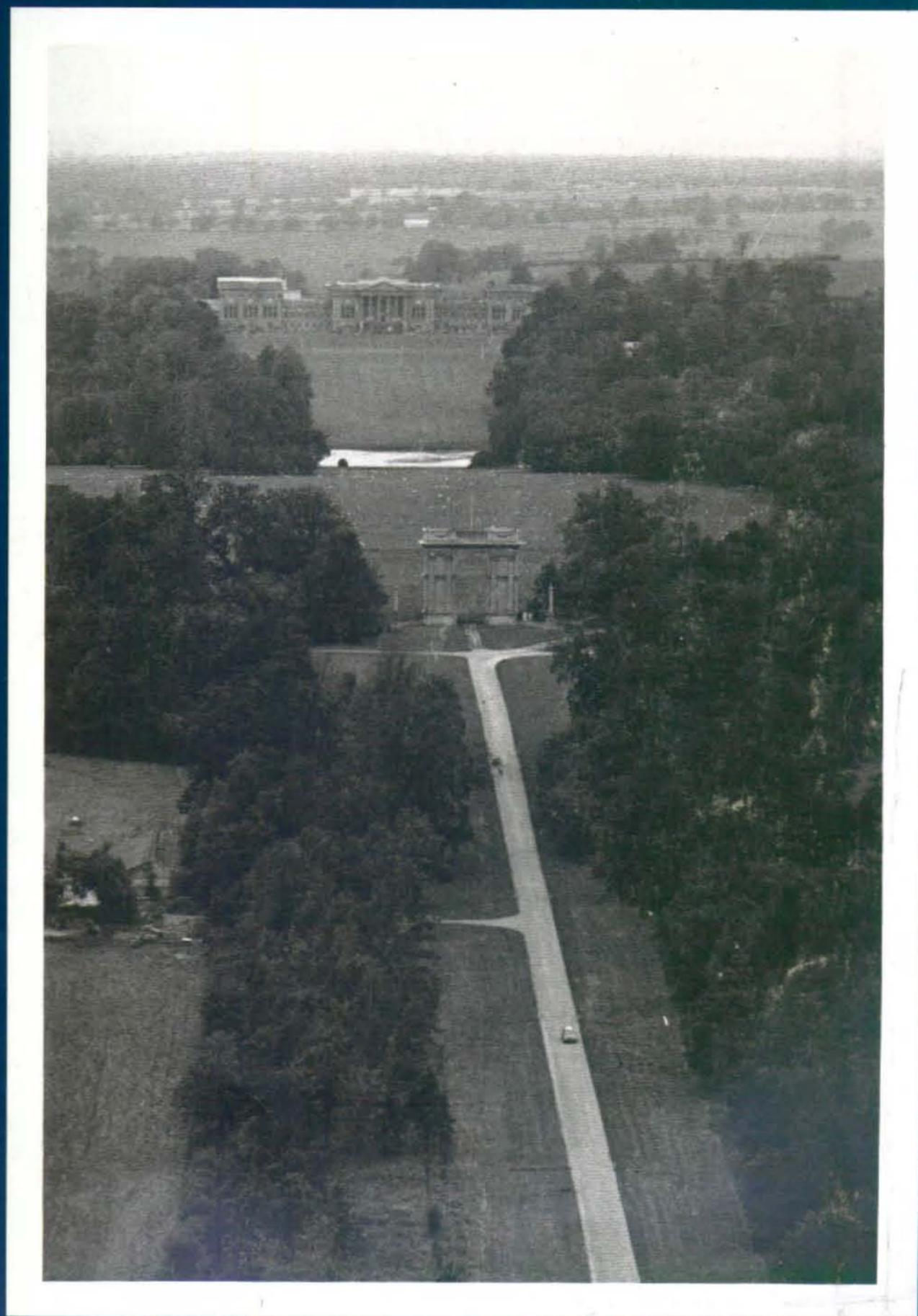


# THE STOIC



*May 1993*

*Number one hundred and ninety-one*

Truman: 872,73 Spurr: PR 930, 936



Vol. XXX  
Number 13  
May 1993

## THE STOIC

*Photograph: Front Cover  
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Inside Front & Back Cover  
by D.R.T. Oldridge, ma*

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### EDITORIAL

It is a mere 70 years since the School's foundation. The Memorial Service for Eric Reynolds in Chapel on May Day brought the reminder that since 1923 Stowe has had only six Headmasters. In view of such scholastic youth, it is all the more remarkable that so many Old Stoics have made a visible impact on the world in every field of life. It is our privilege that many continually return to pass on their wisdom and experience to each new generation of Stoics. Since Christmas, George Melly has been 'down our way' to his old School on Radio 4; and there have been visits from Simon Whistler and Harry Kemp. Laurence Whistler has been involved artistically with Stowe for five decades, and we are delighted to print in this issue an original article about Vanbrugh which will form part of the continuing debate about the Gardens' history and restoration. We also look forward to the new 'biography' of Stowe in Mr Brian Rees's forthcoming **History of Stowe School**.

Present-day Stoics are themselves busy maintaining the active tradition. We congratulate the following, among other successes, for gaining entry to Oxford: M. Chamberlain (English at Balliol), A.E. David (Law at Lincoln); S.G. Edenborough (English at Brasenose); N.D. Smith (English and Classics at Lady Margaret Hall); and M.Y.T. Wreford (Chemistry at Brasenose). There were academic and adventurous trips to Greece, Florence and Nepal. The Community Service went to Romania. The Summer Vacation's expeditions will drop by parachute over Crete and Holland; walk Italy in the steps of Garibaldi; and study Baroque architecture in Prague.

Mr Drayton's **Litany**, composed specifically for Stowe Chapel and performed by several choirs and soloists, was memorable for its power and majesty. The Drama Festival was again far ranging in scope, variety and achievement. The Literary Society was honoured with a visit from Dame Iris Murdoch and Professor John Bayley, who discussed with Stoics and teachers aspects of the Modern Novel. And we point with pride, and a blush, at the wealth of writing and visual art in the magazine, which puts the creative and editorial work of the Stoics amongst the highest and best in the country.

A major commencement from September next will be the merger of Lyttelton and Stanhope to create a new Girls' House, with improved facilities and greater living space. Speech Day will see the re-opening of the Cricket Pavilion on the North Front, after extensive renovation. We shall carry further considerations of these developments in the December edition of **The Stoic**.

We welcomed this Term, Mr Boothroyd Brooks to the Classics Department to teach in place of Mr Bevington, who takes a sabbatical in the United States. We are happy to announce the engagement of Mr McCrea and Miss Evison.

The Editors



### Prefects

<b>J. M. P. Shasha</b>	Head of School	<b>Kerry A. Ives</b>	Head of Nugent
<b>M. Chamberlain</b>	Second Prefect	<b>Nicola Dewar-Durie</b>	Head of Stanhope
<b>Kerry A. Ives</b>	Head Girl	<b>D. D. Atherton, ma</b>	Prefect of Defaulters (Boys)
<b>A. H. L. Michael</b>	Head of Bruce	<b>J. M. Crawford</b>	Prefect of Sanctions
<b>O. J. Schneider</b>	Head of Temple	<b>S. G. Edenborough</b>	Prefect of Grounds
<b>J. L. Nash</b>	Head of Grenville	<b>Alexandra Herrington</b>	Prefect of Defaulters (Girls)
<b>R. S. Plumridge, ma</b>	Head of Chandos	<b>C. A. K. Murray</b>	Prefect of Middle and Lower School
<b>A. J. C. James</b>	Head of Cobham	<b>A. T. Mustard</b>	Prefect of Club
<b>O. Bengough</b>	Head of Chatham	<b>G. J. Pike, ma</b>	Prefect of Shop
<b>F. T. Erogbogbo</b>	Head of Grafton & Prefect of Chapel		
<b>P. W. Little</b>	Head of Walpole		
<b>N. P. Leith-Smith</b>	Head of Lytteleton		

## VALETE

### MDD (The Rev. Michael Drury)

The job description of the incumbent of Stowe Church (combined with being Assistant Chaplain and schoolmaster) is nigh impossible both to write and fulfil. Michael Drury did justice to all three and more during his ten years at Dadford and Stowe. Michael brought many impressive qualities to all areas of his work and such are the demands of a pastor in the parish and an academic in a school that it was all the more remarkable that Michael remained so consistent and approachable in all circumstances. The vicar is not able to reveal his own inner burdens, of which there must be many, as he carries the trials and tribulations of others. Michael was more than willing to show the appropriate feelings when he thought necessary, with a telltale sign of blushing in his cheeks, but his ire was rarely roused and his cheerfulness won much affection from parishioners and colleagues alike.

