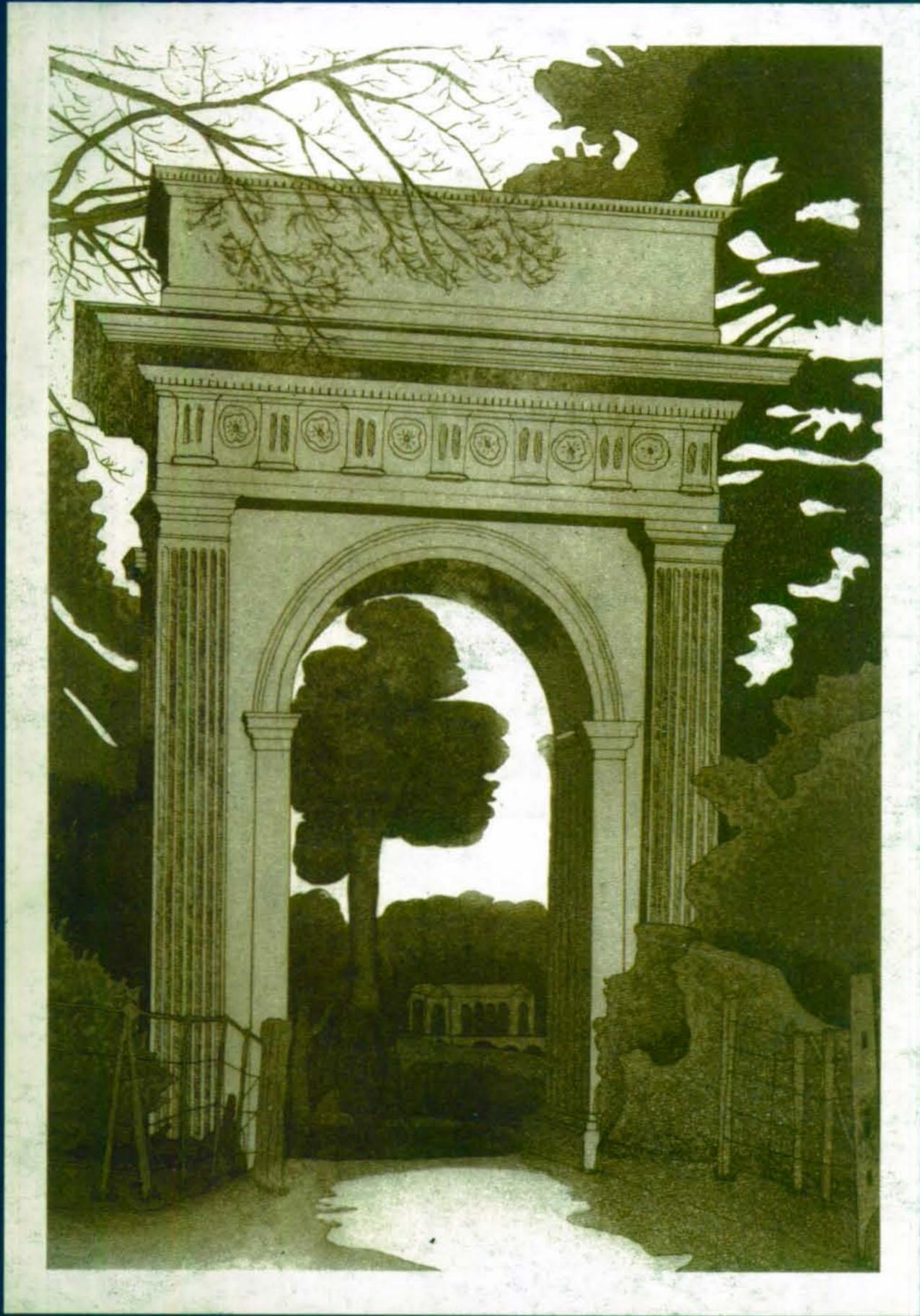
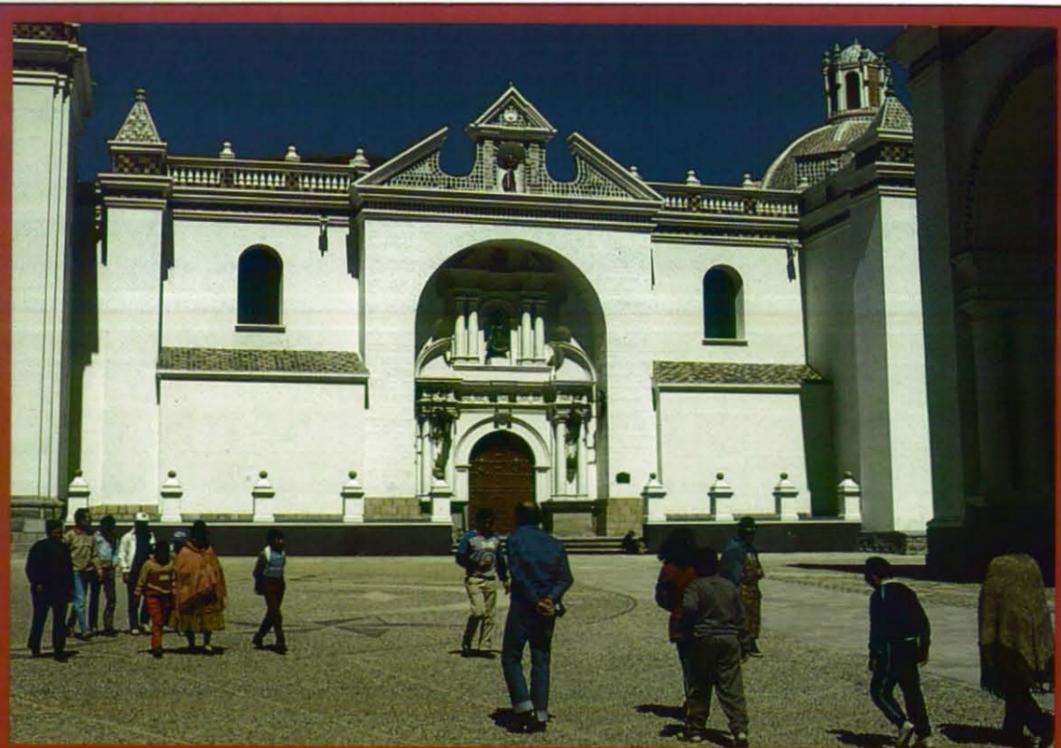


THE STOIC



December 1987

Number one hundred and eighty



An example of Spanish colonial architecture, Copacabana, Bolivia.



Simon Ferrand and Clive Pullin with colourful locals, Indian market at Cochabamba, Bolivia.



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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

WE may all be thankful that the recent "cyclone," which scored a path of destruction through the South-Eastern counties, missed us. Last winter's gales wreaked far more damage across the Stowe estate. On this occasion the fabric of the main building itself, to which is attached extensive scaffolding, would have been frighteningly at risk.

In spite of the wet May conditions, the wit of the visiting speaker, Mr. John Thorn, ensured that Speech Day was, as ever, a distinguished and memorable occasion. This provided another opportunity for many of us to renew acquaintance and catch up with old Stoic news. As part of the event a spectacular exhibition was held at the Art School and there were additional departmental displays in the Vanbrugh block. They were all well received by many parents and pupils alike.

Despite appalling summer weather wrecking fixtures, many School Cricket XI's scored some notable victories. Sports Day was a huge success, the loud enthusiasm of the spectators matched by the achievements of the competitors. The Senior Relay Team was chosen to represent Buckingham in the All-England Athletics Championships. These successes testify to Mr. Dawson's efforts and expertise, since he arrived at Stowe in 1985.

Needless to say there has been a great deal of activity elsewhere. One might mention at random the series of summer concerts performed by Stoics and organized by Mr. Harris, the recent ensemble performance by the Music Department and the warm reception given to the New Boys' Plays at the beginning of this term.

The editors thank readers for their encouraging response to the present endeavours regarding *The Stoic*. We also wish to record our thanks to Mr. Scott and Mr. Ewens for their valuable technical suggestions on the design of the magazine. We are pleased that there has been an increase in the number of contributions to *The Stoic* (although we would welcome more from the Sixth Form) and hope that this marks a trend in the right creative direction.

We welcome three new members of staff: Mr. Melber to the Art School (who will become Director of Art on Mr. Scott's appointment to the Housemastership of Lyttelton in 1988), Miss Bell to the Geography Department and Mr. Hyde as a part-time member of the History Department.

We sadly record the retirement of Mr. Dady, who was Director of Art, and Mr. Atkins, who was Domestic Bursar. Appreciations of their work are offered below.

E.S.T./T.A.O.

The Prefectorial body consists currently of the following:

R. C. Weatherby	Head of School
M. G. Read, ma.	Second Prefect & Head of Cobham
J. N. L. Arlon	Head of Walpole
W. J. P. Atkinson	Head of Chatham
T. W. Bailey	Head of Grafton
A. J. G. David	Head of Grenville
B. Hesketh	Head of Temple
G. T. Holland-Bosworth, ma.	Head of Bruce
P. M. Lavers	Prefect of Sanctions
M. J. M. Lawman	Prefect of Mess
G. H. B. Martin	Head of Lyttelton
R. B. Pumfrey	Head of Chandos
Naomi H. Stunt	Head of Nugent
Fiona J. Swadling	Head of Stanhope
P. E. R. White	Prefect of Defaulters
A. Wolcough	Prefect of Mess

W.St.A.R.D.

William came to Stowe twenty-two years ago and for many years ran the Art School on his own. It is therefore particularly sad to report in this issue of *The Stoic* that he had to retire at the end of the Summer Term, owing to continuing ill health, at the early age of forty-nine.

A talented sculptor and painter, he was trained at Goldsmith's College and came to Buckingham from a teaching post in Leicestershire. Over the years he introduced many new techniques to the Art School, including etching and sculpture and was particularly interested in casting and clay modelling. In his early days at Stowe he produced a number of very vigorous portrait sculptures in clay, including heads of B.S.S. and P.J.L. He was a member of the Portrait Sculptors Society and exhibited locally and in London.

In addition to running the Art School he also found time to organise a number of highly successful Summer Exhibitions at Stowe, both for professional artists and Old Stoics, and it is indicative of their stature that artists of the calibre of David Shepherd, David Wynne, John Bratley, John Pyser, Michael Ayrtton and the sculptor Enzo Plazzotta were all willing to take part. I recall being invited to one of these early exhibi-

tions, which was staged in the Sixth Form Centre and the Careers Room, and remember well the quality of the paintings and also Chapel Court full of large bronze sculptures.

It was clearly evident from these exhibitions that William was a perfectionist and many Stoics, including A. G. E. Lane, benefitted from this highly professional approach. He was not so keenly interested in the more mundane teaching lower down the school, but the quality of his teaching in a one to one situation was quite outstanding, as is clearly shown in the number of Stoics who have gone on to the Art School and have followed successful careers in the Visual Arts.

William has always been interested in the link between the study of Art History and the practice of painting, and this interest will always be remembered at Stowe as he has generously donated a major School Prize for Art History, to be called the Dady Prize.

We understand he is planning to leave Brackley in the near future to move south, and we wish him and his family every success and happiness for a long and creative retirement.

G.St.J.S.

N.C.G.

Few of those who have moved from industry into a career in teaching could have achieved the transition as smoothly as Nicholas Grill. A graduate of Durham University, he came to Stowe after four successful years in personnel management with British Leyland at Cowley, Oxford, and with quite remarkable rapidity established himself as an industrious, well respected and effective teacher. During his five years at Stowe, Geography gained in numerical strength and academic stature and he played a major role in stimulating and supporting forward movements in teaching methods and course content. He committed himself ably and enthusiastically to teaching human and physical Geography at all levels both in the field and in the classroom. One of his many strengths as a tutor was a clear recognition and understanding of the difficulties faced by individual pupils and he encouraged his tutees through his genuine interest in their academic welfare.

N.C.G did not expend his energies solely in matters geographical. His involvement in support of the Pineapple Club, Stowe Community Service and Industrial Liaison is less well known, but equally identifiable, in a schoolmaster of such sterling quality. A generation of Chandosians will remember him for his quiet, wry sense of humour, his affection for fellow beings and his concern for fair play.

Nicholas could not have played such a full part in the life of the School without the unfailing support and encouragement of Judy, his wife and mother of Jonathan and Christopher. Dauntsey's College in Wiltshire has gained a Head of Geography and a family team of a calibre rarely seen. They will be sorely missed.

D.R.F.

CYRIL ATKINS

Cyril Atkins came to Stowe 36 years ago after service with the Royal Air Force and is well known to generations of Stoics as C.A., the Domestic Bursar. He was responsible for much of the smooth running of the administration of the School throughout his time here although he was always reluctant to take the limelight. He worked unlimited hours, and faced with a request for help his response was invariably "leave it with me"; solutions were always found. His encyclopaedic knowledge of the School made him an invaluable source of information, while his considerable presence has, it is said, led several young Stoics to believe he was the Duke of Buckingham, and even some recent parents to believe he was the Headmaster.

For many years C.A. was responsible for the Domestic Staff, earning their loyalty and affection. He was a father-figure to them, a firm but fair disciplinarian, always ready to listen to their problems and to offer sound, sympathetic advice. He never forgot retired members of his staff and gave up a good deal of time to visit them.

C.A.'s knowledge of fine wines and eye for antiques were at the service of Stowe; the wines for Commemoration Dinners always received his personal care. He has been responsible for saving several artefacts from Stowe's past that others had not recognised.

Among his many friends both on the Staff and outside Stowe, C.A. will be remembered for his warmth, friendship and loyalty. He was a most generous and gracious host among the splendid collection of antiques in his rooms in part of what is now Nugent House.

C.A. is now living at Wendover where we wish him a happy retirement — although we understand that he is already in great demand as an adviser on antiques and is as busy as ever.

T.R.M.P.

B.S.S. writes . . .

'Leave it to me!' How many times in the last 36 years, one wonders, have those calmly uttered words comforted the faint-hearted, supported the weak, relieved the anxious, secure in the knowledge that promise would issue in performance? So dependable have been C.A.'s powers of organization (and often diplomacy, too), in arranging anything from the splendours of Speech Day to the frustration of Field Day and the vexatious minutiae of countless minor expeditions. Anyone dealing with administration (and that means virtually the whole staff) during his long term of office has reason to be deeply grateful to C.A. But that is only one side of the coin. The title of Domestic Bursar, with its overtones of home economics and fuel bills, gives but a pale picture of a man who, though firm enough when necessary, was more of a friend than an overseer to a large domestic staff, many of them from difficult or unhappy backgrounds, whom he helped with unfailing kindness and understanding, in sickness and in health; many have kept in touch long after leaving the service of the School. Of all those he worked with I suspect that the one dearest to his heart was his clerk Harry Garrett, a man whose impeccable copperplate handwriting reflected his attachment to the standards of earlier times. Long after he had gone C.A. revelled in quoting his pungent, often scurrilous comments on members of the community, anyone from a Housemaster to a Third Former.

In a society (and for that matter a generation) not normally conspicuous for sartorial elegance C.A. stood out as whatever is the opposite of a sore thumb; his immaculately attired figure, striding briskly about the grounds, recalled (rather like his clerk's handwriting) the decorum of more civilized days, and led occasionally to his identification as the Headmaster or even the owner of the ducal palace. For all that, in his social life he was unobtrusive, a giver rather than a receiver; his appearances at others' functions, even though he may have organized them himself, were rare, often evanescent; but his own gatherings, for those privileged to be invited, whether from within or outside the Stowe community, were a delight; wine of unimpeachable lineage flowed without stint, while the numerous pictures and other objets d'art which he had assembled over the years (often—so he would have us believe—for a song) looked on benignly.

Some years ago C.A. acquired a pied à terre in Spain, whither he would repair from time to time to sojourn there for a season, returning with an enviable tan to continue his labours among his fellow troglodytes. Now he has exchanged Stowe for Wendover, a place close enough to both Stowe and London for him to keep up his contacts and interests. We hear that he has already made his mark: perhaps grateful ears there too will soon be hearing those soothing words, 'Leave it to me!'

W.C.R.

Bill Ross joined the Modern Languages Department at Stowe in January 1985 from Hong Kong, where he had been a lecturer at the Polytechnic. Taking over David Mee's timetable, he teamed up with another formidable product of Trinity College, Dublin, Tony Sparshott, to share the teaching of Spanish. After Tony's departure to the gentler clime of Papplewick, Bill assumed responsibility for Spanish within the department and rapidly established himself as a meticulous, dynamic colleague who sought to elicit the highest standards from his pupils.

Elaine, his wife, and a fine experienced linguist herself, came in to help initially with supplementary tuition in English and French. Later she moved over to the teaching of Italian and skilfully reconciled the needs of an expectant mother with her academic commitments. Her contribution to language teaching at Stowe was deeply appreciated and highly successful.

It was inevitable and understandable that Ampleforth should tempt Bill away from us, giving him the opportunity to run his own department and indulge his long-standing interest in Mandarin Chinese. While at Stowe he was involved in a wide range of activities, including Cross Country running, the Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award and the School Library, as well as becoming the first Assistant Tutor on Side 2. To all his commitments he brought enthusiasm, an exceptionally high level of professionalism and warm good humour during his relatively short stay at Stowe. This cosmopolitan Irish Protestant will certainly make his mark on the Catholic community in the Yorkshire dales.

J.A.B.

MARK HANCOCK

(Artist in Residence 1986-1987)

Although with us for only one year, it seemed longer! Mark made an immediate impression on Stowe, when he joined the 1st XV pre-season training and ran full tilt into the large frame of Ian Mattingly. Possibly this encounter affected him more than we know, as he spent the next year involving himself in every possible activity at Stowe, from the Choral Society to umpiring cricket on the Bourbon. In the theatre he designed outstanding sets for Hamlet and The Beggar's Opera and 'starred' as Will Parker in the staff production of "Oklahoma!"

Yet in his role as Artist in Residence he spent countless hours in the Art School, working on his own paintings and involving himself in the teaching side of the department. As W.D. was taken ill at Christmas, his assistance throughout the rest of the year, particularly during the examinations, was much appreciated by the staff and the students.

Mark's 'interesting' wardrobe and cheerful disposition will be sadly missed in the Art School. He was a natural schoolmaster, who made many friends at Stowe and we wish him well in his future career.

G.St.J.S.

OBITUARY

C. F. DEACON—An Appreciation

It is only five and a half years since the Headmaster, in his valedictory appreciation of Chris Deacon on Speech Day, told his audience that they would not be surprised to know that he needed two men to replace him. It is indeed sad that by his death on 21st March, 1987 Chris was denied more years of a happy, active retirement in which he had so much to enjoy. The Headmaster was, of course, referring primarily to Chris's services as a teacher of History and Geography, though he made no secret of his preference for History, in which he had been an Exhibitioner at the House. But he was a man of prodigious versatility in other fields; he played almost every game one could mention (including one not available at Stowe, real tennis), and his critical powers as a musician, apart from his competence as a viola player, made him the kind of man for whom *Record Review* might have been designed. On arrival at Stowe in 1947 he was attached to Cobham as under-Housemaster to David Brown, and a fine pair they made in many ways, though even as 'Tubby' Deacon he could hardly hope to match David Brown's bulk. They shared a zest for an earthy, robust humour now no longer fashionable; humour was, in fact, very much part of Chris's make-up; as a member of the last generation that could appreciate Damon

Runyon (and even perhaps Kurt Weil) as originals rather than in mere revivals, he had a keen sense of the comic, as well as the even more valuable ability to laugh at himself. His appointment as Housemaster of Bruce, and not very long afterwards, marriage to Cynthia, curbed these Rabelaisian ways. Bruce seemed uncertain whether to be delighted or surprised by Chris's engagement; my own first indication of it was the sight of Dick Speight, then Head of Bruce, rushing through the North Hall exclaiming 'What an amazing little man!' Why Chris's engagement should be so amazing, or why Dick should be so patronizing about someone of roughly the same stature as himself, he never saw fit to explain. But so it was. From then on Chris became a paragon of the married man, devoted to his son Mark, his daughter Bryony and his music; Cynthia presumably played some part in this ménage à trois, though she was heard, perhaps more than once, to echo, a shade wistfully, Caliban's comment that 'the isle is (too) full of noises.' At least she did her best to keep up with him at golf.

Down in Cornwall, Chris continued to enjoy his golf, music and gardening almost to the end. Different people will remember him for different reason; I think my own favourite recollection is of his superimposing husky tenor version of e.g. 'Stormy Weather' over my own feeble imitation of Carroll Gibbons; I don't know which of us was the more incompetent — but we both enjoyed it.

B.S.S.

O. B. M. Seale (IVd)



SPEECH DAY

Saturday, 23rd May, 1987

The Headmaster's Speech:

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, the best address on education I have ever heard—and I don't mean **one** of the best, but **the** best—was given by Mr. John Thorn some years ago to a gathering of Prep School Headmasters. The very word "education" is enough to induce a yawn these days; but whether our Guest Speaker chooses a severely educational theme for his address or not, you won't yawn! His darts are well aimed and sometimes barbed. If they are aimed at my old school they will have the rare distinction of some accurate inside knowledge of that much-abused academy. I welcome him warmly to Stowe as both Guest and Governor. Mr. Chairman, may I also extend to you a welcome—to the first Speech Day in your chairmanship? In your new employment as inspector of planning problems, you must be somewhat relieved that John Thorn is not here to defend the water meadows of Winchester against the M3 but rather as a junior officer in your ship as well as an honoured guest. I know that he shares my delight that we have you on Stowe's quarterdeck.

Last year, the teaching profession was in conflict with the Government. It did nobody any good. This year, part of the profession is still in a state of war with the Secretary of State and the rest of us are anxious about the future. We fear the implications of centralization; we do not want bureaucratic interference with the balance in our curriculum between the three Rs and the development of creativity, skill and intellectual curiosity. Arrogantly, no doubt, we believe we are more sensitive to our pupils' needs than a blueprint can be from a remote office. We ask that there should be enough time for clear thinking before we are rushed into more hasty decisions: this time the hassle is about the future pattern of Sixth Form studies. GCSE may prove to be a good move for the Middle School years, but its introduction has been spoilt by unnecessary haste and lack of thought on the part of its administrators. An Election is now upon us. Education is being tossed around like a beach ball. Please, Oh, please, politicians, at least spare a thought for those **being** educated and at least show respect for the truth. I was once unguarded enough when at dinner in an Oxford College to say that a certain political leader had told a lie.

Believe it or not, the don opposite me said, "It depends what you mean by a lie." And perhaps with that presidential remark he illustrated one of the major ills of today's society . . . It is with Stowe, not national educational policy, that I am concerned.

Three men only are leaving our teaching staff this summer, but even three from this excellent

staff is a matter for great regret. Mr. Grill has been appointed Head of Geography and Geology at Dauntsey's, after five short but very busy years at Stowe teaching Geography brilliantly and being actively involved in Community Service and Industrial Education. Mr. Ross leaves us after only 2½ years to take over the Modern Languages Department at Ampleforth, for which he is uniquely qualified. His pupils and his cross-country runners will miss his enthusiasm and energy. My very best wishes to both men, their wives and children, with many thanks for all that they have done for us. Sadly, very sadly, I must add to these two the retirement from ill-health of Mr. William Dady. He took over Stowe's Art Department twenty-two years ago. For many of those years he had to run it with no assistance and little recognition. Yet he has served his pupils, many of them very talented, with flair and devotion. He is himself a very fine sculptor and painter. Our hope is that in his retirement he will now have the leisure and the recovery of health to employ his great talents as a creative artist. Our warmest thanks are due to him.

In one important respect, this summer marks the end of an era. For 36 years the School has depended for smooth running on one very important man, a leading member of a very important team. Cyril Atkins has had various titles. He has recently been called the Assistant Bursar, although some Stoics have assumed, not unreasonably, that he is really the Headmaster. We persuaded him to stay on after his official retirement, and with characteristic good will and love of Stowe he has done so. "Leave it to me, sir," has been the solution of innumerable crises. His care of his staff has been equalled by nothing in my experience. My personal gratitude to him—stretching back to the very day on which we first moved in—is, I know, but an echo of what so many others feel. Very gratefully, we now wish him a very happy retirement.

Historically, this year will be remembered at Stowe for two main themes. It has, first, been yet another very important year of development in the buildings. I wish to thank the Governors for their determination to push ahead with the radical improvement of the boarding houses. Bruce and Grenville are now well housed. Attention now turns to Temple and Walpole, and progress continues in Chandos, Cobham, Chatham and Grafton. This whole exercise is making a dramatic difference to the Stoics who benefit from it. And it must continue. This next phase is being funded by the Roxburgh Trust's income and from money raised by the many activities which take place here when the School is not in session.

The second theme of this year is the very remarkable record of what Stoics of this past year have achieved. An academic record was scored by last year's 'A' level candidates when they passed

87.1% of their papers. Seven subjects had no failures. That is a particularly remarkable achievement when one remembers that hardly any Stowe boys do not attempt 'A' level. It has been an amazing year for sport. Both Oundle and Radley were beaten by the First Fifteen in the same season—the first time that particular double has been won.

School records have tumbled in Athletics and Cross-country running. This year's Cricket and Tennis teams have started very well. Only a fortnight ago, our Athletics team won the much-coveted Harold Abrahams Cup at Iffley Road in the Inter-Schools Achilles Relay held there every year. Fourteen schools were defeated by our winning first team (including Radley, Oundle, Millfield and Felsted); our Intermediate team achieved the same as the winners in their relay, and that was another school record broken. Two days later a new shooting cup with an assortment of gold medals was won. The truth is that we have had some very talented sportsmen at or near the top of the school this year. School Rugby XV's do not win 10 out of 13 matches with a one-man band. All the court games have flourished independently of the athletes and the team games. We have been blessed with fine leadership among the sportsmen. All three major teams have been led by Sean Morris. A Fly Half with perfect hands and mature judgement, a hockey player who puts every opposing player's technique in the shade and a batsman who knocks up centuries with amazing regularity, he has made a major contribution to the year's sporting triumphs. All this presents quite a challenge to next year's leaders when they indubitably try to emulate this record.

Sport has not, and should not have, absorbed all the School's energies, even though success in outside competition has a powerfully beneficial influence on everyone's good spirits. Drama Festival reached new heights in March, with more House productions than we have ever enjoyed before—and they were good productions. There was great variety in them and they were sensitive, profound and, in the case of some, very funny. The concerts, especially the chamber concert given by the music pupils, the personal organ recitals and the competitions were most enjoyable.

All these activities, and one I have yet to mention, depend on individual enterprise. It takes enterprise to train to a high standard, to practise an instrument with perseverance, to direct a complicated play in any theatre, let alone in the severe limits of a Junior House Room or that extraordinary Rehearsal Room where a recalcitrant window on a cold night can be a producer's nightmare.

