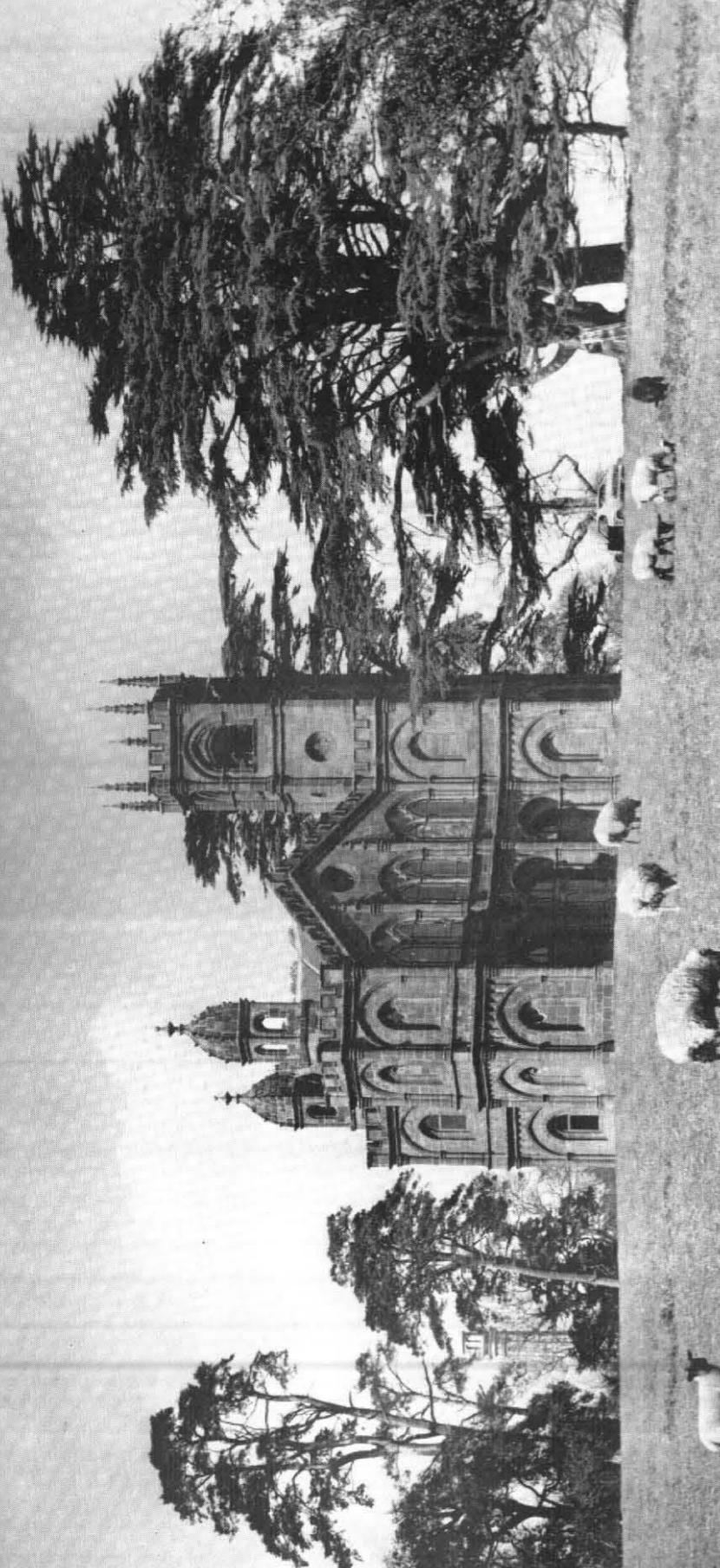




THE STOIC

July 1971

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THE STOIC

Stoica: T. C. Kinahan
Society: P. R. Zielinski
Music: N. P. Kaye
Sport: N. H. Thomlinson
Art: C. J. Manton
Germ: R. G. G. Carr

Frontispiece
photograph by
R. & H. Chapman
Buckingham

EDITORIAL

Many people have proposed their own answers to the problems of society, all of which have fallen short of the mark because they try to be all-inclusive. In attempting this the scope and the practicality of their suggestions have been severely limited because they ignore the individuals within that society. This being the editorial of a school magazine it is necessary to narrow the question down to the relatively closed society within which most members of the school find themselves: does not the answer lie within the school itself? Adequate though this may sound it is vague and indecisive. There can be no absolute criterion of action because any society is made up of individuals, as we all know. All would propose some form of answer. For myself I would broach a Christian theocentric society. Others would preach 'Liberté, égalité, fraternité', or even the vague altruistic Utopia of 'yippyism'. All these, however, are impractical in reality.

If that is the case, does it not mean that there is no hope for our society, let alone our school? It does not: but it does imply that we will all have to work for the better future that politicians always insist is coming effortlessly our way. The normal complaints of 'lethargy' and 'the system' within the school structure have their truths: but the ultimate truth lies within the individual and not within the complete edifice of which those individuals are part. To make our society work well and smoothly each person within it will have to adhere to a higher ideal of reality if progress is to be ensured and our hopes realised.

This suggestion is neither new nor remote. It is age old in its implications and has always been paramountly possible, although rarely put into effect. When it has, as on a limited monastic scale, it has been devastating in its simplicity and intensely rewarding to all. There are even examples of it today: in Locciano, for instance, life is regulated according to the freedom of the Christian gospel. There is no reason why such experiments should not be tried in our society here at Stowe, save that experiments, by their nature, are always dangerous.

This leaves us with the question: 'What shall that ideal be?' It needs must be a uniformly acceptable one, for it would be singularly pointless if we all went around, as we do, pursuing our own ends without any sense of cohesion or common purpose. The danger of choosing a religious model is that the society thereby obtained would become aesthetic and out of touch with its surroundings. This would be true if we were to retreat to a monastic cell: Stoics, however, are extremely unlikely to do so. But religion, in Western thought, is more of an extroversion than a recluse, and if interpreted as such holds the key to our problems. I would suggest that the Christian ideal is the only one to fulfill the requirements and be eminently suitable both to the ambiguities of the individual and to the corporate needs of society as a whole.

TIMOTHY KINAHAN

STOICA

The summer term is perhaps more conducive to outdoor activity than any other. The terror of exams, however, quickens as the term continues and tends to distract the attention of many members of the school as they approach. There has, though, been no lack of activity within the school in the past few months.

The Debating Society has been reasonably active, having decided at the time of going to press to defeat the motion that 'This house would not die for any cause'. The Natural History Society has been busy, as usual, on the Nature Reserve and on the production of its excellent magazine *The Grebe*. The Historical Society has discussed Luther under the guidance of Rev. Dr Peter Brooks. The Sedentarians have had a lecture on Puerto Rico. The Music Club have had a most entertaining and interesting lecture-recital on the viola da gamba by Dr Peggy Sampson of the University of Manitoba. The recently innovated careers films have proved a great success amongst those as yet undecided about their futures. There have been a flood of art exhibitions within the school: not only have Cobham and Temple produced their own displays; but the school has also had its third successive major art exhibition in the Marble Hall, this year of works by John Bratby. The Political Club has produced, as is now usual, a veritable variety of high calibre speakers. John Wells, M.P. spoke on the Common Market, Timothy Raison, M.P. discussed the environment, and William Benyon, M.P. gave a prolonged eulogy on the (doubtful) benefits of the result of the last election. This term it has been the turn of the Conservatives to indoctrinate us!

Various members of the staff gave a most moving performance of the 'Browning Version' by Terence Rattigan, with Mr J. M. Temple in the lead rôle. This was accompanied by a performance of 'Harlequinade', which, though no less well acted, was in much lighter vein. The leavers are putting on a production of 'O What a Lovely War' at the end of term, partly to fill in time after exams, and partly to raise funds for Leukaemia research. They will also entertain.

In the musical field there has been, again, a wide variety. Eric Hill gave a guitar recital, and Terence James an organ recital on the newly tuned chapel organ. A most moving performance of Purcell's Dido and Aeneas was given by the Queen's Temple Singers. The Saloman Orchestra is scheduled to give a concert of music by Elgar, Schubert and Haydn nearer the end of term. The Music Club, as has been seen, has been active, and the Folk Song Society has had a few enjoyable and more light hearted evenings at the Queen's Temple.

The Summer term is the term for outdoor pursuits, which have this term paid ample dividends, although success has been by no means universal. The Golf team established a record by winning the Micklem trophy for the fourth successive year, and by their results so far this term they have further established themselves. The First Cricket team has so far this term not lost a single school match. The swimming team are badly in need of a new pool, the money for the commencement of which has by now been raised. Mr D. J. Arnold has established archery as a popular, successful, and by no means dangerous sport. Only one match has so far been lost by any of the tennis teams, and the sailing team has been correspondingly successful.

We welcome Mr C. J. G. Atkinson (C 1959) to whom much of the success of the cricketers is due and we are sorry to have to say farewell to Mr J. M. Tibbs, who has given much of his time over the past two years to the science department. We would like to extend our congratulations to Mr D. W. Manly on being awarded a schoolmaster's studentship to New College, Oxford for Hilary Term 1972; and to Mr A. F. le Pichon on his marriage to Doreen Kwok on Friday, 16th April, 1971.

The science block is at the stage where any advancement is very noticeable, whereas the swimming pool and repairs on the second Kent Pavilion have only just begun. The Gothic Temple has been fully restored and is now eminently habitable. Full credit should be granted to the landscape committee and all who have worked to make the grounds as they now are: they have not looked so good for many years, and only now are many of the geometric subtleties of design rearing their heads above the undergrowth of the years.

Although the weather has not lived up to expectations it has not deterred the school from a wide range of activities, and even successes. On the sportsfield the year as a whole has been, as the headmaster put in his speech 'probably one of the best the school has ever known'. Academically we will have to wait until the exam results are through next term before we can pass judgment. Without trying to appear jingoistic it would seem that the school has had one of its better years, not to mention terms.

TIMOTHY KINAHAN

APOLOGY

In the last issue of *The Stoic*, in the 'Stoica' section, the paragraph concerning sport caused some justifiable offence. The editors would like to apologize for this underestimation of the school's athletic prowess and will take full care in later issues to make sure that this does not occur again.

SPEECH DAY

The Headmaster's proverbial good luck failed this year: the rains came and a large gathering of Stoics, parents and Old Stoics found what shelter they could under the Colonnades and a galaxy of umbrellas on the North Front. Mr. Anthony Quinton, Chairman of the Governors welcomed the Chief Guest, The Very Reverend Martin Sullivan, Dean of St Paul's and invited the Headmaster to speak.

The Headmaster's Speech

The Headmaster welcomed the guests and commented on the large number of visitors to Stowe over the last few years. He then welcomed especially the Dean of St Paul's and his wife on their second visit to Stowe: "But before I go any further, I must apologise to our distinguished visitor, Martin Sullivan, Dean of St Paul's, for not adding my own personal welcome to him and to his wife on this, their second visit to Stowe. We all remember your sermon in the School Chapel some three years ago now. Indeed, how could anyone forget a preacher who preached for some thirty minutes? And yet, ladies and gentlemen, you could have heard a pin drop, and on the following day, several boys came and said that it had seemed like ten minutes and when could we get him again? Well here he is. And to those who have not heard him speak before, I would say that you have a treat in store. Although the Dean hails from New Zealand, he has spent a good deal of time in England, at St Martin-in-the-Fields during the war and at St Paul's for the last eight years. He also has the honour of being a Freeman of the City of London. If I tell you that he has also written five books in addition to his many other duties, I am sure you will agree that we should all be extremely grateful to him for coming all this way to present the prizes and to speak to us this afternoon. Thank you, Sir.

"Now, before presenting my report, I would like to say how delighted we all were to see that Sir Miles Thomas, one of our Governors, was created a Life Peer in the New Year's Honours List. He is now Lord Thomas of Remenham in the County of Oxfordshire. He is a most regular attender of Speech Days at Stowe, and I am sorry that he could not be here today. I am sure we shall see him next year, when his second grandson joins the School.

"The Stowe Governing Body suffered a great loss last month in the death of Mr George Bridge; although he had only been a Governor of Stowe for about ten years, his association with Stowe and his help to Stowe goes back for a period of about forty years, during which he was a member of the Central Committee of the Allied Schools. He was a person of real quality—the answer to the Chairman's prayer at Governors' meetings—and I shall miss him personally more than I can say."

The Headmaster proceeded to give "a kaleidoscopic, hotch-potch, pot-pourri of Stowe happenings", which are reported in this and previous editions of *The Stoic*. In conclusion the Headmaster referred to his visit with Mrs Drayson to America. He thanked the Senior Tutor for

running the School in his absence and then spoke of his impression of America. (A fuller account of what he found in America is printed in *Germ*.)

Referring to the unhappiness so prevalent in America, the Headmaster went on: "But lest we should be tempted to be smug, we could do well to remember that so often what is happening in America today happens here in two or three years' time. Of our young people, I would say that they are less encumbered by biases and prejudices than people of our generation. They are more open to the learning processes, but too many young people are concerned about themselves, and no one will go forward unless he is freed from himself. Our first instinct is self, but no great person is deeply involved in self. Maturity, to me, is that stage where you find the real pleasure of extending beyond yourself for the good of others. Life is, and should be, a pleasurable experience and it's only pleasurable when you're seeking something worthwhile. George Booth, who founded Cranbrook School in America, said so truly, "The only thing worth finding is opportunity". Young people today have what I think is a great problem. There is this inward-looking seriousness. They certainly don't seem to have much fun, and if a human being doesn't have fun as he's growing up, he won't have fun as he's growing older. If they are not careful, they will be caught in a trap because they are exposed to a vast world with which they cannot cope. There is a famous chapter in Ecclesiastes: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted. A time to weep and a time to laugh. A time to mourn and a time to dance." Well, we have to free the younger generation to be youngsters, and not to be miniature adults; to live freely in the springtime of their life. On my return from a glimpse at American education, I would say this. I believe in hard work. I believe in tackling the difficult when sometimes we don't want to. I would say to the boy who says, "I'm not happy", that we don't exist primarily to make boys happy, though we hope they will be. We ask them to face up to the realities of life. I certainly do not believe in the philosophy of allowing boys solely to "do their own thing". I believe in civility, and I believe in accountability. Civility means to me being thoughtful and considerate of others. Accountability is the accepting unflinchingly the results of one's actions. Young people want and need dimensions in which they can make mistakes, and then pick themselves up and start again.

"One fact, one difficulty, for them is that communication and transportation are faster. That barriers between races and nations are falling. That influences good and evil upon our senses and emotions are increasing. The quantity of information in this world is multiplying year by year. Engineers and doctors are out of date the week after they have left university. We should aim, then, to produce in our young people a mind which can evaluate new information, reject what is spurious, and cling to what will grow.

"What part can a parent play in all this? He can work to understand what is happening at the school, and why. If he is uncertain of the value of what we offer, he can ask us immediately, and before he expresses his reservations and doubts. Communication between the School and the parents is absolutely essential. Many people do not know because they have not asked. Take an interest in your son's course and in the School. We like to see you at Stowe: the more you are sensibly involved in your son's education, the more he will appreciate your interest and respond to it. You can of course certainly help us—and your son—financially, as so many of you have already done in supporting the Appeal for better facilities for your sons and for those who follow them here.

"And finally, how does the Stoic leaving school today compare with those of you who left Stowe twenty-five years ago? He is certainly more hairy and less tidy. He is probably better informed. He is less conformist by upbringing, but has a stronger social conscience. He is less ready to be thought of as a Public Schoolboy. He feels more solidarity with his contemporaries in other walks of life and other lands. He is less patient with authority, less sure of his religious convictions, more sure of his rights, less of his duties. More independent in outlook, less secure in a less stable world. He is no less opposed to all forms of tyranny, but more convinced that war is never justified. He is less conscious of his heritage, more loyal to his ideals. He is less courteous in manner, but his courtesy is more natural. He knows a good deal more about sex and a good deal less about love. He has more pocket money, and earns more of it for himself.

He is more concerned with his 'A' Level grades, less with whether he can drive the green. He does not smoke pot, but finds it difficult to understand why it is so much worse than alcohol and tobacco. Intellectually, he is more pessimistic, emotionally more optimistic. He talks much more freely to his parents and listens a good deal less carefully to what they say. He is young. He will be 48 when the 21st century dawns. He is cheerful, friendly, equally worthy of the tradition in which he stands, though less sure that he sees this as a compliment. And I find that I have a lot of time for the Stoic of 1971."

The Dean of St Paul's Speech

"Mr Chairman, Headmaster, ladies and gentlemen.

"I must first of all thank both the Chairman and the Headmaster for their very cordial welcome to us both here today. I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to come once again into these magnificent surroundings. The Headmaster very sweetly, and very Headmasterly, told you that when I was here last I preached in Chapel for 35 minutes. If that didn't put the fear of God into you it ought to have done. But may I say that when he resumed his seat I looked at my watch and thought to myself, "You haven't done so badly either." I want to congratulate all of you who are sitting down there in the gods, with such endurance and courage and, if I may say so, stoicism. I like the idea of umbrellas—I think I'll introduce them into St Paul's sometime. They provide you with such a marvellous area of anonymity; the preacher can't see you and you can't see him. In fact, you could stick them in the ground and get out on all fours before the collection was taken, and nobody would know you had gone. But I cannot help saying that on your behalf because you deserve it, as we cast a kind of sardonic eye at the upper tenth in the gods on my right and on my left. I hope they can hear. But it is a very great pleasure to be here, and I thank the Headmaster also for telling you the source and origin of my life. I'm grateful for that; I met a Conservative Member of Parliament the other day whom I did not know, and who did not know me. And all Members of Parliament are on the look out for votes. At the present moment I would have thought the Conservatives especially so. He approached me and said with a kind of gimlet look (he didn't ask me) he said, "You're an Australian."

"I thought, "Well, that's one vote you've lost anyway." "Ah," he said, like all politicians, ever eager to return to the fray. "You're a Tasmanian." I said, "Have you ever been to Tasmania?" He said, "No." I said, "Neither have I. Why don't you call me a gorilla and be done with it? I'm just a little New Zealander fighting for his life on the Common Market," I told him. So I'm glad, I repeat, to be here. May I just say one other thing. I went around after lunch trying to meet some of the boys. And then I thought I ought not to be a snob so I had better meet some of the Masters. But I had an overcoat on, buttoned up to the neck, and I approached one of them, and I was quite sure that he thought, as I got nearer, that I was a confidence man on the make. Because I said to him, "What do you teach?" And he told me. You're dying to know, but I won't tell you. "Will discipline be on display today?" I asked him. "Oh, no, no, no," he said. "Excuse me, there's someone over there I must speak to." And I haven't seen him since. He's here, I know. All I'm trying to do is win friends and influence people. Will you tell him that if he doesn't get the message?

"I want to say one or two words to the boys if I may. That's really why I've come. First of all, before we forget, en masse, I hope we will as we have done individually extend our warmest congratulations to the prize winners. Whenever I go to functions like these, I hear estimable people like myself standing on the platform, saying to the audience that the real heart of the school, the brains of the school, the best type of boy in the school, is sitting in the middle; he hasn't won a prize at all. And the prize winners slink up like convicts to receive their trophies. Prize winners are a very great asset to a school, and let's congratulate them on their achievements this year—en masse.

"I'm going to say briefly to you three simple things to beat the rain. If it rains before I finish, those who really don't know what my function is will realise that I'm not as close to the source and origin of things as you had imagined I was. I'll do my best.

"I'm going to hang across here three rather tattered banners, fluttering in the breeze, in the

boldest of print that you may read them; the boys especially. Just a sentence on each. I apologise to the teachers, because two of the sentences will be in the negative, and only one in the affirmative. I understand that that's bad teaching, but I can't help it. I want to dress each of the banners before I tell you the caption which is upon it. The first takes us back twenty-three to twenty-four hundred years ago, to a great and distinguished teacher, who had a gathering of disciples but died before people really understood what he was about. Who left no written records at all, just somebody to spread his gospel later on. Now this man was engaged on something of the most vital importance, but the community, the establishment, the state, couldn't bear it. And so they said, "We want to get rid of this man because he is guilty of two charges. Irreligion and perverting the young." They're superb charges if you can make them stick. Boys, if you want to get rid of a Master, you get him on irreligion and perverting the young, and he'll be out of the school in twenty-four hours. They hauled this man before the tribunal, convicted him, and sentenced him to death. In those days the death sentence was carried out in a much more civilised manner than the one we used to adopt: they let him do it himself. They gave him a cup, and in the cup was hemlock. When he drank it, he died. That was Socrates. What was he about? He was teaching the truth. I want to say to every boy in the place, learn the truth and pursue it; whether it's in religion, or science, or economics, or philosophy, or languages, it matters not. The truth. Go for it. The test of the truth is that the nearer you get to it, the further off it recedes. It's like a well-enlightened conscience. Don't get on to bandwagons unless you believe in them; don't go for the ride, or to join your friends. Don't carry banners unless you hold to what is written on them and have the guts to stay out as much as the guts to get in. The truth. And sometimes sit down and tell yourself the truth. If you're not sure what it is, ask your sister. She'll tell you; not the dolly you're running round with, she's as foolish as you are. Ask your sister. So the first banner says just this: "Don't poison Socrates." Here's the second. Two thousand years ago, another man, another teacher, young, wrote nothing, got to the hearts of people, got to the basis of human society and turned it upside down. The powers that be got at him, as they got at every prophet and every leader. They always stoned a prophet, remember that. They said, "This man is guilty of another two charges. This time it is blasphemy and perverting the nation." So they took him out and put him to death in a much more primitive manner. They hoisted him up on to a tree and nailed him to it, and in three hours he died. Of course, this was the person of Christ. And what was He about? He was teaching love—oh, that knockabout word—love. I'm going to define it in a moment, but before I do, don't mistake it for the kind people tell you it is. You know these fellows with these things, these twanging things, God help us. They plug it in and turn the switch on just in case you can't hear it. They say, "I love you baby." The only thing I'm glad about is that I'm not the baby they're talking about when I look at them. Love. Let me give you this definition. He'll be a clever boy and a clever Master who'll remember it. When Christ taught love, this is what He said, presupposing goodwill, because it could be a definition of hate, too. "That outreach of the imagination, by which I grasp, and make real to myself the being of others." The being. So I can love you without liking you. I can love you without knowing you, because my imagination has done it. Because your being, your hopes, your happiness, your plans, your fears, everything about you, I've made my own. That's what it's all about. Get hold of that when you go out and work, and live, and move, and have your being. That's the second banner: "Don't crucify Christ."

"Here's the third, much nearer this time. 1936. Did you know that that was the last year they had democratic elections in Spain? Remember that next time you have your Spanish holiday. They haven't had a democratic election since 1936, and they held this one, and the issue was bread. The issue was hunger, and the issue was poverty. The two political parties had said their piece, and promised the world. Then men and women came to the hustings and lined up in two rows, to exercise their vote, and the candidates had the last minute chance to influence them. They can't in this country, they could then. They didn't say anything, but the man who wanted their votes, who'd promised them the earth, went down the whole line of them with his palm turned like that, and inside his hand was a silver coin. "Vote for me," he was saying, "and this will be yours." A Spanish peasant stood out of the line and faced him, and said in Spanish (I wish I could speak it, because I'm told that his sentence is incomparable in the

Spanish language), he said, "I am the master of my own hunger." So are you, boys, so are you. Not of your fate, oh no, but of your hunger and all that goes with it. So the third thing, the positive, affirmative one, is this: "Stand up and be counted." So will you remember that?

Three banners. Hang them out and stick them up in your offices, your workshop, in your home, wherever you go when you leave this place. And I'm going to repeat them, that you may possibly remember them. "Don't poison Socrates." "Don't crucify Christ." "Stand up and be counted." If you can get that into your bloodstream, your years in this great school will be abundantly blessed and multiplied.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir,

After a period of five years at Stowe, I think it is possible for me to reflect upon the education I have received in what I hope will be a helpful manner. Before doing so, I think it is necessary to determine exactly what I mean by that vague term "education". One goes to Public School at the age of 13 and leaves at the age of 18. In that time one should have obtained a good general knowledge of the arts, languages and sciences on the academic side. One should, if it is at all to one's inclination, have endeavoured to prove oneself on the sporting field. It is hoped that one should be relatively cultured and well-versed in topical subjects. Above all one should be ready to make the important decisions that will affect one's life.

Following from the above concept, I have two main criticisms to make, partly about the education I have received at Stowe but also in a general manner. The first is that one has to specialise far too early. For example by inadvertently studying Maths. in the Upper School—a decision which was probably made at the age of fifteen—one may easily be channelled off in later life into engineering which might have little relation to one's natural inclination. Moreover by studying say the sciences, one's knowledge of the arts and languages is almost non-existent. What is needed is a less specialised but more general knowledge on a greater number of subjects, perhaps along the lines of an "I" or intermediate level.

The second criticism is far more vague. Many people reckon education to be a sort of one way process from teacher to pupil. I think this is misguided for every day one hears about people's experiences which will influence one's own decisions. Thus the whole mood of a community is one of learning. Within this community one builds up friendships and feelings towards other people. For it to work the atmosphere must be happy, so certain loyalties must be conceived among the boys and between master and pupil. If this system of give and take is violated, the atmosphere of the place is degraded. It is therefore a terrible pity when, for example, a boy refuses to play tennis or golf for a master in order to work for 'A' levels because he is pursuing far too narrow a concept of education and he is damaging the society in which he lives. Moreover since an education prepares one for later life, this characteristic will not necessarily dissolve away.

From the above criticisms I cannot but conclude with a word of commendation for Stowe. Systems of education are never perfect and Stowe is no exception. Although boys are forced to specialise, the very nature of Stowe's surroundings with its temples and majestic gardens must inevitably give a student some form of cultural grounding even if it is too narrow. It has a very wide range of activities and generally there is a happy atmosphere which is so vital for a closed community. Finally the emphasis on the importance of being an individual is of supreme importance at Stowe.

Yours faithfully,

ANGUS J. MACPHERSON

OLIM ALUMNI

H. J. Bonning (C 1951) having retired from the Royal Navy in October 1970 has emigrated to New Zealand and has joined Air New Zealand as Project Engineer.

P. S. Bramley (W 1958) has been awarded a D.Phil., Aberdeen University.

R. M. W. Busk (G 1943) has been awarded an O.B.E. (Military).

F. H. M. Craig-Cooper (T 1953) unsuccessfully contested the Houghton-le-Spring Constituency in the General Election on behalf of the Conservative Party.

Lieutenant Colonel The Lord Dunallely (G 1931) has been appointed Irish Representative for Christies.

B. D. Henry (Q 1937) has been appointed Director of Corporate Relations of the Associated Newspapers Group.

R. B. Matthews (B 1934) has been awarded a C.B.E. (Civil).

M. G. Satow (C 1932) has been awarded an O.B.E. (Overseas) for services to British interests in India.

D. Shepherd (C 1949) appears in a fifty minute B.B.C. documentary entitled 'The Man Who Loves Giants'.

S. G. H. Sinclair (G 1957) has just completed two years assisting in the construction of a new airport in the Seychelles.

C. S. Wallis-King (G 1944) has been awarded an O.B.E. (Military).

P. A. Willes (B 1929) has been awarded an O.B.E. (Civil).

BIRTHS

To the wife of:

D. H. Bate (G 1961) a second daughter on April 1st 1971.

P. S. Bramley (W 1958) a son on September 24th 1970.

P. E. B. de Buriatte (B 1953) a daughter on May 22nd 1971.

R. Maxwell-Hyslop, M.P. (C 1949) a daughter on April 2nd 1971.

M. K. Ridley (C 1956) a son in March 1970.

A. P. Rosner (C 1959) a son on August 9th 1970.

S. G. H. Sinclair (G 1957) a son on October 13th 1970.

MARRIAGES

D. S. Cowper (G 1960) to Caroline A. Copinger-Hill on November 15th 1969.

H. D. Gibbins (L 1969) to Diana Houlton on March 20th 1971.

M. K. Ridley (C 1956) to Diana McLennan in May 1968.

G. T. Shelley (G 1958) to Judy Pamela Howard on January 30th 1971.

S. G. H. Sinclair (G 1957) to Elizabeth Rosemary Lees on October 13th 1971.

DEATHS

R. Brazil (C 1950) in April 1971.

D. C. Ellis (C 1927) on November 11th 1970.

D. Morley-Fletcher (T 1928) on April 15th 1971.

H. D. C. Satow (C 1936) on March 5th 1971.

J. S. Walker (B 1934) on March 22nd 1971.

THE BUSINESS GAME

The Business Game is now in its third year, and with the two previous winners, Downside and Eton, both of public school status, it only remains for Fate to shine favourably on Stowe this year. For those who have been disillusioned by misinformed rumours, the Business Game, is an attempt to give the feeling of industrial business at board room level to a team of between nine and ten, unfortunately unpaid for their invaluable services.

The original entry consisted of 243 schools of different type, and as reported in *The Stoic* of the winter term, the team won through the first round by a meagre margin of £30,000. And so to the beginning of last term, where the board increased its number to prepare for next year. Unfortunately, due to the inefficiencies of the British Postal System and the ensuing strike, only two of a scheduled five meetings could be held during the term. Thus it was in the holidays that a much depleted, but nevertheless very workable board of five set about survival. The result was by far the best ever achieved, with vast net profits well in excess of £1 million and another round behind us. We returned this term, with two more new faces added to our now surtax-paying board, firmly in the last twenty-seven. At the halfway stage, we were down on our two competitors, but with ruthless determination, Stowe annihilated one company and triumphed again, to the surprise of everyone, but not I hasten to add, of the board, whose unswerving confidence is very much the cause of Stowe's position in the final nine.

We are therefore in the final nine, and at the halfway stage were ahead of our two competitors. With one final meeting to come, the possibility of a place in the final becomes just more than a remote possibility. We eagerly await the result of our decisions.