The Drury family came to Stowe in 1982. Michael had been Chaplain at Canford School for sixteen years which was a marvellous preparation for his various roles at Stowe. His care and concern for the people of Stowe and Dadford will be remembered with admiration, although, characteristically, Michael would shrug off such a suggestion as he would see it all as part and parcel of being a Christian. His spirituality and prayerfulness were evident in the approach he brought to his work. Warmth and understanding, patience and sympathy were available to all who came into contact with him.

It was clear that the parish were fond of Michael. He managed to keep a balance of the old and of the new; of the past and of the present. He kept things moving without losing sight of all that had been held dear to the parishioners in the past. There were many changes in the Church, at large, through the eighties and Michael had matters in good perspective. Stowe Church services were shaped to

keep the traditional and welcome innovations. An influx of younger people swelled the family services and the congregations were notably larger on the major festivals of the Church's year. Michael's sermons were always biblically based, well illustrated and contemporary. With thoughtful planning and relevant application each point was clearly stated to hit home at the conscience or to encourage the faint hearted. He was a good preacher whose sincerity of personal belief was transparent for all to see. Being fully committed to the Deanery, he would be regular in his attendance at the weekly Chapter meetings.

Geography and Religious Studies were his two academic subjects, taught in the classroom with meticulous care. He was happier dictating notes and explaining exam questions than having a free for all discussion on the issue of the day. Results with the G.C.S.E. syllabus were particularly good in R.S. in his set. Michael brought a wealth of experience to his Confirmation classes which he took with great personal interest.

His love for sport goes back to his days at Rugby and Oxford. At Canford he had a major role in cricket and golf, so that it was no surprise that at Stowe he ran the golf too. This he did most successfully with triumphs in the Micklem Tournament over the years and a string of talented school teams on a regular basis.

Michael was essentially a family man. Sarah played a full part in the life of the village and their three children, now all grown up, were a welcome addition to the activity of the vicarage. At home he was ready to put his hand to practical matters, following in his Master's footsteps, no doubt, with hammer and chisel at his workbench. Reading, travel and golf were his most enjoyable pastimes. The family is now in Nottinghamshire with four parishes and five churches where Michael is glad to be more his own boss. We wish them a most rewarding time there and thank them for all their kindness to so many people at Stowe.

J.M.L.

## T.R.M.P.

Brigadier Tim Pulverman joined Stowe School as its Bursar in August 1986 after a full career in the Army. Tim and his wife, Nichola, established themselves quickly in the area and moved into a well appointed house in the village of Maids Moreton. Tim's background in the Royal Engineers fitted him well for the daunting task of taking on the repair and maintenance of Stowe's main mansion and the 32 garden buildings which are dotted around the 790 acres of Stowe's parkland. Many tasks were undertaken in Tim's time: the 11 acre lake dam project, the repairing of the School's roads and hard surface playing areas; but what filled him with the greatest pride was his ambition, successfully achieved, to create study bedrooms for every sixth form member of the School. His persuasion and planning now allow all Stowe sixth formers to enjoy the privilege and privacy of individual rooms, all of which are appointed to the highest standard.

Tim assisted in relieving the School of a major financial headache when, together with the late Chairman of Governors, Sir James Kennon, he negotiated the hand over of the grounds and the garden buildings to the National Trust whilst trying to maintain the School's continued access to all the areas of the park which had hitherto been its right.

Tim is an impressively courteous gentleman, and he and the ubiquitous Gizmo will be missed making their daily inspection of Stowe's real estate, although I do know that he regularly exercises his rights, himself and Gizmo in the grounds.

Nichola continues to provide relief support in the School's North Hall and is a regular visitor to the Bursary. Both will undoubtedly be frequent visitors to, and ardent supporters of, the School. Best wishes to them both in their "retirement", at least from Stowe; I am sure both of them will continue to be as busy and active as ever.

A.W.

## M.J.G.

Michael Ghirelli came to Stowe in September 1988 initially to take a handful of lessons but over four years of service his share of the work of the Geography Department increased to more than two-thirds of a full timetable. Likewise his contribution to the extra-curricular life of the School grew in his time at Stowe and his commitment both in and outside the classroom belied his part-time status.

MJG taught all his classes vigorously using his formidable knowledge of place and people to enthuse his pupils and enhance their examination prospects. He often expressed a preference for the physical aspects of his subject but in practice he was equally at home with Demography and Development as with his stated preference for Geomorphology and Meteorology. An all-rounder, he was able to draw on a breadth of expertise and wide experience gained in a variety of schools. He gave willingly of his time well beyond the call of duty to assist with D of E expeditions and Geography field courses and he was always ready at short notice to provide cover for

absent staff. Current Geography staff remember his idiosyncracies with enormous pleasure and affection — his predilection for vivid floral ties with their inevitable clashes of colour, his frequent searches for mislaid spectacles, his inadvertent 'borrowing' of texts, his appetite for strongly flavoured Mediterranean dishes — garlic with everything!

MJG's contribution to Geography at Stowe was discerning and distinguished and he will be remembered by his colleagues and those he taught as a dedicated, generous and compassionate person. We wish him well.

D.R.F.

## OBITUARY — Eric Vincent Reynolds

### Headmaster of Stowe from 1949-1958

Any man proposing to follow J.F. Roxburgh as Headmaster of Stowe faced a challenge of exceptional difficulty. Even in his declining years the personality of the School's founding Headmaster exerted a powerful magnetism over the majority of his staff and pupils, and perhaps an even more powerful one over the many Old Stoics who had known him in his hey day. To such as these Stowe without Roxburgh was almost inconceivable. To some senior members of the staff, therefore, any successor to 'J.F.' suffered from one inexcusable flaw: he simply was not 'J.F.'

Eric Reynolds must have become very soon aware of the coolness felt towards him in some influential quarters, but it did not deflect him from his purpose, that of consolidating and expanding what he had inherited. In this he was undoubtedly sustained by his experience at Rugby, where Housemasters were less dominated by the Headmaster than they were at Stowe, and also by a determination belied by a somewhat restrained, diffident manner. Stowe's principal need at that time was the provision of better practical facilities in various fields such as the laboratories and workshops. A start was made with the rebuilding of the Biology laboratories, to be followed later by further extensive building in that field. A most generous gift from Roxburgh enabled Reynolds to build new workshops. In due course came the Memorial Theatre and Music School (now known as the Roxburgh Hall) and the construction of a Headmaster's house which ensured that future incumbents would not have to be celibate. Houses closer to the School were built for married masters, and a great deal of restoration was carried out in the grounds. The teaching staff had reason to be grateful for his help, especially in improving their financial position.

Eric Reynolds' serious climbing accident in 1951 was a bitter blow; the physical embarrassment must have been severe to one who, in common with his predecessor, prided himself on his appearance, and the inner strain can hardly be guessed. Yet it was after this that all the above projects were completed. However, he eventually came to feel that the pressure was too much for him, and with his practical goals achieved he decided to retire early.

Reynolds was a man of high intellectual ideals,

and his success in that field is reflected in the continuance of the Oxford and Cambridge awards which had been such a marked feature of his predecessor's headmastership. He was also a man of wide sympathies and interests, whose wisdom and wit commended him particularly to the more intelligent and mature of his pupils. An excellent host, he liked the good things of life and delighted in sharing them with his colleagues and their wives. For those who appreciated his qualities, Eric Reynolds gave a great deal to Stowe.

B.S.S.

**Correspondence: A reply to Dr Roche's letter of last December.**

Gentlemen

I was very taken to read Dr Roche's letter regarding the late Lord Cheshire.

I left Walpole in 1938 and I wasn't present on the day of the famous collision with the equestrian statue, but I did meet Leonard Cheshire on several occasions after the war. I never got around to asking what I suppose is really the \$64,000 question until recently when he and I were sitting near to each other at a large dinner given by the Benchers at Lincolns Inn.

I took the opportunity after dinner of asking him to put me right as to what car he was driving on that celebrated occasion. I thought it was an Aston Martin, but he quickly corrected me and said, no, an Alfa Romeo.

It seems we have two entirely different schools of thought about this memorable occasion.

Yours sincerely, D.P. Weiner.

**SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE OF:**

**Group Captain The Lord Cheshire of Woodhall, VC, OM, DSO, DFC.**

On 30th November 1992, Stowe gave thanks for the life of a man who is not only, arguably, the School's greatest old boy, but is also probably one of the outstanding figures of the Twentieth Century.