Now for the other activity. It takes most unusual enterprise to mount a three-man

expedition to Zaire or a two-man tour of western Turkey. These both happened in 1986 and were hugely successful; the illustrated lectures which followed were the best we've ever had. It is a matter of great relief that the boy who was Head of School elect, Joss Hazell, really is recovering from the wretched illness which had its origin in the Congo. Before the end of this year, Stoics will be in three different areas of South America, the Sinai Peninsula and North India. Last year's Head of School is working with Afghan refugees and one of his recent predecessors is trying to find the right work to do in the Inner City area, in our own too easily forgotten country which is not short of its own problems.

I'm often asked by visitors what is the prevailing characteristic of a Stoic. In one sense, the answer is that Stoics have the prevailing characteristic of not being typecast and that helps to make it a great school. Yet, a spirit of enterprise must be included in the answer—enterprise creatively and productively directed. It has been most encouraging, year after year, to see it flourishing at school. It can be dangerous if not allied to some rigorous, hard-headed thinking, but if those two qualities are combined they offer a type of leader for whom there is unlimited opportunity. So, unashamedly, I believe we can claim that in Stoics can be found the qualities of leadership which will be needed in an age of industrial mobility and social change.

For it is an age of radical social change. Technology, rapid communications, educational experiment and shifting population are putting influence and power in new areas and new homes. This is going to create new social patterns and exciting opportunities for the adaptable. I believe the exchange which one of our Third Forms made in March with Stantonbury, an unusual and remarkable Comprehensive School in Milton Keynes, was of great importance to both schools. It was certainly exciting and a venture into the unknown. Fears soon faded, prejudices evaporated and some unexpected lessons were learned—about learning and about people. I hope others will follow where we have ventured—although how they will manage without Mr. Hudson, I don't know. We for our part are very grateful for the experience, grateful to the staff of Stantonbury for their partnership and to Will Stewart of the *Daily Express* for his very sensitive handling of it throughout, particularly in his final published articles.

I believe the days are now over when leadership was considered an unfashionable topic. On all sides, especially in Industry, we hear the message to schools: whatever else you do, make sure that you give us men and women with rounded personalities, who are whole people and who can manage men and women. That is a major purpose in education, and no school is better suited to the task than Stowe. And Stowe has

always demonstrated the capacity to develop the individual who will not be anxiously waiting to be told by the crowd which way to go or what values to hold; who, if his calling is to be a scholar, a musician, an artist or an inner-city minister, will be just as confident in following that calling as the future captain of Industry who will earn our bread and butter.

Mr. Chairman, thank you for the very strong lead you are giving to Stowe and, John Thorn, thank you for bringing us your encouraging support, wit and wisdom.

Mr. John Thorn's Speech

Ladies and Gentlemen, of one thing and one thing only I am certain on this lovely English summer afternoon — you want to get away from the School and on your way home as soon as possible. You're lucky therefore that your guest speaker is not the sort of person who, by rights, should have been a captain of industry or a statesman, a judge or a bishop. Such people were diligently sought but wisely unavailable, so you have a retired hack instead. A sacked headmaster, than whom there is no greater bore, deprived by losing his job of audiences forbidden to run away, saves up all his suffocating energies for the few occasions when he is allowed to utter to captives. But I hasten to say that I am aware of these dangers and of your desire to leave this lovely place and your charming fellow pupils and your magnetic teachers as soon as you damn well can.

I will be brief, oh — and I promise to say nothing of politics, nothing about the importance of industry! (You see that round of applause would confirm our critics in their belief) but instead I want to say a little of a young man, a young person I shall call for a good reason, Leo.

Now Leo was born a fourth child in a large country house in the middle of nowhere when the last century was 27 and a bit years old. There were plenty of servants attached to this house, winters were long and bitterly cold and there was little heating. Before Leo was two years old his mother died in a way common in those days, in childbirth, or shortly afterwards from an infection. It is said that when the little Leo saw the face of his dying mother he howled with horror at what he saw. There was luckily an aunt available; she moved in and she helped to look after him. There was also a paternal grandmother, old, mostly bedridden, something of a tyrant; she was a tyrant perhaps because she was often bored. To help her boredom the grandmother had a blind local peasant come in, as she went towards sleep every evening, to tell her stories. Little Leo would often go and listen to these. They were it seemed good stories; he remembered some of them.

Now the children in this large country house did not go to school. There weren't schools to go to really. Instead a tutor was sent for; he came, a foreign tutor speaking another language and Leo's language rather haltingly. He was not a very good tutor; he took his duties casually. He taught the children very little. So the father of the household soon felt it was a good thing to take his flock off to the capital city to get some real education, and off they all went. Leo was not yet nine but, deprived now of the stories he had heard in his grandmother's bedroom, thought it might be fun to write some stories himself. He wrote only a bit of one story at that time; it began with an old man of 90 who had three scars on his forehead, one leg and not as many fingers as he should have had. After 18 pages of the story he gave it up; perhaps because suddenly his father died in the middle of the street from a stroke — so Leo and his brothers and sisters were now totally orphans.

There were other tutors; the aunt was marvellous of course but formal education — still — no nothing like that. Leo really had to educate himself, which in a funny way he did rather well. He read a lot, he talked a lot, he asked a lot of questions and he noticed what went on around him. He noticed things and missed almost nothing it seems. In spite of an untrained mind, an unschooled intelligence, he kept his senses awake. Little escaped them and what hit them he retained. He spent a few years at university in a rather remote spot between his succession of tutors and going into the world. Not very valuable years, those university years were, it seems, for the poor student. Not only did he win no prizes but he failed many of his exams. Said one report of him: "Insufficient attendance in class, total failure in history."

His life became a mess. Passing through his teens he conceived a passion for gambling, he drank wildly and constantly, he threw himself at all the women he could. Aware of his faults, he had equally passionate bouts of repentance, appalling self-discipline, meticulous rule-making. Unable to prepare for a career, he joined his soldier brother for a while, who was stationed in a remote borderland, to try to find in the world of a frontier soldier, amid lonely hills and some simple people, some meaning in life, some direction, some purpose. He was doing a bit of writing then; bits of autobiography, stories of a soldier's life and when a rather big war broke out he did some war reports. Those who read his stuff thought it was actually rather good and when a few years later he married he therefore at last got down to the business of writing a bigger book, a sort of historical novel — rather a long one.

As for that long novel, well, a few years after it was published, he said of it when he was contemplating a rather more domestic story, "I shall write no more gossipy twaddle of the 'war and

peace' kind" for — yes — I am talking of Leo Tolstoy and all the know-all school masters in the audience will have guessed for some time, and I am talking of him not because I want you to spend the weekend reading his voluminous works — although it wouldn't be a bad idea — not because I find his later religious views particularly attractive, or wish you to adopt them; not because I urge you to embrace his early life of gambling and whoring on the good road to fame, as some of you may have embraced already, but because one thing about this supremely great writer stands out for us to wonder at: he was virtually self-educated.

Now (I speak here to the members of the School) you are not self-educated. Information is hurled at you from all directions and compared with the 1840's when Leo Tolstoy was your age, there is a great deal of information which it is thought proper to fill you with — and an army of people, very highly paid, all ready to shove it into you. Tolstoy, unlike almost all of us, had to use his own senses actively — had to notice — to notice not just with the eyes but with the ears, nose and touch. In the long cold Russian winters there was no television, no radio, no quick news; there was disease, superstition and there was darkness, but Tolstoy's genius lay in his being constantly alert. Technically, the experts say he was not even a very good writer of Russian prose. He was clumsy like our own Thomas Hardy, but like Hardy he missed nothing.

Now I've given away some prizes today — well done the winners, bad luck the losers. I am

J. H. Bramley (MVI)



pleased and sympathetic but we all know it's not very important; all that is important is what your senses are doing — not at this moment: the sensible among you would have switched them off. You are not necessarily going to be "Tolstoy's" but, in what you do, your paper qualifications may get you a job so you must strive to get such qualifications. But having got them, it is your power to notice that will matter, to notice, to remember, to connect, to make jumps of imagination, to prepare, to be puzzled and curious and active in finding out. This power is what will matter, be you a doctor, an inventor, a financier, an advertiser, a market man, a social worker, a priest; and this power cannot, I think, be taught. It is something which can be gained only by you and your ability to gain it has very little to do with your ability to win prizes at school.

Tolstoy never went to school, Dickens scarcely, John Keats scarcely. School isn't a disadvantage but, in the last resort, the important thing you do at school is how you choose to employ for yourself your intelligence and your senses and your power to notice and to question and to seek. It is much more difficult to develop these things now than it used to be, for now information pours in upon you in such quantity that you are almost left literally blinded, deafened and de-smelled. Well, don't be; tell these clamorous sources to shut up and shut down occasionally and just think and feel and watch. Have a lovely weekend and read a bit of Tolstoy. Try some of his short stories!

DRAMA

Lower Sixth Play Review 'FROM WITHIN'

A Play in Two Acts

This intense psychological drama was experimental in a most fascinating way. The play was written by the Director and the actors, employing a technique of improvisation which evolved from a basic dramatic situation, rather than from a script. The play centres on a sergeant in the British Army who violently over-steps his authority whilst interrogating a subversive private on his unit, and it also deals with the way in which military bureaucracy meets such cases. Its intensity suited its brevity, lasting a mere 45 minutes. It would do well on either television or radio and certainly produced a most explosive atmosphere in the suitably claustrophobic Rehearsal Room at its best moments. The central character, Sergeant Harry Jackson, was played by Nathan Holland. In the first Act we see Jackson falling prey to Major Cartwright, played by Bryn Hesketh, as the latter, with calculated malice, enjoyed making the demise of the former as unpleasant as possible. Because the Major is himself so unscrupulous and unworthy, we naturally sympathise with Jackson. Jackson could not hit back and Cartwright took pleasure in making it clear that the case was open and shut from the beginning. Bryn Hesketh brought a fine sardonic control to the situation and communicated the petty but unanswerable power of officialdom. Not altogether satisfactory were the shadowy references to some personal vendetta between the two men in the past involving Jackson's wife. If the play had a weakness, it lay in references calling forth external information in a slightly disorientating way. This happened again in the next Act when we were not quite clear of the crime which Baxter was supposed to have committed and which sounded horrendous in a rather sensational way, when it might have been better if he had been guilty of a more obviously military offence. The whole idea of the play required tightness of control in every direction: acting, speaking and pruning the material down to the basic essentials in the best Aristotelian fashion; these echoes of other worlds were distractors rather than informers.

In the second Act, our sympathy for Jackson evaporates as we see his treatment of Private Baxter. It was a clever and powerfully dramatic move to switch the timing of the two scenes. By the time we have finished seeing Jackson deal with Baxter, we feel that he got all that he deserved in the first Act and that his occasional muffled bleatings under the scourge of Cartwright were indeed 'pathetic,' a word which was used about him and by him a good deal. It was not made adequately clear what Baxter had done to cause Jackson such fury or to land in such serious trouble in the first place. The idea of

a confrontation between Jackson and Baxter was well conceived, with Jackson starting as the over-bearing interrogator being out-manoeuvred, ridiculed and badly shaken by Baxter's penetrating analysis of the Sergeant's own weakness, and, logically enough, giving vent to his feelings by the administration of extensive violence, culminating in the death of Baxter. I am not sure how much Baxter was supposed to represent Jackson's alter ego but he certainly provided a demonic catalyst for Jackson's various character deficiencies to express themselves most dangerously. Baxter was acted very well by Chris Allerton: the insidious under-dog gradually gaining control of the situation as he penetrates the thin skin of his would-be oppressor. His gathering confidence was well portrayed as he administered sarcasm to Jackson, a form of attack with which a man like Jackson could never cope. Jackson's inadequacies are again revealed and again we can see how he was never promoted, without perhaps feeling especially sorry for him as he is taunted by the Private in this Act in the same way as he had been by the officer in the first Act. Nathan Holland played the part of the hapless Jackson and, in the end, intrigued though I was by the potential of the character for the greater part of the play, I did not find much sympathy for him and, perhaps more damaging, I did not think that there were many interesting depths ready to surface. When all was said and done, he was a dull thug with a chip on his shoulder who, when stuck for words, used physical violence. I did not find it a convincing moment when Jackson lost the initiative to Baxter. Jackson crumpled up too quickly and perhaps a little too easily and resolved the matter in violent murder. Also, and this is perhaps a personal opinion, it is my impression that Nathan Holland's strength as an actor lends itself to a much more subtle rôle than this one; Jackson was so despicable in a basic and simple kind of way that he provided a sort of unsatisfactory vacuum for the more clever and more critical Cartwright and Baxter simply to play games in trying to fill, by evoking fear and jealousy. Nathan Holland's natural skills on the stage do seem to involve handling a character who is more sophisticated and positive than Jackson. When he did seem vulnerable and frightened, he was at his best; having been, given the scope for this greater subtlety, this was lost in the violent denouement which, within the scheme of the play as a whole, was the obvious and necessary outcome. Was a good actor slightly miscast perhaps? Or had he teased himself so intensely over the character which he had after all partly created that he had lost sight of who or what it was he was acting? Still, he brings strength and integrity to the stage and, with a better formed character, clearly has much to offer.

Dickon Weatherby played the part of Jackson's friend and equal, Sergeant Frank Jessard; no

mean achievement for the director a play of this kind. Even Jackson's best friend was forced to try to bring Jackson to his senses in realising his own limitations and some of the consequences of these. It was a cleverness in the play that three such different characters, the helpful friend, the insubordinate junior and the vindictive senior officer, should all have, from their different angles, justification for their criticism of the central character.

Whatever the rough edges, or the teasing ambivalences, albeit imprecisely controlled, this was a very worthwhile theatrical occasion and a brave and interesting experiment. Perhaps the themes themselves were more interesting than the attempt at psychological conflict, but the latter was present and, given the fact that it was created by the actors themselves, from their own imagination, its restraint did it some credit. The technical effects, though spartan, were all effective and the Director and his cast and his adviser, Mr. Hirst, must be thanked for giving us so much to think about in such a short space of time and for risking themselves in the public arena in such an exciting experiment.

P.A.S.F.

"From Within"—C. E. O. Allerton.



Junior Congreve Production

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

It was entirely in keeping with Stowe tradition that the Junior Congreve Club should have mounted this ambitious production of John Gay's trenchant satire directed against the then 'prime' minister, Robert Walpole. For there are in the school many witnesses to the strength of rebellious Whig feeling here: not least the innuendos of the Temple of British Worthies and the orange rosette sported by IMS on election day. Perhaps it was not altogether coincidental that, simultaneously with this production, corruption in high places was being exposed on both sides of the Atlantic. The theme of *The Beggar's Opera*, that the thieving and betrayal of the underworld is little different from the 'dirty tricks' of politics, remains fresh today, and the cast of the Junior Congreve production showed that the songs and scenes of this great comic opera could be revived with a genuine sense of fun.

The great strength of this production was the outstanding portrayal of the central character, Peachum (receiver of stolen goods, and police informer), by Ben Ridley. More than anyone else, he mastered the difficult language, and projected this roguish portrait of Walpole with much energy and enjoyment. His performance injected pace and life into the production, and some of the best scenes involved him and Rupert Holtby, who played the heroine, Peachum's daughter, Polly. Holtby's appearance was unnervingly effective and he contributed much to the comic atmosphere with his remarkable hand movements. Marcus Jefferson played the romantic lead, Macheath, with aplomb, his stage presence offsetting his limited singing talents. Miles Nottage was deliciously seedy as Lockett, the Newgate gaoler. Two other actors to catch the eye were Steven Forro, as an exceedingly camp Mrs. Peachum, and Tim Arlon as the most conspicuous of Macheath's gang. The ladies of the night thoroughly enjoyed making the most of their opportunity to capture the centre of the stage.

The cast was much more talented dramatically than musically, and it was a pity that the supporting rogues and villains failed to add a truly rousing chorus. Fortunately Stuart Thompson's imaginative reworking of the original score carried the show along enjoyably, especially with the orchestra's special effects. Mark Hancock's Hogarthian set very stylishly gave the period touch.

Despite very helpful and informative programme notes, the audience clearly struggled to grasp the play's theme, and response seldom rose above the not altogether Aristotelian pleasure of recognition or the (sometimes unseemly) cheering of relations and friends. This

made it very difficult for the 'beggar' himself, Mark Aldridge, to make it understood that this is the Beggar's, not the Beggars', opera. He and the cast performed creditably under these adverse conditions, and are much to be commended.

V.H.H.

NEW BOYS' PLAYS

Once again, the dramatic year at Stowe was launched in style by an enthusiastically and imaginatively prepared set of short plays from the new Third Formers. Only one play was seen twice, so the evening also had a pleasing variety to it. Cobham even managed a world premiere of a play written by Fourth Former Lee Harris, and there was some justified nepotism in three Houses where directors had cast their younger brothers in leading roles!

The evening was distinguished by some clear speaking and effective acting, particularly Edmund Stoppard (Walpole), Matthew Bazeley (Lyttelton), Tristan Crawford (Grenville), Gerry Scrase (Temple) and Max Macintosh (Bruce), but most Houses gave their actors a chance to shine, and only once or twice did we see boys left as 'extras' in the background. The plays, from this point of view, had been thoughtfully chosen, and

Chandos's 'Streuth!' and Grafton's 'Chastity Pewke' emerged particularly strongly as ensemble pieces. In almost every play the directors had created a very good sense of pace (which is not the same as speed) and their actors had learned not merely their lines well but also their cues. Thus the productions had a tremendous buoyancy which overcame some stodginess in the stage movement. In less than two weeks' rehearsal time, though, the latter must be expected. Grenville astounded the audience by presenting a play in verse, and sustaining the rhythms perfectly even in the midst of dialogue. This was a remarkable achievement and much praise is due to director Peter Evelyn.

It was splendid to see the imagination and initiative which had gone into costuming the productions. Working with limited resources, minimal budgets and hardly any time at all, directors had created lively visual presentations in almost every case. Altogether it was a most successful evening, and parents of Chandos, Grafton, Walpole, Bruce and Temple have already enjoyed repeat performances. Clearly, as far as pupil enthusiasm is concerned, Stowe's drama should be safe for several years yet.

I.M.S.

N. F. Q. Terry (MVI)



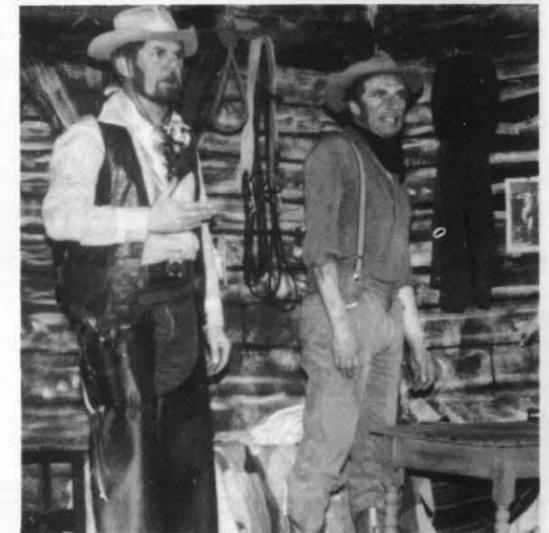
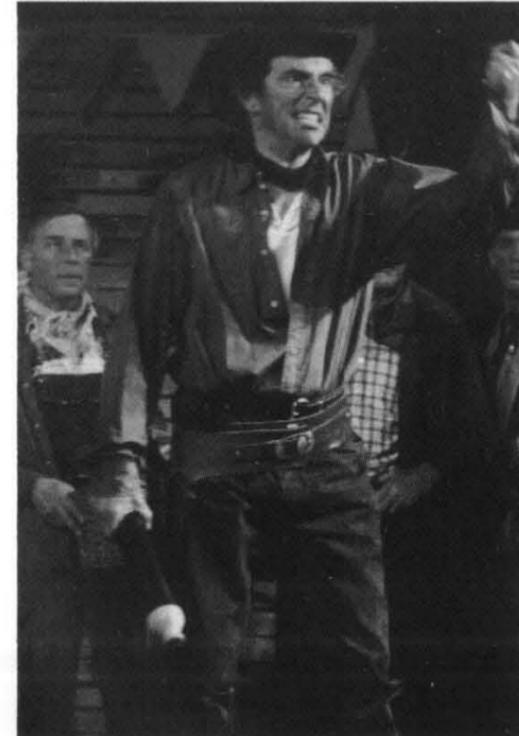
The Set — A Composite View.

Staff Musical: 1987

OKLAHOMA!

At Lord's once, the afternoon crowd burst into spontaneous applause when the sun appeared. At this performance of *Oklahoma!*, the packed audience greeted enthusiastically the sunburst of the superb set. Simultaneously naturalistic and allusive, this little bit of Middle West, rebuilt in Roxburgh Hall as an intricate revolving unit, was designed by G.St.J.S. and the whole mise-en-scène skilfully painted by Diana Ozturk, Jane Scott, Heather Meredith and members of the cast. There could hardly be a better framework for the array of comic and musical talents on show, for the set really composed a pictorial leitmotif for the entire play.

A.G.M. as 'Pore Jud.'



J.B.D. as Curley; A.G.M. as Jud in the Smoke House.

In contrast to the milk and saccharine film version, L.E.W.'s solid imaginative direction succeeded in revealing the serious and comic resonances inherent in Rogers' music and Hammerstein's libretto. The play's durability derives not only from the memorable songs, but also from the underlying allegory: its themes—love, hatred, jealousy, betrayal, innocence and evil—are the ingredients of Human Comedy itself. *Oklahoma!* is a prairieland of naïf primitivism, a realm of uncomplicated optimism at whose complacent heart lurks, like Original Sin, the serpentine Jud Fry. A.G.M.'s Jud was a psychological study of a sinister and malign 'case.' Devoid of any theatrical glamour of evil, he was brutal and impervious to charm, humour or subtlety. How well the production counterpointed Laurey and Curley's 'nice, cosy little place' and the gloomy claustrophobia of Jud's Smoke House, decked with signs of Victorian wantonness. 'Pore' Jud was here a vicious persona, expunged finally by acclaim and the return to benign sunshine on the corn "as high as an elephant's eye."



'The Cowboy Shuffle'
J.M.L., M.D., S.T., M.D.L.H., M.J.S.

Ruth Carrington as Laurey and I.M.S. as Ali Hakim.



Ruth Carrington as Laurey; J.B.D. as Curley.

A.A.V.R. as Andrew Carnes



One records with appreciation the energy and adroitness of L.E.W.'s production. The Stowe *Oklahoma!* was a miracle of casting, the players expanding so seamlessly into their parts that caricature never slid into stereotype. The characters were plausible in their familiarity yet original. J.B.D.'s straight-talking down-to-earth Curly sang with a rich strong vibrancy complementing Ruth Harrington's starry-eyed Laurey, whose romancing and protesting were uttered with a smooth charming clarity. Their duet 'People Will Say we're in Love' was a fine blending of voices.

The amiable spiv Ali Hakim was performed with irrepressible slyness by I.M.S., whose versatile feats as the flashily-dressed scoundrel suggested as much Music Hall as the Musical. His "It's a Scandal! It's a' Outrage," accompanied by the good ol' Boys and Girls, was a major highlight of the evening. And one must note M.D.L.H. in the guise of the wide-eyed callow youth, Will Parker.

As well as these distinguished dramatic performances, the musical fun was outstanding overall. The delightful cowboy-shuffle, the tapdance sequence, jauntily executed by J.M.L., M.D., S.T., M.D.L.H. and M.J.S. and

choreographed by Penny Waterman, was received with encores and duly repeated. They celebrated a place so unaffectedly provincial that its inhabitants aspired to the gentility of Kansas City. Other exuberant moments included A.A.V.R.'s shotgun arrangements for his daughter Ado Annie, who was dying to say "I do" anyway. Annie's part was filled with great comic flair by A.M.M.S. The choruses were often excellent in their timing, tone and gesture. And much praise is due to the fresh and lively musical accompaniment under P.C.D.'s direction.

The success of *Oklahoma!* was the fruit of communal effort: artist and artisan, costume and lights, choral and individual performances intelligently and intelligibly renewing an old standard. One felt hugely-entertained as the "Beautiful Mornin'" faded into the sunset of a happy-ending and the tunes lingered into the night.

T.A.O.

[Staff in order of mention above: Messrs. Scott, Weston, Meredith, Dobinson, Small, Hancock, Larcombe, Dawson, Taylor, Hancock, Smith, Rudolf, Mrs. Small and Mr. Drayton.]

Photograph by A. K. C. Saw



MUSIC

(List of Musical Events)

**Saturday, September 19th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Roxburgh Hall**

MIDLAND YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA

As featured in the last night of the Schools Proms, MYJO have won the M.U.M. Big Band Competition for four years running and the BBC (Youth Section) in 1986

**Sunday, October 11th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Music Room**

STOWE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Clarinet Quartet *Krommer*
Horn Quintet *Mozart*
Octet *Spohr*

**Sunday, October 18th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Music Room**

**QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
AND STRING ORCHESTRA**

with PAULINE LOWBURY *piano*

Motets for voices and strings *Mozart*
The Seasons *Vivaldi*

**Sunday, November 15th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Music Room**

WIND ENSEMBLE

Directed by PAUL HARRIS

with PAUL DRAYTON *piano*

Travel Notes *Richard Rodney Bennett*
Wind Quintet *Danzi*
Sextet *Poulenc*

**Friday, November 27th, 1987
6.00 CONCERT***

**Saturday, December 5th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Roxburgh Hall**

STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY AND

**STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY
AND ORCHESTRA**

with FIONA SWADLING *piano*

Piano Concerto in D minor *Mozart*
God's Anvil *Paul Drayton*
Hary Janos Suite *Kodaly*

**Thursday, December 10th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Marble Hall**

CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT

6.00 p.m. Concerts will take place in the Music Room
or Marble Hall

MUSIC AT STOWE

The concert series at Stowe goes from strength to strength with no fewer than twenty-three concerts in the current academic year. It is also one of the aspects of work at Stowe that makes it such a special place to live in. That is not to say that the concerts are not achieved without a great deal of hard work — the concerts given by pupils involve considerable effort on the part of the music staff and many of the concerts we ourselves play in take a great deal of time and effort to rehearse. A performance we gave last year of the Mozart Trio K563 took a week of the Easter "Holidays" to prepare!

It has often been commented on these pages that although the concerts are well supported there are often disappointingly few Stoics in the audiences. This is not just a "Stowe phenomenon": I played at a concert at a similar school not so long ago and could only see two pupils in the audience! But this must not make us complacent. We live in a country where our present political leaders place consumerism and the pursuit of wealth far ahead of spiritual, moral and artistic values — all the more reason to try to redress the balance!