The Semi-final was complicated by the unfortunate advent of a fire in our factory, which failed to affect our adventurous prices, and it was this that led to a fine victory, and needless to say, a place in the final in London, where we are told cigars will be provided.

In conclusion, the excitement, involvement, and above all understanding of the game has increased with our progress and the Headmaster's prediction of jail sentences for all those involved must surely be corrected by one of young millionaireship. Let us hope so!

STEVEN PHILLIPS

AN EXCHANGE-TERM WITH SALEM SCHOOL

Salem is a co-educational boarding school in Germany, founded in 1920 by Kurt Hahn, Prince Max von Baden's secretary, who later founded Gordonstoun. The school occupies part of Prince Max's castle, and Kurt Hahn decided he would use his own principles on education—based on self-discipline—and these are still in effect.

As soon as I arrived I could not but help notice the friendly atmosphere, and I soon became accustomed to life there, despite the many differences to Stowe. With only 170 boys and 80 girls, the school was divided into four senior houses and one junior house for the boys, with one house for the girls. Each house contained bed-sitters for two to four occupants. The day started at 6.30 with a run for everyone except those in their final year. After breakfast there were six lessons with a break after three. Lunch was at 1.30, and after this there were sports, which, because of the continual bad weather, took place in the gym. for most of the term. Then there was a two-hour preparation, followed by supper, after which one was free. The most interesting aspect of the school, which should appeal to Stoics, was the rules. Smoking and drinking were permitted outside the school grounds for sixth formers (naturally I took advantage of this to become a connoisseur of German beers and other alcoholic beverages!) and haircuts were voluntary.

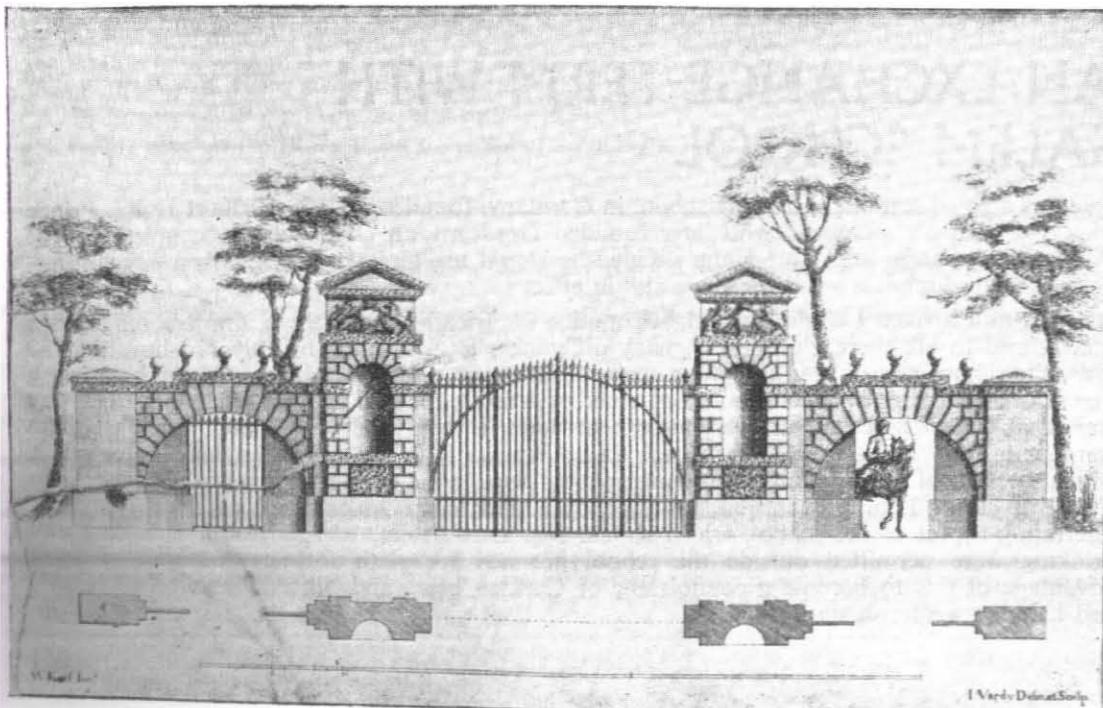
The hierarchy of officials was completely different from Stowe. In each house there was a captain and a vice-captain, who were elected by members of the house. They and Housemasters were responsible for ensuring that everyone was in his or her room at the right time. In addition, there was a school forum where anyone could put forward a proposal, which if accepted by a majority, would be sent to a higher body known as the Colour-Bearers. This consisted of twelve pupils and eight staff, the former elected by members of the Forum. If the proposal was approved here, it was then sent on to the Headmaster for signing.

Sports were organised on a far smaller scale than here. In the winter Salem played handball, basketball and indoor hockey, whilst in the summer tennis, athletics, sailing and hockey were played. There was no C.C.F.—much to my relief!—and instead the school had a Fire Brigade, Ambulance Service, and Emergency Relief Service. It was on more than one occasion during the term that we were called out in the middle of the night by a siren announcing that there was a fire or accident in the neighbouring villages.

Finally, there were differences also to be noted in the academic life of the school. With only one important exam to take, the “Abitur”, the school leaving examination approximately equivalent to the ‘A’ Level but in more subjects, the pupils tended to take less interest in work than we do here. Authority in the classroom was on a lower scale than at Stowe. However the ability of the students to discuss problems was greater. In the evenings various discussion groups flourished, and the effect of these was that students seemed more able to give their opinions in a clearer manner than would their counterparts at Stowe, and they were thus more capable of holding their own in arguments.

I was particularly struck by the warmth of the Germans towards England and the English, and certainly enjoyed my stay in Salem. I feel that the term I spent there was profitable and well worth while, enabling me both to improve my German and give me valuable experience of another educational system outside that of the English public school.

CHRISTOPHER GOODWIN



DRAMA

THE BROWNING VERSION AND HARLEQUINADE

On 14th and 15th May the masters took to the boards for the first time since the production of *Good Friday* in March 1959.

The introduction of masters' wives to the Congreve production of *The Cherry Orchard* last December showed us something of what the ladies could do, but we had nothing more concrete than inspired guesswork as to what the masters could do. In the event we probably guessed right. A mixture of genuine talent and some delicious type-casting provided the ideal background for whatever the lines had to say.

The combination of *The Browning Version* with *Harlequinade* was a shrewd choice because it gave ample scope for contrasting moods, interpretations and innuendo. The sharp difference in the audience reaction—or indeed participation—between the two nights was proof of this. *The Browning Version* is a play which a school audience is especially well qualified to judge and to enjoy. All the ingredients are there: a headmaster who lives by rule of thumb rather than with imagination; a senior master whose narrow view of life from the pages of the Agamemnon has cut him off from the daily round and whose imminent retirement has all the pathos of one about to step from the bustle of school life into an empty future. The fact of his being married to the classics rather than to his wife may have been either the cause or the effect of her pursuing his colleagues from the Headmaster down to the young games master not yet ready for marriage. Dr Frobisher, the Headmaster, was portrayed by Jos Nicholl with such skill that one instinctively began to loathe him for his attitude over Andrew Crocker-Harris' pension. One seemed to have heard it before, somewhere. Muir Temple, brilliantly playing the Crock, was being Muir Temple in one of those superbly sustained moods normally seen at one o'clock in the morning after a Masters' Meeting. One felt sorry for a man of his learning being married to such an unfulfilled suburban and scheming wife. Margaret Temple disguised herself with engaging skill to carry off the part.

Among the other characters Frank Hunter, alias David Temple, was nervous at the start of the play. Perhaps this was the result of his untypical appearance as a sports master, and as the harbinger of some lines—not all of them the playwright's—of a strongly local flavour.

Elizabeth Mead was a delightfully starry-eyed wife of a young master. The dialogue between her husband, Peter Gilbert, and Crocker-Harris brought out the stark contrast between naïveté on the one hand and acute sensitivity on the other.

This was a telling production with no tricks missed.

When the curtain went up after the interval, Romeo and Juliet were rehearsing the balcony scene. Romeo was so spell-bound by his Juliet and so admirably cast in Richard Theobald that the audience was captivated too. Only when Juliet started to question his little jump on to a low seat was the spell broken, and from then on it was clear what we were in for.

Portable Shakespeare in extempore surroundings with a rickety set and a host of walking-on parts—by no means all Shakespearean—made a promising medium in which to display a remarkably large number of masters and/or their ladies.

Oriel Arnold as Edna Selby gave us a splendid Juliet who might have been any age between 35 and 50. She had an obsession with the security of her balcony and with the fact that she and Arthur Gosport had been at it for a length of time that was becoming ludicrous rather than romantic.

Into the part of the old dame of the stage, Maud Gosport, Elizabeth Rawcliffe brought an impressively measured dignity both in her movements and by clever use of make-up.

George Chudleigh, the idiot who does everything at exactly the wrong moment, was played with expert timing by Christopher Mullineux enhanced by an absurd hat.

Johnny the queer stagehand, Jack Wakefield the self-important stage manager, Joyce Langland his pert fiancée, and Miss Fishlock the dowdy secretary, all had the gift of making us believe them to be the characters they portrayed so clearly.

The halberdiers duly appeared with suitable agitation on the basis of a small part causing the most disturbance, and inevitably a prop came to pieces. A special laugh was brought by Michael Kirk, who, as Tom Palmer, looked exactly like one's preconception of the fruits of the C.C.F. in after life. The discovery that his wife Muriel, amusingly played by Jill Dobinson, was the daughter of Arthur Gosport by a previous alliance created yet another diversion from Romeo and Juliet's frequently interrupted attempt to play the death scene differently. Shakespeare got tangled up with the police (Douglas Marcuse might well find a sparetime job directing traffic for Silverstone), a newspaper reporter who was all set to distort what he was told, and a couple of distinctly unholy monks. Finally it came as no surprise to see Henry VIII thinly disguised as the Duke of Verona after putting the finishing touches to his remarkable evening's drama.

For these productions much credit goes to Joe Bain and also to the stage team who made the sets (not at all rickety in fact) and lit them so effectively. In all it was a combined operation that probably gave as much enjoyment to the cast as it did to the audience. It would have done credit to a repertory company.

J. M. HUNT

THE FLOWERING CHERRY

Stowe audiences would rather be amused than be made to think and where there is not enough drama for experiments to be seen as such it takes a brave house to put on a serious play. At least one measure of the success of Grafton's production of *The Flowering Cherry* by Robert Bolt was the extent to which the audience was made to think about and was moved by what it saw. After an uncertain start the confidence of the actors as a group as well as individuals increased and by the time the climax—Jim Cherry's collapse—came they had achieved real contact with the audience. The main difficulties of this play for a boy cast are Cherry's dream sequences, whose heralding by a lute string seemed to me artificial, the portraying of the two different generations in the Cherry family and, inevitably, the playing of female parts.

Martin Anderson as Jim Cherry, did in fact achieve considerable control and was certainly not implausible in the dream sequences. A tendency to over-confidence in the Second Act gave him the assurance with which successfully to carry off the immensely difficult final breakdown. Andrew Pears showed considerable understanding of the conflicting pressures upon Isobel Cherry: concern for her children and her husband, concern to avoid any further breakdown of communications within the family, concern to force her husband into some positive action and, not least, a well-observed concern for herself, her appearance and her advancing years. There was insufficient distinction between the generations. Iain Birchall as Tom Cherry, infuriated by his father's inertia and yet infuriatingly inert himself, and Chris Davis as a serious-minded but consciously unalluring student were both convincing in themselves but found it difficult to relate to parents who were not markedly older than they were. Claude Sidi as a far from unalluring Carol and Geoffrey Brown as Gilbert Grass were untrammelled by such difficulties and they made the best of this freedom. Stan Coston, joining the production at the eleventh hour showed at once the slickness and the humanity that ultimately made David Bowman an unsuccessful travelling salesman.

Mr R. C. Theobald's production was meticulous both in the direction of the cast and in the conversion of a dormitory into a very acceptable ad hoc theatre. The experiment worked. I am sure that the actors surprised themselves and it is to be hoped that more people, groups of boys themselves perhaps, will tackle serious drama.

R. M. POTTER

THE HISTORY OF STOWE—XIII KENT AND THE EASTERN GARDENS

By 1731, when Gilbert West was writing his poem on Stowe, the southern and western parts of the gardens had been finished and were casting their spell on all who came to see them.¹ "It is enchanted ground," wrote one visitor, and Pope, who had watched the development over several years, could hardly contain his ecstasy: "If any thing under Paradise could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it. It is much more beautiful this year than when I saw it before, and much enlarged, and with variety."² Bridgeman, the designer of the gardens, had every reason to be proud of his masterpiece. He made arrangements for Rigaud to come over from France to prepare a set of engravings, and he must have looked forward to laying out the eastward extension, now that the new approach road round the western perimeter made it possible to close the highway which had hitherto blocked expansion on the other side.

The year of Bridgeman's triumph, however, was also the year his star began to wane, for in 1733/4, the date of Rigaud's visit, William Kent was taken up by society as the fashionable garden designer. Sir Thomas Robinson gives the first evidence of this in a letter to Lord Carlisle: "There is a new taste in gardening just arisen which has been practised with so great success at the Prince's garden in Town that a general alteration of some of the most considerable gardens in the Kingdom is begun, after Mr Kent's notion, viz. to lay them out and work without level or line . . . and this method of gardening is the more agreeable as, when finished, it has the appearance of beautiful nature . . . The celebrated gardens of Claremont, Chiswick and Stowe are now full of labourers to modernise the expensive works finished in them even since everyone's memory."³ Alert as ever to a change in taste, Cobham engaged Kent as garden designer—or so it would appear from what Robinson says. But it is not at all certain that the gardening revolution at Stowe was as sudden as the letter implies. Kent was already being employed by Cobham as architect and could expect to have a considerable say in the setting of his buildings in any new part of the gardens. And what happened to Bridgeman? Did he hand over his plans to Kent and retire, or stay to collaborate with him? Or was the work on the eastern side already half done and did Kent adapt an existing lay-out? Tantalisingly little evidence has yet been found to answer these questions, but there is some, and the most important document is the "General Plan" published with Rigaud's engravings of Bridgeman's gardens (Plates 1 and 2). Examination of this Bridgeman map reveals some curious features.

The Bridgeman Map

The most striking fact is that the gardens, as we understand them, are relegated to a small section at the bottom. The greater part of the map is devoted to the park and woodlands stretching north towards Silverstone. Now called Stowe Woods, enough of this area still survives, intersected by four of the original straight rides, to establish that at one time it all existed; and on aerial photographs even some of the winding paths can be traced. The general lay-out is very similar to Lord Bathurst's contemporary 'forest garden' at Cirencester, which probably inspired it, with great rides radiating from a central clearing; and the emphasis given to the woodlands on the map suggests that at one stage in the development of Stowe the gardens south of the house were subordinate to them in importance. Very little is known about this area to the north, though there are brief references to it in the guide-books and in the letters of visitors. According to one of the earliest printed accounts, written probably in 1740, "a Semicircle of fine Timber at some miles distance" could be seen from the North Front.⁴ Clearly many of the trees were already mature, which suggests that the rides had been carved out of existing woodlands in the French manner rather than created by fresh planting. But it is odd that in so grand a design the main north-south axis (later to be terminated by Wolfe's Obelisk) appears to be aligned on nothing, the vista being perfunctorily blocked by a small rectangular plantation. The continuation of its alignment would lead directly to the tower of Stowe church, and this is perhaps evidence of a change of plan, when the straight approach to the forest garden came to be considered too obvious and was replaced by an oblique one, a stylistic device much favoured at Stowe in the

STOWE in 1749

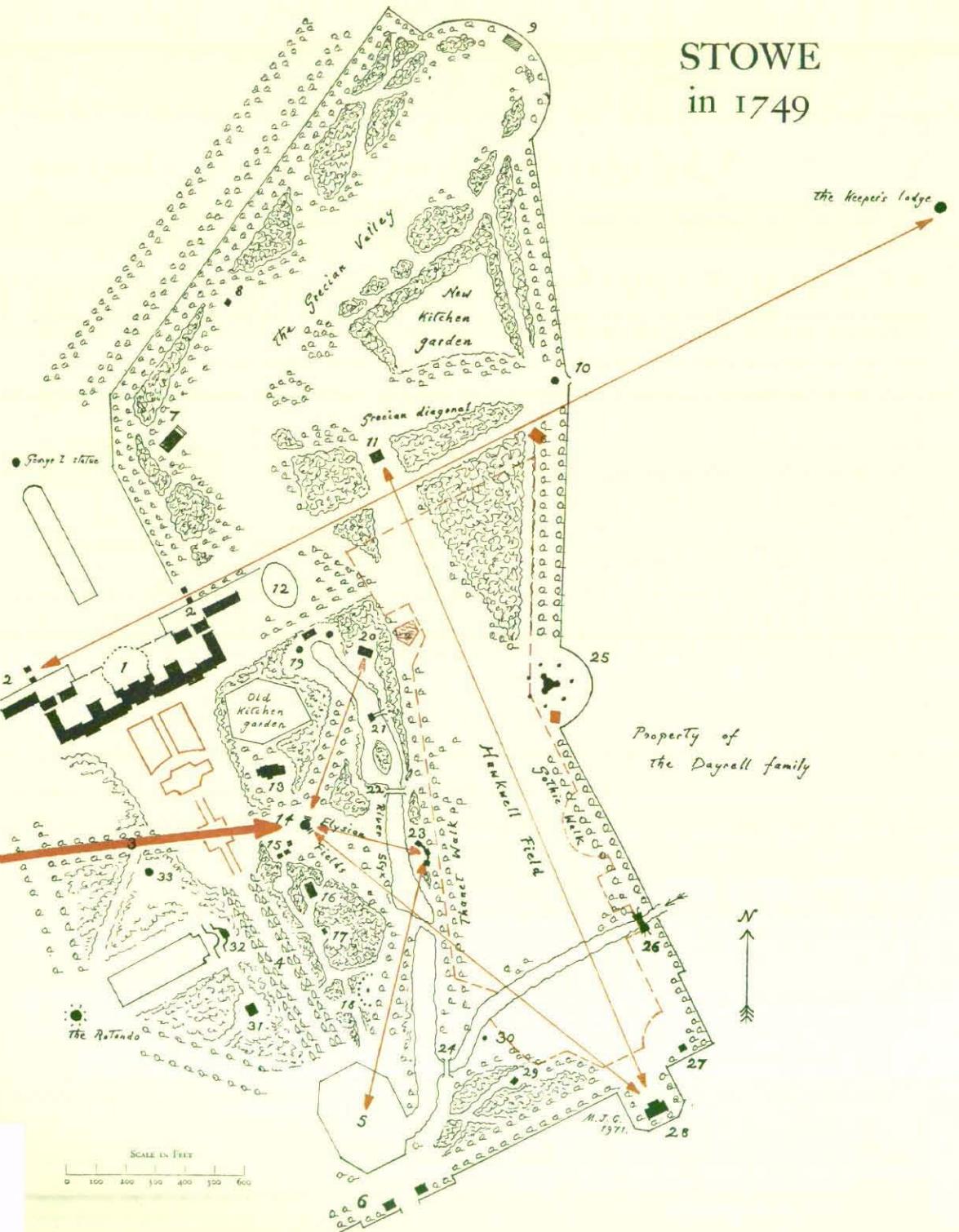


Fig. 1—Plan showing the rediscovered vista to the Keeper's Lodge; the approximate line of the inner fence round Hawkwell Field with proposed sites for buildings (as on the 1739 map), and the later north-south vista; the Cross Lime Walk and principal vistas in the Elysian Fields.

1720s. But though a great deal of time and money must have been spent on creating the design of the woodlands, Cobham did not follow Bathurst in decorating the rides with buildings. One or two projected sites are marked on the map, but the only building actually erected was Stowe Castle, and then rather north of its suggested position; it still terminated the long oblique vista, but, as will appear later, that was not its most important function in the lay-out. It is clear that Cobham's main interest shifted from the woodlands to the gardens at an early stage, and West indicates in his poem that by 1731, before Kent had introduced the "new taste", plans already existed for the eastward extension of the gardens into what was to become the Elysian Fields and Hawkwell Field. Neither of these areas is illustrated in Rigaud's engravings, which are confined to the old gardens, but both are delineated in great detail on the accompanying map. Whether this map reflects Bridgeman's plans and, if so, how far these were laid out on the ground are matters of some importance.

This brings us to the second curious feature of the map, the fact that it was published not by Bridgeman himself but by his widow Sarah in 1739, a year after her husband's death. Someone must have looked out the relevant plans for her, but we cannot be confident that he knew what he was doing, for the engraver had to alter a number of features on the eastern side of the gardens. Furthermore a comparison of this 1739 map with the map published by Bickham in 1753 (Plate 3), shortly after the deaths of both Cobham and Kent, reveals that though the Elysian Fields are much the same on both maps, Hawkwell Field is depicted as very different. In itself this is not surprising, since by 1739 the Gothic and Lady's Temples had not yet been built and the lay-out round them would not have been complete. But the discrepancies have always cast suspicion on the eastern part of the Bridgeman map, especially on the straight lines of Hawkwell Field, which seem too geometrical and stiff to have been designed by Kent, working "without level or line", and too late for Bridgeman. And if they were indeed the work of Bridgeman, it has not been easy to see how the 1753 lay-out could have evolved from that of the 1739 map.

These difficulties have now been largely dispelled by the skilful work of Mr David Sumpster, whose redrawing and comparative study of the successive maps of Stowe is making it possible to identify even individual trees that survive from the eighteenth century. He has pointed out a number of formal details in the Bridgeman map which persistently reappear in later maps of the gardens; and his work on the drawing board has now been vindicated on the ground by the discovery of a forgotten straight walk, flanked by the stumps of old yews and holly trees, following the line of the boundary on the Bridgeman map. This walk proves to be an extension of the North Front terrace: the line is lost in the Grecian Valley but can be picked up again on its eastern side and leads through the woods to the fence by the Cobham Pillar. It seems clear that the Leoni Arches were built on this line at either end of the North Front terrace, and the Keeper's Lodge sited on rising ground some way beyond the end of the walk to terminate the vista (Fig. I). By establishing the existence of this long straight walk, which lies parallel to the similar terrace walk between the temples of Venus and Friendship at the southern edge of the

Key to the Plan

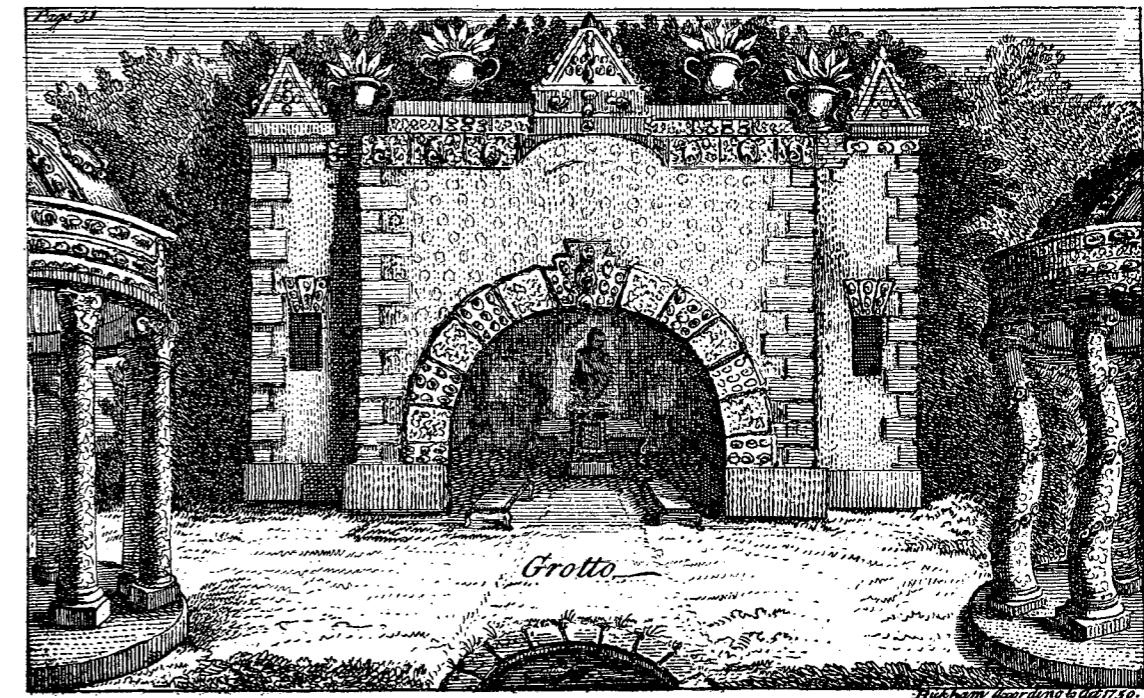
1. Stowe House.
2. Leoni's Arches.
3. The Great Cross Lime Walk.
4. The Abele Walk.
5. The Octagon Basin.
6. The Lake Pavilions.
7. The Grecian Temple (later Temple of Concord).
8. Capt. Grenville's Column.
9. Site of the proposed Triumphal Arch.
10. Lord Cobham's Pillar.
11. The Lady's Temple.
12. The Oval Pond?
13. Stowe Church.
14. The Temple of Ancient Virtue.
15. The Temple of Modern Virtue.
16. The Vicarage.
17. The Witch House.
18. Apollo and the Nine Muses.
19. The Grotto and Shell Temples.
20. The Temple of Contemplation.
21. The Chinese House.
22. The Shell Bridge.
23. The Temple of British Worthies.
24. The Stone Bridge.
25. The Gothic Temple.
26. The Palladian Bridge.
27. The Imperial Closet.
28. The Temple of Friendship.
29. The Pebble Alcove.
30. The Congreve Monument.
31. The Temple of Sleep.
32. The Queen's Theatre and Statue.
33. King George II's Statue.

gardens, Mr. Sumpster has proved beyond reasonable doubt that the eastern part of the 1739 map, so characteristic of Bridgeman and so uncharacteristic of Kent, is the authentic record of what was actually laid out on the ground. It follows that Bridgeman's share in the whole eastern gardens, at any rate in the early stages, was as decisive as Kent's.

The Elysian Fields

The discovery of another visitor's journal makes it possible tentatively to date the sequence of operations.⁵ In July 1735 this visitor recorded that the gardens then contained "an 100 acres, My Lord having enclos'd 40 acres very lately." If the writer can be trusted—and on known facts he cannot be faulted—his figure of 40 acres is significant, for it is almost exactly the size of the area east of the old highway on the Bridgeman map. Cobham was not a man to do things by halves when his mind was made up, and we may presume that as soon as the way was clear, in the winter perhaps of 1732/3, operations were begun over the whole eastern extension according to Bridgeman's master-plan. From the way Hawkwell Field is depicted on the 1739 map most of its inside edge seems to have been fenced by an embanked ha-ha similar to what had proved so successful in Home Park, which would explain why this more distant area retained stylistically early features several years longer than the nearer part. For as soon as the whole new extension had been enclosed, the narrow valley next to the old gardens would have been the first to receive detailed attention. The diarist of 1735 was able to visit it and see the Temple of British Worthies: "Passing by ye church, we went on to what is call'd ye Elysian fields, situated in yt pt of ye garden wch was lately enclos'd. In it is a building by Kent call'd ye Mausoleum." Though this, the only building recorded, still lacked seven of its sixteen busts, the area was already known as the Elysian Fields, a reminder of the fact that this valley-garden was intended from the start as an allegorical glade.⁶ The ideology of the sacred landscape, discussed in a previous chapter, was the province of neither Bridgeman nor Kent. Their job was to clothe the allegory in a suitable form. Kent had already worked with Bridgeman in Home Park, but there he had been subordinate, providing buildings to fill blanks in Bridgeman's design. In this new venture we may presume that they collaborated as equals, Kent being responsible for designing the actual temples (Ancient Virtue, British Worthies, and Contemplation), while Bridgeman worked out the levels and vistas, and made plans for earth moving and planting. The straight avenue at the southern end, linking the Elysian Fields to the Octagon, seems typical of Bridgeman, like the other avenue between Ancient Virtue and Contemplation; so also does the reservoir in the little valley behind Contemplation, which presumably provided the running water conducive to philosophical reflection. And the Serpentine River, as the two narrow lakes making up the Alder River and the Styx were sometimes called, though usually attributed to Kent, was probably Bridgeman's idea too, for he had just completed the Serpentine in Hyde Park.⁷ But the lake was so shaped, and Ancient Virtue and the Worthies so sited on either side of it, that each temple could be seen from the other perfectly mirrored in the water—this has a pictorial quality characteristic of Kent; and the manner in which Ancient Virtue so ideally fulfils its three visual functions (terminating the thrust of the Cross Lime Walk, diffusing its linear energy in the complicated relationships of the Elysian Fields, and presiding over the whole landscape) defies confident attribution to either designer. A successful partnership transcends the limitations of the individual partners, and unless evidence appears to the contrary, we may assume that for a while they worked harmoniously together.

Before long, however, Bridgeman had ceased to visit Stowe, very likely before Ancient Virtue was completed. As he died of dropsy in the summer of 1738, failing health may have forced him to curtail his journeys to more distant clients for the previous year or two. But, whatever the reason, Kent was left alone to mould the maturing landscape into "the appearance of beautiful nature". We may imagine him supervising the careful thinning and lopping of young trees, to create the sequence of pictures he wished to present on a walk round the Elysian Fields. These pictorial effects were so much admired that the omission from Bickham's 1753 engravings of any view which included Ancient Virtue or the Worthies is surprising. The most probable reason is that the satire of these two temples had become politically embarrassing to the Grenvilles, who were seeking to re-establish their credit with George II, and illustrations of them were prudently omitted.