Photograph by D.R.T. Oldridge (V)



Lady Ryder of Warsaw

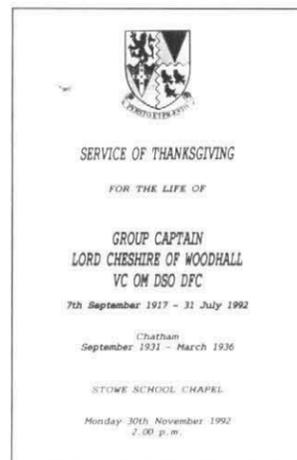
Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

The Chapel was full of Stoics, past and present, and many honoured guests. Most notable was Leonard Cheshire's widow, Lady Ryder of Warsaw, whose reading of 'Usque ad Mortem' (Unto Death), a poem she and her husband had composed on 2nd November 1958, provided a climax to the whole service.

There were readings by the Headmaster, the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, The Hon John Freemantle, Tim Cheshire (Lord Cheshire's Old Stoic nephew) and Bishop Maurice Wood. There were also readings by two present Stoics. The Bishop of Northampton, The Right Revd Leo McCartie gave the blessing and the choir sang a number of superb anthems, including Mozart's 'Ave Verum', Andrew Carter's 'A maiden most gentle', and Vivaldi's 'Cum Sanctus Spiritus'.

Although the weather outside was wet and windy — a truly miserable Autumn day — the atmosphere in here was one of warmth and awe. Warmth because of the opportunity to give wholehearted thanks for an amazing life; awe at the miracle of a life completely dedicated to God's Service.

T.M.H.S.



**DRAMA**

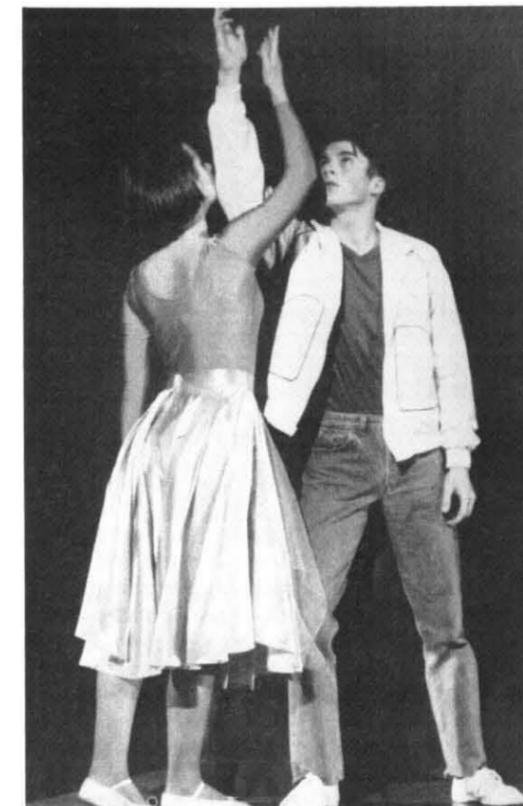
**Senior Congreve**

**WEST SIDE STORY**

The test of the success of *West Side Story* is whether it communicates two starkly different feelings: hope and sadness. Puerto Rican girl hopes that America will be what it is cracked up to be; American boy hopes that the street will be his very own American 'turf'; Puerto Rican boy hopes for a bloody and almighty 'rumble' and both Maria and Tony hurl themselves into the wild hope of matching across racial barriers. And then sadness, because whilst some hopes are satisfied gloriously — there is blood, after all, the tenuous, tinsel hope of love fails utterly. The granite-like cynical voice of Schrank — who never sings — finally rings out with more eloquence than any youthful song about love or 'America' or being 'cool'; or Puerto Rican for that matter. Interpretation of the score and text, use of stage-movement and set must be committed to pulling as far as possible in both directions and when the 'feeling' changes it must be a violent swing which stretches this emotional spectrum to its limits. But isn't this old-hat cliché? It is risky but, no. The story is only able to grab our emotional attention because it makes a valid intellectual demand: neither the adults who might be expected to 'know', nor the youth whose passions all but rule out knowledge have the sense to stop; and once vengeance is added to racial hatred as a motive for action, as it is so memorably in this play, then the ingredients for concocting human brutality are properly in place.

On the shoulders of Tony and Maria rests much of the burden of communicating and challenging these provocative themes. The first managed to find the middle ground between the heavy machismo of Brooklyn street life and being 'soft'. George Passmore carefully nurtured the role of lover removed from the fray, and the impression of his finding himself utterly bewitched by Maria was convincing. This was important because the demands of the score were such that the upper end of the range crackled with strain and this detracted from his convincing and impressive overall performance. As a contrast with the tones of Fraval's voice Passmore's soft, more blurred sound, made both voices distinct, at the same time compatible. The achievement of this blend was very much to his credit: so often one is faced with raspy schoolish duets because 'he' has discovered vocal strength and 'his' volume control is jammed. Not so in this case.

Halima Fraval provided the audience with a voice of strength and solidity and it was more than that, it was used delicately: moments of tenderness were communicated with a deliberate hushing; a sudden diminuendo or swelling tonal anxiety, contrasted meticulously in 'Tonight' and the marriage vow scene, gave the evening vitality. And again one felt relieved at not having to put up with lazer-vocals: Fraval created a rich, rounded sound which was both lightly girlish and voluptuous.



Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

The creation of a contrast to this harmony stated so strongly by the Passmore and Fraval love affair could not have been more thoughtfully choreographed, directed and acted by a cast which looked happy and committed (and, credit to choreographer, Barbara Taylor, there seemed to be only passing attention given to the 1962 film-version!) Distraction in the form of fading concentration (eyes moving away from the action, or unnecessary movement) was hardly noticed. The energy of both 'Jet' and 'Shark' was spectacular and only occasionally a little tentative, perhaps uncontrolled at times. As Riff and leading Jet, Alex Neil provided the sharp edged spitting aggression necessary for the sort of mindless machismo and grinding racism of disenfranchised American youth. His sinuous figure was in keeping with his rattish existence and just as one might have expected to see a rodent rummaging the waste of Ian McKillop's exquisitely atmospheric Brooklyn street, so Neil appeared.

His girl Graziella (Kerry Ives) led the Jets women with swanking zest. When Riff instructs her to join him in the dance at the gym she moves out into mid-stage, pouts into the audience and then flows down to Riff with magisterial provocation and takes a place next to her man. The Jets girls, with not quite the same panache, entertained admirably, and memorably in 'Cool'. The Jets as a group were cool in this movement: clicking fingers and the closing vignette of motionless figures, hands poised and lit from behind, was very apt and slickly done.



Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

To match the brawn of Ollie Schneider as Big Deal was big George Pendle. His commitment to Cadillac swerving, television gawping 'air-conditioned' America (complete with 'kingsize bed') could not have been more swaggering but, he managed an energetic if brainless defense of the nostalgia about Puerto Rico when disputing sonorously the relative merits of the USA: his "...back home when women know their place," though countered swiftly by Anita's 'back home little boys don't have war councils,' illustrates Bernardo's thoughtless and almost likeable character. Pendle appeared to find this role easy.

I have mentioned 'brawn'. Brawny weight on the whole was lacking: one felt that the stage was too lightly trod by the cast. One needed to be in awe of meaty muscular gravitas; energy on the stage was too fretful in the song, 'Cool' and one longed for real suave arrogance, only possible when there is muscle to back it. The possible weakness of this response is Charles Clare's portrayal of inimical youth in the role of Action. He needed little physical power to paint a picture of disillusionment, and nowhere was this more clearly stated than in his jeering mock-trial towards the end of the play. His name says a lot but it fails to pick up an eloquence in the argument which keeps him sneering, brutal and snide.

The statement of difference between the gangs was raucously voiced by the Sharks' girls. In fairness they are meant to have our sympathies; the song, 'America' is a statement of their coming to terms with New York life and given 'street life' their rationalising this possibly questionable choice of settlement is designed to attract our sympathy: we are 'American' even if it means losing things we held dear in Puerto Rico and it offers more. This is a brave and admirable sentiment, one which is not vindicated by subsequent events, but one to which we warm. The hard-nosed American brutishness of Riff, Action, Diesel or Ice is up against this Latin-American flair and the latter was brightly presented in Sophie Lechner's Anita, Jessica Callan's Francisca and Sophie Fox's Estella, to name a few. Their song, 'America' was arguably the highlight of the evening. Sophie Lechner particularly, her strident voice and movements of abandon around the stage, stated very attractively the realistic embrace of a sophisticated and hostile Manhattan which, despite its hostility offered more than the unpredictable, myriad colour of Puerto Rico, the other island.