This term started with an energetic concert given by the Midland Youth Jazz Orchestra. The programme was performed with breathtaking rhythmic accuracy and a dedication to their difficult task that was most impressive. The concert was played to a good audience in the Roxburgh Hall, some of the younger members of which were not there voluntarily but one doubts if it will have done them any lasting damage!

An innovation this year was to give a concert on the first visiting weekend in which each of the music staff played a concerto (a sort of Meet the Stowe Music Department Show). Two Twentieth Century concertos by Finzi and Larsson made a good foil to concertos by Telemann and Mozart. D.F.G. conducted the visiting string orchestra with admirable composure — four concertos on the trot is a very tiring experience.

Many people have said how sorry they are that we did not have Pavilion Opera back this year; an unfortunate internal clash of dates made the one opportunity we had fall through. This was very disappointing for us as a sponsor had offered to help us take the risk of promoting the performance.

On Sunday, October 11th, a chamber concert introduced us to the horn playing of Andrew Skirrow in works by Mozart and Spohr. The attractive programme included the Horn Quintet of Mozart with the Spohr Octet and the taxing horn parts in both works were played with aplomb, Andrew being joined by Laurence Davies in the latter piece. The concert opened with a Stamitz Clarinet Quartet (the clarinet being

played by P.D.H.) and the string group was led by Edward Davies.

A treat was in store for the audience on October 18th when a small string orchestra was joined by violinist Pauline Lowbury for a performance of Vivaldi's evergreen Seasons. Pauline was just back from playing the Bruch 1st Concerto with the Ulster Orchestra but there was no sign of fatigue in her brilliant violin playing. The first half of the concert consisted of three motets by Mozart sung by the Queen's Temple Singers. This was a short concert but there are several concerts later in the season that will make up for this!

This year includes several several informal concerts on Tuesday evenings to give Stoics more chances to perform in public. The highlight of the first concert was the Rossini "Cat Duet," a piece that the writer of this article would like to see buried once and for all (there is a much better one by Ravel), but it says a great deal for the vocal tuition given by Mary Hodges and the encouragement given by P.C.D. that singing is in such a healthy state at Stowe at the moment — how about an opera?

R.J.S.S.

Sunday, September 27th, 1987 at 7.45 p.m.
in the Roxburgh Hall

A CONCERT BY THE MUSIC STAFF
OF STOWE

with

A PROFESSIONAL STRING ORCHESTRA

Conducted by DAVID GATEHOUSE

with

BRAM WIGGINS *trumpet*

PAUL DRAYTON *piano*

ROBERT SECRET *viola*

PAUL HARRIS *clarinet*

Concertino for trumpet and strings *Lars-Erik Larsson*
Piano Concerto in A K.414 *Mozart*
Concerto for viola and strings *Telemann*
Clarinet Concerto *Finzi*

After almost three decades of concert-going at Stowe I never fail to be surprised and entranced by the freshness and vigour of the musical scene. Stowe is made for music and what splendid variety and excellence we have enjoyed all these years (and, since the tragic collapse of the ceiling in Concord, in so many places). And no concert, surely, was more successful than the first of the season. It was a brilliant idea to make this an introduction to the musical life of Stowe for new Stoics and their parents, and the choice of programme this year, whether by happy chance or by happier design, was no less brilliant.

At first sight, though, four concertos in succession might look a little indigestible, but every piece must have been a delight to the newcomer and each one had its savour for even the most sophisticated palate. That we were in for something special was apparent from Bram Wiggins' first sparkling entry in the Larsson trumpet concertino which, merry, sad and spirited by turns, not only provided the perfect curtain-raiser but also demonstrated the full range of the instrument and the virtuosity of the player. After the triumphant trumpet came the delicate lightness and elegance of Mozart. This is not one of his better known concertos but it works the familiar magic, inventive genius hiding behind apparent simplicity and, in a performance of the greatest sensitivity, Paul Drayton played with the deceptive effortlessness which is the prerequisite for Mozart.

After the interval, Telemann, the promise of good, safe, solid, predictable fare; but the viola concerto has a depth of feeling not always associated with this composer and it received from Robert Secret a generously warm interpretation in which the rich sonorities of the viola were richly displayed. Finally came the Finzi clarinet concerto which to my shame and regret I was hearing for the first time. I am grateful to Paul Harris for opening this door to me with his persuasive performance of this beguilingly English piece. I must have it on my desert island to bring me the sweetness and tang of the pippins which, we're told, were Finzi's other delight.

In this marvellously evocative work the orchestra under David Gatehouse's sympathetic direction excelled itself, but to be sure in all four items it was a true partner to the soloists and in itself an instrument which has whetted my appetite for more string orchestra concerts here. The warmth of the applause from a sizeable audience allows me to hope that this feeling is shared by many of the newcomers to Stowe and the standard of the playing promises that they will not be disappointed.

J.M.T.

STOWE-RUGBY SOUTH AMERICA EXPEDITION 1987

The wheels touched down and the brakes slammed on — so here we finally were: Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Once settled into the hotel, it wasn't long before we were swinging precariously upwards towards the summit of Sugar Loaf and looking down on the skyscrapers and lagoons. We had our first view of Copacabana beach and the hazy heat of Rio soon brought us down for a closer look.

The next day we explored Corcovado. There the Statue of Christ, which dominates Rio, stands impressive in white soapstone 120ft. high.

In contrast to the noisy exuberant city life, the tropical gardens were quiet and serene. Here the avenues of palm trees reached for the sky and huge arrays of tropical plants happily photo-synthesised under the caring protection of armed guards.

After days of sightseeing the nights were spent at clubs, particularly 'Help,' which, being wild, noisy and exuberant was rather appropriately named.

And so on through Sao Paulo, a city claiming to represent hard work and hope towards Foz de Igassu on the Brazilian-Argentinian border. After a 16 hour coach journey we nearly didn't make it into Argentina as, when we disembarked from the bus at the border post, the bus driver drove off and left us stranded in no-man's-land obviously believing it was more than his life was worth to take an English Public School Party into Argentina. So we walked to the nearest town.

We finally arrived at the falls which were spectacular. 1750m³ a second of coffee-coloured water cascade in a creamy froth over red rock. The sheer expanse was incredible, the falls are twice as high and as wide as Niagara.

We paid a brief visit to the duty-free Mecca of Asuncion, capital of Paraguay, where a misunderstanding at the Playboy Club led to the majority of the party being chased by hefty bouncers for several blocks past armed guards! So, we left Paraguay on the wanted list and flew into the Andes and Bolivia.

We ended up in Cochabamba, where we were only supposed to change planes, but because of sandstorms on the runway at Sucre, we stayed 24 hours. The Indian market was an explosion of colour, noise and smells and a complete culture-shock. The people, small and dark, wore national dress, hats ranging from white top hats to the black bowler; over their backs hung colourful woven cloths in which they carried everything from bundles of shopping to babies. They wandered in and out of stalls laden with exotic

fruits, vegetables, herbs and spices, all immaculately displayed.

Our flight left and skimmed over the peaks of the Andes. The plane swooped down to land at Sucre but, unfortunately, failed to touch down until well over half way along the runway. We finally banged down on one wheel and bounced along at an alarming rate. Two wheels were down as we hit full reverse throttle at which point, we all shot forward. We came to halt with 10m of runway left. The Bolivian pilots are the best in the world, we were informed in the airport, it's just that they have the worst planes.

The white buildings in Sucre were superb examples of Spanish colonial architecture. Here we bumped into Andrew Hale (O.S.) who was also trekking across South America and heading towards Rio.

Then started the climb through the Andes to the mining town of Potosi, standing at 13,500ft. The tin mine we visited used 16th century mining methods and the only pieces of modern technology were the tin hats and acetylene lamps. The conditions in the mine were intolerable; the miners worked 12-17 hour shifts in temperatures of 40°C, chewing cocoa leaves continually to prevent hunger and thirst. Before we were allowed to enter the mines, superstition dictated that we too had to chew cocoa leaves. For about half an hour we chewed a cud containing a limestone catalyst which released a juice that made your mouth feel as though you had just had an injection at the dentist!

From the squalor of the mines, we moved to the hustle and bustle of La Paz which at 12,000ft. is the highest capital city in the world. We spent the days wandering around around alleys where Bolivian witch doctors sold lotions, potions, fertility symbols and dried llamas foetuses which you place under your house for good luck. Having had enough of the Third World in the day we spent the evenings in the cocktail lounge on the top floor of the Sheraton Hotel.

Just outside La Paz, we visited Chacaltya which at 18,000ft. claims to be the highest ski-run in the world. Here the 45° slope of ice proved too daunting to even the bravest skiers.

Our journey took us to Puno on the shores of Lake Titicaca, our first stop in Peru. Here we visited reed islands inhabited by the Uros tribe, where we were besieged by little kids to whom we distributed sweets and postcards of Buckingham.

An epic eleven hour train journey ended in Cuzco, the heart of the Inca empire. We stayed here for a week, during which time Clive Pullen fell ill, turned seriously puffy and became incredibly short of breath. He was rushed to hospital where the Doctor prescribed drugs to which Clive was allergic and went from bad to worse, nearly dying on us. He was just saved in



Scenes from South American Expedition.

Photographs by D. W. J.



time and once on the right drugs soon returned to his normal bouncy self. Clive was not the only one to fall ill as the potent Pisco Sours and Machu Picchu cocktails took their toll on quite a few of the Party. We visited various Inca ruins including Machu Picchu, a complete Inca city set on the saddle of a high mountain with terraces falling away to the Urubamba river. We had the pleasure of sharing a train carriage with the San Juan football team, so the trip did not turn out to be the cultural experience we originally anticipated. Machu Picchu was however voted the most 'mellow' place we visited.

From Cuzco, we flew into the heat and humidity of the Amazon jungle where canoes ferried us down the river to our lodge. Three days gave ample time to explore the jungle by foot with the help of a guide's machete. From the alligators to the brightly coloured birds, to the leaf cutter ants, the wildlife was never far away. Following a swim in the murky waters of the Amazon several went down with the Inca trots.

Nursing mosquito bites and blisters, we arrived in Lima, a city covered in grey mist for nearly six months of the year. Here we met up with Neil Rushton (O.S.) who took us to all the unspoiled places which made us want to return to Lima in the sunshine months. Before leaving, a swim in the Pacific concluded our coast-to-coast trip of South America.

During our travels, two important surveys were carried out. Anyone visiting South America and interested in where to find the best banana split please contact Dr. James; and anyone interested

in wanting to know 'Where to Go—Literally' in South America please contact Richard Simpson.

The party comprised: David James, Fiona Lockton, Ann Osborne, Clive Pullin, Simon Ferrand, Nicholas Meade, Richard Simpson, Nicholas Marsh, Christopher Hutber, Sandy David and Edward Kerr-Muir.

F.J.L.

E. J. T. Kerr-Muir

A. J. G. David

POSTSCRIPT:

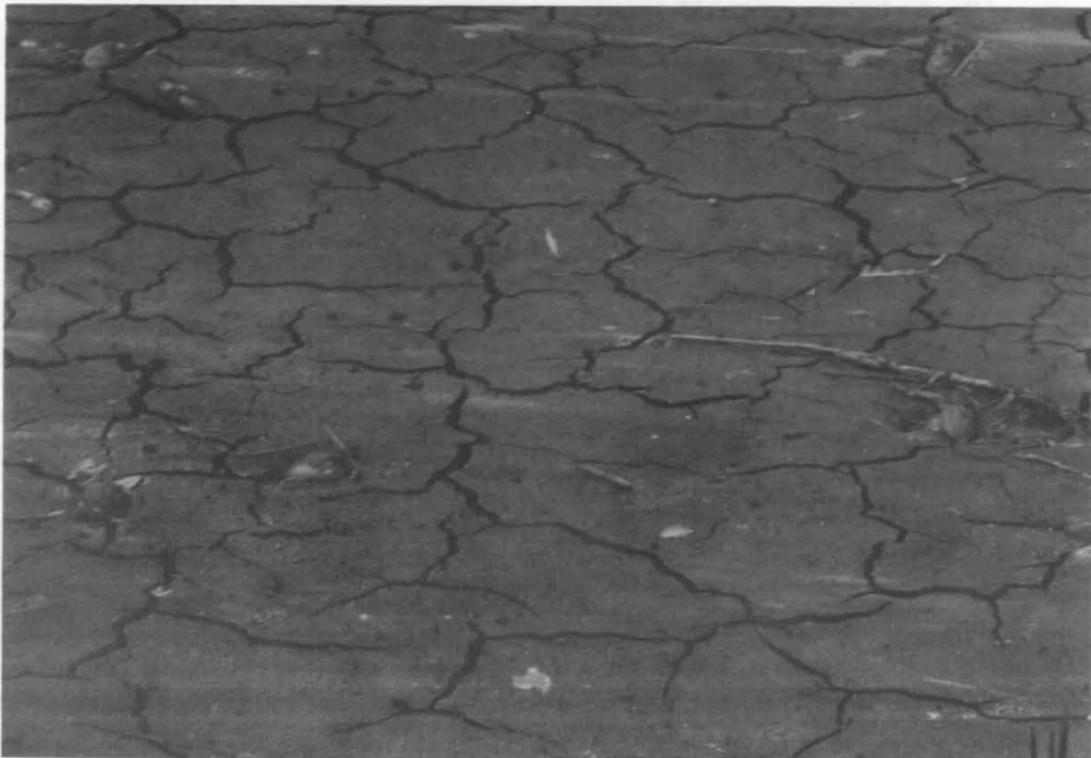
It is impossible to convey to anyone not part of an expedition of this magnitude, the life-long experiences which will live on in us all. My own apprehension about taking a joint party comprising staff and pupils from two rival schools melted away within days as the party formed into one happy and united group. I should like to thank them all for their co-operation, good humour and fortitude without which this expedition could not have been the immense success it turned out to be.

D.W.J.

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS



Photograph by G. W. P. Taylor



Photograph by M. Lowe

THE ROXBURGH JUNIOR PRIZE FOR VERSE

(Winner)

WATER

From umber peat-hag dark,
On the high tops where roams lark
And ptarmigan, grouse and deer,
The burbling water, amber and clear,
Tumbles ringingly down well-worn paths
And flows on to the cliff, past hinds with calves.

Over cliff edge sharply it drops,
Its laughter silenced in shock
As it falls. The rock-knife wounds
It white, and it drifts silent as the moon,
And as it lands, this silvery mane
Raises a bellowing cry, a protest of pain.

It picks itself up and limps away,
Crawling through pools, decked with may,
And meanders softly, stoned around
Through emerald fields it long ago found,
A gentle smile on its troubled face
As it hobbles into the lochan's embrace.

Rocking gently in the lochan's arms,
The water convalesces from the harms
It received from its fall. Injuries healed,
It laps up against the edge of the field
And begins to burble once more,
As it contentedly nudges the pebbled shore.

R. J. Spencer (Lower Sixth)

THE ROXBURGH SENIOR PRIZE FOR VERSE

(Winner)

MOON LAKE

Moonlight glints on rippled water,
Shattered shards of glimmering light.
Night owl cries in nearby woodland,
Gently drifting through the night.

By the rapids, roe-deer drinking,
Gratefully sip the cool sweet life.
The torrent roars white about them,
Rocks and river, locked in strife.

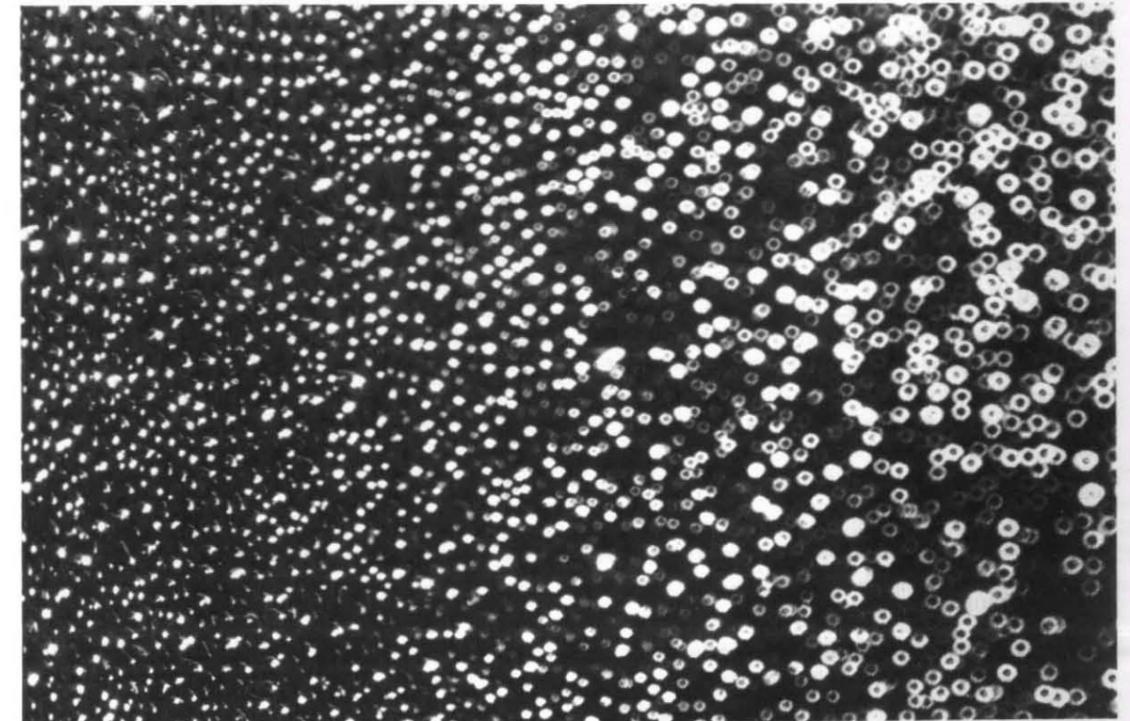
Flying low above the surface,
Fruit bats skim to drink their fill;
They then return into the darkness,
And, once more, the lake is still.

Shadows dance and flicker wildly,
On the water, phantoms form.
Pools of moonshine, pale and ghostly.
Rattling, roars the distant storm.

Slowly on the silent river,
Trim canoe drifts slowly by.
Warrior, kneeling, firmly steers her,
As a clear dawn gilds the sky.

T. R. Fell (LVI)

Photograph by M. Lowe



“WATER”

It rushes past the willow tree
with no apparent purpose,
Swirling, flowing, racing,
rippling, rolling, swelling,
violently cascading over stones
on the river bed.
Then quiet and peaceful, where
the fish lie.
The brilliant light flashes
off the surface of the water,
and when it is calm,
the perfect reflection of
the dew-covered grass.
A thunderous noise bellows
through the valley,
as the water tears over
so many banks and rocks.
It shimmers like a sheet
of thin metal as it runs
under the bridge.
Beneath the over-hanging tree,
it is black and malevolent,
but as it flows past,
it's as pure as untouched snow.

S. J. Scott (Vb)

Life, not Death
Cooling, fresh
Bubbly, crystal clear
Happiness, not fear
Help to the thirsty
Clean not dirty
The juice of life.

Deep, cold
The land of the bold
Dark, harsh
Sinister and forbidding
The crushing mass
The awesome tomb of many
But still a centre of life
A jungle under the sea.

From dribble to flood
From tap to ocean
Water links birth and doom
Good and bad
God and the Devil
Life and Death.

O. P. M. Seale (IVd)

Glassy block of water,
Smooth as marble paving.
Reflections of a different you,
Look up to a silken blue.
A bright orange sphere,
Matched in brightness,
The sun a wandering traveller,
Followed by its own image.

R. P. Petersson (IVe)

Lying everywhere, essential for all,
Filling the ocean and thrashing the shore.
Rushing down streams and in lakes asleep,
Emerging in springs, down mountains so steep.

At dusk by the shore, aiding the sunset,
A liquid of crystals, pure, clear and wet.
Appearing in droplets in the morning dew,
Rushing from taps with chores to go through.

Water in clouds set for a storm,
Waiting by test-tubes for water to form,
Water in drinks, diluted with more water,
Spirited from guns and pistols in laughter.

Cascading down as it drops at a fall,
Transported to houses from pipes in the wall.
Water in tears of sadness and ire,
Water endorsed to engulf the fire.

Water in winter hardens to ice,
Comes down as snow for a surprise.
Water, lying everywhere, essential for all,
Twinkles in the sun, casts waves on the shore.

E. A. G. Shillington (XL)

What do you see, my friends?
Tell me what you see,
As you gaze into the stream that sends,
Its cargo of diamond clarity
Far beyond you and me?
Do you see life?
Do you see beauty?
Tell me what you see?

We see happiness and contentment,
In the laughing brook.
Its energy is never spent
Its life is eternal and joyous.
Yet we must pass on
Leaving such youthfulness
Far behind ourselves,
This is what we see.

What do you see, my friends?
Now what do you see?
Cast your eyes on the great river,
Moving sedately and majestically,
Ever onwards to some distant goal,
Is there life or beauty?
What do you see?

Beauty and life are gone,
Neither can remain here,
On the banks we are alone,
No fish swim past anymore,
No children grace its murky waters,
Where black is the colour.
That is all we see.

J. E. J. Barnbrook (LVI)



GAVIN MAXWELL JUNIOR PRIZE 1987

(Winner)

A Missing Chapter from my Autobiography— The Nicholas Brown Prize and Me: A (Non)-Success Story— by N. D. Jackson

My last three years before I came to Stowe were spent at a small prep school in Kent called Marlborough House. The first school magazine that came out while I was there, which covered the previous year, contained a section of stories under the title “Nicholas Brown Memorial Essay Prize.” Nicholas Brown was a former pupil who had recently been killed in a car accident. Each year members of the school were asked to put forward the best piece they had written during the year to be judged by someone from outside, usually a well-known author. In that first magazine, for example, the judge was Clive King.

In my first year I wrote a story entitled “The Last Dinosaur,” about a dinosaur that comes to ravish an English village. My English master, Mr. Conningsby (who was standing in for the usual teacher, who was absent with loss of voice) thought it good enough to enter for the competition. I copied it out in my best handwriting, putting my name and age at the bottom as you were supposed to.

Being just under eleven years old, I felt proud. It had not seemed anything special at the time,

but Mr. Conningsby had obviously thought it good enough to join the twenty-five or so others to be judged by the author, Rosemary Sutcliff. Although outwardly modest, I made winning this prize before I left one of my private ambitions.

At the start of the summer term the regular English teacher, Mr. Morgan, put up a notice calling a meeting of all those who had entered the competition. I did not really believe that I was going to win at my first attempt, but nevertheless I felt jittery as I entered the room.

Mr. Morgan read out the adjudication.

“In judging this competition, I have not taken age into account,” it began.

That had put paid to my already faint hopes, I told myself, but even so I could not help but feel the tension as the result came to be read out.

“As runner-up, I have chosen Daniel Welldon’s story.”

Well, I had even less chance of winning it.

“The winner is Rupert Whitelegge.”

Applause thundered round the room.

Twelve months on, and the time of the competition had come round again; Mr. Morgan, though no longer the principal English master, was still there and still running the competition. The new teacher, Mr. Briggs, had selected as my entry a piece about someone who wakes up in the morning to find out that he has turned into a snake. I was a year older, and my style had matured. This time I rated my chances as considerably higher.

Mr. Morgan said nothing about any famous author judging the competition this time. It rather took the shine off the prize when it was a book token instead of an autographed book. Despite this, I was eager with anticipation and made a beeline for the notice when it went up. It read, simply:

Nicholas Brown Memorial Essay Prize 1984.

Winner: Oliver Topley.

Runner-up: Jason Baker.

C.M. April 1984.

Jason, it should be noted, was a boy of my own age, and I saw nothing special about his story. Ah, well, I told myself, you’ll be in the top form next year, and surely one of the favourites.

Mr. Morgan had by now left, and Mr. Briggs took over the running of the competition, whose details he announced in an English lesson.

“This year I’ve decided to try to put the “essay” back into the prize.”

That was a bad start. All I could write, so I thought, were stories.

“I’ve also thought it best to restrict the competition to the top two forms. Remove A will be writing on “My Ideal School Library!”

Mr. Briggs had been responsible for the move of the library to a new location the previous term. Perhaps he was in search of ideas.

"You in Form One, meanwhile will have the subject "What I would like my education to do for me."

Typical. Maybe we were the better form, but why did we always get subjects like that? I discussed the situation afterwards with my friend, Thomas Amos.

"I did want to win this before I left," I told him, "but it seems impossible now."

Thomas agreed with me.

Throughout the term, my form-mates and I began to get our ideas together. I took plenty of notes in class but it was a long time before I began to put them into an essay form. I was surprised to find that other people were not leaving it until the last minute like I was.

I remembered, when I had just finished the essay, showing it to Thomas Amos. He read it throughout and then said, "That's hopeless. You haven't got a chance."

True, I was a bit lost for inspiration, but nobody seemed to think they could win, and somebody had to, surely?

The result was announced by Mr. Briggs in assembly the following term.

"This competition is not judged by me. Normally it is judged by someone from outside. This year I dumped all the scripts on Mr. Ross's desk before I left for the holiday."

"He decided," continued Mr. Briggs, "that it was fairest to divide the competition into two sections. In Remove A, there were joint winners: Tarquin Bilgen and Alex Bell."

I clapped heartily. Alex was one of my best friends. The tension was mounting now.

"In Form One, there was a clear winner: Thomas Amos."

Three years of anticipation finally sank below the horizon as I gave a rather half-hearted clap.

But I did win the Maths. Prize that year, which was, I suppose, some consolation.

GAVIN MAXWELL JUNIOR PRIZE 1987

(Second)

A Missing Chapter from my Autobiography by C. E. Spencer

Sometime in 1982 my father was posted to the Falklands. The war had started about a month before and I was terrified when the Headmaster told me that my father had rung up to tell him

that he would be coming that afternoon to say goodbye to my elder brother, James, and me.

I count this period as the "Missing Chapter" because I was absolutely terrified for quite some while after Papa's departure, and I can remember almost nothing of school life for that time. What I do remember, however, are the hundreds of letters Papa wrote to me. It is from these mainly that I glean this true story.

It was a Wednesday when Mr. Maynard, the Headmaster of my Prep. School, told James and myself that Papa would be coming to say goodbye that afternoon. I can tell it was a Wednesday because Mr. Kitchingman was on duty. I think on reflection, that it might well have been the Summer term as I seem to remember there being a swim for boarders after prep.