Illustrations of the Elysian Fields, however, may yet be found. For Bickham based his engravings on drawings done on the spot in 1752 by Châtelain, and two of these recently appeared in the sale room (Plates 4 and 5). They show that the engraver followed the drawings very closely, except that Châtelain's gardeners and fishermen were replaced by dull society figures. One of the drawings is of the upper lake, or Alder River, the next area to be completed. Only the Temple of Contemplation and one of the round temples appear on the 1739 map, and there is little more than a marked site for a building at the head of the lake, where the Grotto was soon to provide a setting more accommodating to reflection than the austere Temple of Contemplation. The detailed work in this area belongs to the years immediately following Bridgeman's death (the Grotto was not finished until 1742), and since every building appears to be Kent's, he was probably responsible for the landscaping too. Thirty years later Whately described the Alder River as dark and overgrown, with "misshaped elms and ragged firs and the trunks of dead trees . . . left standing"; he thought it a perfect contrast to the "very lightsome and very airy" appearance of the Elysian Fields.⁸ But in the 1740s, before the trees were allowed to grow unchecked, there was a lightsome quality about everything round the upper lake too, the buildings as well as the landscape. In the Grotto, decorated with such curiosities as mirrors set in mother-of-pearl, was a statue of a crouching Venus. In front of it were two domed temples, one with straight and the other with curly columns; both were covered in shells and broken flints, and contained "hugging Cupids on Pedestals". Between the temples was "a round transparent Pond, with gilded Carp, or China Fish", and nearby were plants in pots. A little way downstream was the Chinese House, decorated inside with "India japann'd work" and containing "the Image of a Chinese Lady asleep".⁹ This playful, rococo quality sorts ill, to our way of thinking, with the mood of philosophic reflection and discussion, but its prototype, Pope's grotto at Twickenham, where

" . . . St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"
was decorated in much the same way. In 1740 it was felt to be a happy balance between Art and Nature.

STOWE in 1749

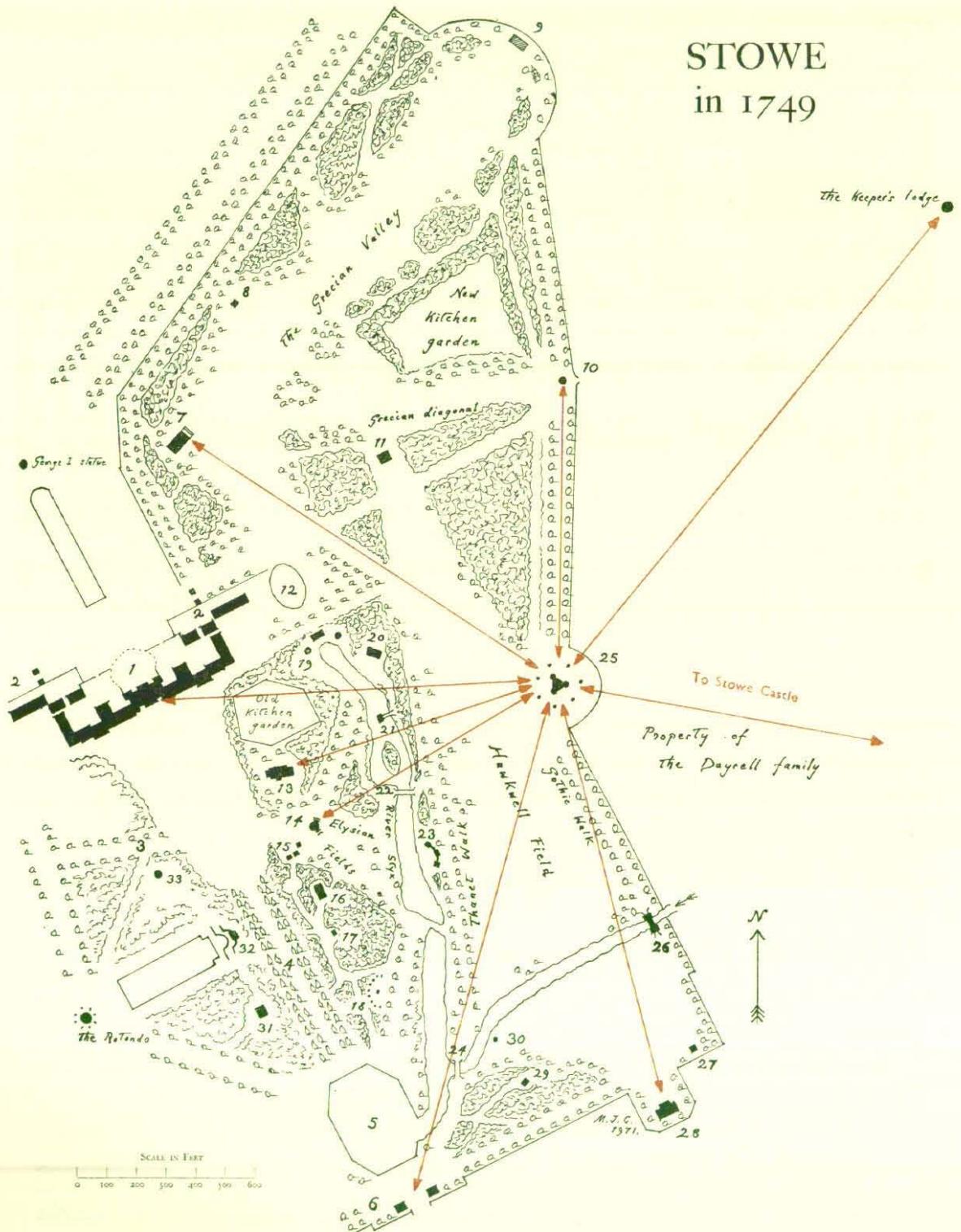


Fig. 2—Plan showing the vistas radiating from the Gothic Temple.

Hawkwell Field

Hawkwell Field, enclosed in about 1732/3, was the last section of the eastern gardens to be taken in hand, awaiting detailed treatment until the builders had finished their work in the Elysian Fields and elsewhere. Beginning with Friendship in 1739, they worked steadily northwards, not completing the Lady's Temple before about 1746. Only Friendship appears recognizably on the 1739 map; positions for possible buildings are marked near the future sites of the Gothic Temple and Cobham Pillar, but there is no indication of a bridge over the Palladian River nor of anything near the Lady's Temple. So it must be the record of an early stage in the development of the area. Even so, the general intention is clear. Hawkwell Field was to be like Home Park, a field enclosed within the garden by terrace walks, along the circuit of which buildings would be set. It would combine beauty and utility, and, as round Home Park, Art and Nature would again be pleasantly contrasted (ladies and clipped hedges on one side of the ha-ha, cows and thistles on the other). But what had pleased in 1730 looked naive in 1739 to men whose eyes had been opened by Kent. There may have been a new influence too, that of Philip Southcote, whose estate at Woburn Farm, begun in 1735, was beginning to attract attention. His aim, it has been suggested, was not to create an Elysium, like Kent, but an Arcady, an ideal countryside in which farmland would be contained within an ornamental walk.¹⁰ It is possible that this seemed an attractive way of modifying the formal terrace walks with which Bridgeman had begun to encircle Hawkwell Field. But whether the lay-out was consciously influenced by Southcote's ideas or not, the effect was rather similar to his *ferme ornée*, though on a more magnificent scale (see frontispiece).

As so often with landscape gardening, the success of the final result conceals the difficulties which had first to be overcome. One problem was the field's awkward shape, long and with a narrow waist; this was caused by the Dayrells' estate at Lamport, which pushed the Stowe boundary in at that point. On the lower ground neighbours and villagers were concealed by planting and by the screen wall on the east side of the Palladian Bridge; and on the hill-top the visitor who climbed the tower of the Gothic Temple could look over the village at his feet and enjoy the distant view beyond. To give his wandering eye a resting place (and to evoke the proper associational response) the 'mediaeval' Keeper's Lodge and Stowe Castle were built in the empty quarter to the east, the latter also terminating the long oblique vista through Stowe Woods; and a few years later the Cobham Pillar and Grecian Temple were added to the north. By about 1750 the circle of views was complete, and the Gothic Temple was fulfilling on a grander scale in the landscape the same sort of function as the Rotondo had done in the gardens twenty-five years before (see Fig 2).

The other problem concerned the different ground levels. A spur of the hill on which the Gothic Temple stands extends westwards, dividing the field in half and blocking the vista from one end to the other. The Lady's Temple was therefore set back behind the northern boundary and raised on an artificial mound, so that the line of sight between that building and Friendship just cleared the intervening high ground. The open field was then tapered almost to a point by new planting to make the Lady's Temple seem further away, and side-screens of trees were set half-way to frame the view of the temples at each end. These two methods of landscaping would have been called *distancing* and making a *prospect* by the designers in the 1740s and are typical of the pictorial approach initiated by Kent. We have suggested that political reasons may have caused him to retire from Stowe before 1739, and there is no record of who designed Hawkwell Field; but if it was not Kent, it must have been someone who had very thoroughly absorbed his ideas.

G. B. CLARKE

Notes

1. See Chapter IX for an account of the gardens as West described them.
2. The Hon. George Berkeley to Lady Suffolk, June, 1734; Pope to John Knight, August 23rd, 1731.
3. Quoted in Christopher Hussey, *English Gardens and Landscapes*, p. 45. There is an enlightening discussion of Stowe's gardens in chapter XIII of this book.
4. From the appendix to Vol. 3 of the 1742 edition of *A Tour through Britain, by a Gentleman*, p. 271 ff.
5. Anon., "An Account of the Journey yt Mr Hardness & I took in July 1735," BM Add. MSS 15776, ff. 1—10.
6. See chapter X. Eight of the busts mentioned are those brought from the Gibbs Building; the ninth is Inigo Jones.
7. *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, Third Series, Vol. XIV, 1951: P. A. Faulkner, "A Note on the Gardens of Kensington Palace."
8. Thomas Whately, *Observations on Modern Gardening* (4th Edition), 1777, p. 213 ff.
9. These details are taken from George Bickham, *The Beauties of Stowe*, 1750, and from his engravings of 1753.
10. Miles Hadfield, *A History of British Gardening*, 1969, p. 200.

Acknowledgments

Plates 1 and 3 are reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum; plates 4 and 5, by courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr David Sumpster for making available the results of his meticulous research; and to Dr Peter Willis, Mr William Brogden and Mr John Frazer for so readily sharing their knowledge of Stowe.



*The Keeper's Lodge. Remodelled soon after 1800,
it is now the Bourbon Tower.*

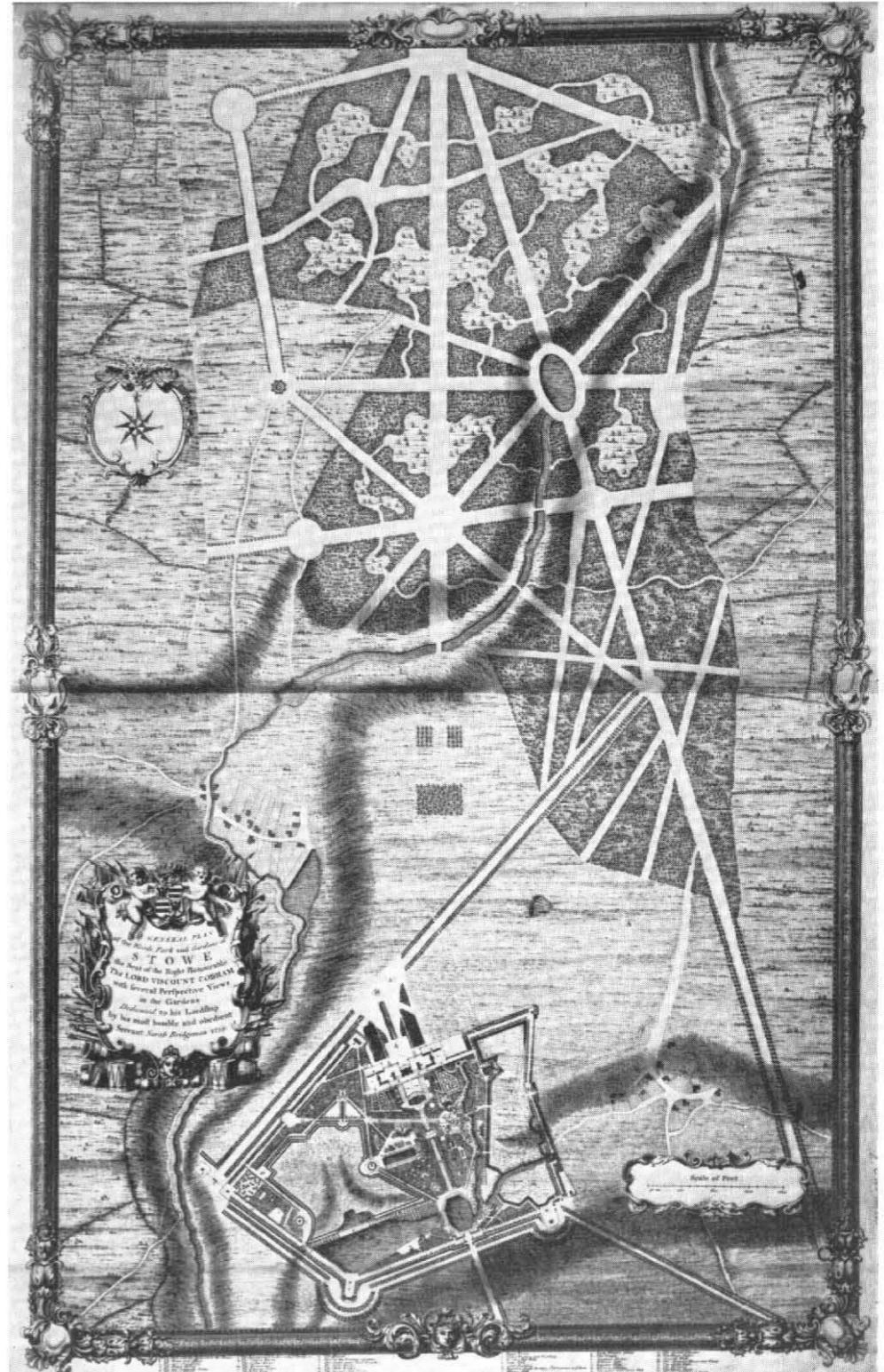


PLATE 1. The 'General Plan' published by Sarah Bridgeman with Rigaud's engravings (1739)

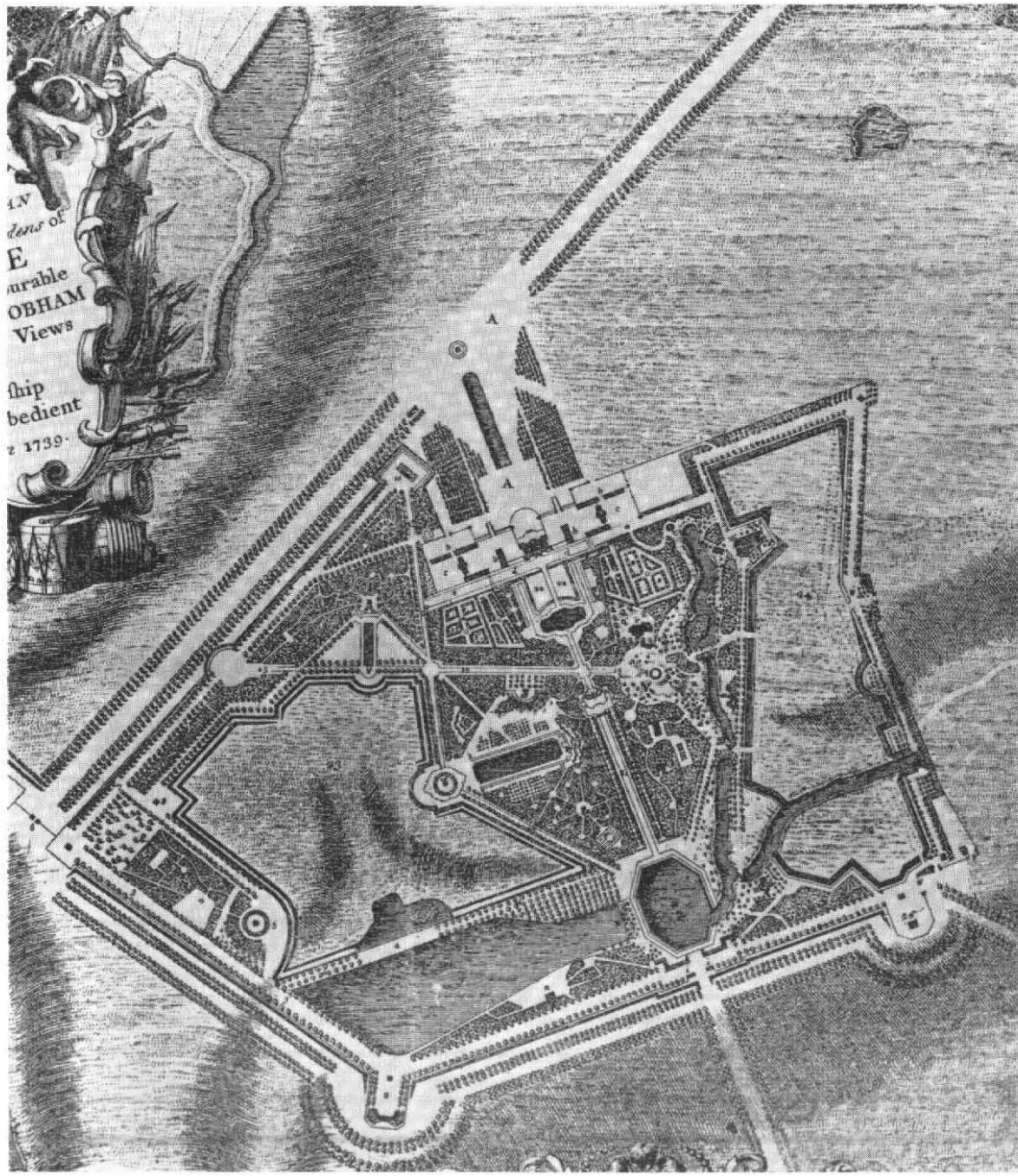


PLATE 2. Detail of the 1739 map

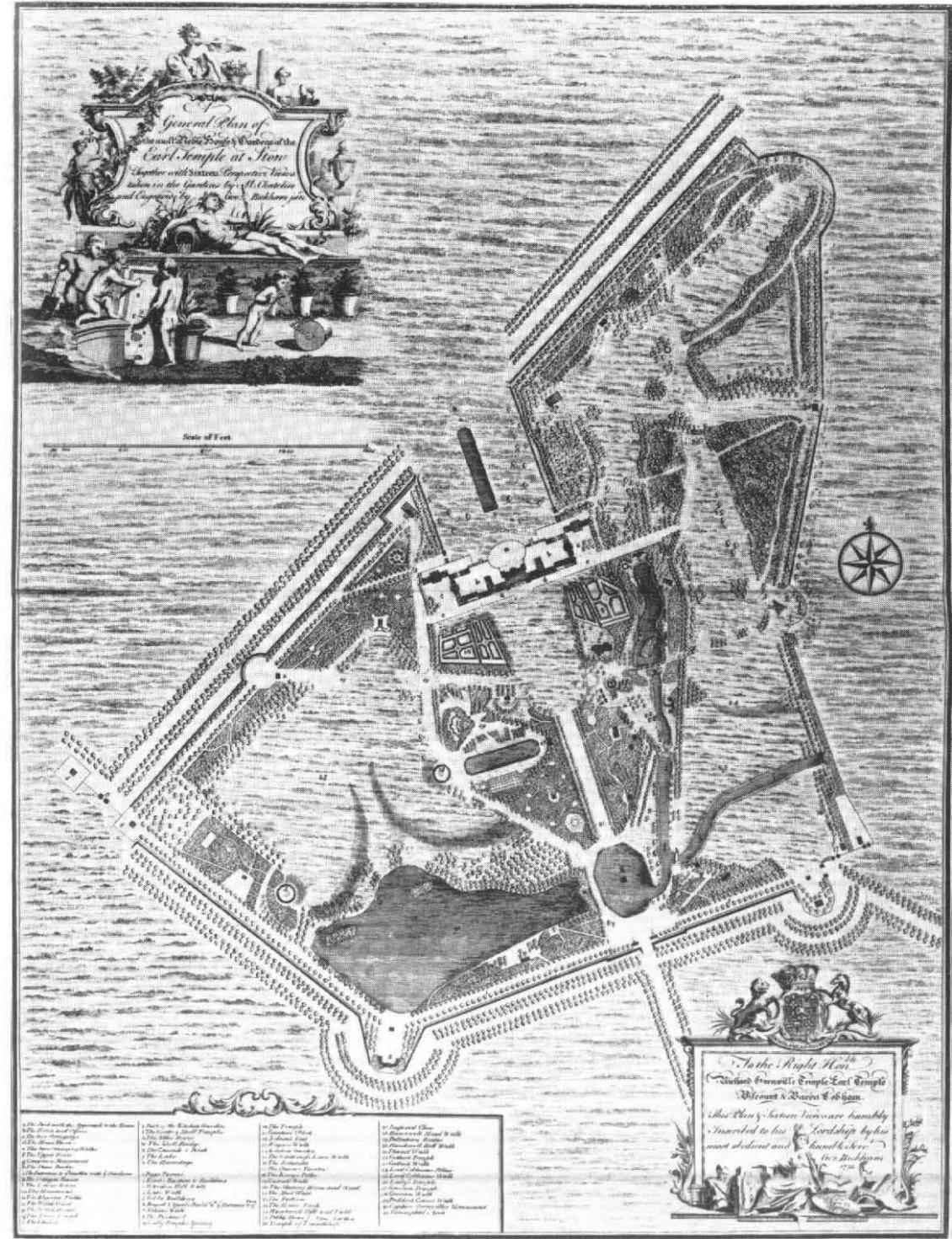


PLATE 3. The 1753 map, published by George Bickham with his engravings



PLATE 4. Chatelain's drawing of the Alder River and Grotto

A. C. Cooper, London



PLATE 5. Chatelain's drawing of the Rotondo and the Queen's Theatre

A. C. Cooper, London

MUSIC

It has been another eventful term. One highlight was the visit of Miss Peggy Sampson, the Viola da Gamba player, from the University of Manitoba. Her recital and lecture were very much enjoyed.

On 9th May, Noelle Barker (*soprano*) and Eric Hill (*guitar*) gave a programme of Songs and Classical Guitar Music including "Songs from the Chinese" by Britten and "Songs of the Half Light" by Berkeley. Despite the small audience this was a much enjoyed concert. All other concerts are reported below.

We look forward to a performance of Handel's Water Music on the lake later in the term, together with "Hunting Symphony" by Leopold Mozart for strings, horns and shotgun!

NICHOLAS KAYE

Sunday, 7th March at 8 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE STOWE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Clive Brown (<i>violin</i>)	Leslie White (<i>violin</i>)	Elizabeth Watson (<i>viola</i>)
Michael Edmonds (<i>cello</i>)	Pauline Del Mar (<i>cello</i>)	John Melvin (<i>clarinet</i>)
String Quintet in C major	Schubert	
Clarinet Quintet in A major	Mozart	
String Quintet in C major	Boccherini	

Though there were at times some anxious moments with regard both to ensemble and intonation, this concert proved to be a fitting zenith to Michael Edmonds' many performances as 'cellist of the Stowe Quartet.

In general the technical difficulties of the Schubert Quintet were overcome, though it would be true to say that it was this work which suffered most from isolated instances of faulty intonation and ensemble. Nevertheless, the performance provided for me personally a very pleasant introduction to what must be one of the greatest pieces of chamber music.

The second half began with Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and John Melvin's interpretation of the solo part was one of great depth and feeling, admirably matched by the other four members of the ensemble.

However it was the Boccherini Quintet which proved to be the highlight of the evening. The effervescent 'cello part of the finale was executed with great panache by Michael Edmonds, and was repeated in response to great applause.

DEREK LONGMAN

Sunday, 21st March at 8 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by David Gatehouse

Angela Beale (<i>Soprano</i>)	Neil Jenkins (<i>Tenor</i>)
Elsa Kendal (<i>contralto</i>)	Ian Ritchie (<i>bass</i>)
Egmont Overture	Beethoven
Symphony No. 104	Haydn
Requiem	Mozart

The concert began with the Egmont Overture. The two main characters who feature in this piece are "Egmont and Clara". The music depicts the fierce heroism of Egmont contrasting with the gentle pleading from Clara. Egmont is eventually executed. The piece was well played but some of the entries were unsure.

The symphony in D major by Haydn followed. This starts slowly and builds up into a large climax, and just as it is about to end, Haydn puts in one of the classic interrupted cadences and builds up to another climax for the final ending. The quality of the playing was very good, but again the same criticism of unsure entries applies at the beginning, where the many detached chords were not as crisp as they should have been.

The highlight of the evening was obviously the Mozart Requiem. This grand work was commissioned anonymously in 1791 by a Count who wished to present the work as his own in memory of his wife. Mozart died before being able to complete the work, and so it was handed over to Franz Sussmayer, a pupil of Mozart. Mozart completed the "Introit and Kyrie" and sketched the next eight sections, while Sussmayer completed the rest in a style so similar to that of Mozart that it was almost impossible to tell where Mozart left off and Sussmayer took over.

Ian Ritchie sang the part of Bass soloist, and he coped very well indeed, particularly as this was the first time he had sung with professional singers in a production of this scale. Elsa Kendal's voice (*contralto*) I found a little thick and ungraceful but this is partially characteristic of the register in which a contralto sings. The voices of Angela Beale (*soprano*) and Neil Jenkins (*tenor*) I liked; particularly that of the soprano. There were several sections of harmony sung by the four soloists which contrasted well with the bigger choral sound and were particularly effective.

This performance of the Requiem achieved a considerable impact by the fine balance of soloists, chorus and orchestra, by the thrilling crescendos and by the more delicate soft moments.

The audience clearly appreciated the work by their long and loud applause.

JAMIE BREAKSPEAR

Sunday, 23rd May at 8 p.m. in Chapel

TERENCE JAMES (*Organ*)

Processional	<i>William Mathias</i>
Psalm Prelude Op. 32 No. 3	<i>Herbert Howells</i>
Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
A Fantasy	<i>Harold Darke</i>
Choral No. 3 in A Minor	<i>Cesar Franck</i>
Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn Tunes	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
Prelude and Fugue on a theme of Vittoria	<i>Benjamin Britten</i>
Final (Organ Symphony No. 1 Op. 14)	<i>Louis Vierne</i>

It is pleasing to note that this is the second consecutive year when an organ recital has been included in the Music Society's calendar; I hope this will continue as we have a magnificent instrument in our Chapel which is somewhat under-appreciated. Some of us will remember Richard Popplewell, Paul Morgan and Mr Bottone's recitals and it was very rewarding to hear Mr James give his second major concert on the organ since he came to Stowe.

The programme opened with Mathias' 'Processional', written in 1964, a delightful Welsh pageantry piece with its bright timbre. It sounded well in Chapel with the use of the trumpet stop and positive organ to bring out the melody and Mr James gave his final crescendo an impressive conclusion on full organ. Herbert Howells, however, is a composer for the very serious organ listener and his Psalm-Prelude on "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . ." could not be more fitting in its context. The use of foreboding string diapasons and soft reeds rising to the majestic tuba chords and diminishing to the elegiac flute melody gave a very moving and inspired interpretation to one of the finest of the psalmist's verses.

Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue and Franck's Chorale are a tough combination as regards performance and both pieces struggled to dominate the recital. The Bach consisted of twenty variations followed by a full-blown Fugue building up to a magnificent climax brilliantly staged by Mr James who worked his way through an enormous variety of registration. The Franck was sensitively performed and one noted a distinctive French quality in the reed combinations during the actual chorale melody. The middle oboe section was very similar to a communion accompaniment. In between these two Leviathans was Darke's Fantasy, overshadowed but pleasant and well varied with a tint of the pastoral.

The omnipresence of Welsh music gave a national character to the performance, doubly conveyed by Mr James and Vaughan Williams through 'Three Welsh Hymn Tunes'. All were excellent; Bryn Calfaria had a very Celtic atmosphere about it and 'Hyfrydol' was modal and free with another tuba fanfare at the end. Britten's only solo organ work is elusive and difficult to grasp. Mr James played the 'ad lib' Prelude with its recurring pedal quintuplets on full

organ and the fugue passed through the most deceptive harmonic progressions imaginable; the organist employed the Seventeenth and the Tierce to give a mediaeval flavour to a modern piece at times witty and even flippant.

The programme ended with Vierne's Final, a more straightforward piece, toccata-like and faintly oriental in texture. It was well worth hearing and convincingly played. Its rather persuasive quiet themes soon yielded to a triumphant build-up and the final flourishes completed a very educational and varied concert made up of a sympathetically chosen programme.

BRET JOHNSON

Saturday, 29th May at 8.30 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

SPEECH DAY CONCERT

String Orchestra	
Concerto Grosso in B minor	<i>Handel</i>
Largo Allegro	
Piano Duet—Derek Longman, Titus Gibson	<i>Poulenc</i>
Sonata	
Prelude Rustique Final	
Songs—Ian Ritchie	
Standchen (Serenade)	
An die Musik	<i>Schubert</i>
Piano Solo—Francis Watson	
Sonata in D major Op. 28 (first movement)	<i>Beethoven</i>
Wind Ensemble	
Nocturne for Turkish Band	
Minuet Andante March	<i>Spohr</i>
'Cello Ensemble	
Nightwatchman's Song	
National Song	<i>Grieg</i>
"B" Band	
Soldiers' March	<i>Schumann</i>
German Dance	<i>Haydn</i>
Male Voice Choir	
Two Sea Shanties	
Shallow Brown	
Anchor Song	
Orchestra	
Variations on a Shaker Melody	<i>Copland</i>
Romance in F	<i>Beethoven</i>
(Solo violin Oliver Richards)	
Hungarian March	<i>Berlioz</i>

I can safely say, without being at all hypocritical, that I have never been to a concert at Stowe, whether a Music Club, or Society Concert that I have not enjoyed. This concert, in particular, was excellent—the performance was of a high standard and the programme included a wide range of composers, varying from Grainger to Haydn and from Poulenc to Beethoven. The items included works for a small chamber orchestra, for soloists—both with orchestra and without, and full orchestra; not to mention two different bands.