As has been mentioned *West Side Story* is a play about feelings, pleasant feelings, feelings of love, hate, and feelings ignored, and as much as these are evoked by player, scene and set, they are created by Bernstein's score. John Green and his orchestra managed this demanding score with an ease and care which one might not ever expect at school. Consider the softening of the sound when Tony and Maria meet for the first time: tentative sounds imitate the tentative movements of lovers; and then the neat quirky cymbal ticking over behind the clicking fingers of the Jets' song, 'Cool'. Most memorable,

however, is the moment of Tony's death. He slumps, and what do we hear? The tune for 'Somewhere There is a Place,' playing quietly behind the action — a quite superb piece of ironic comment from the orchestra.

The reviewer's seat on the Saturday evening was very close to the communication between actor and conductor and clearly this was fine-tuned and easy. Timing, so important in this often pacey score, was seldom if ever inaccurate and relations between stage and pit could not have been closer.

This finally is what sold the evenings; it was the insistent, disciplined complement of player by conductor, conductor by orchestra, facial expression by lighting, and theme by direction. The set of broken, scaffold bannisters, sharp angled floor shapes, and its uncompromisingly metallic feel similarly complemented the jagged spirits of a fractured society. Light, perhaps a little feathery, many of the songs and ideas might be, but Timothy Hastie-Smith's production this year lost none of its philosophical weight. The sadness of this defeated Manhattan was very carefully spun in the final moments. Fraval's timing was crucial here — and she seemed to have a fine sense of that — but when Tom Harper, a Jet, not a Shark, placed Maria's scarf back on her mourning shoulders, one was aware of direction which was firmly in control of all. Was he suggesting that the death of Bernardo and Tony purged the society, cleared it of idiocy? Perhaps by the end Doc is wrong when he says to Riff and his kind, "for you trouble is a relief." After all, no-one disagrees with Maria when she insists that **everyone** is responsible for the death of Tony.

Most important was the consciousness that the director had made it massive fun for his cast. Impassioned commitment to the musical was clear in every scene.

S.H.C.R.



Halima B. Fravel

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

## DRAMA FESTIVAL

The success of the 1993 Drama Festival was due in no small measure to the work of an unusually energetic group of directors. Robert Bush and James Stewart in Bruce, Robert Gooch in Temple, George Pendle in Grenville, Tom Foss-Smith in Chandos, Milo Corbett in Chatham, Badri El Meouchi in Walpole and Lucy Caller in Nugent showed themselves not only efficient administrators holding together the myriad strands that go to make a successful production, but also intelligent, artistically gifted and, at times, daring. How else, in the space of a short Festival, could we have been able to see plays as diverse as 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead' and 'The Day they Kidnapped the Pope' or eleven comic sketches and 'Barefoot in the Park'? Stowe's actors (and I use the word to include thespians of both genders) seemed like the famous troupe which plays before the court in 'Hamlet', to be able to cope with all varieties of drama — historical, comical, tragical, pastoral, historical-comical, tragical-historical etc., etc. (see Act 2 Scene 2 of *Hamlet!*). All of the acting was worthy and some of it inspired. School teachers, psychiatrists, widows, clerics, lawyers, Americans, princesses, policemen, children, queens — nothing seemed beyond the aspirations or even the capacities of the actors. It would be invidious here to single out particular performances which are still, a week later, fresh in my head — but, as all of us who saw the plays will agree, these were memorable moments of brilliant acting (I hope Nick Tissot and Matthew Wreford got some good pictures).

And, of course, no mention of this year's Festival would be complete without reference to the startling new arrival on the English stage of the work of Mr Stephen Hirst whose 'Cultured Rebels', performed by The Really Useless Theatre Company (a misnomer if ever there was one), tackled red hot issues at the heart of Education in a way which was at once challenging and amusing — a tour de force!

Thanks are due to housestaff who stepped in with advice and practical help, to Mrs Weston who looked after costumes, to Mrs Reid and her make up department and to Mr McKillop's Merry Men on their lighting consoles. Well done all.

D.S.B.

### CULTURED REBELS

By Stephen Hirst

Well, obviously, whatever their cultural qualifications, one guessed from the outset that Mr Hirst's rebels would be educated. Peter's monologue is really a prologue, both amusing and increasingly relevant to the play's chief theme: 'Nothing is sacred. Nothing goes without saying. Nothing is too silly to be at least worth a try'. And the prologue illustrated in itself the pseudo-logic, the leaps of sophistry and non-sequiturs that pass for objectivity: even the laws of science are no more fixed or

872



P.A.S.F. by M.T.Y. Wreford

immutable than language. The conversion of '2 pm Archery' to '2 am Anarchy' is not a matter of mere orthography. It all depends where you are in history, which, as we know, is subjective anyway.

This was a comedy of humours disguised as a sitcom. Each character, even the absent ones, had dominant, clearly-identifiable traits. Yet a play about school, written by a teacher, acted by students (and a teacher) before an audience of Stoics and masters, suggests less a situation comedy than a *théâtre de complicité*. We were all guilty of laughter by collusion and association.

Any number of plays or films testify, of course, to the dramatic possibilities inherent in (Public) School: off the cuff, one thinks of *The Browning Version*, *Unman, Wittering and Zigo*, *Quartermaine's Terms*, and of the films, *If* and *Dead Poets' Society*. Where else do you find the world writ so large? If geometry is our analogy, School could be described as the mathematics of irregular forms.

I only imagined I recognised every character, if not as a single personality, then as a composite of individuals. Arvind David caught the clever Peter with excellent timing and nuanced awareness of the words. Here was the smug schoolboy who misses much by thinking he already knows everything. Mark Chamberlain's Housemaster had the resigned patience to irritate a saint. His simple exterior contained a simple interior, and he made a virtue of his illusions. Sam Edenborough brought to his Second Master that familiar mixture of frustration and anger. His passions long suppressed, and now almost all spent, he indulges in a last fling at

engagement of thought and feeling before surrender to ennui and early retirement. These were masterpieces of performance, catching teacher-pupil antonyms so well that, for some, the seats in the Dobinson became even more uncomfortable.

PASF brought to dramatic life, with a realism too horrible and horrid, the figure of Hack, a journalist from some Daily Slime. Notepad in hand, as dishonest as his too programmatic name, he is ready to misquote or misconstrue, in the pursuit of lies, sensation and news fit to print.

Needless to add, any resemblance to persons, living or dead, was entirely coincidental. For, surely the persona is no more constant than matter in this scholastic chaos theory. We are made up of conflicting, interacting angles and perspectives, our own and others', at momentary rest. The Second Master's involvement in the plot unravelled to his complicity in the secret plotting. These master and pupil interactions were reminiscent of, but more subtle than, Giles Cooper's *Unman, Wittering and Zigo*. Do teachers try to re-live their own lives vicariously in their students? In the disenchantment and disappointment there was a romantic yearning, a late-flowering Byronic brio. *Cultured Rebels* held in its bundle of clothes the captive heart of the idealist, nostalgic for a prelapsarian schoolmastering, when 'boys were fired by pure ideas — ethics, moral philosophy'. For the Second Master, flaws in Euclid is a liberating experience, and a testament of his innocence.



M. Chamberlain by M.T.Y. Wreford

The uncluttered, (almost) unrehearsed production was rich in the sort of intelligent drama that provokes more enjoyable questions than automatic answers. Thus, it confidently asserted that we rarely know the world as we know it, or that we know the world rarely as we know it.

Let Stephen Hirst's school report show that *Cultured Rebels* was a really useful piece of theatre. Solid as geometry, its satire was as sharp and pointed as a cone. And we laughed until we went home, our fictions intact, our follies and frailties still in place. One final query: why read Ezra Pound backwards?

T.A.O.



S.G. Edenborough by M.T.Y. Wreford

The 1993 Drama Festival afforded the opportunity for the timely premiere of Stephen Hirst's satirical comedy *Cultured Rebels*, performed by the *Really Useless Theatre Company* (Arvind David, Mark Chamberlain, Sam Edenborough and PASF).

A satire in the true sense of the word, the play provided serious comment on educational philosophy wrapped in a parcel of humour, which commanded the audience's attention from beginning to end. The fact that both Stoics and masters were able to draw parallels between the scenario of the play and their own particular experiences made it all the more amusing, without lessening the clarity of the moral statement, not just with regard to Stowe but in its application to any educational establishment.

The members of the *Really Useless Theatre Company* were excellent advocates for the play's cause, maintaining a consistently high standard of acting on both nights (a repeat performance was arranged owing to the popularity of the work and the limited seating in the Dobinson Theatre). All the actors should be commended for the convincing deliveries of their respective monologues, which were often concisely structured arguments or didactic sententiae on profound issues: always, however, blended with subtle irony.

Stephen Hirst's *Cultured Rebels* is, in short, a play that is capable of drawing both sympathy and laughter, even from hardened educationalists. Such insight could only have come from the experiences of a housemaster!