Enough of that: Papa arrived at about 4.45. The boot of the car was absolutely crammed full of the Arctic (a little incongruous in the wilds of the ANTArctic you might think!) kit which had just been issued to him; Mummy was with him, and for once Vectis, our dog, was allowed on the seats! He was dressed in full combat kit and looked extremely smart and, surprisingly, I thought, rather happy. James and I said our tearful farewells and that was the end of it, really. I didn't see Papa again for six months.

As it was a Wednesday, the prep. was double English; we had to learn the poem "Cargoes" for recital the next day. It's the one all about the cargo ships of the world: "Quinquereme of Niniveh from distant Ophir" is the opening line.

As I had already learnt most of it the night before, I had little else to think of except that my father was going to war. The more I thought about it, the more I became anxious as to Papa's safety. I started crying. This brought a swift rebuke from Mr. Kitchingman, and for a while I stopped. I sat in silence for five minutes more, and then started to cry again. That prep. I got two "Order Marks," but somebody told R.M.K. what was wrong so he let me off!

I still find it strange that I can remember vividly the happenings of that day and after that very little, except the content of the hundreds of letters that Papa sent me.

Over the next six months an endless stream of letters bearing weird and wonderful stamps served to reassure me greatly. The first of them arrived after about two weeks; it sent James and me rushing to the library straight after breakfast to see where Papa was by then. He was on R.A.F. Bayleaf, and he had given us his position in degrees, minutes and seconds! It turned out that he was somewhere about seven or eight hundred miles off the Angolan or Nambian coast. We spent a long time trying to figure out why he was that close to Africa as opposed to South America!

Papa arrived, rather ingloriously I always think, the day after the surrender. The surrender had been drawn up by a Marine Lieutenant who had read law at university instead of the Army Legal Corps Officer who just happened to be . . . my father! He still says that if only he had arrived one day earlier the surrender document would have been correct. As it is he says that there are one or two little mistakes . . .

By this time the summer term was over and we had gone up to my Grandmother's Scottish estate in (what is no longer) Inverness. There, awaiting our arrival was an enormous parcel bearing Falklands stamps, plus a large bundle of photographs.

The photographs all had helpful comments written on the back, and one pair I will always remember, was of the first Pucara aircraft shot down. The first print bore the words "He shot it down himself" and showed the moustachioed soldier who HAD shot it down. The next one bore the legend "I shot it down myself." To the casual viewer the two men in the two photos, leaning against the wrecked plane were one and the same. Not so. The second was Papa, who had grown a moustache!

The parcel contained an S.S. *Canberra* tie for me, a T-shirt for James, and a set of Argie mess-tins for Nicholas, my younger brother.

There is very little else to tell, except that Papa returned after his six month tour to "three weeks well deserved leave." He then left for America for a further three months. All in all I had seen him very little for almost the entire year but at least I had had a buckshee day off school the day after Pa returned.

THE SPIDER

"The scene before me was one I shall never forget. It haunts me still, the same images, the same faces all frozen in time forever imprinted on my soul. My first patrol, it was only my first patrol! Johnny was with me, just to make sure I was all right and to give me any last tips before I joined the force outright. It was an easy route, neither of us was expecting any trouble, there had never been any problem before . . .

Johnny saw it first, a grotesque structure of cars strewn across the road in a monument to man's recklessness. He whispered something under his breath, I'm not sure what. He slowed the car and pulled over. I was frozen to the seat, I wished I'd stayed there. The carnage was indescribable and yet everything was silent. After so much chaos the world seemed to have stopped in a silent tribute. It made everything worse, everything so much sharper in detail. I was intruding, that's what I felt, I didn't belong. This was a place of pain and death.

Johnny dragged me over to the nearest car and frantically tried to open the door. My limbs felt detached from my body as I strained with him to free the victims inside. Suddenly it gave way . . . all dead, they were all dead. I looked down at my hands and they were scarlet with blood already thick and glutinous in the summer sun. I uttered a scream that never left my throat as it has never left my head despite all the years in between. I turned and turned again but everywhere I looked twisted fingers and crumpled bonnets grinned their mocking grin, leering at me, surrounding me. Moaning, I heard moaning slicing through the silence, and then breaking glass. It was there, I knew, it didn't fool me, I'd seen its web in the windscreens, those broken lines weaving their way through the mazes imprinted in glass. Don't you see him? There he is . . . the spider . . . help me Doc! He's coming . . . Doc? . . . Doc???"

N. A. Holland (MVD)

THE SEA

The sea is an object of many moods,
Sometimes it roars, sometimes it broods.
And we are not the ones to know,
To what mood it will next go.

Pounding and smashing on the rocks,
Rolling smoothly at the docks.
Frothing up along the beach,
Towards the trees it will never reach.

Like a wolf, angry and gay,
Battering anything in its way.
Wearing away rocks and stones,
Like hyenas chewing bones.

Sheets of water foaming surf,
Rolling and breaking for all their worth,
And out beyond, the "white caps" dot
The surface of the sea like yachts.

Angry, happy, vicious, calm,
Rough and choppy, smooth as balm.
The sea is like this all the time,
Changing tempo like a rhyme.

J. K. S. Mackenzie (XL)

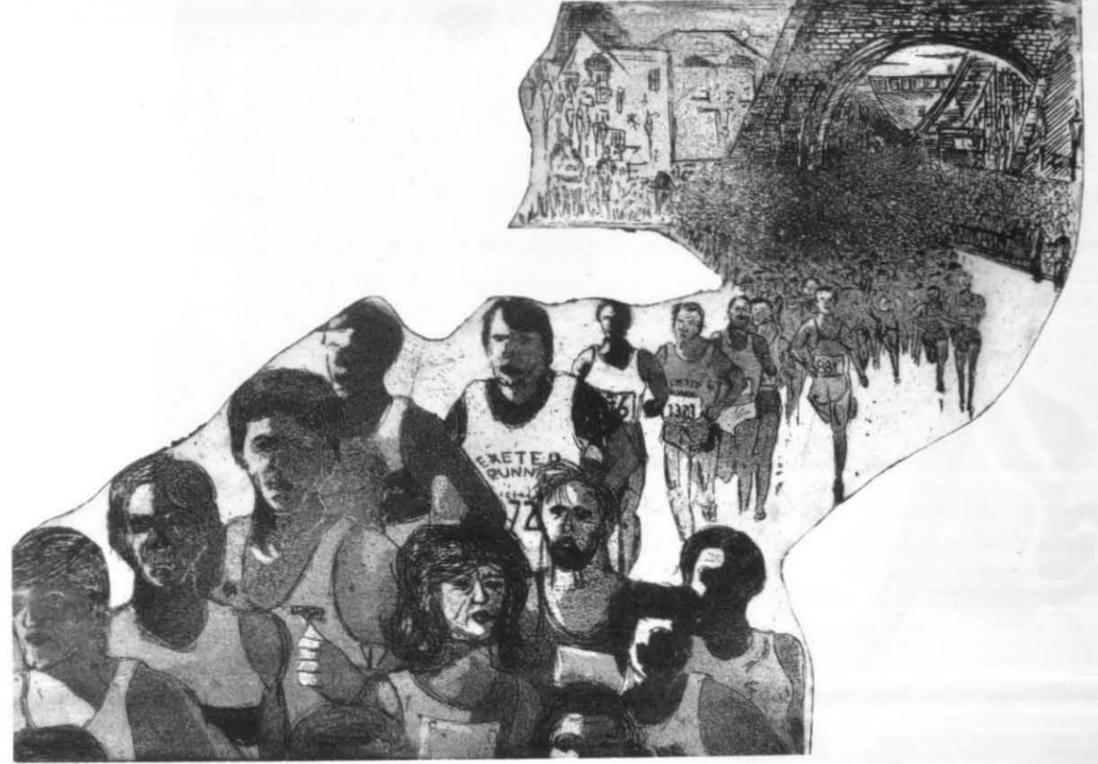


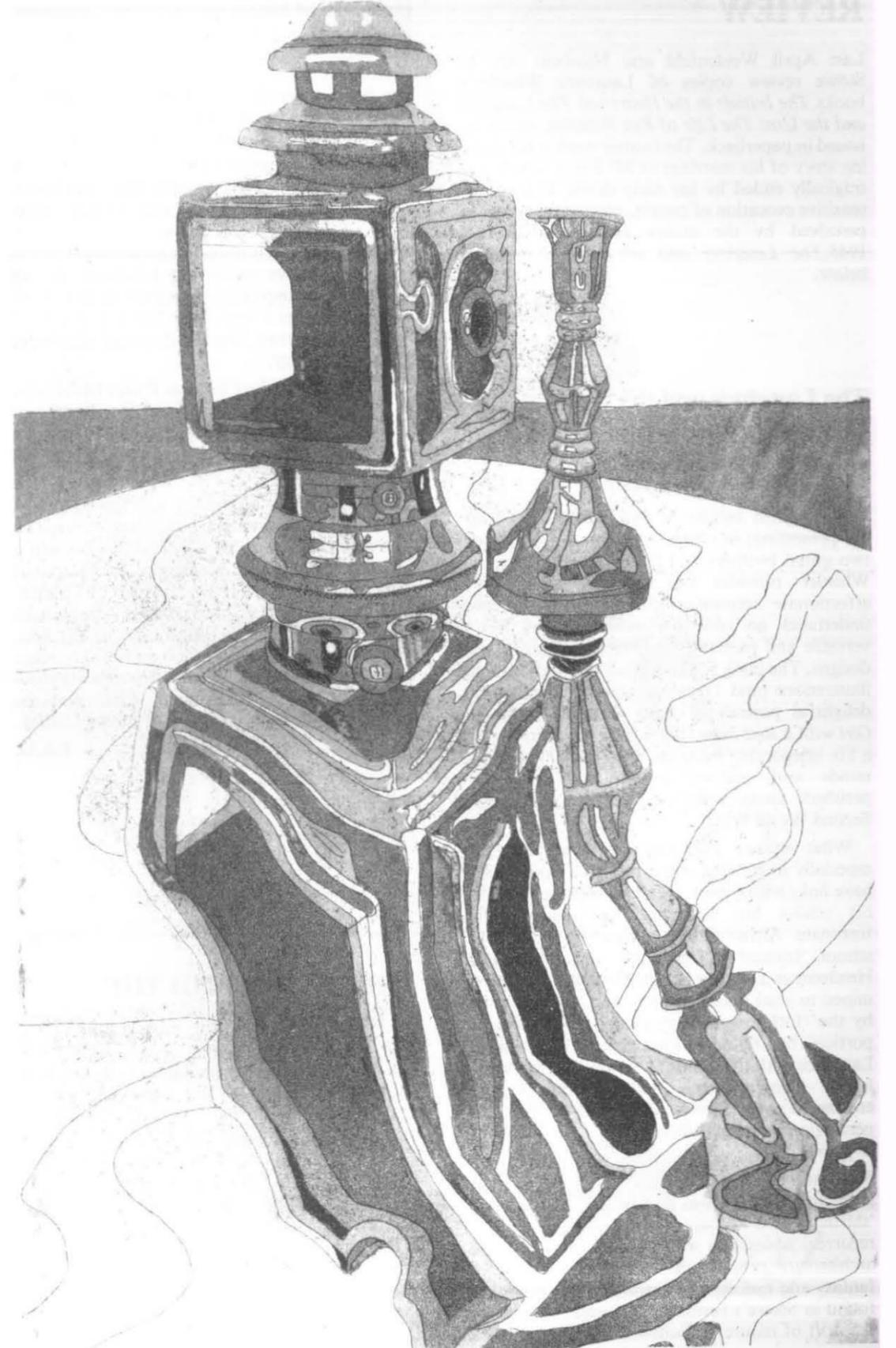
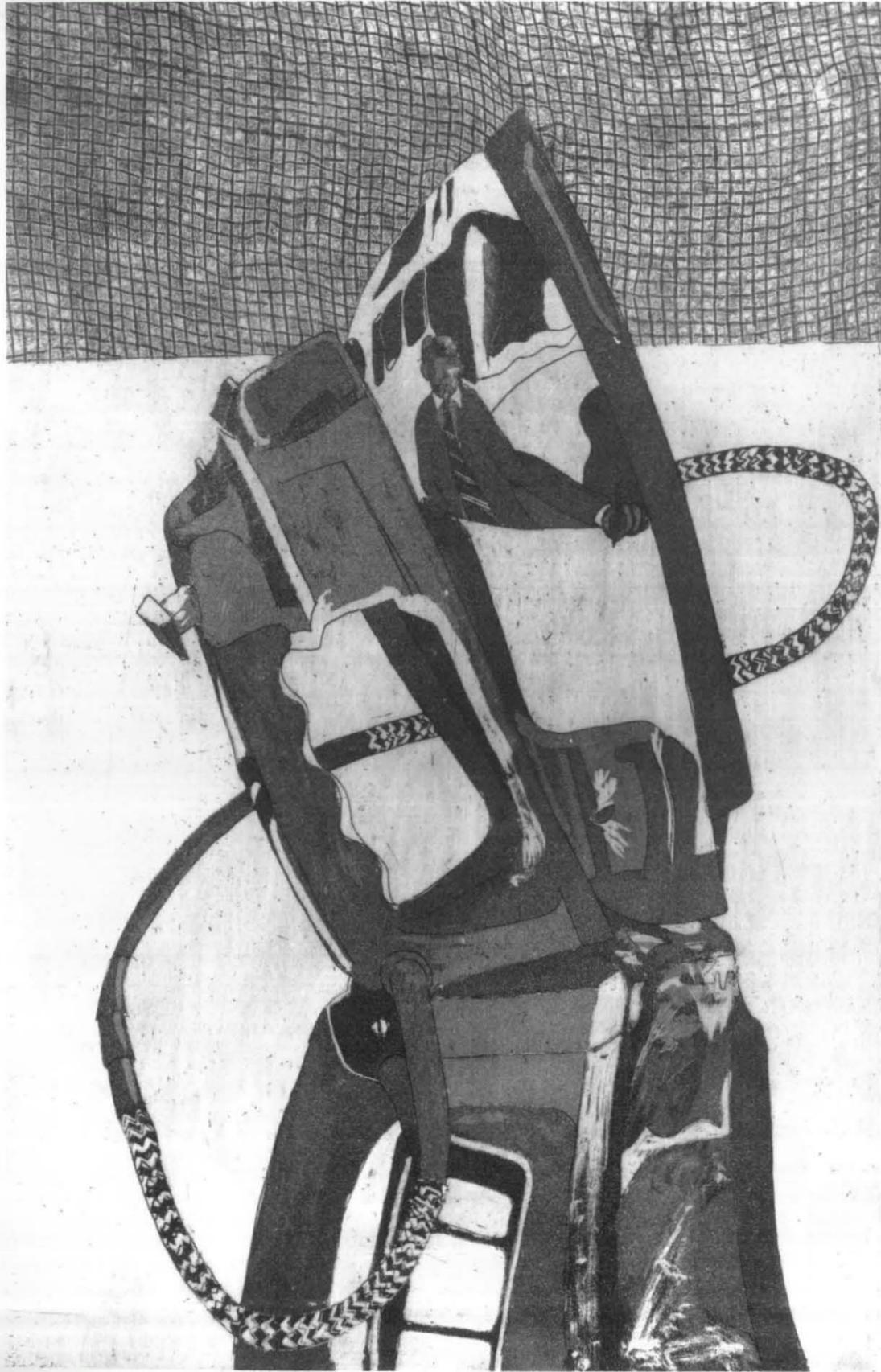
N. F. Q. Terry (MVI)

A. P. H. Harris (MVI)



S. E. Montford (LVI)





REVIEW

Last April Weidenfeld and Nicolson sent to Stowe review copies of Laurence Whistler's books *The Initials in the Heart* and *The Laughter and the Urn: The Life of Rex Whistler*, newly re-issued in paperback. The former work is the moving story of his marriage to Jill Furse, which was tragically ended by her early death. It is also a sensitive evocation of people, places and events as perceived by the author between 1936 and 1945. *The Laughter and the Urn* is reviewed below.

The Laughter and the Urn: The Life of Rex Whistler

by Laurence Whistler, London:
Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 1987

This stylish volume is distinguished not least for presenting, in effect, a double biography of two gifted brothers and fellow artists. Laurence Whistler provides not only a well-written, affectionate account of his elder brother, but undertakes an objective assessment of Rex's versatile and probably underrated paintings and designs. The book is finely-produced with over 40 illustrations (and 17 colour plates, including the delightful portrait of Lady Caroline Paget as *Girl with a Red Rose*, 1935). It is the narrative of a life inseparable from art, of a circle of elegant minds and brilliant *monde* that tragically perished, along with Rex himself, during the Second World War.

What makes *The Laughter and the Urn* especially interesting is the fact that both artists have links with Stowe. Rex had been unhappy at his school but Laurence was much more fortunate. Attracted by the idea of a new public school, 'formed on fresh lines' under the young Headmaster J. F. Roxburgh, Mrs. Whistler determined to send Laurence to Stowe. She was awed by the 'furlongs of avenue' and the 'imposing portico' but relieved when Roxburgh accepted Laurence with the words 'I wish I had more like him.' Consequently, both brothers grew enchanted with Stowe, though their personal perceptions inevitably differed.

Rex's sophisticated pictorial eye saw here a Stowe still embraced by the 18th century. A Slade graduate, his work was part of the 'twenties and 'thirties Neo-Romantic imagination, whose recurrent obsessions with English landscape and architecture resulted in art forms redolent of fantasy and evocative of nostalgia. Rex no doubt found in Stowe's formality of design, set against the drift of nature, a focus for his self-conscious

expressions of historic and histrionic landscapes. Anyone lunching at the Tate Gallery Restaurant will recognise in the idealised murals there haunting references to Stowe, especially in one of the Boycott Pavilions and the vast composite version of the Corinthian Arch. (The Palladian Bridge apparently depicts the one at Wilton).

Laurence's response to Stowe was much more direct. He regarded the temples, lakes and woods as the re-creation of a 'timeless Arcady'; playthings of Whig grandees and worldly politicians yet detached from their historical provenance. But in May 1927, Stowe became for Laurence, too, an idyllic dream-landscape, 'extinguished like an old religion, and yet living'. Wandering about in his 'free time,' he read *Paradise Lost* and discovered Keats and Shelley:

'... seeing the Palladian Bridge half-buried in a hill of cowslips, and the Temple of Ancient Virtue dead asleep in sunlight between explosions, white and black, of mock orange and yew.' (p.95).

While Rex was infatuated with Stowe's past, Laurence was fascinated by its present. Stirred by Stowe's beauty, Laurence yearned to become a poet and composed verses on the Rape of Proserpine. His triumphant climb of the Cobham Monument, Stowe's highest column, was perhaps another instance of this aspiration to Elysium. And if Stowe left its impression on Rex, Laurence would leave his mark on Stowe. His delicate glass-engraving of the Corinthian Arch may be observed in the South window of Stowe Church.

T.A.O.

THE DEMON AND THE LOBSTER

This October the cricket book which Mr. Meredith wrote during his sabbatical term from teaching last autumn was published by the Kingswood Press (the sporting branch of Heinemann). Entitled *The Demon and The Lobster*, it tells of one of the fastest bowlers ever, Charles Kortright, and one of the last underarm lob bowlers, Digby Jephson, who were playing at the turn of the century. Their lives are interwoven in the background of cricket's Golden Age, when W. G. Grace and Prince Ranjitsinhji held centre stage. The book not only tells of the life story of Demon and Lobster but gives a very full picture of the era in which they lived.

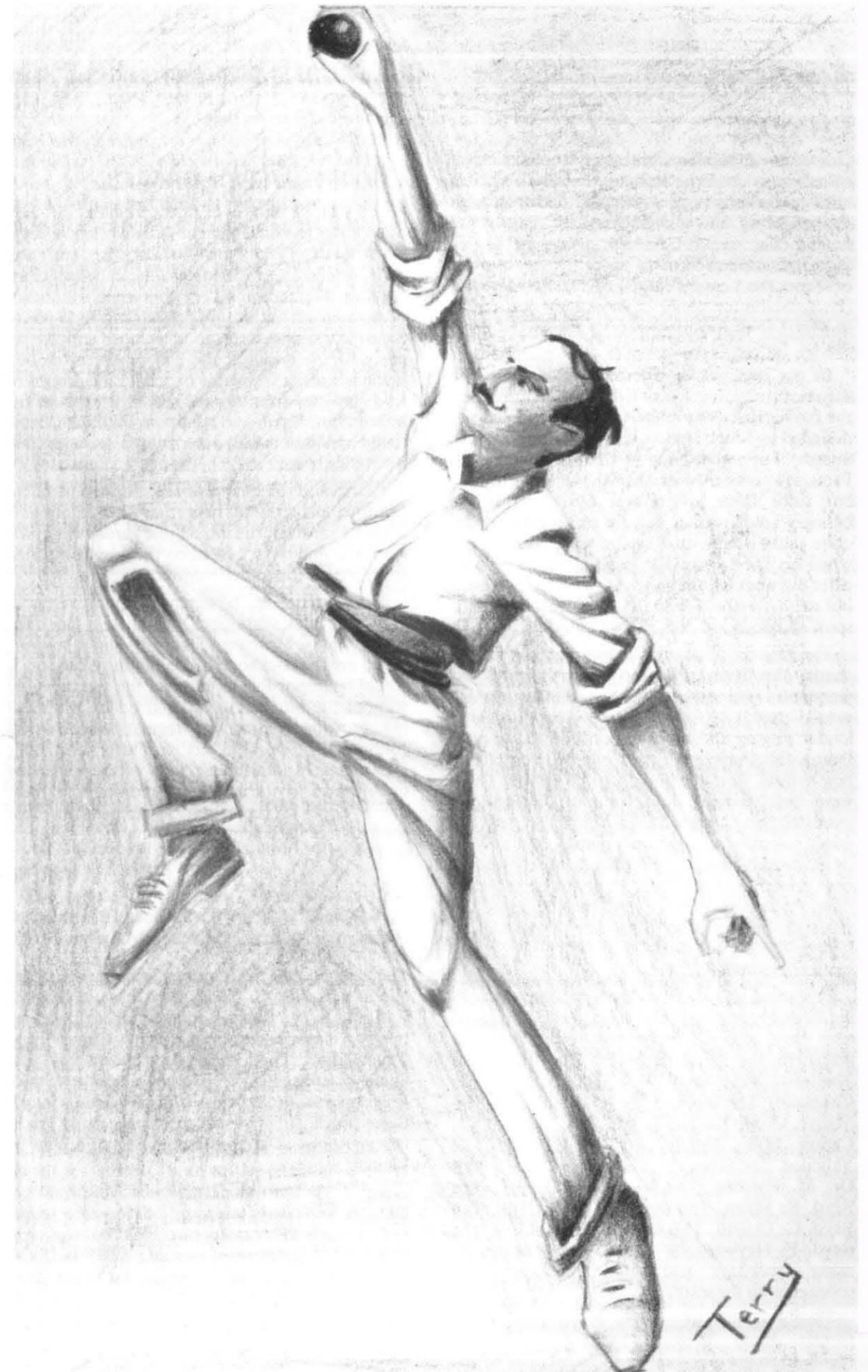


Illustration: A cartoon of the Demon bowler, Charles Kortright, by Francis Terry, in the manner of Spy.

SOCIETY

CHAPEL

One of my nightmares has always been the end-of-term service in the summer. It has often been hard to make it both worshipful and a suitable expression of the mixed emotions felt by the leavers. The new end-of-term arrangements for the summer allowed us to make the last Sunday of Term the Leavers' and Leaving Service, and this combination seems to have been successful, so that I shall look forward to the end of June '88.

In my previous report, although mentioning the confirmation retreat, I did not comment on the banners that we made for the actual service, designed by Mark Hancock, with flame and dove images. They were hung in Chapel for the confirmation service. Most liked them, some didn't, but since there are several cathedrals whose banners are a regular feature of worship, I am quite unrepentant, and intend to produce more when occasion offers. It is good to be able to offer the work of our hands in worship, as well as our minds, lest we forget that God made us mind, spirit and body.

The return of Family Communion services to chapel this term produced a very lively and worshipful service on the last Sunday before exam, about 45 worshippers often producing louder singing and more response in the prayers than a full chapel. We tried out two completely new hymns, from the book *Mission Praise*. These were well received, and comments afterwards indicated that *Cantata Stoica*, with its limited (but good) selection of traditional hymns, will have to be extensively revised, or replaced entirely when a new print run is required, in about eight years' time. Perhaps by then we shall have equipped the whole chapel with a supplementary hymnbook to replace *Psalms and Services* of which only a few spare copies remain.

Preaching at a compulsory service in a boarding school is not easy, and I am grateful to those who have accepted invitations, and risked our pulpit in the previous year: The Bishop of Thetford, The Revd. Pete Hancock (former Chaplain), The Revd. J. N. O. Mruka Mgoye-Mgoye, Group Captain L. Cheshire, V.C. (O.S.), Canon Brian Bradley (O.S.), Mr. Michael Vallance, The Revd. P. Templeman, The Revd. Dr. M. Parsons, The Revd. M. Tupper, The Revd. R. Mann, The Revd. A. Creary Hill, The Revd. C. Griffin, The Revd. J. H. Dobson, The Revd. F. Heyward, as well as contributions on many weekdays and some Sundays from colleagues on the staff.

Finally I wish to express my thanks to the former Head Prefect, Nick Groves, who managed to get everyone into Chapel on time for

every service in the Summer Term, and almost every service in the previous term. Even staff members arrived on time!

M.C.S.S.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

When looking back over recent months, it is easy to pick out the highlights of C.S. work: the dress rehearsal of "Oklahoma!" when Stoics, staff and their families, and friends of the School all came together to entertain a very appreciative audience of pensioners; the summer coach trip to Woburn Safari Park, where the good weather and the tea party for everyone at the end of the afternoon made it a really enjoyable occasion; the groups of five year olds from a local school who, with the help of Jane Baker and Jonathan Chalmers, came to do environmental work in the grounds and often didn't want to go home again afterwards.

I can add to this list the improvement to Dadford playground now that the painting is (almost) finished; the intractable gardens dug; the work put in by Mark Reed on the now completed computerisation of our records.

Most important, however, in many respects, are the regular visits paid to homes in Buckingham, Maids Moreton, Dadford and Gawcott, which are the backbone of Community Service. It would be impossible to organise the events we do without the information passed on by the small but growing number of regular helpers who continue their weekly visits term after term. This is particularly admirable in view of the increasing discomforts of the rather dilapidated C.S. bus, but I hope to report on some positive steps towards a replacement minibus in the next edition of *The Stoic*.

R. E. M.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The beginning of the Summer Term saw R. J. H. Woolley and S. C. Todd, both now at Oxford, speaking to the Society on the two 'O' Level set books, namely extracts from Homer and Thucydides. The interest displayed by the audience in listening to two contemporary Stoics was obvious, providing a fruitful evening for all those concerned. Later in the term a large group visited Rugby to see the production of a play by Plautus in Latin.

