough man who, for most of the play, kept his emotions tightly under control. After such restrained playing, his final outburst as he refuses to hand over his signed confession made a striking impact.

Juliette Robinson gave us a wise and gentle Rebecca Nurse and Sophie Johnson's Goody Proctor was a model of propriety who softened to play a wonderfully tender and emotional final scene with her husband in Act 4.

Thomas Ward's portrayal of the Reverend Parris subtly brought out the clergyman's hypocrisy and selfishness while Max Kuipers and Lucinda Jones-Fenleigh conveyed well the self-importance and neuroses of Mr and Mrs Putnam. Freddie Barrie made an impressive, at times forbidding Judge Danforth, confident, unbending and with an absolute belief in the legal system over which he presides.

There were scenes of strong dramatic tension, perhaps the best being the moment when Elizabeth

Proctor is questioned by Judge Danforth about her husband's fidelity. Sophie Johnson held back her reply for just long enough to allow us to hope that she would tell the truth and save the day. As soon as she utters her lie, albeit well intentioned, she is hurried off to prison by Max Kuipers, (this time as court official) and we know the forces of evil have won. This production of a well-known play focused our attention on the dangers of repressed emotions and unresolved anger and left the audience with a bleaker vision of humanity.

With a not dissimilar vision, but explored in a very different context, Mr Meredith's production of *Hippolytus* adeptly invigorated the conventions of Greek tragedy with the traditions of Japanese theatre. This unlikely fusion of styles not only served to underscore the remoteness of the culture being portrayed and the ritualistic elements of the play but also gave us theatrical spectacle of a very high order. Andrew Davies' bold and original design for the Roxburgh Hall stage consisted of a semi-circle of black seats and above them a gigantic mask obviously inspired by the warrior helmets of ancient Greece. The proscenium was flanked by two vast images of Aphrodite and Artemis, the warring goddesses, whose influence shapes the course of the play. These two deities were magnificently brought to life by Fleur Shepherd and Lucinda Dunseath, whose statuesque bearing and wonderfully declamatory delivery of lines made them tower above the other, mortal, characters.

Chief among these was Hippolytus himself played by Harry Soames as the archetypal victim, an upright and innocent young man caught up in events beyond his own control. Alexander Perry made a formidable Theseus, driven to terrifying rage by the letter of his dead wife which wrongly incriminates Hippolytus. Emma Knott as Phaedra was a tortured and desolate woman whose ultimate suicide came naturally out of the despair she so ably conveyed. There were excellent contributions too from Lucy Clarke, Verity Taylor, Philip Hitner and Sofie Tkachuk.

When not involved in the action the cast resumed their seats on stage. This not only facilitated their transition from members of the chorus to leading characters as required but, dressed in sumptuous Japanese costumes and masks, they also became an impressive and forbidding presence throughout the play.

The lighting design and music, both by Jeremy Walker, were superb. The former giving focus and intensity to the action; the latter underpinning mood and supporting the oriental influence in the design.

Judging by the quality of these L6th productions the future for the new Drama and Theatre Studies A-level at Stowe looks very bright

DSB

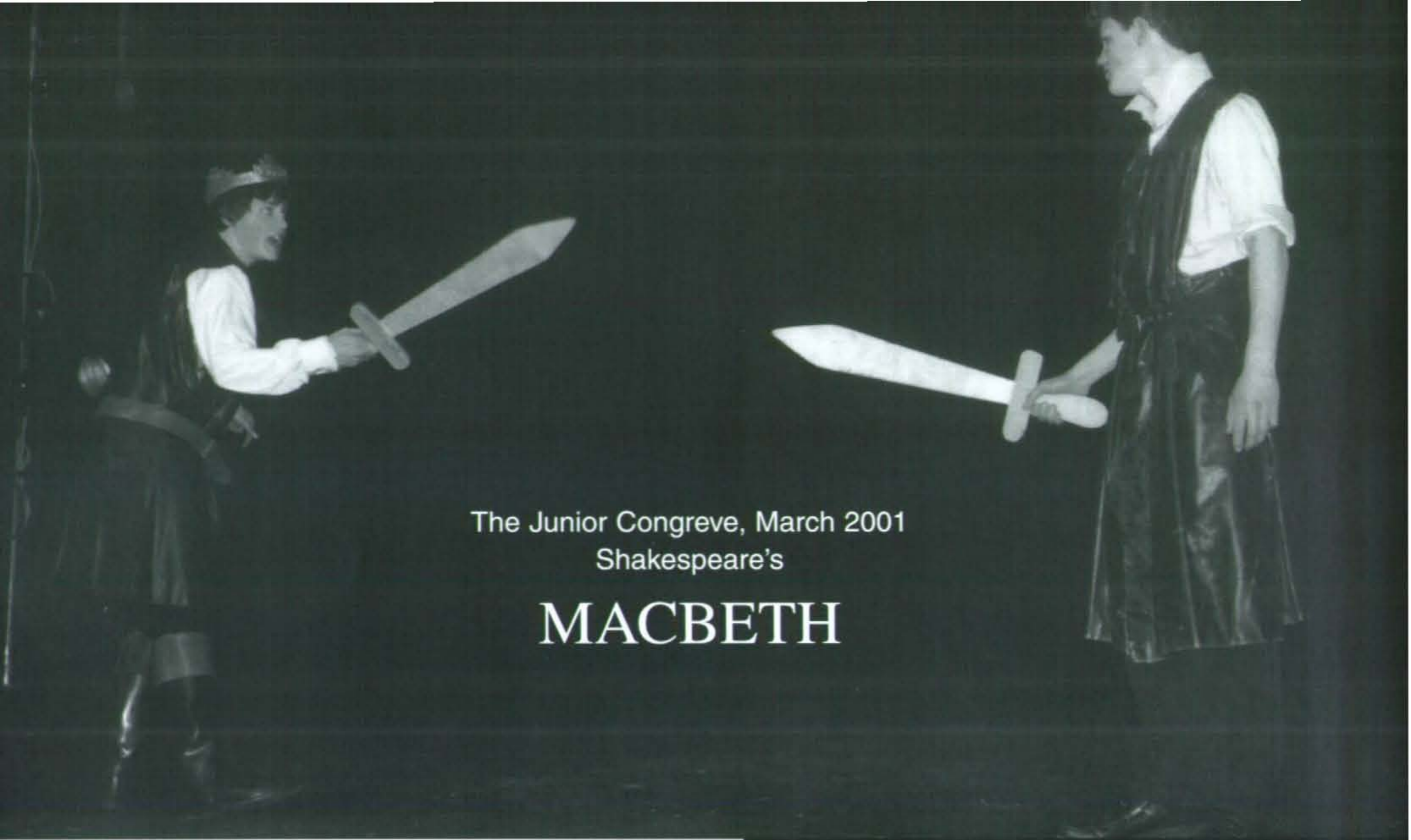




“Mr Meredith’s production of *Hippolytus*... gave us theatrical spectacle of a very high order.”







The Junior Congreve, March 2001
Shakespeare's

MACBETH

The Junior Congreve last March was a highly ambitious enterprise. Shakespeare's Macbeth can prove a notoriously difficult play, even for professional companies, with its heady mix of rich poetry, supernatural brouhaha and the resultant disintegration of two very fallible human beings.

Mrs Ryan cut the text hard but sympathetically, allowing it full rein on the simplest of settings, a stark black stage. The use of a vast gauze upstage certainly helped to create atmosphere and was particularly effective when Burnham Woods came to Dunsinane. The witches too cavorted behind it with glee and vanished just as quickly as they had emerged from the darkness.

In Mrs Ryan's neatly reduced version of the play the witches were given great prominence, as the events of Macbeth's meteorite fall were conveyed in a splendidly clear way, with the murder of Banquo, the madness of Lady Macbeth key scenes.

There was much promising acting on show from the cast of nearly thirty, with Matthew Ramsden's Macbeth very much leading the way. Fearless soldier, tortured soul, spineless husband and tyrant, all aspects of the complex character were given convincing and vibrant life. There were many spirited cameo performances too on the Saturday night, not least from Hugh Viney (Banquo) and Charles Morgan (Malcolm). All will have derived great benefit from tackling such a challenging and exciting text, even if some of the challenges proved, in the end, perhaps one bridge too far for such young performers. With the Lower Sixth girls now a traditional part of the Junior Congreve package the school is surely right to be ambitious for it.

DSB





Cast

Macbeth: Matt Ramsden; Lady Macbeth: Juliette Robinson; Banquo: Hugh Viney; Fleance: Henri Barbier; Duncan: Max Kirchhoff; Malcolm: Charlie Morgan; Donalbain: James Randall-Coath; Witches: Hamish Morgan, Andrew Drummond Moray & Charlie Beldam; Hecate: Lucinda Dunseath; Macduff: Ben Hirst; Lady Macduff: Alice Watson; Lady Macduff's son: Oskar Gerland; Ross: Will Puxley; Lennox: Xavier Keenan; Angus: Toby Lucas; Menteith: Andrew Drummond Moray; Caithness: Rupert Knox; Bloody Captain: Oskar Gerland; Murderers: Azad Attar, Tom Feehan & Garyth Cooper; Siward: Mark Stormont; Young Siward: Charlie Farr; Seyton: Cyrus Poteratchi; Attendant: Keith Leon; Gentlewoman: Lucinda Dunseath; Doctor: Christian von Schroder; Messenger: Nick Hill.



Walpole and Nugent House Play:
SEASON'S GREETINGS

by Alan Ayckbourn

Walpole have done it again. Another full-length play performed to the very highest of standards. This time in an official collaboration with Nugent, who gave Walpole's resident, star director, JSM, some star support.

The Temple Room has never struck me as a particularly good setting for anything other than a play of its own period, but Ayckbourn's *Season's Greetings* swept away this prejudice triumphantly. Using the fireplace and the whole of the western wall for a realistic creation of two rooms, and encouraging a genuine feeling of theatre by the use of rostra, JSM gave his production the best of all possible starts. Simple but effective lighting (from Andrew Atherton) gave it further focus. And to take away any last vestiges of the eighteenth century there was Albert Derbyshire on sound with some highly appropriate songs.

A play which depends on the frustrations of the middle-aged is never going to be easy, but the actors all rose to this challenge, playing with real assurance and style. The First Act very much depended on Fleur Shepherd's Belinda, the organiser of the family's Christmas revels, but seething with dissatisfaction with life's lot in general and her husband and relatives in particular. Until, that is, an unexpected outsider arrives in the shape of Clive, who, as the author of a published book, seems to some members of the beleaguered family to exude romance. Fleur was wonderfully expressive as Belinda, both vocally and facially, and her assured, upbeat performance gave the play the initial momentum it was never to lose. As the object of her affections (and Uncle Harvey's outraged suspicions) Fred Lambton gave Clive just the right touch of *is-this-all-really-happening-to-me?* There was delightful comedy from Christian Roe (culminating in the uproarious puppet show), Nathan Witts (as the awful, martially-orientated Uncle Harvey), Sam Hannaford (as Bernard's zany, alcoholic wife), Verity Taylor (unhappily carrying the baby her woeful husband Eddie would rather forget) and George Margesson (as low-profile Eddie). Then there was Alasdair Shaikh, still a third-former, yet somehow giving Belinda's bored husband, Neville, a wonderfully believable persona, trapped like Belinda in a tired-out marriage and trying to survive the horror of the family festivities as best he could.

With Ayckbourn tears are never far away from the laughter, and the thing which really impressed in this production was that, amidst all the glorious comedy, the bitterness at its core was always evident. And so, at the end of the play, when the mood suddenly turns very serious indeed, as Neville and Belinda face up to their not very promising future, you could have heard the proverbial pin drop in the Temple Room. It was the final proof that the whole cast knew their Ayckbourn, what they

wanted from the play and how they were going to get it.

I have left one performance to last, deliberately. Allegra Galvin's endearingly hopeless Rachel was a comic cameo one would be hard put to find the equal of in a thirty-year-long cavalcade of Stowe plays. She was not just very funny. She has an unerring ability to make us really care. She will do wonders in Chekhov. Shaw too. Ah well, even if we failed to see her Nina and Major Barbara, at least we saw her Rachel, in an outstandingly well produced and brilliantly entertaining *Season's Greetings*.

AGM

Temple House:

SAM IN WONDERLAND

This year's Temple House play was a huge success and gave the actors involved a tremendous diversity of roles to play between them. A surreal and alternative production, it presented the audience with a few days in the life of Sam, a man with a very vivid dream state. He has a hard life, with a domineering, difficult wife, an evil son and a nightmare of a boss at work. Suddenly his subconscious, Mr. Trick, whom he only meets in his dreams, starts to affect the real world, leading to seriously detrimental effects to his boss's health! Alex Perry who played Sam gave a very good representation of a man whose life is falling to pieces. Harry Darby and James Breton were most entertaining as Piola, Sam's terrible wife, and Damien, his devilishly evil son. Rob McKinnon presented a stunning performance as Mr. Trick, a hugely eccentric and rather dangerous sub-conscious. Tom Ward played a very strong role as a drunkard, sporadic boss, whose temper is likely to fly off the wall at any moment. The cast was rounded off by a very strange assortment of Temple third and fourth formers acting as 'dream creatures' who wander around in Sam's dreams and generally scare the audience. This entire production was written and directed by the genius of Henry Bartlett, a budding playwright and director whose skills were not wasted upon this powerhouse of amusement and in-depth scrutinising of the human psyche.

MERLIN HANBURY-TENISON

INSIDER DEALING

The genesis of the Chatham House play, February 2002, was that Tom Deane initiated a project by inviting Mr Farquhar to write a forty-minute drama. Part of the value and excitement of house drama is that acting experience, rehearsal time and props might all be in short supply – which was certainly the case here – but that sharpens native talent, improvisation, resourcefulness and a brave rising to the occasion – and these were vividly apparent in a very entertaining production.

'Insider Dealing' as its title suggests, is about financial chicanery, doubly resonant in that the Emron scandal blazes luridly across the media and that Stoics, in common with other former Public School pupils, often find a living in the city (albeit a licit one!)

The piece is a comic satire and Mr Farquhar had sculpted the plot and the characterisation to provide both wit and farce. 'Insider Dealing' started with a bang, the caricatures sharply delineated by Nick Elkington and Ben Morgan as a newly married couple ensconced in the lounge of a Cotswold hotel. Simon Temple-Grenville is a handsome Old Stoic clearly bored with his wife and in love with himself, while Lavinia is a very material girl, listing her acquisitions while swigging champagne in appropriately pink-kitsch surroundings.

Nemesis lurks in the shape of Dan Wormall, down on his luck and with trouble in mind. Lavinia having minced off stage, Dan is free to approach Simon with a dodgy proposition and hold his attention with a piece of blackmail. Harry Beamish's Dan and Nick Elkington's Simon in a moment are exchanging sneers then snarls. This was theatrically arresting, as Simon's pin-striped elegance set off Dan's creased and dishevelled appearance, the public school accents of the one contrasting with the Estuary English of the other. The narrow stage of The Dobinson Theatre and the closeness of the audience to the action



were employed to advantage as the two actors used all the available space, Dan plunging himself onto the sofa beside a repulsed Simon in horrible predatory intimacy; and Simon counter-attacking, advancing on Dan, Nick Elkington's tall, lean angularity in effective profile toe to toe with Beamish's defiant frowns. The effect was of two polecats revealing their essential nature. Appropriately, no satirical energy was wasted on sympathy, and the momentum of the plot and incisive function of character within it were the driving force – And farce, as Simon's mission is now to use his wife's dress (plus wig) to overwhelm with drink, seduction and physical force a third business man, the vapid Charlie Chatham. Thus Dan's revenge plot is triggered, as Simon who once fingered him for insider dealing is guilty of the same, and Dan will blow the whistle unless Simon insider deals once more, by making Charlie Chatham confirm rumours that Testowe's (run by Sir Jeremy N... !) is going to buy up Deany Distilleries. Simon, revolted by the idea that Lavinia tempt Charlie's lechery, is forced to use himself to exploit Charlie's weakness as a ladies man – or 'stud' as he'd been known in their Stowe days. The audience was agog as the deed was done, a drunken Charlie Chatham succumbing first to Simon-Nicola's advances, then to a vicious arm lock, then, mercifully, to drunken slumber before embarrassment ensued – and a good farce must teeter on the edge of the appalling.

Simon makes his getaway, but unfortunately for him, on his return to the room, Lavinia spies him in cross-dressing regalia. Hilariously, a resounding slap is followed by a distressed call to her father, requesting a manly dressing down of her erring husband and a punishment that encompasses Simon's demotion but stops short at losing the expensive house and other material satisfactions of a 'good marriage'.

Charlie Chatham is also rendered comically abject by James Finch-Knightly's decidedly butch Linda, the chambermaid, assuming that the bound and gagged figure is a bondage enthusiast. And it turns out that the prized insider dealing information is Charlie Chatham's double-dealing, so that the greed of at least some of these rogues is going to recoil on them grievously.

The moral point was conveyed in a double layered comic confection, for attaching to the farce obeying the unities of time and place was an elaborate web of allusions to current Stoics and Stowe staff (e.g. WEHV, immortalised as Sir William Vernon is Simon's boss and father in law as well as Nick Elkington's Housemaster. Similarly, "Ramsay someone -or- other of the Daily Voice" is simultaneously part of a mythicised Old Stoic past and an allusion to a current person and publication.) The audience predictably enjoyed picking up the many humorous in-jokes, which indeed often targeted people watching the play.

Chathamites pulled together terrifically well to put the show on, aided and abetted by Stoics from other houses. And the good work of Tom Deane as producer and Dominic Sullivan as director was well supported in rehearsals by the writer, Peter Farquhar.

EST

Cobham House play (Paul Dobinson Theatre):

MORT

The Cobham House play, *Mort*, staged over December 1st and 2nd, was well timed to entertain weary examinees of the previous week and to give a foretaste of the festive spirit. Those who already knew Terry Pratchett's novels were not surprised by this comic fantasy summed up in the punning title identifying both the protagonist and the theme. Non-fans could still enjoy the witty story in which the young Mort becomes death's apprentice and, not really entering into the spirit (we can all do puns) of the job, intervenes to save the life of a beautiful princess. Signal Terry Pratchett elaborating alternative realities (the worlds of being alive and dead) and splicing his science fantasy proclivities with the more traditional fantasy of the fairy tale: enter Wizard Cutwell to assist Mort in rectifying his metaphysical mistake and getting the physical girl. Talk about having your cake and eating it. Anyway, Harry Arkwright played Mort with an awkward charm appropriate for the portrayal of a lad out of his depth but having all the best intentions. Similarly, India Clarke played the beautiful princess in lively style, using her stage presence to good effect and tempering the sweetness with a voice that could be high pitched and petulant.

Chris Lyon as Death was suitably tall and cadaverous. Chris did not rely on his splendid make-up but communicated both Death's expected chilly authority and



Mort played by Harry Arkwright with Jamie Savage. Director DAS as a talking door.

Left to right: Peter Tromans, Chris Lyon, Lucian Tarnowski, Faisal Dahlawi and George Fossett





his unexpected yen for a change of life (!) with aplomb. So, on the job and in response to protests at an early exit the tone was the curt: "Fair? When it's time, it's time!" But when Death becomes disaffected, the audience was treated to such astonishing behaviour as Death wanting "time off" and inviting Mort "to have a chip". This was funny enough to divert one's incredulity at Death descending to the demotic. But when his grandeur is reduced to the domestic pathos of "What's it all about, eh?" and hitting the bottle, then one realises that Pratchett will do anything for a laugh. Facetiousness envelops all.

Thanks to this able production there were laughs aplenty and some striking oddities. One of these was Peter Tromans' Albert, the servant, whose pallor, grim attitude and gruff voice added an unsettling edge to the heartiness and whimsy going on elsewhere. In a play of transformations his was one of the most striking as he shed his humble attire to appear as a golden wizard bent on creating serious mischief. Peter Tromans' voice changed very effectively in pitch and volume. But the visual impact of the costumes was striking (as it had been all through) with the rebellious wizards arranged in wonderfully colourful creations (thanks to Sarah Drew and Gail James). Their jaw-dropping "Boom, shaka, laka" ritual invocation of Death was succeeded by the show-stopping invocation of Death accoutred as a short-order cook who, wielding a spatula, drags the evil wizard back to his kingdom. Further twists effected a satisfactory resolution, romantically, cosmologically, metaphysically, employing Pratchett's usual bag of mischief and paradox.

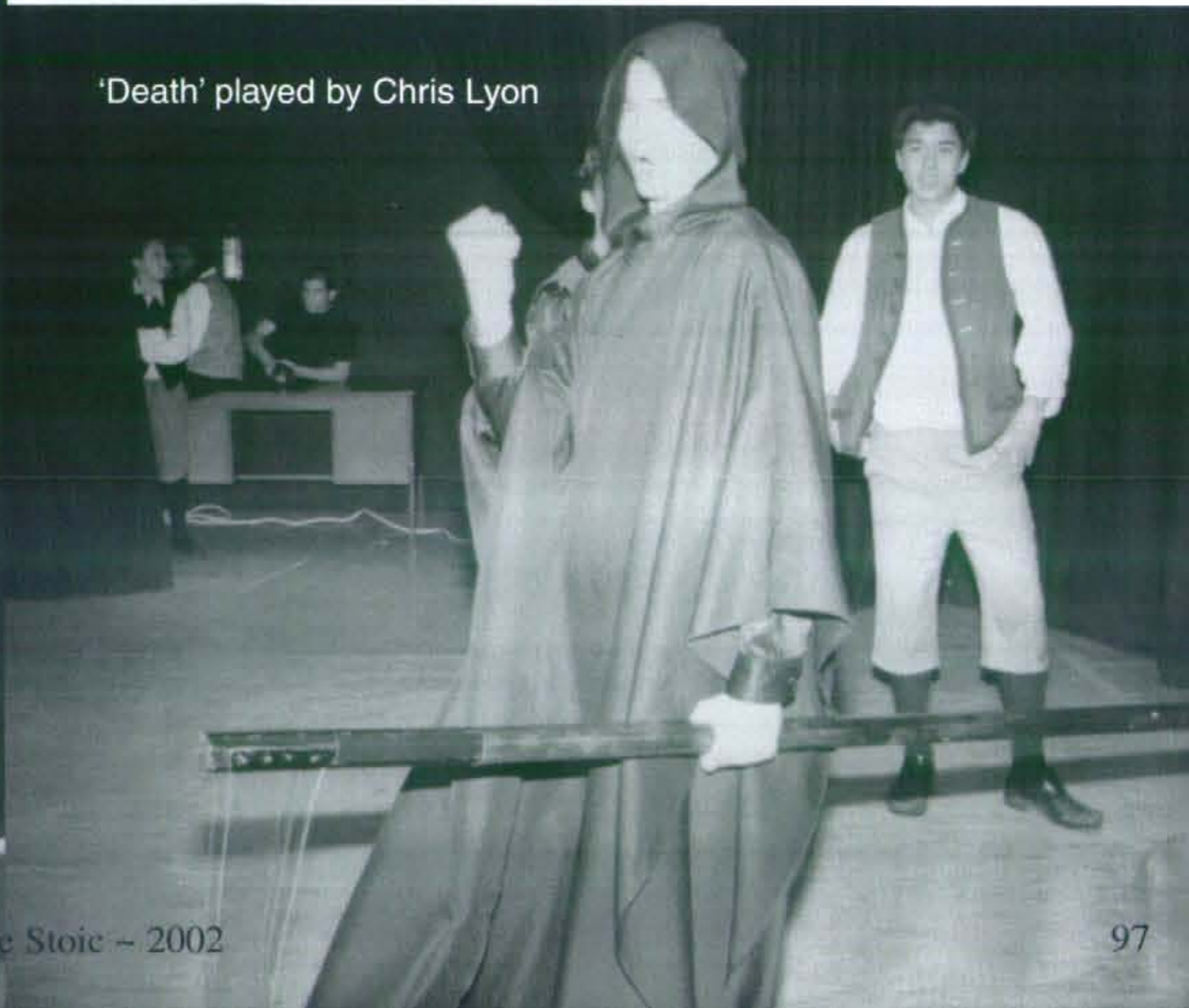
The other female parts were acted in a pleasingly natural style by Marilyn Okoro (who had a major role as Death's daughter), Sophie Housley and Gabby Alexander. But the whole cast, indeed, pulled together strongly for Mr Stephenson's admirable production, an ambitious one for a House play in view of its elaborate plot and demand of comic verve on the part of the players – of whom Mr Stephenson was one, as a brilliantly rendered magic talking door, his golden face inviting visitors to tweak his nose and raise a stentorian protest. Minor images like this can linger in the mind, courtesy here of the make-up artists and Cosima Cassel, who prepared the props.

Cobham House and their helpers are to be congratulated for many dedicated hours of rehearsal and the fine spirit with which they hurled themselves into this evening of fun for a well entertained packed house.

EST



'Death' played by Chris Lyon



SOCIETIES



CHESS

This year we have had far fewer third and fourth year Stoics joining, partly owing to an administrative glitch and I hope that this situation will be reversed next autumn. Excitement has centred on two events. One of these was the annual Inter-House Tournament; the other was the UK Land Chess Challenge.

The former event saw proceedings climax with a final featuring Walpole, last year's Trophy holders, and Cobham, the winners of 2000. The wins of the Cobhamites Edward Pendleton and Rupert Rowling were balanced by the Walpudlian winners, J.J. Herabutya and Charles Margesson. Everything was to be decided by the Board 2 encounter between Dimitri Pestov of Cobham and George Margesson. DWJ and JSM remained steadfast supporters in a dwindling audience as this match stretched into the afternoon. Victory went to Cobham, but honour dignified all ten finalists.

The Chess Challenge finalists of the club competition, Dominic Sullivan, Edward Pendleton, Alim Jinnah and Ryan Coughlan, competed in the regional Megafinal in High Wycombe over six rounds. All the players scored good wins as well as racking up the useful experience of suffering some heavy defeats. Dominic Sullivan did well enough to qualify for the Gigafinals in August. He has been the club's best player for some time and a loyal member of the club. He will be an Old Stoic in a few weeks, and we wish him well.

EST

Above: Oleg Papazov

Below: L-R: Dimitri Pestov, George Margesson, Ryan Coughlan, Alasdair Shaikh, DWJ, Max Green and Rupert Rowling. DWJ watches Casper Shepherd and Edward Pendleton in the Inter-House Final

Right-: The winners, Cobham House: Rupert Rowling, Ryan Coughlan, Edward Pendleton and Dimitri Pestov. (Max Green absent)





CLASSICAL SOCIETY

A year of Greek plays



It has been a year of some superb play visits, to two productions in Greek and two in translation. In the autumn we attended the Greek play at Cambridge, made accessible to non-Graecists by the use of surtitles with a running translation. Although this was helpful it made concentrating on the action more demanding. The production was of Sophocles' *Electra*, an interesting contrast to our current set text of Euripides' version of the same story. It worked well, although it was slightly disconcerting to see the chorus attached to modern technological apparatus while at the same time they were barred from the circular central acting area and restricted to the space on the sides. In contrast the Greek play in Oxford, Euripides' *Medea*, also with surtitles, was a very powerful, fast-moving, surprising and overall memorable performance: Aegeus' arrival hidden in the bottom of a boat will not easily be forgotten.

The Actors' of Dionysus' version of Sophocles' *Antigone* in Cambridge was, as always with their productions, dynamic and thought-provoking. Tiresias swinging from her (!) parallel bars with a smirk on her face effectively challenged many previous assumptions. In contrast the production of Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* by University College, London, was mainly traditional in approach and therefore more readily accessible to those studying the text. The full horror of the murders was powerfully portrayed. At the time of writing we are looking forward to a Theatre Studies production of Euripides' *Hippolytus* by Tony Meredith at Stowe: if his last staging of this play outside the Queen's Temple is anything to go by, it should be a moving and sensitive treat.

In the spring term we welcomed Mr Anthony Verity to talk in the Music Room on the art of translation. He referred to his own experiences of publishing Theocritus but also ranged

much more widely, to the benefit of sixth-formers both studying Greek and Latin and those taking Classical Civilisation. It was preceded by a dinner in the Gothic Library attended by the chairman of governors, the headmaster and his wife, as well as classical sixth-formers and staff, with a new Latin grace composed by Mark Edwards.

Other events have included again hosting a GCSE classics conference of the Oxford schools' branch of the Classical Association. All the third-formers visited Roman Bath, enjoying both the ancient remains and some modern food before returning. In March Mr David Stevenson led a group to Italy, as reported elsewhere in *The Stoic*. We congratulate him and Mr Paul Armstrong on their appointments as Heads of Classics Departments elsewhere, but we shall be sorry to lose them and thank them for all that they have contributed to Stowe classics over the last few years.

MJB



COMMUNITY SERVICE

Many good things have doubtless been achieved by the latest shape of the day and reduction from two half-days to one but number-bolstering for non-sporting optional activities has not been one of them – formerly Rugby and Hockey players could maintain their sports and do Community Service as well. Sadly now they have had to make a choice. Nevertheless all the contacts which have been built up have been maintained. We still have a small but steady posse of dedicated individuals who go out to the local primary schools, elderly, charity shops and MENCAP homes and continue to give selflessly of themselves. I have had great pleasure in awarding colours to various deserving individuals again during the year for a particularly impressive attitude but in general the people who opt for this activity are unusually committed.

As always there are many to thank – the D of E team, SOC, SRJ, Anne Lake and Rowena Pratt, who continue to selflessly support the activity. But as always the activity's survival is down to the customers. Their willingness to give to others and ability to provide such magnificent company is what makes the activity fizz. The diversity of activities is what gives it most of its appeal – I have tried to keep the message strong that visiting granny is not all we do (though we do that too) and would urge whoever takes over the activity to make sure it does the same.

DAS

CORKSCREW SOCIETY

Corkscrew, the wine tasting society for the Upper Sixth continues to flourish. After many years under the wise and entertaining guidance of Dr Waldman (MW) the Society passed into the hands of Mr Cottam (PVC) for this year. As ever there were many more pupils who wanted to be members than the 18 places available.

The year began with an introductory talk by PVC based on the wines of France. The evening focused on four areas: the mechanics of tasting, the basics of wine production, the principal varieties of grape and the main wine growing areas of France. The tasting began with two white wines exemplifying the Chardonnay and Sauvignon grapes, a classic Chablis from Burgundy and a Sancerre from the upper reaches of the Loire valley. The tasting then changed to red wines and moved to Bordeaux and a Medoc (Cabernet Sauvignon) and a St Emilion (Merlot). From Bordeaux the tasting crossed the Massif Central to the Rhone valley for a Crozes hermitage (Syrah) and a Gigondas (Grenache). The tasting then returned north to Burgundy and a wine from the Cote d'Or (Pinot Noir) followed by a Beaujolais (Gamay). The evening ended with a 1983 bottle of Sauternes, the most famous of dessert wines.

The next talk was given by MW and entitled "Chateau Downunder". It provided an enthralling, knowledgeable and entertaining introduction to the wines of Australia and New Zealand. It included sparkling wine from South Australia, Sauvignon Blanc from the Oyster Bay, a Riesling from the Eden Valley and then some varied reds from Victoria and South Australia. They included wines from the Rosemount Estate, McLaren Vale, the Clare Valley, Coonawarra and Penfolds with grape varieties varying from Shiraz and Grenache to Cabernet Sauvignon and Marsanne. At the end of the evening no one could have been in any doubt as to the range and quality of Australian and New Zealand wines.

Simon Alper (OS) returned once more to share his expertise, both as a wine-grower as well as a taster, with the Society. The evening centred round trying to identify different tastes he brought in a set of tasting bottles. At the same time he produced wines that matched the tastes he was trying to get the Society to identify. It was an evening requiring concentration and effort as some of the tastes were more difficult than others to try and identify. By the end of the evening the Society had heard a wide-ranging lecture about the making of wine without realising that one had been given. Simon wears his great knowledge of wine with a light touch and imparts it with an equally light and engaging touch.

The next meeting was conducted by PVC at short notice as the speaker had been detained in France. It was an introduction to Champagne. By the end of the evening the Society had been introduced to two sparkling wines (one rose) and to six types of Champagne – sec, demi-sec, vintage, blanc de blanc, brut, pink – and seven Champagne houses: Ruinart, Veuve Cliquot, Moet et Chandon, Laurent Perrier, Mumm, Bollinger and Pommery. The pink Ruinart was especially fine. The evening was also enlivened by the presence of Thibaut Taittinger who was able to bring some close personal knowledge to the proceedings.

There remains one more meeting before the business of the Society is concluded for the year. PVC will then hand over the Society to the care of THJB as he departs from Stowe at the end of the year. The members this year have been very supportive, have taken a full and active part in the proceedings and have not been afraid to offer opinions. It only remains for me to wish the Society every success in the future and much fine wine drinking!

PVC

Members: Rice (1), Chauhan (2), Bartlett (2), Reed-Clarke (2), Papazov (3), Rossiter (3), Bowkett (3), Allen (4), Tarnowski (5), Morgan (6), Barker (6), Spurr (7), McIntyre (8), Forde (O), Russell (O), Wolsey (O), Galvin (N), Housley (N), Forster (N), Fisher (N).

DEBATING SOCIETY

Yet again a most intriguing and certainly entertaining year of senior debating. As chairman of the society I have naturally experienced both the thrill of argument and adjudication. However it is the general consensus that no matter where one stood the quality of the occasion remained evident. The year was kicked off with a highly relevant questioning of foreign 'Military force in Afghanistan'. The likes of Alex Kennedy, Harry Soames and Harry Vere Nicoll drove home the motion leaving the floor with no doubt as to their stand-point on the issue condoning the action being taken by the USA. We in fact decided to carry the issue further in the fourth debate of the year, extending it to 'foreign policy' and the 'human rights' issues attached to it. Strangely enough, the votes on this occasion swayed in the other direction.

In chronological order, we saw nearly half the school flock to the music room for the much-awaited motion 'This house believes that the unrestricted use of cannabis should be legalised'. Although one could expect a proportion of those attending such an event to arrive loaded with a certain juvenile tendency for rebellion, there was to my surprise a rather vast majority who seemed not to be entirely overwhelmed by Ramsay Fanoos' truly Etonian behaviour. This evening being full of surprises, the motion passed! ! The third of the year I in fact had the pleasure of taking a more active role as third speaker for the Opposition addressing a topic very much at the heart of the community here at Stowe (the freedom of the press). It seemed to me that although many loved to hear exactly what colour undies Posh had most recently purchased, there was in fact an equal number who valued the privacy so readily invaded in today's society.

Bringing our year to a close was, as per usual, the balloon debate. Sadly I did not preside on this occasion due to illness: however the event was a tremendous success. With the category being 'Dead Famous People' we had notable performances from Harry VN (Che Guevara), Mr Edwards (Vlad the Impaler) and Tarik Al-buhaisi (Sheik Sultan). From the chat in the dining room the following day Harry was on fine form and won the evening by a convincing margin.

At the end of such a great year thanks, as always, must be extended to the dedicated Mr Farquhar for maintaining such a splendid forum for discussion. I know that I speak for the entire Debating Society when I say thank you and I look forward to the famous summer night's dinner on the 21st June.

LOUIS BUCKWORTH

JUNIOR DEBATING

This has been an action packed year with debates on a variety of topics including the future of the Royal family, Captain Planet being better than Superman, Third World debt and whether or not George W. Bush is one of the greatest American Presidents of all time. In my view the best debate was on "This house believes the United

Kingdom should join the European currency". There were some excellent speeches, particularly from Thomas Borwick and George Margesson with the opposition narrowly winning by two votes. The English speaking Union was staged at Stowe this year with seven neighbouring schools taking part. The team consisted of George Margesson, Mark Stormont and myself coming third overall, but failing to go through to the next round of the competition. This must be deemed a great success, as it is our best position for many years. Edward Coram-James has proved to have excellent talents with humorous and enlightening speeches. Henry Kimbell's speeches have always given the audience a great insight into the central themes of the issue and shown the gravity of the situation. The balloon debate was fiercely contested with Hugh Hefner (Adam Charlton), Al Capone (Paul Hinds), Satan (Jamie Elwes), God (George Margesson) and Terry Wogan (Barney Baber) being defeated by a wonderful play act from Santa Claus (Charlie Sanchez).

Debates have proved popular with a great amount of people both attending and speaking in them. I would like to take this opportunity to thank George Margesson for his assistance as secretary and Dr Bailey for organising all the events. The debating society faces a bright future next year under the leadership of Thomas Borwick.

BARNEY BABER.

FOUNDATIONERS

I have found that over my first year Foundationers has taught me a lot about things that we may need in life. It is also a great way for the third form to learn eight new skills in the course of their first year at Stowe. The activities range from First Aid where you learn the basic techniques, Social skills which include ironing and sewing, Drama with emphasis on group work and Physical Fitness where you learn about the muscles of the body and ways to keep fit. The Foundationers activities as a whole teach the yearlings to learn and do things that hopefully will help them in later life.