The Poulenc piano duet was well executed, being both meditative and light. While still on the subject of piano playing, I must say that I enjoyed the Beethoven Sonata particularly, being maturely played and well-balanced, with a sound technique to support it. The two ensemble items, namely the string orchestra conducted by Mr Brown and the 'cello ensemble, were both enjoyable, but I felt that the latter should have had a greater variety of items to play. Both the Band items were excellent; the Spohr being humorous and abrupt. I was very pleased to note the improvement in the 'B' Band, which took me by surprise and was highly presentable. The two Grainger Shanties did not really catch my fancy, but I cannot deny that they were both very well sung, as were Ian Ritchie's two songs by Schubert. They were both interpreted with feeling and decision. The three orchestral items at the end acted as a fitting conclusion, and I was impressed by the violin playing in the Beethoven Romance. The orchestral 'bon-bon,' the Marche Hongroise, was exciting and effective. This concert was a great success and reflected the very high standard of interest in music at Stowe, both from the teachers and pupils.

JAMES MUTHUEN-CAMPBELL

MARBLE HALL CONCERTS

Sunday, May 16th

THE STOWE TRIO

THE STOWE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS

CANTORES IN CONCORDIA

with

Bram Wiggins and Sebastian Bell

Violin Sonata No. 2 in A major

Three Shakespeare Songs

Partita in E flat for Flute and Harpsichord

Trumpet Concerto in D major

Trio Sonata in G major

Cantata: Jesu Priceless Treasure

Bach

Vaughan Williams

Bach

Leopold Mozart

Bach

Buxtehude

The Marble Hall with its splendid resonance provides ideal acoustics for slow, melodic passages and so such passages in the Violin and Flute Sonatas were extremely beautiful. However, for faster passages the acoustics are not as good, the solo instruments producing a blurr of sound rather than the individual notes which are so important in this type of music. Mr Gatehouse's Harpsichord, besides providing the necessary alternatives to a piano, which would have been hopelessly strong and impractical, was, as last time, a great success. Its delicate tone received just the right amount of prominence.

The three Shakespeare Songs by Vaughan Williams, "Full Fathom Deep" (The Tempest), "The Cloud Capp'd Towers" (The Tempest) and "Over Hill, Over Dale" (A Midsummer Night's Dream) were sung superbly by Cantores in Concordia. The enormous breadth of harmony, half of which would have been lost anywhere else, was under marvellous conditions in the Marble Hall. With talented performers and perfect acoustics, it was a really magnificent tour de force.

Leopold Mozart seems naturally to be lost in the bright lights of his son but was, as we found out, of quite substantial ability as a composer. The trumpet solo made up for any deficiency in interest with Mr Wiggins' great skill in the very difficult clarino register.

Violino Discordato, an ordinary violin tuned to GDGD instead of GDAE, proved a necessary mellowing of tone in the Bach Trio Sonata. The two slower movements were again more successful than the faster.

Bach's Motet "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," had been the last item in the Marble Hall Concert earlier this year, and so Buxtehude's in this. The Queen's Temple Singers were accompanied by two 'cello and violins and although unfortunately the 'cello were only a background hum in such acoustics, a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with an all too short massive finale in a hall whose acoustics resemble those of a cathedral.

TITUS GIBSON

QUEEN'S TEMPLE CONCERTS

Wednesday, June 9th at 8 p.m.

Thursday, June 10th at 8 p.m.

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS

STOWE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Dido and Aeneas by Henry Purcell
and various songs by Purcell

Dido Marion Milford
Aeneas James McClue
Belinda Lesley Lowe
Harpsichord Continuo Terence James
Conducted by David Gatehouse

The first known production of this opera was at a Girls' Boarding School in London, in 1689. It is the nearest thing to an opera that Purcell ever wrote, his other stage works being masques

and incidental music. I found some of the action difficult to follow and one would have been grateful for more explicit programme notes. Now to the performance.

Dido and Aeneas were both well represented by capable singers. Dido was smug and buxom, while Aeneas, although supposed to be Dido's lover, was rather 'stand-offish' in his attitude towards her. Dido's 'Lament' was particularly praiseworthy, as was her voice and I enjoyed Belinda's singing too. The part of the 'Sorceress' was beautifully sung and I was impressed by the lyrical treatment that it was given. I think that the two witches made me more humourous than they should have and this was partly due to their exotic singing and I would also include the Spirit in this class. The Second Woman filled the Temple with her powerful voice and was most imposing.

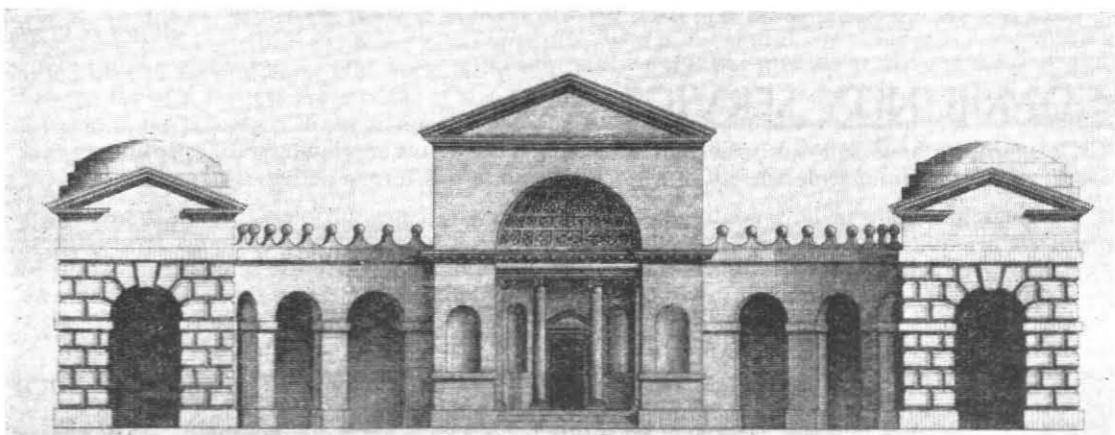
Overall, through no fault of the performers, I found that parts of the opera tended to drag. However, there were some interesting experiments in orchestration and treatment of the voices, most of which were effective.

JAMES METHUEN-CAMPBELL

THE BAND

The Band has been very active in the last two terms, preparing for three concerts, having two rehearsals a week. The first concert was given on Sunday, February 21st with the Band of the Welsh Guards. We played two pieces with the Welsh Guards Band conducted by their Director of Music, one being the Toccata for Band by Frank Eriksen, which is one of the more difficult items that we have attempted. The Stowe Band then played their own concert of four pieces. At the beginning of the summer term we paid a visit to Abbotts Hill Girls' School near Hemel Hempstead. The concert was well received and we were entertained to supper. The concert on Speech Day was affected by rain like most other activities on that day and we had to stop after the first three pieces, which was rather a disappointing conclusion to an otherwise successful year.

GEOFFREY MACLEOD-SMITH



SOCIETY CHAPEL

Services on Friday mornings were devised and taken by boys and lay masters, and that on the last Sunday of term by the prefects. The Stowe Choirs Festival was again attended by hundreds of choristers from surrounding parishes and schools; and we had an organ recital from Mr James. The small choir, which no longer contains trebles, has sung an anthem on most Sundays. Visiting preachers included the Revd Canon J. V. Taylor, D.D. (General Secretary of the Church Missionary Society), the Headmasters of Rugby and Shrewsbury, the previous Chaplain of Stowe (the Revd P. T. Hancock), the present Chaplain of Eton, and the Assistant Chaplain of Bedford School. Collections have been slightly down this term, possibly due in part to decimal currency. They have been for the British Red Cross Society, the Church Army Hostel at Oxford, Christian Aid, the Cancer Research Campaign, Stowe Community Service, the National Deaf Children's Society, the Save the Children Fund (for cholera relief), the Family Welfare Association and Northorpe Hall.

J. W. TANBURN

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

The Choir has performed almost every Sunday this term, and with better results than previously. This was largely due to cutting down the numbers in each part, and eliminating the treble section completely.

With one or two of the "Old Regulars" leaving this term, the Choir can look forward to even more success in the future.

IAN RITCHIE

THE STUDY GROUP

Meetings this term have followed the theme "Characters from the Acts of the Apostles", including such characters as Ananias and Aquila and Priscilla and such guest speakers as the Rev. P. T. Hancock and the Rev. E. J. H. Nash. Meetings usually take place in Mr Vinen's room after Sunday morning Chapel and new members are always welcome.

NICHOLAS KAYE

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Once again, we have had our busiest term so far. We are now serving over 200 pensioners each week, offering them a wide variety of services. Among this term's activities have been:

Gardening. The gardens have continued to be one of our greatest problems, but with our equipment we are able to cope. We have bought a new rotascythe, and this has considerably eased the cutting of long grass. Our electric hedge-trimmer has also proved invaluable. Also in the gardening sphere, we have again operated our 'Instant Gardens Scheme,' whereby pensioners' gardens are dug up and replanted with some of the 8,000 bedding plants grown in our greenhouse.

Visiting. Each of the 200 pensioners has received at least one visit a week throughout the term; we have also visited 120 pensioners in local authority homes each week.

Decorating. Our decorator and his team of boys have again done much valuable work in making pensioners' homes look more attractive. One house, which took them nearly three weeks to do, has had its ground floor transformed from a mass of dirt to a pleasant and bright set of rooms.

Sunday Drives. These have again operated this summer. Each week eleven pensioners have been taken for a drive in the country in our minibus, and then treated to a picnic tea. The demand for these trips was such that we were forced to place a limit of one drive per pensioner for the term.

Vegetables and Meat. These have not been distributed this term it being felt that the need was not so great during the summer, as pensioners have far less to spend on heating and therefore have more money left over for food. However, we shall be restarting the service next term.

Open Days. We invited a party of muscular dystrophy sufferers down for an afternoon on June 20th, and entertained them to tea, slides, and tours of the grounds. A camping weekend for the mentally handicapped is also planned.

Speech Day Exhibition. The massive exhibition which was put on for Speech Day on May 30th raised over £70 p.a. net in covenants. In addition, many parents have sent in trading stamps towards our target of 1500 books for a minibus.

Draw. North-East Airlines has very kindly given us two holidays, one for a week in Jersey, the other for a weekend in Spain. We decided to use these as prizes in two raffles: the first raffle went very well and sold over £500 worth of tickets: the second raffle is to be launched at the Game Fair on July 30th/31st.

Game Fair. We have been allocated two sites at the Game Fair during the summer holidays: one of the lake pavilions, and one of the dining rooms. Here we will place small displays, and boys will be coming up to Stowe specially to man these. Tickets for our second raffle will be on sale, and we will also be collecting trading stamps, covenants, and cash donations. In addition, we will be operating a bus service between the lakes and the house: this should also be profitable. As you can see, S.C.S. has been very active this term. It operates six days a week, with a country drive on Sundays. Over 30 boys work four or more days a week, and another 40 do one or two days. The fact that so many people are involved in it some way or other—there can be few at Stowe who have not done something for S.C.S. at some time—illustrates the continuing support we receive, and for which we are most grateful.

SIMON SHNEERSON

THE XII CLUB

The first paper this term was given by Oliver Richards on 'The Individual Contribution of James Gibbs to Eighteenth Century English Architecture'. It traced his development from his travels to Rome, where he worked under Carlo Fontana, to the building of the churches of St Mary-le-Strand and St Martin-in-the-Fields, which produced the fulfilment of Wren's ideas on church building. His works at Stowe (apart from the Boycott Pavilions) were mainly concerned with the eastern section of the garden, where he built, under the patronage of Lord Cobham, the Temple of Friendship, the Lady's Temple, the Cobham Pillar, the Gothic Temple and, possibly, the Palladian Bridge. His last great building was the Radcliffe Camera in Oxford, and he died in 1754.

For the second meeting of term we were fortunate enough to be able to use the Gothic Temple for the evening, which was faintly suitable for the subject of the speaker. Our speaker was Mr E. Robinson, a member of the Religious Experience Research Unit, headed by Sir Alastair Hardy, who spoke so well to the Science Society last term; his subject was 'God and the Unconscious' and after reading three of the 2,000 memorable 'experiences' they had received, he invited us to question anything with which we disagreed in what he was saying. He began by examining the 'scientific attitude' and emphasised that it was impossible to approach this particular sort of problem without having a completely open mind, so that one is at the disposal of the facts. He quoted the artist Paul Klee to illustrate his point, showing that the experiences must be allowed to make their own impressions as if upon a clean wax tablet. 'We don't look at pictures, pictures look at us.' Through all the discussion came the feeling that the subject was indefinable, as many of the experiences received were not technically religious, but rather transcendental, involving 'a something more than' situation, something which cannot be ex-

plained in the usual terms of time and space. It was suggested several times that a new language might possibly have to be found if there were to be any hope of understanding the basis of these experiences, but the President aptly pointed out that a mystical experience would cease to be mystical if a language were found to explain it. Mr Robinson ended an excellent evening with the only conclusion that he was prepared to advance at this stage, that all the experiences seemed just to miss the vital factor in their descriptions, as if it were permanently just out of reach.

RICHARD CARR

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

So far this term the Classical Society has had a paper from R. P. Taylor on 'Hadrian's Wall'. Admittedly it was brief, but he covered the subject very fully, telling us the reasons why it was set up and how it was defended. He illustrated this with a number of pictures and maps which showed perfectly places where the wall still stood. When he had finished a lively discussion took place, and the President even told us of his adventures on the Wall during a C.C.F. Camp which took place near there.

We are hoping to have another paper towards the end of term from Mr D. Temple on 'Plato and Education'.

PETER LAW

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society was competing against considerable athletic odds this term; the lamentable result is that only one meeting has so far been held. This meeting, however, was no ordinary or common-place meeting. In it, R. J. Simons amused and bemused his restless and sometimes rowdy audience with many and various categorical statements. Nationalism was condemned as one of many "outmoded and sweet little beliefs" for which it was not worth dying. Emotionalism was one thing, he said, but most people were too selfish and indulgent to want to die for any cause. Britain, in Mr Simons' view, is a third-rate country full of people with third-rate principles. T. C. Kinahan portrayed to a hushed and anxious House, a para-military state, along "1984" lines, with horrified liberal democrats for some reason swallowing their principles and fighting for the survival of their way of life. A. W. Goodhart then chastised the House for being the self-satisfied, soft and self-centred sons of the bloated hierarchy (strange for the son of a Conservative M.P.) and condemned it as ludicrous to die for any cause, whether moral or ethical. The Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Tanburn, making his dramatic début in the debating world of Stowe, proceeded to shoot the paper speakers with a starting pistol; violence reminiscent of a well known cleric in Northern Ireland. He sat down muttering something about that proving that people would die for their own pride. His dramatic début was met with sadly little enthusiasm—in fact, a torrent of insults. The motion, believe it or not, was that "This House would not die for any cause". By some perhaps prearranged miracle, the Opposition defeated the motion. The meeting was chaired by our new Vice-President, Mr D. Temple, M.A., whom we are delighted to welcome. The Society hopes to meet again before the end of term. My grateful thanks to Mr Arnold, the President, and the Committee, for their support in these times of athletic supremacy.

DAVID McDONOUGH

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

In spite of the obsession of many members with future examinations, the Society, has resisted the temptation temporarily to subside. Theatre visits to Oxford—including an expedition to Molière's "Les Fourberies du Scapin", in which Ib Bellew (B 1969) took the title role—have been regular. Meanwhile J. N. S. Bagshawe has given a paper on "Early Russian Literature", showing a great knowledge and interest for a rather neglected aspect of that country's literature. A lack of familiarity with the subject amongst the audience did not prevent a lively discussion about the possible influence of the genre on Russian authors of more modern times.

Recently A. J. Creedy Smith spoke on "The Faust Legend", giving a detailed analysis of Goethe's work and showing how the popular legend has its roots in antiquity. He contrasted the various literary interpretations of Faust, demonstrating the boundless limits to which authors and musicians alike can make use of traditional material.

Later this term we hope to hear a lecture on Cervantes by A. J. F. Tucker and with several linguists still not having delivered a paper, there is no lack of sources for further discussions in future terms.

RICHARD PYNE

THE POLITICAL CLUB

The Political Club had its first birthday this term, and this was celebrated in grand style, with three Conservative personalities from the ranks of the back-benchers. The first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, 2nd May. Mr John Wells, the Conservative M.P. for Maidstone, spoke to the Club about the Common Market. He described, with great gusto and in considerable detail, the premises on which the E.E.C. was based, the British negotiators in Brussels and their problems, and the cost and possible merit and demerits of British entry. Like all true politicians, Mr Wells said that if he had to commit himself, he would settle for the political panacea of calculated retreat, pretending that the issue had never reared its ugly head! On 8th May Mr Timothy Raison, the Conservative M.P. for Aylesbury, and past editor of the *New Society* and *Crossbow*, spoke to us about 'The Environment'. He justified Mr Heath's new creation of a Department for the Environment by saying that the Tories believed that it was essential, in these days of pollution, slums, an increasing population, and an ever-expanding economy and society, to plan a Government's activities with these considerations in mind. He gave examples of cases of environmental planning that had succeeded, in Roehampton, and, of all places, Clapham Junction. He talked of the "environmental disaster" of putting an airport at Cublington, in whose crusade against this proposal he took a major part. Finally, Mr William Benyon, our own egregious Member of Parliament, gave the Club a well-deserved party political broadcast. Mr Benyon, well prepared for an outbreak of anarchy after a previous briefing from the Chairman, valiantly sallied forth, churning out an undoubtedly very impressive list of Conservative election promises that had been transformed into legislation. He condemned with rhetoric with which Enoch Powell would not be displeased, this "insidious Socialism" which, he said, was a progressive system which tended towards "the concentration of more and more power in the hands of the State." Mr Benyon, generally a phlegmatic man, said that this was a time of great excitement (unfortunately, the unemployed figures had just topped the 750,000 mark) as he saw Britain once more resuming her former imperial role, but now as a member of the E.E.C.

May I, at the end of this first year of the Club's life, extend my thanks to all those who have spoken and given us all so much pleasure, to the Headmaster and Mr Chapman for their unwavering support, to Christopher Tate who has performed many a thankless and invaluable task as Secretary, to Miss Craig for providing coffee for the members at every meeting, and finally to the 106 Stoicks who have faithfully supported the Club's activities, and who have enabled it to exist. I hope to be able to read an account of the Club's second birthday celebrations next year.

DAVID McDONOUGH

THE LIBRARY

We will be very sorry to say farewell to Mrs Kerr at the end of this term. For the past two years as Librarian she has taken great pains to ensure that the Library was a place where boys might feel free to browse through the shelves or settle down to work in earnest. Her helpfulness and patience will be greatly missed, and I have been extremely grateful for all the time and trouble she has taken, even over the less appealing tasks of writing out reminder chits and compiling missing books lists.

Since January more than 40 new books have been added to the Library. These have included several of Georgette Heyer's historical novels, and some further additions to the careers section in the 'My Life and Work' series. The soaring increase in the price of new books, as well as the postal strike, has meant that fewer books have been added recently.

The generous bequest of the late A. R. H. Ward (C 1928) has provided a most interesting selection of books to be added to the Library. We are also very grateful to A. S. M. Dickins (Q 1932) for kindly loaning his own signed copies of 'Ring of Bright Water' and 'The Otter's Tale' by Gavin Maxwell, who was a contemporary of his in Chatham.

Other gifts to the Library include:—'An Album of Fairy Chess' edited by A. S. M. Dickins, presented by the Author; 'Field Studies' in seven volumes edited by Mrs Dilke, presented by Professor O. A. W. Dilke, (B 1933); and a generous donation by D. M. G. Jenkins (B 1968) towards the Science section of the Library.

Finally, a word of thanks to the conscientious Prefect of Library, and to all the Library Monitors, especially those who have served so well for the past two terms.

H. D. MARCUSE

Prefect of Library: R. G. G. Carr (C).

Monitors: C. K. Allen (B), T. C. Kinahan (T), S. C. Eve (G), J. H. R. Cridland (C), R. J. Simons (C), A. G. Henry (C), C. J. Wiley (G), R. G. L. Cheatle (W), M. W. Sherwood (L), I. D. Elliott (N).

THE FILM SOCIETY

The Two films screened this term—"The Exterminating Angel", directed by Luis Bunuel, and "The Brig"—met with mixed acclaim. "The Exterminating Angel", is a disquieting, inventive comédie noire concerning a group of rich and elegant people, assembled for dinner in a palatial mansion, who find themselves inexplicably unable to leave the room when the party ends. Luis Bunuel's pessimism had been praised in an earlier film shown at Stowe, "Los Olvidados". People were more reserved in their opinions of "The Brig": those who enter the Brig—an American Marine Corps Prison—abandon all hope of mercy, striving only to find within themselves the strength to preserve their sanity. The unsteady images, poor lighting and soundtrack, were perhaps the cause of the disappointment felt by some members, but this effect was quite deliberate in its attempt to evoke a realistic atmosphere, and this was possibly not sufficiently appreciated.

COLIN WILEY

THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club has enjoyed another active term and has met three times. The first and third meetings were concerts given by various members, but the second provided the highlight of the term's activities. This was a fascinating lecture-recital from Dr Peggy Sampson on the Viola da Gamba. She was joined by Mary Morrison (soprano) and Lawrence Ritchey (harpsichord continuo). We were very fortunate to have had the opportunity to hear them, and the next day many of the audience came back to throw questions at Dr Sampson at a slightly less formal gathering.

IAN RITCHIE

THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

Sadly, this term has also been affected by misfortunes. At the beginning of term, the amplifier was vandalised and the equipment had to be sent away again for repair. Consequently the Society's facilities have been somewhat limited and it is hoped that next term, both equipment and records will be treated with more care and respect.

DEREK LONGMAN

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

There has only been one film meeting this term as the activities are mainly out of doors. The main point of business at this meeting was to elect new members to the committee. The final appointments were D. B. G. Oliveira (Secretary), J. D. Ward (Treasurer), P. M. Mumford, R. de C. S. Montagu and P. W. Warburg (*ex-officio*). J. P. H. Spencer-Cooper was elected Editor of *The Grebe*. The film was an excellently produced account of the life history of the Alder Wood-Wasp and its four main insect parasites.

Other activities have been diverse. On Expedition Day Mr Lloyd took a party of ornithologists to the Suffolk coast. The party saw a wide variety of birds in several different areas. Mr Dobinson took a group to Fingerringhoe, also on the Suffolk coast. This was more plant and insect orientated and saw over ten species of butterfly and a wide variety of other wild life. Both expeditions were lucky with the weather and by leaving Stowe the night before and camping out were able to have a full day at their respective sites. This experiment was voted a great success.

Speech Day went well. The exhibition in the Biology Labs. was larger than ever and included a wide variety of 'A' level projects in the new Nuffield lab. A large number of visitors was welcomed in spite of the bad weather. The prizes for individual exhibits were awarded as follows: first to A. L. Gossage and P. M. Mumford for a splendid piece of countryside incorporating birds' songs, nests and eggs completely filling the old downstairs prep. room. Second prize went to A. Doble and H. J. Carnegie-Arbuthnott for their life of the mole and third to C. P. Cheshire and J. P. H. Spencer-Cooper for their montage on environmental pollution.

On this day too we sold over 200 copies of *The Grebe*, the Society's magazine (copies of which may be obtained from the editor at 35p including postage). For the first time this included a photographic plate which added considerably to its quality. We hope to sell more at the Game Fair. I would like to thank all those who contributed to our successes on Speech Day whether in selling *The Grebe* or in the exhibition.

The Common Bird Census has been running again with a small party getting up early on Sundays and visiting their area. R. S. Neufeld has been busy trapping small mammals and more recently T. C. Rogers and A. G. Whyte have been attempting to catch squirrels. The moth trap has been running all term and the Biology Labs. seem to be full of Mallard ducklings. This has been a busy and successful term.

DAVID OLIVEIRA

NATURE RESERVE

We always try to keep the reserve as quiet as possible in the summer term which is the main breeding season. As though to vindicate this one of the highlights has been the nesting of a pair of Mute Swans on our newly rebuilt lake. They are successfully raising nine cygnets, a large brood and a tribute to our regular winter feeding of the 'flying duck'! At least one pair of Mallard has also bred successfully as have several pairs of Coot and Moorhen.

Since my last report we have planted 250 young hawthorn along the boundary of the 'New Piece' and although only a few have survived the spring drought we were lucky with some of the other species we planted there. We were kept busy watering the young beech planted last winter along the main road frontage and this hedge, at least seems to be going well.

Several two metre square quadrats have been established on the New Piece to monitor vegetation changes and we have been building up a species list as the plants invaded this piece of ground. At one stage we thought a pair of that now rare bird the Partridge would nest there.

The reserve has been the centre of some research during the term. Bird boxes have been inspected and the Common Bird Census covers the area. Mosses have been identified and the Muntjac watched. We were flattered to have the view over the lake painted although the results were not recognisably what we had expected!

At long last five signs have been erected marking out our boundaries and we hope these will discourage trespass. Stoics take note!

We were most disappointed that confusion over plans for the Game Fair has prevented us showing off our Nature Trail through the Reserve. Instead we have had clay pigeon shooting inflicted on our very boundaries. We had thought we were better established and we cannot help feeling that someone in high places does not really care what we are about!

Some ambitious plans are being laid for next term and new helpers will be most welcome.

JEREMY SPENCER-COOPER

THE FORESTERS

Heavy summer rainfall may curtail some outdoor activities, but it does a power of good to young trees. Coming after a dry spell at the beginning of term it saved the newly planted trees in the three areas cleared during the winter. Below the gym there is a mixture of plane, hornbeam and beech, with cupressus as nurses, fringed by guelder rose along the path; in the eastern part of the boskage by the Queen's Theatre, plane and beech; and beech in the northern corner of Duchess Dale. By Lyttelton the semi-mature plane which died has been replaced by a young plane from our own nursery.

In Duchess Dale we have continued to clear away the understorey and to treat trees damaged by squirrels, completing the next section of the plantation. As well as the regular attention required in the forestry nursery we have brought water to it by laying a pipe from the existing supply behind the Pineapple hut. This season has produced an unusually heavy and fertile crop of beech mast—or perhaps we assisted nature by several months of mattocking and tramping under a beech-tree—and over 200 seedlings were lifted, put in seed-boxes for a fortnight and then set out in the nursery.

Several special jobs have been occasioned by the Game Fair. In Culley's Park foresters from the Woodland Management Association have lopped trees where cars are to be parked, and we have worked with the W.M.A. in clearing the grass slope beyond the southern ha-ha and in tidying the edge of the 11-Acre Lake where fishing demonstrations and competitions are to take place.

As always, the assistance of the Estate Party on Wednesdays has been invaluable.

G. B. CLARKE

THE UPPER STYX PROJECT

The summer term is always the term when the most is done in the 'Duckery'. This term has proved no exception. With no more large scale clearing or construction to be done it was a matter of the endless task of maintaining the area. On arrival back at the beginning of term we found that a goose had nested subsequently laying 10 eggs. This was met by no real enthusiasm due to the same happening last year with disastrous results. Fortunately our apprehension was in vain as about two weeks after the beginning of term 10 goslings hatched. Mallard breeding has been successful in the short term but in time the small ducklings were reduced in number by rats which seem to be abundant in the area this year. Having had this initial disappointment we collected all the other eggs and hatched them artificially. When they are large enough they will be allowed on the lake to substantiate the collection.

A very generous gift of three Tufted duck from Mike Kwiatkowski added variety to the collection and we are always very pleased to have gifts of this kind. The increased cover left this summer has proved more than successful as the breeding records show but the need for the fox-proof fence is still as great as ever. With some of the older members of the project leaving this term, we hope that the enthusiasm and interest shown over the last four years in Chandos will not wane. My personal thanks must always go to Mr Lloyd without whose advice and interest this project would never have started and certainly would never have continued.

NIGEL GEACH

THE BRIDGE CLUB

This has been a year of mixed fortunes for the Bridge team; the departure of Croom-Johnson at Christmas deprived us of a first-class player, and several other good players have left over the last twelve months. Thus, the team this year has been fairly young and very inexperienced. M. Boyadjiew has taken over from Croom-Johnson as Captain and has provided enthusiastic encouragement for our up-and-coming young players; S. Ram's mathematical brain has also proved a very useful acquisition.

Our record in school matches is slightly disappointing, but the team is learning all the time and next year should prove more fruitful. In both the E.B.U. and the Berks and Bucks Junior Pairs competitions, the team performed very creditably; although they did not get among the prizes, they more than matched previous Stowe performances.

A lighter note was provided in the fixture list by a visit to Springhill Open Prison on a Sunday in May; this was much enjoyed on both sides, and, although we were soundly thrashed, we hope to make this a fairly regular fixture in the future.

C. S. JUNEMAN

The following have represented the School: M. Boyadjiew (Capt.) (C), S. Ram (W), E. C. E. Peshall (W), D. B. G. Oliveira (C), G. M. I. Miller (C), P. Boyadjiew (C), C. E. Furness-Smith (G), C. A. I. Bruce (G), M. D. M. Davies (T), H. P. Chelleram (B), R. S. Sandu (T).

THE LATRUNCULARIANS

Our activities have been considerably less strenuous this term than they have been for several terms. In fact we have not played a single match, and by doing so we have been able to establish a record of being unbeaten for three months. At this rate we shall soon have bettered the achievements of the Squash team! On a more serious note, however, we have planned several interesting fixtures for next term and look forward to coming out of our hibernation.