Mr. J. G. Griffith, formerly of Jesus College, Oxford, came early this term, not to give a sequel to last year's talk on Roman coins, but this time to give a brief glimpse of new discoveries in Greek Art, of relevance to all Classicists, including those studying Ancient History. The turn-out was large and gave a favourable response. Therefore once again the Society has had an active two terms.

E. J. T. Kerr-Muir

THE LITERARY SOCIETY 1986/7

The first meeting was on Wednesday, 24th September, 1986, which took place, as did the others, in the State Music Room. The attendance, as was often the case at subsequent meetings during the academic year, was approximately 90. Mr. J. C. Venning, the Head of the English department at Malvern College, gave a provocative talk on 'King Lear and Shakespearean Tragedy.' He aroused much controversy when he suggested that Cordelia was, to some degree, at fault and that Goneril and Regan deserved more sympathy than most of us felt they should receive.

The next meeting was on Wednesday, 12th November, 1986, when Dr. J. D. Fleeman, Tutor in English at Pembroke College, Oxford, spoke on 'Alexander Pope and Satire.' Again there was much lively discussion in response to carefully considered and teasing provocation. Dr. Fleeman suggested that Pope was personally involved and more of an egotist than is sometimes admitted and that he did distort the facts to create both good narrative poetry and greater force to his satirical attacks. Many Stoics felt that these attacks were important primarily in their representative nature, and this led to quite a lively debate.

Controversy continued, albeit in a different way, when Dr. Wakelin, from the Royal Holloway and Bedford New College, spoke on Chaucer's 'The Merchant's Tale.' His denial of any kind of symbolic representation in the Tale caused polite outrage amongst the Stoic audience and, however difficult his view was for us to accept, it certainly clarified important issues in literature.

The whole of the Lent Term was in fact devoted to Chaucer. On Thursday, 19th March, Mr. Hirst and Mr. Small offered opposing views of the character of January in 'The Merchant's Tale,' continuing the spirit of debate central to the poem and typical of the Canterbury Tales. J. P. Mierins, who had recently won a place to read English at Brasenose College, Oxford, presented a via media amongst the potentially warring factions on the Staff. We had a very busy programme in May. On Wednesday, 6th May, P.A.S.F. presented a lecture and led a discussion on 'King Lear,' and a fortnight later he did the same for 'Othello,' both of these being 'A' Level texts for the Middle Sixth that summer.

On Friday, 15th May, the Literary Society enjoyed a privileged treat when Miss Rachel Trickett, Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and a notable nineteenth century literary scholar, presented a magnetic talk on Hardy's 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles,' relating her great scholarship to the exciting experience of reading it for the first time as a young person.

Our final meeting of the academic year was on Friday, 29th May, when Dr. Houliston presented a talk on Alexander Pope entitled 'Nature to Advantage Dressed.' All our meetings were preceded by the speakers meeting Stoics for an informal chat over drinks before supper, and concluded with the entire audience having coffee and dispersing into groups to chat about the talk which had been given and, for those who wished, to meet the speaker and press their questions more informally.

We owe a special debt of gratitude to Nicholas Groves and Andrew Craig for their consistently enthusiastic and flawless organization of the Society's meetings throughout the year.

P.A.S.F.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 139th meeting of the Historical Society was given by Mr. Rudolf who spoke on "The History of Sicily." The talk was illustrated with slides taken by Mr. Rudolf when he visited the island on his own.

It became clear that Sicily was an island with an identity, because over its short history it has been occupied by many nations due to its vulnerable position in the middle of the Mediterranean and has therefore been subjected to all sorts of different cultures and traditions. This can be clearly seen in the architecture and the art with plasterwork by Serpotta and internal Biblical decorations by Monreale. All in all a lively and colourful lecture that showed us the historical significance of this island and I'm sure that people will want to visit to discover all these things for themselves.

The 140th meeting was given by Dr. Kamen from Warwick University who talked to us on Spanish Foreign Policy c.1500-1700. In his lecture Dr. Kamen put forward a theory that the Spanish Empire was more a Commonwealth of Nations under a common ruler than an Empire in the Roman sense of the word. Spain was never the real seat of the "Empire" nor the main contributor of resources and she only appeared strong in her ability to draw resources from all over the empire. So Spain remained weak while the rest of the Empire was so strong. All in all a very interesting and useful lecture which gave way to a furious fire of questions all of which Dr. Kamen answered admirably.

R. C. Weatherby

THE CORKSCREW SOCIETY

After a committee had been formed back in October to organise meetings for the year, we eventually had our first meeting on 29th November, 1986. Mrs. Bowler from "Masterlee" in Northampton gave us an introductory talk to wine tasting in general. We tasted five wines in all, including a very pleasant Chateau Fombrauge, 1981.

On Saturday, 14th March, the second meeting of the year was held. Mr. Edward Dawson from the Turl Wine Vaults in Oxford gave us a tasting of wines from the lesser-known growers of France and Italy. We tasted eight wines: four French, four Italian; and of these, four were white and four red. The aim of the tasting was to try and show that Italy is capable of producing wines to rival or even better those of France. Mr. Dawson certainly succeeded in doing this, the highlight of the tasting being a Barolo 1980 (14% alcohol). Mr. Dawson encouraged everyone to speak their minds about the wines, and some descriptions of bouquet or taste were very Stoically original.

On Tuesday, 2nd June, we were very honoured to have Mr. Robin Scott-Martin from John Harvey and Sons come and give us a tasting of eight wines from the Loire Valley. I was slightly concerned that the wines would not differ enough to spark off comments, but how wrong I was. We tasted wines including a 1985 Muscadet de Sevre et Maine, a 1985 Rouilly, a 1985 Sancerre white and a 1985 Sancerre red, which was a slightly disappointing wine and appeared to have been going through a funny phase. The caterers very kindly laid on a supper beforehand in the Prefects' Mess for a few of us, something which we will hopefully be able to continue with our other guests. A very good evening was had by all, and Mr. Scott-Martin hopes to see anyone at the Harvey's branch in London, at any time!

The ninetieth meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, 30th June, and we were honoured to have Mr. D. H. Arkell, from Berry Bros. & Rudd, to speak to us on the subject of clarets. He chose eight wines of distinctive character, ranging from their good ordinary claret to a 1975 Chateau Troplong-Mondot, St. Emilion. We also tasted a very reasonable 1978 Clos du Moulin, Médoc.

I am pleased to be able to hand over to J. N. L. Arlon for next year and I hope he and his assistants continue to run a flourishing society.

Many thanks to Melanie Slawson for doing such an excellent job as secretary, and to G.M.H. and M.J.S. for standing in on the 30th June in the president's absence.

Finally I would like to thank R.M.P. and, of course, A.J.E.L. for all their valuable help and support throughout this fruitful year. We look forward to the hundredth meeting of the Society

in a couple of years or so. May it continue to flourish.

R. J. H. Wooley
Chairman 1987

ANACREON SOCIETY

Several people have asked what or who Anacreon was and why the School's gastronomic society was named after him. The answer to the second question is a mystery, because the man responsible for the christening is no longer at Stowe. Anacreon himself was a famous lyric poet of Teos, in Ionia, who flourished around 532 B.C. "The uncommon elegance and sweetness of his poetry has been the admiration of every age. He lived to his 85th year and, after much pleasure and debauchery, choked himself with a grapestone and expired." (*Thomas Browne, Classical Dictionary, 1818*).

We have already had the first meeting of the new season chez Miss Pratt. Melanie Harris and A. B. P. H. Northcote prepared a meal with a distinctly German flavour, maintaining the Society's high standards with apparent ease, and several new taste sensations. I particularly enjoyed finding two varieties of Quark on Budgen's shelves, for the delicious Quark Speise.

We are most grateful to our most recent hosts, the Stephans, the James and Miss Pratt, all of whom have contributed considerably more than their kitchens to the success of the Society.

The J. R. Phillips Dinner—6th December, 1986

This time last year Anacreon's Christmas Dinner was most generously sponsored by **J. R. Phillips & Co. Ltd.**, who market Lanson products.

Annabel Trustram Eve, Pemazhom Tshering and Stephanie Thomas co-operated to produce a dinner worthy of the occasion for the twenty who squeezed into the Hornbys' dining room in Dadford. Mr. Andrew Steel, of J. R. Phillips, was both guest of honour and host in that he brought a wide array of Champagnes and expertise to transform our dinner into a unique wine tasting experience.

It would perhaps be tactless to reproduce the entire menu, but I must mention the Ratafia de Champagne, which was like nectar, and the Chocolate Roulade. I think we were all dazed by our good luck in being present. We cannot hope to dine this way again. Ambrosia? The old poet would have loved it.

G.M.H.

THE GO CLUB

The Go Club has arrived at last, in spite of suggestions that it adopt "Pergo et Praego" as its motto. This is largely owing to the effort and enthusiasm of David Brown and Mark Kelly, who have taken the roles of President and Organizer respectively. Thanks to help from Alex Wolcough we now use the Upper School Club in Plug Street on Thursday afternoons from 5.30-7.00 p.m., and a second meeting time during the week is to be arranged.

We will be taking a team to the British Youth Championships in High Wycombe this term, and friendly matches are also being arranged with the Japanese International School in Milton Keynes, and the Furze Platt School in High Wycombe.

Much enthusiasm was generated by Alan Scarff's lecture in the summer: "Go—The A.I. Everest." As well as being Shodan level at Go, he is a grandmaster of computer programming. His lecture was well attended (including a delegation of teachers from the Japanese School) and stimulated much discussion and speculation — as well as an interest in Go. In a nutshell, he claimed that the notorious difficulty in writing successful Go playing programmes implies that such a programme would require to be a 'general intelligence engine' that might form the basis of an intelligent programme able to do stockbroking or taxi-driving.

We now have his first published programme "Micro—Go 1," which is available in the computer room and should be most useful for teaching beginners up to about 10 kyu level. Unfortunately this only runs on B.B.C.

David Brown and Charles Trietline deserves congratulations for achieving their 25 kyu White certificates. (The kyu grading system runs thus: 35 kyu = total beginner, 1 kyu = expert, Shodan = Master, and then the dan levels are numbered 1 to 9).

We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and Mark, for their generous donation of a chess clock, which is essential when play gets serious, in order not to miss supper.

A.G.E.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

"New eyes for old" was the theme of the first meeting of the year, welcoming the new Lower Sixth members of the Society. This talk was given by an Old Stoic, Professor Peter Choyce, M.S., F.R.C.S., a pioneer in the development of modern techniques used in the treatment of eye-sight defects. The talk, illustrated by both slides and video, showed operations that Professor Choyce regularly performs. For the most part these went down very well with the exception of the few "weak-stomached" members among us.

Although we have had no further meetings so far, there are already several arranged for later this year, including talks on the "Epidemiology of AIDS," "The Stowe South American Trip" (By a member of the Society) and a talk on "Operation Raleigh" by Miss Lockton which I'm sure everyone will be looking forward to!

Thanks must go to Dr. James for doing all the work which goes into the organisation of these meetings.

Rosalind Tew

THE CORKSCREW SOCIETY

The first meeting of this year, the 91st meeting of the Corkscrew, was given by Mr. Arlon who gave us an introduction to wine with special reference to French wines. In his talk Mr. Arlon explained the difficulty faced by a new corner in the wine world in reading a wine list and a wine label explaining all the different grapes, the regions from which they came, the vineyard and the exporter. But he expressed his disappointment in that chemicals are being used by vintners to make the wine to peoples' tastes rather than leaving it up to the grape and the quantity of sun it receives, the soil it grows in and the rainfall it gets. The wines tasted were Beaujolais, Côtes de Rhone and white wine from the Loire. We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Arlon for providing the wine and bread and cheese and for making this first meeting such a pleasant one.

R. C. Weatherby

ESTATE WORK

Stowe National Trust Volunteers spent most of the Summer Term working in the copse at the northern end of Duchess Dale, next to the 'third' tee. Here, above the spring line, the ground is not marshy and many young oak trees are thriving. We removed most of the cypresses which were obscuring and cramping the oaks and will return in a few years' time to select those which can be left to form specimen trees.

This term we have turned our attention to the copses immediately south of the school shop tennis courts. Here the young beech have been badly damaged by squirrels and we have pruned and painted those with a chance of recovery, as well as thinning the spruce, cypresses and larch that have outlived their role as 'nurses' to the beech.

In parallel with these large projects and many smaller ones, the great tree count continues. Nearly all the areas surveyed so far are inside the ha-ha and west of the Elysian Fields, yet the total counted has already reached 3,352. Two-hundred and ninety-six of these are oak and 432 are beech but 82 of the latter have been damaged by squirrels.

M.E./M.C.S.S.

C.R.A.C. INSIGHT COURSE

The course was run at the Open University in Milton Keynes. It lasted for two days, starting at 9.00 a.m. and finishing at 6.00 p.m. About 80 boys and girls from different schools took part and these were split into 11 separate groups. At the head of each group there was a young manager who had given up two days of work to come and help with the course. The young managers' jobs during the course were to assist the groups to make their games more realistic.

We had several opportunities to question the young leaders about their jobs and their reasons for choosing their careers. During the two days we played several games that were especially designed to give us an idea of what it was like to be a business manager and of the importance of working as a team. We played one game about a Company called 'CLOSEPHIT.' This company had been doing well and was ready for expansion. Each group acted as a kind of board which had the job of deciding the future of the company. Several major decisions had to be made and choosing the wrong one could be fatal for the company.

In another game the groups had to act as personnel managers. The groups were given a list of problems within the staff of a company and we had to decide which problems should have preference.

Generally, the course illustrated for us the necessity of working as a team, solving problems and, above all, of the importance of the managerial side that pulls the team together.

J. Ursing
J. B. J. White

THE STOWE ARCHIVES

The wealth of the great estate of Stowe was recklessly squandered by the second Duke of Buckingham, and no doubt the end was hastened by the expenses incurred during the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1845. The 40 days sale which took place in 1848 dispersed irredeemably much of the wonderful Stowe collection. The sale was a tragedy for the family and many articles were sold at a considerable loss. The third Duke had some success in restoring the family fortunes, but much later still when the heir to the estate was killed in the 1914-18 war, the Baroness Kinloss bowed to the inevitable and Stowe House and contents were auctioned by Messrs. Jackson Stops in 1921. With the exception of the few large paintings which still adorn the State Rooms, virtually every movable possession vanished, including, unfortunately, all the papers and documentation detailing the history of the estate,

these being purchased and presently held by the Huntingdon Library in California.

From the very inception of the school, a dedicated few, including members of the staff, have always maintained an interest in the preservation and restoration of the landscape gardens and buildings. Over the years many of the follies and "temples" which adorn the grounds have been restored, and several of the decaying avenues of trees have been replanted. Amongst the many benefactors and contributors none would deny that George Clarke, who retired from the staff a little over two years ago, has been the chief architect in the process of restoration, and was also largely responsible for the founding of the "Treasure Chest."

The Treasure Chest was an idea which was developed in response to an agreement that an effort should be made to acquire items of Stowe provenance, or interest, when such items became available through the various auction rooms or antique sales throughout the country. The fund was established by the sale of a small collection of coins which had been found in the Gothic Library; this yielded a sum of £5,000 in 1978, and this sum was increased later by a number of welcome grants.

Among the acquisitions resulting from the Treasure Chest funds were two portraits, one of Viscount Cobham, and the other of his father Sir Richard Temple, while in 1983 a first edition of the Seeley Guide to the Gardens was added to the large collection already in the School Library.

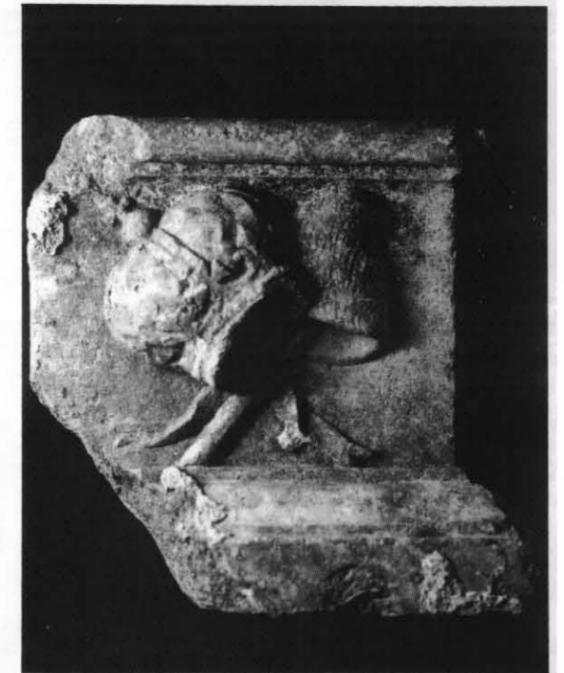
More recently the remains of the now dwindling Treasure Chest were incorporated within a much more substantial fund known as the "Hall Bequest," and administered by a Board of Trustees. Through the continuing good offices of this Board it has been possible to acquire a painting of William Pitt the Younger by Hoppner, and a Rowlandson watercolour of the Temple of British Worthies, while still more recently it has funded the restoration of the School's collection of engravings of Stowe executed in the 1730's by Jacques Rigaud.

Here at the school we were particularly fortunate when on Thursday, February 17th, 1986, Carolyn Shaw, the new registrar, while exploring the contents of one of the office cupboards, found a folio containing fourteen original drawings of Stowe executed in the period 1805-1809 by Jean Claude Nattes. With the support of the Hall Bequest these drawings have been re-mounted on modern acid-free backing and now form part of the Stowe Collection. Also during the re-mounting of these drawings, the restorer found that one of the backing sheets used by Nattes was actually an unknown water colour by this artist; this has also been added to the collection and is awaiting identification and valuation.

In a rather more mundane mood one of the most recent discoveries was made by Mr. A.A.V. Rudolph who, while supervising archery by the trees on the straight course, dislodged a stone in the ruinous "ha-ha" and found that one face of the stone was carved with the design of the Imperial Crown crossed with the Cap of Liberty. Mr. M. J. Bevington has contributed a very plausible hypothesis to show that this stone may be a portion of the pedestal of the statue of "Libertas Publica," which according to the Seeley Guides must have existed in the Temple of Concord before 1769.

Although it is at present impossible to display many of the valuable originals to the school as a whole, all the items of the Stowe Collection have been photographed and it is hoped that when a suitable room is available, displays of the photographs, and in some cases of the originals, can be arranged for open view.

It was in an effort to co-ordinate, file, and catalogue the mass of information and material available that I started some three years ago, with a meagre collection of box files, to found the Stowe Archives in a very dusty drying room at the end of Plug Street (now a Temple House Cook-room). Within a further twelve months I had moved upstairs to the old Temple Study 10, where with filing cabinets, storage racks and a large steel mapping chest (this last a gift from Cyril Atkin's office) some semblance of order has at last been achieved.

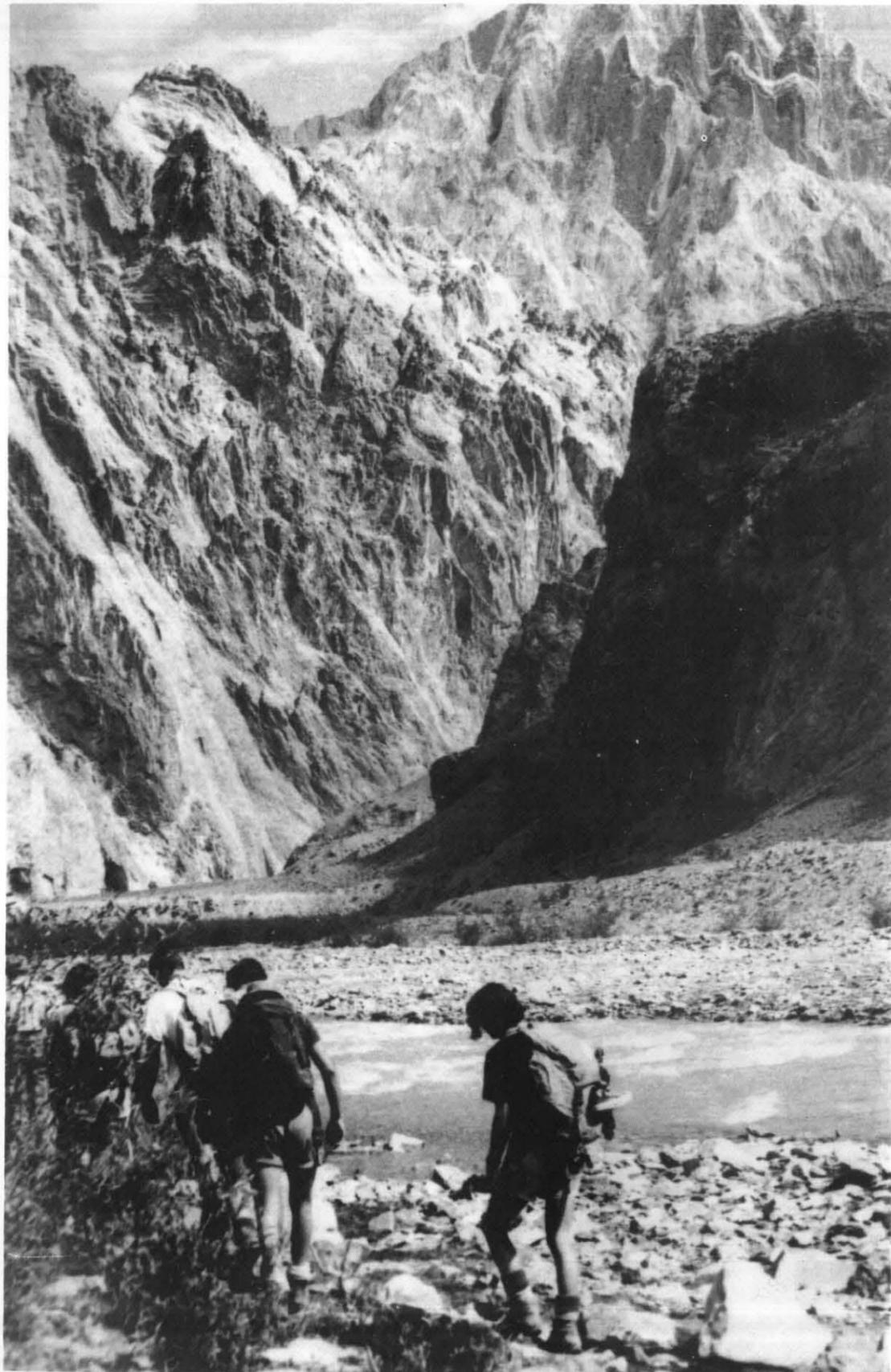


The Rudolf Stone 1987

F.A.H.

The Oxford Bridge by J. C. Nattes





Approaching Kang Nar Gorge.

Photographs by S. M. Renwick

THE HIMALAYAS - 1987

The expedition consisted of a 19 day trek, with 3 days in Leh and 5 days in Srinagar either side of it. The trek itself started at Lehinvan in Kashmir and ended at Heniskot in Ladakh, crossing the Great Himalaya Range (at the Boktol Pass 14,500ft.) and the Zaskar Range (at the Kanji La Pass 17,300ft.) In all, we covered 140 miles in 17 days (2 out of the 19 days were spent resting). Some days lasted 4-5 hours walking while others took about 9 hours. I should like to give an account of the sixth day of the trek. The aim for this day was to get as close as possible to the bottom of the Boktol Pass (a glacier).

It was a late start that morning. We were woken up at 6.00 a.m. by Psang (a Sherpa), shouting through the tent as always, "Sherpa tea, Sherpa tea." At this Marcus and I would begin to stir, pick ourselves up and stretch over to collect a hot and very sweet cup of tea, waiting for us on a tray. Still asleep, one of us always managed to spill some tea in an awkward place. The aim from 6.00 to 6.30 was to pack a day-pack (carrying the objects needed for that particular day) and your main sausage bag. At 6.15 a bowl of warm water came round so that one was able to wash and brush one's teeth. Usually the bowl was left to go cold, in my case, anyway.

We emerged from our tents at 6.30 with both bags packed, leaving the tent clean, to be packed away. Breakfast was waiting for us on the familiar long table; all 15 of us were seated around it. We had a warm porridge to start with, followed by scrambled eggs and toast, and had either hot chocolate, tea or coffee to finish the meal. Meanwhile, the pony-men had packed our main bags on the ponies and the tents had been taken down and packed away. Within half an hour (during which we discussed how the sleeping bags were too new and how everyone had slipped down the gently sloping meadow) we were off. We set out at quite a brisk pace. Bruce and I had an interesting conversation about mosquitoes, but the discussion was ended as we were confronted by a fast-flowing stream.

When everyone arrived, most of us had to take our boots off and put on tatty plimsolls to cross the freezing stream. Others took pack-ponies! We rested on the other side whilst our feet dried and we prepared ourselves once again. This time we set off as a group, no one rushing ahead, just a few people lagging behind. The walking itself wasn't very tiring, and looking forward to lunch kept us going.

We eventually stopped for lunch which was two tuna sandwiches, an Indian chocolate, a few cashew nuts, a few raisins and some sweets, all of which were contained in a metal lunch box. At

this stage, we were told that we were very close to camp. Great! In the distance I could see up the valley to the glacier which had to be crossed tomorrow. I took a few photos and on we went.

When we reached camp Robert, Psang, Khama and I had a long game of frisbee, after which I washed some clothes in the nearby stream, fresh from the glacier. The water was freezing. I left my clothes on the tent, the sun was out and they would only take a few hours to dry. Just before supper it rained; I quickly took down my clothes and left them in my tent.

We had supper in the mess tent as usual, but today we had roast chicken, potatoes and a salad. At supper everyone would mainly talk about the day's events. On this day I decided to ask what I should do about my wet clothes. Bill, an older member of the group, mentioned something about sleeping with them in your sleeping bag; the body warmth should dry them.

Being a fool I tried it, and went to bed with three items of clothing in my sleeping bag, knowing that tomorrow was an early start and a hard walk up the glacier. I woke up in the middle of the night dying to go to the lavatory tent, and surprise surprise, my clothes were still wet. Smashing.

B. I. De Wynter

Portrait of Kashmiri pony man.





The trekking party:—Back Row includes: Mr. Potter fourth from left, M. S. Talbot fourth from right, J. Fairhurst and A. G. Marr at end. Front Row includes: B. McKelvie, S. M. Renwick fifth and sixth from left; and with hat B. I. De Wynter.

Photograph by B. I. De Wynter

Preparing a pony for shoeing.