The teachers are fun and it also helps you to get to know what the rest of your year in your house is like and what they are good at. Over the course of the activity that you are doing (each lasts three weeks) you are scored out of fifteen: five for punctuality, five for attitude and five for attainment. All you need to do to gain full marks is try hard, have a good attitude towards your activity and turn up on time with the right clothes and equipment. That is all. Then at the end of the year when your final marks go in, if you have a really good score, you could gain a first class certificate.

After that is a second and then third class certificate. It is quite hard to get full marks and not many first class certificates are handed out so it is a great achievement if you do so. Overall the Foundationers programme is great fun.

JAMES RANDALL-COATH

LITERARY SOCIETY

At its first meeting of the academic year, in September, the Literary Society enjoyed the privilege of an illustrated lecture on Modernism in art and literature from the distinguished Art Historian, Dr Frances Spalding. This was followed by an equally erudite lecture about Pope and the Epic Tradition given by Old Stoic Dr Nicholas Smith of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Excellent recitals of Stoics' own creative writing (poems and short stories) were presented just before Christmas. In the New Year, Professor Valerie Sanders, Head of the English Department at the University of Hull, spoke on the Victorian novel, a theme which relates to the new A level syllabus and which was also taken up by Dr Timothy Hands, Headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School and a distinguished Hardy scholar. The last two meetings comprised lectures on 'Othello' and 'King Lear' by Mr Farquhar. Literary Society suppers helped further to civilise several of these evenings and the Society was excellently managed by PASF's 'Right Hand Man', Ramsay Fanous.

PASF

TUDOR HISTORIANS

This group of enterprising and devoted(!) students sallied forth twice in the term in the hope of boosting their grades and broadening their Historical knowledge.

The first outing was to Northampton High School to hear Ian Archer on Puritanism. The scope of his talk ranged rather beyond our syllabus but we were compensated by some interesting slides, and a recording of 17th century polemic religious songs, which would go down

rather well in Crossfire. Dr. Archer was pleased to see our youthful contingent, and chatted afterwards about our courses and what he feels are "real subjects" ...History, Maths...we'd better leave out those he rejected!

This encounter turned out to be very useful on our next trip. This was to London, to hear four prominent Tudor Historians. Despite one of our number having to be dragged from his ablutions to the taxis, we got to London in good time and Harry and Hicky were able to buy pink roses for their buttonholes in honour of Dr. Starkey.

His lecture did not disappoint us. Without notes, and hardly needing the microphone, he gave a tour de force on the influence of court life on the Elizabethan Settlement, such that we could almost see Elizabeth sweeping out of chapel on Christmas Day. There were also plenty of quick asides on current politicians and clerics.

After this, everything seemed a little tame. Susan Doran gave a useful talk on the strength of Recusancy with a few sideswipes at the theories of Christopher Haigh, but unfortunately Professor Guy's talk on Parliament though intellectually challenging, was largely inaudible thanks to the vagaries of the sound system. At this point some of our number managed to corner Dr. Archer and explain how difficult it was to hear the speakers and he responded with a huge wave as he came on stage, and a perfectly audible lecture on foreign policy which rounded off the day satisfactorily.

All agreed that Starkey had made the trip worthwhile and that next time we should try to get him to come to Stowe.

FMG



Foundations' Prizewinners

D OF E EXPEDITION TO BLAIR ATHOLL



On Sunday 8th of July the D of E expedition set off on our journey to Blair Atholl, in Perthshire, Scotland. We arrived at about 6pm at our destination and enjoyed a lovely hotel meal in the Atholl Arms Hotel. This was good but things could only get worse! We then had to put our rucksacks on and walk up to base camp. We were told this was not a problem and it should only take an hour but actually it was a hard uphill climb and certainly showed us that even though we had just had a good hotel meal things were going to change. The Monday at base camp just consisted of setting up camp, collecting wood for the staff fire and preparing for the walk with a few navigational practices.

Tuesday was the first walk day and we were all ready but the weather had changed and it was raining. This rain was a sign of things to come and although we hoped the rain would go, it just kept coming harder. The walk was a hard one on the first day and it seemed as though it was never going to end. This seemed to teach me to never give up because we couldn't; we just had to get to camp for the night. There were a few wobbles in the navigation when we were a little bit worried if we had taken the right route but in the end good prevailed and we reached base camp at about 9pm. This was probably the worst day's walking I have ever done and will never do it again. It just did not stop raining and it was quite foggy too, giving us a real challenge, which the group seemed to take up. We set up camp on a marsh (yes, a marsh). We did not think this was very sensible but we had no choice and with the rivers all flooding we were worried. That night was wet but luckily all the tents managed to stay dry except for one which got a slit down it. This was not good news and some people had a bad night.

The next morning was cold and some members of the group seemed more willing than others. However, after a bit of encouragement we were on our way for the next

day, which took us through beautiful valleys and wonderful scenery. We arrived at the next camp early and to our great happiness the weather had improved, but now we were down the hill a bit the midges came out. That night was good and cheered us all up and we were ready for the final assault and by lunchtime on Thursday we were back at base camp to get dried up. Everybody was very relieved but unfortunately the Golds had to be taken off the hill by Mountain Rescue because the rivers which should have been all right to cross were not.

I think we would all like to thank the staff who came with us because without them D of E at Stowe might not be possible and in particular Mr Wellington for a great but wet expedition, and an expedition that none of us will ever forget.

FRED RAIKES





CCF

It has been another busy and active year in the CCF, foot and mouth notwithstanding. Camp last summer took place unaffected by foot and mouth and apart from the move of the Coldstream Cup (reported on elsewhere) from October to March the training programme was largely unaffected. The quality of training has been much helped this year by a strong body of excellent and enthusiastic NCOs in the Upper and Lower Sixth Form. Christopher Lyon (5) has been an excellent Cadet RSM and played a most influential role in the annual junior leaders course. David Hervey (3) has been an exemplary Senior Cadet for Advanced Infantry (Cheshire Company) ably supported by Nick Wills (3), Rory Cheyne (4) and Henry Salt (5). Proficiency (Anderson Company) has benefited from James "Bob" Marley's cheerful demeanour. He too has had some excellent lieutenants in Hugh Mclean (7), James Bowkett (3) and Amir Amirsadeghi (5). The Royal Navy has had to survive without any Sixth Formers this year but Will Kenyon (4), a 5th Former, stepped into the breach and has been an excellent Senior Cadet. The Royal Air Force has benefited from the personality and experience of Harry Vere Nicoll, Alan Griffin and Louis Buckworth. The heartfelt thanks of the CCF go to them all for their enthusiasm and dedication over the last four years.

It is the quality of the senior cadets that makes or breaks a CCF. I am glad to report that there is an excellent crop following on in the Lower Sixth and Fifth Form. The Army Section has benefited from the enthusiasm of the following Lower Sixth Formers: Chris McGee (7), Charles Cavill (7), Merlin Hanbury-Tenison (2), Piers Dixon (8), Andreas Ugland (2), Henry

Kirchner (8), Miles Kaye (7), Henry Reid (3), Tom Seccombe (6), Harry Hay (7), Chi Kavindele (2), Alex Pike (3) and Harry Soames(7). In the 5th Form Charles Gardner (2), Nick Plowright (3), Ed Page (3), Harry Darby (7), Paul Hinds (2), George Nissen (5), Will Tuely (7) and Zak Jordan (3) have all distinguished themselves, either on the Leadership Course or subsequently. The Royal Navy have some building to do but the Royal Air Force have Chris Dalton (4), Mark Leech (1) and Matthew Randall (1) to build with.

The Autumn Term saw big efforts being made to make up for the time lost to foot and mouth. Field Day saw a return to the usual pattern with Proficiency camping out in the grounds and learning to keep warm and cook! Advanced Infantry did an advanced patrolling exercise using some of the land from local farmers. The Navy went sailing and the RAF did a station visit and took to the air. The Spring Term was busier than usual because of the move of the Coldstream Cup. Field day was a great success with Proficiency having a visit to the Pioneers at Bicester followed by a night exercise at Yardley Chase. Advanced Infantry built on the Autumn Term Field Day and carried out a more advanced exercise at Yardley Chase culminating in a section and platoon battle run. The enemy, as ever, got thoroughly carried away and decided that they were South American bandits à la Zapata. Field Day was followed in quick succession by the Coldstream Cup and the Stowe Patrol Competition. The Patrol Competition, founded by Robert Jackson, is now an important date in the Cadet Force calendar and is run for the School by the Royal Green Jackets. Last year the competition had to be



cancelled because of foot and mouth. This year saw nine teams take part in a demanding overnight competition. Despite being tired from Field Day and the Coldstream Cup the Stowe team came a very creditable second.

A most important moment in the Spring Term was the running at Stowe of a small arms qualification course by the Cadet Training Team. This enabled eight of the CCF staff to re-qualify or qualify to run an indoor range. As a result the amount of shooting being undertaken has quadrupled and the standards being achieved have improved significantly. Indeed, as the Coldstream Cup report makes clear it will probably be necessary to make the shooting part of that competition more difficult as a result.

This term has seen a rather truncated programme because of the increasing inroads of examinations into the time available for extra-curricular activities. Nonetheless a successful Field day was held with Proficiency running a range day, Advanced Infantry going water-sporting at Willen Lake, the Royal Navy sailing and rafting on the Eleven Acre Lake and the Royal Air Force visiting RAF Cranwell before going flying. A very successful Casualty Cup Competition was also run which is reported on elsewhere. At the end of term the Army Section are taking a strong platoon to Leek camp for a week and at the same time another strong party are going adventure training in the Lake District.

The Combined Cadet Force at Stowe is going through one of the periods of staff turbulence that sometimes affect schools. This year sees the departure of the Commanding Officer (PVC), the head of the Army Section and of Proficiency (Anderson Company) (SHM), the head of the Royal Naval Section (AJW) and the head of the Royal Air Force Section (Mrs Cope). Luckily there are incoming staff to replace them. The Reverend Robert Jackson, erstwhile OC of the CCF returns in September both as Chaplain and as OC of the CCF, so that will be an easy hand over! MCE, currently the acting Chaplain, soon to be a fully fledged member of the Classics Department, will join the Army Section, Mrs Bennett will take over the Royal Air Force Section, and at least two of the new staff coming in September are expected to join the CCF and the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force sections in particular.

There is no doubt that, regardless of the staff turbulence, the CCF will continue to provide a wide-ranging and challenging programme. As ever, none of that programme would be possible without the hard work of organisation and administration and the enthusiasm and commitment of the SSM Ray Dawson. It would be remiss not to mention the cheerful hard work of Gerry Foster. Her appointment to help Ray has enabled so many of the projects that were on the waiting list to take place, thus making the CCF an even more effective organisation.

PVC

THE CASUALTY CUP, MAY 2002

The Casualty Cup competition over the obstacle course was a resounding success this year with all the records being smashed. Although the dry conditions helped, there is no doubt that the amount of training done by the best teams played a very large part in the results that were achieved. The overall winner was Walpole in a record time of 2 minutes 7.69 seconds. This broke the previous record by some 17 seconds, a remarkable achievement over what is not an especially long course. The young Walpole team deserve every congratulation for this splendid performance. Only three seconds behind them were a very well drilled Grenville team led by David Hervey in his swan song. Chandos followed by Grafton also broke the old record and are to be congratulated for their strong performances. Cobham also put in a good performance with their A team coming 5th just outside the old record. The girls competition was dominated by a very strong performance from Lyttelton. Their A team smashed the girls record and just missed breaking the old boys record by 0.03 of a second. Their time of 2 minutes 24.03 seconds would have placed them 5th overall! It was good to see so many teams entered for the competition and this bodes well for the Coldstream Cup next year.

New Records:

Boys – 2 minutes 7.69 seconds (Walpole)

Girls – 2 minutes 24.03 seconds (Lyttelton)

THE COLDSTREAM CUP, MARCH 2002

The Coldstream Cup was held on a dry but very cold and windy day in March this year. The ravages of foot and mouth had meant a postponement from October. It was followed in the evening, as is now customary, by the Coldstream Cup Dinner. The Competition lived up to the high standard of its predecessors and saw some startlingly good performances. As usual the Coldstream Guards supported the competition providing Captain Jamie Rous and Colour Sergeant Peberdy to judge the drill and turn out and also the individual prizes for the winning team and for the Best Cadet. The CCF is very grateful for their generous support. Major General Michael Tennant, late Royal Artillery was the Guest of Honour at the dinner after having spent most of the afternoon watching the Competition and talking to the participants and competition staff.

Nugent won the drill and turn out closely followed by Lyttelton with Grenville only a very short head behind. It has become almost customary for the girls to win the turn out and drill. It is mostly because they put in more effort than the boys at this particular part of the competition. The shooting which followed saw Grenville, Chandos, Cobham and Chatham tie for first place with an excellent 29 out of a possible 30. With the standard of shooting in the School improving so much the competition will have to be made harder next year.



The obstacle course and run saw some magnificent performances in cold conditions. Grenville were easy winners over the obstacle course, some 9 seconds ahead of Chandos who were a very creditable second with Grafton not far behind. The run which included a log carry, the crossing of the Copper Bottom and then of the Eleven Acre Lake saw Nugent come in just ahead of Grenville and Lyttelton with Grafton not far behind. Sadly, one member of the Walpole team had to be rescued from the water and was unable to complete the course. It has to be said that the water for the lake crossing was exceptionally cold. This would not have been the case if the competition had been run on the planned date.

Grenville came out clear winners having come first in the shooting and obstacle course and second or third in everything else. It was a fitting triumph especially for David Hervey their team captain, in his last year, and a most loyal and committed member of the CCF. Nugent

were a worthy second with Lyttelton and Chatham fourth equal. The overall standard was very high and reflected the enthusiasm and determination of the teams, not just on the day, but in all their preparation and training beforehand. There is no doubt that consistency across all the disciplines is the key to victory. The Nulli Secundus Cup for the best overall performance by a cadet during the year was awarded, deservedly, to David Hervey. The prize for the best drill team leader in the Competition went to Allegra Galvin for her accuracy, confidence and calm control. The day was rounded off with a splendid dinner in the Music Room. As ever, the catering staff did us proud and the CCF is very grateful for their support. General Tennant's reply on behalf of the guests was very amusing and showed that he had not missed much during his afternoon watching the competition.

PVC

ARMY SUMMER CAMP

The key to the success of this year's camp lay in the fact that we had a small group of willing attendants, a mixture of both NCOs and cadets. This made it possible to operate efficiently with a minimum of effort from the senior NCOs, enabling the entire group to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

The camp's programme included many military and civilian activities. Even though we did not get the good weather that we were blessed with last year, everyone managed to gain the maximum enjoyment from the rock climbing, canoeing, and map reading.

The last of these events caused quite a shock, in that most of the group managed to lose themselves, with only one pair actually making it back with all checkpoints reached in the time allowed. Even the senior cadet (without naming names) managed to miss out a large number of checkpoints, much to his embarrassment, PVC's disgust, and the group's amusement. PVC still refuses to believe that my compass was broken.

The night exercise was by far the highlight of the camp. Due to our lack of numbers, we were joined with another school of larger proportions, instead of running our own private game of 'Cowboys and Indians', as PVC so often calls it. We formed our own section, and were given the task of organising ambushes on the enemy section throughout the night, which at first seemed an impossible task, considering the size difference of the two forces.

The weather didn't really help. The enemy was

nicely shackled up in an abandoned farmhouse, while we were camped on the exposed hills, being battered by formidable winds, and drenched by sudden and unpredictable downpours, while trying to trudge through the marshes. We were successful, however, and the climax came when the enemy attempted to assault our camp after we had rudely awoken them with a dawn raid. Imagine twelve cold, wet, exhausted Stoics lying in the mud, waiting for a force of some forty rested, dry, well-fed enemy cadets to storm their only means of keeping dry.

Imagine their elation then, when a group of bleary-eyed, miserable, moaning cadets fired a few half-hearted shots in our direction, tried one or two times to approach our three well-defended positions, and finally gave up. I think every single one of our squad deserves an enormous amount of respect for putting up with the appalling conditions during the night, and still being able to laugh at the end of it.

During the rest of the week, we also managed to beat the assault course record again, a record set two years ago by the Stowe team, of which I was proud to be a part. I think everyone came out of the experience with a few good stories to tell, and even PVC may have managed to slip in one or two events into his endless list of interesting anecdotes.

I sincerely look forward to next year's camp, and hope that we can take with us an as willing and good-humoured group as last time.

CHRIS LYON

RAF SECTION

This year has been very busy within the RAF section. We have 39 cadets who have been lucky enough to experience various aspects of the RAF from flying at RAF Benson on numerous occasions, wing walking on a static Hercules at RAF Lyham and spending two days at the RAF College Cranwell, Lincolnshire.

Last summer we had three cadets going on various courses from a gliding scholarship to a leadership course at Frimley Park.

Our camps have again been a great success. Last summer we went to RAF Mannington. This summer we are off to RAF Waddington, Lincolnshire, but the highlight was when Corporal Matthew Randall and I went on the Easter camp to RAF Akrotiri in Cyprus for two weeks. A truly memorable experience. A big thank you goes to

Flt Lt Cope, Sgt Jones, Sqn Ldr Foote, SSM Dawson and Jerry Foster without whose help it would not be possible to do all the activities we do.

D. BENNETT

When I went to RAF Akrotiri in Cyprus I did many things and made lots of new friends. While I was there I was able to go to the beach (despite the snow), visit many areas in Cyprus, including the Trudos Mountains. In the base, I visited every section. The Wessex helicopters were based there and I was able to fly in one and help fix the engine when it broke down. Also I was able to see a lot of classified areas including one American part, most of which is top secret. I had a great time and felt privileged to have been chosen to attend the camp.

MATTHEW RANDALL

Looking over RAF Akrotiri, Cyprus from a Wessex helicopter



SPORT

ATHLETICS

The Athletics team enjoyed a very successful summer which included wins over Wellington, Haileybury, Forest, Epsom, Solihull, Abingdon, St Edwards, Marlborough, Pangbourne and Tonbridge. Culminating in the highlight of the term Ollie Tree and Marilyn Okoro both running the 400 at the English Schools Championships.

With Easter falling so early and the Whit bank holiday moving back a week the first half of the summer term offered many chances for the athletes to excel.

As ever Sports day opened proceedings, although unusually it occurred on the first Saturday of term due to an unfortunate clash with the London Marathon on the Sunday.

Early markers were certainly laid down by Ben Morgan in the 200m and Jon Akroyd in the hurdles. Ollie Tree looked to be toying with the opposition in the 400. Dave Hervey, the season's captain, had to work much harder as he led home a strong middle distance group.

The shot unearthed a new talent, Harry Scarffe, leaving a disappointed Chi Kavindele as the team mascot once again. Timing problems in the discus caused difficulties for some of the throwers, but the return from exile of John Rainton looked like being a much needed boost for the jumpers. Sadly like the England football teams performance at the World Cup, it was to prove another false dawn.

The season began in earnest with a trip up north to take on Solihull, the Birmingham suburb.

The tone was set for the term, intermittent sunshine with a strong wind prevailed. Dave Hervey led home Alex Pike for a 1-2 in the 800m. Matt Gracie & Merlin almost repeating the feat in the 1500m. Alas as was to be repeated throughout the

season John Rainton bombed out in the long jump with 3 no jumps. Ben Morgan looked strong in both the 100m and 200m. Ollie Tree created a real shock for the home team, allowing their best 400m runner who had never previously lost a race at the distance to come alongside before effortlessly accelerating away with 150m to go. The relay teams as expected dominated the proceedings.

In the younger age groups Henry Barany impressed in the 100m. Sunmade Lademeji knocked a further 10 seconds off his 1500m pb. Rob Colvin jumped well and looked strong in the 200m where he beat off a spirited effort from Henry. The highlight had to be Ben Corner's triple jumping.

The Junior team began to take shape around a core of Keith Leon Jeffrey Yip, James Gold & Will Bowkett

The local event with Buckingham and RLS was inevitably dominated by the sprinting of Craig Pickering, but Jamie Wemyss, Tom Feehan & Tom Allport also impressed with good wins.

The trip to Radley saw the juniors take the scalps of the hosts, Abingdon and Marlborough. James Gold, Dan Calvert and Alex Sykes all stood out with fine wins.

The Inters additionally turned over St Edwards and Pangbourne who could not raise a team in the juniors.

The Seniors showed great strength in depth with the guest competitors fighting out for first place with their team mates in the middle distance races. Ollie Tree edged out Dave Hervey in the 400, before moving to number in the Temple rankings after a real kick over the last 200m saw him edge out Andres Ugland with the team runner Alex Pike left to languish back in third. Andreas did recover a little of his dignity beating the guest runner Merlin Hanbury-Tennison in the 1500m but both had to give best to Matt Gracie. Max Stanley won the Shot Putt and Neil Holder managed

2nd in Discus.

With such a great team spirit it was no surprise that for the first time in nearly a decade the senior team managed to turn over Epsom at the Cholmeley Shield finishing 3rd behind Highgate and Eton, but beating Wellington, Bedford Modern Haileybury and Forest.

It was fitting that Ollie Tree won the trophy for best track performance, his individual 400m was followed up with an exciting last leg in the 4 x 400 which saw us overawe first Highgate then Eton and finally Epsom to win the final event of a great afternoon of athletics.

Sports Day was won by a resurgent Chandos, Lyttelton took the Girls trophy in a one-sided contest.

AMcD

BADMINTON

The season began promisingly as the new L6 Girls who opted to play Badminton were very keen. With the guidance of the "Old Hand" U6 girls the team played valiantly led by Kirsty Marsh. Again however, some of our opposition put up very challenging teams and our winning streak was delayed until the final match of the term against Bloxham. Well done all who played. Many thanks for your support and we look forward to an excellent season next year led by the new Captain, Isabelle Katthagen.

The boys Senior and Colts teams also played in some fine and challenging matches. Led by Gareth Sharp, the seniors showed expertise but unfortunately not enough to dominate teams from Oratory and Abingdon. The Colts team are quite brilliant show great promise for next season. They played fabulously at all times, losing only one match in the season. The present 3rd and 4th forms hold many potential players and the Autumn term for Badminton in 2002 could well be a victorious one for Stowe. The boys new captain will be Max Green.

KMN

BEAGLES



The opening meet on Boxing Day – first time out since Foot and Mouth.

National Beagling Schools Steeple-Chase in November at Eton. Won by Chris McGee who beat the 'hare' with Charlie Shirley-Beavan and Merlin Hanbury-Tenison coming second. Together with Miles Kaye, Stowe won the national title.



CLAY SHOOTING

Clay pigeon shooting remains a popular and keenly contested sport at Stowe. We are very lucky in the services of Chris Lockwood and Bob Spademan who come to Stowe twice weekly throughout the year to act as our coaches. Our shots use various traps around the tower located on the furthest extreme of the Bursar's Field adjacent to the Bourbon playing fields.

The team took part in three major competitions this season and they were able to field A and B teams in all of them. It was, however, a great pity that the English Sporting Championships or Nationals coincided with our first exeat weekend and the May Bank Holiday. As a consequence we were unable to attend.

As in most sports we seemed to improve as the season progressed. We had a slow start at the West Midlands School shoot which was held at the Gerlands shooting club near Tamworth. It was a tough shoot in the conditions – by the reckoning of the organiser about 8 birds harder than the previous year. Anyone shooting over 40 – as our captain, Charlie Gardner achieved – was adjudged to have done excellently. We did not get our team selection quite right and as a consequence our "A" team only beat our "B" team by the narrowest of margins. We came 6th and 7th out of a field of thirteen schools.

Our next major competition held a month afterwards on March 22nd was the Warwick Challenge. This contest saw us in a better state of preparation. Once again in blustery conditions – a feature of all this year's competitions – and a very demanding course, Charlie Gardner, our captain, put in the best result. With a highly creditable score of 34/50 he was the second highest scoring individual. Harry Hay also performed very well with a personal tally of 31 placing him in fifth position. Our teams also performed with credit securing fourth

and fifth places.

The next weekend we were at the Eastern region Schools championship which was held at Northampton Shooting ground. This competition, sponsored by Eley Hawk Ltd, was the high point of our season.

Our "B" team of Oliver Carr, Charlie Beldam, Thomas Greenaway, James O'Donnell and George Simms shooting over a easier course did well and came 3rd out of about twenty competing schools.

Stowe "A" team (Harry Hay, Joshua Myerson, Jamie Leggett, Charlie Gardner and Stuart Randall) also emerged with credit coming 4th again out of 20 and beating in the process old rivals like Bromesgrove and Oundle.

The highlight of the Summer term was a fiercely contested House competition. All the Houses managed to field at least one side of four with many managing to put together a second team also. The Houses like Temple and Grafton who have a preponderance of the School shots dominated the event as the results below show. There were some fine performances from younger shots like Guy Wyles in Walpole which suggest promise for the future.

CHJ

CRICKET

Junior Colts A

On a very competitive circuit the side persevered throughout the season and ended up with a win, a tie and six defeats. Captained initially by Ed Adair and later by Harry Taylor, the team would have benefited from a greater commitment to practice during the early part of the season when the opposition was at its strongest. Having said this there were some splendid individual performances and a number of players can look back at a season in which their own game matured significantly.

Highlights of the season included a superb century by Harry Taylor in the match versus Oakham, and the batting contributions of Elliot Holmes, Rupert Rowling and Charlie Sheldon. Charlie Sheldon also finished with the most wickets with Matt Ramsden backing him up well. Fielding was somewhat mixed – there were some good catches and stops but again more concerted practice would have paid dividends. There was no doubt that Archie Leon and Graham White were

Final scores and positions	Total Clays 60
1st= Grafton AHay, Tuely, Egerton.	45
1st = Temple AGardner, Randall, Marley	45
3rd Grafton BMeyer, Myerson, O'Donnell	43
4th Chatham ACampbell, Bacon, Pitcher	34
5th = Chatham BGordan, Janson, M-Lewis	32
5th = Temple BLynch, Arkell, H-Tennison	32
7th Grenville BReid, Sheppard, McClure	31
8th Walpole AHirsch, Kirchner, Wyles	28
9th= Bruce AWust, Leggett, Simms	27
9th = Grenville APowers, Carter, Puxley	27
11th Cobham BKirk, Chichester, Pestov	25
12th = Cobham A -Amir, Laing, Consett.	23
12th = Walpole BAtherton, Howard, Worssam	23
14th ChandosKenyon, Cameron,Thacker	21
15th Nugent ACathcart, Clarke, Lobel	16
16th LytelltonChute, Forde, Russell	15
17th = Bruce BKennan, Gallimore, Jackson	13
17th = Nugent BPilkington, Knott, Bruce	13

missed – when they were available to play – against St Edward’s – there was a greater urgency about the side and a hugely exciting game ended in

a tie when Stowe lost their last 2 wickets with the scores level on 210.

The squad: Adair, Holmes, Taylor, Sheldon, Cooper, Ramsden,

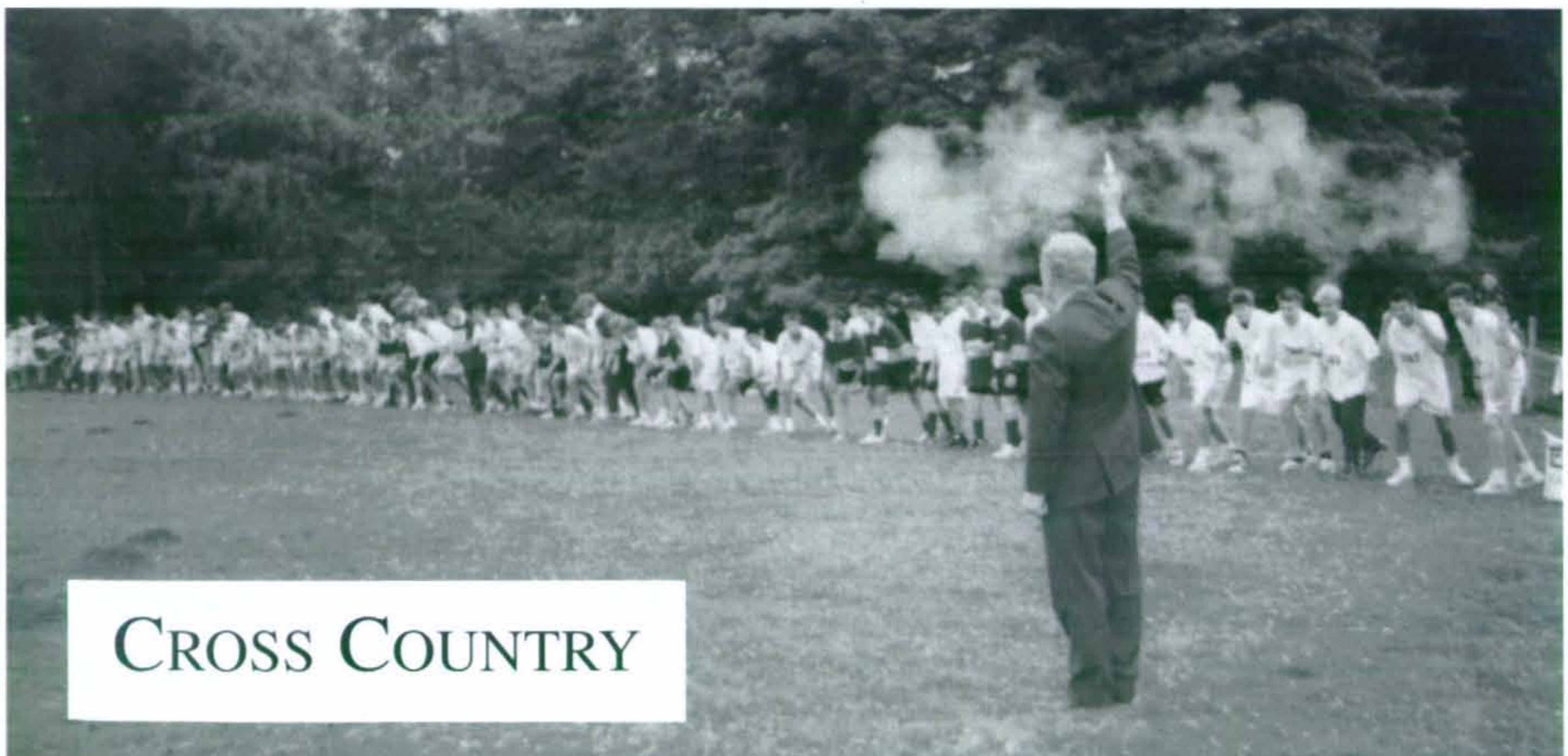
Derbyshire, Board, Allport, Scott, Lucas, Carter, Hodson, Wemyss, Leon, White, Wood, Kirchoff.

PMB



1st XI

Standing left to right: Henry Kitchner, Nick Pearce, Matt Johnson, James Whaley, Harry Cussins
Seated: Jamie Leggett, Olli Cullingworth, Gareth Sharp, Harry Sheppard, Will Gallimore, Graeme White.



CROSS COUNTRY

CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country team, under the leadership of Dave Hervey, had another very successful season with more than 60 schools defeated.

A busy start before Christmas when Stowe hosted the English Schools Cup Final, for nearly 600 runners from as far apart as Truro and Durham.

This was followed by a high quality match between the Police, RAF & Fire Service, which came down to a great battle between the 3 internationals on show. The commonwealth games marathon runner Stuart Hall eventually winning the day.

The changes made to the school week were a real boon to the cross country fraternity. A return to a full programme of Saturday fixtures was backed up by the chance to run in more of the mid week relays. This gave our runners the opportunity to race at a much higher level than can be found on the local circuit.

The Knole Run at the beginning of term got things moving. The boys team, with Alan Griffin making his debut for the school team, finished the 10 km race in 6th place out 32 schools behind St. Albans, Winchester and Judd, but ahead of 26 schools including Harrow, Charterhouse, Wellington and Epsom.

This was also the first run for a very enthusiastic girls team containing Danielle Goodger, Sam Board, Lucinda Jones-Fenleigh and well led by Captain Anna Metzger.

One of the highlights of the season would have to be winning the county championship once again ahead of local rivals Aylesbury GS, Dr Challoners & RGS High Wycombe. This led to half the county team in both the boys and girls events being made up of Stowe runners.

For the tougher members of the team including Oleg Papazov, Merlin Hanbury-Tennison and Chris McGee, this was the second major win of the season, following on from the success of winning the Tough Guy.

The King Henry Relays began well, strong legs from Dave Hervey and Andreas Ugland put us into the top 10 of the 44 schools running, but missing runners left us a bit short on depth, and we slipped out of contention in the latter stages.

The Midland and Northern Independent Schools Championship was run on a fast flat course, a good taste of what was to come in the English Schools, but not to the liking of our stronger runners. Despite this we still managed to mirror our Knole Run result with a good 6th place behind Nottingham, Welbeck, and Sedbergh, but ahead of long time rivals RGS Worcester & Shrewsbury amongst others.

The last day of the season was the busiest of the term. Dave Hervey, Alex Pike, Chris McGee and Nick Wills contested the senior boys race at the English Schools Championships. With our entire girls team selected for the girls race, this was our best turn out for the county team in many a year.

This left Merlin Hanbury-Tennison at school to captain a team of Daniel Wuest, Volker Schwind, Ed Page, Freddie Laing and George Walker to victory over an Old Stoic team led in turn by Dan Pinnah.

The following 45 Schools were also defeated by the senior team during the term, Ardingly, Berkhamsted, Bromsgrove, Cheadle Hulme, Cranleigh, Dover College, Durham, Eastbourne, George Heriots, Haberdashers Askes, Highgate, Hurstpierpoint, KES Birmingham, King Henry VIII, Kings Canterbury & Rochester, Loughborough GS, Marlborough, Norwich, Oakham, Oundle, Radley, Repton, RGS Guildford & Newcastle, Royal Hospital, Rugby, Sevenoaks, Silcoates, Sir Joseph Williamson, Solihull, St Cuthberts, St Marys, Stamford, Stonyhurst, Tiffin, Tonbridge, Trinity, Uppingham, Verulam, Warwick, Watford GS, Wellingborough, Worksop and Wilsons.



Dave Hervey



Alex Pike



Chris McGee

FLY-FISHING

Once again the water was well-stocked with rainbow trout of various sizes, from 11 inches (28cms) upwards, including a few much larger fish to surprise the unwary, and as ever, we continue to be most grateful to Michael Stevenson at the Berkshire Trout Farm, Hungerford, for his very high standards; he tolerates, and indeed knows, no other!

Despite weather conditions occasionally resembling early spring rather than “flaming June”, a good number of fish have been landed and it has been particularly satisfying to see many of the younger members having such a fair measure of success. With warmer conditions now prevailing, some of our more discerning anglers have moved from the wet fly and sunken nymph to the perhaps greater excitement of the dry fly, with its concomitant thrill of actually seeing the fish take on the surface. Learning to wait just that short extra period of time before striking has been a most valuable object lesson to our less-experienced fishermen and will, one hopes, help to prevent too many tales of disappointment in future of “the one that came short” or “the monster that got away”, even if, in reality, it made a big splash, but probably weighed all of six ounces, (or, if you prefer, 170.45 grams!).

Having reached Stowe’s retirement age of 60, and looking forward to casting a fly once more in the delightful rivers of the Yorkshire Dales, I will always remember with the greatest affection the idyllic surroundings of the Oxford Water, with its wonderful variety of wildlife and exquisite setting. To have had the privilege of playing cricket on the South Front on a sunny day in high summer and to have fished this little lake in a balmy July dusk is about as close to heaven as I am ever likely to reach and for which I shall always be grateful. I am sure that innumerable past and present Stoics have similar feelings, and for those yet to come, you have a rare treat in store; tight lines, one and all!