N.D. Smith (UVI)



A.E. David by M.T.Y. Wreford

**Bruce House Play**  
**AN INSPECTOR CALLS**

by J.B. Priestley

*An Inspector Calls* was clearly a particularly good choice of play for Bruce, not only because it fitted so well into the Drama Festival programme, but also because it offered scope for the strengths of those involved without threatening to expose any possible weaknesses: specifically, the Lower Sixth element of the Bruce team was short on experience and (maybe) theatrical showmanship, but had large resources of intelligence, sense, competence and sensitivity — and these are the qualities that were the hallmarks of the production and that can, as we saw, make *An Inspector Calls* work well as highly effective theatre.

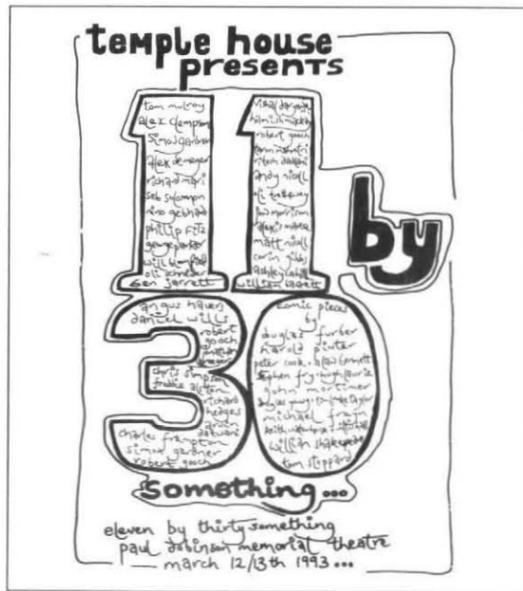
For many of us, it is hard not to see the role of the Inspector as the property of Alastair Sim, who injected it with a good deal of extra enigma and some ambivalence: his inspector was inquisitor, judge, relentless and occasionally harsh avenger, yes, but as such he seemed both moral and cynical, condemning and affectionate, serious and funny. Bruce's production cleared away much of this obfuscating complexity and made the point to their audience briefly and directly, with something of the force of a morality play. Thus Ross Atherton's inspector illustrated to the well-off Birling family that their casual thoughtlessness and self-indulgence had resulted (or could have resulted) in the lonely suicide of an ordinary working girl by way of his sustainedly hostile and continuously threatening presence; thus the father Birling relaxed completely as soon as it transpired that this was neither real inspector nor real suicide (this time...) without a hint of lingering doubt that the morality of the situation remained the same, even though there would be no case to answer otherwise on this occasion; thus Andrew Smith's Sheila Birling, the daughter, learned her moral lesson immediately and unreservedly, with little but a scowl for those who wouldn't. Such a direct, uncluttered and uncompromising angle of attack by the directors ensured that the point of the play was well made despite its relative brevity, even to those third formers who, by Sunday night, may well have been on their fifth play that weekend...

The set and movement of the play were similarly unfussy but full, consistent and effective, and the actors worked easily around the stage, able to stay comfortably in role whether or not in the limelight — a particularly fine example was the ever-forceful and fluent Sheila's fuming glower at her fiancé, Gerald, whose decent but easy-going aristocratic aura was exuded beautifully by Francis Wallis, as he admitted to his own liaison with the girl of the inspector's enquiry. Barney Read's similarly elegant Eric changed from a remarkably assured young man to a nervous, unhappily restless boy, a transformation portrayed physically by the actor

with a real sureness of touch, while Olivia Coy managed to project a mother utterly pleased with herself and quite, quite invulnerable with devastating calm. The Inspector, of course, controls the action, which Ross Atherton managed with confidence and style, switching from the intimidating righteous policeman to the spectral, invisible receiver of confessions apparently seamlessly, but Arthur Birling's is the biggest part, and Will Kemble-Clarkson blustered and wheedled and patronised and grovelled and triumphed to great effect. Although his accent was unsteady, and he was tiring towards the end of a large performance, he was every second convincing as an older generation — despite being a fourth-year among Lower Sixth Formers — and projected the age and self-satisfaction and values of the family head unflinchingly.

Thank you, Bruce, especially the directors Robert Bush and James Stewart, for a thoughtful and enjoyable evening. There is more I could praise but this is not a eulogy so I will end with a comment less flattering: your door-close sound-effect evoked, for me, a high-powered ping-pong ball gun going off....

S.G.A.H.



**Temple House Play**  
**11 BY 30 SOMETHING**

*11 by 30 Something* is not the title of an American TV series about people pretending to be a decade or two younger than they really are; nor is it a handkerchief sized piece of cloth for cleaning the barrel of a large-bore shot gun. Rather was it the response of a house so full of thespian talent that more than two thirds of its members found their way on to the stage to take part in eleven sketches in a superb contribution to the Theatre Festival. And what an evening it was!

There we were in the Dobinson Theatre, packed in cheek by jowl, and the evening raced by, with a series of episodes, vignettes, skits — call them what you will — a sort of revue to which it is quite impossible to do justice in any sort of review. Writing some months after the event I find that my memory is woefully deficient of detail but a variety of wonderful images remain. Ben Jarrett as an unbelievably complacent Head of Scotland Yard surviving an interview on the Great Train Robbery in just the way our politicians cope with questions on the recession; Alexis Marcq adopting an ethereally high moral tone on the subject of sex-education when speaking to his son's headmaster; Hamish Mackay and Robert Gooch flabbergasted at the sheer audacity of the suggestions of their 'other-worldly' colleague Baden Powell, played by Corin Gibbs; Andy Nicoll as the very jaunty Lord Stilton in a breath-taking feast of gastronomic word-play with Simon Gardner and Ritesh Dadlani... I cannot remember any of the puns now because they were showered upon us in such profusion — a veritable 'umbrella' de richesses.

We were then treated to Stoppard's brilliant fifteen minute adaptation of *Hamlet* — not a memorable line omitted — only to be finally reduced to total hysteria/bewilderment by a two minute version — one or two lines omitted if I remember rightly: (Hamlet himself was played by Angus Havers).

Congratulations to Robert Gooch and all his team on a memorable evening of very entertaining ephemera.

Timothy Stunt

**Grenville House Play**  
**ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**

By Tom Stoppard

Grenville's contribution to this year's House Drama Festival was certainly ambitious, nevertheless they managed to pull it off successfully. The play revolved around two main characters (named in the title) and so a lot depended on how they interpreted their roles. Jamie Pelly (Rosencrantz) and Sam Emery (Guildenstern) both appeared proficient in the speaking of their lines but a little unsure at times of their understanding of the play. This did not detract from the quality of the performance but did make some scenes a little hard to follow; a working knowledge of *Hamlet* was also needed if one was to understand fully all the subtle nuances of the play.

George Pendle, as director and The Player, was clearly enjoying himself all the way through; this is always useful because the audience tends to relax more if everyone on stage is relaxed. George Pendle led a group of roving thespians who all seemed confident in their parts. It was noticeable that all of them kept in their roles all the time even when the audience's attention wasn't on them. What was even better was that they did this without distracting from the main plot.



J.R. Pelly and S.H.D. Emery Photograph by D.R.T. Oldridge (V)

Oliver Selway's interpretation of the mad Hamlet and Sarah Bruce's hysterics were both convincing but at the same time not too over-powering. Alistair Remnant and Serrol Osman made a charming King and Queen with Ben Waldman as Polonius always close behind.

Overall I was impressed by the standard of the production especially when one looks at how little time they had to put it all together.

T.P. Foss-Smith (LVI)

**Chandos House Play**  
**THE DAY THEY KIDNAPPED THE POPE**

by Joao Bethencourt

This was a nice choice of play, providing fun for cast and audience alike. Sam Leibowitz, New York cab driver, pulls off a business coup by kidnapping the Pope, brings him home to his sceptical wife and children, and decides that his ransom demand to the world will be a day of peace.

New York's vibrant mix of ethnic groups and religions, with their assorted mannerisms and rivalries, predictably provides much of the comedy. Thus a Jewish cabbie-turned-gangster kidnaps the Pope and is himself, in his suburban fastness, surrounded by those representing both city institutions and various immigrant communities: Sheriff Schultz, General McHendrick, Cardinal O'Hara. But Sam is certainly not going to be browbeaten and turned around by his own Rabbi Meyer, who receives the brusque treatment spared Pope Albert IV.

There are other amusing juxtapositions, which came out well in performance, particularly in the acting of Dan Scott, who played the central role skilfully. He combined effectively the anarchic impulses and domestic gravity of the working New Yorker: individualist, but rooted — irritably — in his community. Hence the kidnapped Pope eats with the family. Long-suffering Sara Leibowitz endures her husband's foibles and approximates — hilariously — a kidnapping to a domestic inconvenience. She was well played by Frances

Newbury, who won't be phased by her husband's eccentricities. She stands firm, laconic, gum-chewing and world weary. It was a shame, though, that the adoption of a New York accent was allowed at times to obscure some of the lines.