RAVI SANDU

THE STOWE PRESS

The term has again been a fruitful one for us and we have carried out a number of interesting orders, including personal stationery, invitations, tickets, and publicity handouts for the Game Fair. L. M. Werth has continued to make his mark in the printing room, and S. K. T. Ulliyett has made good progress on the machine, whilst J. Penrose is becoming quite proficient at typesetting. All in all, the Stowe Press can be said to be enjoying more success at present than it has done for several years; this is due largely to Mr Luft, whose enthusiasm knows no bounds, and we are most grateful to him.

SIMON SHNEERSON

C.C.F.

The beginning of the Spring holidays saw twenty-five boys and six masters embarked on our most ambitious adventure training camp for some years. Our destination was the Isle of Skye and there we spent a most instructive week.

The sunniest day was, of course, the day before the main party arrived! Nevertheless, we managed a successfully progressive course. This culminated in a three day exercise, the last twenty-four hours of which were endured in almost continuous downpour. Perhaps we should revert to the name "Arduous"!! Throughout our visit we were constantly impressed with the friendliness of everyone we met. Our base in Portree was adequate and the mountains wild. Our grateful thanks go to all who helped make this a most successful camp.

Annual Inspection on 10th May, was carried out by Air Vice Marshal R. E. W. Harland R.A.F. (Q 1938), Air Officer Commanding Number 23 Group. There was no formal parade, although he was met by a small Guard of Honour. Each Unit made use of the day for its own training. We await the official report and can expect some constructive criticism. The Naval Section probably came off best by disappearing to Ipswich for the entire day!

The Coldstream Cup competition is again being held at the end of term. It is to be judged by the Regimental Lieutenant Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, Colonel E. T. Smyth-Osborne, and we expect to provide him with an active afternoon.

A small canoe Section has started under the auspices of the Naval Section this term. They already have two boats and will soon have four. This is certainly a welcome innovation. It is hoped that it will prosper.

The Film Unit are still filming although their increasingly complex plot becomes similarly secret. The "Ham" radio operators have removed the best of the C.C.F. apparatus and are now extremely busy in part of the Physics Lab. They still call themselves the Signals Section! Several important changes are being introduced in September after much deliberation. After a year in the Basic Wing a boy will, in future, spend one year qualifying for a service Proficiency or D. of E. Bronze Award. Thereafter he will have a chance of changing Sections, going on to Advanced Proficiency or trying a wider range of options.

As a part of this scheme, each boy will go to camp as part of his Basic Proficiency work, usually at the end of his second summer term in the school.

At the age of 16, or on entering the Upper School, there will be a chance for him to leave the C.C.F. and engage on a wider range of non-games activities from Estate Party to Art or Music. While this may bring our numbers down a bit, it will give the individual far more freedom of choice after his initial period. This is a scheme that will take a year or so to settle down, but I am sure it will help to rationalize the present position.

Thus it is on a note of hope for the future that I hand over command of the C.C.F. after only two years. I am sure that the kind of activities we indulge in on Wednesdays are of value to every boy. Whenever this fails to be true, then we must examine the system and see whether it or the individual is at fault. I hope the "New Corps" will make the system more relevant and more interesting.

A. J. E. LLOYD

Appointments:

Army Section: Senior Under-Officer: A. J. M. Carmichael (W).

Under-Officer: J. H. R. Cridland, A. W. Goodhart (C).

Contingent Sgt-Major: H. C. Mytton-Mills (W).

ADVENTURE TRAINING

This year Adventure Training took place in Skye, nineteen boys attending. After arriving at Portree, our base camp, any illusions of fair weather soon crumbled. The first days were spent performing various exercises in preparation for walking in the attractive Cuillin Mountains, at the southern end of the island. By the last day we were glad to return to the old Drill Hall where we dried out and eased our tired feet.

Although some of us may have uncomfortable memories, the last evening and journey home were spent happily and with no regrets.

We would like to thank J.E.C.N. for his encouragement and his example during some darker moments. We are sorry that he will not be attending any further Camps, and I'm sure his presence will be greatly missed in the future.

DAVID LUDDINGTON

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Once again there has been a variety of activities this term. The Public Service courses have continued and, in the case of Community Service, have enabled some boys to gain the practical as well as the theoretical qualification in this section. The only results so far have been from the Police and twelve out of fifteen candidates were successful. Field Day was spent a little hungrily but at last not rainily in the Peak District. At the end of term we depart to Skye for the Summer Camp and are not paying too much attention to the Islander who in answer to an inquiry as to whether it always rained on Skye replied, 'Oh no, it sometimes snows.'

Initiative is clearly one of the pre-requisites of would-be award winners and whilst it is encouraging to see some very enthusiastic boys it would be a good thing if more Gold candidates showed a greater determination rather than relying on the organisation to see them through.

Finally congratulations to Charles Allen on winning his Gold Award.

R. M. POTTER

THE STOWE BEAGLES

The Summer Term is always the anti-climax of the season and it has been very rewarding this year to see the Hunt staff, nearly all of whom are weighed down with exams and the like, working hard at the kennels on maintenance work. We now have our new bitches' lodge complete, thanks to the work of Rupert Gibson and John Atkinson. We will soon start painting the kennels in preparation for the Puppy Show which is to be held on Saturday, July 10th in the South Front Gardens and the Hunt Ball will take place at Stowe on the same evening. Early in the term three of the Hunt staff, the Master, the first whip and A. D. McGee ran in the Oakley Foot Beagles Foot point-to-point race in terrible weather. The team ran well and took the 6th, 7th and 9th places out of twenty runners. The Summer was also brightened when Ramrod '68 took first prize in the Open Class event of the Eton College Puppy Show, and unentered Tracker took third place. This term we have had two more litters of puppies and all the coming season's entry are now back from walk.

N. C. M. Renny is appointed Joint Master and Huntsman for this season, A. D. McGee and R. C. Willcock are Joint First Whips. Other Whippers-in are: A. O. Bell-Irving, R. M. Gibson and D. M. E. Heathcote. We are grateful also to R. G. Pooler who has helped us a lot at the kennels this term.

BRET JOHNSON



THE GEOLOGISTS

Lulworth, Dorset, March 1971

The area around Lulworth Cove in Dorset provides many classic geological features, and is ideally suited to a basic course in field geology. This explains the appearance at the Lulworth Hotel, West Lulworth, of eight Middle VI Stoic Men of the Earth and their indefatigable trainer.

We arrived on the afternoon of Tuesday, 23rd March and immediately strolled down to the cove to have a preliminary look around. This involved a cliff-walk to the western head of the cove, a brief harangue from M.W., and a free display of the aerodynamics of the thrown pebble by "Tweet" Sparrow who was "getting his arm in".

On Wednesday we studied structural geology along the beautiful coast-line to the west of Lulworth Cove, looking at erosion features with such remarkable names as Stair Hole, Durdle Door and Bat's Head. The rocks are mainly limestones (of which chalk is one type) and these give rise to the magnificent coast of "Wessex". The towering white cliffs seen in the bright light of mid-day are indeed superb, but viewed in the orange glow of the setting sun they are a truly dramatic sight.

The next day we travelled westward to Charmouth and by merely walking to the east carefully examining the beach surface we found a wealth of fossils beautifully preserved in the brass-coloured mineral iron pyrites, which had been washed out of the cliffs by the sea. Julian Walker was so engrossed in these specimens that he lagged farther and farther behind, with the tide coming in very rapidly. However, we all regained the safety of dry land before Neptune could claim his prey.

On Friday, having dragged the assembled band of somnolent rock-tappers from their beds and then again from the breakfast table, we set off for Chesil Beach. This is an incredible monument to the power of the sea, being composed entirely of flint pebbles derived from the Chalk. It is 19 miles long and up to 40 feet in height. It was very nearly an incredible non-monument to the power of "Tweet" Sparrow, but we clapped him in irons before he could totally destroy the place. Most geologists like to hit rocks (it's a living) but "Tweet" prefers to throw them!

The next day we revisited Charmouth, examined the cliff structures and collected many more fossils. Then on to Lyme Regis to look at Church Cliffs, famous in palaeontological lore for the specimens of reptiles of the Age of Dinosaurs which have been found there in the past.

Of course this is only a rough outline of the excursion, but certain items do stand out in the memory. The fossil-finding capacity of "Hawkeye" Robin Griggs; Jon Nicholl and his tame herring-gull; Bill Warburg and his unerring choice of "the wrong path" on the clifftops of Seaton; Bob Burdon and Guy Lucas—professional cliff-destroyers (in the interests of science, naturally!); "Tweet's Dinner Jacket"—a foul old trench coat, invariably worn with a disreputable beret; and, of course, the wit of Jules Walker, enough to addle the strongest brain. We even think that Salv Potter might possibly have enjoyed the trip (can such things be?!) He grudgingly conceded on arrival that the hotel wasn't nearly as bad as he had thought it might be (in fact it was superb) and what is more, he did not prophesy the end of the world once during the whole excursion.

We may even have learned some geology!

JULIAN WALKER
M. WALDEMAN



The Policeman
(Douglas Marcuse)
and
Dame Maud
(Elizabeth Rawcliffe)
in a scene from
Harlequinade

L. and H. Seymour
Buckingham



Below :
Geologists in Dorset
L. to R. Jon Nicholl,
the Doc,
Robin Griggs,
Salv Potter,
Bill Warburg,
Bob Burden,
"Tweet" Sparrow.

Julian Walker



Durdle Door, Dorset

Julian Walker



The inner galleries and central massif of Angkor Vat



A stone balustrade leading to the Temple of Angkor Thom. The Devils seen here grasp the naga (snake) in opposition to the Gods along the other balustrade in a representation of the myth of The Churning of the Sea of Milk

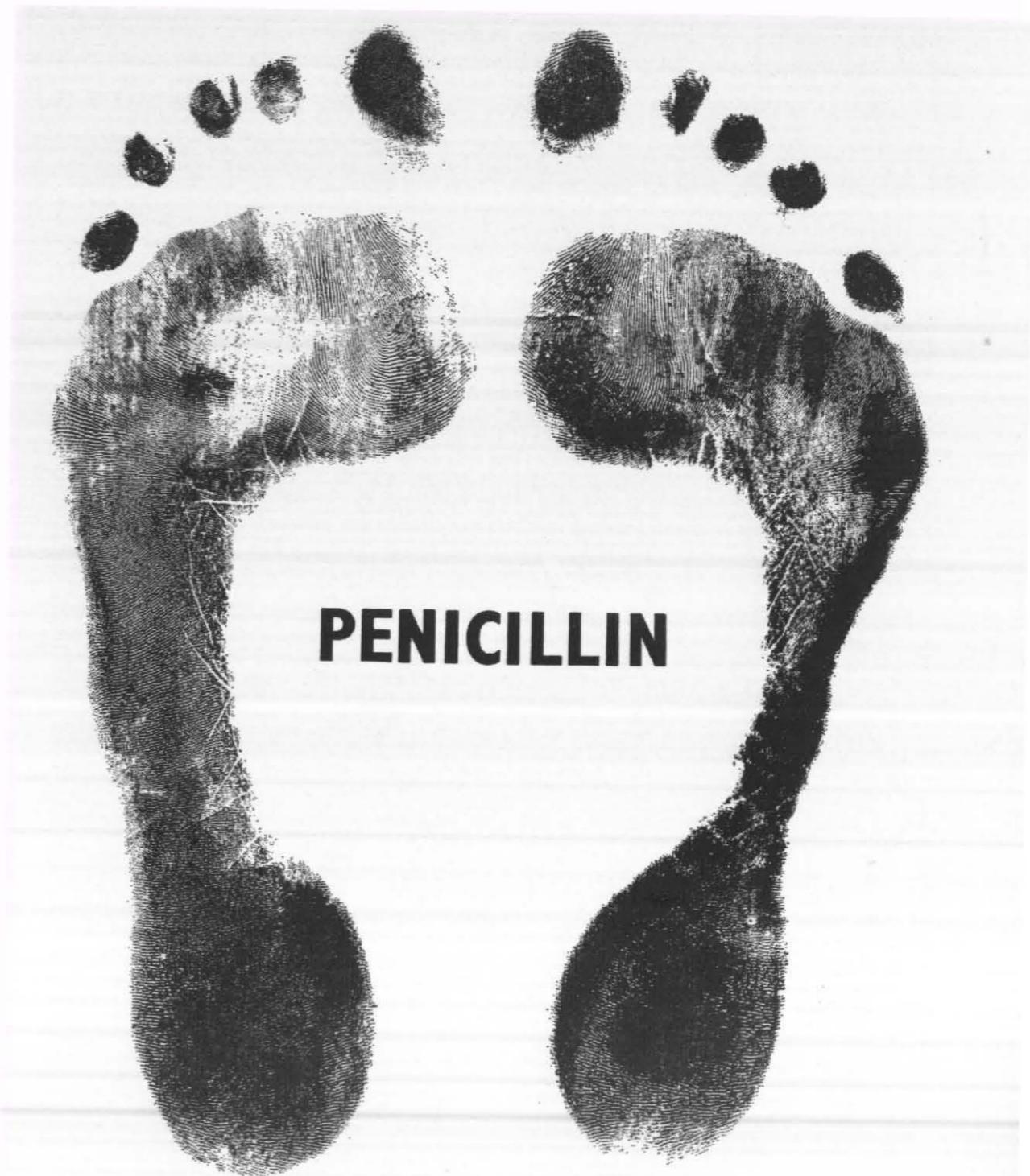


Belfast 1971



The Headmaster and Mrs Drayson with the President and Assistant Headmaster of The Cranbrook School, near Detroit, Michigan.

Fred Ashcroft



PENICILLIN

EDITORIAL

SO we've done it again. Intellectual honesty guaranteed or all money back. Our new slogan is 'Germ is dead, jump on its head: when you've done with killin', support Penicillin.' For with the death of that publication, glorious new vistas of visual titillation open, so jump on now and become the overnight hero of the school. Here are just a few of our main features: our resident trendy takes you on a guided tour of glorious Ireland, complete with bomb-craters and women's petticoats; 'Headmaster damns the Americans' was the title of a newspaper article on another of our contributors, read his columns and find out how he dislikes the American way of cooking omelettes; once more beautiful Boris drowns you in the mire of his piercing social criticism, ducky David questions the use of the $\frac{1}{2} \times 2.4$ block as a laboratory for determining the spread of religion in rats, and last but not in all respects least disastrous Dicky takes you on a trip round the new Swimming-Pool sign. All this and much more in your exciting new centre of the Stoic magazine. And remember we don't even make a profit, so we are a non-charity-supporting proposition.

The above may strike the reader as mildly amusing, downright silly or just typical; whatever it does, we would like to think it has held your interest for a second, so do read on as the rest of the magazine bears little relevance to its beginning and does concern you all.

The whole system of thought in the school is undergoing a drastic revolution; for the last two years at least this magazine has stagnated, with a lack of interest being taken in it by the leading artists, intellectuals, call them what you like; this has at last changed with the entry of a very artistic year to the top of the school, in its turn able to encourage lesser but interested figures. However this stimulation of interest underlines certain questions, which can be summed up as, what should the function of a magazine in the middle of the official school record be?

Such a magazine, conceived as a literary production, should not be prepared to pander to the tastes of a parental audience, simply because it is in its present position, but should try to provide an instrument through which the school can express itself to its fellow-members. It should be representative of the school only to the extent that it highlights the present feelings of the school on certain subjects, and also demonstrates the intellectual feeling and direction prevalent in the school. In this way it is the responsibility of the editors to gauge the feeling of the school and to cut their cloth accordingly, so that either a feeling of complacency would show through, or, if there was a plentiful supply of the rebellious elements, which are so necessary to the progress of any society, then their tenets would be obvious.

The problem of producing a magazine of this nature is that what may appeal to some seems balderdash to others and is dismissed as such; it is only by crossing the barriers of the common taste by contributions from that sphere that this magazine will attain its true object. The accusation of 'pseudo-intellectualism' aimed at previous publications may in many cases have been justified, but it is only when the authors of such a cry have demonstrated their qualifications to make such an accusation that the magazine is going to progress.

At present the school is relatively peaceful, and decidedly lacking in the outspoken yet artistically sincere rebels of two or three years ago; whatever the views that were held of their opinions, it is impossible to deny the decided 'genius' that several of them possessed, and in their time the published arts thrived; now when nobody has a violent point of view, there is an insipidness about much that is published that makes one desire the outsider back. This is not to say that art needs rebellion especially for its basis, but it does need an outlook which is in some way more sensitive than the ordinary man's. Thus the function of this magazine must be to produce a complete literary production that will contain a fair representation of the artistic level and feeling of the school, besides being of interest to most members of the society that has produced it. The onus is on the school to put the bite back into this section by responding to our attempts to direct the focus of it towards them.

A PLEA TO GOD THAT THE INEVITABLE WILL NOT HAPPEN

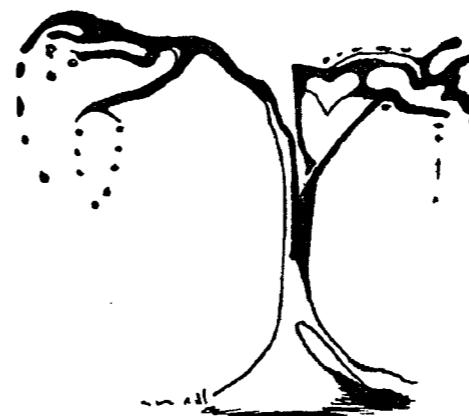
I walk up to the chair, the bed, the bush,
And tear, with wilful hands, those legs apart
To take my time and bite my usefulness.
I leave a body bleeding there with tears
Because I cannot know another mind.
If I convict myself of this foul deed
Another life is in my jeopardy.

I call the elemental spirits out to sing
My guilt before the wandering wild.
I ask them to reveal my sin to all
And force thereby another humbleness.

I know that if my body pumps that
Lactic life onto his outer flesh my days
Are lost.

I see myself between two
Cotton sheets on a vain day in a
Twilight world. I realize lust and love
Are separate things, and rise to kill myself
And fling my body, now abstained through lust
Through all the windows of this living hell.
I suicide myself because I forced my idol
To obey my whims and relegate himself into my open arms.

I know that I am dead: but call I God
To kill my wicked ways, to stir my mind
And redirect it into loveliness.



They were felling the orchard.
And out of the last three trees
Fell a conception of a new society.

FIGHT NOT SURRENDER

AUTO POLO IN ROMA

"Hello, welcome and good evening—or buena serra as they say here in Rome—or Roma! Tonight "Sportsnight with Speedblurb" brings to you exclusively an interview with Giovanni Crazi, the World Auto Polo Champion, who through some knavery—er—that is bravery in driving—defeated the British Champion I. N. Sane, in the world championships concluded here yesterday. Mr Crazi I'm glad — that is, sorry, to say is in the Emergency Ward of the Rome General Hospital, and I went to see him there to have a few words

Crazi: Whaddya want?

Speedblurb: Er . . . I . . . er, quite, oh quite! I . . . er . . . wondered if I could congratulate you on your victory yesterday.

Crazi: Of course you can! Thank you ver'much. I tank my meccanicos—Demon Tweak who maka da motore go fasta. Cassius who does de bodywork and Bengt Axel from Sweden. 'Owever, above all it was my brilliant driving—fantastico!

Speedblurb: Er . . . quite Giovanni quite—you don't mind me calling you Giovanni do you?

Crazi: No, no calla me Giovanni.

Speedblurb: Thank you Gio, I was . . .

Crazi: If you calla me Gio again, I calla da Mafiosa, okay?

Speedblurb: Quite . . . er . . . tell the viewers in England about your extraordinary sport, Mr Crazi.

Crazi: Okay, first hello all my friends in Inghilterra—Luigi, Nino, Lorenzo, Paulo and Anna, see you at Monaco! Now zis game Auto Polo, is quite simple really . . . hitting an adult is two points, teenagers five points, young children eight, or ten if they are on a bicycle. Also one gets one point for old people, half for pregnant women, but I no interested in zem, I leave to Tedeschi Von Turnips in 'is Fartz Special . . .

Speedblurb: Well, yes, quite extraordinary. Tell me, Mr Crazi, how do you get satisfaction from this rather, shall we say 'dangerous' game?

Crazi: Dangerous? I don't think so, yesterday was my firsta accidenti in Auto Polo . . . Of cours I get molto satisfactione . . . After a chase along Corso Emmanuele II, across Piazza Venezia, down Via Cavour I finally catch zis leetle brat in Piazza Cinquecento . . . he scream 'orrible but it is too bad . . . you know lasta week in de World Championships I get 50 adulti, 30 teenagers, 17 brats and 11 brats-on-bicycles. Also I get 100 pensionari—but zey are so slow, it is no fun—and one pregnant woman—whom I did no' meane to hit, Santa Maria, I promise. So I get 596½ punti. Pretty good, no? Your Inglesi he is secondo con 580 punti . . . Italia win again, eh?

Speedblurb: Well . . . er . . . thank you Giovanni Crazi for such a clear and . . . er . . . modest summing up of your sport.

Crazi: Thank you David . . . Okay where is da money . . . cento mille lire . . . tank you Auntie Beeb . . . Fingers, show Speedblurb ze stairs and psst . . . Fingers ze stairs are very steep and difficulti okay?

Speedblurb: Well goodnight, goodbye and arrivaderci to all our viewers . . . Goodbye Signor Crazi . . . Ahhhhh! (Noises off).

Crazi: I no like dat man . . . he asks too many silly questions

CUT

The doctrines of modern disintegration are classic in form, and pervade the political parties, which fade from a flaccid and universal "liberalism" into the sheer disruption and corruption of socialism serving usury. The doctrinaires of the immediate past come to the aid of political defeatism with the negation of manhood and self-will, and the scientific formulation of surrender as a faith. In the sphere of economics Marx portrays humanity as the helpless victim of material circumstance, and in the sphere of psychology Freud assists the doctrine of human defeatism with the teaching that self-will and self-help are no longer of any avail, and that man is equally toy of childish and even pre-natal influence. Marx's "materialist conception of history" tells us that man has been moved by no higher instinct than the urge of his stomach, and Freud supports this ludicrous teaching of man's spiritual futility with the lesson that man can never escape from the squalid misadventures of childhood . . . This predestination of materialism has proved in practice even more destructive of the human will and spirit than the old discredited "predestination of the soul". It has paralysed the intellectual world into the acceptance of surrender to circumstance as an article of faith.

To these destructive doctrines of material defeatism Sir Oswald Mosley and his much maligned Fascist movement returns a determined and resolute answer. To Marx he says it is true that if we observe the motive of a donkey in jumping a ditch, we may discern a desire to consume a particularly delicious thistle that grows on the other side. On the other hand, if we observe a man jumping a ditch, we may legitimately conclude that he possesses a different and possibly a higher motive. To Freud he replies that, if indeed man has no determination of his own will beyond the idle chances of childhood, then every escape from heredity and environment, not only of genius but of every determined spirit in history, is but a figment of historic imagination. In answer to the fatalistic defeatism of the "intellectual world," Mosley's creed summons not only the whole of history as a witness to the power and motive force of the human spirit, but every evidence and tendency of recent science.

The Fascist message is one of hope, of anticipation of greatness, and of optimism. Pride, patriotism, and the will to be great are the essential ingredients of this ideology which is far from dead. The speech of Sir Oswald Mosley which moved the blackshirts and an audience of eight thousand people in the Albert Hall on a March evening in 1935 would echo as strangely to some contemporary ears as words from another planet, but I believe that in the wider context and greater possibility of Europe, a revival and extension of this same first instinct of patriotism will find a higher expression and further mission.

"Hold high the head of England; lift strong the voice of Empire. Let us to Europe and to the world proclaim that the heart of this great people is undaunted and invincible. This flag still challenges the winds of destiny. This flame still burns. This glory shall not die. The soul of Empire is alive, and England again dares to be great." Return from your self-inflicted exile, Sir Oswald, and prove yourself right, before it is too late.

THE HEADMASTER'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES AS

WALTER HINES PAGE SCHOLAR

12th April — 12th May, 1971

To spend a month in the United States, travelling from one side of that vast continent to the other and back, visiting some fifteen schools in the process, collecting a vast amount of information and forming fleeting but vivid impressions on the way, and then to attempt to condense all of this into a two page article, is a virtual impossibility. One thing is quite certain, however—in common with all strangers who visit the United States—my wife and I were overwhelmed by the generous hospitality and the kindly welcome we received everywhere. We visited independent schools in Connecticut, Princeton, Washington, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Carpinteria, Detroit, Cleveland and state schools in Louisville, Kentucky. We stayed either with the Headmasters of the schools concerned or with members of the English Speaking Union who lived nearby. We were in Washington at the time of the Vietnam anti-war demonstrations. We missed the Kentucky Derby by three days. We witnessed the Great Steamboat Race on the Ohio River. We saw something of the Great Mojave Desert behind Los Angeles. We had splendid views of the Grand Canyon and the Rockies from the windows of our aircraft. We visited the Huntington Library at Pasadena, which houses some 525,000 items of the Stowe family history. We attended three symphony concerts, and played three games of American squash. On the last night we saw a splendid performance by Alec McCowen in "The Philanthropist", one of the three English plays currently the most successful on the New York stage. Wherever we went in the United States, like true Englishmen, we took a little rain with us, and at Atlanta missed a tornado by some fifty miles!

In a pamphlet entitled "Education in America—a unique experiment", put out by the United States Information Service, Edward Myers writes, "Education in the United States is unique, because for the first time in the recorded history of mankind a large nation has undertaken to give all its youth not only primary education up to age eleven, but also secondary education up to age seventeen or eighteen, and, to all its young people who can profit from it, advanced professional education and opportunities for research to a much later age." He goes on, "Education is a process and not a product. It is a process that continues for the individual from the cradle to such time as he ceases to learn—to the grave or to senility." The Americans are as a nation very conscious—indeed self-conscious—of this great educational undertaking. Almost everyone seemed to be involved in "education" in some way or another. Over there for a purpose, we naturally talked education a lot of the time, and we found Headmasters, teachers, and parents terribly concerned in trying to deal with the problem of education—or perhaps it would be more true to say with the problems of young people.

The general state of unrest in the country politically, socially and economically, combined with the breakdown of family life and a ready access to some means of transport, has led to a certain decline in standards, in morals, and in the real desire to get down to academic study in depth. It wasn't just a question of long hair and sloppy clothes and bare feet, but, as one Princeton Headmaster said to me—"This sloppiness in appearance leads in so many cases to sloppiness of thinking and sloppy work; so many children never get down to hard work—they just skate on the surface." One very intelligent teacher at a school in Louisville was full of pessimism about the American teenager who is, in his opinion "not prepared to toe the line unless it suits him; not prepared to get down to hard work and study a subject in depth." He explained that this is to a large extent because the entry standard into American colleges is low and almost every student achieves that standard, with something like a 40 to 50% drop out each year.

"There has been a social revolution in the country in the past five years, and young people are no longer prepared to accept adult dictates or standards." He thought that many of the children in his school had smoked pot and that the majority had had sexual intercourse by the age of sixteen. "The television culture has meant that so few of these children have seen the need for any sort of culture which would come from the reading of literature. This is a computer age, and they do not believe in any formal religion and have made their own gods. There is a superficiality all around, a disenchanted outlook on life, and experimenting in all directions. The key to life is change."

A number of people recommended that I should read "The Greening of America" by Charles Reich, and this book, which has become a best seller in the United States, has a very clear message: "There is a revolution coming. This is the revolution of the new generation. Their protest and rebellion, their culture, clothes, music, drugs, ways of thought and liberated life style are not a passing fad or a form of dissent and refusal. Nor are they in any sense irrational. The whole emerging pattern of ideals to campus demonstrations, to beads and bell bottoms, to the Woodstock Festival, makes sense and is part of a consistent philosophy. It is both necessary and inevitable, and in time it will include not only youth but all people in America." This, he explains, is a revolution against the lost American dream. The loss of the ability to "control our lives or our society because we had placed ourselves excessively under the domination of the market and technology."

Everywhere we went we found this same deep and sincere concern, among teachers and students, for the state of the country, an almost terrifyingly serious approach to every problem and to life in general. An American lady in Detroit said to me, "Weep for the loss of laughter in America." There is a vast conscience-stricken concern throughout the country over Vietnam, pollution, unemployment, and the breakdown of family life.

I was privileged at one school to attend a faculty meeting where for an hour and a half the teaching staff discussed openly and sincerely the "reasons for the present unhappiness of the school". I felt that their problems and ours were very similar, and I felt it was sad that the teaching staff should be blaming themselves for a state of affairs which was due far more to the general unrest in the country and the great uncertainty of American youth. In all the schools we visited, I was impressed by the dedicated approach and concern of the Headmasters and their teaching staff, especially as, so often, their efforts seemed to receive so little appreciation.

There has been a definite dropping-off recently in the number of applications for entry into boarding schools, especially in New England, and a number of these schools have decided to become co-educational. There is certainly a great deal of tension in these schools mainly, I think, because the way of life expected of the students is so different from the way they live in the holidays. In these schools, the amenities, including indoor games facilities, theatres, ice-rinks, and every imaginable teaching aid, were impressive—so much so that one wondered if these boys did not have too much laid on for them, which had led to a lack of appreciation. This sounds like sour grapes—and probably is!

Although the picture I have painted is a somewhat sad one, I was much impressed by the enormous concern of everyone we met with the problem of American education, and the tremendous determination to tackle the problem and to find a solution to it.