MW



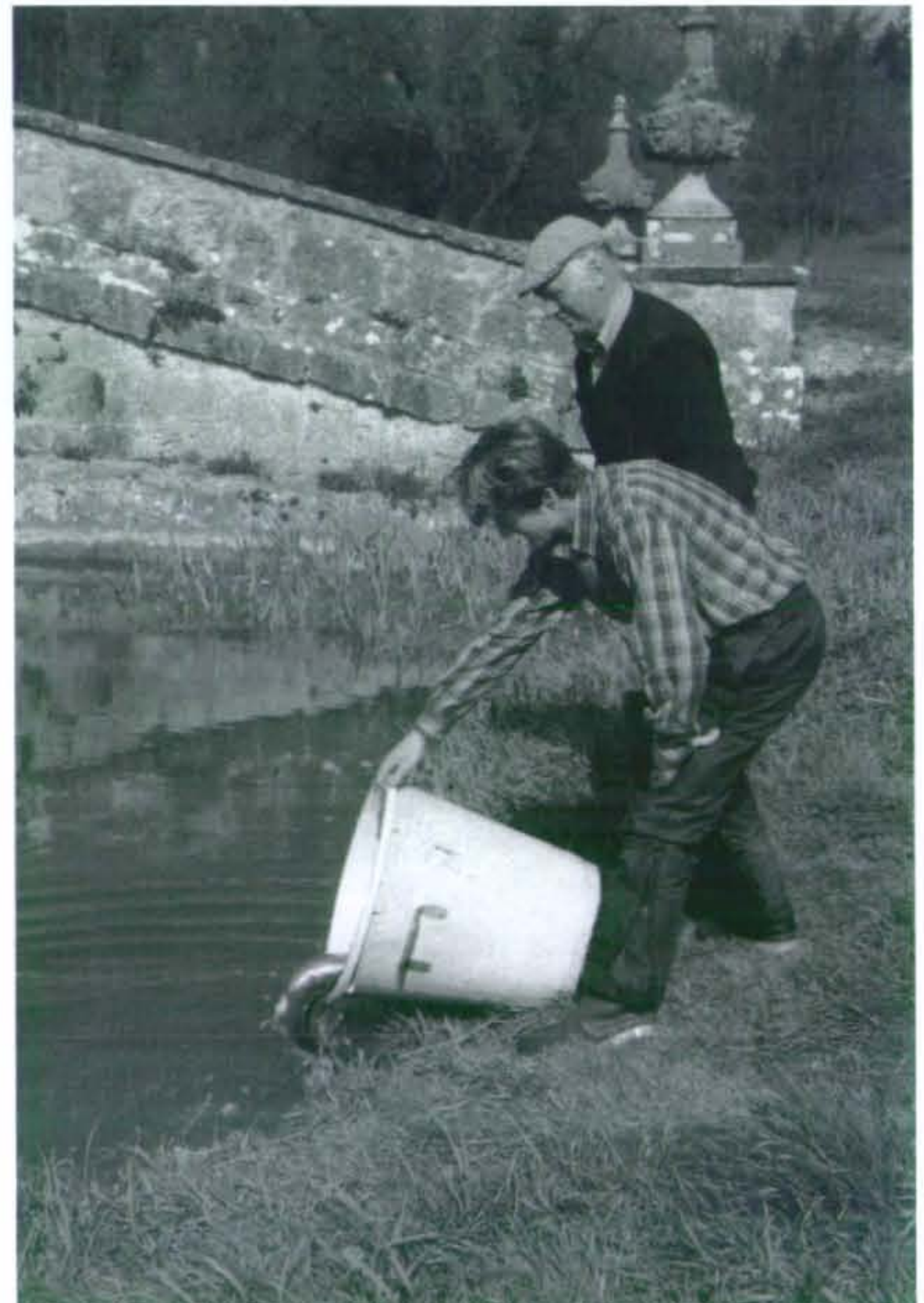
Marilyn Okovo



Andreas Ugland (102)



Merlin Hanbury-Tenison (103) and Will Gallimore (104)



Stocking the Oxford Water with trout from Berkshire Trout Farm, Hungerford.

HOCKEY

1st XI

Played 13, Won 3, Lost 10

With six players remaining from last year's side a strong crop of Lower Sixth formers and an expanded fixture list, this promised to be an exciting season for the 1st XI. Unfortunately things got off to a bad start when the pre-season festival to be held at Stowe, with 5 other schools visiting, had to be cancelled due to frozen pitches.

This lack of pre-season practice, limited practice time during the term, a string of injuries and the absence of key players for several matches meant that the results for the season did not really reflect the quality of much of the Hockey that the team played.

There were good wins against Bloxham, 2-0, the Old Stoics, 4-2, and in particular Magdalen College School, 2-1. There were battling performances in games against Rugby which we lost 1-2, and Shiplake where we lost 2-3 with only 3 of the side from the previous Saturday available, but all too often in the other matches the side lost shape and concentration for a 10 minute period (often just after Half-time) and let slip what they achieved in the rest of the match.

On a positive note, several of this year's 5th Formers have already been "blooded" to plug gaps in the depleted side, and a core of quality players from the team remain for next year so the omens are set fair for the future.

The following represented the 1st XI: Chris Lyon, Jamie Leggett, Tom Legge (captain), Jonathon Sayle, Andrew Pettefer, Henry Reid, Edward Prince, Vadim Pak, John Rainton, Harry Sheppard, Nick Forrester, Oliver Cullingworth, Nikhil Chauhan, David Ashby and Nick Prince.

With: Charlie Lech, Tom Brann, James Whaley, Henry Snagge, Henry Warhurst and Charlie Leet-Cook also making appearances.

Colours were awarded to Tom

Legge, Chris Lyon, Jamie Leggett, Andrew Pettefer, Vadim Pak and Oliver Cullingworth.

PCA

2nd XI (Stowe Wednesday)

The Wednesday had a marvellous roller coaster season. At times they produced scintillating hockey and put quality sides to the sword. The 6-0 destruction of Rugby was the finest example of the champagne hockey they could produce, quick passing, movement off the ball and devastating finishing ripped apart a side with a previously excellent record.

Capable of boxing the boxers they were also prepared to fight the fighters and ground out victories against Shiplake and a very physical Pangbourne team.

Defensively we were miserly. Snaggles was a revelation in goal, winning the most improved player award. Duncan Kennedey was always a spectacularly mobile wing back and learned position and possession are key at this level. Luke Worrall and Mike Laing are not orthodox but were devastatingly effective in the middle. Andrew Pettefer oozed quality and was too hot for us to hold onto.

Our midfield grew in stature across the season. Jeremy Robinson added an array of passes to his tight technical game and held the team together. Tom Durstan was a dynamo, he always looked on the point of breaking down but was our outstanding ball winner. George Woodfield added the asset of ball retention to his pace and movement. Hussain Safa played with intelligence, he changed from headless chicken to fearless assassin.

Up front David Ashby scored the most goals. As Linekar needed Beardsley, David played 30% better with Nick Prince as a foil. Dom Gordon put goals on a plate (6 times at Solihull!), Sam Tipper ran himself into the ground while Sharpe and Roe left it late to break into the squad.

From a coach's point of view the Wednesday were a super team to

work with. They trained hard responding to weaknesses shown up during the game and were great fun to spend time with. My own highlight was returning to Abingdon to end their 2 year unbeaten run.

The final word belongs to Louis Powell. Captain, Sweeper, Encourager, Distributer, Jab Tackler, Player of the Season.

BJLS

3rd XI

The season started with a 2-2 draw against a strong Radley team with Stowe showing great determination in coming back from 1-0 and 2-1 down. We followed that with a home win v Bloxham before losing 4-1 away to Kimbolton on a wild wet day and a bumpy pitch. A 4-0 win at Pangbourne followed by beating Abingdon 2-0 at home restored the spirits for a couple of weeks. The Teddies game saw us wait until nearly dark in torrential rain to use the astro pitch and in spite of much courageous effort we went down 4-1 and performing well in the second half. A tight game against Rugby ended in a 1-0 win for us although McKinnon ended up in the san with an enormous bruise on his foot. Our final Saturday match saw a goalless draw against MCS on a sticky North Front pitch which was a fair reflection of the game, Stowe didn't look like conceding a goal and only had three real chances to score the best of which fell to Sam Allen. Sadly we finished the term with a loss at home against Bloxham on the astro. With many players missing for various reasons our chances were diluted somewhat. Over the term some great goals were scored by Allen, McKinnon, Dalton, Jones and G Barrie, and Harry Hay's own goal header will go down in 3rd XI history. Throughout the season there was plenty of skilful play and great endeavour and the team spirit was commendable.

My thanks go to the Stoics who participated and to the groundstaff who produced such a fine North Front pitch for us to play on.

Girls

The girls 1st XI hockey team had a disappointing season in terms of results but they played with determination and spirit and the statistics certainly do not reflect the squad's hard work, commitment and performance throughout the term. Yet again we were plagued by injuries and were unable to field our strongest squad for most of the fixtures. The girls did however have pleasing wins over Bradfield, Marlborough and Our Ladies Convent, Oxford.

We have, yet again, been well supported at our home games, and indeed at some of our away fixtures, by a number of loyal parents, members of staff and Stoics and we would like to thank them for their support and encouragement.

The squad showed great commitment and enthusiasm throughout the season and were extremely well led by Captain Emma Blayney who was this Player of the Season. Henrietta Addams-Williams was a determined member of the attacking front line and was the winner of this season's Most Improved Player award. As a member of the Lower Six this year she will certainly be an influential member of next year's 1st XI. Lydia Southern and Emily Brooks were joint Top Goal Scorers. Coaching this team has been a pleasure and I would like to thank all those who have been involved for their time and hard work.

Colours are awarded to Emma Blayney, Lydia Southern, Tor Saner and Zita Nevile and Rosie Armitage has been appointed as Captain for the 2002-2003 Season.

TLH

Colts 1st XI

The Colts 1st XI of 2002 had an outstanding season and played fast, entertaining and exciting hockey. Their excellent results, losing just one match all season, are testimony to their teamwork, skill and commitment. Throughout the season the team improved considerably and showed discipline, spirit and deter-

mination. A visit to Radley for the first match of the season was one of frustration. Having dominated the majority of the play and securing a second half goal from Rob Colvin, with just 3 minutes remaining a breakaway attack saw Radley equalise. Capitalising on our chances became something of a theme for the term and despite the solid defending from an excellent back four of Whaley, Lech, Farr and Shann giving us the confidence to attack goals were hard to come by and the Colts drew with Bloxham and MCS Oxford. However fortunes changed against Abingdon and in a thrilling 5-3 victory the team began to show their considerable ability and potential and went on to beat St Edwards and Roade and sought revenge against Bloxham at the National Stadium in Milton Keynes. Unbeaten seasons are not easily achieved and with a number of injuries and Nick Forrester, who had been impressive all season in both midfield and defence, being selected for the Senior 1st XI, the team suffered a disappointing 1-0 defeat away at Rugby which ended their unbeaten run. In a squad with the strength and depth that the Colts enjoy it is difficult to highlight individuals. However special credit must be given to an outstanding midfield trio of Brann (Capt.) Leet-Cook and Holmes, all of whom have played with flair and energy but more importantly with an exceptional work rate and passion. It has been a pleasure to coach this squad and I look forward to watching their hockey careers flourish in the senior teams next season.

TLH

Junior Colts A

Overall, this was a good season of development for a group of players keen to do well. Charlie Farr was appointed captain and responded superbly to the challenge of organising the side as well as running the midfield.

In the first match of the season, at Radley, the team performed superbly to gain a morale boosting

2-1 victory. Although this was followed by a narrow 1-0 defeat at Bloxham the next two fixtures against Pangbourne and Abingdon resulted in successive wins, 6-2 and 4-3 respectively. Archie Leon scored 6 goals in these two matches and ended the season as top scorer.

The last match before half-term was against an extremely impressive St Edwards side. The team competed well until a five minute period midway through the second half. Five minutes before the scheduled end of the game the teams were forced from the pitch by a vicious thunderstorm with St Edwards ultimately winning 7-1.

The second half of term saw the team playing far more effectively as a unit. A change of personnel saw a reshuffling of the defence and added fire power up front with the addition of Ed Adair. Shiplake College were defeated 2-1 with some of the best hockey played by the team at any point during the season. Games were lost to Rugby and MCS but in the latter fixture only three regular players were available and opportunities were given to B team players.

At the end of term an enjoyable evening was had at the Sports Dinner and awards were given to Charlie Farr, Archie Leon, Rob Parry and Toby Lucas.

Played 9, Won 4, Lost 5

Goals for: 16, Against: 24

Squad: Parry, Yang, Farr, Carr, Lynch, Wemyss, Ashby, Leon, Scott, Lucas, Hodge, Dalton, Hirst, Weeks, Adair.

PMB

Yearlings A

Like Liverpool F.C., a historically successful outfit that has suffered recent lean times, the hockey club now looks to be on the verge of challenging for the major trophies.

At the outset we were a naïve side that went down to Loughborough and were passed, battled and manouvered off the park by the Leys, Oundle and Uppingham. The boys learned from these harsh lessons and always trained hard with an enthusiasm that

never waned despite the dispiriting results.

The first tangible evidence of their improvement came against Stamford in a genuinely thrilling no score draw. Our midfield began to dominate and our players began to believe in themselves. The next unfortunate opponents were Mill Hill who were crushed as we began to link up passes and move off the ball for each other.

Oundle at home, the return fixture. To turn around a 4-0 loss and win 1-0 was a great achievement, to do it in the fashion that we did was fabulous. Stowe played the hockey and guided their talented individuals up blind alleys. We were under pressure in the final 20 minutes but battled resolutely to hang on to a famous win, the grit and desire on display was a pleasure to behold.

The rematch against Uppingham was not a victory but a very satisfactory performance none the less. We held our own against a very strong team and very nearly spoiled their end of term celebrations.

There are many stars for the future here who have individual talent but more importantly are prepared to work for each other on the pitch and on the training ground. Their collective improvement has been enormous and I am sure will continue as they move up through the school. The future looks bright if you are in Blue and Gold.

Players: Gavin Forsgate, Tom Blain, Miles Gilbert, Max Stevenson, Max Darby, Matthew Broomfield, Charlie Walker, Hugh Viney, Charlie Margesson, Tom Tett, Olly Howe, Charlie Holden, Ed Hoy, and Henry Worssam.

BJLS

Yearlings B

The side has really enjoyed their hockey this term and their success is better measured in terms of improved performance rather than results. All players have given 100% and have worked really hard as a team – particularly when things have gone against them. The side has had 2 captains during the term-Ollie

Howe (who played too well and had to be relegated to the As) and Hugh Viney (who was promoted from the As and was a a born leader) Up front George Field, Sam Krajnyk and Oscar Gerland ran all over the place-usually in the right direction whilst Henry Barbier talked an excellent game and Johnny Bowden played havoc with opposition defences.

Max Darby also played well enough to be relegated whilst James Bradshaw served well when not playing tennis! Charlie Walker and Harry Banks added strength to the side when they were not playing for the As whilst Guy Trevor-Jones, Josh Chandler and Jack Coates were ever reliable at the back.

However, the star player in the 2nd half of term was Chris Fenton who saved 18 times as many shots as he let in.

PMB

Yearlings C

We played 6 matches, won 2, drew 1 and lost 3. The team showed great potential – and some awful lapses of concentration. At their best they moved the ball at great pace. Dan Calvert and Mark Stormont had one or two inspirational matches and Alex Ayoub proved to be an outstanding Captain.

Pace seems to be everything these days and with Charlie Morgan on one wing, Guy Wyles on the other and Jeffery Yip at centre forward there was plenty of speed on show. Ben Gaffney, Charlie Morgan and Alex Ayoub showed goal-scoring touches up front. The defence chopped and changed but George Thacker was a tower of strength as was Oli Wilkins. Will Drake had moments of brilliance in goal.

The season culminated in an exciting win against Uppingham at home (2-0). The players proved to be very dedicated and committed with genuine enthusiasm in both training and matches.

Well done to all. I much enjoyed the committed way you played your hockey. On to next season.

LACROSSE

Let me introduce you to the 2001 Stowe Lacrosse Team. I could begin by citing our successful record and statistics. Our record for regular, full matches was 6-1-1, losing only to St. Mary's Wantage and drawing with Uppingham. Even both of these results were or became success stories: the loss to St. Mary's was followed a few weekends later with a win against them in the Midlands Tournament, and the draw with Uppingham came as an improvement after a previous loss to Uppingham in the Midlands Tournament.

We also participated in two tournaments, coming in third at the Midlands Tournament and second at the Wellington Tournament. At Wellington, we had lost by one goal in the finals against Marlborough, who we ended up defeating handedly in a full timed match later in the season, 4-1.

If you're not impressed yet, the talent of our attack emerges when one notes that they scored an outrageous 103 goals in the only eight games and two tournaments we played in. The attack was led by our high goal scorers, Captain Maz Okoro, Lara Pilkington and Bella Chute when healthy. However, as any team player knows, goal scorers receive the glory while others are hard at work. Emma Foster helped to back up the shots behind the goal. Gabby Alexander went from a shy player to a confident, goal hungry attacker herself. Allegra Galvin improved her stick work, allowing her to score one of the final goals of the season. If looks could really kill, Daisy could have been more dangerous than she already was with her intense, aggressive glare as she got ready to put her defenders to shame. Emma Wright, with her hallmark spin move and ability to go left and right, was a threat who always came through when we needed her as well. Genevieve Beddard and Emma Knott were even able to contribute in goal-scoring through an injury and sickness-ridden season for each of

them. Our attack functioned as a team of strong individuals, who when at their best, worked together, each performing her role, small, large, in the spotlight or out of it.

A good team only becomes great though because of its defence, and boy, was our defence among the best, only allowing in 44 goals to our team's 103 scored. Captain Ems Smith led a young line-up to mature and mold as a team quickly. Sophie Lynch and Georgie Harker began as shy, quiet, timid players and turned into superstars...intercepting, forcing weak, and dropping to protect the goal. Katrina Varian's hard work transformed her from being a great attacker to being an even better, stronger, tougher, meaner, intenser defender who was one of our greatest hustlers. Katie Emslie was also an improved player, ending the season tighter and more aggressive on her opponent. Fleur Shephard, when healthy and not rehearsing, also made her mark on the team with her consistent, dependable skill and leadership at low defence. Finally, no good defence can stick together without a goalie who pulls her end, and Sofie Tkachuk, through bruises and sickness, showed up and always amazed us with her natural talent that still shone, even after having to

miss so much practice.

I would also like to recognise the contribution of latecomers, but none-the-less hustlers and hard workers whose courage and commitment were examples to us all...Lulu Jones-Fenleigh and Verity Taylor!

So how did this team become so successful? One answer is the leadership of the two captains. Maz Okoro and Ems Smith had a vision for the team, communicated it to myself and the team early in the season and worked hard to follow through with it throughout the season. They led as athletes on the field – with their hustle, their talent, their consistency, their dependability. They led as athletes off the field – at team breakfasts, finding a goalie when we needed one to fill in, at teas, befriending the lower 6 on the team outside of practice. Mostly, they led as strong, confident, proud women who understand what commitment, dedication, fighting hard and having fun means! They served as inspiring examples to the team as well as to myself.

A hard act to follow? Indeed, but the captains for next year, Juls Robinson and Lucy Dunseath, are up to the challenge! Juls is everywhere on the field. Her smile, heart and mind are intensely inspiring and

contagious to her teammates. Whether going for a groundball out of nowhere, whether shooting hard, whether hustling back to play defence, whether playing through pain, she gives everything she has as a team player...and what better way to approach lacrosse and all parts of life! While Juls dominates and leads the midfield next season, Lucy will lead the defence. Lucy began as a non-starter, but now she has become a mature leader of the defence unit. She uses her height, her strength, her long stick and her voice to lead the defence in a way that encourages them to take more risks, knowing she's back there to back them up. Intense leaders, but always team players, these two players will set the tone for next season to be even better than this one!

There you have them...the 2001 lacrosse team. Three months later, they are stronger, more talented, more confident, more dedicated to this sport and to each other, more team-oriented, and filled with more pride. On behalf of the coaching staff, I'd like to say it was indeed a pleasure to watch these young women grow not only as athletes, but as people.

ALH

RUGBY

1st XV

The season promised much based on the fact that many of the side that reached the Daily Mail Vase Final last year were available for selection again this term. It coincided that we also had the strongest fixture list for sometime, for example, R G S High Wycombe, Oakham and Radley were all added to the high calibre schools already included.

Unfortunately, this season we experienced a desperate run of injuries which robbed us of several key players for much of the season. For the last three matches five of the first choice backs were injured with

broken limbs.

After beating M C S Oxford comfortably the first big test arrived in the shape of Uppingham The side dominated the game for long periods but gave important penalties away at crucial times, non more so than in the last minute, with a slender 13pts to 12 advantage a silly offside at a scrum 20 metres out allowed the visitors to snatch an ill deserved victory.

Oakham were next up who later in the year won the Daily Mail Cup and had been undefeated the previous year. A late arrival prevented a thorough warm up and the boys were

always struggling against a well drilled outfit but to their credit held them to 16 pts. After a comfortable win against local rivals Royal Latin we entertained R G S High Wycombe at home. A soft try in the first minute was followed by some aggressive play by the pack ably led by Matt Johnson who had a fine season providing much of our lineout ball, but he too suffered from injury and missed a good proportion of it. It was after 20 minutes of the match that the Captain, Malcolm Riley, and play maker, suffered a broken ankle and needless to say his season was finished, His tactical awareness,

kicking ability and pace were sadly missed and one wanders how far he may have progressed on the representative ladder had he survived. Greg Cushing a capable scrum half stood in that day and the rest of the season to steer the ship. He has a good eye for the half break and with a little more pace could prove a promising player for the future. We eventually went down 25 – 5 but it is a measure of this side and what could have been when one realises that R G S were knocked out in the semi final of the Daily Mail Cup by Oakham.

The next six matches were all won except for the Daily Mail Cup match against Reading. As a school we do seem to make hard work of playing against teams of lesser pedigree than our usual fixtures. Let's not take anything away from Reading, on the day they were the better team and we gave away far too many penalties again. It does give rise to the question which team gets more highly motivated playing on the North Front, Stowe or the visitors.

John Cleveland was the most notable scalp in mid term. They have been chosen by Leicester to be one of their satellite academy schools and it will be interesting to see what difference this will have on their future.

The last four matches included the likes of St Edwards, Bedford and Radley all of whom were having very good seasons. It so happened that our injury problems were mounting and we were having to dip further into the second team to put out any kind of a side at all. Gone were the likes of Tom Legge, Ed Baker, Harry Sheppard, Harry Beamish, Matt Gracie, Nick Pearce Nathan Witts and the Captain and Vice Captain already mentioned, all of whom had been to Twickenham the previous year. To the credit of such individuals as Jamie Ryde, Will Badger, Henry Kirchner, Andy Pettefer, Harry Vere Nicoll, Will Barker and the both the Prince twins none of the teams mentioned were able to overrun us and in particular

the Radley fixture epitomised the refusal to give in which a lesser squad would surely have. In the end the team lost 8 and won 7 in the normal autumn term. This year after Xmas we moved to two term Rugby and Hockey, allowing boys to make a choice and the school to develop promising players of both sports. Fixtures maybe hard to come by, at least of a competitive level, but certainly for boys such as Neil Holder, who narrowly missed selection for England U18 Schools, Chi Kavindele, Harry Scarffe, Ben Forbes and Jason Phipps the extra term has seen a huge improvement and can only aid their Rugby development. This extra term has meant a spreading of our staffing resources and I would like to thank all staff for their second half contribution in particular Craig Sutton and Barney Durrant for steering the senior squad in new uncharted waters. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Ed Blackmore who leaves us after his short spell with at Stowe and in particular to Steve Malling who has been a big influence upon Rugby here at Stowe, not only preparing our Colts for their step into Senior School Rugby but his time and effort with the Bucks U16's and more recently the South West U16'S where his first hand information has allowed Stowe to influence the destiny of some talented players.

Finally I would like to wish all those boys who have represented Stowe on the rugby field and who leave us this year, the very best of luck for the future what ever level of rugby they pursue in the future. To the boys remaining, summer well, next season bodes well and some exciting times lie in front of us.

AH

2nd XV

A strong second team lined up for the first match of the season on our favoured South Front pitch. Our opponents were MCS, a rather more lenient start than in previous years. The team was made to fight hard however and only just won the game 8-5. A week later the more daunting

Uppingham awaited. Again on our home pitch, the 2nds pulled off one of their best results for some years by winning in the last few minutes. A thrilling match with many heroes. With spirits high we travelled to Oakham. On a horrendous day weatherwise, we fought hard, but eventually lost by the slim margin of 5-8.

Even at this early stage of the season, the team sheet was having to be altered weekly as many boys picked up injuries. With several 1st XV players not able to take part, some boys were asked to step up. This was a great opportunity for them, and many played well enough to secure their places for the remainder of the season.

A tough match against a very good RGS High Wycombe was followed by another tantalising loss to Abingdon, again by 8-5. Whilst our defence was proving to be strong, we were not finding it easy to score tries. Gaps were being created, but not exploited.

Bloxham proved to be a more pleasing match as work done in training clearly showed as all chances were finished and a healthy score of 38-0 was returned. Finch-Knightley, Rainton and Ryde all scored heavily. Players such as Will Fox, Ju Manomaiphan, Rob Habib, Rory Cheyne, Rory McIntyre and Will Barker were emerging as the solid team players around which we based our efforts. Congratulations to them on their performances.

Infuriatingly our match against John Cleveland again saw us lose by 3 points although it was a great performance by all. The end of the season fluctuated between comfortable wins against Windsor Boys and Mill Hill, and rather less comfortable losses to St Edwards, Radley and Bedford. By the end of the season the team was completely different from that at the start. It was a shame the season was so disrupted by so many injuries. The players who did step in certainly did not let anyone down, but it is difficult to build the necessary team spirit with so many changes. I hope all the players

enjoyed the season as much as their coaches did and hope to see many of them in the 1st XV next season.

RCS/BGD

Senior Sevens

The Senior Sevens squad approached the short season of four tournaments with real enthusiasm and determination. Stowe's record in Sevens Rugby has been very strong in recent years, and with the core of the 1999 Douai U16 winning team now in their final year, we had high aspirations.

Our first tournament was at Solihull School. We were up against a very confident Loughborough GS who exposed some early season rustiness and caught us cold. We quickly adapted however and learnt valuable lessons. Tremendous improvement followed, as we marched on to win the plate competition, beating Solihull 40-0, Dean Close 42-0, with Neil Holder scoring a remarkable 7 tries in 14 minutes, and an encouraging victory over Bedford Modern 27-5 in the final. One tournament, one bit of silverware. We ended the day a much stronger outfit and had developed an effective style of play based around an organised but ruthless defence. Outstanding players included Malcolm Riley and a very influential Harry Beamish.

Our second outing was a trip across the border to Wales. We arrived at Herefordshire as relative unknowns. We certainly knew little about the teams we were up against, many of which seemed to have far too many consonants in their names! We announced our arrival by beating Gwyr, holders of the U16 title, much to their astonishment. We continued on to gain our revenge over Reading for beating us in the Daily Mail Cup, and won our group by beating the perennially strong Christ College, Brecon. With gale force winds and lashing rain, the quick feet of Vadim Pak, Greg Cushing and Ollie Tree were proving too much for the opposition. Unfortunately we drew Llandovey College in the quarter finals, a team we were all keen to

avoid as they had four players with International experience. We fought valiantly but were overcome 19-7.

The following day saw us return to the Douai 7s at Newbury. Again the weather was atrocious and a rather exhausted team struggled to continue their giant killing acts. Many new players did gain valuable experience and enjoyed beating Oratory and running Marlborough close, only to lose by one try. Particularly heroic efforts were produced by 5th former Jason Phipps who played in every 7s tournament this term and eventually forced his way into the starting seven.

After a week to recover, we mounted our final challenge at the Rosslyn Park National Sevens. Unfortunately we were caught up in traffic in London, and on arrival were immediately instructed to play Cheltenham College. We went two tries down and were playing poorly. At half time we were facing a disastrous end to our season. However the strength of character in this squad is such that they refused to surrender and overcame a stunned Cheltenham 15-12. We then had to run to another pitch and play another fancied team, Sevenoaks. We managed a rare 0-0 draw, so knew we had to pile on the tries in order to go through as group winners.

After finally having some rest we regrouped and overcame Latymer Upper and Giggleswick comfortably. We scored more tries than Sevenoaks and so won our group. This was the fourth time Stowe have won their group in the last five years. To reach the last 20 teams out of 125 schools so often is a record many bigger schools would be proud of.

A dramatic match against Eton followed in the play off stage. We were leading with one minute to go, but an agonising moment followed as they scored a breakaway try to win in the final seconds. We realised we had been put out by a strong side and later results suggested that we were amongst the strongest sides in the competition. A tremendous amount of determination, strength of character and self-belief has been

shown by this year's squad. Will Gallimore, Nathan Witts, Nick and Ed Prince, Tom Sowerby and James Finch-Knightley all contributed in a major way. We may not have won any tournaments this year, but it was clear that Stowe was one of the strongest teams in the country.

RCS

3rd XV

We have had a very enjoyable season in terms of practising, training and preparation for matches. All the boys have worked hard and have been quite prepared to put in a lot of effort and commitment towards improving their individual and team skills. However, our performances against other schools, both individually and collectively, have never quite matched that of our practice sessions. This was particularly noticeable in the final match of the season against Radley, where we were soundly beaten by a much fitter, stronger, faster and more skilful team. 2 days previously, in the preparation for this game, several of our team members had to be restrained from over-zealous contact and tackling. Against strangers from Radley, however, we were content to let them set the pace of the game and make all the running without ever threatening to put up any of the solid wall of resistance that we were capable of. This was a great pity, as we had the opportunity to end the season on a real high note and I know the boys were collectively quite disappointed with their overall performance.

We had one victory during the term against Bloxham, where we won 20 points to 8, and this was a super game. Both sides were prepared to run and pass and it was made even more enjoyable because this was the only team we met during the season which we could say with any certainty was a similar side to us in terms of ability and experience. One lighter moment in this game came as we were having a period of uncontested scrums, as one of the front row was unused to playing in that position, and even then

we managed to lose 3 against the head. The boys were very buoyant after this performance and had we been able to have fixtures on the following two Saturdays I'm sure the opposition would have felt the effects of this renewed confidence. However, both these games were unfortunately cancelled so we had a long delay before meeting an extremely strong St. Edward's side, where once again we were outplayed. The Man of the Match in this game was Max Kuipers, who demonstrated a phenomenal work-rate and tackling count. He was everywhere, and it was no surprise that soon after this game he was promoted to the 2nd XV.

In one of our games against Akeley Wood, I have a strong suspicion that we fielded one of the heaviest front rows that a 3rd XV at Stowe has ever put out. The combined weights of Pledge, Sanchez and Elphinstone would not have been far short of the weight of the cricket square roller that was standing idle at the side of the pitch during the match! Despite being able to win our own ball in the scrums, we still found the Akeley Wood 1st XV too much in terms of attacking back play. They soon discovered that our strength was in our powerhouse scrum and cleverly avoided the confrontation by moving the ball wide and exposing our lack of pace.

Andreas Ugland as hooker developed very well during the season and, although he needs to perfect his throwing-in skills, his physical contribution to the team was exemplary. Pestov, a tall boy in his own right, caught the ball prodigiously for us in the lineouts, being hoisted by stalwarts such as Elphinstone, Sanchez, Nohl-Oser and Dixon, all of whom played a strong part in the season's performance. In the back row James Gordon was very conscientious about perfecting his place kicking skills, and had we been able to score a few more tries he would have had more opportunity to practise under match pressure conditions. At half-back Jamie Cumming and Rodney Langer-Paget developed a good

understanding and both these boys have another year at school, so with a slightly more committed approach towards practising skills and techniques they could well find themselves in a more senior team next year. James Keenan and Jon Akroyd played most of the season together in the centre and provided a certain stability in defence. Again, had we had more opportunity to attack with the ball in hand we would have seen a definite improvement throughout the season in handling and attacking skills. Both these players were dedicated throughout and had this commitment spread to all 15 of the players all of the time, then the scores would not have been quite so easy to come by for the opposition. Peter Tromans, Charlie Squire, Ed Ritchie, Hugh Maclean, Charlie Driver and "Velcro-Hands" Seb Rickard all played and contributed whole-heartedly to the team effort. There were some good moments during the term and I would pay tribute to the boys' enthusiasm in the face of adversity. With a little more self-belief and with a bit more luck on our side some of the results might well have been different. Most of the time we were playing a strong rear-guard action, and although the results indicate some fairly hefty scores against us, a close examination of the statistics of those scores would show quite clearly that our second half performances were outstanding. When the chips were down and we were losing quite heavily, never once did the team drop their heads and give up – quite the reverse in fact. In particular, in the matches against Abingdon, St. Edward's and Bedford, where the game was virtually lost in the first 10 minutes, the opposition always found it very hard to penetrate our defence during the second half of the game. This is testament to the courage and commitment that the boys showed at all times and I do congratulate them on these particular performances.

LEW

Colts

Won 7 Lost 8

Phew!!! What a season this had been. A season that certainly stretched the coaches approach and determination to the limit. I cannot remember, in 17 years of coaching, having such a difficult coaching season. Even at the end, although much had been achieved with the squad, little had been achieved with certain individuals who found learning and progressing within a team environment difficult. With this squad we worked a great deal on individual skills trying to develop evasive techniques utilising good footwork and balance. This became a feature of every session and although it took ages before it appeared on the field, it did eventually become established.

The first match against Magdalene (17-8) saw us with a victory, which was well earned against fairly weak opposition. Uppingham proved tougher and much improved defence work managed to keep the score down to 19-34 despite having a good second half. It was from this match that we started to have some belief that we could actually compete with the bigger schools. Rugby school was next and this side had had a good run in the Daily Mail Cup last year. The scores were all but level at half time and we had shown some attacking ability whilst looking more and more solid in defence. Rugby eventually won a tough game 7-22 and the feeling was that the squad were improving dramatically. The journey down to RGS High Wycombe made the coaches wonder whether an upset was on the cards. It was this match that showed the true metal of the team where we threw the towel in early and gave up. Little tackling was in evidence and several individuals had decided that the game was lost before the kick off. A real shame as this left a deep scar on the coaches who had felt much progress had been made. The final score of 3-47 was kept low as we decided not to compete the rucks and fan across the park to defend. This avoided us relying on individu-

als to tackle. It was necessary to lay our cards on the table and talk about what the squad really wanted to achieve and what they felt they could achieve, especially with tour coming up and 34 boys electing to go. At Abingdon we picked ourselves up again and showed greater determination to only go down 12-24. A very good win was had against Bloxham 24-12 where things looked as though they were coming back together again.

The Cornwall tour really focused our efforts and coaching and significant strides were made with both A and B teams. Two good wins against Truro school and against Newquay found us travelling down to Penzance with the chance of being undefeated in Cornwall! Not to be though, the B team found themselves against a very strong U15 side whilst the A team could not find the determination to overcome a rather scrappy Penzance U16 side.

The loss of the squad's captain through injury meant reorganisation in the backs and consequently the defence. Good wins were had against John Cleveland college (22-0) and Mill Hill (22-0) where the opposition were held out from our try line. Not the case against St. Edwards though! Recalling the first ten minutes, we were all over St. Edwards winning significant quality ball in the forwards. It looked as though we would turn the tables, however poor individual defence let us down on a number of occasions and we allowed them to run in three tries. It looked like another RGS performance. At half time some harsh words were said and the second half performance looked determined and unlike RGS we must have had 50% of the ball but found it difficult to actually cross the line. The final result 0-47 did not reflect our contribution to the game but again highlighted individual weaknesses. The journey down to Windsor proved more fruitful and I was particularly pleased for them that they were able to pull themselves back up with a solid 29-5 victory that caught Windsor by surprise. Bedford was a

very tough fixture and resembled a chess match in parts. It was necessary to keep adjusting the tactics as each side took turns with possession. Inevitably two missed tackles was the difference in a very tense and tight match (3-22). After the Bedford match the coaches felt that we could have a good go at Radley in our final match. We certainly did have a good go and had chances to win. It was this match that would have given us a winning season. If you had asked the coaches at the beginning of the season, whether they thought the A team would have a winning season, and win it against Radley you would not have got a confident reply. The team were very unlucky indeed not to achieve this feat. Had certain individuals been more focused in training we may have earned the right to that final victory.

Never the less, as a squad, they had done remarkably well. To achieve what they have this season is tremendous. Not only have they won seven matches but have come close to some very strong opposition indeed. I must thank Chris Terry, Mark Edwards and Ed Blackmore for sticking with it against strong odds. I hope they can look back on the successes of the season to motivate them for the new season next year. Thanks also to Alan Tydeman and Barney Sandow for their help and support on tour. Thanks to Jane Hamblett Jahn and Lisa Greatwood for joining us on tour and supporting the teams from the touch line.