Ed Rogers added to the normalising of the bizarre by accepting his situation with mild reason, and enjoying the hospitality of his would-be kidnappers in imperturbable fashion. Indeed he is even prepared to help them defend their suburban home as the forces of law and order lay siege to the Leibowitz residence.

'Every man's home is his castle'. Literally so in this case, as Sam plants dynamite booby traps in his garden, while Sara peels vegetables.

Young Irving Leibowitz (played in appropriately frantic style by Hugh Stewart-Richardson) looks forward to a grand shoot-out and orders up iodine, while Sara makes soup. Domestic ritual is made comical and yet admirable at the same time. Sam — now the embattled common man — activates his minefield. Sara's vision is less than tragic: she objects to her garden being blown up, but she too is heroic and a sane counterbalance to Sam's feisty one-upmanship.

In the end there is a very American conclusion. Sam refuses to be intimidated but stands on his dignities as decent U.S. property owner. After 'Peace Day' is achieved the Pope resumes spiritual responsibility and blesses peace-loving Sam, which sentimentally lets off pugnacious Sam. The final predictable irony is that mayhem recommences everywhere. "The world is back to normal", pronounces Sara.



S. Leibowitz (Dan Scott) Photograph by D.R.T. Oldridge (V)

All the Chandos cast played in spirited fashion and the backstage crew made the performance work well. Tim Doxford, stage-manager — and Tom Foss-Smith, director — should be mentioned for pulling it all together. Although at times there was some uncertain blocking, the last word should be to remark on Dan Scott's skilful acting even when not speaking and off centre stage.

E.S.T.

### Walpole House Play

#### ANASTASIA by Marcelle Maurette

The North end of the Music Room made excellent setting for the decaying grandeur of Prince Bounine's mansion, near Berlin, where all the drama

takes place. His ornate, furnished house represents a symbolic, and desperate, attempt at reconstructing St Petersburg and the heritage buried by the October Revolution. The portrayal of Anastasia, the play's chief theme, is at once a search for Russia's past, a subject as urgent now, as it was for the refugees in the 1930's.

Fished out of a German canal, and called Fraulein Unbekannt (Miss Unknown), the case of Anna was still a mystery at her death in 1983. Is Anna Anastasia, a survivor of the Bolshevik murders of the Royal Family, the simple Broun the last Romanov? The drama explores the diminishing hopes of the exiles, and the tension between their patriotic, if sentimental, loyalties and mercenary motives. The break-up of personality is inextricable from the break-down of history. The play is also concerned with play-acting, an imposture on a grand scale; yet it stays unclear whether a conspiracy to defraud is not, after all, the discovery of truth.

Yet this play is unsatisfactory for reasons of its over-crowded cast and under-subtlety in retailing too much in too rigid a format. The production itself disappointed in several respects. The players struggled to capture aspects of Russian history, the misguided, or crooked plotters, the mystical romanticism of the exiles. Tom Bell's Chernov had moments of success in the depiction of his refined pessimism, but it was unsustainable. Petrovsky, acted by Mark Wates, is supposed to be an artist, and of nervous disposition, yet we were given a strangely 'camp' interpretation, a pantomime dame. Why? I enjoyed William Morrison's Prince Bounine, who came across, quite accurately, as a man, who shown a parting of the ways, would take both ways.

Most pleasing of all was Clare Goring's Anna/Anastasia, for her difficult part had to balance itself between the withdrawn inner woman and the public role she must perform. She maintained an outwardly calm, confused detachment. In her performance, one suspected madness, but no faking. She has possible forgotten everything but is feigning nothing: 'Things seem to come and go — in the mists'. Is she the 'Snow Princess, risen from the tomb'? Her desire both to belong and escape seemed far removed from either baroque memories or pecuniary realities.

Also impressive was Simon Ridley's Dowager Empress Maria. His talent shone out of the gloom, catching her tired scepticism and angry resignation to the finality of events. She would prefer to leave the Czar's family in the dignity of death, undisturbed by controversy or upstart claimants. She has the play's best lines, but Ridley had the ability to impart them their full, poignant weight.

I pick out for praise the minor, though not lesser, characterisations of Leby Anafu, as a sleigh driver, Chris Dixey, as Dr Syrensky, and Jimmy Lane, as Prince Paul.

The play's verbosity created problems for the players. It was ironic that the 'tricks of remembrance' attributed to Anastasia, did not extend to the other actors, who repeatedly and tediously forgot their lines. After a while, I stopped

counting the prompts. Another obstacle to comprehension was the hurried, unclear deliveries, especially at the start of the evening. (And why was 'Sergei' mis-pronounced throughout as 'Serge'?).

The Music Room's superb advantage became a handicap, the narrow door preventing the fast and smooth movement of scenic decor. But, the essential changes between the Acts, which are meant to suggest the transformation of the same room, were not apparent to the audience: one lot of props was exchanged for more or less of the same.

On the night, one was left with the view that great attention had been paid to incidentals, at the expense of an overall structure. The production's coherence threatened at times to collapse altogether.

All this, however, is not to deny the hard, collective effort of Walpole. The director, Badri El Meouchi, the key roles and the walk-on parts, backstage and designers deserve congratulation for what was achieved. It is a pity that much of the energy was wasted in the play's staging and execution. Though the play was timely and topical, as Russia today slouches to reclaim her past from the years and layers of Communism, I wonder whether it was the right choice for the Drama Festival, given the demands of School time.

T.A.O.

### Nugent House Play

#### WAITING ROOM

Nugent's choice of play was sensible — it deserves this label not only because it reflects the type of characters portrayed and the shoes they were wearing but also because it was short, sweet and to the point. From the moment the actors appeared on stage the audience were put at their ease as they quickly realised that they were in safe hands and could sit back and enjoy the piece.

The story is set in a railway waiting room where a rather bizarre collection of women encounter each other for the first time. The play begins with Mrs Flack, 'the lady what does', sweeping up and singing, if you can call it that, 'I think that I shall never see... A poem luvly as a tree...'. Alice Wood's confident performance was commendable although she found it rather difficult to drop her H's and to lose her rounded vowels. Her little ditty is rudely interrupted by the bag lady that kips in the corner, Vera. Whilst I would not dare to suggest that Phillipa Gordon-Duff was type-cast in any way, she handled this role remarkably well!

Gradually the waiting room fills as the rather proper spinster Miss March, played by Lucy Caller; Miss Wells, Jodie Harris; Jane Smith, Catherine Sheppard; Mrs Wisden, Terri Bell and Mrs Gartside, Emma Clarke appear on stage. It has to be said that this play is hardly action packed and while the cast did an admirable job and generally made the most of the dialogue it does not take long to work out what the plot is all about. Jane Smith looks anxiously out of the window as she waits for

the night train from Lowchester that's carrying her older male 'acquaintance' while Mrs Gartside intends to take the train on its return journey to Lowchester. When Jane's mother, Verity Pilkington, arrives on the scene and attempts to drag her home it is Mrs Gartside that picks up the pieces when Jane, determined to meet him at any cost refuses to leave. We learn that Mrs Gartside's husband can't be bothered to make the journey so she's going to surprise him. Lo and behold when the train arrives guess who Jane's man is... Mr Gartside.

Lucy Caller, who directed the play as well as acting in it, and Emma Clarke, deserve special mention. They played their parts in an accomplished and convincing way. They only pity is that although the choice of play was a good one, as its accessibility meant that the cast used their lines to full effect, it did not stretch these members of the cast, whom I hope to see on stage again soon.

J.L.H.

### Chatham House Play

#### BAREFOOT IN THE PARK

Is Charlie Clare capable of having a good time? Apparently not, or so thought Camilla Wilson as the two of them took to the stage as a pair of harassed newly-weds in the Chatham House play, 'Barefoot in the Park'. Cast as the enthusiastic, impulsive Corrie, full of fun and charm, Camilla was endearingly scatty as she attempted to convince her dashing, new lawyer husband Paul (Charlie Clare) to lighten up and take life more easily.



C.D.H. Clare & Camilla A. Wilson Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

This very sixties comedy — superficial, witty and great fun — also provided scope for the confident talents of Matthew Pichel-Juan as Corrie's mother and for Milo Corbett's inimitable style in the part of the manic neighbour Victor Velasco. The chances of mother, with her fixed Toni perm and handbag permanently clutched to her breast, getting together with Victor, oozing lust and lunacy, were clearly very high in that comic climate, and the audience were not disappointed. At the end, Corrie's horror at her mother's irresponsible behaviour was only upstaged by the improbable sight of mother herself clad in kimono and a pair of men's slippers, protesting her innocence after spending the night *chez Victor*.