We enjoyed our visit enormously—for the unfailing courtesy and friendliness of almost every American citizen we met; for the politeness of Americans on the roads; for the almost total lack of any snob value; for the generally pleasant climate and the lovely houses; and for the very genuine interest and love we found almost everywhere of England.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF CLEMENT TO THE SYBARITES

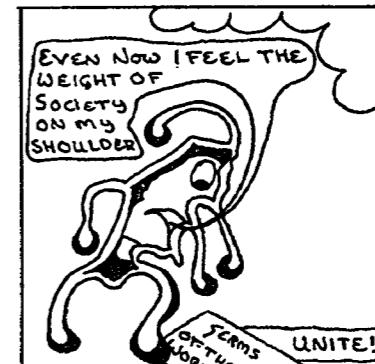
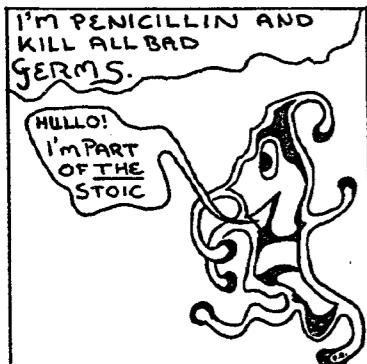
(Or None so Blind as Those That Will Not See)

I, Clement, who have travelled many lands and seen visions beyond the telling of my tongue, address you brethren from that domain where Time is but a babbler's foolish attempt to close infinity between his ears. Insofar as Heaven defineth the limit of mortal understanding, so are your imperfections justified; when ye employ them to reject that which the Flesh avoideth on its own account, ye are as one who awaiteth birth despising all before him ere it ripen. This is the First Cardinal Sin.

Although thy women parade their brazen bellies on the wayside, the very dust riseth to rebuke them; for the Body alone hath the power to purify lust by moderation, and so render the latter acceptable both in the Divine Eye and that of Earth. I exhort ye, brethren: No Sin is original, but the desire that it should be committed again renews with the passing of each indulgence. Thus, there are as many chances to wipe clean the slate as there are temptations to pursue. Some among ye do not realise this, and spread false ideology among the young. That is the Second Cardinal Sin.

Do ye believe that my Father forbiddeth music in thy palaces, or wisheth joy vanquished? Such an opinion accuses its beholder; inasmuch as it shows a determination to attribute to God any self-imposed hindrance on thy more noble values. And, if ye are aware of any such hindrance, it can come but from the same place as the cherished creed ye think that it inhabits—"The Heart". (Or what lesser men call "Conscience"). So to disobey the Heart, then, by not sublimating an ideal when ye feel it could be improved, is, far from sinning against thy Creator (as the Pharisees maintain), to display the apex of contempt for all that civilisation is founded upon. That is the Third Cardinal Sin.

These Three Staves have long escaped thy notice; where marble fountains glittered in the sun, the poor farmer draweth water from his shallow cistern. The jackal devours the yearling lamb, and straws of abandoned thatch crowd the air. I, Clement, can do no more to lift thy heavy lids



OUR FRIEND THE SUN

Mist wavers, sunrise soon,
Our friend is here,
Mad, insane;
Meanwhile the rest
Contemplate their being and
dream.
Dark and sickly he puffs.
He has no consideration
None.

The Culture and Beauty
of Architecture means nothing.
He is mad, He is insane.
Jet red powder stirs,
Light, movement;
No,
Imagination.
The wind howls like a dog
in a pound.
The apparitions of those gone
by foresee him,
Try to stop him,
Unsuccessful.
He is mad, He is insane,
He is ready.
One last stare at the
pillars of marble.
Then a glow, a fizz,
He ran so fast
that he could have broken any
world record,
But too late.

CAMBODIA AND ANGKOR

A visitor to Cambodia, now the Khmer Republic, very quickly becomes aware of the deep rooted sense of nationhood of the Khmer people and their great pride in their Angkorean past. Their civilisation is in fact one of the oldest in the world. At about the time that Caesar came to Britain there was already a significant culture in the lower Mekong which embodied two main states: Funan near the sea, Chenla inland. These two states which had much in common were loosely bound through the marriage ties of their rulers, and in about 500 A.D. joined together to become Kambuja, the forerunner of present day Cambodia. The Khmer people of this state were a distinctive group. From mixed origins, mainly out of India and Java, but also taking in China, the Western Pacific islands and the indigenous people, a recognisable Khmer type had evolved. The features of the Khmers on the sculptures nearly two thousand years old are much the same as those of their successors today. And more than the features have stayed unchanged. The bullock carts sculptured at Angkor Wat with their graceful curved shafts are the bullock carts of Cambodia today—and are much used in 1971 by the Viet Cong to move their arms and ammunition around the country.

The temples at Angkor occupy two areas. The inner area is close to Angkor Thom of perhaps twenty square miles which contain thirty or more buildings on the scale of St Paul's, albeit Asian and much sculptured and, because of a surprising absence of knowledge of the arch, lacking spacious interiors. Some of them in fact are nearer to the pyramids than to cathedrals. Outside this inner area there is a much larger area in central and northern Cambodia where there are other temples, of which perhaps the most famous and best preserved is Bantei Serei which was not discovered until more than fifty years after Angkor itself became known to the Western world in 1860.

These temples were built by the Khmer kings to mark their elevation into spiritual immortality as Gods. At the same time they associated the construction of the temples with the building of artificial lakes for irrigation, and the Khmer civilisation prospered. But from about 1200 onwards Buddhist principles gained strength and undermined the concept of the God King and in the early 1400s, in the face of a military threat from the Thais, the Khmers left their Angkorean homeland to go back down the waterways of Cambodia to the heartland near Phnom Penh from which they had headed north nearly seven hundred years before. And for nearly five hundred years after this, until late in the Nineteenth Century, the existence of the Angkorean civilisation continued as a fable rather like King Solomon's mines.

The most famous of the temples constructed by the Khmers is Angkor Vat, nearly 900 years ago, and then and now by far the largest religious building in the world. Its moat, about four miles round is full of lotus flowers and the temple itself has extensive causeways and courtyards where every wall is sculptured to show the life of the people and also their dream of the hereafter—peopled largely by beautiful and divine young women.

At the centre, above the receding terraces of the temple, stands the famous cluster of five towers—four, about 200 feet, high at the four corners of a square, one slightly higher in the centre—the whole symbolising Mount Meru, the legendary home of the Hindu Gods—a Khmer borrowing from India. The stonework is well preserved, due largely to the work of French conservationists during the last 100 years. But elsewhere in Angkor the conservationists have deliberately left some temples as they were when rediscovered about 100 years ago; and on these sites the roots of giant trees coil like snakes around the ancient structures.

The visitor to Angkor as recently as last year saw not only the temples of a thousand years before, but a peasant life not greatly changed from the days when the God Kings built their memorials. The landscape was the rice field, the sugar palm, the water buffalo, the Cambodian thatched houses built on stilts off the ground: the pace of life under the hot sun was slow, peaceful and leisureed.

Unfortunately for this peace the last of the 1200 year dynasty of Cambodian God Kings was slowly letting his country fall into the hands of the Viet Cong who used it as a sanctuary from which to attack South Viet-Nam. In March 1970 the shooting war came to a head and Sihanouk was deposed. However, the Khmers have held strongly together since their country came under attack. Few have gone over to the enemy and the Cambodian war is a true peoples' war against the Communist Viet-Namese invaders.

However, to the Khmers the legend of Angkor is real and vivid, And the Khmers looking back to their forefathers have managed to give back to the Viet Cong as good as they got, in spite of lacking arms and equipment. In spite, in fact, of lacking almost everything except spirit.

THE GREAT UN-PRIZE

For those with their sights high, and their bank balances low, the Myles Henry prize is an impossible target. Several times thwarted, I resolved to do something worthwhile, when threatened by the possibility of being out-done by the actual winner of the Myles Henry, whose actions jeopardized months of work in the founding of a film unit.

Struck suddenly by notions of a suitable project I made my own preparations. We would go to Northern Ireland and make our 16mm film there, in the riots. It was madness of course, but having persuaded my associate in business and crime, Simon Baines, all that was left was to convince others that we really were serious in our intent. Bill Ashcroft was allotted the heavy task of expedition driver, and three weeks, two days and twenty beautiful pounds later, and by the grace of Simon's father, with one Landrover, fully taxed and insured, we were almost ready to leave for Heysham ferry. Complete with ticket, but no longer in possession of the money, all we needed was one other member. My mad hippy friend, Mark Angliss, consented to join the party, bringing with him his sense of humour

The great 'Duke of Argyll' carried Guinness and Gandalfilm to Belfast. "I'm here to bury my dead brother," the sad Irishman had cried, and clutching a can of lukewarm beer, I could see that he told the truth. We were solemn and tense as we drove past Belfast to set up base camp. The unexpectedly desolate caravan site had been so for two years, despite the assurances of the irrefutable Irish Tourist office in London. We set up camp in a rat infested garage, made coffee and beans, and a little refreshed set out for a first recce of the town, feeling like very lone-some cowboys indeed. It was a grim beginning to a grim trip.

Our army-green Landrover, old as it was, was hardly the safest form of transport available, in a region officially classified as one of civil unrest. There is trouble in the air, and the people look through suspicious eyes. When you see the litter collected on the rust-stained pavements, under the heavy barbed-wire barricades, there is evidence that the military occupation has been necessary for too long. Even in the wide lyrically styled streets, with the large department stores, it is not usually long until any trace of normality is effectively shattered by the unsilenced sound of an armoured car or a heavily gridded Landrover with a guard, loaded gun in hand, sitting in the back as measure against ambush. One cannot take the soldiers for granted; they are far, far too real. They will walk in formation when on patrol, and never less than three at a time. If one goes into a shop, he merely uncocks his rifle, leaving his two mates outside, S.L.R.s at the ready. When they leave, the 'customer' re-cocks his rifle, and the three proceed, cocked rifles, with safety catches off, held at the ready. Perhaps they have learned that if they take the chances, it is they that are liable to come off worst. The S.L.R. is a formidable weapon; and behind one of these a soldier had less to fear than we did.

Within half an hour of our second attempt to enter the city and take some film, we spotted an inevitable road block. Sitting in front, nursing the camera on its 'pod' I told Fred to pull up. The soldier, who was flagging the cars down, looked surprised at our anticipation of the order, and before he had fully absorbed the situation I opened the door, the 'Drover' stopped and I jumped out, camera at the ready. As I smiled the soldier looked doubly surprised. Before he could say anything, I asked if we could film. He was suitably impressed, and I motioned to Simon to bring the clapperboard, which he did, and we told the others to return in half an hour. We filmed the road block operation on the notorious Crumlin Road; the filling station has since been blown up with eight pounds of plastic explosive.

As we waited by the rows of gaunt and undetached houses, we observed the patriotic wall paintings at the corners, and the various anti-papist slogans. Then one of the peeling brown painted doors opened. A middle-aged woman strode towards us, seeming tired and dirty; she opened her mouth to speak, and revealed her filthy gums. We concentrated hard to understand whilst she enquired as to what in the world we were doing. She was pathetic, but the story she had to tell was even more so. She, like the whole Irish nation, had a lyrical tone that bounced through her twenty minute monologue as we listened passively. She was a Protestant and in her words

"God save us all," she was a very sincerely worried person. "Tell them back in England," said she, "that we're not all bad." It was almost like a Sean O'Casey play. She went on to explain how the two Catholic families who had lived in the road, had been moved out one night by twenty men in lorries, lock, stock and barrel. Two days later the August riots had begun. The Catholics she claimed, had been fulfilling their promise to 'burn out the Protestants.' She and her family had stood their ground, armed only with chair legs and their bare fists, and fought the Catholics for fourteen hours until the Army arrived to 'deliver us out of the hands of those popish madmen.' The Orangemen have their story, while the Catholics of nearby Shankill Road deny it, and tell one that is similar but in reverse, to the Protestants', and one cannot tell who is telling the truth. The lady was profoundly moving. She blamed the situation on two main facts; firstly that the Catholics are resentful of their own poverty, and secondly that there is a more sinister background to the modern I.R.A. than the press reports. The Catholics are poorer because their families, lacking birth control, are larger, as well as which, it is claimed by some, the Church collects a great deal of money from them as a kind of celibal duty. The I.R.A., she told us, was very large, and very dangerous; she asked us to warn 'Your Mr. Wilson' of that fact. Simon grinned sardonically. 'It's not amusing,' she said. 'They've been planning it for years, before you were even born.' Words like 'communists' and 'insurrection' floated together in context towards us. Fred and Mark arrived, and unshaken she rattled on, naming quite casually many members of the forbidden Irish Republican Army. In twenty minutes we learned a very great deal. She was genuinely frightened by the Catholics. Our search for the truth took us all over the city. In the more troubled areas, there are heavily boarded up pubs, bearing familiar names like 'Flannigan's Bar.' There are regular army check points, conspicuously sandbagged. The barbed wire, more brutally barbed and much thicker and heavier than normal civilian grade, is coiled everywhere. Between the Protestant Falls Road, and the well known Ballymurphy Estate (several blocks of flats), a large wire-surrounded compound has been cleared. In the daytime the square is opened and used as a large car park. At night it is closed and spotlit. Observation posts on top of the flats are constantly manned; thus every move of either of the hostile groups can be watched, and if necessary, controlled. If there are to be pitched battles in this area they will be very limited.

In some parts of the Crumlin Road, whole blocks of houses are reduced to rubble and house shells. Almost like bomb sites, the devastated areas are sadly inhuman, yet the children play happily amongst the burnt-out cars, although even they have the hatred caused by fear stamped on their faces. In the Falls Road large stretches of housing are deserted in fear, their lower windows and doors bricked up with rough breeze blocks. This was the most frightening experience we had; when a large part of the population are moved by terror, then something is badly wrong; and you can feel the tension in the air.

This tautness, apparently ready to be snapped at any time is felt most noticeably in the small side and back roads. "****the Queen" is scrawled on the walls. It is a little ironic that Her name is spelt with a capital. As we drove up and down, these real people were quick to take offence; we took our film and left in a hurry.

On Monday we blew a gasket ring on the Land Rover. The resulting backfire was expensive, but more worrying was the effect of the bangs on the population. Soldiers, Catholics and Protestants, all turned round sharply, and there was worried fear across each of their faces. We got a new ring, which was more economical on petrol, and having taken all our film, we were finished and needed only to wait for the return ferry. In two days we learned more about the feelings in Belfast than one could ever hope to gain from a hundred years of television or newspapers. Yet we could not find a single person who could give a reason for the illogical fighting, and the consequent tragedy of a religious civil war in a so-called civilized European country, in this the twentieth century. We were relieved to return home, even after so short a period and left Ireland tired but relaxed. It was an experience that cost each of us four days and fifteen pounds, but one that was worth very much more. I can truthfully say that we were lucky not to get into any serious trouble, but I would happily do it again, the enlightenment it afforded us was that valuable. Thank you Stowe for the great un-prize: it is just what we always wanted.

REVERSION TO FASCISM

It would be much better if punishment really meant something. Some of the great magnates of our Stoic realm regard "ordeal by cane" as an undesirable deterrent even when administered by Housecarls. Other Feudatories, however, have been heard to propagate a contrary motion with some enthusiasm at conciliar meetings in the great Romanesque Chamber of Aurelius, and have even suggested that such judicial powers be reconferred and reinvested upon the inferior sub-tenants of houses. Excellent. It has been agreed with some considerable rhetoric that the tobacconist/licensee sector of the villain classes of our hierarchy are tending to evade the loophole with some competence. No suggestion is made that such loopholes be employed with a capital flavour, but that more immediate reprisals be taken against any such vagabonds who will not observe the 'goode lawes of th' lande,' if hierarchy is not to degenerate into anarchy as the succeeding decades unfold.

N.B.—All anachronisms or cursory references to any living person are entirely deliberate . . .

TO DEATH



Sly about my shoulders like a kiss
That final, long-awaited sleep enfolds.
As the saint hungered in his narrow cell
Coffin wise for Christ's oblivion,
So did I covet all my life Thy
Joyous warmth.
Now no more the spite of thwarted love
And concrete loneliness;
Cool earth remains to draw
Beguiling fingers down my spine are
Paradise enough.

PROFIT OR LOSS?

Head down, eyes fixed, unheeding the world he sat. Thinking. His rod glittered as the sun caressed it, hanging limply over the water. The float lay still, amongst the flutter of flies over and around it. His tackle lay all around him, the net ready to hand to prevent any attempted escape; the hamper with tangled bottles full of flies, worms and all the necessary hooks and spinners for his job. His coat hung loose about him with gaping rents at the corners of the pockets, and there was the suspicion of many stains chequering the cloth; crumbs from his lunch lay in the pouch of his trousers and the holes in his socks showed above the line of his boots. He was looking intensely at the float.

The summer sun was descending slowly from its zenith, as it reached him through the trees, and the warm air hung round him, insulating him from the possibility of interruption. The lake stretched far away in front of him to the mountains, where he could see the beginnings of a mist, shrouding the crests like poison gas. His mind dwelt on the swirling, icy mass that could rise and disappear from nowhere, obscuring at a second's notice. The trees were still, the town lay like a scale replica to his right, and the feeling of solitude and silence was overpowering. The only sound was the flies buzzing busily above the float and in the rushes near him.

His mind however was not with the float but rather travelled with him over the country to his wife. He was glad that he could find some retreat from the continual noise of his home, where striking clocks and washing-machines made living unbearable. But although it was essential for him to escape, it was reassuring for him that he always had some concrete touch with the world to fall back on. His fishing produced the harmony in his life that had deserted him in his youth. Thrust into the ear-shattering filth of a factory when his father died, obliged to take what work he could to provide for his mother and sisters, surrounded by unrelenting poverty and pressure, he had never been able before to appreciate what was missing from his life. At last his sisters had married, his mother had died, and he had been able to retreat from the town with his wife to the country, where he now lived, encouraged by her private income and money raised by occasional jobs he found. Here it was that he found the lake.

Ensconced in a natural inlet where the water lapped idly at his feet and the curve and swirl of the rocks provided secret bases for the fish, he sat unresistingly allowing time to flow past him. He had at one time tried to follow this elusive butterfly, but had found that he circled round in an everlasting maze and consequently had simply thrust it aside. Now he was able to concentrate on the self that controlled him. It was only when he was fishing that he could linger on the buoyant softness that stole over him, to denote the quiet of a mind at rest. But he had been astonished to find that, although he had supposed that this state was insurpassable, he still found himself longing for something further, an illumination that would guide his future life. He hardly supposed such a thing were possible, but he was prepared even to create it if he could not chance upon it.

At that moment a pillar of sunlight broke through the gathering cloud and spotlighted an oak tree that lay enmeshed by this net of light on an island in the middle of the lake. He had only once been out to this island, and had found it rather uninteresting except for this tree, which dominated and yet merged with the rest of it. But he had ignored the thought of it, rather as if it did not belong to his conception of the object of his search. Lit up by the darting streams of the sun, this tree now assumed an importance and vitality that had not previously been apparent; it ran with honey, even though its limbs were gnarled and twisted on the outside, and an eagle perched on a bough at the top holding a robin which crumbled between its claws as fast as it was restored.

Ripples broke the surface of the water. The sun was hidden. The line jerked in his hands. It began to spot with rain, and the whole surface of the lake was covered with ripples. His line ceased to shake, as the unseen prey eased away from the hook. He snapped it back over his head, but there was nothing there. His body felt devoid of weight, and he joyfully directed the rain onto his face, so that it ran down his neck. His spirit was freed from its blinkers, as it happened upon the what-cannot-be-explained for a split second. He was complete for that time. He put his rod away; and picking up the hamper, went back towards his home.

BALLAD

Framed portraits on the mantelpiece
Gave Myra Seeböhm sweet release
('Twas forty years since George had kissed
His newlywed Theosophist)

And China glittered all that afternoon.

Her blind old cat slept in a chair
An elemental sprite of air
From somewhere up the Karmic scale
She thought she heard her husband wail

And follies glittered all that afternoon.

Beneath her window, shoppers walked
Or, clutching parcels, idly talked
Regardless, the metropolis
Ignored Miss Seeböhm's astral bliss;

Brown paper rustled all that afternoon.

At three o'clock, the sybil died
And Satan flung his dark arms wide
Even misguided prophets need
A sedative to calm their greed.

The graveyard opens—every afternoon.

JOURNAL OF BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY
December 2936

(This ancient, faded, manuscript found, this year, near Milton Keynes, describes an unknown institution C. 1970 A.D.)

" we come to the school itself.

In brief, the school has three active interests, academic education, games, and religion with the appropriate emphasis, and they blend together to produce an efficient, progressive, and liberal-minded schooling. A well-equipped C.C.F. contingent is also maintained.

Fees are moderate—£750 a year"

NOTES:

1. "school." Does this mean a training centre for nuclear physicists, sports players, and the Army, which the lines above seem to indicate? A plan to prevent access to literary works shows further the complete lack of interest in fostering the Arts.
2. "academic education." Our ancestors had no idea of real learning in, and understanding of the arts, as even appreciation of their own literature was discouraged by the expenditure of the sum of £200,000 on Scientific Pollution-Centres, in a desperate bid to curtail cultural development.
3. "games." Unfortunately, some authorities have associated this with sexuality, owing to the surviving picture of one boy embracing another's legs. The object was to exhaust and batter others and oneself, an example of the barbarous state of mankind in this primeval era. Iron sticks were recently discovered, and a surprising number, 2127, of small white balls in a lake. This appears to have been an early form of fishing, i.e. hitting, with the balls, fish in the water. Scores were marked on small white boxes, as 2 (number denoting fisherman), 4 (fish hit), 300 (balls struck).
4. "religion." This was obviously unpopular with the inmates of the institution, although the authorities were incapable of seeing this. A surviving photograph shows that it was a standing show of reverence to the "Headmaster" (= Christ?) and "masters," who or whatever they were. A proposal, however, that it should be converted into a swimming pool was rejected by the oligarchic hierarchy of the place and perhaps this is the meaning of the two extant placards, "Let's Crawl to Heaven," and, "Total Immersion for Baptism"? "Martyrs" were the brave non-conformists who, at the risk of punishment, decided that this voluntary religion was inadequate or irrelevant, and not for them.
5. "progressive." All evidence proves that this was patently false; a fragment of a magazine with the dubious title *Germ* relates how all revolutionary activity had failed. Another article advances convincing arguments for a forum, but a notorious reactionary, undoubtedly an agent of authority, by the name of D. F. gh, with fatuous arguments tries to defeat it. Mention of the subject was afterwards rigorously suppressed. In addition, nailed to a board, entitled, "Headmaster's Notice Board", the following was found: "I'm taking you back to the 1920's." Its authenticity is unchallenged. Further, the complete lack of women seems to indicate that this civilization had not even learned to live with each other.
6. "£750." A large amount of money for what was obviously a socially ruinous institution. The almost criminal ways, by which the author tries to "sell" places, condemn it as an outrage in its workings and in moral terms. Other schools are also said to have been without fees, making this one an anomalous absurdity.

My views, are, of course, subject to debate; I only hope that other archaeologists will study a most interesting relic of XXth century man.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STUDENT

Groping his way out of bed, bleary-eyed and nursing a hangover from the revelling of the night before, he reaches for the ringing phone and picks up the receiver. The voice of a distraught girl pierces the smoky atmosphere of the room, demanding to be taken out for dinner. Martin grunts wearily in the affirmative, merely to avoid the inevitable argument that would ensue, should he refuse. The voice the other end descends an octave, quietens and then ceases abruptly. Martin—for this is our hero's name—still unaware of what the hell is going on, drops the receiver and crawls back to bed.

Reawaking some two hours later, he tries unsuccessfully to convince himself it was all a bum trip. Two cups of black, unsweetened coffee and a side of a Hendrix L.P., at mind blowing volume, later, Martin is fully awake, at least by his reckoning. The reality of the situation now becomes stunningly apparent; there are problems; no cash for a start, and in his present state, filthy and unkempt, his hair hanging in long greasy streaks down to his shoulders, and a three day old beard clinging to his chin, the girl's father would be unlikely to let him in the house, let alone allow him to take out his daughter.

While shaving, he wearily translates a Horace Ode into English verse in the metre of the original (for our Martin's a bright lad), and then shuffles off, muttering philosophically such relevant truisms as "Jesus H. Christ," in search of his good friend the bank manager. The interview with Mr Robinson proves enlightening for both concerned. The conversation, after the serious business has been dealt with, turns to the subject of the Common Market, and while the bank manager provides all the usual financial arguments, the student puts forward the irrefutable argument that in view of the fact that the price of Gaulois and Gitanes (the life force of the true student) would go down, Britain's entry into Europe is a necessity. Martin's opinion of the bank manager rises somewhat at Mr Robinson's apparent readiness to give him an overdraft of ten pounds and he in turn leaves a very favourable impression of students as a whole, in the bank manager's mind, with his appealing repartee and unending store of suitable quotes, ranging from Captain Beefheart ("I may be hungry but I sure ain't weird") to J. S. Mill and more.

After this extended brush with reality, a cigarette and a rest are needed. Thus, relaxing in a chair he draws soothingly from the shaking cigarette, his tightly closed eyes reflecting the ecstasy of the operation, and prepares himself for the painful job of having his glowing locks hacked off, a necessity if his girl-friend's father is not going to blow his tiny bourgeois top and kick him out of the house for good, which for obvious reasons would be undesirable.

So he wanders slowly off again, this time in the direction of the abode of the renowned Mr Mould, who, for a barber (the standard-bearer of the filthy fascist pigs), is relatively liked among the students of this area, because of his indifference to age, class or creed. The story goes that in younger years at the start of the war, an apparently well groomed young R.A.F. pilot came to him, saying that he had been ordered to have a hair-cut, much to his annoyance as by normal standards it was short. It was with great reluctance at having to ruin the young man's appearance that he sat him down, and set to work, a pained expression on his face, and uttering a wince at every stroke of the blade. The pilot went out looking like a Russian convict at the end of it, the barber formally disowned the hair-cut, but the military hierarchy were well pleased—such is life. To return, the situation was similar with Martin, he had made a vow not to have his hair cut for two years from the time when he had last had it cut, a year before, but circumstances now prevented the fulfilment of this vow. Though neither girl nor boy could see anything wrong in his showing a little family spirit (surely a virtue in the eyes of the elder generation) by harking back to the hair-style of his cavalier ancestors, the father would obviously not allow it, and he, one must remember, is (of course) right; there is no nonsense about it, he knows best. Thus, it is shown that the tyranny of a hierarchy has merely progressed to the tyranny of a larger possibly even more bigoted, mass of self-admitted geniuses (of course).

Disgruntled at having to pay someone to commit such a sacrilege, and with a howling draught blowing down his now denuded neck, Martin exits from the barber's shop. After a quick farts and smoke it is time to pick up this troublesome girl, and to try and get her out of her parents' clutches before her father, cigar in one hand, Tory god in the other, starts haranguing him, as though he was delivering the year end accounts of a company to its board of directors, on the qualities of Ted Heath. This task is achieved not without some difficulty, and not without transgressing his student principles, for, in order to extricate himself and the girl from her mother's barrage of bourgeois commonplaces (you know, my dear, the weather, and what he had for tea), and her father's all too obvious political speech, he has to proclaim that he is a staunch Heath "lover" and in fact a swine of a fascist company director in full time tax-evasion bit; which is an obvious passport to the hand of any capitalist's daughter. The evening was spaced out with cups of coffee.

A HAPPY DAY AT THE RAT RACES

29th May, 197?

Once more Speech Day comes round, and the Penicillin Gnome, invisible to all but missing nothing, is listening in. There is always such a pleasant atmosphere, in our lovely surroundings, the peace only broken by the murmur of voices.

"Yes, I'd say he's got another two weeks here, Mrs. Er . . . yeeeeees, another two weeks, he's no blo . . . That is, he is not THE most productive boy in my form, are you . . . er . . . ? Ha ha! funny how you forget a name without a markbook, isn't it? Well, I really must be going now . . ."

Our airy friend drifts over to watch the Templars being annually subjected to a game they are not allowed to enjoy, and on the boundary listen to the mothers' charming chat. "Ectually, Gavin always has been FRIGHTFULLY good, ever since he left prepper, haven't you Gavin dahling . . . Of course orf spin is his strong point . . ."

Another replies, "Well of course our Bernard got a games scholarship, didn't 'e—give us a wave, Bernie, such a good looking boy I always say—and 'e's EVER so good with the bat—I mean I was 'ere Tuesday, our Bernie did ever so well against Radley, got 14 in an hour and a half . . ."

The all-knowing gnome leaves the thrills and spills of the cricket field and heads towards the speeches in time to see the assembled multitude being prodded awake to "spontaneously applaud" the rather undistinguished-looking trio on the steps; and thence to the Headmaster's garden for tea.

"Ah, hello Mr . . . you're-going-to-have-to-help-here, hoho, Mr Fotherington-Thomas of course! We're sorry to see he's spent so much time working instead of playing hockey, but having said that, he has good prospects . . . oh he is a prefect already, is he? . . . Yes . . ." and so on *ad infinitum*.

And now a jolly tour of the exhibitions—the management accepts no responsibilities for any loss incurred on the premises (that's what it's all about). One trendy London parent is heard saying patronisingly "The Art Exhibition is beyond us, the Biology Exhibition is beneath us, and we'd rather the Community Service Exhibition was well behind"—but the roars of laughter at his own joke are interrupted by screams of, "Give me my wallet back." So, after a SUPER day, come six o'clock and six hundred battered parents, each definitely one up on each other, drive off in their lime-green Rolls, one with the Mrs Faintly-Boring prize for Raffiawork proudly displayed in the rear window. Yet soon all are seen pushing their cars down the drive, all the tyres slashed to pieces by their own remarks.