SHM

Junior Colts A

Played 13 Won 6 Lost 7

The initial selection of players for the Junior Colts was a squad of twenty-one players from last year's Yearlings A and B teams. The first game two days after the start of term against Magdalen College School away was very much a trial situation. The first half was very even, but we failed to capitalize on our opportunities and in the second half our defence made too many mistakes allowing the opposition to score two tries and we eventually lost 0-17. A

week later we played better, but lost to Uppingham 0-24. After these two games it was obvious that whilst there was a choice of good forwards there were obvious weaknesses in the back line. Jamie Wemyss had moved to flyhalf the previous week so playing a conservative ten man game we beat Rugby 12-10 in our next game. Against Royal Latin we tried several combinations in the backline and relied heavily on the forwards who played well and we ended up winning 24-11. The following game was against a very strong R.G.S. High Wycombe, Rupert Lynch scored an excellent try from the back of the scrum 25m out. Unfortunately we could not maintain our lead. They came back very strongly and scored two tries and we also lost Rupert who was injured in a ruck about half way through the first half. In the second half they ran in several more tries and we also lost Ben Hirst with a broken nose, the eventual score was 7-75. The game against Abingdon was very close but had to be called off early due to an injury to George Ashby resulting a loss 5-22.

The team regrouped and with backs and forwards combining well won the next three games. The first against Bloxham 17-7 at home, then against a strong John Cleaveland away we recorded a 17-10 win due to good tactical kicking and excellent running by the backs including an excellent try by Kwok Luk playing at full back. The next game against Mill Hill was the highlight of the season, having lost the previous year as Yearlings the opposition were very confident. However, the forwards played well and the backs defended well, as well as running in some good tries, the result being a 33-0 win. We then came down to earth when losing away to St. Edwards 5-31, the game started badly with some missed tackles in the first 15 minutes, giving the opposition 3 easy tries. We then woke up and the rest of the game was very close. The game against Windsor Boys was very tight with no quarter given and we were unlucky to lose

5-0. A great deal was learnt in this game, especially the need for total commitment throughout the game until the final whistle. The last two games we lost to better sides, although we put up a strong showing in both games, the scores being 5-24 against Bedford and 3-37 against Radley.

During the season all the players developed well and the team ended up a strong unit, although we were still short of a recognized flyhalf after Wemyss moved to fullback. We had our fair share of injuries, so rarely played our top team. The props were Johnny Heung, Alex Howard and Richard Fraser-Smith, who held the scrum up well. At hooker Tom Allport not only hooked well but was dynamic around the field, Benji Nesbitt deputized for a couple of games when Tom was injured. The 2nd row players were Max Kirchoff and Ben Hirst who both provided good ball both at scrum time and in the lineout. Elliott Holmes was excellent at flanker, covering the field well; Elliot also went for a Buckingham Schools trial. Rupert Lynch was formidable on attack and impressive in defence. Kevin Kim played blindside flanker with good effect. Chico Farr, at scrum half captained the team, always led from the front, as well as delivering good ball to the backs. The backs played well but varied their positions as we tried to formulate the best unit. In the end our speedy wings were Oliver Collins, Kwok Luk and Albert Derbyshire who between them scored some excellent tries. Gary Higson and Il Yang played well together in the center after George Ashby moved to flyhalf. The flyhalf and fullback positions caused problems at the start of the season, but in the latter part of the season we settled on George Ashby at flyhalf and Jamie Wemyss at fullback both these players ran strongly and kicked well.

Thanks must go to the two coaches DGB and ACT for their efforts during the season.

CHARLES FARR

Junior Colts C

The initial team trials at the beginning of the season saw the promotion of a number of former players to both the A and B sides. This shuffle however saw us strengthen our squad with a much needed injection of pace on both wings through the inclusion of Nick Campbell and Harry Bowden.

The season opened with a tough contest against Uppingham. And following a lengthy coach journey and trek to the pitch we were left with little time to prepare and gather our thoughts. The first half saw us concede half a dozen tries, a total that subsequently proved to be decisive as we played far better in the second half, scoring ourselves through Zak Jordan and only conceding one dubious score.

Our first home fixture saw us entertain Rugby, a much larger and more physical side who broke clear very early to score two quick tries, denting the teams confidence. Following repeated defending deep in our own 22 Rugby failed to add to their score and we were able to snatch a breakaway try just before half time. The second half saw a much more confident and physical Stowe side with greatly improved tackling and we were soon able to draw level, unfortunately a combination of tiredness and fitness allowed Rugby to run home a late score to snatch the game. A pattern of good second half performances was beginning to appear.

A spate of injuries in both the A and B squads saw a depleted team face Oundle on the South Front. The performance however did not mirror this as we defended well against a much larger Oundle side through the strict organisation of the forwards. At half time we were only 5 points down. In the second half we conceded an early try but responded quickly with a closely run in try from Lionel Ashun. For the remainder of the game we dominated but we were unable to take advantage of this possession as often the final pass was lacking. An excellent game for the

spectators but an annoying defeat.

The resulting weeks saw a number of fixtures being added and withdrawn from our schedule and although this did not give us valuable match practice it did see a couple of new members join the squad, namely Sam Vance Law and Matthew Dalton. Our next two fixtures saw us face Oundle once again, losing narrowly, and St. Edmunds whose size and organisation proved too much for us.

And so we move on to Shiplake, the first game that our coach was not able to attend. The structure of the team was depleted given that we had lost both our first choice Wingers and Hooker but fortunately other key players still remained and the team had a number of willing replacements. This game saw the squad totally dominate the game in all phases of play with the team using a number of back and forward moves to penetrate their defence. Although the tries were shared amongst a number of players Alexander Rosedale's individual run from the Half Way should be highlighted, as should Charlie Hodson's performance with two tries, strong defence and excellent leadership.

Our first win was recorded and the team confidence restored.

In summary a developmental season that has seen the improvement and confidence of all the members increase with many of the players showing the ability to progress to both the A and B squads.

SJP

Yearlings B

Played 9 Won 6 Lost 3

The season started with a good win at home against Prince William College 39-7, with both forwards and backs combining well to score seven tries evenly distributed between the forwards and backs. The next game was at home against a confident Stamford team, but with excellent defence in the backs and driving play from the forwards, led by Gaffney, we won 31-17. This was followed by another good win in a very close game against QES

Barnet, 10-7. The next game brought the team down to earth with a heavy loss 5-31 against Uppingham who proved to be too strong in the backs. Travelling away to The Leys we had a comfortable win 31-5. The next game against Northampton was one in which we allowed the opposition too much space by poor tackling and after a reasonably good first half we allowed them to run in several easy tries in the last quarter, eventually going down 12-52. Having learnt from the mistakes of the previous week the tackling was much better and a close game resulted in a 19-0 win. Wellingborough had played only a couple of games and proved no match for our driving forward play and strong running in the backs, the result being a 48-0 win. The final game was very disappointing. The Oundle team was very strong and without Ed Hoy at scrum-half, who was playing for the A side, what little ball was obtained by the forwards was distributed too slowly to the backs, the final score being 0-44.

There were several changes of position during the early part of the season, but after the half term the

squad settled down. The props James Bradshaw and Will Drake served the team well, with strong driving play as well as holding their own in the scrum against all opposition. Miles Gilbert at hooker was doing very well until breaking his arm at practice halfway through the season; Kahlil Kassam who started the season as a centre took his place. In the second row Will Close-Smith, Mark Stormont, Alex Ward and James Gold shared the position and all played well. Ben Gaffney proved very effective at Number Eight and developed well as the season progressed, he led the forwards throughout the season and took over the captaincy in the last three games. The flankers, Robert Harrington, Matthew Nguyen, Jack Coats and George Fosett improved during the season. There was no obvious scrum-half at the start of the season, Charles Morgan was the early choice but after a few games reverted to wing or centre and Ed Hoy took over and played out the rest of the season. He developed a good combination initially with Matt Broomfield and later with Tom Tett. Matt

Broomfield Captained the team from Fly Half for most of the season guiding the team to some good wins. However, in the last few games Matt was injured and Tom Tett took over as Fly Half. The centres Gavin Forsgate and Charlie Holden played well together both in attack and defence and also combined well with the wings Charles Morgan, Jeffrey Yip and in particular Freddie Toye whose deceptive running resulted in several tries. Charles Colville also played at both centre and wing during the season. Guy Wyles played most of the season at fullback to good effect in most of the games.

The season was one of development and all learnt a great deal about the game during the season from both Mr. Dawson and ACT. This was a real team effort as there were no real stars but everyone played to the best of their ability. At the Sports Dinner Ben Gaffney was acknowledged as the player of the season and James Bradshaw as the most improved.

ACT



Budge Pountney (Northampton & Scotland RFU) was Guest of Honour at the Sports Awards Dinner in December 2001. Here he is seen presenting 'Player of the Season' awards to Miles Gilbert and Charles Margesson (Yearlings Hockey)

NETBALL

First VII

Emma Blayney was the impressive captain of this strong Stowe 1st VII which did not quite get the reward for a season of unstinting effort. The squad was plagued with injuries which resulted in the team only playing together for a couple of games as a complete squad.

The firsts fought with great heart against Malvern Girls and Berkhamstead but to our misfortune losing away from home so early in the season on both accounts. The third fixture saw Stowe play St Edwards at their most impressive, an immensely tough and grilling match resulted in a dramatic win by the opposition. This was a fast paced match and highlighted the influence Maz Okoro had on the set play.

Lydia Southern began to feature

prominently in the team and her enthusiasm and determination helped Stowe to win the games against Bradfield College and Lord's Wandsworth. Laura Vinden joined the First VII for these games and impressed her coaches with her improved shooting style.

The first home fixture saw a comfortable win over Bloxham (40-28), excellent court play and accurate shooting from Emma Blayney and Joanne Bowen-Jones left the opposition's coach saying 'these girls are slick'. Unfortunately close defeats followed by Downe House (15-20) and Uppingham (15-20) ending the season.

Second VII

This year's 2nd VII was led by a determined Victoria Saner. The team had a good season after also falling prey to Malvern Girls and Berkhamstead early in the season.

Against St Edwards in the wind and rain the team worked with pride and enthusiasm but were narrowly beaten away from home. This match motivated the team who upped the tempo for the remaining matches which were to be played in front of home crowd. They played with determination and accurate netball skills and shooting from Laura Vinden enabled the team to dominate play on court. This led to excellent wins against Downe House, Uppingham and a nail biting draw against Bloxham.

Overall the teams performances throughout the season is to be commended with some outstanding netball skills seen, good sportsmanship and excellent team spirit.

				LMC
	Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st VII	9	3	0	6
2nd VII	6	2	1	3

SAILING

We have again had good numbers of Stoics sailing during the summer term. Exams, however, have taken their toll. Moreover, although the new shape of the week has maintained a full afternoon's sailing, now on Wednesday, it has reduced the time available on a Thursday. Nevertheless the seniors made good use of Great Moor during the first half of the term, while the less experienced learnt in Toppers on the Eleven Acre Lake at Stowe. The latter were able to enjoy sailing the 420s at Great Moor during the second half of the term.

The sailing team has been composed mainly of upper sixth. They have been an excellent group of very pleasant Stoics, although winning matches was not always their forte. They all earned their colours for their loyal support over many years. This season it has been good to welcome James Hayhurst-France who has also been training with the Buckinghamshire county youth

squad. His expertise paid off, especially in the match against Magdalen College School. After winning one race each, all depended on the last lap of the last race. The points lead changed four times between the teams during the last two legs, but in an superbly executed manoeuvre, James succeeded in taking out a MCS boat five metres from the line to allow Stowe to clinch the victory by one point. Nick Wills and Richard Robinson, a fifth-former, sailed well against MCS and the latter also against Bloxham, as did George Percy. St Edward's allowed Stowe to use their new boats to compete in an individual contest at Farmoor in very windy conditions. This year the team entered the eastern area championships of the BSDRA. They were outclassed overall but learnt much from the well-organised day of racing.

The school competitions were all keenly contested from a good number of competitors. As always, sailing depends on the dedication of several members of staff. We rely on

the valuable skills of DWJ and SGAH. It also has been good to have BJLS expertise available on Wednesdays. We appreciated too the support of CGG and PSR at the Eleven Acre Lake.

House Matches:

1st Cobham, 2nd Temple.

Helmsman's Tankard: 1st George Percy; 2nd James Hayhurst-France, 3rd Henry Snagge

Junior Pennant Competition:

1st Edward Lotto, 2nd Alastair Russell.

School Matches:

Magdalen College School won 2-1; St Edward's: individual competition; Bloxham: lost 1-2; Rugby: lost 0-2.

Team from: George Percy, Henry Snagge, Edward West, Nicholas Wills, James Hayhurst-France, Richard Robinson, Sam Allen. Sailing colours awarded to: George Percy, Henry Snagge, Edward West, Nicholas Wills, James Hayhurst-France.

MJB

SWIMMING

Swimming at Stowe has improved this year with the arrival of new swimming coach Mr. Stewart Cowie. Mr. Cowie, who hails from Scotland where he has been coaching for 10 years, soon had the swimmers working hard in the pool. The main problem has always been getting the swimmers to train regularly and all the year round. This year was no exception, but we did manage to get some of the swimmers to start training in September and the results were a much fitter team. The new timetable at school meant that we were unable to swim away except on Saturday, but we continued to hold our home matches on Tuesdays straight after school.

The season started with a match at Rugby against Rugby and Bromsgrove unfortunately we were not allowed to have our strongest team as being a Saturday, cricket and tennis had priority. However, we took a full squad and competed in every event. Some of the junior swimmers had never raced before but all of them performed well. The Intermediate team was particularly strong which boded well for the rest of the season. The result for the boys was a narrow loss to Rugby, but we beat Bromsgrove. The girls swam strongly but came third.

The following Tuesday a full team competed against Loughborough and Uppingham at home. The result of an earlier start to training soon became evident and the Junior and Intermediate teams led from the start and the Seniors won in a tight finish.

The six schools race at Hailbury the following Saturday saw a changed format with only one swimmer per event, our swimmers again produced excellent times but only managed to come fourth overall. There was only one other full senior girls team and although the girls swam well they were just beaten in the final relay by Hailbury.

Against Berkhamstead all teams girls and boys had a conclusive win.

The gala against Eton and Oakham was very close between Stowe and Eton with Stowe taking the honours in the Junior and Intermediate section and Eton the Seniors, Oakham came third overall.

The galas against The Leys and Bloxham again resulted in good wins to Stowe and in the final gala against Pangbourne a mixed team of girls and boys in the lower sixth, fourth and third form came out the winners.

This year we were invited into the Otter Challenge which takes place the night before the Bath and Otter Cups at Crystal Palace. Held at St. Pauls in their 25m pool, it is a senior competition against 18 of the top schools in the UK. We swam very well and came a creditable 15th. The next day we came 16th out of 24 in the 4x100m Medley Relay and 42nd out of 62 in the 4x100m Freestyle, a great improvement on last year.

The Senior team of Ed Baker, Henry Bartlett, James Bowkett, Charles Cavill, Tom Durston, Dimitry Pestov, Andrew Pettefer, Tom Pledge, Nick Reed-Clark improved as the season went on. Nick Reed-Clarke was particularly impressive in the 100 metres Freestyle, as was Ed Baker when he recovered from his knee injury.

The Girls team struggled to produce good results this year due to a lack of swimmers and illness. However, they were well led by Allegra Galvin who broke records in both the Freestyle and the Butterfly. The rest of the team consisted of Eimilie Howlin, Lucy Dunseath, Emma Smith, Sam Board, Jules Robinson, Sophie Lynch.

The Intermediate team was very impressive this year winning 4 out of their four matches coming 3rd in the six schools and 2nd to Rugby in the first match. The team consisted of Robin Bogh-Hendrikssen, Benji Seebohm, Rupert Lynch, Dominic MacDonald, Dominic Merritt, Andrew Parsons, Max Kirchoff,

Edward Radcliffe, Freddie Wynne, Joel Kennedy. The stars of this team were Robin Bogh-Hendrikssen in the Backstroke and Freestyle, who also broke the freestyle record several times; Benji Seebohm in the Breaststroke, who broke the 50m Breaststroke record at virtually every outing and Rupert Lynch in the Butterfly who also broke the 50m record. The relay team broke both the Freestyle and the Medley Relay records several times during the season. The wins, however, could not have been achieved without the backup of the rest of the team.

The Juniors were the best team and just got better and better as the season progressed, winning 4 out of 6 and coming narrowly 2nd to Rugby and 2nd to Harrow in the Six Schools event. The team consisted of Tom Feehan, James Randell-Coath, Alex Ward, Charles Colville, Henry Worssam, supported by Henry Barbier, Peter Ross-Beeby, George Fossett, Freddie Toye, Matthieu Nguyen and William Blackham. Alex Ward broke the 50m Freestyle Record during the season. This team has tremendous potential and we hope to see them do even better in the future.

Colours were awarded to Allegra Galvin, Emma Smith, Eimilie Howlin, Ed Baker, Nick Reed-Clarke, James Bowkett, Andrew Pettefer, Henry Bartlett, Dimitry Pestov, Robin Bogh-Henrikssen, Benji Seebohm.

Swimming at Stowe is improving and this is due largely to the efforts of our new coach Stewart Cowie to whom our thanks for the season must go. Thanks must also go to my team this year, Di Bisp for the organization of events, Kensa Broadhurst for scoring and Jonathan Kingston for assisting the coaching. The galas would not be able to be run without the assistance of the matrons who did the timing and our thanks go to them for their help.

ACT

TENNIS

Seniors

1st VI results:

Oundle	won	6-3
Abingdon	L	3-6
Oratory	won	8-1
St. Edwards	L	4-5
Solihull	won	7-2
Warwick	L	4-5

All six players contributed enormously to what turned out to be a very enjoyable and rewarding season. Ed Edsell captained the team thoughtfully. He is a player who runs on high emotions but he balanced this well to lead the team as needed. His tennis progressed tremendously this term. His application of the theory of sport psychology worked wonders for his game.

Louis Powell proved to be a very solid team player. His excellent left handed serve was the platform for many victories. He was unflappable at all times. Tom Legge added experience and patience to the team. He managed his rather volatile partner well!

Max Green, Tom's partner, began rather erratically, but to his credit he matured to make good use of his talent. He was unstoppable when on his game. Vadim Pak was the court jester. His amazing speed and courage, allied to his sense of humour really lifted the team.

Rob Colvin added a 'retro' aspect to the team. A tremendous competitor, he will be an important part of the team for the next two years.

Wow, do we look good in warm ups! The team pull out all sort of great shots, imposing themselves on the opposition, in our pristine kit (thanks to Miss Hooker). My worry was that we might take this 'bull in a china shop' approach into matches, which might start to cost us.

Our first match was against Abingdon. My fears were realised as we hammered every ball in sight regardless of its merits and produced too many unforced errors. We returned having lost, but importantly, learnt a valuable lesson – the ball has to go in to win!

A week later we travelled to Oratory. We approached the game in a more measured manner and observed them make the same mistake we did in our first match. We won convincingly. We were improving rapidly.

By now the team had been training intensely, with coaching for 8 hours a week. The pairs in the second team were pushing hard for places so there was no time to let your guard down. They were really getting into their stride. We produced some excellent tennis to beat Oundle in our first home match. Max Green and Tom Legge were on fire and the dependable Pak/Colvin and Powell/Edsell pairing proved to be too strong for their opponents.

A crucial match against St. Edwards followed. On the day the opposition played their best tennis of their season according to their coach and unfortunately we just lost by one set. This really hurt. The weather took a turn for the worse and the next two matches were cancelled. We bounced back to beat Solihull easily, after which things started to calm down as we approached the dreaded exam season. Unfortunately we lost our last match to Warwick on disappointing astro courts.

Overall it was an good season. The youngster really progressed and the standard of tennis was high throughout. The senior squad was a pleasure to coach.

2nd VI results:

Abingdon	won	8.5 – 0.5
Oratory	won	9 – 0
Oundle	won	9 – 0
St. Edwards	won	9 – 0

What a season! This was an extremely strong team as the results prove. The pairs of Hugh Wilson and Tom Brann were really a first team standard pairing and were never troubled in any way. Being only 5th formers, they will have two years of first team tennis ahead of them.

Chris Roe and Nick Prince/Hussain Safa also proved to be effective, in a rather less textbook

way. They are competitive boys who always gave 100%.

Rupert Davies and Johnny Sayle proved to be very solid and also did not drop a set all season. They also added alot of height to the team!!

The team contributed much to training sessions with the 1st team. Both teams train together and the seconds pushed the senior boys very hard indeed. With so many younger boys in this team, the future looks very strong.

RCS

Girls

The tennis team had its share of highs and lows this summer term. While it can be difficult to play during revision and exams, the girls did maintain focus and have some fun. One high point would be our first match against Pangborne, in which each pair won all matches. After that, the competition did increase. While the matches became more difficult, the exciting part was that the girls improved with this greater challenge. Captain Harriet Scott led the team with firsts and seconds changing throughout the season. Tessa Collins and Izzie Katthagen normally led the team at #1, with Katrina Varian and Maz Okoro's athleticism at #2 and Harriet Scott and Zita Nevile at #3. Gen Beddard and Davina Blair were the most consistent team we had and therefore had a few matches with the firsts as well. Other seconds players included Rosie Armitage, Juls Robinson, Ems Smith, Sophia Hesketh, Laura Gaze, Milka Marinova, Kirsty Marsh and Victoria Saner. The thirds did not get as many matches but did have fun when they had their chance. Thirds players included Anna Hewitson, Georgie Bennett-Warner, Anna Metzger, Emma Foster, Fleur Shepherd, Verity Taylor, Bex Forster and Sam Board. Well done to the effort of the tennis team this summer term!

LJG

Creativity

Roxburgh Prize for Verse

THE VERY IMAGE

THE EYE

It was carved in pale grey stone
Which had for centuries
Been lost in the sands of time,
And weathered severely.
The image that it portrayed
Was that of a huge eye,
Contained in a triangle,
Glaring like the centre
Of a vast and fiery sun.

As I stepped towards it,
I noticed the ground beneath
Was for some strange reason
Trembling as if petrified
Of the consequences
Of the movement I had made.
That is when I saw him:
A giant hooded figure
Upon a chariot
Of black wood, clutching a scythe,
And then it all went black.

RORY CURTIS
JUNIOR PRIZE WINNER

NARCISSUS

I, Narcissus, am the soul of beauty,
I draw on everything around me.
Now I am a lake, and all that is near
Comes to bow and lap up life from me,
Vainly stretching out their necks too far:
Look too deep and they fall in.

Now I am a spoon and light pools in my face,
Licking my contours suggestively
As I sit in the hand of my holder.
I bend the light and conceal the truth,
Ensnare the mind of my master.

I hang omnisciently on the wall,
Held by thorns of roses that adorn me.
All that pass catch a glimpse of themselves-
So much more than they want to see,
But they worship my honesty.

At night my darkened face peers into glass.
I bridge the gap between light and dark,
Presenting an image that straddles them both,
The very image you cannot perceive
With proud and tearless eyes and vanity.

What a voracious picture I must be,
Endowed with such deep shades of pride,
Painted with such suggestiveness.
A transient idol, though a mere reflection,
A shadow of what is really there.

How distracting I can be – look away,
For you will see what is really there,
Not the obsession that deceives you so.
So turn away from my frosty stare:
And find the very image of yourself out there.

EDWARD COMBER
SENIOR PRIZE WINNER

MICHAEL AND CORDELIA

Prologue

The incentive had been there all the time! He felt he had perhaps wanted to lash out at her since she had first dared to betray him. The pent-up anger furiously bottled up in him had just waited to blow and he was shocked just how much had poured out on the woman. The first blow had killed her but he had carried on and on, inflicting much damage to her, enjoying his power over a human body. Everywhere was matted with blood that was draining into the woodland carpet. Her fine hair jumped out at angles, a sticky brown. She lay so still that flies had already landed and were starting the feast of their lives. He was glad he had taken the spade. She had never suspected of course, why he should take a spade on a walk. He started work with the murder weapon. A new life was just around the corner, dawning over the horizon with new excitements and possibilities and maybe even a new girlfriend....

A year later...

'BOO!' Michael startled up with a large intake of air.

'It's only me,' Cordelia said. As if he didn't know!

'Yes, darling, of course it would be you.'

'Oh, so you knew!' She sounded genuinely disappointed.

'Yes,' he said, playing the game further, looking about just to wind her up.

She started to look nervously around the densely fitted foliage too, as if there was a menace amongst the green curtains.

'But how did you know it was me?' she whined with one last exasperated moan.

'Because you're the only person here,' he told her as if she was five years old.

'I love you.'

Michael wasn't surprised at this statement, as she said it, sung it and shouted it all the time. Now, she girlishly pecked him on the cheek, her soft perfume showering down on him.

'And you know why.' She paused as if inviting him to enquire, but he didn't.

'Because...' She paused again with self-

conscious pleasure radiating.

'Because you treat me as myself, not some immature little five year old. You see, that's me and no one seems to understand it. You're so clever. Everyone else seems to be living with cotton wool over their eyes. I just missed out on a childhood.'

Michael was struck by this rather formal, sad little speech and for a moment he loved her.

'Can we play a game?' The love disappeared as quickly as it had come. 'I'll be the fairy and you can be the evil prince.'

She swept away. Cordelia always managed to appear comical on these occasions, arms held to her chest as she flapped just her hands, making her teeth stick out, pouting as she flew innocently crashing into Michael.

'You better chase me. I'm the Queen Fairy and I can't fly very well.'

'You're only a 27 year old executive at Vodaphone,' Michael thought as he ran to her.

He raised a sword and chopped a wing off.

Cordelia looked slightly surprised and did a whooshing noise as she crashed into the ground still vainly flapping one wing.

'Fairies don't really fly well once one of their wings gets chopped off. Have mercy on me handsome Prince, a poor delicate fairy like me.'

Cordelia pretended a faint as one hand rested over her eyes. 'Resuscitate me so I may not breathe my last.' He resuscitated and she woke.

They headed on their way again.

'Please don't do that again, Cordelia. Whatever will other walkers think?'

'I couldn't care less what other walkers think.' Cordelia marched on nose upwards and started to make owl noises.

'Twit two, Twit two.' Then, as she was bored, using both her hands three long extended hollow hoots came out.

'Wow! Isn't that good! I had no idea I could do that. Shall I do some more?'

'No, No.' Michael was almost shouting.

'You don't like me, do you! I knew it all along. You're just like the rest. You think I'm immature, don't you. I thought I made you happy. Well, I hate you, so good riddance!'

Floods of tears rained down Cordelia's face.

'No, I'm sorry! I didn't mean anything. This is just a minor misunderstanding. Look please forgive me. Make as many owl noises as you like.'

'Do you really mean it, can I make as much noise as I want?'

'Of course. Cuddle to prove it?'

'Cuddle?' She peered up at him and he felt she was very vulnerable in his arms.

Fully recovered, Cordelia was now entering Planet Zog as she decided to run round Michael, arms open wide touching him as he wearily trudged on making police siren noises.

'Do you like it, do you like it?' She had a fixed insane smile showing her front teeth.

Every so often, Cordelia would pounce on Michael from behind, clipping his ears or ruffling his hair.

'Do you like it, do you like it?'

'God give me strength,' Michael sighed and closed his eyes tightly, not wishing any of the outside world to come near him.

He screamed as he felt her tickling his neck and used all his force to propel Cordelia into the air. His senses slowed as he watched her move in

the air more like a fairy than she'd ever been before.

'Yippee!' she squealed with unbounded delight.

'Again! again!' as she downward dropped. Then, clunk and the crushing of bones. She didn't get up, only looked slightly bemused at the odd turn of events with her glazed eyes staring up at the heavens Michael hoped she would be entering soon. He could see she wanted to laugh but had decided against it, as this was her death and one had to look pretty serious about it. She lay where he had pushed. A new bone had almost forced itself out of the fragile neck that he had never noticed before. His body was shaking with shock so much he did not know at first that it was the sign of a broken neck.

'She's dead. She's dead!' Michael heard himself cry with overdue happiness before shutting up hastily in case there was anyone nearby.

Michael decided to leave her and run back home as fast as he could to fetch a spade.

It was the beginning of a new life again!

ALEXANDER ORCHARD-LISLE (5TH FORM)

WINNER OF THE JUNIOR PRIZE

OUTWARD BOUND

A white coach streaming water stopped
At the hard shoulder,
Bright streaks of Gortex spewing out,
With swishing traffic speeding past.
The children drop slowly to the wet tarmac,
The horizontal rain battering their skin,
Looking at the green hills crouched
Under a grey windswept sky,
Specked with trees, sheep like forgotten scraps of debris.
The winding rivers and curving valleys look so small;
The gaps in the clouds are no longer there,
A large imperishable sheet lies over them.
As the children gaze with the rain still pouring
On their faces, they look up:
Their camp site lies somewhere in the misty clouds.

NICK GREENWOOD 5TH FORM

THE SEA MIST'S JOURNEY

The Sea Mist, moving in swathes,
Always creeping on beyond its limits.

Round a corner it surges,
And silently carries on.

The curls roll over,
Always being fed by something.

It keeps on coming
As if some great frost wraith is exhaling.

It rises and falls,
Around the gold bridge.

It engulfs everything,
Halting only for the breeze.

Then this unimpeachable force,
Is gone.

MARK STORMONT 3RD FORM

A NEW LIFE...ALONE

'Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust' the vicar's voice boomed out, cold and unforgiving. The roses were thrown, red, yellow, and white. The condolences were made and the port had been drunk. The last guest had left and now she was alone.

She surveyed their sitting room, littered with paper plates and plastic knives and forks. (They hadn't had enough of the best silver to go around.) It looked like an overgrown skip. Picking up things as she went towards the door, she stopped at a photograph in prize position on the Victorian fireplace. It was black and white but yellowing around the edges. It showed a happy couple stepping out of a now non-existent church. Their smiles showed no sign of the pain and separation to come, only that this was the happiest day that they had experienced so far in their still so naïve lives.

She picked it up and stroked the glass as if it would bring that day back to life. She could hear the cheers, smell the bouquet and taste the cake – yet she was alone.

As she climbed the stairs she clutched the photograph, as if it would run away, close to her chest with one hand and her other hand clung onto the heavy banister. She paused at the top, then opened the door to their bedroom. The bed stood firm in the middle of the room. She felt threatened; it looked so empty. A solitary tear slipped down her cheek as she realised that their bed would never be their bed again. Brushing it away, she fingered the duvet cover with its faded chintz pattern and tried desperately to think of happy memories but everything was clouded by this overwhelming sense of loss; the feeling that somebody had just ripped out her heart and soul and expected time to be the "greatest healer".

She felt cheated and angry: why should she live without the one most important thing to her in her life?

She did the routine things before getting into bed. Everything intensified her sudden loneliness: her solitary toothbrush in the china mug, the way that the array of beauty products that she owned suddenly had no male companions. The smell of his facewash still remained but only served as a bitter reminder of what she had lost.

Sickness rose in her stomach as she crossed the room to their bed. She got in at her side and laid the photograph next to her. She kissed it and turned off her side light. She lay waiting, for a presence or some sign – anything. But nothing came and into the darkness she whispered Good night and fell into a dreamless sleep.

When she woke the next morning she immediately noticed the lack of breathing next to her. She turned quickly to see the photograph lying on the unslept on pillow. It was such a useless substitute that she pushed it. It fell on the ground and the twin glass shattered across the floor. Cursing, she got out of bed and tried to pick up the pieces. It wasn't long before she caught her finger on

a small shard of glass. She cried for two hours. The tears were never ending, they came from the depth of her soul and evaporated on her clammy cheeks. She cried softly and she cried loudly until she had no strength left in her body to physically mourn her loss.

Composing herself, she dressed and went down to the kitchen. She set the table for two and made breakfast: bacon, eggs, fried bread, toast, sausages and tomatoes were served up onto both plates. She watched the plate, it wasn't hungrily appreciated and gone as soon as it touched the plate. Instead, it just sat there waiting, like her; the egg was saggy and the bacon was pathetically crispy.

After an hour their little back cat came in to the kitchen. She rubbed her tail around her tired owner's legs, meowing relentlessly. In return she got three juicy rashes of bacon and a half-hearted pat on the head.

The hours rolled into each other. She spent her day tidying up their house and going through long forgotten papers; birth certificates, death certificates. Not knowing what to do with them, she put them in a small tin box and slipped it into a drawer.

She cleared out the "emotional junk": the old birthday cards and Christmas greetings.

The anniversary cards stayed. She felt hollow towards the rest but these were markers of their life together; their achievement. These were her memories and no matter how hard she tried to move on, they would play in her mind over and over again until they were reunited.

In the evening she sat down at their dining room table, alone. For the first time she was by herself in this large room, and she felt cold.

In their bedroom, she changed into her night-clothes and approached the photograph that lay in the same place on the floor. Prising it out of the broken frame, she walked into their bathroom.

She looked in the mirror at her tired, unhappy face. Each crease told a tale and her eyes were dull, yet glistening with tears. Tears of happiness. Death scared her less than life alone. The world that she was leaving behind was nothing in comparison to the one that she was going towards.

As her frail body fell to their bathroom floor, the remaining pills fell out of her lifeless hand and scattered around her body. In her other hand the treasured picture was held close to her chest. Loneliness didn't suit her, and now it would never have to.

GEORGINA BENNETT-WARNER
WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

FLOODING BACK

Echoes scar the corridors,
Shadows bruise the polished floors,
Footsteps mock unopened doors,
Silent stairs and empty chairs:
Golden boys off to the wars.

Dreams grow heavy with the night:
Adventures of triumphant might:
"For my country must I fight,"
Say our boys with ample poise.
"The enemy is in our sight."

"Fire! Spill that German blood:
Destroy the evil at the bud."
Yet boots are caked in thickest mud;
The rain, it falls, down high trench walls,
Gushing red with human blood.

There is no cease to lashing rain.
Gunfire echoes down the lane
Rippling pools of death and pain.
Trenches flood with human blood:
Boys who'll never sing again.

When allied victory draws near
The reflection in the pools is clear:
A boy with a rifle sheds a tear
For blood that's shed, his comrade's dead,
He will always hold him dear.

Coming home with many cares,
Confronted with the empty chairs,
Saying elegiac prayers.
The rain still pours behind closed doors.
Dead: the boys of truth and dares.

Suddenly, in silent halls
Water gushes down the walls,
Bleeding redder as it falls.
The hallways fill with human kill,
Echoing with ghostly calls.

Sitting here, it haunts me still:
The days when I would fight and kill,
Flooding back to me until
I feel I'm there with gun and flare,
With bloody waters my eyes fill.

ARABELLA MYERSON (L6)

THE VERY IMAGE OF OUR CIVILISED SOCIETY

Teenage mother, with a little – even dignity – on today,
On page 3, for all to see, as she lay
As would man's wife:
The very image of a council maintained life.

As typical a July day as July often sees:
Rain guttered wedding, with broken rings
On fingers of those now broken hearted, lay
As the very image of a perfect day.

A free imagination left wildly to roam
In a steel cage. Lack of material
So "a lack of expression in your art of late."
The very image of education through the state.

The mirror never lies: though standing bare,
As the exception to the rule, she prays
This torture will make her weigh less.
The very image made by free press.

Watch as our children grow and play,
And doing so discover that friends cannot be friends
Forever. For adults see the colour in the face.
So goes the image of an equal race.

And so goes our life at this civilised pace.

DANIELLE GOODGER

THE IRONIC MISCONCEPTION

The royal engine chugged cheerily
Past the 50's "Cold" countryside.
The MPs fired the coals upfront
As Captain Queen held along her new course.
The carriage was sound asleep
Bar the silence splitting scream of Baby Boom.
Only the constant bickering outside
Of the angry allies pierced this train's peace.

This train now runs on electric tracks
Through a "Terror" intercity state.
The carriage still sleeps soundly, for
A revolution of sound and system
Could not rouse us from our slumber.
The bickering remains though only
One ally remains to fight the world,
But the Captain steers a steady course
Fearlessly into the new dawn.

HARRY ARKWRIGHT (5)

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

My Journey is no nearer complete,
In the grass I've found a seat.
All around the quiet mountains loll
Not allowing time to take its toll.
A utopic valley lies below
Where trickling streams and rivers flow
And the trees do whisper sweet, sweet nothings.

Here it seems there's nought but love,
But the Sun seeps deep, red blood
And sinks into Horizon's mud.
The mud is foreign to this fine soil,
Where no man has to tug and toil.

In the middle of this masterpiece
Stands the genius centrepiece –
An apple tree with scarlet seed,
The fountain of all human greed.
Under that there lies a snake
Giving its tail a beckoning shake.
Oh, that I could stay awhile
But my journey goes on mile on mile.

HARRY ARKWRIGHT (5)

THE SPATE OF BON HAI

Standing fast under "The rockets red glare";
Silver bullets falling from swarthy air
Hitting my head, loud as the gunfire,
Swelling the ground into a rising mire,
Inflaming the Hellacious napalm pyre;
Half submerged in the spates of nightmare.

A drooping fern, deaf to the raging storm,
Stretches out its fingers, battered and torn.
Feeling the evil in the air around
(Seeing not a sight, hearing not a sound),
It slowly sinks below the fluid ground –
Drowned by the tears of a nature forlorn.