## ORGAN VIRTUOSITY

It is not often that mention is made of Stoic organists; as the Chapel organ console is out of sight, voluntaries played by pupils after Chapel services too often go unnoticed. This term, however, two significant events took place which slightly redress the balance.

The first took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. As probably the youngest organist ever to accompany a service in the Cathedral, Mark Holt played the organ for Choral Evensong on Tuesday 23rd March. The choral foundation at Christ Church was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1526, and a tradition of musical excellence has been maintained there ever since. The clergy and congregation have always been used to music of a very high standard, and it is therefore significant that Mark's playing was widely acclaimed by the Canons, and that many members of the large congregation stayed in their places to enjoy the whole of his concluding voluntary — Bach's Fugue in E flat. Mark's encouraging achievement was well summed up by the College Chaplain, who said that he had thought that "the organ was being played by one of the Cathedral organ scholars"!

The second event was the incredible 24-hour "organathon" played by Stephen Jones on the Chapel organ. Starting at 10.00 pm on Friday 6th March, Stephen played the organ right through the night and all the following day until 10.09 pm on Saturday. The nine minute overtime made up for two 4 minute breaks. In addition to raising £800 for the Pineapple Club, Stephen's fine playing gave a great deal of pleasure to many Stoics and staff during his extraordinary enterprise. Though I did not manage to stay in the organ loft for the whole night, Stephen had a rota of supporters almost every minute of the 24 hours. GSTJS whiled away the early hours of Saturday morning by sketching Stephen playing the organ, but sadly the picture was misplaced during the excitement of the final minutes of the organathon.

The atmosphere in the Chapel as the end drew close is something that all who were there will always remember. Having played everything from Bach to the Beatles, Stephen finished with performances of "Jerusalem" and the National Anthem which were sung with great enthusiasm by nearly two hundred Stoics (many of whom squeezed into the organ loft). As the crowd cheered and a bottle of champagne was opened, Stephen left the organ to rapturous applause — something that very few organists ever have the chance to enjoy.

J.E.C.H.

Corrie and Paul fought their lovers' tiffs fiercely, wittily and — yes — romantically, and although the dialogue lost itself very occasionally (most notably in a flurry of jockey shorts), both accents and performances held up well in a play that demanded a great deal from the two central characters. Paul may at times have been a "stuffed shirt" as Corrie claimed, but he certainly managed to become blissfully and engagingly drunk at one stage.

Robert Curtis as the telephone man had a much appreciated line in dry humour, but Robin Devereux had the real cameo role as the delivery man who panted up five floors and arrived too breathless to do anything but mime. The Roxburgh Hall stage provided both set and auditorium, and the intimate atmosphere worked well despite inevitable limitations, as did the carefully constructed skylight overhead which came into its own in the dramatic closing moments of the play.

At times there was a little too much 'business' as the actors felt obliged to justify their presence on stage with movement, if not words, but this was a minor point in an otherwise highly enjoyable and well sustained production.

R.E.M.

## STOWE THEATRE COMPANY

Before my arrival at Stowe School to join the VIth form I had never contemplated working in the theatre. I had on one or two rare occasions been 'railroaded' into performing in my previous school but learning the technical side of theatre presentation and production never crossed my mind!

With the encouragement of Mr McKillop, our Director of Theatres, I joined the Stowe Theatre Company. Since last Easter I have worked backstage on many different shows such as *Half a Sixpence*, for the staff, *Moliere's Tartuffe* for Junior Congreve and finally as Deputy Stage Manager for *West Side Story*. As well as our yearly Drama programme of

major productions and festivals I have also worked on Celebrity Shows, the last one of which was Alan Price's concert. A rock concert held at Tudor Hall for the girls' school provided me with the opportunity to take a complete rig out and work on lighting and sound... not to mention the Pizza Hut visit afterwards!

The crew is made up of boys from the main school, 3rd, 4th and 5th years and a number of girls from the VIth form. The great thing about this mixture is that strangely enough we all ignore our different ages and work together as a team! When the shows demand it we rig and run all the technical requirements in both theatres and provide the various departments in the school with a constant crew for any presentation in either theatre.

Not only do we run the shows, technically, but we also learn how to design and build the sets for a whole range of productions. It is very, very hard hard work but the 'buzz' at last night parties is just amazing! Nowhere else have I experienced such a rewarding feeling for a job well done. Mostly the casts we deal with, whether professional or amateur realise that our skills make them look good and the crew take a pride in carrying out their individual responsibilities well.

We get to meet the 'Stars' such as Prunella Scales and David Kossoff and talking with them provides us with an added insight to the world of professional entertainment.

Much of our free time is taken up by the demands on the crew. Unlike the other students we take our time off on rota during the term. This has to be since normally one or both of our theatres are operating every weekend. Building and designing of sets usually takes place in production meetings in the Art School over late night coffees and biscuits! Then once the schedules have been agreed we work late at night or during the weekends in the theatre scenery bay manufacturing the designs.

Nobody should contemplate working in the world

of theatre unless they are prepared to commit themselves to such a programme. The endless hours of constructing, painting, rigging and then moving, changing, lifting etc. etc. can be exhausting but despite all that, as I have said before, the feeling of pride and achievement when the show takes off is just incredible!! The recent production of *West Side Story*, with a set designed by Mr McKillop, was just such an event and one I shall never forget. To see that set come alive and to be part of the team that created it makes you very proud and rightly so I believe!

The crew has been built up almost from scratch over two and a half years with the arrival of Mr McKillop. The Roxy had to be completely rewired and the new criteria issued by the Health and Safety Executive meant that the whole place required a regime designed to tighten up theatre practice and train students in acceptable work programmes. Computer lighting was installed and the whole working area was wired for communications. In this respect many thanks must go to Andy Garnett a friend of Mr McKillop's who has worked with him on many productions in countless theatres over a very long period.

Gradually the Roxy is becoming more recognised out of school as more and more professional companies use our facilities here at Stowe. The National Trust Opera, now known as the Stowe Opera, uses the Roxy during August and drama schools, such as the Guildford School of Drama, have performed in the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre.

Now with the establishment of a new Drama Department at Stowe and the programme of A level courses in Theatre Studies and Performance related arts it seems that the future of theatre and performance at Stowe is going to be an exciting one. The Stowe Theatre Company will, I'm sure, be going out on tour in the near future, bringing a TIE to a number of schools both close and further afield.

My own work with the crew has led me to gain some practical experience backstage at Her Majesty's Theatre Haymarket London. It was there that I worked on *Phantom of the Opera*, a really thrilling experience. All the work I have done in the theatres of Stowe will, I know, help me in the future, particularly since you learn to work with many people most of whom are under stress and feeling the tenseness of pre-performance nerves. It is at times like that when you realise just how many and varied are the skills that you learn in such situations.

I am sure that without the camaraderie of the crew and all the help and encouragement of both Mr McKillop and Mr Garnett Stowe would not be able to boast their theatrical facilities.

Sadly, I will not see the emergence of Theatre Studies at Stowe; I only wish it had been brought in earlier. I would however encourage any and all students who have the slightest hint of curiosity about the world of theatre to 'jump in' as I did and take advantage of all that it has to offer.

Susannah K. Bell



Susannah K. Bell (MVI) with the Theatre Group.

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

## PUPILS CONCERT

Another well attended Pupils' Concert began with a most enjoyable and well executed performance by the Brass Consort of the colourful Moriat of Mack the Knife by the German composer Kurt Weil. The combination of instruments and sardonic harmonies evoked a powerful sense of Germany in the decadent 1920s. Sam Edenborough and Nicholas Smith then gave a dashing and virtuoso rendition of Mendelssohn's Concertpiece No. 2 for two clarinets. The Trio Sonata by Quantz was subtly and stylishly performed by Mark Holt and Graham Pike — whose phrasing and shaping of musical lines gave an especially mature feel to this work. Emma Brown, who appeared twice, first gave us a lovely interpretation of a song by Purcell, and later, with Fred Hall, an amusing performance of a song from The Pirates of Penzance. The first half concluded with a delight — the Marche des Petits Soldats de Plomb for small wind ensemble. The sounds created by its composer, Gabriel Pierne, were most seductive.

The second half began with a String Ensemble playing a Concerto Grosso by Handel. Though this was played with spirit, I suspected there may have been a problem with the tuning. A new work performed by Sophie Lechner followed: this was a Gavotte for Piano Trio and contained some pleasant tunes. The Clarinet Quartet then gave us an exciting and technically assured account of what seemed to me a very difficult piece — Variations on a famous tune by Paganini. Robert Mills, who is off to the Royal Northern College of Music next year, displayed great talent in a real showpiece, the Theme and Variations by Hummel — not a composer I've ever come across but certainly one I'd look out for again. The concert ended with some rousing jazz numbers played by the Jazz Band. A most entertaining concert which showed off much talent from among the musicians of Stowe.