WE CAN ALL RIP J.J. OFF TOGETHER, ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOHN S. GREENE

John S. Greene is lounging in the sun by the groovy moon—oh god morning love the degree of burn is between us—so the bomb blew us out and over; lomp y domp—he smanged oh—lup—lip yip yap yomp.

wrot he . . . * @ Hunched in the shoulder, over the well pump; she is hunched, a half smile in face by lips under nose. Words non describat, non tell you of her beauty, locked under Irish sky by bog, marshes gurgle to the trees, poisoned peat ' poisoned—gurgle the marsh sang gurgle in the sun morning by the rainstorm by the sunshine, middle morning gurgle sunspot—the love was rotting between their eyes, their eyes in the sunshine, words non explicebat—bamur—battis—lost in jungle, trees twist themselves over her body, the fox recognises her presence, the squirrel stores his nuts in her lap, and we live contained in the darkness of her navel;

ond sa wront hi;

To write, you must first learn to fly deep, or dive through the water deep, to find jewels there, if the corner of the sapientissimus brain is on, by ours then perhaps there is hope for us, if not then non and we and the fleas will be the same—dry dust sweeps over the plain, dry dust sweeps in to the lake, dry lakes are all that is left—Sapientissimus where are you, we must all be there. The corner of my other dream comes round again: flowres blake, oh lord why han ye wrought this werk unresonable, as to my doom he is no longer muy populariter, now, I don't know no Outer Moravian nor no Serbo-Croat but ask me about loving and I will learn you ful wel, our bargain for my life is struck, if I offer my toe nails at your shrine, you will save me and lift me up, up lift, lift up, my soul, oh my soul, will bete his wings and behold! he is gon.

urse ha wopped;

The world as water or not. Black fog rolls over between and under the arches, they are drowned—lost amongst, the blackness—worlds can exist at once amongst themselves, you know our toes might be able to exist un unto out of for blackness.

opun thos hippy noght ure haro stomptly intf soppar und atschen has drete barnsimisac. Hi drunkad frerchen wanes und outhir oncyhontic sparts. "I'm drunk," ha leacly onnoncipated, "noe I wonder", ompted ferlomp ha baginnund a bung ganny wompen ahn vimp. Echt gwinny wumpim wab wuzzlits wan woazzles won wimb I fre. Bit woi era perples gwan hae inaerstond thos. iftar souppar winky-wanky peckid ap huse parn.

umpwomp wopped ha igon;

Oi wash erton moi soupar, ind an the shpirits wassh shtrong ent zhe keyshes as miscannoected.

tan munite pose;

Ah my labours are nearly connected, the keys and my life are reordered in order, by the flowers of our sister's grave I will weep my darling own heart for you.

Unt shar har wuntsched ouff ta bud. Nixsht monang; . . . ottor ur net tho fleewers wep en thai rin uf thi sen leks froum tho clod beeth thu tre sheakes ets lavis; and thu randraps foll onti tho grent, et splished an tha wetoor pels.

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.

Richard Whately

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

Marrella

EDITORS:

RICHARD CARR

NICHOLAS THOMLINSON

RAFAL ZIELINSKI

As long as war is regarded as wicked,
it will always have its fascination. When
it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease
to be popular.

Oscar Wilde

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Visit to America

A Plea to God; They were Felling Trees

Auto Polo in Roma; A Day at the Rat Races

Fight Not Surrender

Ist Epistle of Clement; Ballad; To Death

A Day in the Life of a Student

A Reversion to Fascism

Editorial; Profit or Loss?

Journal of British Archaeology

Our Friend the Sun

Cambodia and Angkor

We Can All Rip J.J. Off Together

Belfast, The Great Un-Prize

SPORT

School or Individual ?

It is easy to criticise. Still easier to see why, when the criticisms are levelled at sport.

Criticism 1.

That there is too much pressure on boys to play sport. No-one is ever allowed to opt out of a game since it is considered, I suppose quite rightly, that it is letting the school down and is a wholly selfish attitude. I wonder, however, whether those in charge have ever considered that Stowe was founded as an Educational Establishment not a sporting arena. Work, it seems, is of a secondary nature. 'A' levels are no excuse for not playing a game since 'It will do you good' to get away from work. Certainly, but not every afternoon, all afternoon. How masters and boys alike can still delude themselves into thinking that Sport will be beneficial in their search for work has always amazed me.

Criticism 2.

How tedious all this continual harping on of attitudes has become. It seems now that no game is ever enjoyable unless it is won. Moreover, nowadays, due to the current winning streak in the school it is not so much whether a team wins or not but the attitude it adopts in winning. Perhaps the most baffling statement in last term's *Stoic* was when a boy's approach to a game was criticised because his nose was broken by a hockey ball. I speak with the utmost authority and assure the master concerned that I had no deliberate intention to have my nose broken. It makes one wonder to what a ludicrous extent the question of attitude can be taken.

These might well be harsh criticisms, but they can be justified. In any case, few would refute that the arguments in favour of sport are too numerous to mention. But the crux of the matter is whether the school comes before the individual. A solution must therefore be found to this problem. I await the solution eagerly.

NICHOLAS THOMLINSON

CRICKET

THE FIRST XI

With the M.C.C. match still to be played, results to date read:—Played 11; Won 6; Lost 1; Drawn 4.

The record book reveals that these results have only been bettered once before—in the vintage year of 1965 when the 1st XI Won 10; Lost 1; and Drew 1. 1965 and now 1971 are the only years in which only one lost match has been recorded, and apart from 1965 six wins in a season has only been bettered by seven wins in 1930 when five losses were also recorded.

Success this year has resulted from all-round team performance rather than the efforts of one or two individuals. On occasions when certain key batsmen have not succeeded, others have; when conditions have not favoured a seam attack, the spinners have taken the wickets (and vice-versa); and everyone has contributed to the high standard of fielding.

At the beginning of term five old colours returned for the new season who, together with several players with previous 1st XI experience, formed a strong base to this year's side. The prospects looked good.

Defeat, the first and only one of the season, by Buckingham C.C. in the opening match (often regarded as a final trial rather than an official match!) shook the team's early confidence and optimism. One can only think with frustration what a one-sided contest it would be today! The hard facts were however, that numerous quick runs were offered but not accepted and the standard of fielding left a lot to be desired. There is no doubt that the lessons learnt in this match and subsequent hard practice reaped benefits straight away and contributed substantially to the success of the rest of the season.

We would also like to thank Bobby Blair who, apart from two other contributors, has been solely responsible for the art work in the magazine, and Mark Eastgate who trod on the cover.

The week following the Buckingham game saw a complete reversal of approach and resulted directly in two very convincing victories over Corpus Christi College and the Free Foresters. This encouraging improvement seemed to suggest that the side was ready to tackle the School Match Programme.

Bradfield were saved by the rain. Carr elected to field first and from the start the bowlers were on top. Smart (4 for 43) was on particularly good form and Cheatle and Macleod-Smith kept the Bradfield batsmen comprehensively pinned down—between them they bowled 40 overs at a cost of 55 runs. At lunch Bradfield had scored only 78 for 4 and finally struggled on to 158 for 7 declaring after 3 hours 50 minutes batting. Stowe were therefore left 130 minutes and were given a grand start by Harper (49 n.o.) who scored 10 runs in the opening over of the innings. Together with Carr (20 n.o.) they were confidently pushing the score along at a “winning rate” when rain brought the game to a close an hour early with 66 runs and 8 wickets still to go.

Against **St Edward's** we were not good enough to win. For the only time this season Stowe were not in command of the proceedings. Three dropped catches in the morning session proved most expensive and St Edward's were eventually allowed to reach their declared total of 215 for 6. Cheatle and Macleod-Smith bowled steadily enough taking three wickets each but the dropped catches spoiled their analysis. A solid start to the Stowe innings was required if the target was to be reached in 140 minutes but, alas, instead, the first wicket fell in the first over and backs were against the wall. Darby and Cheatle offered some resistance for the second wicket but thereafter the innings crumbled sadly and with half an hour to go and the score at 88 for 7, the situation looked black indeed. However Macleod-Smith and Rowe (!) showed they were equal to the task and defiantly played out time to the audible relief of Stowe supporters.

Radley were fortunate to leave Stowe with a draw. For the sixth time out of seven Carr won the toss! Stowe batted first and took command from the start; by lunch the score had reached 120 for 3 after two good stands of 45 and 57 in which Cheatle was partnered first with Darby (26) and then Carr (21). Cheatle went on to score 74 which together with Smart's contribution of 34 in 20 minutes allowed Stowe to declare at 209 for 9 wickets. Radley never looked as if they were going to accept the challenge and Rowe (3 for 30), particularly, had the early batsmen in trouble. With three-quarters of an hour to go Radley were struggling at 82 for 6. But, with a pitch giving little encouragement to the bowlers and some resolute defending by the lower order batsmen, only one further wicket was captured before the close in spite of 24 overs being bowled in the last hour.

Bedford were soundly beaten. Carr and Thomson established supremacy after the first three wickets had fallen for only 36 runs. Carr's 53, which remarkably included eleven 4s was the best innings seen this season. Thomson meanwhile was sensibly subdued scoring just 14 runs in the hour before lunch. After the interval however, with the innings by now well established, he despatched the ball to all corners of the ground and finished with a grand 79—the highest individual score of the season. Rowe (4 for 32) was at his hostile best at the start of the Bedford innings and together with Smart took the first six wickets for 51 runs. The spinners came on to take a further three quick wickets and with 35 minutes remaining Bedford's last pair were at the wicket. They resisted confidently for about 30 minutes and just when Stowe supporters felt they were again going to be denied a victory, the Bedford No. 10 obliged them by stepping on his wicket—a slight anti-climax perhaps but a just result in the end.

We spun **Oundle** to defeat. After fifteen hours of torrential rain the day before it was something of a miracle that play was possible at all. The soft drying wicket proved nightmarish to the batsmen, particularly against spin, and Stowe found themselves in deep trouble from the start. The fall of wickets tells its own tale:—1 for 0; 2 for 2; 3 for 14; 4 for 20; 5 for 35; 6 for 53; 7 for 55; 8 for 59. Up to this point Thomson (23) was the only one who looked capable of overcoming the conditions. However, Macleod-Smith and Phillips defended most effectively and together put on 34 for the ninth wicket. The last wicket fell with no further addition to the total of 93—the first time Stowe had been bowled out during the season. Oundle started their innings well and appeared to be in full control against the opening attack. With the score

at 35 for 0 wickets the change to spin brought a dramatic swing in the balance of power. The first wicket fell immediately and from then on the fall of wickets went:—2 and 3 for 51; 4, 5 and 6 for 53; 7 for 55; 8 for 67; 9 for 68; all out for 78. All ten wickets fell to Cheatle (6 for 11) and Macleod-Smith (4 for 31) in the 36 overs bowled during the last hour and half of play. This excellent performance, made possible by strong fielding support—particularly from Carr who took three great catches, was a fitting climax to a bowling partnership that has played such an important role in this year's successes.

Space permits only brief mention of the Club matches which have included: Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Free Foresters; Oxford University Authentics; Stowe Templars; and Cryptics. The first four were won and the Cryptics game was drawn with Stowe only 10 runs from victory. Harper 52 n.o., Carr 60 and Thomson 40 in 18 minutes set Corpus a stiff task and a season's best performance of 7 for 27 in 12 overs from Macleod-Smith together with four stumpings by Phillips (must be some kind of a record!) ensured the result was never in doubt. All the top order batsmen made runs (two out of the three wickets were run outs) and all the bowlers had a share in the wickets against the Free Foresters. A five wicket win against the Ticks was a most creditable performance especially when it is realised that their star bowler Wingfield-Digby took 5 Warwickshire wickets for Oxford University later in the same week. A very damp but in the end exciting match with the Templars on Speech Day resulted in a 2 wicket victory in the last over of the game — Rowe (3 for 58) and Smart (4 for 50) bowled unchanged on a lively wicket and Thomson (30) and Harper (12) were the most successful batsmen. The Cryptics were allowed to recover from 39 for 5 and 125 for 8 to reach a total of 175 for 9 declared. In spite of a stand of 95 between Carr (52) and Cheatle (42) Stowe ran out of time with 166 on the board.

C. J. G. ATKINSON

The following have represented the School this year: R. G. G. Carr (C) (Captain), R. G. L. Cheatle (W) (Secretary), M. C. Bailey (Q), A. C. Benson (C), A. N. d'E. Darby (B), S. M. B. Dixey (G), D. A. Harper (C), S. A. Y. Lynch (T), G. L. Macleod-Smith (W). H. C. Mytton-Mills (W), S. P. J. Potter (C), S. N. Phillips (L), J. G. Rowe (C), B. B. Smart (C), I. A. Thomson (C). **The following were awarded or re-awarded 1st XI Colours:** Carr, Cheatle, Macleod-Smith, Phillips, Rowe, Smart and Thomson.

Results:	v. Buckingham	Lost by 1 wicket
	Stowe 145 for 9 dec. (Dixey 29, Smart 27, Carr 22)	
	Buckingham 146 for 9 (Cheatle 6 for 43)	
	v. Corpus Christi College	Won by 126 runs
	Stowe 200 for 4 dec. (Carr 60, Harper 52 n.o., Thomson 40 n.o.)	
	Corpus Christi College 74 (Macleod-Smith 7 for 27)	
	v. Free Foresters	Won by 7 wickets
	Free Foresters 133 (Macleod-Smith 4 for 38)	
	Stowe 134 for 3 (Carr 38 n.o., Cheatle 37, Harper 33)	
	v. Bradfield	Drawn (rain stopped play)
	Bradfield 158 for 7 dec. (Smart 4 for 43)	
	Stowe 83 for 2 (Harper 49 n.o., Carr 20 n.o.)	
	v. Oxford University Authentics	Won by 5 wickets
	Authentics 127 (Macleod-Smith 5 for 33)	
	Stowe 130 for 5 (Carr 49 n.o., Dixey 34)	
	v. St Edward's	Drawn
	St Edward's 215 for 6 dec. (Cheatle 3 for 49, Macleod-Smith 3 for 56)	
	Stowe 113 for 8 (Darby 31, Macleod-Smith 22, Cheatle 21)	
	v. Radley	Drawn
	Stowe 209 for 9 dec. (Cheatle 74, Smart 34, Darby 26)	
	Radley 124 for 7 (Rowe 3 for 30)	
	v. Stowe Templars	Won by 2 wickets
	Templars 110 for 7 dec. (Smart 4 for 50, Rowe 3 for 58)	
	Stowe 111 for 8 (Thomson 30, Harper 22)	
	v. Cryptics	Drawn
	Cryptics 175 for 9 dec. (Smart 3 for 36)	
	Stowe 166 for 8 (Carr 52, Cheatle 42)	

v. Bedford
Stowe 199 for 7 dec. (Thomson 79, Carr 53)
Bedford 114 (Rowe 4 for 32, Cheatle 3 for 6)

Won by 85 runs

v. Oundle
Stowe 93 (Thomson 23, Macleod-Smith 20)
Oundle 78 (Cheatle 6 for 11, Macleod-Smith 4 for 31)

Won by 15 runs

THE SECOND XI

Under Goodhart's phlegmatic and shrewd leadership again the 2nd XI has continued on its undefeated way for the second successive year. In a season distinguished by Nicholl's 90-minute hundred, by erring coach-drivers—Stowe to Bedford via Northampton and Halton to Stowe via Berkhamstead—and by damp cheerless Saturdays, each match has been treated as a contest not to be lightly yielded; perhaps if we had been beaten, better cricket might have been played, but at least incentive has always been there. St Edward's were bowled out cheaply by Ritchie's pace and Lucas' guile after Potter had shown real technique with the bat, especially off the back foot; against Wellingborough Nicholl led a whirlwind attack which brought Stowe into an early tea with 174 in 95 minutes, only for an untimely trough to cross North Bucks and interrupt proceedings; at Bedford we were skittled out for 86, then denied our opponents the runs though 90 minutes had been left—thanks to skilful field-placing, tight bowling by Ritchie and Staib, and aggressive fielding—and so we achieved a veritable 'Dunkirk.' As yet the batting has relied mainly on the contributions of Potter and Goodhart, neither of them easily prised out, and the livelier flourishes of Nicholl and Benson; the wickets have been shared by the experienced Ritchie, Lucas and Bailey, supported by Staib, while Nicholl has always kept wicket tidily.

Thus we have had our success despite the reluctance of useful players to give their time to cricket now that they have a choice; next year's outlook, with no Goodhart to persuade the waverers, is a bleak one.

B. H. MEAD

Team from: A. W. Goodhart (C) (Capt.), G. J. M. Lucas (C), S. P. J. Potter (C), I. C. S. Ritchie (T), M. C. Bailey (C), J. D. A. Nicholl (L), M. W. Sherwood (L), A. C. Besnon (C), J. C. Staib (T), S. A. Y. Lynch (T), H. D. J. de Burgh (G), N. J. Rice (L).

Also played: H. C. Mytton-Mills (W), R. J. Levin (W), M. D. Linnell (L).

2nd XI Colours awarded to: J. D. A. Nicholl.

3rd XI Colours awarded to: A. C. Benson, S. A. Y. Lynch, J. C. Staib.

Results:	v. B. H. M.'s XI	Home	Won by 29 runs
	Stowe 158 for 8 dec. (Lucas 52 n.o.)		
	B.H.M.'s XI 129 (Bailey 4 for 14)		
	v. Wellingborough	Home	Drawn
	Stowe 174 (Nicholl 107)		
	Rain stopped play		
	v. St Edward's	Away	Won by 40 runs
	Stowe 133 (Potter 42)		
	St Edward's 93 (Ritchie 4 for 31, Lucas 3 for 19)		
	v. Stowe Templars	Home	Abandoned
	Stowe 30 for 2		
	v. R.A.F. Halton	Home	Drawn
	R.A.F. Halton 112 for 7 dec. (Bailey 3 for 24)		
	Stowe 79 for 5 (Goodhart 35 n.o.)		
	v. Bedford	Away	Drawn
	Stowe 86		
	Bedford 71 for 7		
	v. Oundle	Home	Cancelled
	v. Radley	Home	

THE THIRD XI

This year our eleven looked like being smaller than usual: we appeared to have nine to pick from. However, by advertisement and private persuasion we have fielded a full team for each of the matches so far. It is hoped that we may even be able to select for the coming home match. There have been three matches so far, and though the games have been interesting, we have not managed yet to be successful. Against the Royal Latin School, a supplemented Third Eleven, with one Second Eleven and two non-regular cricketers, made a fair score, but not quite enough. The pleasing thing was that most of our batsmen scored some runs. The match against St Edward's was disastrous. We began excellently with 71 for 2 after less than an hour; twenty minutes later we were all out for 79. This proved too few, and they lost only five wickets in scoring the runs. The one consolation was that when we won last year, we only lost three. We set out to Bedford with renewed hope, and determination. It may have been the long coach journey—a wrong turn on meeting the M.1 sent it 12 miles the wrong way, and 12 miles back—which took the edge off our fielding, but we were too generous, and had the task of scoring 154 in an hour and threequarters. Shirley-Beavan set about the task with great gusto, and we had 50 up in 35 minutes, the 100 in 70, and were lacking only 17 with 10 minutes to go, when the last wicket fell. With a shade more luck we might have scored the runs. Certainly we might had we been less generous in the field. There were three good innings, from Shirley-Beavan (33), Graham-Dixon (32), and Sparrow (33 n.o.). Sparrow also did valiant stuff around the boundary from long-stop to square-leg. Colours were awarded to Shirley-Beavan, Goodwin and Tyler after this match.

The team has been keen and enthusiastic, and certainly has enjoyed its cricket. We hope that the Oundle or Radley match will give a victory.

C. D. MULLINEUX

Team: S. H. Shirley-Beavan (G), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L), R. F. H. Tyler (B), R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon (B), F. Graham-Dixon (T), R. J. Levin (W), B. R. W. Sparrow (T), C. H. A. Goodwin (T), R. F. Argles (C), J. K. H. Wales (T), R. H. Pyne (T).

Also played: W. N. Russell (B), B. J. N. D'Arcy-Clark (G), H. D. J. de Burgh (G), D. H. P. Luddington (C), A. W. G. Reed (T).

v. R.L.S. Stowe 104	Lost by 5 wickets
R.L.S. 105 for 5	
v. St Edward's Stowe 79 (Bagshawe 29)	Lost by 5 wickets
St Edward's 83 for 5 (Levin 3 for 16)	
v. Bedford Bedford 153 for 7 dec. (Goodwin 3 for 20)	Lost by 16 runs
Stowe 137	

THE COLTS

Under sixteen cricket has suffered this year owing to the unwise decision to allow boys over 15 to select their own occupation in the afternoons. Young people of 15 do not have sufficient experience to know what they are likely to be good at, nor what they are likely to gain most from. There have been countless examples this year of boys giving up cricket and doing virtually nothing in its place. There are streams of boys now wandering about during the afternoons—boys who have 'opted out' of games to spend their time drifting around in a sort of void. It is my belief that there is more than enough time at Stowe for all to experience the delights, the enjoyment and the frustrations of tennis, golf, archery, athletics, swimming, sculling or Community Service as well as playing an active part in the major game of the term. Boys in the sixth form of 16 or 17 are certainly mature enough to make sensible decisions about how their time should best be spent, but it is a mistake to apply the same rules to boys in only their second year at the school.

However the 14 members of the Club performed enthusiastically throughout the season. On several occasions we lost matches which might have been won had the team displayed more application and determination. Too often batsmen got themselves out rather feebly and bowlers wheeled away more in hope than with the earnest concentration that is necessary.

Reid proved himself to be a worthy captain, and although he did not often make runs he managed the side very capably on the field. He deservedly won the single wicket competition. Dawson became an important part of the team, opening both batting and bowling. He could well become a thoroughly useful all-rounder. Others all made various contributions—Selby's bright innings in the rain at Bradfield, Peploe's staunch effort at Oakham, and Mytton-Mills' gentle off-breaks against Bloxham and St Edward's were some of the most memorable moments of a happy, if not altogether successful season.

J. S. M. MORRIS

Team from: D. M. W. Reid (C) (Capt.), P. G. Dawson (C), M. J. G. Palmer (B), S. C. Heald (T), H. J. Shepherd (T), D. P. Scowsill (T), J. E. Hawthorne (G), A. F. Scott (G), T. R. W. King (G), M. J. Peploe (C), M. P. Selby (C), T. O. Mytton-Mills (C), M. D. Linnell (L), M. G. P. Rossdale (L), J. C. Ritchie (L), M. D. Langdon (L).

Results:

v. Bloxham	Won by 112 runs
Stowe 152 for 5 dec. (Scowsill 32, Selby 30 n.o.)	
Bloxham 40 (Dawson 6 for 12, Mytton-Mills 4 for 12)	
v. Bradfield	Lost by 3 wickets
Stowe 123 for 7 dec. (Selby 63)	
Bradfield 126 for 7	
v. St Edward's, Oxford	Won by 26 runs
Stowe 110 (Dawson 41)	
St Edward's 84 (Mytton-Mills 5 for 17)	
v. Oakham	Lost by 4 wickets
Stowe 79 (Dawson 25, Peploe 31)	
Oakham 80 for 6 (Dawson 3 for 25)	
v. Bedford	Lost by 19 runs
Bedford 115 for 7 dec.	
Stowe 96 (Reid 48)	

THE JUNIOR COLTS

With Oundle and Radley still to be played, the Junior Colts' record is poor. After an easy win against a weak Bloxham side, they lost an undistinguished game against St Edward's, drew in the rain against a strong Oakham side and lost easily to Bedford.

The batting was very weak: many of the Club could hit the ball hard but weaknesses in technique meant that their defence was almost non-existent. Henry was the one sound performer and he has improved immeasurably since last year.

The bowling was erratic but there were many in the Club with good basic actions who could develop into useful performers given the necessary concentration and application.

The fielding was below standard, Salmon being a notable exception. Anyone can learn the few basics which are necessary for competent fielding.

In general, although the Club played keenly, too many did not learn from their mistakes and seemed unable to realise that success can only come from their own efforts. The last two matches, however, have shown a great improvement.

C. F. DEACON

Team: A. J. Henry (C), D. M. S. Fyffe (B), L. J. Hydeleman (B), B. J. Horrocks (G), D. M. Salmon (C), J. H. G. Carr (O), M. Falcon (C), S. B. Hopkins (C), C. T. Rolls (L), J. R. Wadsworth (L).

Results:

v. Bloxham	Won by 7 wickets
Bloxham 58	
Stowe 60 for 3 (Henry 31 n.o.)	
v. St Edward's	Lost by 4 wickets
Stowe 84 (Henry 30)	
St Edward's 86 for 6	

v. Oakham
Oakham 184 for 8 dec.
Stowe 68 for 4 (Henry 32 n.o.)
v. Bedford
Stowe 69 (Carr 25)
Bedford 72 for 3

Drawn
Lost by 7 wickets

THE UNDER-FOURTEEN XI

In their only match to date, the Under 14s lost to Wellingborough by six wickets. Fiery bowling by the Wellingborough captain and crooked batting by Stowe led to Stowe's dismissal in little over an hour for 50. Only Rolls provided any resistance.

Wellingborough began their innings in a drizzle and ended it in a downpour, losing four wickets in making the necessary runs.

The Under 14 side is not without enthusiasm or talent. Rolls, Carr and Ward look promising batsmen, Dore is tall and has a high pace bowler's action. Cricket is of course a game where natural ability is necessary but not sufficient—the whole side will have to work hard to improve their craft.

D. G. LENNARD

ATHLETICS

Although the apparent lack of depth in the Club occasioned rather gloomy forecasts at the start of the season, the subsequent results show that this shortcoming was coped with quite successfully, for the Seniors with a credit balance of 4 wins to 3 losses, and the Juniors with only 2 defeats in 7 outings have both had creditable seasons. Had the extraordinary rainy spell in June not caused the cancellation of our matches against St Alban's, Rugby and Berkhamsted it is likely that our balance sheet would have looked even healthier.

The Senior team had the harder struggle throughout the season and, since it included no predictable winner in any event, it says much for the spirit of the Club that the team fought hard in every encounter. It was sad that R. G. Burdon, the Captain, was injured and put out of action before he could capture his form, for his absence was felt. M. J. Guest, the Secretary, found the transition to the new weights in the Shot and Discus unsettling, but did well in the Javelin. However, R. C. Eve more than fulfilled his promise in the Hurdles and Jumps, and M. G. Flawn-Thomas, a late-comer to the Club, steadily improved his performance in a variety of Field Events. Also, S. P. Fatharly, a Junior promoted to take Burdon's place in the Middle Distance events, showed remarkable improvement in the course of the season, and it is regrettable that he is leaving before realising his considerable potential.

The Junior team relied very largely upon M. J. Jackson and N. R. Ireland who rose to the occasion splendidly in all the matches. Jackson had the added distinction of being the only member of the Club to break a record when he lowered J. H. G. Kinahan's (T 1965) 100m Hurdle time by $\frac{1}{10}$ sec. to record 14.0 secs., and both his sprinting and his hurdling have outclassed the opposition. Others supported them wholeheartedly, and of these J. Dunn, M. C. Ashcroft and C. N. Barbour deserve special mention.

On a general note the Club has been grateful to R. D. for his supervision of the 'muscle' men during training sessions, and the only galling feature of the season has been the knowledge that we have been unable to include in our teams athletes of proven ability and considerable potential. This has not been because the individuals concerned have been representing the School in another sporting sphere which they prefer, but because they have deliberately denied their ability and chosen to languish this term in an activity at most no more demanding than House Tennis Leagues. It is disheartening to accept the failure to arouse a response in promising athletes, but it is even more depressing to think that, as a result of its more liberal attitude to such matters, the School may well be encouraging the development of flat and selfish personalities—the very negation I would suggest of one of its fundamental aims.

Fifteen athletes qualified for the County Championships held at Eton during Exeat, and of these Jackson and Ireland were selected to represent Buckinghamshire in the National Championships at the end of term. Jackson was selected for the Intermediate 100m Hurdles and Relay, and Ireland for the Intermediate Long Jump.

D. W. DONALDSON

First Colours are awarded to: M. J. Guest (B), R. C. Eve (G), M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G), M. J. H. Jackson (C).

Second Colours are re-awarded to: M. H. Anderson (G), N. R. T. Ireland (B).

Second Colours are awarded to: R. G. Griggs (B), A. J. Carmichael (W), S. J. Brough (L), S. A. Kingwell (L), R. A. Page (C), M. H. Prescott (C), G. R. Ratcliff (L), W. G. Ashcroft (C), S. P. Fatharly (T).

Results:

Seniors:

May 11 Bucks Schools A.A. Area Sports, at Stowe.
 May 15 v. Denstone and Malvern, at Malvern.
 1, Denstone 127 pts 2, Stowe 84 pts 3, Malvern 72 pts
 May 18 Bucks Schools A.A. District Sports, at Stowe.
 May 20 v. Marlborough and St Edward's, at Marlborough.
 1, Marlborough 148 pts 2, Stowe 94 pts 3, St Edward's 63 pts
 May 22 Achilles Schools' Relays, at Oxford.
 4 x 100m., 6th, 46.0 secs.
 4 x 200m., 5th, 1 min. 37.2 secs.
 June 3 v. Oakham and Repton, at Oakham.
 1, Oakham 138 pts 2, Stowe 91 pts 3, Repton 64 pts
 June 12 Bucks Schools A.A. County Championships, at Eton.
 June 17 v. Mill Hill, at Stowe.
 1, Stowe 72 pts. 2, Mill Hill 56 pts.

Juniors:

May 15 v. Denstone and Malvern, at Malvern.
 1, Denstone 112 pts 2, Stowe 95 pts 3, Malvern 92 pts
 May 20 v. Marlborough and St Edward's, at Marlborough.
 1, Stowe 122 pts 2, Marlborough 118 pts 3, St Edward's 54 pts
 May 22 Achilles Schools' Relays, at Oxford.
 4 x 100m., 4th, 46.7 secs.
 June 3 v. Oakham and Repton, at Oakham.
 1, Oakham 120 pts 2, Stowe 105 pts 3, Repton 62 pts
 June 17 v. Mill Hill, at Stowe.
 1, Stowe 78 pts 2, Mill Hill 61 pts
 July 10 English Schools A.A. National Championships, at the Crystal Palace.
 July 11 English Schools A.A. National Championships, at the Crystal Palace.