No refuge is found for soldier or slave,
From terror of battle or wat'ry grave.
The dripping rifle affixed to my hand
Points to the ignoble flood in which I stand,
An Industrial invader of a peasant land.
"Oh Star Spangled Banner, long may you wave!"

RAMSAY FANOUS (U6)

THE JOURNEY

The coach stops, boys scramble,
One struggles slowly out as if being held back by string –
He carries a boulder on his back.
The group loiters thinking about the journey ahead
The slow boy lumbers over, toiling with his boulder.
The group sets off, the slow boy lags behind,
His legs futilely struggling along the rocky path.

Hours have gone by
And still the slow boy stubbornly hauls himself and his boulder upwards.
He refuses to relinquish his burden, tenaciously labouring
Upwards towards his cloudy goal.
Now the mist roams slowly downwards like a lingering avalanche.
The slow boy makes his way tediously along a knife-edge of rock
Trying hard to suppress his pain and fear.

The goal is in sight; some boys are already there.
The slow boy is driven to go on by something become part of him
His legs refuse, the boulder's weight becomes too much
He falls and struggles to lift up the weight of the boulder
He crawls, stumbles, scrambles towards the pinnacle at the top.
He touches the pinnacle, passes out and lies a small lethargic mound.

CHARLES REYNOLDS (3)

THIS PIANO EXAM

I walked solemnly, fearfully, over to the piano, in the same fashion I imagined an infantryman might approach his enemy's trench amidst the hail of machine gun bullets. I took my place at the bench, and hesitatingly placed my paper music on the rest at the head of the piano.

"Scales or pieces first?" The harsh clinical voice of the examiner echoed in the heat of the piano hall. My eyes found a pathway along a seam in the lino until they proceeded up a table leg supporting a platform over which she held a pen poised, and met the examiner's eye with painful realisation.

"Oh, um, can I do scales first please?"

"Of course: Dorian on G, straight, both hands together." It must without doubt be a key aspect in the training of an examiner, to pick the one scale that I kept fudging. 'Fourth finger over.' – 'fourth finger over.' – 'Fourth finger over!' I hissed the words inside my head.

Of course, the index finger went over, but my sweaty digits finally made it in their usual scrambling course to the top of the two octaves, fumbling back down again in a parody of the sardonic ease of a professional. And, of course, in mixolydian on C the fourth finger actually managed this time to lurch itself ominously over the rest of my hand, finding its way through the air and landing with a resounding thump on exactly the wrong key. I was not surprised: as in life, whenever I had got something wrong it had eventually come out right; whenever I got it right I eventually got it wrong.

Bluffing my way through the rest of the scales, chromatics and arpeggios (and even being questioned as to whether I would "like to try that again?" with regard to my invention of a totally new Lydian in B flat), I found my way to the three long prepared pieces. These were easy.

As the first trills of the piano 'Sonata in A' echoed their resounding way around the walls of the hall I looked at a reflection cast onto the large Grand Piano from a few unheeded insignificant windows. I could see the examiner's translucent image very clearly in the mahogany, as if she were inside the instrument, monitoring each depression of the pedals, each vibration of the strings, every jab of the hammers. I noticed that she had a large bruise just below her left eye, on the bony area of the face to the left of the nose.

I fingered the sore area gingerly. It still hurt. I was bored of this furious writing, of this ceaseless regard of the never-ending turnover of candidate after

candidate. Of barking in a relentless examination of each examinee, like a police constable recording names, addresses, and next of kin. Some fruitless substitute for the bruises received at home. I found the stifling exam hall crushing, and desperately wanted to open one of the bay windows behind me. I imagined the warmth easing itself out into the freedom of the beautiful gardens. My powerless, yet powerful world split from the liberated splendour of outside by a thin, temptingly shatterable pane of glass.

I continued on my journey to musical completion, yet still curiously watching the examiner's face. It was scrunched tight into an expression of fierce concentration and desperate helplessness. I wondered how she could appear to be so omnipotent, yet as the mysterious and poorly camouflaged bruise illustrated, so vulnerable. I hoped, perching there on that bench, as my fingers found their way onto the tune with the guide of the tap of my left foot – I hoped that she would not exorcise any locked up fury at the maker of the bruise in the mark she gave me.

I pondered this, thinking around the – oh no, a wrong note! Please don't slip up, tap the beat with the foot, regain composure, continue. I pulled myself out of the rut, and the sonata eventually finished itself; but there was still a tense atmosphere in the piano hall.

I turned the top half of my body, leaving my legs where they were, to face the examiner, with her ceaseless bombardment of ink on paper. It was clear now: the examiner had a somewhat 'battered look', as if it was more than the pressure of conducting exams oppressing her.

Thoughts of wrongly initiated male dominance were still present in my mind. I glanced up at the candidate. So smug, having just finished his little repertoire. Yet so vulnerable. Like me with *him*. The *him* that would be waiting for me back at the flat. Unemployed anger in fist. Except now the tables were turned. The male was now the vulnerable one. My Biro began its rapid descent towards the total mark line. My pen stopped in mid-air, as I gave the pupil, with his enquiring eyes, one last glance before his downfall into the realm of the failed. His features did resemble those of my younger son though, didn't they? The spiky hair, the full cheeks, the large eyes...

The pen lay, momentarily undecided, resting in uncertainty on her lower lip.

HARRY THULLIER (5TH FORM)

THE RISE AND FALL

The sleek, black Mercedes purred to a smooth stop beside a long stretch of red carpet. The door opened and two polished leather shoes with shiny silver buckles hit the carpet. Ascending from his car, in a tightly tailored Armani suit, was Executive Administer for Middle-East Operations, Stanley Green. He tipped his sunglasses and looked up at the sign above him: The Deacon Hotel. The most decadent boarding house in the business district of old Manhattan, with its tall columns and penguin-tailed porters, towered above him. He readjusted his glasses and reached into his pocket, pulling out a crisp, new five dollar bill. He unfolded it, tugged it and, now smiling, looked at it. Through the dimness of his glasses Abraham Lincoln seemed to be winking at him, ever so slightly. He winked back, refolded the precious bit of paper, and stuffed it into an approaching valet attendant's breast pocket. "Take good care of her." To which the reply was, "Yes Sir, Mr Green."

Stanley turned to watch as his car glided away down the road. "GREEN 1" was the message it gave to those left in its wake. However, as it proceeded into the jungle of sky-scrappers ahead, the message was distorted into a miniature fuzz that almost seemed to whisper the unsaid truth: 'GREED'

Still standing on the red carpet, Stanley looked up at the tower – his tower – opposite the hotel. There had been a month of sunning himself in Bermuda since he had last beheld this triumph of the free world. He then proceeded, in leisurely steps, across the road and through the revolving door under the plaque: "Morgan Francis". As he strolled through the lobby towards the elevators he was bombarded with greetings, which he casually answered by the tipping of an imaginary hat. These people adored him, and he bathed in their sycophantic welcome and praise. The elevator doors parted just as he arrived at them, and he stepped in removing his glasses. He was followed by about half a dozen men and women, each betrothed to an attaché case (the men held them on their left; the women on their right). He waited for them all to press the panel for their respective floors before pressing his. 80 lit up on the panel and the elevator was silenced. A mixture of respect and envy filled the air; Stanley could smell it. There was silence until the 31st floor, where the elevator stopped and the last of Stanley's companions exited. He glanced out at the sea of desks computers, papers and persons. It was a scene he knew only too well – it had taken two years of mind-breaking monotony to get promoted out of that 31st floor hell.

As the doors closed and the mirror-lined box whirred into its ascent Stanley became aware of the music coming from above him. It was a remake of an old Sinatra tune, "That's Life". The lyrics were exaggerated to an almost laughable extent and the song was one of those Battle-Hymns of Corporate Brainwashing.

He looked at his reflection in the closed doors in front of him. He straightened his tie a little, adjusted his handkerchief and admired the symmetry of his complexion. He looked at the display above the doors and noticed the satisfying ring as each floor was passed. This journey, which had taken him fifteen years to accomplish the first time, now only took a matter of minutes. He had hated the last fifteen years of his existence: client after client, promotion after petty promotion, floor after floor. He was just another cog in the works, turning and being turned. Now, however, he saw an Executive staring back at him from the mirror. Now he could look down on his own subordinates from his perch over Manhattan. And then there was the money – quite happily propagating in his portfolio. Before he had left he had gone all out on technology stocks. Stanley could see that there was no future in any other sector and that there was a fortune to be made in early investment. Now all he had to do was sit back and let his portfolio fatten.

The elevator came to a smooth stop at the 80th floor and out of it strolled the Executive Administer for Middle-East Operations. His secretary looked up from her typing anxiously and said, "Good morning, Mr Green." And in a quieter voice, "How was Bermuda?"

"Beautiful," he replied. "How was everything in my absence?"

"Oh, everything was fine," she said quickly.

Stanley could see that there was something bothering her, but he chose to ignore it.

"What have I got to do today? Any meetings?"

"No," she paused, "but there are a few letters on your desk." She then feverishly resumed her typing.

Stanley frowned at her for a second and then walked through to his office, shutting the door behind him. What a sight! The glass wall, behind his desk, provided a panoramic view westwards over Manhattan deep into the heartland of America. He marvelled at it for a second or two and then walked around the desk to sit in his enormous leather chair. There was a fax hanging loosely from his private fax machine. He ripped it off and gazed around the expanse of his office. He smiled in self-satisfaction and, looking down, began to read. It

was a list of companies, all ending in 'dot com' and all familiar. Then there was a column titled 'Investment': two hundred, three hundred, three hundred and fifty thousand shares. Finally, there was a column of red: Bankrupt, Bankrupt, Bankrupt. It stretched down the page. Not knowing quite what to do, or quite what to think, and with a numbness rising up his legs, Stanley put the sheet down and picked up one of the two letters on his desk. It was from his broker, expressing his deepest professional grief. He neatly laid it on top of the fax and opened the second letter:

Dear Stanley,

It is with the deepest regret... in our long term interests... recent reduction in Middle-Eastern clientele... official redundancy...

He couldn't read on. The numbness had reached his wallet and was advancing up his midriff. He was ruined – bankrupt – jobless – impotent. He had ascended this glass staircase only for it to shatter under his weight. His life's work was wasted – his happiness, his livelihood and his portfolio all destroyed. He pulled out his wallet to count the remnants of his fortune: a crisp, new five dollar bill. He turned it over and was met by the steely gaze of the 16th president of the United States. He was grinning at him. Angered, as if by some sort of betrayal, Stanley pierced the precious piece of paper on

the long, brass paper needle. The smug grin was warped and torn into a malicious grimace, the terror of which struck Stanley.

He stood up abruptly and leant on the desk for support. He wanted to cry, but his situation was too serious, and all too bleak. He looked through the West wall over Manhattan and deep in to the heartland of America. He saw the haze that hung over New York, a chaos of pollution and heat, out of which grew the other prominent pillars of global capitalism. He opened a window and slowly stepped out onto the two-foot wide ledge. He could smell freedom in the air, and could see it in front of him. All that was behind him represented the shackles of his worldly existence. All that was ahead was his freedom.

He looked down to the road he had crossed only twenty minutes before, and imagined how small and insignificant he would have looked from there. He then saw the strip of red carpet and was instantly reminded of the messenger of his doom. He closed his eyes and, realising his whole life amounted to a vast mistake, stepped out onto the red carpet eighty stories below.

RAMSAY FANOUS (U6)

PRISONERS ISLAND

An open boat on rough grey water,
A young man made old by cold suffering years,
Winds beat hard, iron strong,
Sting ears like salt on open wounds,
Blue blistered hands gripping oars
From two days' hard voyage.
Paradise Island a speck in his imagination.

Fast winds and deep waters cold enough to freeze time
Don't stop Herculean efforts to find Paradise,
Made strong by the need to reach lands of blue seas and yellow sands.
Could it be an empty cloud in a head of happy thoughts?

A spot in the distance,
Could it be the land?
Hearts start pumping,
Thoughts overload brains,
For could it be escape at last?

JAMES WHALEY (5TH FORM)

design technology @ stowe school



The number of major projects undertaken by Stoics this year has reached an all time high. There was a total of 127 major products constructed and they were also submitted for either GCSE, AS and A2. The standard across the range was excellent and we are particularly proud of the standard of written project work the students are producing.

As a result of all this hard work we hope to be continuing the excellent pass rate at all levels. There has been a 100% success rate in Design and Technology at all levels for the last 3 years and a staggering 70% of these passes were A or B. The speech day exhibition showcased many of the high class products that the Stoics have been so carefully constructing. It was the culmination of many hours of hard work, the quality of the artefacts on display reflected the amount of time and care that each Stoic had put into his work. This year also saw the introduction of 'A' Level Graphical Communication and it is proving to be a very popular choice amongst Stoics.

This year it was particularly difficult to award the prizes. This shows the quality of the work the Stoics are producing. The Worsley Prize was awarded to Edward Black. He produced another fine piece of craftsmanship for his home. It was an excellent corner cabinet that had been beautifully made. Over the years Edward has made many fine pieces of individual furniture.

The Friends of Stowe Prize for Design in Wood was awarded to Edward West for a beautifully made kitchen



workstation that he had spent a great many hours perfecting some tricky jointing. Alex de Rivaz treated us to a beautiful design project that stretched his imagination, he produced a very clever portable Art Station for his grandmother to win the John Holland Prize.

The Andrew McAlpine Prize for Technical Graphics was awarded to Gero Asmuth. He showed exceptional ability and spent many hours perfecting his Graphic skills to produce a modern stained glass window. In addition to these prize winners a number of Stoics need to be mentioned for their outstanding work George Percy Garden bench, George Crosbie-Dawson Drinks cabinet, Hussein Safa Carrom board, Andrew Pettefer Kitchen work area, Nicholas Wills Four poster bed, Laura Cathcart Garden Bench, Tim Bromley-Martin TV cabinet, Hugh Maclean Swinging seat, Henry Salt Kitchen cabinet.

Ben Forbes

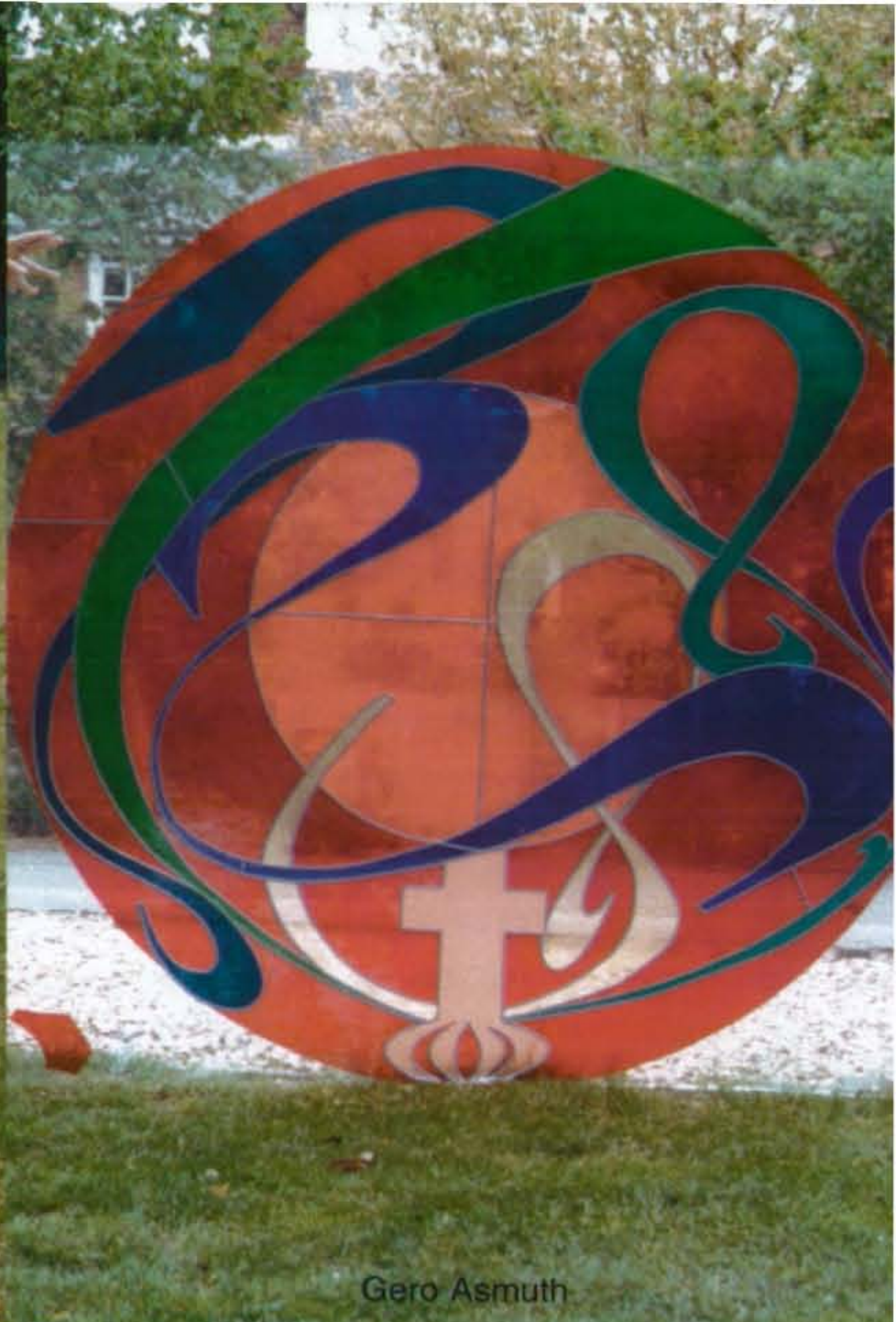


Laura Cathcart





Hugh Maclean



Gero Asmuth

This year the Lower School Prize for Design was hotly contested as there were many examples of good work. There was a great



Hussein Safa

number of excellent GCSE projects; Many worthy of a prize. The eventual winner was Cameron Sinclair Parry his clever design of a sideboard that he managed to develop from a standard table he had at home. Other Stoics that were highly commended were James Jagger and Freddie Laing.

The Design and Technology Department is once again proud to show off such a vast array of talent and hope that you all managed to see these exhibits and many many more on your visits to the department.



Tim Bromley Martin



Ed West



Freddie Laing



Andrew Pettefer

LUCY AND YOU

Lucy is standing in the corner of your studio apartment. This is your £250 a week bachelor pad, the flat that your father is paying for. It is situated in one of those new stylish blocks on the river. Amazing views. She is not impressed.

From her dark, isolated corner, the only unlit one in the room, she observes: dirty boxer shorts, discarded socks and a few semi-digested pieces of carrot and meat sitting in a steadily expanding dark patch in the cream-coloured carpet. It is quite a recurrent image but normally you are awake to clear up the mess, unless someone else does it for you. Lucy will not do it for you. She is not impressed at all.

Her head is overflowing with discarded thoughts, your discarded thoughts, and the rest of the rubbish you hurl at her, which she, dutifully, accepts and removes from your sight. They give her a lot of insight into your mind, more than you can imagine. She collects all your abstract thoughts and uncommitted ideas and files them away under 'unwanted'. Remember that diary that you kept when you were young (and innocent) and at that delightful public school that your parents sent you to? You used to take such pleasure in applying yourself to something so interesting. You then childish, you had moved on since those naive times that were written about. You no longer wanted to associate yourself with that life and so you threw it away. Lucy has it now and has been keeping it for days.

She knows all about your first stolen kiss with that pretty girl Sophie (24 Chester Row, good upbringing, nice parents, very eligible) and that fight you had with your best friend when you were sixteen. (You still have not made it up with him but anyway it was his fault in the first place.) She finds it hard to decipher the writing through the coating of cigarette ash that has been glued to it by the ooze of an old pot noodle spilt there by a drunkard. Despite the stains she can still make out the wealthy address list at the back of the leather bound book, but she does not admire you for it. She is not impressed by it at all.

She rustles through pages of screwed-up documents in this heap of ideas stuck onto old pin-ups; contact cards plastered onto adolescent magazines that you had found at the bottom of your old school trunk and decided it was time to dispose of empty biros, leaking fountain pens and of course that contract that you didn't mean to throw away, but Lucy will not sign it on your

behalf and make sure it reaches your prospective university by... two days ago.

You used to be such an enthusiastic youth, so full of the meaning of life and keen to launch yourself into the world that shone through your study window at school. University could wait, well for a year at least, just while you could get to know Life and take her for a ride in the city. Live life to the full, life's too short to hang around, you only live twice, after all. So night after night you had been 'living life to the full'. Every night the same bars, the same faces, the same streets, the same clubs, the same music pulsing in through your body, beating in time with your heart.

What changed then? When did it all start to go wrong? You landed a well-paid job working in a respected shop in the city – given you did not enjoy it all that much and it was supposed to be a temporary post but it was well paid and that was all that mattered to you. All that travelling: rush in, rush through the day, rush away to meet friends – the work was not important to you just as long as you got through the day. All that alcohol pumping through your blood in the evenings (your poor kidneys) guaranteed you a good night out and made sure you had fun. Fun? Funny watching you crawl from your bed at seven the next morning to try to face the world of work that used to be so appealing to you. You were 'independent' after all and so could make your own decisions. That was why you gave it all up, the work that is. Lucy sympathised with you but only because she felt awkward watching you wreck your body in this way but you were the one making all the decisions after all. The mirror could have been replaced with a photograph: weary face, bags under the eyes, black nostrils that were wider and more flared than they should be and watery pupils with no light in them at all.

You took it all too fast, arriving in the city with the wrong ideas, the wrong attitude and the wrong friends. You had managed to find a job for yourself but your friends were not so successful, so you decided to support them while their luck would not. In return, they showed you a good time, a 'real' good time – ignore all that stupid crap you used to do before for fun, this stuff will really get you going. You were afraid, you knew it too, not afraid of it but of them – you had to join them. You had to?

Was that when everything started to go downhill for you? You were never the same afterwards, though you claimed you were. Your father always suspected something but you never allowed him to come close to finding out what was going on. You avoided him and refused his advice, except when it suited you to listen. He was always too soft with you, letting you have too much too fast, such that you depended on his generosity to get by. After you quit your job he was the one that supported you, even though you claimed to be independent. You argued a lot with your father and he always gave in, though out of pity because your arguments were ridiculous.

Other girls stopped coming to the apartment a long time ago. They had all drifted away from you but Lucy was still with you after all this time. She has read all about you in your diary and she knows you very well. She has given up looking out for you, her pale face beseeching you every time you touched the handle on the front door with a lighter in your pocket and a dull gleam in your eye. You stopped listening and reasoning with yourself a long time ago, such that you can no longer hear the anxious beat of your own heart and even your own voice sounds foreign to you.

Did you ever learn a foreign language at school? Yes, of course you did, you said so in your diary. You hated it and forgot all about the 'tete-a-tetes' and 'raison d'etres' once you had

given it up. What about Geography and History? You liked English, though, and you say so in your diary. You loved learning about poets and Shakespeare, about Macbeth and the witches and the 'heat-oppressed brain'. Why not do it for a degree?

Well, you cannot because you are lying in a heap on the floor. Lucy is beseeching you to wake up. Come on. There is someone at the door. Come on, they must be getting impatient; they know that you are here, after all. Oh please come on, stop neglecting your life. Someone please help! Get up!

The man crossed the threshold and stopped as he came across the figure on the floor, carefully avoiding the pool of vomit by its side. One arm was outstretched on the carpet, a finger pointing towards a corner of the room, where stood a small plastic bin, full of rubbish. As he lifted the body, which thankfully was breathing, his eyes fell on the label on the bin that the finger pointed towards. 'Lucy' – the company's name – was imprinted on it but it was not the name that struck the onlooker, it was the motto that accompanied it that he remembered thereafter as the door closed behind them:

It's time for a change: let me help to clean up your life. Lucy.

EDWARD COMBER (L6)

RETURN JOURNEY

The return journey, like a face
perfectly copied in the mirror,
exactly the same except reversed:
finish now the start and start now the finish.

Edinburgh, from heralding the end,
is now minutes from the beginning.
Only Leeds holds rank as the centre pivot,
Anticipation turned to reflection.

Peterborough, once a setting-off point,
now brings the close of this trip,
as I return to the place I call home,
after experiencing my palindrome.

BEN HIRST



Creative Textiles

Throughout the year at creative textiles, pupils have again been undertaking different colourful and original projects. Batik, tie-dye, marbling, silk painting, weaving, felting, fabric painting, transfer printing and needlework are just some of the techniques to experiment with. Many high quality larger projects have also been undertaken ranging from dresses to cushions, batik and silk painted wall hangings to larger pieces of needlework, all planned, designed and made with a little (or a lot) of help, if needed from Mrs M.

Doing creative textiles as an activity is great, as the ability to follow your own pattern of work, your own favourite styles, your own imagination and goal in making your projects makes it a much more enjoyable, less prescriptive activity.

The textiles room on a Friday afternoon is also a relaxed safe haven from school life where you can work on your piece whilst chatting with friends or listening to the radio.

PETER TROMANS



Silk painting by Edward Jones



Felt bag by Cosima Cassell

Dressmaking

Dressmaking takes place on Thursdays and involves a small group of girls who are eager to learn how to make their own clothes and soft furnishings.

After going to Milton Keynes to choose patterns and fabric, we were shown how to pin the pattern, cut the fabric, fit and then sew it all together using a sewing machine. After learning how to set up and use the machine, we progressed onto an interlocker – a daunting piece of apparatus which looks ridiculously complicated but is actually relatively easy to master and saves a lot of time.

We emerged with professional, wearable garments or an article for our own rooms. Everyone made something of which they can be proud – from ball gowns to cushion covers – thanks to perseverance and much help and patience from Mrs Mullineux. Thank you very much Mrs M for a very enjoyable and valuable year!

ARABELLA MYERSON





Silk paintings by Laura Gaze (above) and Katie Emslie (below)



The Stoic ~ 2002

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA

So here we were. As the burning sun rose behind us, the misty coast rose before, stretching across the horizon. This would be our haven of pure and unadulterated Christianity. Driven out by the hordes of the Prince of Darkness, branded 'Puritans,' here we would be free to live with and for the Lord.

The next day we anchored and the job of transportation to the mainland began. Gradually the four hundred or so people alighted onto the shore from the two ships' boats, and we began to settle in for the night. Everyone made temporary shelters as best they could. That night we had to sleep out in the open, for the supplies and shelters were still on the ship, to be unloaded the next day.

It was the worst night of my life. About fifty of the younger men, including myself, took it in turns to guard the sprawling camp against intruders and wild animals, while the wives and children slept. After my watch, I lay uncomfortably awake, thinking about home and the new life we would have to carve out for ourselves in this wild place. How would we survive? Would there be suitable farming ground? What about the Red Indians we had heard so much about from John, the sailor who had seen the New World before? Eventually I drifted into a fitful sleep, interspersed with childhood nightmares, exposed and alone.

The next day search parties were sent out, looking for fresh water and suitable sites for our new town. Meanwhile the ship was unloaded and dismantled, providing us with a store of wood. The remaining hulk was burnt in the bay. Now we were completely cut off, with no way of returning home and only enough food to last five months. We had a small stock of maize and the like to plant, ten cows and four sheep, and nothing else. We had to make as much of the land as we could.

For the next few months, half of us built fields and sowed the seed, while the other half established our town. We were in a lightly wooded valley, the ground gently sloping down to the meandering river. I suddenly realised what a beautiful place this was, another England, untouched by human hand, God's virgin creation in all its simplicity. This was truly a good, blessed place, where we could be close to the Lord and in peace.

It was in the third month that we first came across the Indians, or rather, they came across us. A painted and feathered man wandered into our camp, and by his gestures we gathered he was friendly. We responded similarly, and he smiled and disappeared. A few days later, a chieftain and a handful of warriors appeared, seemingly requesting a meeting with our chief. McLonnel, our minister, a slender, nervous man and the only leader we had, came forward and sat on the ground. After several hours of hand signalling and perplexed looks, he called us all together and said "From what I can gather, the Indians are friendly, and seem excited by us. The chief is going to send us thirty men tomorrow to help build the fields. That's about all I could understand."

The warriors duly arrived the next day, and the works progressed quickly. Soon the fields were finished, the crops sown, and our infant town was only lacking a church.

Things do not look so good now. It appeared the Indians had been wanting, even expecting, men and weapons to fight the neighbouring tribes. When we made it clear we would not help they went away muttering. In high summer they fought a battle nearby, and lost bloodily. They retreated, leaving us as unknown and probably unwelcome squatters on the other tribe's new territory. As if that was the least of our worries, our first harvest was poor. We always knew it was going to be tight, but this... We have enough food for four months, and the first snows fell yesterday, the 26th of November. I do not think we can all make it through to spring.

With the perils of the unknown winter closing in, I have recently begun to think of England again. Throughout the spring and summer, I was preoccupied with other things. But now, paralysed by the snow, I have time to think and dream. Will it all have been a waste of time to come here and build this town, with its false sense of familiarity and comfort and security? I try to put my faith in God's will, but somehow I keep coming back to the grim reality of famine, and wondering "why is this happening to us?" Instead of a new life, all we face is death.

GEORGE MARGESSON

ESCAPE TO SILENCE

Across the sea and further north
The flight to firs begins
And with a bouyant heart and mind
My sights are set to win ...

Alighting on the lake of calm
My mind escapes to dream
Of leaves and pine and blue abyss
And silver fish which gleam ...

I wish I could slip back in time
When my world is full of strife
And dream of silence in the woods
Which transcends this troubled life.

DYLAN HARBIN (4TH FORM)

THE WAVE

Subtle lies the flat horizon,
Calm as a baby sleeping soundly,
The dark green meadows of the sea roll in silently,
The hills tower higher and higher.
Sunlight reflects off thousands of tiny shimmering mirrors,
To blink would be to miss the shining glimmering beads.

Their mighty power rises up to command
With awesome strength of monstrous gods.
A foamy lip emerges,
Curling, dipping and crashing mercilessly,
Crushing stray flowers of seaweed.
Swirling, mesmerising whirlpools of bubbles gush closer.

As the white horses reach the shore all power is lost,
From a huge Titan to a small child,
The once mighty monster now gently laps and comforts
Its many grains of sand children.

The swash then departs slowly back to sea
To the depths of fury where it began,
Soon to create another daunting green meadow.

TOM TETT (3RD FORM)

THE VERY IMAGE

Listen to the music of the rain,
As the soft, sleeping clouds of morn
Kiss the air that dances on my window.
Hot, ripe summer thick beneath my skin
With wild dreams growing heavy with the dawn.

Yet pools of love turn to pools of pain
In the absence of your sweet caress.
Static scenes lay scattered in my breast,
The very image of such absent love;
Unwhispered words of emptiness.

Whene'er it rains, the image stings my soul.
Reflections in the pools, reflections in the river,
Walking on the bank where our feet trod,
Now only weeping willows call my name.
Togetherness has gone forever.

Seeping through my skin to haunt me still,
Your image feeds my dark despair.
I reach out to an absent ghost
While your laughter carries on the wind;
Laughter which we'll never share.

Your eyes rebreak my heart of glass
And it lies shattered on the floor.
Your face recurs in every shard:
A thousand mirrors of my pain;
The love that is no more.

How ever can my heart be healed
With your smile in every drop of rain?
I walk down to the lonely river
But it gives no comfort, only mirrors
What I'll never have again.

ARABELLA MYERSON (L6)

A NEW LIFE

Going to board at Stowe was the beginning of a new life for me, which started in September 2001. I was looking forward to it with an air of excitement, as I had not boarded before. I had been to Stowe before on many occasions to fish and to play golf, so parts of the school were familiar. I also knew a lot of people there and that made me a bit more confident about going. It is also a school in the countryside which is where I particularly wanted to go.

My first night was a night of unforgettable memories. After my parents left I felt excited about all the new things that I would soon be doing. My dormitory had an old friend from my previous school, and four other boys. It was fun to be with everyone my own age, but sharing a small space, which would become my own, was very different from having a bedroom to myself. That night was weird. I was sleeping with strangers and we all felt cautious around each other. We talked and started to get to know each other. Soon, one by one, we dropped off to sleep. I found sleep difficult that night. When I woke up everything was strange as I momentarily thought I was at home again but soon realised I wasn't. Sometimes we have great fun in the dormitories at night. Other times I think of home and wonder what my parents might be doing. I have since found it difficult as I am untidy and disorganised, which has caused trouble in the form of detentions. Also, I can't leave my stuff around otherwise it would disappear or get pinched.

So many things are different. I am now sharing a house with 65 others instead of my family. It is much more fun than just having two sisters. I always can find someone who either wants to kick a ball around or have a game of pool. My new life is governed by rules and tradition. All the day is planned to a timetable. In the evening it is similar but with a bit of free time. I enjoy Saturday nights and look forward to a video and pizza. Sunday is normally boring, but some Sundays I get to go

home. I find that this is the day that I miss my family most if I don't see them. Either in the morning or evening we go to chapel, for which we have to wear our suits. I miss Roast Beef and Yorkshire pudding at lunchtime and a good family discussion.

In the morning I am generally woken up by an alarm clock. A quick wash in the bathroom, which is shared by us all, and then rush off to Breakfast. Food isn't bad but some of the time I feel hungry during the day. Lessons are difficult but I get through the day. I always look forward to the afternoons when we play sport. My favourite sport is Rugby and I feel that my knowledge and ball skills have improved which gives me a greater confidence to tackle other things. There are so many opportunities in all kinds of sports from basketball to Polo... Prep is another difficult time as sometimes I don't always know and understand what I have to do.

The great thing about living with boys is that my new life has changed me in many ways. There are many times when my clothes are dirty, because I have forgotten to put them out to be washed. The nice thing is that boys don't seem to be bothered by this, and sometimes we smell a bit. I also like to think that I am now looking smarter than I was before. I am learning to think for myself and hopefully think of other people and their feelings. I must also think about how I behave with so many other people around me. At home when I am by myself it doesn't matter so much. I learn from the other boys that I have to think before I act as I could get others into trouble. I have to learn to live with other people and to try and get on with everyone. Everyone is different so many compromises have to be made. I look forward to improving my new life and hope that my personality and character will help me through some of the difficult times ahead, but with growing maturity would like to take every opportunity that I am given to make the best of all.

JOSH CHANDLER (3RD FORM)

THE STORM

I lie in bed as dusk draws in,
Wrapped in my blanket of darkness,
I rest my weighted head on
My pillow of regrets
and dream.

As I drift off, out into the sea
Of drowning dreams and sunken hopes
And plain missed opportunities
My ageing boat steers me ever nearer
To the storm I face ahead.

What is the worst that storm can do?
If it shatters my boat, it sends me where I belong:
Diving toward those missed opportunities,
Face to face with all the mistakes
From which I have hidden so long.

So, do not fear what is just ahead,
What is might, or may well be,
For worst's not always far off best:
Believe me, one day, you'll see.

DANIELLE GOODGER (L6)

A BRIEF LOOK INTO THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

21st of April '26 a girl is born
First child of unique parents
Daughter of a fitwe king and queen
This baby Elizabeth vivat.

In '36 sat by her father's side
Watched as he took the crown
Wondered as he took this major role
This child Elizabeth regnat.

In war in '42 named colonel-in-chief
of grenadier guards.
In war in '44 aged 18 counsellor of state
This girl was Elizabeth conquerat

November 20, '47 Westminster Abbey
To marry Mountbatten
Now known as His Royal Highness Prince Philip
This woman Elizabeth perpetuat.

The second of June '53 Elizabeth took up the role of queen
In Westminster Abbey
Enacting the role her father had taken those 17 years before
This lady Queen Elizabeth II laudat.

Now the year has reached 2002
Her people rejoice for 'tis Her golden Jubilee
This Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Vivat Regnat
Gloriat.

JAMES DE LA FORCE (3)

GOLDEN GLORY

Fifty years have gone in a flash
And in that flash, wisps of memory
Important, unforgettable memory.
Memory still living in our hearts.
The cheers, celebrations, and the happiness,
Yes there has been happiness.
The brother – death and tragedy –
Have played a large part too.
Death has clouded our memory
Of these years.
One in particular,
When the huntress became the hunted
And her candle blew out.
The sun set on the nation
In August 1997.
Scandals in the press
Consistently haunt and have haunted
The Queen and her kin
Along the golden time line
Especially in these recent years
As the line is thinning into nothing.
But for now the queen lives,
Glorious in her reign.
Soon the jewel encrusted wreath
She will pass to her son
And he will lead us through
Our most troubled times yet.

HUGH VINEY (3)

THE QUEENS SPEECH

My Grandmother phaffed around,
Turning on the oven,
Making Stuffing, cooking Vegetables,
Wondering if we'd found
Those glasses she'd left on the side.