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SPORT

CRICKET

A strong side, capably led for the second season by R. S. M. Morris, recorded victories against Dean Close, Free Foresters, Bedford Modern, Kelvinside Academy and Merchant Taylors. Defeat was only suffered once, at the hands of Rugby in a close-fought first encounter between the two schools at this level, but a successful season was marred by frequent showers. On six occasions it was impossible for matches, which had reached interesting stages, to be completed and this caused much frustration among players and spectators alike.

R. S. M. Morris has dominated Stowe batting in recent years and, for the second season running, scored five centuries. He narrowly failed on this occasion to reach 1,000 runs and this was caused as much by the less clement weather conditions as by his unselfish insistence on suiting the style of his innings to the situation of the game. His success with the ball made a major contribution in the field, and his unflappable captaincy was able to extract the utmost from his team. In the past two seasons he has set the highest standards in all departments of the game and has been a superb ambassador for Stowe cricket both on and off the field.

Of the other batsmen, only W. J. P. Atkinson, in his first season, was undaunted at the wicket by Morris's dominance. He scored freely, ran superbly between the wickets and ended the season an accomplished player of whom much will be expected next year. I. O. Bendell and J. C. Mahubani made one fifty each but, for differing reasons, were unable to find the consistency to score runs regularly. R. B. Pumphrey and D. T. H. Rotheroe, both hearty strikers of the ball, too often fell victim either to their own impatience or to the necessity to take risks in the search for quick runs. Even though there were few occasions on which insufficient runs were scored to give the bowlers an opportunity of winning the game, there were some alarming collapses of the middle and late order, notably against Bedford Modern, M.C.C., Rugby, Northants 2nd XI and Merchant Taylors.

The major portion of any cricketer's time is spent fielding and upon the quality of this fielding depends, to a large extent, the success of the team. Overall, the side had learned their lessons the hard way in '86. There was no occasion on which the fielding was less than business-like, and many on which it was excellent and a joy to behold. Few catchable chances went to ground, several vital run-outs were secured by speed of thought and action and in general a collective effort was made to put pressure on the opposition. At the heart of affairs was a wicket-

keeper, J. A. L. Adams, whose concentration and mature approach kept things tidy at all times, and whose efforts were often of the highest standard.

A good fielding side gives bowlers confidence and the attack therefore showed greater overall balance and penetration than in 1986, even though fewer matches were won. R. B. Pumphrey was the leading wicket-taker and pick of the faster bowlers. He overcame early difficulties with his run-up to take five wickets or more on three occasions and, provided he didn't stray down the leg-side, was difficult for the batsmen to score off. His six wickets against Rugby nearly turned the tide. H. R. Thomas, his opening partner, was a little lacking in fluency and rhythm, but always bowled with heart, hitting the stumps more often than any other bowler. A. R. Adam worked up a lively pace and often chipped in with the vital wicket to break a partnership, while R. B. K. Giles, without quite the same control and swing of two seasons ago, made a major contribution against Mill Hill and Bedford Modern.

As will be seen from the figures below the spin department, Morris and M. J. T. Jefferson, bowled nearly half the overs bowled and took nearly half the wickets taken. Morris's "day" was at Radley, when his seven wickets came within an ace of winning the game, but he was never easy to score off and his changes of pace and flight were subtle. Jefferson, as one would expect of a fourth-form boy, did not always find it easy to sustain flight and accuracy over long spells. It is to his credit that he stuck manfully to the task and to the credit of the older and more experienced players that he never lacked support and encouragement. If six wickets, including the hat-trick, at Dean Close were his best figures, twenty overs into the wind at Bradfield, and four wickets, was his best performance.

Over the years it is surprising how little the recipe for success on the cricket field changes, however much the current generation of players may try to upset the established order of things! Inexperience places a premium upon the batsmen hitting the ball hard and often and upon bowlers achieving either great speed or prodigious movement, whereas success comes more readily to the patient, the persevering and the naggingly accurate. There can be no doubt that the 1st XI's success in the past two seasons has come about as much from the Captain's exhibition of these qualities on the field as it has from the persuasive arguments purveyed in their favour by the Cricket Professional off the field and in the nets. Players and spectators alike have benefitted from Mike Harris's insistence on high standards and an uncomplicated approach at all levels of the game, and much enjoyable and worthwhile cricket has been the result.

What set the the 1987 XI apart from its predecessors, however, was a refreshing lack of

individual self-interest and a genuine concern for the performance of the team as a whole. This made them formidable opponents on the field of play, and pleasant and stimulating company off it.

By no means all the work of a cricket season takes place on the field and hearty thanks are due to those without whose efforts the show would never get off the ground. Colleagues have spent long hours coaching and umpiring, catering staff have done yeoman service, often at short notice, and ground staff have provided good surfaces on which to play despite the lack of co-operation from the elements. A helpful team of scorers led by P. J. Evelyn, R. A. E. Mayhew and E. R. Moon have kept the 1st XI records going and fair

play in the middle has been assured by Arthur Pooley and Frank Isham. Batsmen at all levels, but primarily the 1st XI, have derived benefit from the new bowling machine kindly donated by S.S.E.S., while the appearance on the North Front of the first two of an eventual set of four wicket covers has made it easier for bowlers to maintain a good foothold. In addition to fulfilling his duties as Professional, Mike Harris has found time to give term-time coaching to visiting Prep and Middle Schools and also to lead the coaching teams on successful Easter and Summer Holiday coaching courses. Cricket at Stowe has continued to flourish thanks to the commitment and purpose of these people; all we'd like next year is a few more fine days!

G.A.C.



Back Row: Left to Right: M. J. T. Jefferson, D. T. H. Rotheroe, R. B. Pumphrey, A. R. Adam, J. C. Mahubani, W. J. P. Atkinson.
Front Row: Left to Right: I. O. Bendell, J. A. C. Adams, R. S. M. Morris, R. B. K. Giles, H. R. Thomas.

Results:

Won 5

v. Dean Close	Stowe 284 for 4 declared Dean Close 177 all out	Morris 138, Mahubani 76 Jefferson 6 for 55 (hat trick)
v. Free Foresters	Stowe 189 for 2 declared Free Foresters 180 all out	Morris 109 not out, Bendell 59 Pumphrey 5 for 41
v. Bedford Modern	Stowe 116 all out Bedford Modern 106 all out	Bendell 49 Giles 3 for 20, Pumphrey 3 for 27
v. Kelvinside Academy	Stowe 220 for 3 (45 overs) Kelvinside Academy 85 all out (42 overs)	Morris 126, Atkinson 56 Morris 2 for 1, Adam 2 for 10
v. Merchant Taylors	Stowe 156 all out Merchant Taylors 92 all out	Atkinson 60 Pumphrey 5 for 20, Morris 3 for 32
Lost 1		
v. Rugby	Stowe 132 all out Rugby 133 for 8	Morris 59 Pumphrey 6 for 47

Drawn 6

v. Mill Hill	Stowe 213 for 4 declared Mill Hill 189 for 9	Morris 109, Atkinson 52 not out Giles 4 for 44, Adam 3 for 42
v. Radley	Radley 167 for 9 declared Stowe 91 for 5	Morris 7 for 38 Morris 40
v. M.C.C.	Stowe 143 all out M.C.C. 105 for 8	Mahbubani 32 Jefferson 3 for 25
v. Northants 2nd XI	Northants 297 for 4 declared Stowe 149 for 9	Morris 39
v. Repton	Repton 272 for 7 declared Stowe 237 for 6	Morris 141 not out, Atkinson 54
v. Wellington	Wellington 215 for 7 declared Stowe 111 for 6	Atkinson 44

Abandoned as Draw 6

v. Buckingham Town C.C.	Buckingham Town 172 for 6 (45 overs) (Rain)	Thomas 3 for 36
v. Oakham	Oakham 189 for 9 declared Stowe 154 for 5 (Rain)	Thomas 4 for 19
v. St. Edward's	St. Edward's 132 all out Stowe 59 for 4 (Rain)	Thomas 3 for 20, Morris 3 for 29
v. Bradfield	Bradfield 86 for 8 (Rain)	Jefferson 4 for 25, Morris 4 for 32
v. Oundle	Oundle 171 all out Stowe 90 for 3 (Rain)	Pumfrey 3 for 31, Morris 3 for 37 Morris 49
v. Bedford	Bedford 156 all out Stowe 64 for 2 (Rain)	Thomas 3 for 16, Pumfrey 3 for 55 Pumfrey 38

First XI Averages 1987:**Batting:**

	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Total	Ave.
R. S. M. Morris	17	2	141	938	62.53
W. J. P. Atkinson	11	3	60	322	40.25
J. C. Mahbubani	11	2	76	218	24.22
I. O. Bendell	15	0	59	292	19.47
D. T. H. Rotheroe	9	1	30	119	14.88
R. B. Pumfrey	12	2	38	130	13.00

Stumpings: J. A. L. Adams 5.

Batting Cup: R. S. M. Morris; Bowling: R. B. Pumfrey;
Fielding: A. R. Adam.**Bowling:**

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
R. B. Pumfrey	167.5	39	515	33	15.60
H. R. Thomas	111	27	298	18	16.56
R. S. M. Morris	231.4	72	525	30	17.50
A. R. Adam	103	14	354	19	18.63
N. J. T. Jefferson	176.2	48	592	26	22.76
R. B. K. Giles	111	16	377	11	34.27

Fielding:

Catches: J. A. L. Adams 20; J. C. Mahbubani 9; R. S. M. Morris, W. J. P. Atkinson 7; R. B. K. Giles, H. R. Thomas 6; A. R. Adams 5.

**THE SECOND XI**

The early season trials and practices, enjoyed in the warmest, driest spring weather that could be remembered, produced a most promising squad of players. Indeed, when Mill Hill were swept aside as Stowe's 2nd XI recorded a ten wicket win for the first time in many years, there appeared to be a fine season in prospect. Then the rains came. Three matches were cancelled, two were abandoned and the softer wickets created a much tougher battle for runs. M. P. Moore, however, found conditions to his liking and his 7 for 29 against Oundle, and 5 for 9 against Oundle, were two of the outstanding performances of the season.

There were certainly other valuable contributions, but the season's record of two wins, two losses and three draws does not reflect the considerable potential of the players involved. The all-round balance of the team looked promising on paper, but in several matches there lacked a necessary authority, in all departments, to push home any early advantage gained. So it was that Oakham and Rugby were allowed to force drawn games, and Bedford and Oundle came back to win from situations that appeared heavily weighted in Stowe's favour. Although consistency was not a characteristic of the season, Hooper, Jones-Perrott and Heard were the major run-makers, and Baker enjoyed two particularly fine innings. Apart from Moore, whose 17 wickets cost only 10 runs each, Jenkyn-Jones' slow left arm bowling was the most exciting, and captured 20 wickets at under 12 runs apiece. De Wynter and Bingham were underused but they both look fine prospects for next season.

Space does not permit more than a brief sketch of the season, but your correspondents would like to record the positive influence and inspiring fielding of D. St. J. Jepson, who shrugged off his old war wounds to play and practice with consistent energy. Thanks and considerable recognition must also go to Edward heard whose dependability, enthusiasm and direction as Captain contributed as much as anything to a most enjoyable season.

C.J.G.A.
V.H.H.

Team from: E. W. Heard (Captain), T. W. Baker, J. P. Bingham, B. I. De Wynter, I.P. Duntton, G. C. Hooper, M. Jenkyn-Jones, D. St. J. Jepson, J. R. O. Jones-Perrott, M. P. Moore, M. A. Samuel, R. C. Weatherby.

Also played: W. J. P. Atkinson, M. R. Gardner, R. M. Page, D. T. H. Rotheroe, H. R. Thomas, E. N. S. Walker, C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton.

Results:

v. Wellingborough—Drawn
Wellingborough 137 for 2 declared
Stowe 119 for 9

v. Mill Hill—Won by 10 wickets
Mill Hill 61 (Thomas 5 for 31)
Stowe 65 for 0 wickets (Hooper 37 not out)

v. Bloxham—Abandoned
Bloxham 179 for 6

v. Oakham—Drawn
Stowe 159 for 9 declared
Oakham 91 for 7 (Moore 7 for 29)

v. Bedford—Lost by 37 runs
Bedford 118 (Jenkyn-Jones 4 for 39)
Stowe 81

v. St. Edward's—Abandoned
St. Edward's 180 for 7 (De Wynter 4 for 11)

v. Oundle—Lost by 12 runs
Oundle 58 (Moore 5 for 9)
Stowe 46

v. Bedford Modern—Won by 24 runs
Stowe 91
Bedford Modern 67 (Bingham 4 for 9)

v. Rugby—Drawn
Stowe 140 for 8 declared
Rugby 106 for 9

Rain prevented play in the matches scheduled against:
Radley, Stowe Templars.

THIRD XI

The glorious weather at the start of term allowed the team to reach form and fitness quickly and for half a term it looked as though an unbeaten season was in prospect. The highlights of this half were a very sporting and exciting match with Chenderit 1st XI and the crushing victory over Bedford in which S. M. Banbury, in his final school match, produced the mightiest hitting seen from any batsman on the North Front this season.

The rain which denied us victory over St. Edward's, however, proved to be the start of over a fortnight's inactivity and in our reappearance against Radley we gave a dismal performance. The soggy pitches of the second half of term put an end to our high and rapid scoring but introduced the pleasures of spin bowling, with C. C. P. Woodford taking six wickets, including a hat-trick, in his first appearance for the team against Oundle and following this with five wickets against Bedford Modern a week later. The season ended on a high note against Rugby, with M. J. Williams at last staying in long enough for his big hitting to bring him his maiden fifty on his last day at Stowe.

I am especially grateful to P. M. Tetlow for his helpful and conscientious captaincy this season but I shall retain many happy memories of the fine cricket and fun that all these boys have provided over the past two years — it is hard to envisage such a good Third XI in the future.

Results:

v. Chenderit (1st)—Drawn
Stowe 184 (Jones-Perrott 40)
Chenderit (1st) 169 for 8 (Samuel 4 for 45)

v. Mill Hill—Won by 3 wickets
 Mill Hill 136 all out (Banbury 4 for 17)
 Stowe 139 for 7 (Parker 33)

v. Cokethorpe—Drawn
 Stowe 115 for 8 declared (Banbury 37)
 Cokethorpe (1st) 100 for 9 (Weatherby 5 for 23)

v. Bedford—Won by 180 runs
 Stowe 210 for 7 declared (Banbury 73, Tetlow 43)
 Bedford 30 all out (Weatherby 5 for 14; Page 4 for 13)

v. St. Edward's—Drawn
 Stowe 237 for 7 declared (Mierins 90; Baker 62)
 St. Edward's 32 for 6 *Rain* (Gardner 3 for 6; Page 3 for 18)

Stowe 4th XI v. St. Edward's—Drawn
 Stowe 75 all out
 St. Edward's 45 for 6 *Rain* (Exelby 5 for 12)

v. Radley—Lost by 8 wickets
 Stowe 128 all out (Airikkala 46)
 Radley 132 for 2

Stowe 4th XI v. Radley—Lost by 22 runs
 Radley 111 all out
 Stowe 89 all out

v. Oundle—Drawn
 Stowe 170 for 9 declared
 Oundle 129 for 9 (Woodford 6 for 29)

v. Bedford Modern—Won by 1 wicket
 Bedford Modern 87 all out (Smith mi. 5 for 30;
 Stowe 88 for 9 (Gorlee 42) [Woodford 5 for 40)

v. Rugby—Won by 113 runs
 Stowe 196 for 6 declared (Williams 57; Gartside 31)
 Rugby 83 all out (Samuel 4 for 18; Gardner 3 for 20)

In addition the 3rd XI narrowly lost to the 2nd XI and beat Colts 'A' and the 4th XI beat Colts 'B' and Yearlings 'A'.

Colours were re-awarded to: Samuel, Williams, Mierins, Gartside, Parker and Tetlow.

Colours Awarded to: Airikkala, Weatherby and Woodford.
M.E.

THE COLTS

We had some very exciting matches this season, as can be seen by the close results. We set out to score runs fairly quickly so that a declaration could be engineered to give us time to bowl out the opposition. Unfortunately this rebounded on us on a couple of occasions when the captain's very fair declaration gave the opportunity to Radley and Rugby to overhaul our score in the last remaining overs. Our bowling attack was never quite strong enough to force the opposition on to the defensive. Overall, however, a very keen set of boys had a very enjoyable season, despite the rain-affected matches, and ended with a very creditable set of results.

Mention, however, must be made of a few individuals whose contribution to the team effort was considerable. Amdor, the captain, not only controlled affairs on the field expertly but also was the highest scoring batsmen and ended the season opening the bowling with very mischievous little in-swingers. Hawkings-Byass bowled with far more accuracy and consistency than he has bowled for Stowe so far and one looks forward to

his seasons in the First XI with special interest. Smith too manages to defeat batsmen with his cleverly disguised leg spin, the flight of the ball and the occasional googly being his main weapons. Long unfortunately lost a little in accuracy and penetration, though nevertheless contributed well to the attack.

On the batting side, again, strength in depth was a problem, the team relying fairly heavily on the few stalwarts. Gorlee, Watson, Dunton, Hale, Perei and Hawkings-Byass all had their moments at the crease, either saving the day or consolidating an innings. Well done the team: Stowe 1st and 2nd XI's will be well represented next year on this showing.

L.E.W.

Results:

v. Bucks. U.16—Won by 140 runs
 Stowe 254 for 7 declared (D. T. H. Rotheroe (guest) 146)
 Bucks. U.16 114 all out

v. Royal Latin—Lost by 7 wickets
 Stowe 87 all out
 Royal Latin 88 for 3

v. Berkhamsted—Match Drawn
 Berkhamsted 171 for 6 declared
 Stowe 121 for 7 (P. Gorlee 53)

v. Mill Hill—Won by 3 wickets
 Mill Hill 96 all out (M. I. G. Smith 7 for 14)
 Stowe 97 for 7

v. Bloxham—Match Abandoned
 Bloxham 106 all out (A. J. long 5 for 38)
 Stowe 45 for 3

v. Oakham—Match Drawn
 Stowe 131 for 6 (G. J. Amdor 55)
 Oakham 90 for 9

v. Bedford—Match Drawn
 Bedford 155 for 5
 Stowe 95 for 7

v. St. Edward's—Match Abandoned
 Stowe 146 for 7 (F. C. Hawkings-Byass 48)
 St. Edward's 34 for 3

v. Radley—Lost by 7 wickets
 Stowe 144 for 9 declared (Amdor 49)
 Radley 148 for 3

v. Oundle—Match Drawn
 Stowe 129 all out (Amdor 63)
 Oundle 106 for 4

v. Rugby—Lost by 5 wickets
 Stowe 143 all out
 Rugby 147 for 5

JUNIOR COLTS 'A'

There are no statistics accompanying these notes, for the scorebook 'got lost' on the last away match. Perhaps this was as well, for the statistics would not have made good reading. The first match was narrowly won, but after that there was nothing but defeats and draws. With two excellent cricketers lost (one to the 1st XI and one to tennis) things were never going to be all that easy, yet it should have been possible to produce something a little more positive during the season.

It was a friendly group, which seemed to enjoy its practice and its games. It was talented too (though technical improvements were needed, particularly in the batting). But the biggest lack was the general absence of 'know-how,' that elusive quality which used to be picked up more easily in the watching of county and Test matches. Perhaps the media's obsession with the one-day match and the over-blown doings of the 'superstars' are to blame. At all events we often looked gauche and innocent in the field, even lambs for the slaughter against our more seasoned opponents. In addition, there was the question of practice. The team turned up dutifully to all the official net practises. But there was little evidence of zestful extra effort. And as cricket is a game where practice and determination are as important, if not more so, than raw ability, that was a pity.

R. D. Hazell was unlucky in captaining a team which lacked penetrative bowling, dependable batting and knowledgeable fielding. He did his very best but sometimes circumstances got too much for him and our responses, as opposition batsmen prospered, were not always prompt or effective. His wicket-keeping probably suffered from his responsibilities in the field. He did well to keep cheerful! J. C. J. Burrough was the best of the bowlers; he bowled fast, with a good deal of heart, and gave little away. C. L. Marr started well, but seemed to lose pace as the season progressed. He was always a trier, however. T. D. McEwen took some good wickets with his thoughtful off-spin; he will do even better when he learns what field he needs and is prepared to demand it. If he can work on his batting, to make himself into a genuine all-rounder, he will do well. Of the batsmen, we depended much upon N. P. Blackwood and M. W. Pumfrey, who always looked as if they could score runs and sometimes did. Both improved in technique during the summer and should make runs in higher company. Burrough and S. C. Cormack timed the ball sweetly on occasion, whilst there were flashes of promise from Hazell, C. J. J. W. Hodgson, R. Fisher, N. G. M. Pinney, M. C. G. Atkinson, J. F. G. Vernon, A. J. Bartlett and H. P. Brougham. M. P. Kaunda held the catch of the season.

All in all, then, it was not a distinguished season in terms of results. But there were many good lessons learnt and there is no reason why, with further application, the members of this team should not turn themselves into a more effective, successful group.

We were grateful for the coaching of Mr. Harris. Thanks too to M. S. Rogers for scoring; the loss of the book was not his fault!

A.G.M.

JUNIOR COLTS 'B'

The most remarkable aspect of a dismal season weather-wise was that the rain prevented a result in only one fixture. The team's record was: Played 8, Won 3, Lost 4, Drawn 1, though the match against St. Edward's would almost certainly have been lost had not a deluge saved Stowe from further punishment.

In the early matches, Bartlett bowled exceptionally well and by half-term was deservedly promoted to the 'A' team. Showing some authority Sayell captained the team early and late, but between teams was out of action with a damaged knee. In his absence Beresford proved a worthy deputy and took 20 wickets in the seven matches in which he played.

In general, this was a modest team, however. No-one made runs consistently, and few were prepared to work on their technique in the nets or to show the discipline required in the middle. No-one save Beresford was successful with the ball once Bartlett departed. The throwing and catching left a good deal to be desired. More spirit and hard work will be necessary if this team is to be more successful next season.

Team: J. L. P. Sayell, A. G. B. Beresford, S. D. Anderson, B. Tuttle, R. P. Wachman, C. Kaunda, T. S. Mash, J. M. Piggott, mi., R. A. E. Mayhew, P. A. Renzulli.

Results:

v. Royal Latin—Won by 4 wickets
 Royal Latin 61 (Bartlett 4 for 14, Beresford 3 for 8)
 Stowe 63 for 6 (Wachman 34 not out)

v. Mill Hill—Lost by 5 wickets
 Stowe 76
 Mill Hill 80 for 5

Cokethorpe—Won by 8 wickets
 Cokethorpe 38 (Bartlett 5 for 9)
 Stowe 40 for 2

v. Bedford—Lost by 48 runs
 Bedford 108 (Bartlett 4 for 19)
 Stowe 60

v. St. Edward's—Match Drawn
 St. Edward's 114 (Beresford 5 for 27, Fisher 4 for 40)
 Stowe 12 for 3

v. Radley—Lost by 9 wickets
 Stowe 57
 Radley 58 for 1

v. A/B XI Chenderit—Won by 75 runs
 Stowe 110
 Chenderit 35 (McEwen 7 for 13)

v. Rugby—Lost by 26 runs
 Stowe 52
 Rugby 78 (Beresford 5 for 20)

D.G.L.

YEARLINGS 'A'

This was a promising side which learned a lot during the season about all aspects of cricket from appearance, tactics and skills through to the spirit of the game. They will mature into a very strong side in years to come if they are prepared to work hard at improving their game and four players (de la Pena, Morris, Raynor and Hayward) reached a sufficiently high standard to play for the Stowe Occasionals.

The regular players were:

RAYNOR: A good thoughtful captain, improving batsman and much improved spinner.

DE LA PENA: A solid bat and reliable quick bowler who bowls very straight.

HAYWARD: An erratic bowler but very quick on occasions who can bowl the unplayable ball.

MORRIS: A developing bat with genuine promise, a useful if erratic swing bowler and a fine fielder.

GREEN: A very promising bat, but at present too prone to rushes of blood to the head.

RUSSELL: Who is a real Geoffrey Boycott (59 overs for 46 v. Radley) and a miserly medium-paced bowler.

BEVERIDGE: A brilliant fielder and promising in-swing bowler who could be a good bat with more confidence.

BELLEW: A useful bat and a very agile and promising wicket keeper.

KAVINDELE: A hard-hitting bat prone to rashness and lapses of concentration.

HOLTBY: A very useful off-break bowler who could be a useful bat when stronger.

NICHOLL: A straight bat who will improve with experience.

MELVANI: He has many nice shots but is prone to lapses of concentration.

Results:

v. Dean Close—Won by 42 runs
Stowe 117 for 9

Dean Close 75 (de la Pena 4 for 23)

v. Wellingborough—Won by 6 wickets
Wellingborough 75
Stowe 76 for 4

v. Mill Hill—Won by 3 wickets
Mill Hill 104
Stowe 108 for 7

v. Oakham—Drawn
Stowe 128
Oakham 114 for 9

v. Bedford—Lost by 4 wickets
Stowe 71
Bedford 74 for 6

v. St. Edward's—Drawn (rain)
St. Edward's 140 for 9 declared
Stowe 6 for 2

v. Bradfield—(rain)
Bradfield 4 for 0

v. Radley—Lost by 1 wicket
Stowe 95 (Russell 46 not out)
Radley 96 for 9

v. Oundle—Drawn
Oundle 128 for 9 declared (de la Pena 6 for 19)
Stowe 26 for 7

v. Bedford Modern—Won by 7 wickets
Bedford Modern 50 (Hayward 4 for 13)
Stowe 51 for 3

v. Rugby—Drawn
Rugby 121 for 5 declared
Stowe 57 for 5

GOLF

SUMMER/AUTUMN 1987

Results in the Summer Term were some of the best in recent years, with 11 wins, one match halved and one lost — the last against a club side off handicap when our team were conceding shots to the opposition.

Colours were re-awarded to: D. J. M. Douglas, D. A. Lennard and P. J. Hale, and awarded to: D. T. H. Rotheroe, T. W. Bailey, S. R. C. Corben, J. C. White and A. R. Adam.

The first half of the Autumn Term revealed a promising squad of regular golfers playing with enthusiasm and commitment. We were also strengthened by the arrival of T. H. A. Luer from West Germany in the Lower Sixth, playing off a handicap of 10. On the strength of his performances he has quickly reduced this to 8, and Corben has come down from 13 to 9. The School now boasts six boys in single figures — in addition to Luer and Corben there are Rotheroe (5), Hale (6), Lennard (7) and J. D. Watson (8). As well as these there are many others playing good golf and steadily reducing their handicaps, such as D. P. W. Hope-Johnstone (12), P. J. Campbell (12), O. G. M. Dury (15) who arrived this term having come second in the Stowe Putter with 50 points, P. Gorlee (17) and M. Dawson (18).