The comparative few of the Stowe community who either took part or watched the inter-House Sports this year were rewarded with some sterling competition and, for the first time for the past few years, an exciting tussle for the House Cup. The early date of the Sports did not help to produce many outstanding performances, but it did mean that the amateurs could compete on more favourable terms with the full-time athletes, and many of them took full advantage of this opportunity to show their natural ability and upset the odds. In this category M. W. Sherwood and M. H. Cobb stand out as do J. J. Dawes and A. B. Dawton in the Junior age groups. No records were broken in any of the competitions and the only athlete to record first-class results was the quadruple Under 17 winner M. J. Jackson. However, R. C. Eve did well to win three Senior events and M. H. Anderson and M. J. Guest earned creditable double victories. Jackson's performances tended to overshadow the fine efforts of S. P. Fatharly and N. R. Ireland in the other Under 17 events, but A. B. Dawton and L. J. Hydeman stood out in the Under 16 and Under 15 events respectively.

In the competition for the House Cup Lyttelton had the temerity to challenge Cobham's almost traditional supremacy, and failed to dislodge the favourites by only the smallest of margins—in fact, Lyttelton held the lead until the last event, the Open 1500 metres, when the non-appearance of the likely winner offered Cobham the opportunity (which they sensibly seized) of squeezing home by more than the one point which would otherwise have separated them from Lyttelton.

D. W. DONALDSON

Inter-House Cup:

- | | | | |
|--------------|---------|------------|--------|
| 1. Cobham | 194 pts | 6. Walpole | 95 pts |
| 2. Lyttelton | 187 pts | 7. Grafton | 77 pts |
| 3. Bruce | 138 pts | 8. Chatham | 61 pts |
| 4. Grenville | 108 pts | 9. Chandos | 49 pts |
| 5. Temple | 98 pts | | |

Individual Results—Open:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 100m. Time: 11.9 secs. | 200m. Time: 24.2 secs. | 400m. Time: 54.3 secs. |
| 1. A. J. Carmichael (W) | 1. M. H. Sherwood (L) | 1. M. W. Sherwood (L) |
| 2. S. J. Brough (L) | 2. S. J. Brough (L) | 2. S. A. Kingwell (L) |
| 3. M. H. Anderson (G) | 3. A. J. Carmichael (W) | 3. A. G. Smith (T) |
| 800m. Time: 2 min. 5.9 secs. | 1500m. Time: 4 mins. 31.8 secs. | 2000m. S'chase. Time: 7 mins. 1 sec. |
| 1. M. H. Cobb (W) | 1. R. G. Melly (C) | 1. R. J. Dillon-Mahon (B) |
| 2. R. G. Burdon (C) | 2. A. D. McGee (L) | 2. R. G. Burdon (C) |
| 3. R. G. Melly (C) | 3. R. A. Page (C) | 3. R. A. Page (C) |
| 110m. Hurdles. Time: 16.5 secs. | 400m. Hurdles. Time: 62.1 secs. | High Jump. Height: 5 ft 4 ins. |
| 1. R. C. Eve (G) | 1. R. C. Eve (G) | 1. R. C. Eve (G) |
| 2. M. H. Prescott (C) | 2. O. W. Richards (L) | 2. S. R. Pocock (C) |
| 3. M. J. Guest (B) | 3. W. W. Brown (W) | 3. M. H. Prescott (C) |
| Long Jump. Dist: 19 ft 4 ins. | Triple Jump. Dist: 38 ft 2½ ins. | Pole Vault. Height: 8 ft 9 ins. |
| 1. M. H. Anderson (G) | 1. M. H. Cobb (W) | 1. M. H. Cobb (W) |
| 2. R. C. Eve (G) | 2. G. R. Ratcliff (L) | 2. P. R. Granger (G) |
| 3. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G) | 3. S. J. Brough (L) | 3. C. A. Rogers (G) |
| Shot. Dist: 33 ft 6 ins. | Discus. Dist.: 112 ft 1 in. | Javelin. Dist: 149 ft 8 ins. |
| 1. M. J. Guest (B) | 1. M. H. Anderson (G) | 1. M. J. Guest (B) |
| 2. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G) | 2. M. J. Guest (B) | 2. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G) |
| 3. A. J. Carmichael (W) | 3. C. A. Rogers (G) | 3. G. R. Ratcliff (L) |

Individual Results—Under 17:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 100m. Time: 11.6 secs. | 200m. Time: 24.0 secs. | 400m. Time: 57.7 secs. |
| 1. M. J. Jackson (C) | 1. M. J. Jackson (C) | 1. S. P. Fatharly (T) |
| 2. N. R. Ireland (B) | 2. J. B. Hilton (C) | 2. M. C. Ashcroft (C) |
| 3. B. B. Smart (C) | 3. S. A. Lynch (T) | 3. D. M. Heathcote (C) |
| 800m. Time: 2 mins. 10.6 secs. | 1500m. Time: 4 mins. 36.6 secs. | 2000m. S'chase. Time: 3 mins. 27.2 secs. |
| 1. S. O. Fatharly (T) | 1. C. N. Barbour (G) | 1. R. M. Donner (G) |
| 2. C. N. Barbour (G) | 2. J. N. Bagshawe (L) | 2. J. N. Bagshawe (L) |
| 3. A. J. Tucker (L) | 3. M. D. Eastgate (C) | 3. M. D. Eastgate (C) |
| 100m. Hurdles. Time: 14.6 secs. | 200m. Hurdles. Time: 31.6 secs. | High Jump. Height: 5 ft 1 in. |
| 1. M. J. Jackson (C) | 1. D. G. Choyce (C) | 1. N. R. Ireland (B) |
| 2. I. D. Elliott (C) | 2. D. Kisilevsky (C) | 2. J. J. Dawes (L) |
| 3. A. J. Tucker (L) | 3. S. A. Pike (C) | 3. A. J. Tucker (L) |
| Long Jump. Dist: 18 ft 4½ ins. | Triple Jump. Dist: 38 ft 9½ ins. | Pole Vault. Height: 8 ft 0 ins. |
| 1. N. R. Ireland (B) | 1. M. J. Jackson (C) | 1. P. A. Natar (L) |
| 2. P. A. Natar (L) | 2. N. R. Ireland (B) | |
| 3. B. B. Smart (C) | 3. H. C. Davis (L) | |
| Shot. Dist: 39 ft 7 ins. | Discus. Dist.: 90 ft 9 ins. | Javelin. Dist: 105 ft 6 ins. |
| 1. J. J. Dawes (L) | 1. J. J. Dawes (L) | 1. J. R. Wilkes (C) |
| 2. B. B. Smart (C) | 2. H. C. Davis (L) | 2. J. A. Campbell (W) |
| 3. M. C. Ashcroft (C) | 3. B. B. Smart (C) | 3. A. R. Jones (C) |

Individual Results—Under 16:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 100m. Time: 12.5 secs. | 200m. Time: 25.1 secs. | 400m. Time: 56.4 secs. |
| 1. A. B. Dawton (T) | 1. A. B. Dawton (T) | 1. A. B. Dawton (T) |
| 2. M. J. Harper (L) | 2. M. J. Harper (L) | 2. J. Dunn (T) |
| 3. C. A. Pike (C) | 3. S. C. Ireland (B) | 3. M. J. Harper (L) |
| 800m. Time: 2 mins. 18.9 secs. | 1/2 Mile. Time: 3 mins. 51.5 secs. | High Jump. Height: 4 ft 9 ins. |
| 1. J. Dunn (T) | 1. D. B. Reid (C) | 1. G. A. Contomichalos (C) |
| 2. C. E. Varah (C) | 2. M. Falcon (C) | 2. N. A. Seymour (L) |
| 3. G. C. Leon (O) | 3. C. E. Varah (C) | 3. A. B. Dawton (T) |
| Long Jump. Dist: 16 ft 10½ ins. | | |
| 1. G. A. Contomichalos (C) | | |
| 2. M. J. Harper (L) | | |
| 3. N. A. Seymour (L) | | |

Individual Results—Under 15:

100m. Time: 12·6 secs.

1. L. J. Hydleman (B)

2. T. J. Rollitt-Mason (B)

3. M. R. Tadgell (G)

800m. Time: 2 mins. 28·2 secs.

1. K. C. Naylor (W)

2. C. C. Brooking (C)

3. T. R. Asserson (G)

Long Jump. Dist: 15 ft 3 ins.

1. S. H. Coney (T)

2. C. D. Hughes (G)

3. J. D. Paterson (B)

200m. Time: 27·5 secs.

1. L. J. Hydleman (B)

2. C. D. Hughes (G)

3. E. M. Winnington-Ingram (G)

80m. Hurdles. Time 15·8 secs.

1. S. H. Coney (T)

2. D. B. Salmon (C)

3. K. C. Naylor (W)

400m. Time: 65·2 secs.

1. L. J. Hydleman (B)

2. C. G. Burchill (G)

3. T. R. Asserson (G)

High Jump. Height: 4 ft 6 ins.

1. D. M. Salmon (C)

2. N. J. Contomichalson (C)

3. T. R. Asserson (G)

All support from parents and boys will be much appreciated at these events, the dates of which are as follows:—

Clark Cup and Milbourn Cup—July 12th to 16th.

Youll Cup and Thomas Bowl—July 19th to 23rd.

P. G. LONGHURST

Results:	v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Won 7 —2
1st VI	v. St Edward's, Oxford	Drew 4½—4½
	v. Mill Hill	Won 4 —2
	v. Bradfield	Won 5½—3½
	v. Rugby	Won 5½—3½
	v. Uppingham	Won 5 —4
	v. Eton	Won 5½—3½
	v. M.C.S. Oxford	Drew 4½—4½
	v. Old Stoicks	Rained Off

'A' VI: Played 3 matches; Won 2; Lost 1

Colts VI: Played 9 matches; Won 8; Lost 1

Jun. Colts: Played 1 match which was won

GOLF

Spring Term

For once the weather was kind, and a full series of matches was played in preparation for the defence of the Micklem Trophy in the holidays. The Radley match was a salutary reminder that top form is necessary to win school matches, and the Old Stoicks sharpened up their Halford Hewitt team at our expense in this enjoyable match at Berkhamsted. With the Woking squad already chosen, the matches were good work-outs for sterner tests ahead, but promising débuts were made by S. R. Chilton, M. Ridley and J. R. Gray.

Results:	v. Ellesborough G.C.	Won 5 —1
	v. Buckingham G.C.	Lost 1½—3½
	v. Radley	Lost 1 —5
	v. Sandy Lodge G.C.	Halved 3 —3
	v. R.A.F. Bicester	Won 4 —1
	v. Old Stoicks	Lost 2½—5½

The Micklem Trophy played at Woking Golf Club, April 7th-8th.

With four of last year's winning team again playing, the Stowe team seemed to have as strong and as experienced a side as it has fielded for some years, but much depended on the players—would they be on their best form? The Captain gave us the answer right at the start of the match against a young Charterhouse side; he drove over the first green and birdied both the first two holes. With all the team striking the ball solidly, and Wood the unfortunate reserve, some large victories were scored on this first day, only Lucas having trouble in subduing the persistent Bradley. The semi-final against Rugby on Thursday morning was more desperate than the score suggests; after six holes Stowe were behind in four matches and only Lucas, seemingly determined to finish earlier today, looked a certain point. By the 10th Conran was in control of his match and was playing as well as he has probably ever done, but where the third and winning point was to come from remained in doubt right until the end. At the front McNair and Swanston were locked in a battle of remarkable standard—both reached the turn in 34—and there was never more than one hole between them. Mackay-Forbes was suffering an attack of the hooks, but had won five holes in a row after being four down, and Phillips was looking somewhat uncertain and level with Jackson. Once again the Stowe ability to 'come good' at the end showed itself, and both the last two strings won their matches on the 17th green, but not before McNair and Swanston, all square after 8 holes, had set off on their second round. So even was their match that they might well have been all square after 36 holes, but they were called in after the 21st when the team match was no longer in doubt. And so to the final against

LAWN TENNIS

1st VI

Owing to a number of reasons, including cricket, 'A' level examination phobia, laziness and illness, we have rarely been able to field our best team, but in spite of this we remain unbeaten. Great credit for this success should go to the Captain, A. J. Macpherson, who has proved himself to be a most conscientious leader, and steadily improving player—in fact he and last year's Captain, I. A. Thomson, have won all their matches this season. Thomson has returned to cricket and so has missed some of the tennis fixtures, but we are hoping that his presence in the Youll Cup team will result in an extra fine performance this July, and we thank him for his loyalty in the past. M. H. R. Cobb once again showed his value to the team, and played an aggressive game. He has definite potential, and could become a very good player—it is to be hoped that he will continue on more than just a social level when he becomes an Old Stoic! G. M. I. Miller improved as a match player as the term went on, and although he has had to have several partners, he always gave a good account of himself. I. L. Foux came into the team this season and when he wants to play well he is quite capable of doing so—it is a pity that this wish is not permanently there! N. H. Thomlinson played occasionally, and R. G. L. Cheatle was a very useful addition to the team when cricket responsibilities did not conflict. Others who played were R. J. MacDonald, K. J. Saunders, and P. H. Morris (who was unlucky to become ill and miss most of the season).

N. A. Geach captained the 'A' VI and the team included B. D'Arcy Clarke, M. E. Harrison and D. G. Lucas.

Colts VI

After having an unbeaten Colts team for the last two seasons we felt we would have difficulty in keeping up this record for a third consecutive year. However, only one match was lost, and some promising players have emerged. The first pair of D. G. Lucas (the Captain) and A. J. Tucker has done very well indeed, and both of them have improved considerably during the term—Lucas playing in the 'A' team also. Tucker's service has troubled him but he has become far more reliable in this respect. D. P. Scowsill could only play when not required for cricket, but he is potentially a very good player. R. F. A. Dobbs has become a much more steady player who has always played well, and A. B. Foux is also a useful prospect. M. G. Lockhart-Smith, S. L. Evans, and J. P. Guilford have also played well for the team.

Junior Colts VI

Most of the matches at this level are still to be played, but it is clear that we have a number of very good tennis prospects in the School. P. W. Saunders (Captain), R. W. Kingan, A. D. Black, N. P. Staheyeff, P. M. Hugill, and H. W. Lowther comprised the team against Oakham, but several others could have been considered had they not had to play cricket instead.

A full report of the results in the Clark Cup, Milbourn Cup, Youll Cup and Thomas Bowl competitions all due to be played at Wimbledon will appear in the next edition of *The Stoic*.

Bradfield for the sixth year in succession; such a monopoly by two schools cannot be good for the tournament, and it is to be hoped that other names will soon appear on the Trophy. In a way the afternoon was somewhat of an anti-climax after the excitements of the morning; Stowe always looked to have three matches won and the interest centred on what would happen in the other two. McNair and Phillips, back to his best form, went steadily ahead, and Lucas played most superlatively to overwhelm the unfortunate Taylor in a repeat match of last year's final. Conran for once lost his direction off the tee in the middle of the round and halved his match, and Mackay-Forbes, now with putting troubles as well, was hanging on rather desperately to Fennyhough. But it is the sign of maturity when a golfer can win his matches even when he is not playing at his best, and the Secretary produced an unlikely four on the 18th to record his third win of the tournament. Stowe has now won this tournament four years in succession, eclipsing Eton's run of some three years ago, and that they did so without conceding a match is a mark of the high standard of this vintage Woking side.

Results: v. Charterhouse	Won 5 —0
v. Rugby	Won 4½—½
v. Bradfield	Won 4½—½

Team: S. A. McNair (G), D. G. Lucas (G), D. J. Conran (G), A. J. B. Mackay-Forbes (W), S. N. Phillips (L).

Reserve: J. A. R. Wood (C).

School Colours were awarded to: S. N. Phillips.

Summer Term

This has been the best season for some years and the record of matches won speaks for itself. With five of the 'top' golfers leaving at the end of the term, one of the priorities was to discover new talent and to test it in the cauldron of match-play conditions. This has been the first year of the new free-choice system, and thirty players have been on the course full-time, and it is pleasing to record that some promising players have emerged. Julius, Joslin and Lendrum have confirmed their showing of last year, Gray has been the infant prodigy of the year, and Chilton, Manners, Barbour, Choyce and Robinson have all reached a high standard. With Lucas and Phillips making 'guest' appearances as light relief from tennis and cricket respectively, we have been in the enviable position of having a squad of some twenty players of first team standard from whom to choose for the heavy programme of matches. The course has played superbly throughout the term, and it is fitting that McNair should have regained the Course record before leaving when he went round in 28 in the match against Ellesborough. With strength at the top and strength in depth, this term's golfers have looked as strong as, if not stronger than any since golf became a full-time sport. Certainly the victory over a useful-looking Old Stoic side on Speech Day reminded them that the Stowe golfing tradition is not all in the past.

A. M. VINEN

Results: v. Ellesborough G.C.	Won 6 —1
v. Buckingham G.C.	Won 5 —4
v. Oundle	Won 5½—4½
v. The Fathers	Won 7 —1
v. Felsted	Won 6 —2
v. Radley	Won 6 —4
v. Haileybury	Won 7 —1
v. Uppingham	Won 4 —1
v. The Old Stoics	Won 9 —0
v. Malvern	Won 5 —1
v. Sandy Lodge G.C.	Won 6 —0
v. Monmouth	Won 4 —2
v. R.A.F. Bicester	

School Colours have been awarded to: D. A. Julius (C), H. N. A. Lendrum (T), H. J. A. Joslin (C).

There have played: The above, plus R. C. E. Higham (G), A. P. Manners (L), C. N. Barbour (G), D. G. Choyce (C), M. A. Robinson (W), C. K. Bond (L), A. D. Capron (G), R. S. Sandu (T), S. R. A. Pocock (C), N. E. Bradfield (G), R. N. C. Knight-Bruce (C), R. M. Seccombe (B), S. M. Wilcox (T), G. E. Anthony (T).

SAILING

The Sailing Club is thriving with 22 activity members. A new fibreglass Super-Grad has been purchased but this has not stood up to the treatment as well as the wooden boats. Grad 385 was sold in the holidays leaving 130 as our spare seventh boat. A group of members enjoyed a visit to Ian Proctor Metal Masts Ltd and Ratsey and Lamphorn Sails Ltd on expedition day. The Club also visited the C.C.P.R. Dinghy Exhibition at Crystal Palace last term.

Racing during this term has been of a very high standard. The school team has won all its school matches.

After beating St Edward's in a light breeze, prospects looked good. However the experts of Barnet Green S.C. just beat us in a strong wind in the R.Y.A. Team Championships. Their faultless team tactics overwhelmed Raw and Davis. Although Steavenson won two races, they still won by half a point. Away on Radley Gravel Pits there was a light wind. After five close races Stowe were 3-2 ahead. Rugby failed to win the final of three races at Banbury leaving us 2-1 up and we overwhelmed Bloxham in a very strong wind after only two races.

The highlight of the season was our win in the Quadrangular match with Aldenham, Harrow, and Haileybury in Fireflies on Aldenham Reservoir. Steavenson won the two helmsman's races and Ussher sailed very skilfully to win the crew's race. These wins were backed up strongly by Mackay and Davis who never fell below sixth place.

Finally we beat Banbury Cross S.C. on a windy day at Banbury.

Steavenson, Pears, Waud, Mackay, Davis and Ussher qualified for the final of the Helmsman's Tankard. The wind died throughout the afternoon and the final result was: 1st H. Steavenson, 2nd A. R. Pears, 3rd W. Waud.

The House Matches were won by Lyttelton who beat Grafton in a close final.

There will be a points racing series for the "Burgee-on-Pedestal" Trophy every Saturday next term. The School is to be represented by R. H. Steavenson and A. R. Pears at Itchenor S.C. in the Public Schools' Firefly Championship; by H. C. Davis in the National Graduate Championships and by R. H. Steavenson and P. Mackay in the National Twelve Foot Championships (Sir William Burton Trophy) at Whitstable during the summer holidays.

Team from: R. H. Steavenson (G) and A. R. Pears (G); P. Mackay (L) and A. Ussher (L); H. C. Davis (L) and A. R. Kennon (G).

Also Sailed: S. M. Raw, W. Waud.

Results: v. St Edward's	Won 3—0
v. Radley	Won 3—2
v. Rugby	Won 2—1
v. Bloxham	Won 2—0
v. Banbury Cross S.C.	Won 2—0
v. Barnet Green S.C.	Lost 24—24½
v. Aldenham, Harrow and Haileybury	
	Stowe 1st

To be Sailed: v. Oundle; v. Masters; v. Old Stoics.

Easter Holidays Results

R. H. Steavenson, crewed by H. C. Davis, came second equal in the National Graduate Junior and Schools' Championships at Essex Y.C. over the Easter weekend. It blew very hard. After a 1st and 2nd on the Saturday, we were so involved in beating our closest rival, last year's champion, that we let an apparent outsider win both races on the Sunday. Counting our best three results from four we had two 2nds and one 1st = 4½ points. The winner had 4½ points. We therefore lost by ½ point. However we won all three races on Good Friday and Easter Monday to win the "Easter Tin Mug" Graduate Open Meeting.

H. C. Davis and A. R. Kennon sailed for the School at Bembridge in Kiel Boats. Thirteen other schools raced. They came 8th overall, with Davis gaining an 8th and a 6th place. Kennon finished 7th. Filthy weather prevailed so only three races were sailed during all three days.

HOWARD STEAVENSON

SWIMMING

For 96% of the school the report makes short reading—there hasn't been any swimming this year.

With three weeks left to the end of the swimming season the temperature in the lake is still only 58°F and although General Bathing has been available for the past four weeks I can remember only two occasions on which boys arrived to swim voluntarily. Now that the summer term finishes at the beginning of July swimming as a sport and recreation for the boys at Stowe no longer exists.

The remaining 4%, the swimming team, have been more fortunate in that we have retained permission to use the indoor pool at Bletchley once a week. This year, but for this favour there would have been no swimming team. As it is we have trained hard in that one visit a week and have swum in the lake in conditions which at times could only be described as an ordeal. We have the nucleus of a good team but nowhere to develop it.

Last year we lost our first match of the season by being beaten into 3rd and 4th place in every event. This year we met St Edward's, Oxford for the first match, winning one event and coming second in nine other events. Our second match, held at Stowe, in the lake, gave Malvern an unpleasant surprise with a water temperature of 60°F and a very strong wind. Many of their boys complained of difficulty with breathing—I know the feeling only too well. Our team excelled themselves and we beat Malvern with a score of 103/97, our first overall win since 1968.

If some of the team now felt that they were in winning vein the next match against the Leys School quickly disillusioned them. In spite of ten personal best performances by our boys we lost by 58/102, winning two events only. It is only fair to say that the Leys had their best ever Junior team and were undefeated this season.

The Seniors, led by John Deutsch and John Cridland are composed largely of last year's Junior team and should be available almost without exception for next season as well. We were unfortunate to lose James Dawes with a throat infection right at the beginning of this season and this left us in a precarious position, we have no "strength in depth" in the Seniors. However, in spite of this and the impossible weather we have beaten almost every "best time" set up by last year's Seniors.

In the Junior team Robert Atkins deserves a mention for his fitness and standard of breast-stroke swimming. A wealth of potential is obvious amongst the younger boys in the team but owing to the conditions this year at Stowe there has been little opportunity to see any of the new entry of 1971. I still don't know whether most of them can swim.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign for the future is the £27,000 already contributed by Old Stoicks, parents, staff and friends of the school towards our new indoor swimming pool. The time must be close now when every boy in the school can enjoy swimming throughout the year. I shall never rest until that object has been achieved.

F. A. HUDSON

SCULLING

The Sculling Club has been very active this term, both on and off the water.

The Blue Boat scullers trained hard to bring themselves to a standard where they were ready to compete in regattas. This is a difficult task on a lake which is by no means long enough to get any real fitness or feeling for distance. Despite these disadvantages the squad proved they could, with determination and effort, compete against other scullers with some success. The Mount Carmel Regatta turned out to be an exciting one, when K. Falconer and J. Deutsch fought out the semi-final. J. Deutsch went on to lose the final narrowly to an Abingdon sculler. C. Blacklock did well in his first regatta to be beaten at the line in the Colts Sculls.

Wallingford Regatta saw Z. Berry win his heat and again be narrowly beaten in the semi-final; Marlow Regatta demonstrated both how much we need distance training and shell sculls. C. Riddick and K. Falconer did well on a mile course to stay with their opponents, both from men's clubs, in shell sculls.

The Brown Boat scullers have been engaged in learning the basics of sculling and we hope next season to see some of them becoming regatta men.

The Club has at last managed to have its own launching jetty on the lake. This was entirely built by the boys and was a commendable effort for such a small group.

It has been a successful and enjoyable season and one on which to build for the next year. To C. Riddick, the Club Captain, and Z. Berry I owe many thanks for their support and enthusiasm throughout the year.

T. J. BRANGWYN

SHOOTING

The season started with our usual visit to Bisley for practice for three days during the first week of the Easter holiday under the leadership of Mr Kirk and J. R. Davis, the Secretary. Some high scores were obtained by the senior members of the Club, but the most valuable part of the visit was that twelve new members of the Club gained valuable experience.

During the term the Club's shooting activities are restricted to Tuesday afternoons at the Otmoor Range outside Oxford as we are unable to use the range at any other time. This naturally does not provide us with enough practice to have a competitive chance of winning the larger meetings such as the Sussex meeting or the Ashburton. However, faced with such a handicap the Club has shot reasonably well. At the Midlands meeting under hazardous wind conditions, the Cadet Pair, P. G. Clarke and J. F. Prescott, were placed third, and J. R. Davis came third in the Individual Competition. With more practice and experience P. G. Clarke and J. F. Prescott should obtain in the matches next season some of the high scores that they have scored in practice this season. The Club spoon competition on Expedition Day was won by T. J. Aisher.

At the time of writing we have two matches still to come, the Oxford Schools meeting and the Ashburton. A full report of these two meetings will appear in the next number of *The Stoic*. Our thanks to Mr Kirk for his valuable coaching and patience.

JOHN KENNON

VIII from: J. W. Kennon (G) (Capt.), J. R. Davis (G), S. C. Broad (T), D. W. Muschett (C), N. M. David-son (C), D. Portnoy (C), J. R. C. Hanbury (B), S. J. Coston (S), W. G. Ashcroft (C), M. R. Hardman (W).

Cadet Pair from: P. G. Clarke (L), J. F. Prescott (C), T. J. Aisher (C).

Results:	Team	Cdt Pair	9th Man	No. of Schools
London and Middlesex Meeting	16th	15th	17th	24
Midlands Meeting	7th	3rd	4th	10

ARCHERY

This term Archery has become an everyday activity. Shooting was transferred to the straight course on the drive because of the danger of shooting on the South Front. We now shoot at least three times a week including Monday extras, and the effect of this has been that the skill of several members has increased enormously.

Rolland has made particularly rapid progress, and he, together with Binns and Stern have not only shot well, but also have given constant and invaluable help with the running of the Club, for example helping Mr Arnold coach the beginners. Some beginners, especially Saunders look particularly promising.

In the matches so far this term, a team of six won a narrow victory over Haileybury and a team of four was equally narrowly defeated by Finchley Albanian. There is one more match to come against Forest School, and several members of the Club will be entering for the Bucks Junior Archery Championship on the last Saturday of term.

ROBIN DILLON-MAHON

FENCING

The summer term is a sort of hibernation period for fencing; some under pressure of work, or exams, or lured away by the siren calls of other sporting activities lay away their foils in the cupboard and hang up their masks until they return with renewed vigour in the autumn, and gauntlets are thrown down and taken up anew.

There has been, however, the Junior House Foil Competition, as a focal point for the enthusiastic few who have been continuing the sport. This year there were five houses, more than usual, who produced the required three fencers, though Lyttelton had to withdraw at the last moment. This weakened the competition, as their team was the same as they had had in the Seniors last November. It appeared likely that the matches would be close, and this was indeed the case. Grenville, the holders, managed to retain the cup, but each of their matches went to the last bout with the score at four-all. Notable features were Mallett's win for Grafton against Jones (C), Jones' win by the odd hit over Cottier (G), a fencing colour, and Claridge's fierce assaults which nearly won the day for Walpole, but Cottier was not for losing that one.

C. D. MULLINEUX

Results:	Lyttelton	}	Walpole w/o	}	Grenville 5-4	}	Grenville 5-4
	Walpole		Grenville				
			Chandos				
			Grafton		Chandos 5-1		

CROSS-COUNTRY

This year the Old Stoics raised a good 1st Team and comfortably beat the School's 1st Team. R. A. Weston (Q 1966) was the winner with a time of 27 minutes 23 seconds and D. Dawes (G 1965) was the runner-up with a time of 27 minutes 51 seconds.

Our thanks extend to Mr M. J. Fox for his valuable assistance during the afternoon.

P. M. A. LUFT

SQUASH RACKETS

Since last term's *Stoic* notes, there have been some individual successes to report.

Drysdale Cup—The National Under 19 Championship

R. G. G. Carr reached the semi-final of this competition, losing to the eventual winner of the title. This was a splendid performance.

Lonsdale Trophy—The Under 19 Doubles Championship

Stowe, represented by R. G. G. Carr and I. A. Thomson were the defeated finalists in this tournament, which is the first time we have done so well.

Junior Evans Cup—The National Under 16 Championship

D. G. Choyce got to the semi-final stage—thus emulating M. J. Guest the previous year, and R. G. G. Carr who went on to win the final two years ago.

Congratulations to all these Stoics.

One final point. Our Squash 1st Team (unbeaten over the past three years in inter-school matches) is breaking up with the departure of three of its members, but we hope that we shall still be able to give a good account of ourselves in the future. It is hoped that future players will show the same devotion and loyalty that those who are leaving have always done, both to Stowe and the game.

P. G. LONGHURST