"I'm afraid That at this rate
We may not eat till 9
But – Oh good you've found them! –
I need a little aid"
Said she putting on Her Glasses

Then a shout from the living room
Sends us running in.
"The Queens Speech is on
Come in –
Quick"

We listened intently,
Gaping at the screen
Reliving the past year
With Our presenter –
The Queen

She tells us of our Country,
Of Crime and of Joy,
Reminding us of events
And making us Proud enough to say
"What a good Year we've had"

And when the speech finishes
The phaffing continues
But in a more sentimental way,
And we are reassured that the Monarchy
Is Relevant today.

EDMUND JONES (3)

MODEL EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT – SLOVENIA

by Allegra Galvin

The second session of Model European Parliament this year took place in Ljubljana, Slovenia. This in itself was a matter of great significance, in that it is the first time that the parliament has convened in an applicant country. Indeed the theme of much of the week was based around the future enlargement of the EU and the foreseeable merits and dangers of such a step for both present and future members. I was glad to have attended the model European parliament at such a crucial stage of its development.

The UK delegation met at Stowe on Friday the 5th of April to give us a chance to 'mesh' before heading off to Slovenia, in order to present a common front on arrival. This proved to be both entertaining and necessary, for when we arrived in Slovenia we were immediately faced with highly efficient and frighteningly well-prepared Scandinavian delegations, as well as many people who had been through arduous national rounds to arrive at MEP Slovenia.

The teambuilding took place in a boarding school near to the centre of Ljubljana, where each committee wiled away the weekend playing name games and attempting to make head or tail of the Belgian's use of the English language. At the time I was interminably bored, eager to get on with the business of the week and under the impression that they were wasting the huge potential of the hundreds of young bright people they had

cooped up in classrooms playing musical chairs. I would come however to appreciate the hours we spent cooped up together, as there is nothing like common suffering to make new friends of strangers. It would mean that, as the week progressed and the committee discussions grew more heated, we could have a healthy argument, without worrying that, say, the Southern members of your committee would never speak to you again. In this way we learnt to separate people and their personal convictions. So although I may have been the only one at the table not in favour of unrestricted abortion, and we argued long and hard over the matter, I never once felt threatened for thinking differently. Rather, an air of respect for others views was maintained throughout the course of the committee meetings and the success of the week depended upon it.

I had chosen to join the committee addressing the question of ethical issues confronting healthcare providers and patients. The topics we chose to cover included euthanasia, abortion, genetic research and human cloning. It also included the different levels of healthcare according to economic status and the growing use of preventative medicine. At first the list of issues to be debated seemed insurmountable and with one committee spending forty-five minutes defining the word 'infrastructure', it seemed as though we had little hope of reaching any conclusions. I was proved wrong however



Members of the UK delegation sight-seeing in the Primorska region



Mr Borut Pahor, President of the parliament of Slovenia, opening the General Assembly

and by the end of the week I was to take a stand for a resolution that I both supported and of which I was personally proud. What amazed me during the meetings was that fifteen teenagers could sit for hours using all their cognitive forces to come up with solutions to societies greatest ills. Never was there a moment of apathy; never did someone say that perhaps it didn't really matter anyway; never did it cross our idealistic minds that if the problem hadn't been solved yet it might never be. I was greatly encouraged to witness the enthusiasm with which my generation tackled issues and came up with new and imaginative solutions. These people were not only bright but they cared. They cared about their countries, about the EU, about our future, about everything from racism to consumer safety.

Not only did I enjoy the company of such a variety of interesting individuals, but I also enjoyed, and almost equally so, getting to know Slovenia and its people. On the flight from Heathrow the UK delegation pooled its collective knowledge of the country of our destination and, I am ashamed to say, came up with pitifully little. It borders Italy? It used to be a part of Yugoslavia? What we were to encounter exceeded every expectation we may have had, both in terms of beauty, culture and national pride. Indeed they do have everything. The city has a attractive old centre, based around three bridges that span the river that cuts across Ljubljana. Above on a hill the beautiful Ljubljanski trg (Slovenian for castle...ask me anything!) overlooks the whole city and is, I hear, a sight to see on New Years Eve.

I was placed with (or should I say chosen by) a family that lived well out of the city however, on a mountain top town called Belo, inhabited by my host family and just six other families. It was a half hour drive from the city

and at first I balked at the idea of being dependent on them to get home (I was sure I would be unpopular if I rang at two am asking for a lift), but on the contrary my host sister Nejca adamantly declared that not only would she drive me at whatever hour, she would accompany me wherever I went. What I had first thought was my greatest misfortune turned out to be one of my most fond memories of the week. The farm at the top of the hill, covered in ten inches of snow during my stay, became a home to me to which I retreated thankfully after long days of committee meetings. The drive to and from the city gave me the opportunity to talk to Nejca (or alternatively communicate in sign language to her mother...nerve wracking when she was driving to say the least) about everything concerning life in Slovenia, from her favourite music to her plans for the future. Many tastes I found we shared in common and I would not exchange the hours spent conversing with her, getting to know a culture beyond the facades of its most beautiful buildings, for anything. And I need never have worried about keeping them up at night. It turns out the Slovenians are almost Spanish in their nocturnal habits, and when Nejca and I returned after our final night out, at a daring four o'clock in the morning, she casually noted that her parents were still out and probably wouldn't be back until six. I heard them come in.

On asking my host sister and her cousin if they would ever consider living and working abroad once Slovenia became a member of the EU, they both replied 'Why would we want to do that when we have everything here?' Not many countries can boast such loyalty from their youth. At first I was sceptical, but by the time the week was over I couldn't agree more. Why leave? I certainly didn't want to.

MEP – ROTTERDAM

by Mats Dewitte

European politics, characterised through directives of the EU, has been a dominant issue in domestic as well as supranational debate. With the widening and deepening of the Euro-zone, questions regarding the single European currency, and whether it will be beneficial to a nation state, feature prominently. Or even considering a unified Social Chapter, which risks the loss of domestic sovereignty, is an issue which European countries are concerned with today. It is generally feared that through deeper economic integration, Europe will see the dissipation of the nation state. With a harmonization of tax structures, environmental policies, quality majority voting mechanisms, etc, there is fear for a national government's sovereignty and purpose.

Today's European youth will be the implementers, decision makers, legislators, thinkers, in short the force behind the confederacy that Europe is bound to become. By attending the Model European Parliament, it offered me the opportunity to form well-founded opinions about an institution that governs me. This was coupled with the benefit of exposure towards diverse cultural thought and reasoning from people of all European countries, whose views were often quite dissimilar to my own.

For myself, having been elected as one of 10 members chosen to represent the UK within the Assembly, it was imperative to consider the current anti-Euro sentiment held by the UK people, whilst also re-evaluating the utilitarian ideal for which Europe stands. Indeed, Tony Blair had begun making incessant reference to the opportunities lost due to the sceptical nature of the UK. Hence it was crucial to examine whether long-term success for Europe as well as the UK could outweigh the short-term domestic setbacks.

The representatives of the member states convened in Rotterdam, where the interspersing of cultural dialogue was the highlight of the sessions. The dependence on each person created an astonishing amount of respect for those around us, eliminating any prejudices held for members of foreign states. It was this attitude and new found friendship that strengthened the committee's discussion of European policy and directives. However, the Model European Parliament was more than a simple debating chamber where we were to craft our ideas about the role of Europe.

Moreover, it was an experience that was to deepen our understanding, and hence esteem, for our neighbours and their opinions. The influence of my American upbringing, coupled with the slightly Conservative ideals instilled into me at Stowe, strengthened the diversity of opinion within the Committee on Employment and Social Affairs. We were to seek how to 'integrate marginalized people into the workforce', and my promotion of negative liberty provided a stark contrast to the views held by the French and Irish delegates. Compromise and

moderation became the order of the day, with the agendas people were pushing initially taking a secondary role to the benefit of the policy. To my great contentment, the result was a strategy aimed towards the handicapped, single parents, alienated ethnic minorities and the long-term unemployed. All this without any reference to quotas or affirmative action policies!

The General Assembly offered us the opportunity to present our motion to the other representatives of the Model European Parliament, as well as to the head of the Dutch Parliament and to key ministers from the UK and Belgium. The Committee selected me as their main team leader, and I advocated for a vote in favour by outlining our aims and objectives with a speech to the congress. The resolution carried with a resounding 103 votes in favour, 30 against, and has been forwarded to the European Parliament, the European Commission and the Council of Ministers.

Truly, the EU is a fascinating political institution. Its strength is not derived from an army but rather is defined within one unified objective for the advancement of each single nation state. Despite this however, there appears to be hypocrisy within modern-day governments as they argue and 'opt out' of certain proposals within the Council of Ministers. The Model European Parliament has gone some way towards rectifying these problems by introducing at a young age intelligent, multi-cultural debate, hence encouraging an appreciation of different political, economic, and social values. Through this it has become much more feasible for people such as myself to be willing and able to work together with unified purpose to create a global and effective European entity.

MEP – LJUBLJANA

by Milka Marinova

"You have now been infected with a virus, a virus that will live within you for the rest of your life; a virus that will help you to speak in front of hundreds of people, and a virus that will help you to develop a tolerant and open-minded spirit. We call it the MEP virus". These were the famous last words of Miss Florentine from the Rotterdam MEP.

You cannot understand how deep the meaning of these words can be, because living what we lived, getting to know the people we met during that week, and most of all, having the great honour of sharing so many different points of view about so many issues, was, is, and will be forever, one of the greatest and most encouraging experiences I have ever known.

Right from the moment the delegations arrived in the city of Ljubljana, the organization and timing of this remarkable event was flawless. The English delegation (including Allegra Galvin, Frederick Raikes and me from

Stowe) were taken to the teambuilding centre in the heart of this beautiful city and rapidly shown to their quarters so teambuilding activities could start right away. It's important to remark that such efficiency was one of the main features of our stay in Ljubljana, and that it was present throughout the week, from the committee meetings to all the cultural events to which we were very kindly invited.

Thanks to our superb committee president, the meetings ran smoothly and effectively, allowing us to finish the resolutions we had been asked for in time for the General Assembly, to which we went, nevertheless, terribly frightened.

The events which we attended during the week, sometimes with our host-families and sometimes by ourselves, were all absolutely wonderful, especially the evening with the Ambassador at the British Embassy, and gave us the opportunity to enjoy the little spare time we had outside the committee meetings. During the nights, the atmosphere among the delegates was so warm, that no one from outside would have ever imagined the short length of time we had spent together.

Everything, from the team building to the committee meetings, led us to one final destination: the General Assembly. It was worthy to be remembered. The nervousness, the rush, the lack of confidence... all these factors played against you every time you wanted to take part in the discussion. But every single time, thanks to a friendly look from your fellow delegates or a smile from your President, you overcame, and with no more than a slight tremble, you raised your voice, making a huge effort for everybody to understand your new idea. And these acts of testing, of improving yourself, are what made this experience so very enhancing for us. Now, looking back on what we did and what we lived, I have come to realize, that all the fancy restaurants, the glamorous lectures and amusing spectacles, were 'the icing on the cake' of an unforgettable week in Slovenia. I realize that there was, all of the time, something far beyond these material things; something concealed, latent, that will stay with me for the rest of my life. And it was this feeling we all shared that made us strong and forced us to better ourselves.

Ljubljana was, overall, an experience that made us grow more mature, and that showed us the importance of the value of tolerance; and as for that, I will always be grateful.

FRENCH EXCHANGE

Stowe's exchange programme with Jean-Baptiste Say School in Paris is now in its fourth year and after a visit by French students from the school in the summer of 2001 in which they visited Bath, Warwick, Oxford and London, Stowe completed the exchange in the half term break of the Autumn term last year which saw most of the Upper Sixth French students and one Lower Sixth student spending a week with French families. Staying with French families was extremely useful as we were surrounded by a constant French atmosphere in which it was impossible not to try and speak French and understand what was happening.

The group of students, accompanied by Mr Ayers and Mrs Sandow, arrived by Eurostar in the afternoon of Sunday 14th October and spent the rest of the day with their families. The Monday was spent attending lessons at Jean-Baptiste Say with our French correspondents and experiencing wonderful Parisian cafés. On Tuesday the group visited a museum which explained the expansion of Paris and displayed contemporary art showing the evolution of film and the power of television. After this the group had the privilege of observing French parliament in action from the boxes of the Assemblée Nationale as Lionel Jospin spoke on the pressing issues of the Afghan situation, security and an inquiry into a factory which exploded in Toulouse.

The morning of the Wednesday was spent on a tour of the sewers of Paris which was educational to say the least and was full of character, giving a great insight into the very bowels of Paris. In the evening and after a shower we visited the Comédie Française and saw an excellent production of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

On Thursday we visited the Musée Carnavalet and the afternoon was set out to visit the Louvre, but unfortunately due to a strike at the Louvre, we could not go in and therefore went to see a Monet exhibition instead. On Friday we visited La Maison de la Radio where we saw the history of radio and recording and then were part of an audience for a general discussion show in which the main topic for the day seemed to be education. In the afternoon we were supposed to go to the Musée D'Orsay, but unfortunately the strikes ruled this out too and we therefore took a riverbus along the Seine and visited Notre-Dame.

For Saturday there was no schedule and we were therefore allowed to do as we wanted. The exchange split up into groups of roughly four and people did a variety of things from going up the Eiffel Tower to shopping on the Champs-Élysées. After a pleasant trip the group returned on Sunday morning to England and many of us are still in contact with our exchange partners in France.

DOMINIC SULLIVAN

Alex Tate provides a new perspective on

THE ETERNAL CITY

The October 2001 History of Art trip to Rome began and ended in style. We had a mixture of characters who ensured that both Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Kettler also had a 'good' time as well. There were some special extra moments: when Henry Warhurst's phone went off in a church; the day when I realised (a day after the event) that I had lost my coat and my passport; and the emergence of Rory MacIntyre as a mime artist without equal. However, we did truly explore most of Rome's Seven Hills (on foot) and have seen nearly all that we have studied for our A2 Course on Roman Baroque Art and Architecture.

We left Stowe at about 4:30am. Henry Warhurst appeared at the gate sporting a Burberry bag containing a pair of boxers in the eponymous pattern, a steal at £16! It was immediately confiscated by Robbo on the grounds of poor taste and Warhurst spent the rest of the trip trying to get them back. On arrival, after a quick snack we set off to familiarise ourselves with the area and daily route into the city centre and we soon found out that our walk was to take us past and into Borromini's San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane and, immediately after, Bernini's Sant' Andrea al Quirinale. Both of these are beautiful and fascinating churches in their different ways and everyone appeared taken aback at their Baroque beauty so early on in our trip. Actually, we all realised from this small experience that Robbo was right when he lectured us on the importance of seeing things 'in the flesh'. Our walk continued past the splendidly clean Trevi Fountain and through the centre of Rome to the Piazza Navona, where we were to meet every night, sitting on the sides of Bernini's Four Rivers Fountain. Another less artistic surprise was in store, as we found out that 'house' wine at the cheaper restaurants, in the vicinity of the piazza, cost about £2.50 a bottle.

That night was eventful but served only as a taster of things to come, and we were roused at about eight o'clock. We set out on the route we had used the night before, and actually visited the famous Cornaro Chapel, in S. Maria della Vittoria, where we saw Bernini's greatest Baroque work, 'The Ecstasy of St. Teresa', which was far more impressive in seeing it for ourselves. The Baroque ideal of combining the arts of architecture, painting and sculpture was fulfilled, perfectly, by Bernini. We also returned to Sant'Andrea al Quirinale, which was when Henry's mobile went off, much to Mr. Robinson's embarrassment and fury (well, he tried anyway!). I think he is perhaps now more upset by the fact that it is known as 'Henry's church', when we discuss it in class! The church is a very impressive example of Bernini's skill as an architect, it being his first major commission. It is beautiful and eye-catching in its oval plan and decorative complexity. Again, painting, sculpture and architecture lead the viewer through the narrative of Andrew's martyrdom, and the richness of the materials of marble, gold and colour in a small Baroque church stood in great contrast to the white simplicity (though architectural complexity) of the interior of

Borromini's San Carlo that we had studied minutes before. Sam and I were particularly impressed by the bemused expression of the stucco angel above the door.

Walking through sunny Rome and towards St. Peter's, we saw a nun carrying a Burberry umbrella (for the shade), whereupon Mr. Robinson had to remind Henry that the police do not take kindly to people trying to mug a nun! After a long queue, we entered the Vatican Museum, moving through a very large and impressive collection, and going into the famous Sistine Chapel. It was, I admit, a slight anti-climax, as we were surrounded by hundreds of tourists, all of us crammed into the chapel, with a baton-waving Italian ordering us to shut up every twenty seconds. Before being allowed out we had to see the few Baroque paintings in the Picture Gallery, the most impressive of which was the Entombment by Caravaggio that we had seen in the Royal Academy some months before. After a brief lunch, we ventured into the piazza of St. Peter's at the end of which (approached through Bernini's oval Colonnades), rises the immense façade of St. Peter's. Inside the truly colossal church we looked at Bernini's baldacchino over the tomb of St Peter, the Cathedra Petri, papal tombs and Bernini's huge statue of St Longinus. For me, the most impressive work of art was the famous Pieta by Michelangelo, which, although behind bullet-proof glass, still raises in the viewer a profound pathos. In contrast, Allegra very nearly 'put her foot down' as she was very keen to go up the dome, but as it was closing, she had to relent (to go up later in the trip), and we headed back to Piazza Navona.

On our first full day we had walked what seemed like miles, possibly because it was, and on the first day I think even we impressed Mr. Robinson by actually working very hard. This was also the day where I realised that I had left my coat on the bus, containing my passport, and so Mr. Robinson and I trooped off to the local police station, where we filled out countless forms, and then, almost amusingly, found my coat had been returned by the bus company to the hotel. Robbo took this chance to show Sophia Hesketh, Olivia Wilson and me the Chiesa Nuova, which was a dramatic sight in the early evening gloom. We headed into the square in front of the Pantheon. This resulted in one of my favourite moments of the trip, enjoying a good glass of wine as the sun slowly set, casting its shadows, over the Pantheon.

The next morning we visited Borromini's church of Sant' Ivo, and several other churches, including Sant' Ignazio which contains a brilliantly executed illusionistic ceiling painting, making it appear as if the church had a real dome. We then hiked across Rome (again), crossed the Tiber, and arrived at the Villa Farnesina, which contains several illusionistic works. Much to our amusement and Robbo's thinly-veiled anger (followed eventually by everybody else's anger at his whingeing), Maccers managed to destroy his trainers. Despite this, Sam studied Raphael's fresco of Galatea (his A2 project) with Robbo standing over his shoulder to make sure he got everything

right and then we all enjoyed the beautiful High Renaissance frescoes by Peruzzi, Sebastiano, Sodoma and the great Raphael in the remainder of the Villa.

In the afternoon we visited the Villa Borghese, which was outstanding, containing some of the most staggeringly lifelike and dramatic sculptures by Gian Lorenzo Bernini. We spent much of the afternoon there, moving from room to room and we analysed each Bernini in turn. I studied Raphael's Entombment for my A2 project before they threw us out of the gallery and then we returned to the city through the park. The boys took it upon themselves to play 'It', which Mr. Robinson found amusing for about half a second. On our way back we went into the Chiesa Santa Maria del Popolo, which contains the Cerasi chapel, in which can be found works by Caravaggio and Annibale Carracci, and in another chapel there is work by Raphael. By now it was early evening and, after a full day of art and architecture, we then stopped at the Spanish Steps, while Henry W maxed out his VISA. The people-packed Steps truly were a sight to behold, with a rather strange sculpture of a sinking ship, very strange...

That night we had the rare opportunity to see Mats Dewitte disgrace himself by watering the plants of a Roman garden, and Nathan's rare vocal talent came to the fore again. There was also a pact amongst the boys to have a (temporary) tattoo done, the subject matter of which should remain a mystery - 'What goes on tour stays on tour'.

By the next morning it was clear that the 'work hard and play hard' ethos enthusiastically endorsed by Robbo was for only the strongest, and I think many of us were feeling off-colour the next day. This was only temporary, however, as we were taken to see the Palazzo Barberini, which contains Pietro da Cortona's marvellous and illusionistically stunning ceiling painting. Here we also saw 'Judith and Holofernes' by Caravaggio, a work that amazed us in its brutality of subject matter. To complete the morning and via Michelangelo's Moses, we visited the Colosseum and the Forum, where many of us succeeded in

getting lost for long enough to get Robbo worried. We then went onto a few churches before breaking for a late lunch. The final church of the day was the church of Sant'Agostino where we saw the 'Madonna di Loreto' by Caravaggio (Robbo's favourite religious Caravaggio for future History of Art tests). After that we were free. We had a great supper that was notable for Nathan inadvertently pocketing our kitty for the night and we all falsely assumed that one of the hawkers selling lighters or flowers had stolen it. After a chase and all sorts of excitement, it seems almost unnecessary to say that Nathan found the money in his pocket the next morning!

On the last day, in beautifully hot and sunny weather, we went to Tivoli, outside Rome, and saw Villa D'Este, which is a truly amazing villa, with beautiful gardens that contain hundreds of fountains. We relaxed in the sunshine with at least some of the Fountains of Rome splashing about our ears. Our last lunch was all together at the foot of the Sybilla Temple in a very smart restaurant which everyone very much enjoyed. With that we set off on a creaking jet back to London, tired but far more aware of what we are studying than before.

Everyone found the trip wonderful, there was never a dull moment (thanks Nathan). I would like to thank, on behalf of everyone who went, Mr Robinson and Mrs Kettler, who proved a wonderful foil to Robbo! They were both incredibly patient, very good value, and we should thank them both for their tolerance. I cannot recommend enough a History of Art trip to see the works that we study, as it brings a sense of familiarity, and we returned infinitely more comfortable with our topic of Baroque art and architecture.

The full party: Allegra Galvin; Lucy Williams; Katrina Varian; Harriet Scott; Gen Beddard; Cosima Cassel; Laura Vinden; Ed Spurr; Mats Dewitte; Matt Johnson; Johnny Sayle; Henry Bartlett; Henry Warhurst; Rory MacIntyre; Nathan Witts; Emma Lamping; Sophia Hesketh; Olivia Wilson; Sam K Taylor; Alex Tate; Mr Robinson and Mrs Kettler.



Left to right: Matts Dewitte, Mrs Kettler, Laura Vinden, Nathan Witts, Alex Tate, CCR, Rory Macintyre, Henry Warhurst, Cosima Cassel, Sam Taylor, Sophia Hesketh, Henry Bartlett, Emma Lamping, Harriet Scott, Matthew Johnson and Gen Beddard

NEPAL 2002

Pollyanna Middleditch supplies the text
and Ollie Hogg the photographs.



Fishtail: the holy mountain which has never been climbed

We were a small party of seven: five students and two teachers. Irena Andelic-Zabinski, Joni Teiser, Olli Hogg, Charlie Cavill, Mr and Mrs Fox and me.

We caught a plane to Doha and then went on to Kathmandu, a seven-hour and then five-hour plane journey with a two-hour wait in between. On our journey we somehow missed a whole night of sleep. Our arrival in Kathmandu was greeted by a man waving a sign, copious amounts of men bombarding us with offers of "What hotel you want?...I take your trolley, yes?...I give you good price!" and a policeman, who, under the impression that we did not have roads or cars in England, was telling us when and when not to cross the road (bless him)! My first view of Kathmandu was therefore seen while travelling to our hotel in the back of a small bus squashed next to Irena. As we drove through Kathmandu I began to feel like one of those Marie-Claire reporters doing an exposé, not knowing where to look or when to avert my eyes. I also had a problem as I discovered I needed more eyes than God had allowed me. The mix-match of developed meets 'developing' was amazing. Everywhere you looked there were shacks with people trying to keep warm and people wearing traditional clothes as they walked past the river which was laden with empty coke bottles and crisp and chocolate wrappers. For some odd reason we never discovered, the women all seemed to be either very beautiful or very ugly, and either very thin and tiny or like a round ball.

The women all, however, looked elegant and striking all the time, which made me in my t-shirts and baggy trousers, feel a bit like a man.

As soon as I saw our hotel I fell in love with it. It was beautiful with exotic flowers and plants, staff to welcome you and a forbidding-looking guard to keep you safe at night – heaven! WE spent two days in Kathmandu exploring and shopping. The shopping was amazing and Joni was so enthralled by it she tried to shop at every place, determined to buy as much as she could. We discovered you could get magnificent food for £1 a meal and you started to think things were too expensive if you had to pay more than £3 for something. After having spent two days in Kathmandu enjoying the roof of the hotel and the wonderful delights of bartering, we got woken up at 6.00 in the morning to go white water rafting for two days, then on to the Jungle and the actual trekking – something which left me gasping with apprehension.

Our one and a half days spent on the river proved fun and we had two guides, Makunda, who was to join us on the rest of our trip, and Raff. We had met our main Sherpa in Kathmandu before – Chabby, who was to be our mantra, teacher, leader and father for the next three weeks of our lives. It was on the river that we first discovered our tents: the kitchen tent, the dining tent and the toilet tent. The next morning we woke up ready for another half day of rafting on the idyllic river with a four-

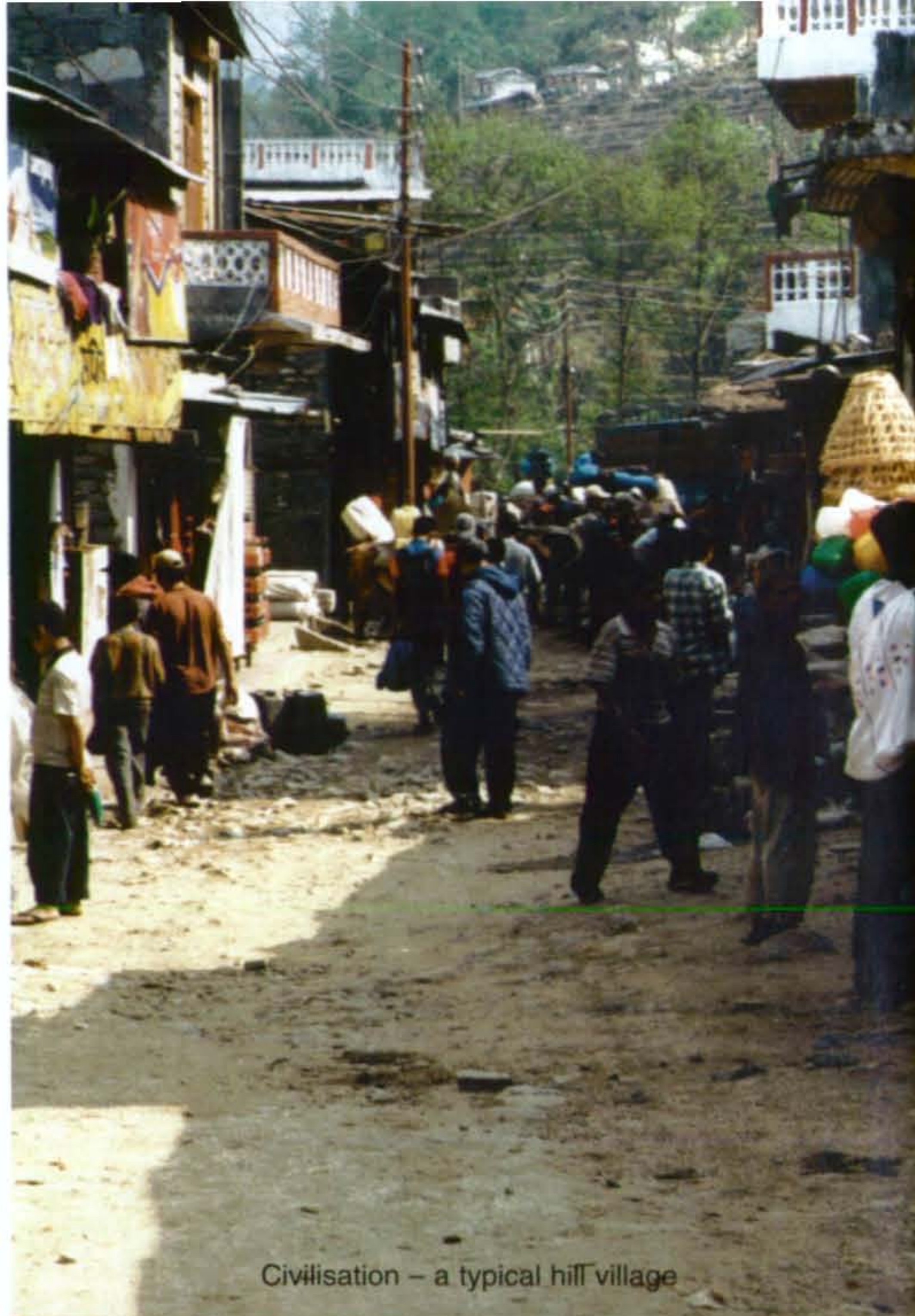


hour journey to the jungle in the afternoon. Unfortunately Joni woke up the next morning feeling ill and so spent the next few days in bed! Rafting was eventful especially as Charlie kept trying to throw us in, and jumped in at various intervals spraying us and making us soaking wet! Our journey to the jungle was hair-raising; going round hairpin bends with trucks over-taking you at speeds that would frighten a cheetah! When we arrived at the jungle it was 6.30 p.m. and we had a talk about elephants and then went on an elephant ride. This was my favourite part of the whole trip. Throughout the next couple of days we saw leopards, rhinos, bears, chipmunks, monkeys and deer, which for some reason the Nepalese got very excited about and we did not have the heart to tell them that we have the same thing in England! We each had a man who drove our elephant for us. They were all interesting-looking, some of them looking like they belonged to Castro's posse, sporting South American swarthy looks, complete with moustaches fit to rival Mr. Terry's. At Chitwan National Park we also witnessed a typical Terai dance in which they made us join – great fun but it made me feel rather guilty as we were the only people there. Therefore they were putting it on especially for us! After two days at Chitwan National Park in the lodge we then took a canoe ride to the safari lodge where we would sleep in tents really in the middle of the jungle! Olli and I were very apprehensive about going along a river apparently festooned with crocodiles, some of which were meat eaters, in a very rickety, spindly (and decidedly unseaworthy in my opinion) canoe made from a single tree trunk. On the way we stopped because our guide had spotted a crocodile – just our luck, one of the meat eaters! – sunning itself on the bank. So we stopped and went to look at it.

While we were at the safari camp in Chitwan Park they also took us to a crocodile breeding show. This included a long exhausting jeep ride to the centre whereupon we walked around for twenty minutes examining the two different kinds of croc: the mass mothers, the meat eaters which looked like every day "Crocodile Dundee" types and also the weird looking fish-eaters with long funny snouts, which were very thin. That night I went to bed tired and listening to a man playing the guitar and singing Eric Clapton outside our tent.

First Day of Trekking

We left the camp at 8.00 a.m. having got up at 6.00 a.m. and took a half-hour jeep journey to our bus, which was a bit like coming home – quite a nice feeling. We took the bus to Phedi, where we started our trekking, on the way stopping for lunch at Pokhara. Pokhara was nice in a touristy way. You would go into a shop and the men would look you up and down and then immediately ask if you were a student. When you replied 'yes', they would knowingly smile and nod their heads and ask you if you were trekking. When you replied 'yes' again, they would grin from ear to ear, pull you into their shops and



Civilisation – a typical hill village



Charlie and Olli helping in the kitchen

try to sell you carpets for your living room. Not the best selling tactics.

The first twenty minutes were the hardest trekking that we did in the whole thirteen days – even Charlie was tired! After that it got easier and we arrived at our camp (Dhampus) at about 4:30 p.m. Soon after we arrived some local people pitched up outside our tents and started trying to sell us their goods. This we soon discovered was common practice in the mountains and would happen everywhere we would go. However, this we did not yet realise, and we were soon happily talking with the people.

From Dhampus we went to Landrung having been woken up at 6.00 a.m. – this was going to be something to which we would have to get used. From Landrung the next day we went to the hot spring, which was the hardest part of the trek in my opinion. We walked up a massive mountain at the end and as it was only a half-day we went to the hot spring after lunch. Having been told that the spring was “yes – only five, ten minutes away – it is very close” we walked down a mountain for half an hour and were very disheartened at the thought of having to walk back up again! Down at the springs we found a group of tourists with whom Charlie immediately became best friends. Unfortunately the only entertainment we had was Charlie and as he had abandoned us for better company we were left very much alone and slightly bored. The next day was one of the hardest days of trekking that we did. We climbed up for about three hours and reached a place called Chomrung at the top of a hill. We were going to stop there for the day as we arrived at lunchtime but it was decided that we should carry on to a small village called Sinuwa. During the walk up the boys steamed ahead as normal and we girls

walked on slowly towards our goal. This was the first leg of the journey where we had come off the circuit to start to ascend Annapurna. On the way up Irena and I heard a strange sound in the bushes. Convinced it was a rattlesnake, we rushed to tell Chabby who assured us that it was only a bird. A likely story! When we arrived at Sinuwa it was half past four and the heavens were just beginning to break. It continued to rain all night and the tents could not even be put up. We spent our first night in a guesthouse. The guesthouse was interesting. You could hear everything through the walls and you wondered where the sheets had been – there was no electricity – something that we would soon get used to.

The next morning was when we split up. The boys carried on up to the Annapurna base camp, and we girls went along another route where we would meet the boys when they came back down. Now, I'm sure that you are all thinking that we were all a bit 'wimpy' and “why bother to go to Nepal if you're not even going to climb up the mountain you went to conquer?” However, a few days previously we had learned that four people had died in an avalanche on their way up and also that the rest of the people at the base camp had had to be helicoptered out because they could not get down. This was due to the awful, unprecedented weather – it was raining where we were, which meant that it was snowing at the base camp.

So Irena, Joni, Mrs Fox and I went off to have our own adventures without the boys until we met up with them on the ninth day of the trek in Duerali. During our time apart from the boys we stayed and ate in guesthouses as the boys had taken the kitchen with them. We soon discovered that the menu varied little from place to place so you could decide what you ate before arriving anywhere. We had a relaxed few days, only walking half a



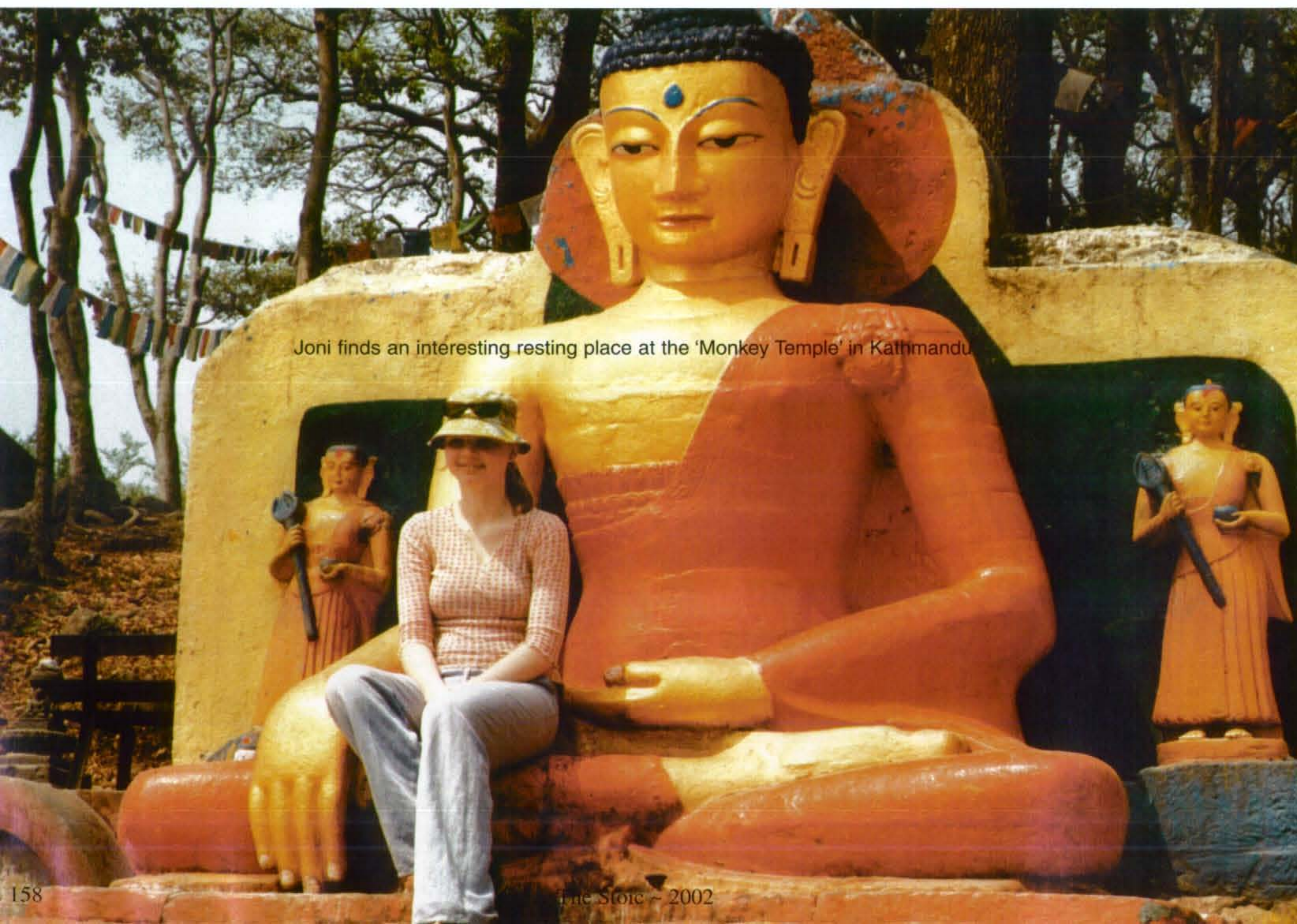
day at a time and enjoying the views and scenery in a true, stereotypical sexist style.