With two of last year's team of three which reached the English Finals of the Golf Foundation Team Championship, we had high hopes of repeating last year's victory in the Area Qualifying round at Stratford-on-Avon. Sadly we didn't click this time and only finished 6th out of 13 schools with a score of 255 (last year 237). This year we would have been pressed, even at our best, to match the winning score of 235 achieved by Cheltenham Grammar School. Our sights are now set on trying to reach the final of the Hill Samuel School Foursomes, but this will entail winning three tough matches first.

M.D.D.

ATHLETICS

The 1987 season proved to be even more successful than the previous year and the enthusiasm and dedication shown by the Senior team encouraged many new boys to opt for athletics. Unfortunately, the Junior team is sadly lacking in volunteers, and rarely did we field a complete team, which accounts for their poor match

results. The Senior and Intermediate teams, however, showed strength in all events and the future of the club looks very healthy. We now have some fine technicians in the field events to boost the exceptionally strong sprint and hurdles group, and G.L.P.'s coaching has helped develop a talented middle-distance group — many of them still young enough to run for Stowe for numerous years to come.

Match Results:

22nd April:	Seniors (U.20): Stowe 123 pts. Dr. Challoner's 94½ pts. St. Edward's 56½ pts.
	Intermediates (U.17): St. Edward's 104 pts. Stowe 97 pts. Dr. Challoner's 83 pts.
	Juniors (U. 15): Dr. Challoner's 125 pts. Stowe 83 pts. St. Edward's 83 pts.
2nd May:	Seniors: Marlborough 147 pts. Stowe 144 pts. Radley 114 pts. Abingdon 82 pts.
	Intermediates: Radley 149 pts. Stowe 120 pts. Marlborough 115 pts. Abingdon 97 pts.
	Juniors: Marlborough 80 pts. Stowe 61 pts.
7th May:	Seniors: Stowe 90 pts. St. Edward's 71 pts. Malvern 69 pts.
	Intermediates: Stowe 82 pts. Malvern 76 pts. St. Edward's 73 pts.
	Juniors: Malvern 100 pts. St. Edward's 68 pts. Stowe 58 pts.
12th May:	Seniors: Oundle 113 pts. Stowe 110 pts. The Leys 60 pts.
	Intermediates: Stowe 109 pts. Oundle 94 pts. The Leys 72 pts.
	Juniors: Oundle 119 pts. The Leys 79 pts. Stowe 64 pts.
30th May:	Seniors: Stowe 113 pts. Oakham 102 pts. Ratcliffe 70 pts.
	Intermediates: Stowe 97 pts. Oakham 95 pts. Ratcliffe 90 pts.
	Juniors: Oakham 103 pts. Ratcliffe 100 pts. Stowe 82 pts.
13th June:	Seniors: Stowe 170 pts. Uppingham 131 pts. Welbeck 103 pts. Bloxham 73 pts.
	Intermediates: Stowe 117 pts. Uppingham 98 pts. Bloxham 62 pts.
	Juniors: Uppingham 81 pts. Stowe 57 pts.

Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington



In addition to the inter-school matches, we also fielded teams in two relay meetings. The first is very early in the season and is held at Stoke Mandeville and is a good indicator of the strength of our team. The second is the prestigious Achilles Relays meeting, held at Iffley Road, Oxford, which attracts the top schools from all over the country. It was from this meeting our Senior relay team returned in triumph, winning the 4 x 100m. trophy — the first team from Stowe to do so for twenty years. The Intermediate team were unlucky not to win their age-group, but were narrowly beaten by Millfield, both schools being credited with the same time.

Relay Results:

Dr. Challoner's Relay Meeting— (1st May, at Stoke Mandeville)

Seniors (U.20): 4 x 100m. 1st: 45.1secs.
4 x 400m. 2nd: 3mins. 39.1secs.

Intermediates (U.17): 4 x 100m. 2nd: 46.8secs.
4 x 400m. 3rd: 3mins. 54.2secs.

Juniors (U.15): 4 x 400m. 3rd: 3mins. 54.2secs.

Achilles Relay Meeting— (9th May, at Oxford):

Seniors (U.20): 4 x 100m. 1st: 44.2secs.

Intermediates (U.17): 4 x 400m. 2nd: 46.0secs.
4 x 800m. 5th: 9mins. 09.7secs.

The more talented boys are encouraged to compete in both the Buckinghamshire County A.A.A. Championships and the County Schools meeting. In the former, we had no fewer than ten boys placed in the top three of their respective events, D. W. Matthews and N. A. C. Lawrence being the only winners of the day — both in the hurdles events.

In the County Schools Championships, held in torrential rain and a gale-force wind at High Wycombe, the team excelled themselves and fourteen boys were placed either first or second, gaining them selection for the Buckinghamshire team and winning Stowe both the Intermediate and Senior team trophies. The boys selected to compete against Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire were:

S. L. Clarke—	Senior 100m. and Relay
A. D. H. Sugars—	Senior 100m. and Relay
D. W. Matthews—	Senior 110m Hurdles and Relay
B. Hesketh—	Senior 200m and Relay
T. E. Thorogood—	Senior High Jump
M. G. Reed, ma.—	Senior 110m Hurdles and Discus
C. E. O. Allerton—	Senior 400m.
C. R. J. Hutber—	Senior 1500m.
P. J. Clarke—	Intermediate 100m.
N. A. C. Lawrence—	Intermediate 100m. Hurdles
A. N. van Moppes—	Intermediate 100m Hurdles
S. E. Montford—	Intermediate 1500m.
J. J. Sander—	Intermediate Discus
M. J. McNeil—	Junior 1500m.

Unfortunately most of the boys found the competition very tough and did not perform to expectations. However, the Senior relay team (A. D. H. Sugars, B. Hesketh, D. W. Matthews, S. L. Clarke, ma.) was selected to represent the County in the All-England Athletics Championships, which were held in Birmingham this year. S. L. Clarke, ma. D. W. Matthews and P. J. Clarke, mi. were also selected to compete in their specialist events, but were all eliminated in their heats. The relay team, however, qualified for the final after an excellent heat time of 43.9secs., but were unable to repeat this in the final, finishing a creditable sixth in 44.6secs.

Sports Day this year was perhaps the highlight of the season. We were fortunate to pick a dry Sunday at the end of June, and many friends and parents and relatives attended to produce a marvellous atmosphere. The quality of performances on the track was first-rate, and at the end of the day, after the Headmaster's address, N. K. Rice (Chatham 1964), who still holds two school records, presented the prizes. The winning House was once again Cobham by a very clear margin, but next year promises to be a more closely fought contest. Cobham completed the "hat-trick" once again, by also winning the House Relay competition and the House Standards competition.

S. L. Clarke and D. W. Matthews produced consistently high-quality performances throughout the season and encouraged many of the younger boys, and both will be difficult to replace. Numerous records were broken in the course of the season, most notably the 20-year-old 100m record in the Intermediate age group broken by P. J. Clarke, mi.

The complete list is as follows:

Seniors (U.20):

4 x 100m.—(A. D. H. Sugars, B. Hesketh, D. W. Matthews, S. L. Clarke, ma.) equalled school record of 43.9secs.

Intermediate (U.17):

100m.—P. J. Clarke, mi.—11.2secs.

4 x 100m.—(T. J. H. Richards, N. A. C. Lawrence, G. B. K. Ridley, P. J. Clarke, mi.)—46.0secs.

Intermediates (U.16):

100m. Hurdles—M. D. Aldridge—15.7secs.

Triple Jump—O. Nathan-Marsh—11.97m.

Discus—J. J. Sander—30.24m.

Javelin—J. J. Sander—42.42m.

Juniors (U.15):

1500m.—M. J. McNeil—4mins. 34.2secs.

Colours Awarded:

Senior: S. L. Clarke, ma., D. W. Matthews, A. D. M. Sugars, B. Hesketh, C. R. J. Hutber, M. G. Reed, T. E. Thorogood.

Colts: P. J. Clarke, mi., S. E. Montford, R. J. Spencer, ma., N. A. C. Lawrence, A. N. Van Moppes, C. E. O. Allerton, C. R. Lascelles, C. E. K. Hughes.

M.D.



Left to Right: S. L. Clarke, B. Hesketh, A. D. H. Sugars, D. W. Matthews — Winners of the Achilles Relay Cup 1987.



Photograph by A. K. C. Saw

LAWN TENNIS

1st VI

The 1987 season was a very successful one for Stowe Lawn Tennis. In spite of having four members new to first team play, the 1st VI won all their matches, and this has not been achieved for many years. There were some particularly fine performances against St. Edward's, The Old Stoics, Uppingham and Rugby. A. G. Astley and C. M. King had an excellent season as top pair, and remaining unbeaten in school matches, and Astley, who would normally be at Stowe for two more years, will be greatly missed, but we wish him well for the future. J. G. Shillington and T. Y. Alireza had some really good wins at second pair, and we look forward to them doing even better next season now that they are seasoned campaigners at this level. The third pair of J. P. I. Robinson and A. P. C. Craig had a somewhat varied season, but on several occasions they produced match winning tennis just when it was needed. In addition, Robinson was an excellent

Captain who did a lot to bring out the best in the other members of his team. When it is remembered that four of the team (Astley, King, Shillington and Alireza) were still of Colts age, the fine record is even more remarkable. One thing needs to be said at this point which is not always realised, tennis is not like all summer sports—it is a genuine **team** game, all three pairs play each other and frequently they have to play in a particular way to beat the opposition. It is not without significance that United States tennis players always talk about 'tennis **teams**' and not 'pairs' as is so often the case in this country.

Results:

v. Aldenham	Home	Won	9 —0
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won	7½—1½
v. Uppingham	Home	Won	7 —2
v. Eton	Away	Cancelled-Rain	
v. Oakham	Away	Won	8 —1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	5 —4
v. Bradfield	Away	Won	6½—2½
v. Rugby	Home	Won	5½—3½
v. Merchant Taylors	Home	Won	6 —3

Overall Record: Played 8; Won 8



The 1st VI which won all its School matches.

Photograph: R. & H. Chapman

Colts VI

This team had a good season considering that the four top Colts were playing in the 1st VI. The composition of the team varied depending on whether the Junior Colts team was in action, but the most usual team consisted of the following, all of whom played well and gained some excellent wins:—J. H. Hutter, M. E. Dawson, A. E. Macintosh, A. C. Bewes, M. B. Johnstone and P. W. Joynson-Hicks, while B. G. Holloway also played.

Results:

v. Aldenham	Home	Won	6½—2½
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won	5 —4
v. Uppingham	Home	Lost	0 —9
v. Eton	Away	Lost	4 —5
v. Oakham	Home	Won	9 —0
v. Bradfield	Away	Won	5 —4
v. Rugby	Home	Lost	3 —6
v. Merchant Taylors	Home	Drawn	4½—4½

Overall Record: Played 8; Won 4; Lost 3; Drew 1

Junior Colts VI

This was a very promising team and contained some highly talented players who should have won all their matches, but inexperience in match play resulted in two indifferent performances against Eton and Bradfield, which marred their overall record. Good wins were obtained against Aldenham, St. Edward's, Uppingham and Rugby, but when it really mattered against Eton and Bradfield one or two of the team faltered in times of crisis. We hope that this will not occur again because this team is capable of having a very distinguished future in senior school tennis in the years ahead. The following played regularly for the team:—W. Stoppard, C. J. Gibbs, B. G. Holloway, O. O. Aiyela, R. C. Houghton, P. A. Would and when he was not playing for the Colts, J. H. Hutter also played. Everyone played extremely well for the team **almost** all the time, but we hope that in future it will be **all** the time! W. Stoppard was a very good captain of the team.

Results:

v. Aldenham	Home	Won	9 —0
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won	7 —2
v. Uppingham	Home	Won	8½—½
v. Eton	Away	Lost	3 —6
v. Bradfield	Away	Drawn	4½—4½
v. Rugby	Home	Won	5½—3½
v. Merchant Taylors	Home	Won	6½—2½

Overall Record: Played 7; Won 5; Lost 1; Drew 1

Under 14 VI

The Under 14 VI had a very successful season and there is no doubt that there are a number of useful players at this level, and in particular N. Savalas and R. P. Langford. As inter-school matches consist of three pairs one of the major problems in selecting all teams is to get two boys to play together who complement each other in their play in order to win matches, and this is not always easy. Attitudes to the game, playing

strength and weaknesses, and personalities all play a part in the process of getting a team to play together, and for these reasons it sometimes takes a few matches to sort things out. In the end I think everything was worked out satisfactorily. R. P. Langford (who also proved to be an excellent Captain) played with E. A. Shillington at first pair and they won all their matches. N. Savalas teamed up well with S. Y. Alireza, while G. A. Dawson, N. A. Dobbs, R. J. Power and M. M. Renwick also played for the team. The two matches lost were extremely close and could easily have gone our way but for some unforced errors—we hope such mistakes will be eliminated in the future. Stowe tennis will do very well if all these players stay together.

Results:

v. Aldenham	Home	Won	7 —2
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won	7 —2
v. Uppingham	Home	Won	8½—½
v. Eton	Away	Lost	4 —5
v. Bradfield	Away	Lost	4 —5
v. Rugby	Home	Won	6 —3
v. Merchant Taylors	Home	Won	5½—3½

Overall Record: Played 7; Won 5; Lost 2

The Overall Record for All Teams was:

Played 30; Won 22; Lost 6; Drew 2

Public Schools Championships—

Wimbledon 1987

The Senior Team of A. G. Astley, C. M. King, J. P. Robinson and A. P. Craig did very well to reach the final of the Clark Cup, losing in the final after beating amongst other, Cheltenham, K.C.S. Wimbledon and King's Canterbury.

The Junior Pair of R. P. Langford and J. H. Hutter won two rounds and played well in the competition—the future is bright.

P.G.L.

A LIFE IN THE DARK

Dark — hark,
Every noise,
A crack,
A jump,
What was that bump?
No replies,
But a thousand answers beyond his eyes.

Fingers on the wall,
Probing all,
Feet unsure,
Upon the floor.

A fall, a cry,
"Oh help me please!"
Upon his knees.
"Once I saw,
But now,
No more."

O. P. M. Seale (IVa)



The Under 14 VI which made an excellent start in the School.

Photograph: R. & H. Chapman



SAILING

The Sailing Team has had a very successful season this year, losing only two of their seven matches. Most of the term provided light winds bringing out the true skill of the three Helms (K. M. Ramsden, A. R. Bennett, R. F. St. C. Wilkinson), which provided some very close races.

The match against Banbury Cross S.C. (our host Sailing Club) unfortunately had to be abandoned after two races owing to a total absence of wind, and resulted in a draw.

This year also saw the first girl in the School team (Beth Osmond), which will hopefully encourage more girls to start sailing at Stowe! There was also an encouraging number of boys from the Lower School, with some talents beginning to emerge. Sailing Colours were awarded to: Ramsden (Commodore), Bennett (Secretary) and Wilkinson.

Results:

v. Harrow	Home	Lost	0—2
v. Bloxham	Home	Won	2—0
v. Merchant Taylors	Away	Lost	0—2
v. Rugby	Home	Won	2—1
v. Radley	Home	Won	2—0
v. Banbury Cross S.C.	Home	Drawn	1—1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	2—1

Team from: K. M. Ramsden, A. R. Bennett, F. St. C. Wilkinson, Beth Osmond, M. J. Worthington, T. S. Mash, R.C.H. Wood, W. T. Fraser-Allen.

Housematches: Walpole.

Helmsman's Tankard: A. R. Bennett.

Pennant Competition (Juniors): T. S. Mash.

A. R. Bennett (Secretary)

SWIMMING

Stowe School Swimming Club enjoyed a steady but not a spectacular season. All age groups enjoyed success at some stage during the summer. The Under 16s, for instance, are to be highly congratulated for coming second at the Six Schools Swimming Tournament at Harrow. The Seniors also turned in a particularly fine performance to beat Bishop Stortford 'B'.

However, all-too-often the team failed to work as one unit. This happened most notably at Rugby in a Three Schools Tournament when despite both the Seniors and the Juniors winning and the Colts coming second, Stowe still lost overall due to a disappointing performance by our girls.

The most notable individual performances this term came from Simon Geh and Michael Rolt who swam at both U.16 and Open levels and who broke two School records apiece.

Those who represented the School swimming team were:

Senior: P. A. Dobinson, J. N. L. Arlon, ma. R. St. J. Hill, A. J. H. Diamond, M. Lowe, A. K. C. Saw, M. A. C. Rolt, S. H. T. Geh.

Under 16: W. J. C. Miles (Captain U.16s), T. H. J. Watson, ma., N. C. Cooper, J. M. A. Hill, T. Burford-Taylor, mi., T. D. L. Arlon, mi., R. A. Roeder, J. B. J. White, J. P. Smith, J. Ursing, M. Skjott.

Junior: C. L. Johnson (Captain Juniors), A. M. Wake, J. D. Foster-Smith, M. H. P. King, mi., M. J. C. Flower, J. L. E. Agostini, mi., C. E. A. C. Wright, mi., M. R. C. H. Nottage.

Girls: Harriet Lund (Captain of Girls), Catherine Downing, Rosalind Tew, Gay Longworth, Catherine Seymour, Cadena Wong, Georgia Dussaud, Minka Tetley, Cordelia Beresford.

Full Colours were Awarded to: P. A. Dobinson, R. St. J. Hill, S. H. T. Greh, M. A. C. Rolt.

C.H.J.

MOUNTAINEERING

Monday Extra climbing has enabled some members to get practice with knots, abseiling and belaying, so that when we go on or in the rock these things have become automatic.

Since May we have had three climbing trips to Birchen and Froggatt Edges in Derbyshire, with about a dozen Stoics taking part. Some new talent has emerged, most notably D. R. J. Elias who managed his first Very Severe (4b) lead, of Trapeze Direct, on only his second outing with the Club. He now needs to learn how not to leave his friends stuck in the cracks! On all trips several climbs up to Severe (4a) have been climbed including, for those who enjoy the names, Horatio's Horror, Emma's Delusion, Victory Gully, Tinsel's Tangle, Green Gut and Diamond Crack.

There is a caving trip scheduled for 8th November to some dry systems in Burrington Coombe. An end-of-holidays visit to Swildon's Hole, also on Mendip, gave a couple of us the exhilarating experience of the Round Trip 'through the Troubles,' which involved several almost total immersions in muddy water. It was definitely wet suit country and not for beginners. But the streamway was, as always, entirely delightful.

G.M.H.



Photograph by J. L. G. Tew

SHOOTING

Five teams were entered for the B.S.S.R.A. Autumn and Spring Leagues and ended up between second and fifth place in their respective divisions.

P. Garton remained Club Captain scoring the best average on ten bull targets of a very creditable 94.0 He was followed by H. Burford-Taylor, Club Secretary, with 90.6.

The "B" team firing on the easier five bull targets shot exceptionally well, A. Diamond scoring 96.2, B. Hesketh 95.6 and M. Williams 94.4. A Sugars and M. Moore averaged 92 and the team were unlucky not to win their division.

In October we entered the CADSAM cadet meeting with a junior and senior team of four for the last competition with the Lee Enfield .303 rifles. The teams fired well but were not amongst the prize winners. In the Staniforth Cup C.C.F. team of eight competition we scored well in the first round, with 725/800 but failed to qualify for the final round by one point for the third year in succession!

The Summer Term saw our customary concentration on full-bore shooting, and we used the county matches at Bisley to practise the wind coaching techniques that let us down so badly in the 1986 Ashburton. By the time of the SEDSAM shoot in May at Ash Ranges there were signs that this was reaping benefits when the Stowe "B" four brought back a magnificent cup for the best "B" team score. This was presented by the Headmaster at a subsequent parade to the Captain of Shooting, Sergeant H. Burford-Taylor; team members B. Hart, A. Diamond, A. Wright and C. Wolseley-Brinton received an engraved medallion.

Hopes were high that we could acquit ourselves well at this year's Ashburton. Indeed the "Eight" came back with a £50 prize for the most improved team by placement, improving by 41 positions on 1986, to come 31st in an entry of over 80 schools. They made a record score of 498/560 nearly breaking the elusive 500 barrier. Sergeant P. E. R. White and Corporal A. Diamond placed in the Cadet Hundred and won badges, and Corporal A. Rutter scored the first possible 35/35 since 1982 and won a spoon in the Wellington tie shoot. Altogether it was the most successful Ashburton for Stowe on recent record.

The highlights of the first two days Wellington 200 yards and Iveagh 500 yards competitions were:

A. Rutter	65/70
I. Tennant	65/70
A. Diamond, B. Hesketh	64/70
H. Burford-Taylor	63/70

all of whom were entered for the Cadet Rifle Aggregate.

If everyone had matched their best score of the week in the Ashburton a magnificent total score of 507/560 would have been possible. As it was the total of 498 on a filthy wet and windy morning was a great credit to the coaches and firers. Competition for the "Eight" was fierce and A. Talbot-Rice was unlucky to have to fire as Reserve. He made a record score of 44/50 and won his shooting colours, as did the whole of the "Eight," who all averaged 60 or over in the Ashburton:

P. E. R. White	66
A. Diamond	65
H. Burford-Taylor (Captain)	63
A. C. E. Rutter, N. A. C. Laurence	62
M. Fatharly, B. Hesketh, I. Tennant	60

In the Spenser-Mellish individual self-coached competition at 500 yards P. E. R. White scored 45/50.

It is most encouraging to note that only one member of the team is leaving Stowe this summer and we can anticipate another very successful full-bore season in 1988.

The Autumn Term got off to its usually busy start on the first Sunday with a lively Casualty Cup Competition. There were some very quick finishes even in the Preliminary Round. Grafton "A" Team were the eventual winners in a close-run final. This competition was run by R.S.M. Brannan who is taking over responsibility for the Shooting Club.

S.O.C.



C.C.F.

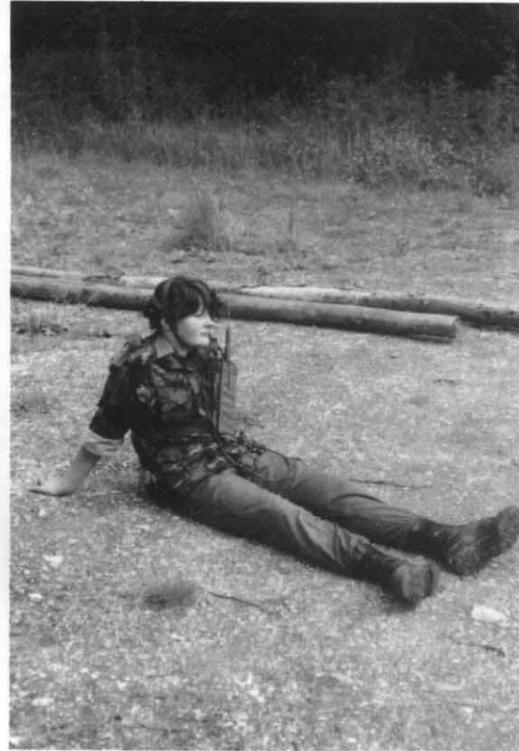
The C.C.F. year ends with annual camp. This year the contingent was able to offer two different locations to cadets. The first year cadets put all their training done during the year to good use at Okehampton training camp on the edge of Dartmoor. The programme covered a wide range of activities, navigating through the mists of the moor, infantry exercises, abseiling and inter-contingent competitions on the range and assault course. The 'recruits' showed themselves now to be experienced hands and made a good impression on their officers and the staff of the Cadet Training Team administering the camp. In the competition for the best contingent at Okehampton, this summer, Stowe was placed fourth out of thirteen.

The second camp of the summer holidays involved flying to Germany to visit 12 Air Defence Regiment, Royal Artillery, stationed in Dortmund. To give the cadets an idea of the Artillery's NATO role a series of visits were made to nearby regiments. The only British Army unit equipped with nuclear missiles displayed their equipment in a most interesting fashion. Cadets were let loose on several pieces of heavy machinery and they managed successfully to 'marry' a missile to its warhead, a delicate operation, fortunately done with a 'blank round.' On other visits the tracked vehicles were put at the contingent's disposal to test our driving skills much to everyone's enjoyment. The request to equip the contingent with tanks, fortunately for Stowe's landscape, will not be possible. One highlight of the trip was a tour of the Inner German Border. The Stowe cap badge aroused much interest from the East German Border Guards. Binoculars and cameras were trained at our party wherever we appeared. One particular treat was to meet the guards face to face as they photographed their visitors at very close range. The cadets enthusiastically captured the other side on film as they made copious notes on the C.C.F. uniform. A three day infantry exercise followed which tested everyone's mettle and field-craft skills. This year's German summer was no better than that experienced in Britain and the frequent soakings made the exercise quite a test of endurance. The regular troops were impressed by the competence and enthusiasm displayed by our side. The enemy were given a hard time.

The C.C.F. year begins with the Casualty Cup and this keenly competed inter-house shooting competition was won by Cobham House. This year, after the main competition, the Headmaster and the Bursar fielded a team each. Some sharp shooting by the Headmaster and his team won the day.

Activities undertaken on field day have been varied in scope. Infantry exercises have taken

place at Stowe and on training areas around Aldershot. At sea, cadets have experienced a weekend on a Royal Navy Fast Patrol boat and were on board to take part in a high speed dash in response to an S.O.S. call. Some cadets have spent a weekend navigating a barge along the Grand Union Canal. The recruits have experienced their first night under canvas and realised how different the landscape is whilst moving tactically after dark and finding your way at the same time.



Miss Lockton

This has been Stowe's best year for shooting and much of the credit for the present sound footing of our team must go to Captain Collins who has recently retired from running this activity, after a number of years dedicated service. R.S.M. Brannan now runs the shooting team and took a number of cadets away on the October field day weekend to compete in the South East District Cadet Skill at Arms Meeting. Captain Collins will be pleased to see that the team is in good hands and is following the excellent lead he has given. Stowe came back from the competition with twelve medals, a shield for winning the Falling Plate Competition and a shield for being placed the best school out of a total of over ninety other contingents.

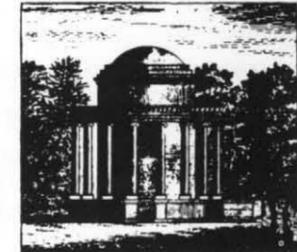
In July we said our farewells to Lt. Cdr. Charles Rainer who ran C.C.F. Signals efficiently for many years and was an expert in all forms of communication from the heliograph to the modern micro chip radios. C.C.F. staff and cadets wish him a happy retirement and assure a warm welcome and a valve set to play with whenever he visits in the future.