The boys joined us for lunch at Duerali the day after we got there. It was nice to be together again and for Mr and Mrs Fox to be reunited. That morning I had got ill, and we had climbed a hill behind the restaurant. The views were superb. However, it made you tired and hungry so we all went down for breakfast and then had a relaxing day until lunch. That day we were shocked and surprised to find that Mrs Fox, Irena and I had all had some money stolen. That day we went to Gorapani, which is a big village on top of another mountain. This is when we all got excited, because after spending days and days weak from fatigue after Gorapani we were going downhill all the way to our final destination. That morning when we woke up at Goripani it was 5.00 a.m. We had risen early to walk up the elusive "Poon Hill" which was extremely famous and said to have a view so good that it would make us cry. We walked up to see the sunrise. Alas we saw cloud. We all trudged down to greet Mrs Fox, who cleverly had stayed in bed – I think she knew something that the rest of us didn't! We walked to Ulleri that day and as promised it was downhill all the way. Also when we arrived, we had showers which, having become something of an extreme luxury, were greeted with enthusiastic approval. That night in Ulleri Charlie and Ollie cooked dinner for us. They cooked stuffed crust pizza and tomato soup and egg fried rice. It

was all very good and I was suprisingly impressed – up until now I had not thought much of the boys' culinary skills!

On the last day we walked to Bierthanti where we had our last meal with the chef. Joni, however, refused to eat it after seeing the chickens go into the kitchen alive and come out as soup. It was a superb meal and afterwards they danced and we joined in, Charlie doing his Ace Ventura imitations and Joni twirling away.

After Bierthanti we went (some of us the worse for wear) to the end of the road. After walking for forty-five minutes we had to say goodbye to all our Sherpas and porters and we went on a two-hour taxi ride to Pokhara – the tourist trap. We stayed in Pokhara for one day and one night, enjoying the shopping, the electricity and the running hot water. The next day we went on a seven-hour bus journey back in our homely bus to Kathmandu. That night we went to dinner at a typically Nepali restaurant where there was live dancing. It was rather fantastic. We all had to take our shoes off and sit on low chairs. The food and the atmosphere were very special. We spent the next few days in Kathmandu doing yet again more shopping and going to restaurants, experiencing the local environment. Soon it was time to go home and apart from the four-hour delay it was a bearable flight. It was nice to be home, despite having enjoyed myself immensely. And when I got home my parents ordered an Indian take-away...



Joni finds an interesting resting place at the 'Monkey Temple' in Kathmandu.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

by Allegra Galvin

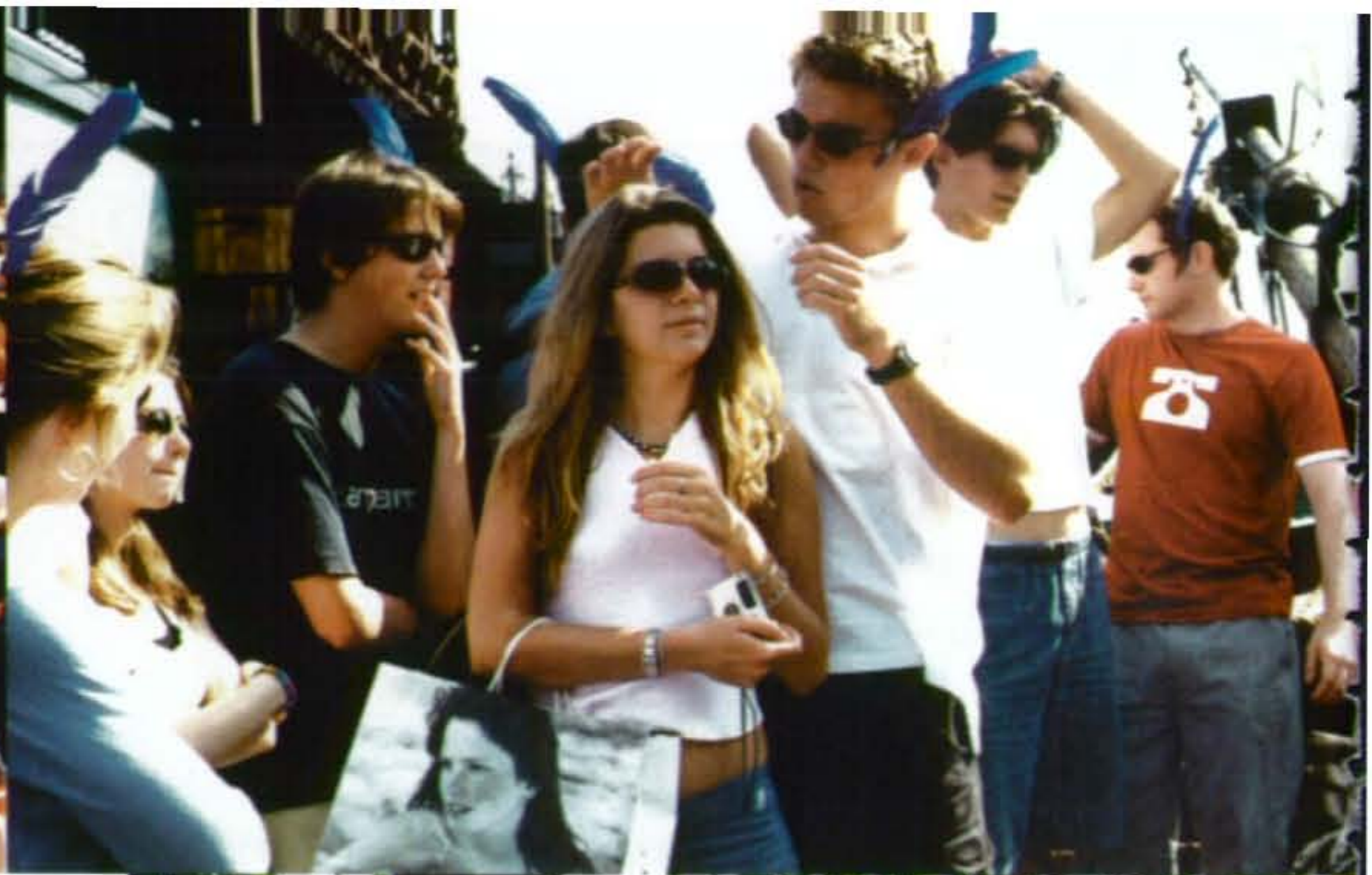
The Pitt Society 2000-2001 focused their discussion on the concept of the American Dream. We spent the months prior to our trip preparing by meeting every fortnight to participate in a discussion on a certain aspect of the topic as presented by one of our number. So the politicians among us summarised the workings of American politics and government, focusing on highlights such as Watergate and the recent elections. The Historians briefly covered some of the major points of America's past, including the Boston Tea Party and the Salem Witch Trials. As an Art Historian I chose to present to the group what is considered as America's most influential contribution to the Art world: Pop Art. Other topics included Music, from jazz to present day pop, Hollywood (though this presentation had a strong bias, relying primarily on scathing remarks about the presentation of Russians in the old Bond films) and the American family today. Each topic was related to the American Dream, what it contributed to it or how it was a development of it. The final aim was to gain an

intellectual understanding of the American mentality by relating its core theme to many different aspects of the culture.

We left Stowe at the beginning of the summer holidays and flew straight to Boston and spent the next day, Monday, sightseeing. We followed the Boston freedom trail around the city and disguised ourselves as Native Americans to board a boat and cheer on Mr. Moule as he unloaded crates of tea into Boston Harbour. We shopped in Quincy Market and then went in search of sustenance, which proved to be no hard task to find. The whole group was taken aback by the copious amount of choice there was and then, once a selection was finally made, the sheer size of the servings made everyone feel slightly as though they had stepped into a reverse chapter of *Gulliver's Travels*. The concept of size would continually press itself upon the group as we travelled around the country. Everything was bigger, from cars to buildings to cities to food portions. We rounded off the day with a tour around Harvard given by Matthew Cane

Top left to right: Dominic Sullivan, Matts Dewitte, JSM, Matt Johnson, Harry Vere Nicholl, Zita Nevile.
Front: PSR, Ed Ritchie, Ben Morgan, Oleg Papazov, Sam Hannaford, Rose Hanbury, Sophie Housley, Allegra Galvin, CCR, Nikhil Chauhan, JLHJ, Philippa Murray, Nathan Witts, Charlie Courtauld, Alex Tate.





and, as some of our group are interested in studying in the States after Stowe, this proved to be a very useful opportunity for them to get a feel for the University.

The next day was spent in the area surrounding Boston, visiting a Shaker village and the Maine Coast. The Shaker village was perfectly preserved and told a detailed story of their way of life, now all but relegated to America's history books. What impressed itself upon my memory was the productiveness, ingenuity and efficiency of such a small community.

Although the weather proved inclement that afternoon, the group remained unperturbed and made their way to the beach regardless (something of the English in us?). We were, needless to say, the only people there and we struggled to see farther than 2ft in front of our own noses, let alone to catch a frisbee. Some brave souls did swim, a good time was had by all and we were beaten only by the thunderstorm, at which point we retreated to the shoreline cafes to drink hot chocolate.

We spent Wednesday travelling to New York by coach, via Mystic Sea Port, Conn., a former whaling community. Finally, on Thursday morning, we hit the Big Apple to get our first real taste of the city where the American Dream was truly born. We walked, much to the distaste of certain members of our party, from one end of Manhattan to the other, exploring Greenwich Village, Soho and Chinatown and occasionally stopping to search for Mr. Moule, whom we lost in every city we visited.

That afternoon we set sail to visit the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. I wandered around the immigration museum on Ellis Island enjoying looking at what are often considered the origins of America as it is today. One whole section of the building was used to recreate the corridors of the medical depot and the original centre that would have greeted immigrants at the turn of the century. One exhibition that was particularly haunting was of photographs taken of the island before it was renovated. The emptiness and disuse of a building constructed with the precise purpose of handling vast numbers of people was in a strange sense tragic, although its aim had by then been fulfilled. The place



captured my imagination for another reason though. The talks held at school leading up to our visit were based around the theme of the American Dream. Ellis Island, it could be said, came into being solely on the basis of that dream and through its gates millions of future Americans entered into and furthered the dream. All who came there were in search of some type of freedom, political, economic or religious, and it is that concept of personal freedom on which the dream was founded. Ellis Island, in my mind, was the mechanics of the American Dream in the making.

That evening we made our way to the top of the Empire State building in time for the sunset and to see the city light up as darkness fell. After we had had our fill of the views we went and had drinks with John Richardson, an Old Stoic and biographer of Picasso. The Art Historians were most impressed by his collection and everyone especially appreciated his Andy Warhol portrait.

The following day was dedicated to Art, seeing as most of our time in Boston had been spent learning the history (albeit in a very processed, Disneyland fashion) and we visited both the Metropolitan Museum of Art to look primarily at American work and the Frick Collection. The Frick proved to be a highlight for all the

art lovers and a favourite for most of the group: small enough to see everything without expiring and yet teeming with interesting artists and beautiful paintings, all hung in a space that still preserves the quality of a private residence rather than a museum. That afternoon we took the train out to the Mets stadium and joined the all-time American tradition of the Friday night baseball game, complete with vast quantities of popcorn and hot dogs.

Saturday was our last day in New York and we passed the morning in the Museum of Modern Art (M.O.M.A.). There we could see, amongst a vast collection, part of Monet's *Grandes Decorations*, some American Abstract Expressionism and Pop Art. The afternoon was spent either lounging in Central Park, shopping on Broadway or exploring the Guggenheim, where we were fortunate enough to cross paths with Frank Gehry, designer of the Bilbao Guggenheim and the plans for the new New York Guggenheim, whose work was on exhibition.

On Sunday we left New York and began our trip to Washington D.C. On the way we stopped in Philadelphia, where one felt strangely as though one had either entered the 'Colonial' section of a Disneyland theme park or wandered mistakenly onto a film set. I felt out of place in my jeans and tee-shirt, far outnumbered by people wandering the streets in historical costume, for no other apparent reason than to provoke utterances such as 'isn't that quaint' from passers by. We peered through the glass wall of the museum and decided that that was as close as we needed to get to the Liberty Bell (you could even make out the crack...why queue to see the rust on it?). We did however wait our turn to be shown around 'Constitution Hall'. Here what struck the Stoics was the Americans' liberal use of the word 'old'. Having been warned not to chew gum in the building for fear of damaging the woodwork (though we never quite understood the connection between the two, apart from physically sticking the one to the other), it then transpired that this historic monument was younger than the building we lived in daily and, God forbid, chewed gum in liberally. This same scenario occurred countless times during our stay in the States, which led me to the conclusion that one would have to develop a completely different sense of time, time on a much smaller scale, in order to understand their concept of 'old'.

That evening we arrived in Washington DC. We presented ourselves very promptly Monday morning for a tour of the US Capitol with Ben Erdreich, a former Democratic Congressman for Alabama. He led us through the courtrooms, explained the intricacies of protocol, showed us the flag court and left us to our own devices in the interactive history of America room. Once out of the building we walked down The Mall to explore the sights. There one can visit the Abraham Lincoln memorial, inscribed with the Declaration of Independence along the walls, and the war memorials of Vietnam and Korea. The simplicity of the Vietnam memorial made it particularly striking: one long wall of

black marble with thousands of names carved into it under their year of death. The height of the wall increased gradually towards the centre, as America's commitment to the war became more intense and the list of casualties grew longer. I reflected on how that must have affected the American's sense of indomitable idealism.

That night we visited Miss Hamblett-Jahn's sister Leah and ate dinner with her in Dupont Circle.

The following morning we piled into minibuses and drove out to visit the places that are now preserved as monuments to the crucial turning points in the Civil War. The first stop was Harper's Ferry in West Virginia. It is here that the first uprising took place that would begin the violence that tore the young country in two. After the town we drove out, under a baking sun, to Antietam Battlefield in Maryland, which represents to most Americans the core of the Civil War. It was there that the most lives were lost on any single day of the war. Mr. Ruben presented the issues involved in the Civil War in a very succinct manner (due primarily to the intense heat and lack of shade) and then we walked along the trenches, still clearly marked out along the edges of the fields, and climbed the watchtower.

That evening we drove back into Washington and had a barbecue dinner in Georgetown with Brian Hecht, a former Stowe Harvard Fellow. He gave an excellent talk on his views concerning the current state of American politics and on why the Republicans had scraped through the last elections.

Continuing in a political vein the next morning we joined a discussion with the 'New Democrats Think Tank'. This talk centred around the differences between America and Europe, the different perspectives America has and why that is so. Before going to the airport we stopped at the Smithsonian National Air & Space Museum on the Mall. We flew home that night, exhausted and relieved to return to the comfort of familiar territory, but despondent that the adventure had come to a close.

To summarise what we learnt by travelling to America is no easy task, as each individual left with a distinct view of the country. We had talked about its politics, its people, its history, the good and the bad, the art and the music and I found that we had, after all, discovered the key to America in an intellectual concept discussed 4,000 miles away and six months ago at Stowe. We had set out to discover the American Dream and what it represented, believing it to be something amorphous, embodied in words such as Liberty, Justice and Equality. What we found instead was the reality of the American Dream in every place we visited, everyone we talked to and everything we saw. The ideals it is founded on are more than concepts for debate to the Americans, they are a way of life.

PITT TRIP TO USA – JSM’S VIEW

I have based much of my career on comments attacking America. From a position of ignorance of course. Yet it always seemed so appropriate to agree with George III and place the United States high on the list of historical villains. And with all the furore over dimpled or otherwise affected chads in Florida, it seemed an ideal time to add substance to suspicion, take my life into my hands and visit the 13 colonies (or are there more than that now?). So, admittedly with more Americo-philes than phobes to accompany me and cloud my judgement, I set out on my own voyage of discovery with the Pitt Society in July 2001.

We went, of course, with cultural concerns, anxious to build on our knowledge of American Art, History and Politics. Having gained a taster of all three in various discussions in the previous months, there was a real appetite. And no better place to start than in Boston. Here prejudice was confirmed. Rather than celebrate maturely the centre of the American Revolution, Boston treats us to a slightly twee ‘Heritage Trail’ and a distinctly cringe-worthy recreation of the Boston Tea Party. Despite the best efforts of the group to try and involve me in the revolutionary spirit and force me to empty tea into the sea, the indulgence of their whim was nothing more than superficial – I remained sceptical. After all, Boston as far as it was nice seemed English in style; as far as it was American, it failed to impress.

And yet there was something. Apart from the vast array of fast food available (a weak spot in my armour), there seemed a genuine pride in the history of liberty and one could not help be touched by the sense of public involvement in government as one was allowed to roam the corridors of power in the Statehouse... and I found myself anxious for Paul Revere to make his ride to Lexington successfully, anxious to hear the momentous words as the Declaration of Independence was read out. Surely not. I had to repress such urges.

Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, helped me. A truly awful place: recreated history at its worst. Come and see how people used to live; a manicured reproduction of a fishing town which had about as much sense of reality as the name. And with New York ahead, I felt confident that I would be reaffirmed in all prejudices.

Defences began to crack more securely, however. New York is quite the most remarkable place I have ever visited. Though far from being a believer in the atmosphere of places, New York sucked me in. The skyline, the variety, the sights, the opportunities – it was a splendid few days. There was wonderful

art in the Frick gallery and the Guggenheim, but it was more than that. I took in a show. I went to see the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty. I breakfasted on pancakes and syrup and dined on steak and fried eggs in a Brazilian restaurant. I even found myself shopping...

And my other Achilles heel let me down. Show me a new sport to be gripped by and a culture is hard to resist. I fell in love with baseball. One game between the New York Mets and the Boston Red Sox was insufficient. I had to go to two. And one very helpful American explained the intricacies to me... or some of them. And baseball really is American culture. Oh dear.

But worse was to come. I loved Philadelphia. Here really was a place teeming with history and I felt a real thrill as I saw the very room in which the Constitution had been thrashed out. George Washington’s chair with the famous half-sun of Franklin’s comments (“Gentlemen, I have sat here for months wondering whether that is a rising or a setting sun. I now know it is a rising sun”) began to mean a lot. And when we arrived in Washington and I saw the Senate, the House of Representatives, saw the two statues placed by each state in Congress, saw the imperious Lee stand near the indefatigable Grant, I knew that I cared.

And it was Lee and Grant in particular. The American Civil War holds a real fascination and though I confess to sneaking admiration for the losing side, I was genuinely moved by the words on Lincoln’s memorial, not just the Gettysburg Address but also the inaugural address for his second term as President. And to see the site of John Brown’s uprising at Harper’s Ferry and the Battlefield of Antietam... I was hooked.

Not to say that I still don’t despise aspects of the place. Why do they have to say ‘You got it’ so often? And John Updike was right – “America is a vast conspiracy to keep you happy”. After two weeks of constantly being smiled at I needed the dour approach again. And much of America is superficial. But not all of it. And their history is not as great as ours is – but much of it is noble. And they’ve got great ice-cream... and burgers... and sport.

It was a hugely enjoyable trip with a bunch of delightful Stoics. I saw a lot and, more importantly, learned a lot. Of course, I’ll carry on attacking America as often as I can but with a tinge of respect. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who knew better than most the truth of his statement, once said ‘You can not conquer America’. But it can conquer you. Or it nearly can.

SPANISH EXCHANGE

To unleash 11 Stoics in a foreign country was a courageous undertaking by Dr Masters. She made sure, however, that the whole operation ran very smoothly. Being greeted by wonderful weather to contrast with that of Buckingham, England, was the start of an equally wonderful experience as we travelled to our residence at the monastic school of El Escorial, situated just outside Madrid. The building was amazing in size and style and had a history as prestigious as that of Stowe. The meal that awaited us after unpacking was just as huge and satisfying and ensured a sound night's sleep that night.

The first shock, however, that we were hit by came at breakfast: we sat down to a table covered in cutlery and crockery of all kinds yet the meal came only in a big shiny kettle, a tub of cocoa and some biscuits – not the enormous feast we were expecting! Grumbles of 'MacDonalds' stirred the morning air until lunch, which more than compensated for its predecessor, being the main meal of the day, and supper also kept us satisfied.

As for the lessons, English was by far the favourite among the Stoics, being the only one that we could actually understand. The other lessons were very difficult to follow, with Spanish being hurled at us from all directions at about 100 mph! In the lessons, therefore, communication in note form took precedence, to which the teachers had no objection. Several differences between English and Spanish schools emerged in the classroom as mobile phones went off every now and then to be answered by screaming Spaniards and conversations carried on among the students unheeded by the teachers. A striking difference, however, concerned smoking in the school: it was allowed! There existed half-hearted laws to restrict it to certain areas and times but generally nobody minded unless a pupil lit up in lessons. The duty masters even provided lighters and matches for the boarders, of which there were very few, at night!

We visited several areas of cultural interest during our stay, including Franco's forlorn monument in the Valle de Los Caidos, Avila, Segovia, Toledo and the very lively city of Madrid. In each place we saw all the famous landmarks and sites, not to mention the art in the many galleries and museums there, and we behaved like the average tourists yet we enjoyed the breaks from lessons and the daily school routine. We made several new acquaintances while we were there and were introduced to the town of San Lorenzo de El Escorial where we were staying. It was a fantastic experience, well organised and a great way to learn more about the language and the culture.

ED COMBER

Left: The Paseo del Prado in Madrid.

Below standing from left to right: Fred Raikes, Nick Beith, Tara Nolan, Alex Perry. In front: Georgie Bennett-Warner, Ed Comber, Alice Watson, David Ashby, Tom Probert and Georgie Harker



McElwee Scholarship to

POLAND

Edwina Harmer and Philippa Murray



Our primary aim in travelling to Poland was to get a real grasp of the holocaust and its full horror we could not get from textbooks. We both felt that Auschwitz, as the largest and most famous concentration camp, should be our priority, but we also wanted to make the best of being in Poland and visit as many other camps as we could in order to get a clear view of the Jewish, and ethnic minority, experience under the Nazi regime.

Auschwitz definitely had the greatest impact on us. We visited Majdanek and the Jewish sites in Warsaw at different points in the week but the Auschwitz trip is the one that sticks in the mind. It is impossible to describe the place and the impact it had on us – we were both stunned and silent during the day and did not feel like talking again till the evening. The true horror lies in the deathly stillness of the place, as if sixty years after the Holocaust, the spectre still lingers. The air is heavy and oppressive and, as the day was grey, it is hard to believe the sun ever appears there. We came away convinced that those who were sent straight to the gas chambers on arrival were far luckier than those who had to live and work in this place under the constant conditions of terror, hunger, cold, disease and oppression.

Fortunately we managed to have plenty of time to relax and take our mind off 'business'. Our last morning in Warsaw we went to the market in the old part of the city and bought fresh bread rolls and blueberries and ate, sitting on a fountain in the square, in the sun – we won't forget these things anymore than we would forget Auschwitz.



The McElwee

The McElwee Travelling Scholarship was established in honour of Bill and Patience McElwee and their exceptional contribution to the lives of so many Stoics over many years. The purpose of the scholarship is to encourage and assist Stoics in undertaking travel in Europe with an historical or cultural theme. Since the scholarship was first established in 1980 some £55,000 has been disbursed to support 114 Stoics. The projects have been as varied as travelling the Pilgrim Road to Santiago da Compostella; researching Roman mosaics in Tunisia; studying the influence of Spanish art on Manet; following the final journey of the last Tsar from St Petersburg to Ekaterinburg; identifying the impact of the Grand Tour on William Kent and his subsequent vision for Stowe; studying the art and architecture of the Ottoman Empire in Istanbul and walking the retreat of the BEF from Mons.

GERMAN EXCHANGE

Joanna Harris writes of the visit in October to Vienna

MONDAY: After an abnormally early morning and a long flight on Sunday, Monday morning (our first at the Theresianum) passed by in a blur as our tiredness got the better of us, leaving us bleary-eyed and daydreaming of sleep.

After our initiation with the complex public transport system of Vienna, we met in ZEUS – the school's European centre. Professor Oehl, one of the two teachers from the school responsible for the exchange, took us on a brief tour, ending with an unusual music lesson with Professor Horvath, the school's music teacher, who also happens to play the French horn in the city's Philharmonic orchestra.

After lunch, we were whisked off for a quick city tour, before our 'Waltzestunde' or waltzing lesson, at Tanzschule Elmayer.

After just half-an-hour of private tuition in the safety of the back studio (which may just as well have been two minutes for the good it did for those of us with two left feet), we were ceremoniously thrust into the metaphorical limelight of the main studio to dance (or not) with pupils from the school, who had, unfortunately for us, already been training for almost two months.

With aching feet and red faces, we spent an hour eating and chatting to our partners before going to the Volksoper or 'People's Opera' to watch Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*.

TUESDAY: A late night was followed by an early morning, and the 4-hour journey to Salzburg. Upon arrival, Ruth and I started to get slightly over excited about *The Sound of Music*, which was filmed in the city. Especially when we visited the Mirabell Brunnen, a fountain featured in the film. We managed to fit in some serious shopping amongst our sightseeing. But the day was not short of culture, as we visited the Hohenfestung, a castle built on a hill over Salzburg, from which the entire city can be seen. This was made all the more memorable by Dr. Bailey's small dispute with the ticket seller, who, quite obviously, did not have a degree in customer relations, and who hadn't quite grasped the concept of "The customer is always right". We also took the opportunity to visit Mozart's birthplace.

The day was split up nicely by morning coffee (or hot chocolate) and cakes in the Mozart Café, and lunch, well, for Ruth and me, anyway, in the Spaghetti House.

WEDNESDAY: After 4 hours of lessons in the morning, we were taken on a literary tour of the city, during which we visited the Hofburg, Vienna's old royal palace, the State Opera House, which we were to visit the following evening and other historical parts of the city. After nearly two hours we ended up at Café Central for cakes, coffee and, for some, hot chocolate.

The Volkstheater or 'People's theatre' was incredibly busy, and *Der Weltverbesserer* was exceptionally difficult to understand. After a cultural early evening, we met our partners in a karaoke bar to wind down and, in some cases, make complete fools of ourselves – no names mentioned!

THURSDAY: In the morning, we had more lessons. Later a spontaneous basketball session began. Unfortunately, the calories we burnt off during our game were replaced faster than we could say "Coffee House", as the afternoon was spent shopping and eating! That evening, we dressed up to the nines for the State Opera, for a performance of *Fidelio*, which was amazing.

FRIDAY: After lessons in the morning, we embarked on the 'Naschmarkt Quiz'. This consisted of us walking around a market, asking the names and prices of various foods, which proved a little embarrassing.

We continued onto a modern art gallery, which included the exhibit 'Is this Paradise?' which came to Stowe in April 2002. We then attended the Vienna Boy's choir concert, which was amazing, and the Musikverein Concert Hall was beautiful.

Afterwards, we met up with our exchange partners and spent the evening at a typical Viennese Heuriger, or Wine Tavern, and some of them wore traditional Austrian dress.

SATURDAY: In the morning, we visited an art gallery. After leaving we went to the town centre and split up in accordance with what we wanted to do. Most of us hit the shops for presents, whilst Dr. "Why-break-the-habit-of-a-lifetime" Bailey went to some museums.

In the evening, we ended a fantastic trip by all getting together at the karaoke bar, for a good ol' sing song.

STOWE TRIP TO CLASSICAL ITALY

Day 1 – Arrival / Various Sites in Rome

On the first day of the Easter Holidays a small group of Stoics, KB and myself checked in at Heathrow at 5am. While the fat cats slunk off to lord it in executive lounges for champagne breakfasts, the hoi polloi contented themselves with coffee and a bit of duty free. After an uneventful flight and check into the hotel we began a tour around various individual sites in Rome, most notably the Pantheon, a temple of the nine main Olympian gods worshipped by the Romans, dedicated originally by Marcus Agrippa (Augustus' right hand man for a while) in the first century BC. Subsequently the Catholic Church has added Christian saints and martyrs but it still retains a sense of the pagan spirit in which it was originally presented. The coffered dome-roof with its circular aperture in the centre was just like our marble hall – I'm sure the Stoics would have pointed out the similarities themselves if it hadn't been pointed out to them!

Day 2 – Rome Proper

Stoics love getting up early in the morning so the combination of a 7am start and lack of adjustment to the time difference presented no real problems. Gorgeous sunny weather even at 8am but we all far preferred to spend the day walking round Rome than to lounge around in deckchairs (in fact no-one even mentioned it at the time) – there were three main areas of Rome:

St. Peter's and the Vatican: A magnificent start – the largest-domed Christian church in the world accompanied by the fascinating background behind its inception. Over next to the Vatican – I was disappointed to be rushed in the way we were through the galleries with their painted roofs and amazing tapestries until we got to the Sistine chapel itself. "Awe-inspiring" does the place no justice.

The Colosseum, the hallmark of Roman entertainment and a tribute to their culture. Built in the 70s AD by a series of Roman emperors, it could hold 50,000 people, was 50 metres high and 188 metres long. Thanks to Mr. Crowe, the entire world probably knows what this was used for and unlike much of Hollywood the fighting scenes and effects were probably not far from the reality – a series of complex tunnels and winches under the arena itself enabled a fluid succession of gladiator fights, animal shows and even mock sea-battles at one point. More than a quarter of a million lives ended here over the centuries, and not just gladiators – lots of public executions too. Not much of the opulence which characterised it is left (centuries of looters and governmental funding problems took care of that) but you can still get a clear picture of what it must have been like as a spectator when you climb up to where the imperial box was.

Forum: travelling along the Arch of Constantine and the via sacra where victorious Roman generals would be granted triumphal processions by the Senate, we entered the Forum Romanum, a once bustling area full of the key buildings from Roman religion, culture and politics. Some buildings are very clear, such as the Curia, (senate house) and Domus Vestalis the house of the Vestal Virgins, a group of priestesses who maintained the sacred eternal flame – this symbolised Rome's eternal greatness which, like the flame, could never go out. (In fact it did on a few occasions but the sentiment was there.) Other buildings were less obvious since they had been developed upon subsequent to the Roman era.

Day 3 – Pompeii

Pompeii was originally a trading base set up by successful businessmen who had chosen the location for its convenient proximity to the sea for trading purposes. It is clear that it was an affluent city, from the impressive array of baths, forum (commercial centre) amphitheatre and various other public "services." The concentration of frescoes and mosaics (which would have been exceedingly expensive) on some of the larger houses demonstrates wealth on a very high scale indeed. Not to mention a high-tech sense of security, given a picture of a particularly unconvincing dog and the warning *canem*. (You guess!)

It is fairly well known that Pompeii was covered in ash by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. What is perhaps less well-known is just how well preserved and invaluable to scholars the place was. The short version is that the volcano violently erupted on August 23rd 79AD, spewing out a huge mudslide which buried the whole of nearby Herculaneum and over time covered Pompeii with ash. People thought it was an earthquake (there had been one seventeen years earlier) and most fled into the countryside to wait for it to subside. About two thousand stayed, totally oblivious to the fact that they were inhaling deadly fumes. Their bodies themselves have long since decayed but the eerie impressions left by the ash and a huge range of utensils, clothing, food and various other artefacts, have afforded excavists an arsenal of random information about Roman day-to-day life.

Day 4 – Capri

A slightly more relaxed day had been planned after some major sightseeing earlier in the week – a boat trip to Capri. Bit of a disaster, really – the weather ruined what would have been a superb day by the coast. The cable-car which would have taken us to the very top of the mountain was closed due to bad weather and the Blue Grotto for which the place is renowned could not be reached because of a rough sea. We had to settle for a tour of a non-classical (or at best neo-classical) villa built

in the nineteenth century. An hour's walk on foot was the private villa of the second Roman emperor Tiberius where it is said that he retired from government to indulge in scholarly pursuits, as well as the various other nasty things he supposedly got up to. (Depending on which particular hostile Roman historian you read – take your pick.) Given the usual Eastertide hail we decided to give that a miss too.

Day 5 – Herculaneum and Vesuvius

Herculaneum was right at the foot of Vesuvius and, unlike Pompeii, totally exposed to the original blast. Mud rather than ash was the preserving agent here and what little was not immediately destroyed was remarkably well-preserved. We could see a lot of carbonised wooden objects (screens, ladders, clothes presses) and what the place lacked in quantity it made up for in quality.

Finally up Mount Vesuvius. A not negligible hike up and yet again the weather was not great. If you're a fit, energetic and completely slim Classics teacher in his mid-twenties (who happens to have lots of hair) it was no great hardship but some Stoics were suspiciously wheezing (hmmmm!) by the end of it. Still, it was worth the suffering just for the breathtaking views over the Bay of Naples and getting to see their group leader have his hat

blown off his head and over the edge in true Laurel and Hardy style.

Day 6 – Return

While the decadent went off shopping in Rome for the final morning a handful of dedicated, scholarly and (incidentally) broke individuals came with me to visit the ruins of the Circus Maximus (chariot-racing stadium) which hadn't been included in the original tour. An alleged 385,000 spectators could have been seated here for some impressive displays of skill. Ahh, the life of a chariot racer – wind through your hair, ladies' heartthrob, praised by the masses, major cash prizes, life expectancy of about 25: better take out some pretty good medical insurance – casualties were high and fatalities frequent. You'd think the resident classicist would have known that there's barely more than a mound of earth where it used to be.

So an excellent time was had by all. On a personal note, I was deeply grateful to a group of Stoics who provided a combination of excellent company and respect for the trust and goodwill they were shown. My thanks also to KB for her support.

DAS

Photo: Laura Gaze



PROJECT ORANG-UTAN

Amir Amirsadeghi, Chris Lyon, Emma Smith, Jo Harris, Rory Akam and others
reflect on Stowe's expedition to Borneo last summer.

Week 1 – Brunei

Take a 4.00 am wake up call, add to it a seven hour flight in economy class and throw in a crowd of sartorially challenged tourists equally disgruntled at the early start. Then imagine being told that you are not even half way to your destination. Sixteen hours on a plane next to Mr. "I need more elbow room" Lyon was enough to make me rip his arms off and beat him to death with them. I manage to control myself in the end, either because I knew that I would be living with him for the next month or because my brain was numbed by the music which was repeating itself over and over again on the 'courtesy' headphones.

When we arrived in Bandar Seri Begawan the weather was amazing. Two members of the group, Will Maude-Roxby and Lucian Tarnowski (known as Jab) were right at home when they discovered a Pizza Hut and electronic shop around the corner from our 'hotel'. I am not joking when I say that Jab bought over fifty pirate VCD's and carried them all over the country for the next four weeks.

There then followed a bit of sightseeing, including the breath-takingly magnificent mosque and the museum of the Sultan's vast fortunes and possessions. After a luxurious few days we embarked on a four day camp in the Brunei jungle. The scenery was truly fantastic, except when the sun went down and the mosquitoes came out to play making you feel like one large rash.

Night time was interesting to say the least. In between Malay lessons and the ritual embalming with insecticide we managed to find some time for sleep. I had to share a mozzie net with the master in charge of the trip, Dr. James (Doc), who happened to be our new Housemaster. The nets we used were only just big enough for two. I have to confess that we ended up acting like a married couple arguing throughout the long nights, much to the group's amusement. Doc (being the immature half) further inflamed the situation by throwing a huge rhinoceros beetle onto me during the night (antlers and all) which was about the size of my fist and hissed like a snake. Other members of the group had it just as bad mind you. For example Chris was sharing with a young man who rarely managed to last ten minutes without sleep talking. He would also, on occasion, roll over to his meagre half of the bed and use Chris as 'sleeping mat mark II'.

The highlight of this part of the trip was our eco-tourism project during which we had to pitch together to build a river jetty to allow easier access to the scientific research camp where we were staying. All fears of snake and insect bites evaporated when, after the 15th trip

through the dense jungle hauling half a tree behind me (the others were taking their 15th tea break) I (Chris) decided that 'lethal bite' sounded more exciting than 'drowned in your own sweat'. After taking off several layers of clothing and my heavy boots I realised that it is quite possible to survive in the jungle wearing only a pair of flip-flops and Bermuda shorts.

Week 2 – Tabin (east Sabah)

Having had our first taste of jungle life we were slightly more prepared for the second week. We had already done it all, and we had survived. Now came the scientific part. The original plan had been to take part in some ground breaking research into the many species inhabiting the island of Borneo. Unfortunately this sort of research has become a sensitive issue with the Malaysian government and our ambition was therefore restricted. However, the week was not lost and we embarked on numerous night excursions and safaris, during which I was the first of the group to see a live orang-utan, apparently a rare sight for that particular area.

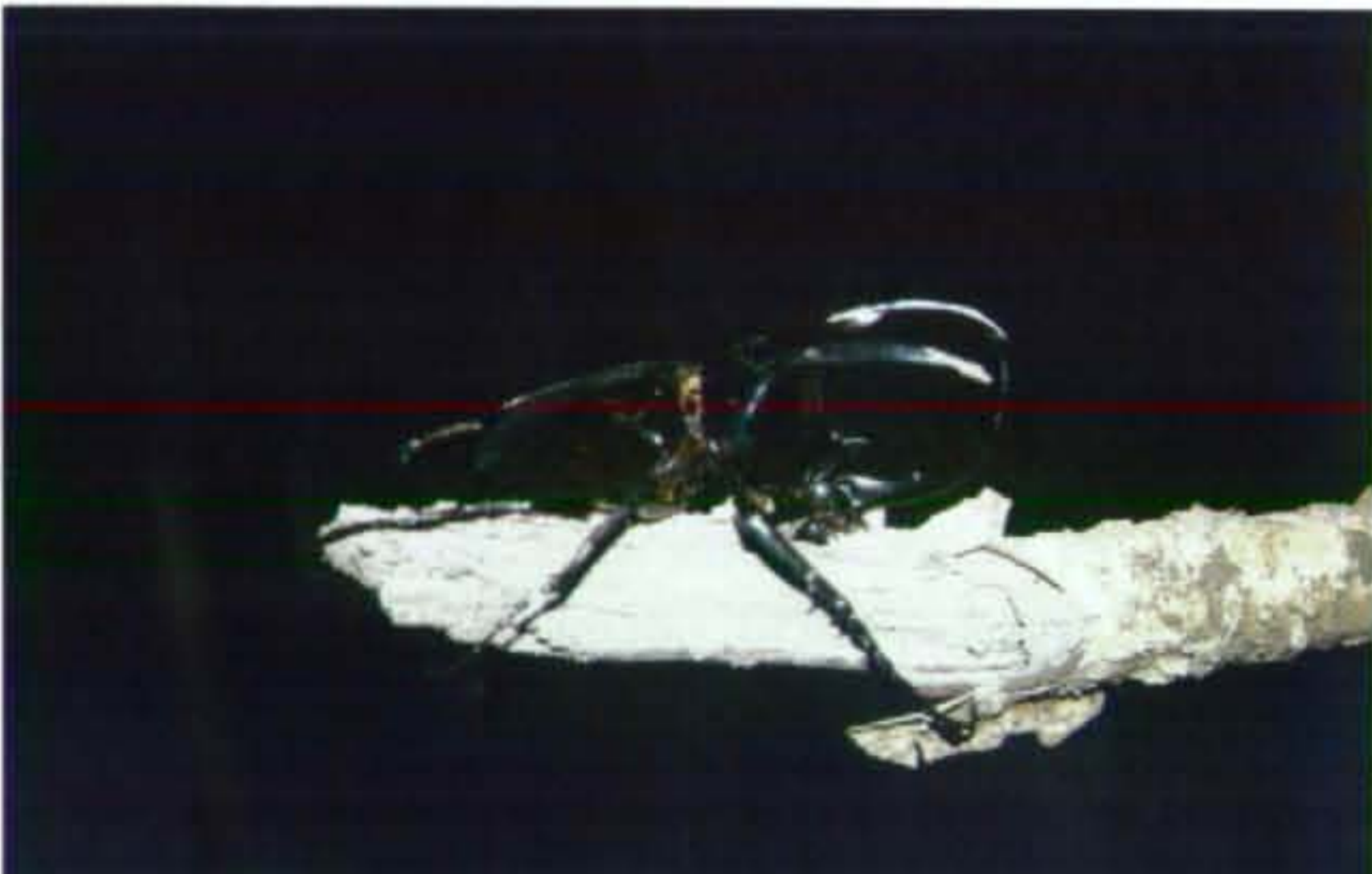
Now, as many people know fish is not my forte, but before this I never really had any excuse for not eating it. One of our tasks each day was for a small group to go out to gather some local food for the evening meal. On the first day we set off to the nearest edible looking field to find that it contained a large number of ferns. We were assured by our guide that these were the only edible ferns in the entire world, but evidently the word 'edible' in Borneo does not coincide with the word 'tasty'. Anyway, attention soon turned to a river running nearby and someone suggested that we should catch some fish to eat. I didn't argue, knowing that there was a small supply of bread and peanut butter stashed in my rucksack back at camp. I waded in with as much enthusiasm as I could muster, which wasn't much owing to the realisation that, although the river was small it was still large enough to house something with a large scaly body and even larger teeth. My job was to wait until our guide had fixed a weighted net in a semicircle on one side of the river and then make as much noise as I could in the water. Knowing that noise would also attract aforementioned things with big teeth, I was initially hesitant, but eventually managed to make a satisfactory level of disturbance to trap several fish in the netting. Having to untie the fish from the netting still haunts me in my dreams as most of the fish were so tangled up in the net (still alive) that I had to pull their heads off in order to release them. We then had to carry the bucket of brown water and dismembered fish back to camp. Never again! Much more fun was wallowing in the mud volcanoes which are common in this part of Sabah. Here we could



The party assembles in Brunei



Marital bliss?



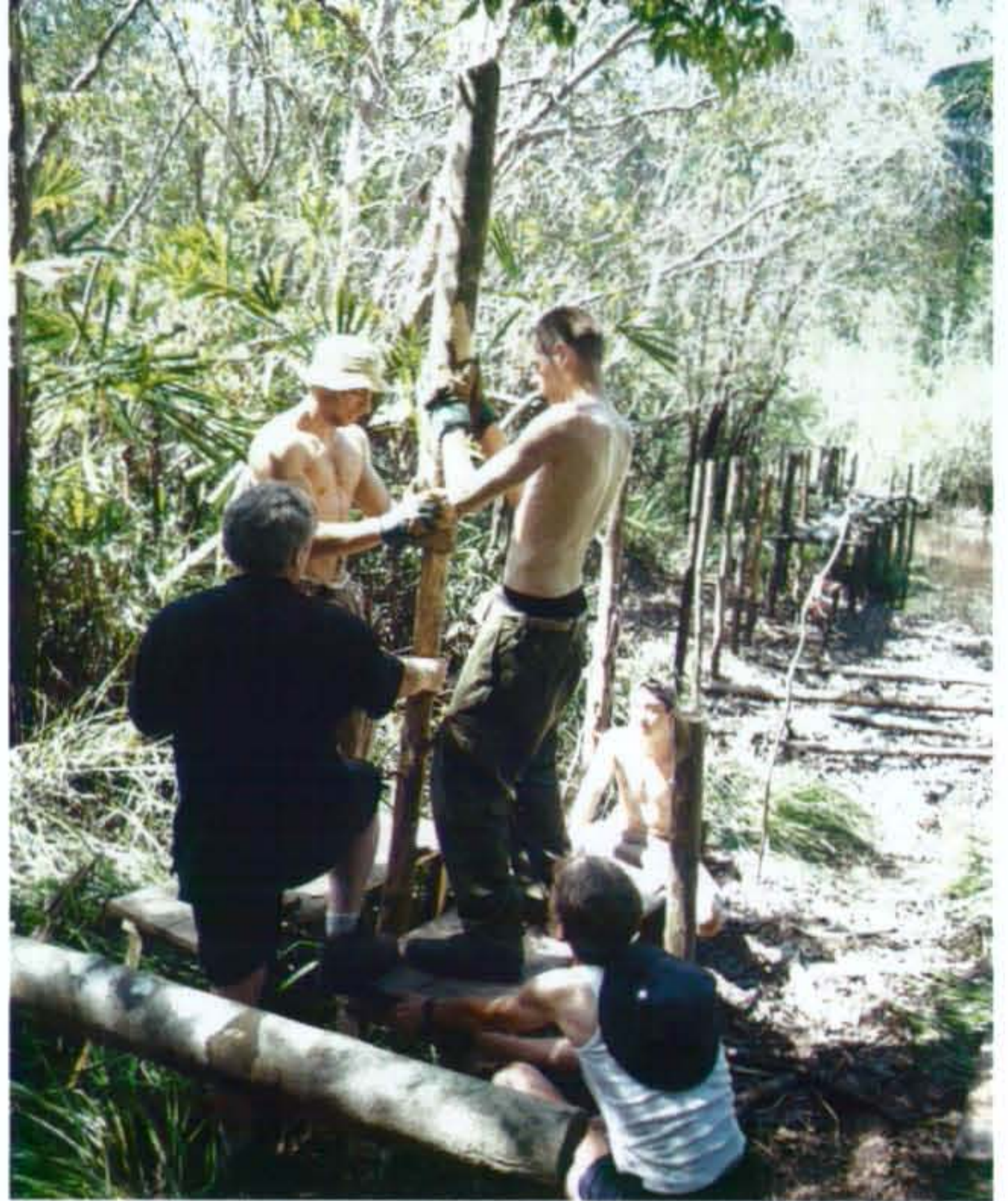
Night-time companions



Mr Akam befriends the locals



Juvenile behaviour



Stowe jungle engineers



Supper, with luck



Dying for a knife and fork



Showing off in the orphanage



Early morning excursion



Bubu



Watching me watching you

indulge our childish passion for making mud pies and throwing them at each other. The scientific explanation of why they were there was lost on most of us!

Week 3 – The MESCOT community project (mid Sabah)

This was the week I had been dreading the most. Having to stay in a stranger's house, eating strange food and talking in a strange language for a whole week did not appeal to me. We had been warned about all the different customs we would have to observe while there and I was convinced at one point that if I uncovered my legs in public it would mean instant imprisonment and, if I was lucky, only one of my hands chopped off. In reality my fears were completely unfounded. When we arrived at the village we were greeted by a group of the most interesting, friendly and good-humoured people I have ever met. When we were taken to our 'homestay' our families went out of their way to make us comfortable though there was much hilarity at our pathetic attempts to eat with our hands!

The days were great fun, spent walking through the endless jungle trails, bat caves and river crossings and making various things from wood and grass. One such object was a 'Bubu', or fish trap for those who cannot speak Malay. At the end of each day we played volleyball against the villagers who continuously managed to beat us, even when we cheated! Coming home to the foster family was always exciting as we never knew who would be at home. Let me explain. Every day there seemed to be a different set of children living in the house. Whether they all sat in one room all the time with a rota as to who was allowed out and when I never discovered. By my estimates there were at least 200 people living in the tiny house and only five of them were ever out at the same time.

Towards the end of the week we went to Sepilok, the world famous orang-utan sanctuary, on a day trip. The highlight of the day came when we were allowed to see the young orang-utans in the orphanage. These 6-month old plus babies were in a large cage filled with swings and platforms and had a tendency to pose for the camera. The cage is purely there for their protection. The ease with which a common cold can be transmitted merely by touch is frightening and, although it would mean a miserable few days for humans, it could mean death for a young orang-utan.

The farewell party in the village brought a tear to everybody's eye. With a talented bongo band, an athletic dance performance and the amazing sight of Mr Akam 'dancing' with the locals the scene was very photogenic.

Week 4 – Kinabalu and Mamutik

After leaving Mescot and the truly wonderful people we met there, we embarked on the most tiring leg of our journey. We arrived at Kinabalu and were struck by the enormity of the mountain. After supper, we packed up our small bags for the climb and went to bed. At about



Some of the ladies of 'MESCOT'



'Dancing?'



A golden moment



Sunrise over Kinabalu



Heading down

9 o'clock the following day, we boarded a bus to take us to the main gates, where the ascent officially begins. Three hours later, Chris, Jab and Will had reached the Laban Rata guest house, where the climb ends on the first day, about 6.5km up the mountain. The rest of the boys, Mr Akam, Toby and Emma were not far behind, which left only myself and Mrs James who came in at around the 4 hour mark and Jen (our guide for week 3) and Doc an hour behind us.

Food and drink was gratefully accepted, although I, for one, felt a little guilty, having watched Malaysian workers scramble up the mountain earlier in the day, laden down with heavy food and equipment. After watching the sun set, and having played every card game we knew, we all went to bed early, in preparation for our early start the following morning.

At 2 am, we congregated in the food hall for breakfast (more aptly described as an overdue midnight feast) and set off for the summit at 3 o'clock. In pitch-blackness we joined the human chain on the footpaths, ropes and plateaux, with only our head torches to light the way. I reached the summit, Low's Peak, a long time after the others, just in time for the sunrise – a spectacular sight. However, the cold started to get to us quite quickly so, about 20 minutes later, we headed back to Laban Rata. Seeing everything in daylight was strange, and drops which had previously gone unnoticed, seemed far more terrifying, thus, Mrs James had to conquer her lifelong fear of heights if she wanted to get down the mountain. Seven hours later we were, thankfully, on a bus to Poring Hot Springs, which was absolute bliss.

The following day, after a night of relaxation, we continued our journey to Mamutik Island, minus Mr Akam who had to travel to mainland Malaysia. Having spent a day there by chance at the beginning of our trip, we knew how beautiful it was. This time, however, we had the added excitement of learning how to scuba dive. For the following 5 days, all hours of daylight were spent diving, swimming, eating and learning for our written tests. At night, we entertained ourselves playing cards, reading, talking and watching videos. Luckily, everybody, except for Mrs James (because she had been ill and, therefore, unable to dive), passed their tests to become fully fledged Open Water Divers. On our last day on the island, we were involved in 'Project AWARE', a once yearly beach/seabed clean up of rubbish, to help with the conservation of the area.

Our final day in Borneo was spent in Kota Kinabalu, where we threw out our old, ruined clothes, to make space for presents. The evening was spent in 'Shenanigans', (after a slap-up meal at the Hyatt Hotel), where we, somewhat belatedly, celebrated Chris's 18th birthday.

After 31 days, and a long flight home, we reached Heathrow, tired but relaxed, and said our 'thank you's, goodbyes, good lucks, (A-Level results were published the following day), and headed home – for some sleep!

A naturalist's point of view (most Bornean plants being too prickly for a naturalist's point of view!).

As this was essentially a biology expedition and because we spent a great deal of time looking for, looking at, swimming with and, on occasions, running away from wildlife, it is safe to say that the fauna and flora of Borneo was the central theme of the trip.

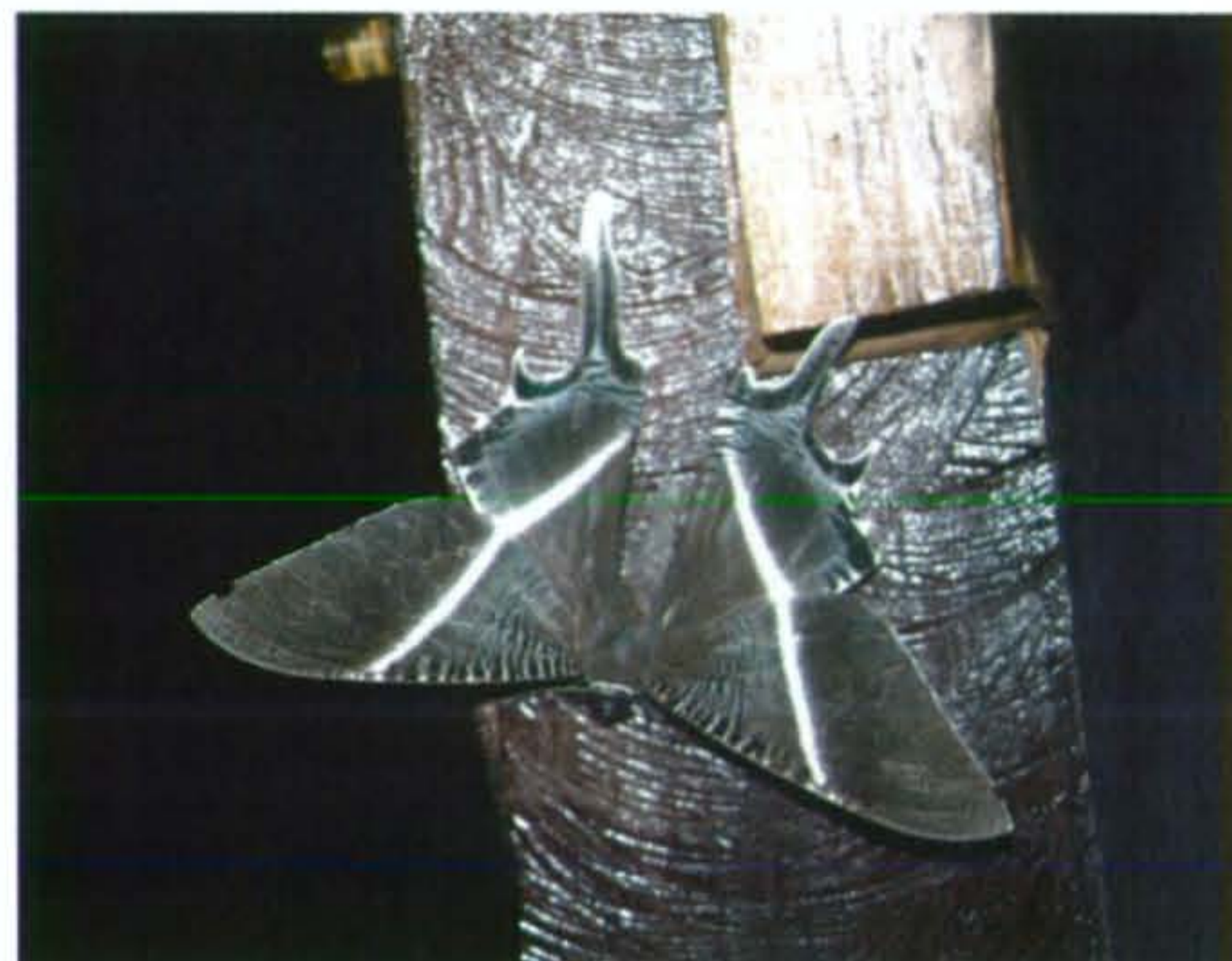
Biologically, Borneo is one of the richest and most complex areas on the planet. It covers a mind-boggling 746,000 square kilometres – which is, of course, 466,000 times the size of Stowe Landscape Gardens. Its stunning diversity was instrumental in prompting Alfred Russell Wallace to identify the process of evolution by natural selection – a precursor to Darwin's rather more famous conclusions.

With such diversity 'on display' one might expect to be constantly viewing wildlife going about its normal business – orang-utans brachiating through the trees, hanging parrots hanging around and so on. The initial impression is, however, one of lots of trees with occasional wildlife disappearing into them. Nevertheless, after a few trips on jungle craft (including the essential 'what to do if you meet a cobra' tip) and a series of escorted jungle walks, the party became better at moving quietly and spotting wildlife in the forest. Hornbills, long-tailed macaques and giant squirrels became regular sightings along with a host of amazing butterflies, moths, beetles, ants and the like. The ultra-elusive Bornean Gibbons remained 'one tree ahead' and we never even glimpsed one – despite a series of exhausting early morning excursions. Those who persevered with quiet observation were rewarded with sightings of all manner of animals – many with names to match the exotic location. Blue-crowned hanging parrot, whiskered treeswift, Storm's stork, red-crowned barbet, buffy fishing owl (re-christened Buffy the fish slayer) and black and red broadbill were amongst the many bird species seen and some of the party were 'lucky' enough to come across a keeled Malaysian pit viper. In Tabin most of the party saw orang-utans in the wild (as opposed to in a sanctuary) and breathtaking views of proboscis monkeys and hornbills punctuated river trips, while Hose's and silvered langurs and pig-tailed macaques completed the 'monkey list'. Evening brought visiting rhinoceros beetles, bats, palm-civets, elephants, frogs and moths the size of a small child, together with the sort of background noises normally only experienced second-hand via a TV with a large David Attenborough in the foreground!

Some gems remained unseen – Bornean bristle-head, gibbon and fluffy-backed tit babbler to name but three (though Jab claims to have glimpsed the last in a night club in Kota Kinabalu!), all the more reason for a return trip in the near future.



Keeled Malaysian pit viper



Giant moth



Impenetrable jungle



Qualified at last

SKIING IN NORWAY

February Half-term saw Stowe's first ski trip for a number of years and certainly the first time that Stowe has ventured across to Norway for such an activity.

The party comprised thirteen 3rd and 4th Form students and embraced a wide range of ski proficiency from those who had skied a number of times to those experiencing the sport for the first time.

We met at Heathrow. Having endured extensive security checks, mainly of Mark Stormont via a very sensitive metal detector, we boarded our direct flight to Oslo following a short delay. The approach to landing saw us cruise over the famous Norwegian Fjords and it soon became obvious that Norway was not experiencing the same snow drought as Northern Europe. Amazingly Norwegian Passport Control accepted all of us and we were soon embarking on our 5-hour coach transfer to the resort of Oppdal.

It was always clear that Norway was going to be cold and we soon experienced this on arrival at our apartments where sheet ice covered the ground and made the resulting ascent to our rooms interesting given the added instability of heavy luggage. Fortunately the staff were aided by a number of students who kindly highlighted the exceptionally slippery spots ahead of us, some very realistically.

Monday saw the party don multiple layers of clothing and brave the Norwegian climate in order to collect our skis and boots in readiness for the first day's falling over, sorry, skiing. After some confusion over European sizes the party members greeted their instructors and were swiftly taken for an evaluation session to ascertain ability. The morning lessons went well with all members returning unscathed and eager to continue skiing in the afternoon.

The trip coincided with the Salt Lake City Winter Olympics and as expected the coverage on Norwegian television was extensive, and whereas this gave the party ample opportunity to become familiar with both Curling and Cross Country skiing, it was clear that evening activities had to be planned. The local town housed both a swimming pool and bowling alley which we were able to use quite regularly, although it has to be noted that some students, notably Thomas Borwick, should really have spent more time there in order to perfect the art of bowling.

An interesting facet of any international trip is the opportunity to sample local cuisine and it was fortunate that the bowling alley served the well-known

Norwegian dish of pizza. It was therefore pleasing to see that many of the party members, notably Thomas Williams, grabbed this opportunity, indeed wherever pizza was served, to display their particular range of eating habits and styles.

The next few days of skiing saw the divide between those experienced and novice skiers continue to decrease with all the groups beginning to explore the entire resort via a number of ever increasingly difficult runs, improving their knowledge and geography of the resort quickly. These days also saw some major climate variations and the group experienced both bright sunshine and extreme snowfall. Whereas this resulted in some excellent powdered snow the boundaries between piste and off piste became increasingly blurred. Indeed the most qualified geographer of the group found it increasingly difficult to navigate a path down the mountain, resulting in two members of staff discovering an alternative method of descent which although certainly humorous resulted in valuable time being spent retrieving skis, poles and removing snow from inside clothing.

The disappointment of the holiday coming to an end was soon overshadowed by the most inclement Norwegian weather that we had experienced so far with a gusting wind causing snow to drift and plummet temperatures to below minus 20. It was fortunate, however, that the feeling of being totally covered in snow had been graphically relayed to us over the holiday by Thomas Bailey who appeared to spend most of his skiing time lying on or buried under snow as opposed to gliding over it.

In seriousness this proved to be an excellent trip and I would like to congratulate the Stoics on their conduct and reliability throughout as well as the help and support of DGB. Given the response and success of this year's trip I hope a ski trip once again becomes an annual event.

SJP



Myles Henry Award 2001-2:

FEAR AND LOATHING IN GUATEMALA

2000 miles above the northern border of Guatemala, on a flight bound for Guatemala City, the reality of our odyssey had started to settle in. Anxiety and uncertainty rested heavily on our minds. Reaching out for some comfort or reassurance, Matt turned to the 9 year-old Guatemalan sitting next to him and asked about our destination city. What was it like? Was it safe?

The reply came as a chuckle, followed by a candid account of the Guatemalan underground culture of drugs, prostitution, and organised crime. Apparently he had been shot twice and expelled from schools for both drug dealing and stabbing a teacher. Looking back on it the boy was quite clearly full of Brad Pitt, but at the time his words were fearfully disconcerting.

We were not nearly as prepared as we had thought ourselves to be, but our experience was, although terrifying, one of liberation. There was something intensely refreshing about knowing that we were totally alone in a foreign country; the fact that it was desperately poor and recovering from a devastating civil war, along with our disability to talk the language, merely heightened the experience.

Guatemala's history is colourful to say the least: 3000 years of intensely creative and peaceful Mayan culture followed by invasion of the Spanish and 500 years of war, dictatorships, and deep poverty. It appealed to us because it would be so far removed from any place we had previously visited. And so with a vague plan, although with no clue how to implement it, we arrived in the single terminal of Guatemala's capital city airport.

We were met by a driver who, not speaking a word of English, bundled us into his bus and hit the road. It was dark and so we couldn't really see where we were until the next morning. It felt like we had arrived in some dank geological orifice; we could hear and smell the surrounding fest: pollution, chicken buses, drunks, insectile chatter and general decay. It was a relief finally to reach our destination of Anitgua, the original Spanish capital of Guatemala, and meet some Americans. We stayed overnight at the headquarters of the charity that we would later work for.



The next morning all our fears were dispelled by the unveiled reality of our surroundings. The town was beautiful and full of colour, the roads were all cobbled and the houses all painted in bright colours. Although it was quite run down and full of ruined churches, it had a certain natural beauty that was truly captivating. Antigua was the ex-capital of the whole of Central America and Guatemala until a devastating earthquake in 1773 forced the capital to relocate 45km east to present day Guatemala City. Antigua is among the oldest and most beautiful cities in the Americas. Set amid 3 volcanoes (Agua, Fuego and Acatenango) its magnificent, yet sturdy architecture has survived 16 earthquakes and numerous floods and fires.

The main attraction is its bustling market near the bus terminal. Its huge variety of hand-woven textiles were wildly coloured and regionally patterned. It was certainly 'unique' to be chased around the tents by Mayan women trying to sell their textiles – '¿Cuanto es? ... '65'... 'No, gracias'... 'Ok mister, 60'... 'Ok, special price just for you...50' ... '40? ...please mister, very good price!'

By this stage the woman was actually grabbing onto you in sheer desperation! We felt sorry for this woman and eventually bought the damn rug! It wasn't until about the third day when we realised all the women employed this tactic! We were parsimonious and ruthless from then on.

While in Antigua we stayed with a local family, La Familia de Palacios, in conjunction with our Spanish lessons. The father of the family was Romero and his wife was Christina. They had two daughters, Monica and Lydia, and a son, Oscar. They also had a little mongrel dog called 'Blacky', who Ramsay became quite friendly with until he got fleas!

The house was pretty basic, but was a lot better than we expected. The upstairs was open air and we had a stunning view, over the corrugated iron roof, of Volcan de Agua, which is luckily dormant!

The family didn't speak any English at all but we could get by well enough miming and using sign language! Trying to explain the ins and outs of cricket was particularly entertaining. Also for some reason they thought Matt's name was Matteo and Ramsay's was Randy! Unfortunately, these both stuck!

The majority of our trip was to work for a local charity called 'Las Familias de Esperanza'. Otherwise known as Common Hope, they are an organisation that helps the children and families of the Guatemalan slums. Common Hope has grown from a small family-based project to a powerful force helping thousands of people to rise from poverty. The families that walk through their doors are often barefoot, live in one-room shacks made of cornstalks, and have little access to medical care, clean water, basic sanitation, education, or jobs. The people they serve were born without the choices that so many of us enjoy. At Common Hope they work hard to create choices and opportunities. Whilst their work centres on a personal relationship with a sponsored child or adult, the entire family has access to their comprehensive and integrated set of programs.

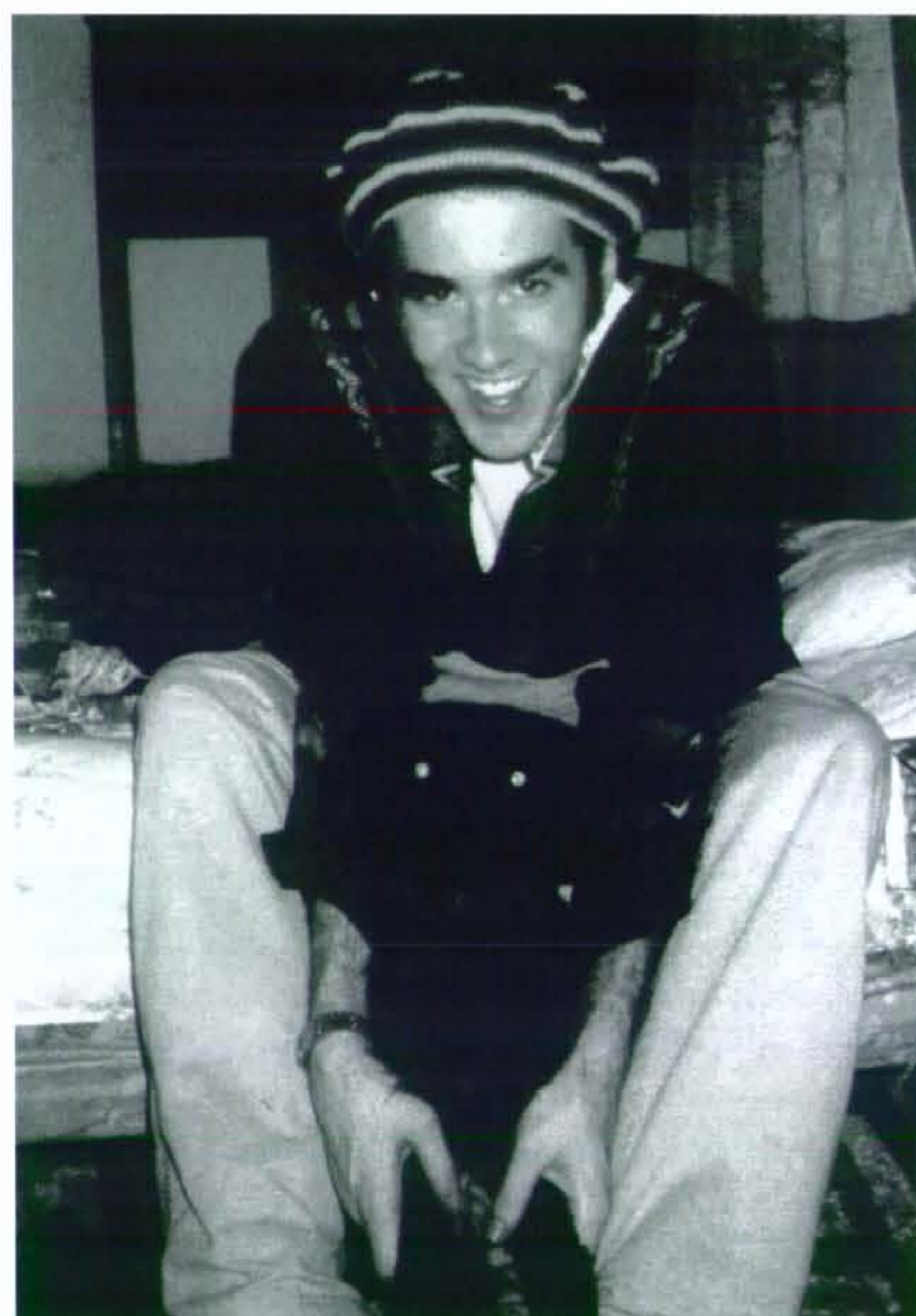
Their workers, families and supporters come from many faith traditions. Common Hope are respectful of this diversity, yet acknowledge the common spiritual values that we share, such as hope, respect, love, and the desire to help those in need.

In 1985, Common Hope began working with an extremely poor village located on the shores of Lake Atitlán. They primarily helped the people build schools until the civil war forced them to leave.

In 1990, they began working in the mountainous area south of Antigua, where they established the Family Development Center, a six-building facility on three acres, where over 6,000 poor people come for help.

Their approach to human development has proven quite successful, and they are now expanding their work into other parts of Guatemala.

They operate 4 basic programs; education, family development, healthcare and housing. We were only there for two weeks and it was the holidays for the children, so we couldn't get involved in any major projects, however we did make a contribution delivering beds, stoves, tables and chairs, counting paper and most importantly meeting and interacting as much as we could with the local families.



The work the Project does is truly inspirational. There are no free handouts (except for Christmas bundles) and whatever help they receive they must return by working in turn for the charity. Their methods are simple, and so easily understood, and are ultimately fruitful. Some of the families we visited were living in total poverty and deprivation, and to these people the project offers the gift of hope, which is a fundamental necessity for the building of a new life.

We worked for the project every weekday afternoon for the duration of our two-week stay and certainly learned an immense amount about human rights, social skills and survival, despite the scarcest of resources.

Although we were based in Antigua, in and around the project, we made a couple of trips around the rest of Guatemala.

The first weekend of our stay we flew to Northern Guatemala to see the Mayan ruins at Tikal. These are the Central American equivalent of the pyramids, only set amidst a jungle rather than a desert. They date from as early as 700BC and were the homes and burial places of the rulers of the indigenous Mayan people. Rulers included Great Jaguar Paw, Smoking Frog, Thunderbird, Lord Chocolate and his renegade son, Kayned. They were all part of the pre-Spanish cultural and artistic golden age, based around the discovery and ritual use of their 'food of the Gods', the magic mushroom.

Our accommodation was at the 'Jungle Lodge' in the central metropolis of the Tikal national park and nature reserve. This man-made pimple in the seemingly endless expanse of vegetation was convenient in its proximity to the ruins but uncomfortably scant with regard to electricity, sanitation, sustenance and, above all, hot water. This was meant to be four-star accommodation – more like four-star dereliction!

Nevertheless the park itself was spectacular: the sheer beauty of the place was astonishing. We had a guided tour of the ruins and spent the rest of our stay climbing the temples and checking out the local wildlife: which included spider monkeys, howler monkeys, toucans, possum thingies, oscillated turkeys and swarms of ants. It was a nice way to wind down after a hard week's work, despite some problems with alto-phobia on Matt's part.

The last weekend we spent in Guatemala happened to be New Year and so our travels just seemed to lead us (need I say inadvertently?) to the country's festive epicentre: Lake Atitlan. This was about a 3-hour drive from Antigua with a stop at Chichicastenago, the nations largest market town.

Lake Atitlan is the largest lake in Central America and because of its topographic beauty has been a hive of tourist activity since the mid-60's when it was encrusted with a swarm of hippy communes. Now, however,

it is full of bars, clubs and, of course, a multitude of loaded gringos. For this reason crime and gang-warfare is quite high, but then it's the same the country over. We were staying in the tourist centre in the town of Panajachel in a hotel called 'Ux Hay'. Before the celebrations we took a cruise across the lake to look at the local Mayan settlements and, finding not much of interest, decided to start drinking early.

--We are more than aware of our readership here so we will try to be as brief as possible--

Walking around the streets of Panajachel at night was a cultural experience of the most intense kind. Rather than being a celebration it was more like a riot. The fire-works we had witnessed in Antigua were nothing to what we saw there. The streets were practically ablaze, and the air thick with smoke and ululations. Arrrrrrrrriiiiiiba!!!!

Firework-phobia led us, ducking through the battle-zone, into the 'El Hole' bar (I probably owe Matt my life for that phobia). At midnight the place erupted... literally. The cry of "BOMBASS!" and the subsequent detonation in the street had left a gaping hole in the wall! As a result the bouncers pulled down heavy steel shutters over the windows and doors. We were locked in until around 2:30 am, drinks were on the house, and it has to be said we had a great, albeit turbulent, night.

The next day it was back to Antigua to say goodbye to our family and friends at the Project.

We returned from our odyssey haggard but happy; fulfilled in that we had been saturated in an incredibly unique and interesting culture, and had given something back to the community that had hosted us so well. We left the Project with a cheque for \$2500 (US) that had been raised by a 24 hour charity football match played by Walpole House.

The Myles Henry award is one of those golden opportunities afforded by a Stoic education and, although it will take quite a lot of work, it is well worth applying. This year Merlin Hanbury-Tennison and Alexander Pike will be travelling to Swaziland to do battle with the Triphids and we wish them luck.

MATT JOHNSON AND RAMSAY FANOUS

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Stowe School
Buckingham
MK18 5EH
Tel: 01280 818000
www.stowe.co.uk