There have been a few other events of note. In July, Temple managed to break the Lyttelton monopoly of the Coldstream Cup and won a very well fought and close competition. It was particularly pleasing to see a high level of commitment during the competition this year. In October the new recruits were treated to a day out with all three services on the occasion of Joint Services Day, held at R.A.F. Cosford. An exciting time was experienced by all with a programme that included helicopter flights, an air display and a spectacular battle display.

Recently the Lord Lieutenant for Buckinghamshire asked Stowe to nominate a C.C.F. cadet as Lord Lieutenant's Cadet and the honour of holding this title has been given to Under-Officer B. Hesketh. A number of cadets have been promoted to senior positions of responsibility. Under-Officer Wolcough has special responsibility for Proficiency Company, H. Burford-Taylor has been promoted to C.S.M. and is Captain of Shooting and Sgt. C. Woodford is the senior N.C.O. in the R.E.M.E. section.

The programme for the rest of the year should prove to be an interesting and busy one. Forthcoming events include a visit to the Royal Artillery in Woolwich, an exercise with the Queen's Own Mercian Yeomanry in December and Adventurous Training in Wales at Easter. It is planned that the year will end with a camp for twenty cadets in Germany, hosted by the Grenadier Guards.

M.J.S.



The Temple of Ancient Virtue.

The Shooting Team



C.C.F.

R.N. Section

The May Field Day saw many of the Section afloat overnight in the Medway and Thames estuaries. Lt.-Cmdr. Manisty took twelve cadets aboard the 62ft. sail training gaff ketch *Morning Star of Revelation*, skippered by the long-suffering Lt. Tim Millward, while three prospective Channel sailors joined Lt. Bevington to experience a simpler life aboard the smaller Halcyon 27, *Eagle's Wings*. The increased wind speeds of the second day provided some exciting sailing, but both crews and yachts acquitted themselves well. The Autumn Field Day provided an opportunity for new recruits and senior hands alike to indulge in land combat exercises through the extremely popular medium of Survival Games, kindly arranged by Lt.-Cmdr. Manisty.

During the Summer Term and the first half of the Autumn Term the Section has made good use of its boating facilities on the Eleven Acre Lake at Stowe in sailing the fleet of Toppers, pulling or sailing the 16½ft. A.S.C., manning the various rescue craft and developing some expertise on sailboards. In July cadets L.S. S. R. C. Corben, P. H. Gale and T. C. Swann attended two excellent courses at *H.M.S. Raleigh*, Torpoint. I am grateful to C.P.O. Mark Northey for his efforts over the last year.

M.J.B.



L.S. S. R. C. Corben, T. C. Swann and P. H. Gale on the bowsprit of *Morning Star of Revelation*.

Photo by M.E.M.

Sail Training Aboard *Black Douglas*

During the Summer holidays Lt. Bevington took five Royal Naval cadets on board the 36ft. sail training yacht *Black Douglas* run by Sailing Southwest in the capable hands of Chris Simpson and his fiancée Karen. The week spent on board took us along the Devon coast via Newton Ferrers and Salcombe to the Channel Islands, visiting Jersey, Guernsey and Sark. The sailing was at times hard work, but the evenings spent ashore sampling the local culture cheered everyone up. The course required four hours' night sailing and it was a reluctant crew that was dragged on deck at two o'clock in the morning for the fourteen hour voyage back to Plymouth. A fair breeze compensated for the uncomfortable motion experienced by some of the company.

The week not only taught us all many sailing skills but also taught the group how to get along in the close confines of a yacht. I think I would be right in saying that the trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the R.Y.A. Competent Crew Certificate awarded capped a superb week.

Leading Seaman W. T. Fraser-Allen



P. J. Campbell, R. J. Fraser-Allen and H. M. Cairns receive instruction in bends and hitches from C. Simpson.

Photo by W. Fraser-Allen



From left to right: P. J. Campbell, W. T. Fraser-Allen, R. J. Fraser-Allen, H. M. Cairns, M. P. Stiebel.

Photo by W. Fraser-Allen

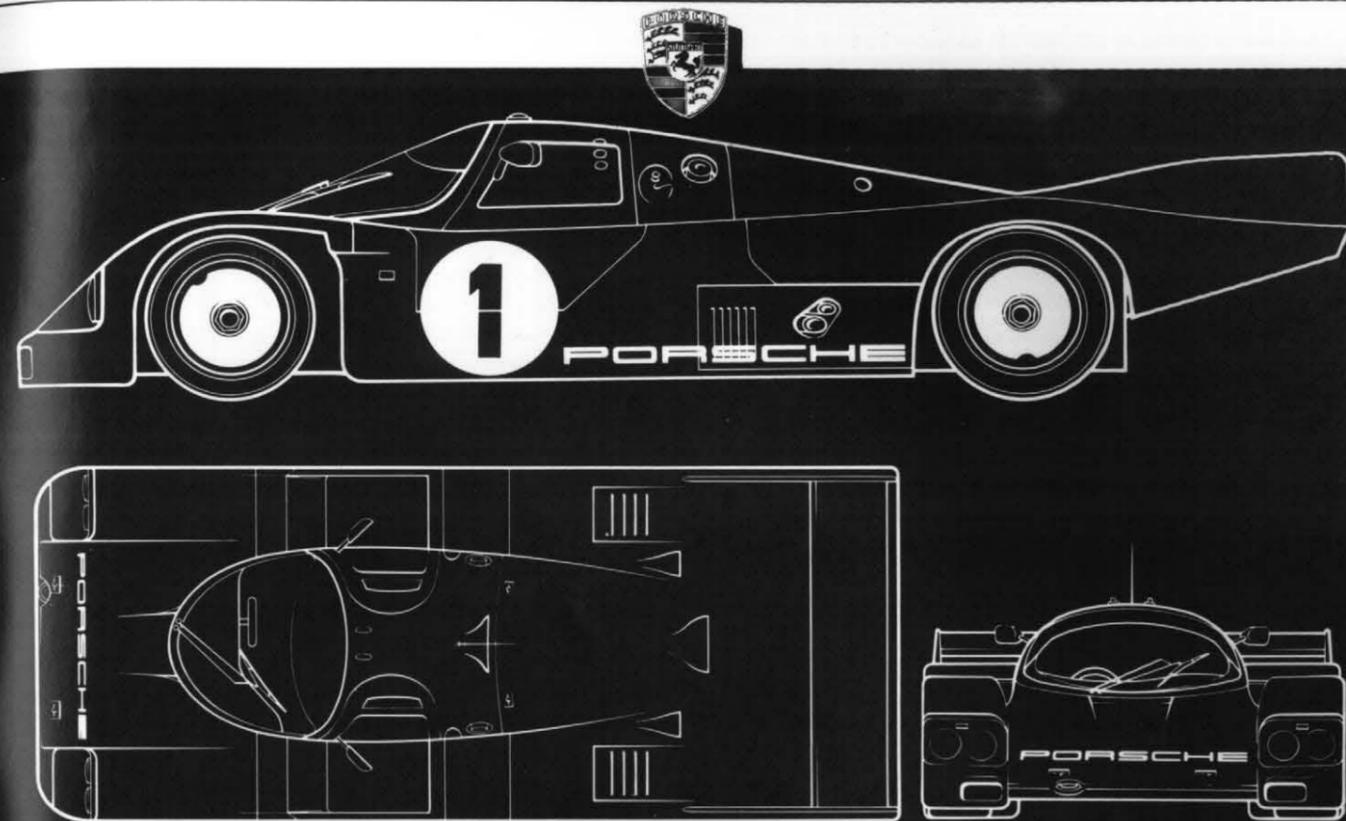


William Fraser-Allen carries out repairs to the mast-head above Salcombe.

Photo by M. Stiebel



J. L. G. Tew



The Art of One-upmanship

(Or how to acquire a Porsche poster)

As anyone familiar with Porsche's annual school challenge knows, acquiring a Porsche poster is something of an art.

On this occasion, however, you need to be something of an artist. The brief is simple. Through the wonders of water-colour, crayon or felt-tip pen, we invite you to create your own racing livery.

Instead of the famous Rothmans Porsche blue and white, you can select any team colour or name you like. Base your design

all-conquering Porsche 962C above. Then submit your final artwork on card or paper to the Marketing Department, Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Bath Road, Calcot, Reading, RG3 7SE.

Everyone who participates will receive a full colour Porsche poster and the creators of the six most original liveries will then be invited to Porsche's UK headquarters at Reading, as Porsche's special guests for a day.

Will you be as slick on the drawing board on the line-drawings of the **PORSCHE** as Porsche is on the race track?

BUILDING ON ACHIEVEMENT

The Porsche script and badge are registered trade marks of Dr. Ing. h.c.F. Porsche AG.



The Stowe Beagles on Stowe Avenue — 25th Anniversary Print.

BEAGLES

The School Beagle Pack commenced its 26th season with a trip to "The Northumberland Beagling Festival" in September. The new Master, A. J. G. David, showed good sport ably assisted by Whippers-in M. E. Burditt, A. P. A. Waugh and M. D. Aldridge.

During the close season hounds were shown at the major shows, winning more than their fair share of trophies.

Back at Stowe the start of hunting was delayed owing to late harvests, but since the beginning of October good headway has been made and hopes are high for the forthcoming season.

The painting above, featuring the Beagles on Stowe Avenue, was commissioned by "Chalkey White," an Old Stoic, in the hope that such a familiar scene would appeal to all Old Stoics.

J. N. Thornton

The above illustration is of a fine quality print taken from a painting by Ashley Boon commissioned to commemorate the 25th Anniversary of the founding of The Stowe Beagles in 1962. Proceeds from the sale of these prints will go towards the refurbishing of the Hunt Kennels. Since their foundation the Beagles have provided unique experience and opportunity to Stowe Boys and given great pleasure to the many supporters who enjoy a day out with them.

Prints may be ordered from:—
THE BURSAR, STOWE SCHOOL, BUCKINGHAM,
BUCKS. MK18 5DH.

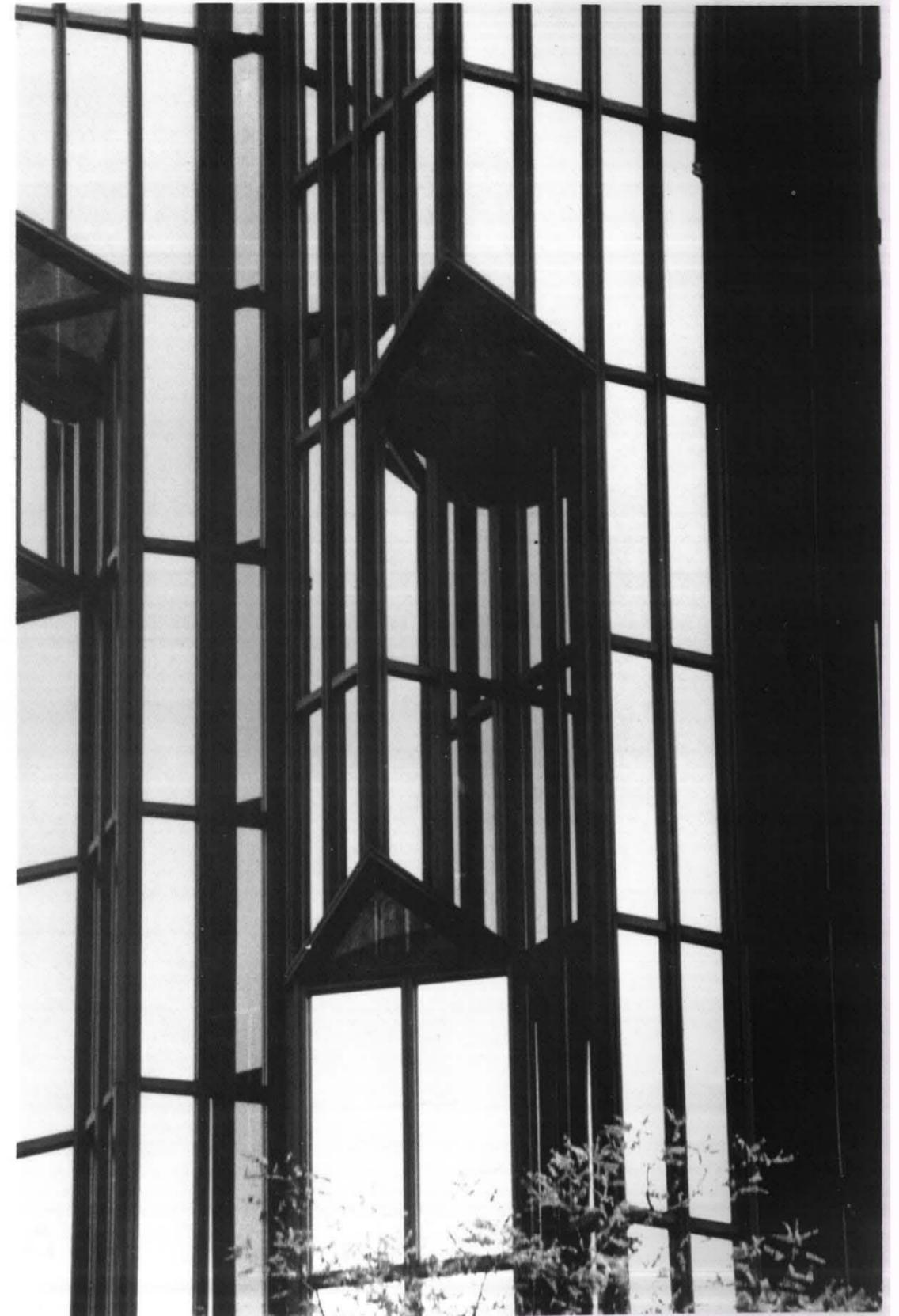
Approx. size 19¼ × 27 inches.

Limited Edition 250 Signed Prints.

Limited Edition 50 Signed and Remarked Prints by the Artist.

Price £30.00 and £50.00. Post and Packing £1.50.

Cheques should be made payable to Stowe Beagles Supporters Club.



Photograph by M. Lowe



Photograph by A. K. C. Saw



"Relish"

Photograph by J. W. Hogbin



Photographs by J. L. G. Tew



H. M. Cairns (LVI)

OLD STOIC NEWS

F. P. G. Aldrich-Blake (Chatham 1961) produced and presented "In the Shadow of Fujisan" with **M. D. Cobham** (Grenville 1949) shown on BBC2, June 1987.

M. L. A. Andrews (Chatham 1957) wrote and produced "Land of the Kiwi" for The Natural World BBC series.

J. J. Astbury-Bailey (Walpole 1947) acting Headmaster at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury during absence of the Headmaster on sabbatical.

J. M. Budden (Walpole 1942) published "The Operas of Verdi" vol. III (1981), and the monograph, "Verdi" in Dent's Master Musicians (1984) for which the American, Italian and German rights have been bought. Elected Fellow of the British Academy July 1987.

M. D. Cobham (Grenville 1949) produced and presented "In the Shadow of Fujisan" with **F. P. G. Aldrich-Blake** (Chatham 1961), shown on BBC2, June 1987.

O. A. W. Dilke (Bruce 1933) published "Mathematics and Measurement" (Reading the Past series).

P. D. P. Duncombe (Chandos 1945) High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, April 1987.

H. S. L. Dundas (Temple 1938) created a Knight Bachelor for Services as Chairman of British Electric Traction in the Birthday Honours List, June 1987.

The Knight of Glin (previously D. J. V. Fitzgerald) (Grenville 1955) featured in first instalment of BBC2 series "Crown and Shamrock."

H. L. Goodall (Lyttelton 1974) has written the musical "Girlfriends" that opened in the West End in October 1987.

P. F. Hewetson-Brown (Chatham 1962) has become Joint Registrar for St. Albans, Hitchin, Luton and Bedford County Court, and Joint District Registrar of the High Court of Bedford and Luton.

C. Kinahan (Temple 1933) re-appointed Trustee of the National Heritage Memorial Fund. Appointed to the Court of the University of Ulster representing Queen's University, Belfast. Chairman of the Historic Buildings Council of Northern Ireland since 1973.

S. K. Knowles (Temple 1952) Master of the Chartered Surveyors' Company, October 1987.

B. M. Knox (Bruce 1934) Lord Lieutenant for Ayr and Arran 1987.

F. D. A. Levitt (Chandos 1954) was awarded the O.B.E. for services as a partner with Levitt Bernstein Assoc. in the Birthday Honours List June 1987.

N. W. Lyell (Grafton 1957) awarded Knighthood on becoming Solicitor General.

A. G. Meredith (Staff) published cricket biography "The Demon and the Lobster," October 1987.

D. Morton Jack (Chatham 1954) Judge at Aylesbury Crown Court.

P. J. Partington (Grenville 1974) has become Rector of Busbridge in the Diocese of Guildford.

A. G. M. A. Provest (Chandos 1957) Director of Public Relations—Navy.

F. N. Reed (Lyttelton 1967) appointed Director of Music at Strathallen.

P. W. I. Rees (Temple 1944) was created a Life Peer in the Dissolution Honours List, 1987.

G. E. G. Riddick (Walpole 1972) has been elected Conservative M.P. for Colne Valley in the 1987 General Election.

J. G. S. Robinson (Temple 1983) won Berkshire Trophy and English Stroke Play Championship — the first to do so in the same year since Sandy Lyle in 1977. He also qualified for the British Open Championship in July 1987, was selected for the British Walker Cup Team v. U.S.A. He has since joined the professional ranks.

C. O. N. Stanley (Chandos 1973) Deputy Chairman of Air Call Medical Services and Air Call Holdings plc.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Taylor (Chatham 1927) Honorary LL.D. by Memorial University of Newfoundland. Elected an Hon. Fellow of the Royal College of Psychiatrists.

BIRTHS

J. (Robin) Bell-Irving (Chatham 1970) a daughter, Mary Anne, born 30th July 1987.

J. D. Carnegy-Arbuthnott (Bruce 1971) a son born 17th September 1987.

R. D. G. Carter (Lyttelton 1970) a daughter, Lindsay, born 14th November 1987.

J. K. R. Falconer (Walpole 1973) a son, James Hector Reid, born 7th April 1987.

A. L. Garber (Chandos 1974) a daughter, Eliza Kate, born 8th August 1987.

A. C. Gornall (Grenville 1974) a daughter, Katie, born 2nd October 1987.

R. L. Rome (Chandos 1966) a daughter, Farima Rachel, born 8th September 1987.

J. H. Rose (Lyttelton 1976) a son, William Fergus, born 5th July 1987.

J. J. Shackleton (Grafton 1968) a son born 23rd June 1981, a daughter born 8th February 1984, and another daughter born 7th August 1987.

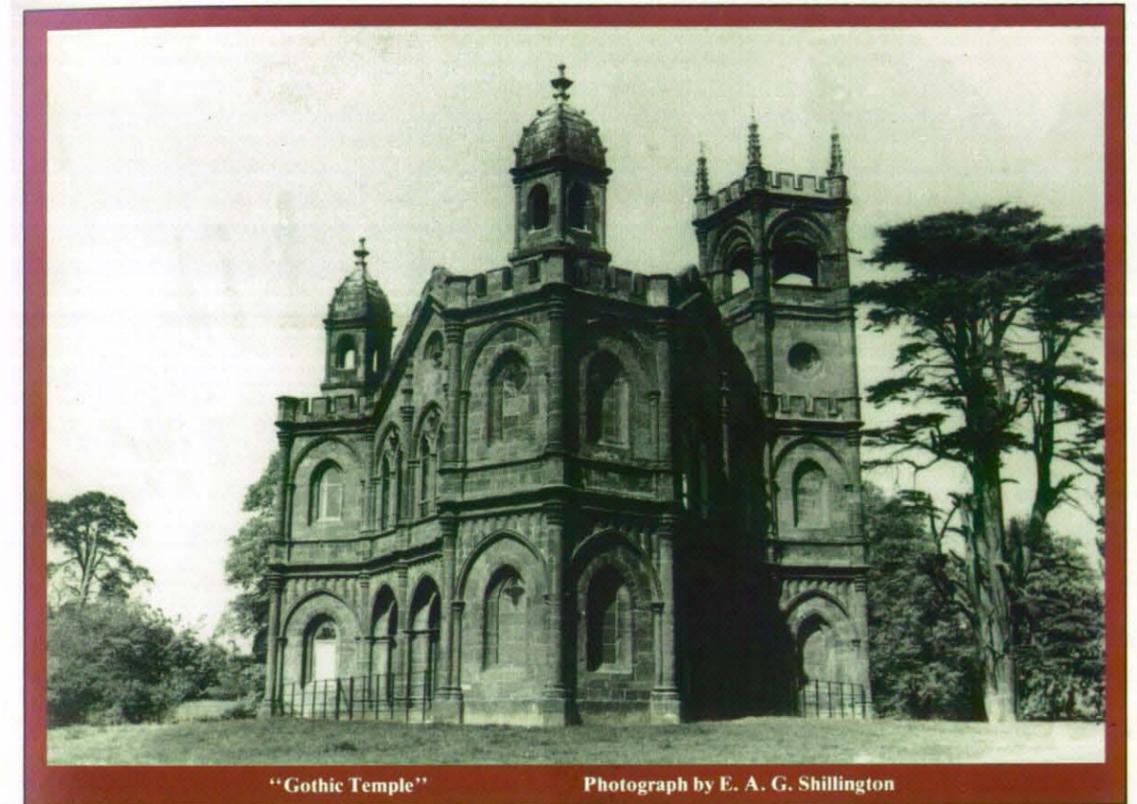
A. C. Wolfe (Grafton 1966) a daughter, Susanne, born 7th May 1987.

MARRIAGES

- J. N. Barnard** (Grafton 1978) to Ashley in June 1987.
- S. L. Barnard** (Grafton 1978) to Belinda Jane Johns on 19th September 1987.
- A. O. Bell-Irving** (Chatham 1973) to Fiona Reid Scott on 8th October 1987.
- G. D. G. Carr** (Chatham 1977) to Amanda Louise Barlow on 27th June 1987.
- Lord de Ros (Previously P. T. Maxwell)** (Lyttelton 1975) to Sian Ross on 5th September 1987.
- A. R. Kennon** (Grenville 1973) to Mary-Claire Gamblin on 24th April 1983.
- R. L. Law** (Bruce) to Frances Mary Bingham on 19th September 1987.
- J. D. A. Nicholl** (Lyttelton 1972) to Jane Watt on 8th August 1987.
- E. C. E. Peshall** (Walpole 1971) to Camilla Drew on 5th June 1987.
- A. M. Roxburgh** (Walpole 1980) to Sarah Jane O'Connell on 15th August 1987.
- C. R. Shackleton** (Chandos 1976) to Miranda Josephine Thomas on 24th May 1986.
- A. W. L. Wiggin** (Grafton 1981) to Fiona Wilkins on 23rd May 1987.
- G. F. Winnington-Ingram** (Lyttelton 1978) to Rebecca Cocks on 26th September 1987.

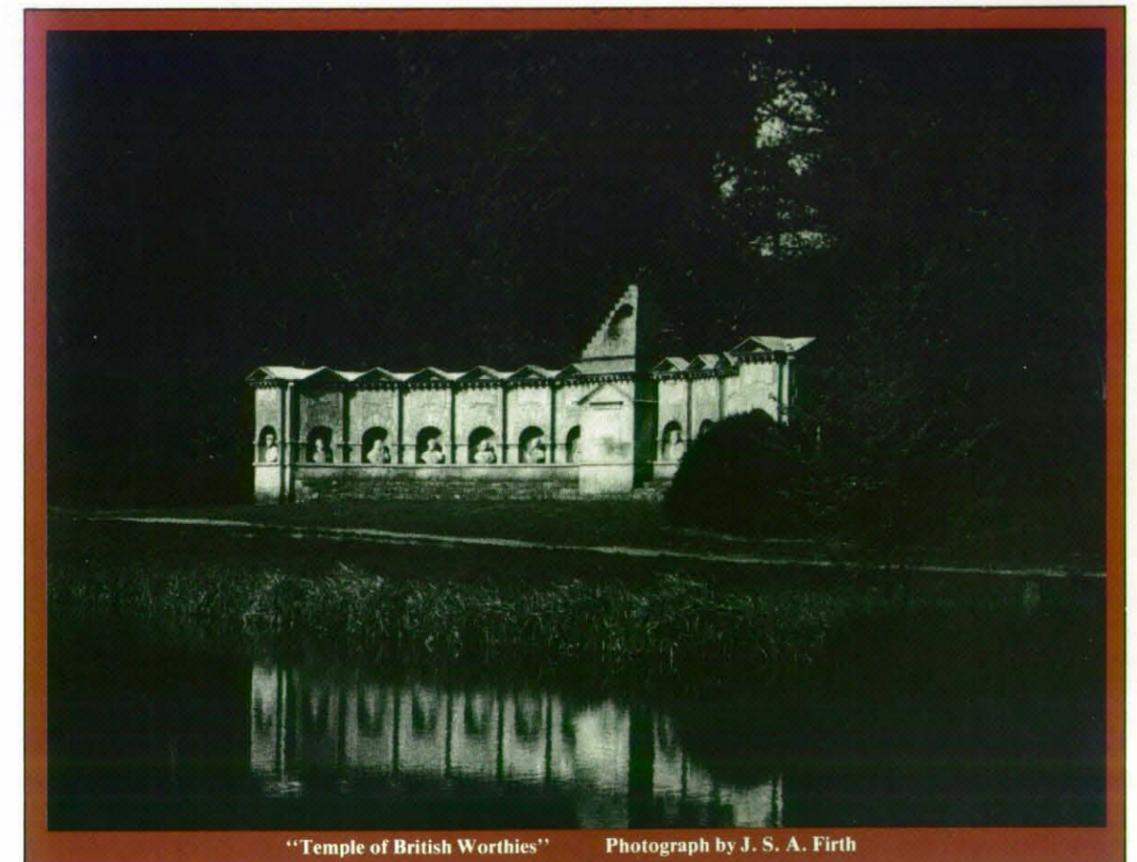
DEATHS

- D. M. Baker** (Grenville 1933) on 25th April 1987.
- M. D. Beck** (Walpole 1952) on 15th September 1987.
- F. M. Benitz** (Chatham 1933) in 1986.
- I. F. Bracey** (Chatham 1961) on 18th August 1987.
- C. Braimer Jones** (Grenville 1926) on 5th September 1987.
- J. S. S. Campkin** (Cobham 1929) on 18th September 1987.
- D. E. Connington** (Bruce 1949) on 16th August 1987.
- A. G. R. Dunipace** (Temple 1964) on 15th June 1987.
- R. J. V. Robinson** (Walpole 1952) on 17th May 1987.
- J. C. Saunders** (Staff 1929-1966) in September 1986.
- G. I. Thwaites** (Bruce 1934) on 7th July 1987.



"Gothic Temple"

Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington



"Temple of British Worthies"

Photograph by J. S. A. Firth



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