M. Chamberlain (UVI)

## CLARINET QUARTET TOUR

The Stowe Clarinet Quartet Tour of the West Country

12th-13th-14th March 1993

Paul Harris, Sam Edenborough, Nicholas Smith, Katy Burke, Jeremy Dale

Over an extended weekend, the Stowe Clarinet Quartet travelled South to the county of Somersetshire, encountering on their arrival some warmer weather and a good deal of traffic. Ahead lay a rigorous programme of concerts at four geographically diverse Prep Schools, and an evening venue in a 16th century hall adjacent to our 'base' at Sam Edenborough's house. The schools visited were:

880

King's Hall Prep School, Taunton, Somerset

Sandroyd Prep School, Dorset

Mount House School, Tavistock, Devon

St Michael's School, Barnstaple, Somerset.

The carefully designed programmes were well received by the pupils and staff at the Prep Schools, as we learned from letters of thanks received after the weekend. At least as important was the immense satisfaction derived from the opportunity to play to younger people and experience their enthusiasm and spontaneity. The programme, designed by PDH, revolved around the history, character and capabilities of the clarinet — not only in the context of the medium of the quartet, but as a versatile solo instrument as well. Each piece was introduced by PDH, and fulfilled a specific function in demonstrating a point as well as providing some entertainment!

A more demanding programme was performed at the Edenboroughs', providing a welcome opportunity for the Quartet to play a large part of their 'serious repertoire', including works such as a Divertimento by Alfred Uhl, and an arrangement of The Teddy Bears' Picnic by PDH. The audience, about 60 in number, was very receptive and appreciative.

The weekend was most successful and thanks go to PDH for masterminding the tour.

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

## CELEBRITY CONCERT

SERIES: Alan Price

On Sunday 28th February, in the Roxburgh Hall, Alan Price and his singers performed as part of their 'Greatest Hits' tour, in the Stowe Celebrity Concert Series.

The band, an almost unlikely combination of young, old, famous, unknown, introvert and extrovert worked together with formidable ensemble to produce an excellent evening's entertainment.

Alan Price was the keyboard player of the band 'The Animals', most well known in the middle '60's with hits such as 'The Land of the Rising Sun', and since then he has pursued a highly successful career as a singer/player/composer in a variety of popular music forms. His tremendous experience of performing the blues was evident in the assured and polished performance the band and singers gave. A programme of well known tunes was received with great enthusiasm by an exuberant audience, and the Tenor Sax playing was particularly fine.

A potent combination of professionalism, musicianship and flair made the group's appearance at Stowe a memorable one.

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

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## NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA

Sunday 7th February 1993

The second Celebrity Concert of the term.

The National Youth Jazz Orchestra played to a mixed audience of Stoics and local concert-goers; their large, brassy sound combined with an amplification system to produce a loud but exciting evening's music.

Having said this, there were several quieter songs. Perhaps the most notable of these, which ended the first half, commenced with an effective flute and piano duet, and built up to intense and dramatic climaxes in the rock idiom.

The music was mainly written for the N.Y.J.O., and was by British composers.

The orchestra provided a series of soloists who displayed considerable technical finesse, and a vocalist, whose smooth, jazzy voice made a welcome contrast to some forceful playing from the trumpet section.

The evening was extremely entertaining, albeit rather over-powering at times, and was an impressive tribute to contemporary British Jazz musicians — both composers and players.

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

## PASCAL ROGÉ WITH THE LONDON WINDS

On the 24th January, subscribers to the highly acclaimed Stowe Celebrity Concert series were presented with a rare opportunity to hear the internationally renowned pianist, Pascal Rogé, perform alongside the London Winds, in a programme of music by Poulenc, Saint-Saens and Mozart.

The ensemble successfully captured the variety of styles and moods of the pieces, varying from mid-1700's to mid 1900's, and this contrasting nature of the programme ensured that most people's musical tastes were catered for.

Despite the fact that the concert was given in the Roxburgh Hall, and was not particularly well attended at that, Rogé and the London Winds nevertheless managed to successfully convey the intimacy of the music.

N.D. Smith (UVI)

Sunday, 21st March, 1993

## LITANY

The first performance of a new oratorio by Paul Drayton

Caroline Friend (soprano)

Philip Salmon (tenor)

Michael Pearce (baritone)

882

Stowe Choral Society, Buckingham Music Society, Stowe Chapel Choir, The Queen's Temple Singers, Christ Church Cathedral Voluntary Choir, Oxford (director James Henderson)

Beachborough School Singers (director David Lock) Magnus Williamson (organ) and Orchestra

conducted by

JOHN COOPER GREEN

Anyone forming part of the jam session in what Paul Drayton, with typical wryness, called an acoustical sandwich must have been prey to a variety of speculations, sensations and emotions before, during and, in reflection, after the performance. Initial interest and curiosity will have been stimulated by the composer's musings both in his preliminary article and in the actual programme. Paul Drayton's exposition of his brief as resident composer was exciting enough, with the manifold resources available to him; his deployment of these resources and his use of the Chapel spatially were as ingenious as they were effective. Not least of the composer's achievements were not only the brilliant weaving of the various elements into an organic whole, but the fulfilment of another aspect of his brief, to write a work which would be accessible to a partly School audience; that this was done without any hint of condescension or concession to the vox populi was indeed a triumph, even more so as much of the work's power stems from a fundamental simplicity and clarity.

There is more than a touch of ambivalence in the composer's comments on the essence of his work. It does indeed end on a note of confidence with the familiar lines known as St. Patrick's Breastplate, but the sombre scale of E minor is heard at the end of even that section, admittedly modulating into a hint of optimism with a tierce de Picardy in preparation for the final unison E natural. From the composer's analogies of *Gerontius* and *Tosca* it seems that the moments of anguish and near despair are more aesthetically vital to him than the pleas for God's mercy; as he implies in his musings, it is the terror and suffering which give tragedy its emotional power, not the final note of optimism which may satisfy the moral sense; and this work follows the tragic pattern. His view of humanity 'lurching towards the end of the millenium' is in comparable mood.

The core of the work, as the title indicates, is prayer, a theme which recurs throughout, counterpointing the examples of human suffering which prompt such prayer. It is trans-historical and to some extent trans-cultural; going back to the language of Homer for its title and to the Old Testament and the liturgy of Cranmer for the groundswell of its choral text, it ranges down the arches of the years from the younger Pliny's description of the eruption of Vesuvius in the first century A.D. to a lament by an unidentified *persona*

for a child (or generation?) yet unborn in a poem of our own times by Louis Macneice. Between these objective and subjective extremes are interspersed three poems inspired, respectively, by the terrors of the sea, mortal sickness and war, and in turn interspersed with them (in one case interlaced) are choral pleas for God's mercy.

After the initial intercession the tenor, Philip Salmon, sang the composer's translation of Pliny's text as quasi-recitative with a calm, sensitive restraint, being possessed of a light, unostentatious quality of voice mercifully free from needless vibrato, and untroubled by the onomatopoeic effects such as brass glissando. The baritone, Michael Pearce, likewise blessed with a richness of voice without pretentiousness, had a more challenging, perhaps more rewarding, task in rendering the composer's skilful alliterative version of an Anglo-Saxon sea-lament. From the soloist's point of view it was a pity that after the clarity of the opening much of the rest of the poem was lost in the harsh splendours of the brilliant orchestration; only at the end was the initial clarity recaptured.

The setting of the Nashe lines, In Time of Pestilence, the only specifically Christian poem, is the central section of the work and undoubtedly its finest and most complex achievement. Here all the soloists and all the other resources are brought into play to create a highly elaborate pattern of sound, with effects ranging from the eerie distant treble choir singing its quasi-plainsong to an exhilarating fugal passage by the three soloists. A tolling bell echoes the poet's lament, and a remarkable impression of spontaneity (almost of improvisation) is achieved by the composer's requirement of a degree of independence of orchestra and choirs. The

deliberate bathos of having the final prayer, 'Good Lord, deliver us' spoken rather than sung was a very striking touch. The very title of 'The Drum' calls for violence of musical interpretation, and with only a brief acknowledgment, through woodwind and upper strings, of war's appeal to the youthful spirit the music plunges into a maelstrom of brass, percussion, organ, the side-drum sounding its remorseless, monotonous rhythm to the end. It was perhaps inevitable that here too the tremendous orchestral effects thus produced should reduce the audibility of the tenor and baritone soloists. On the other hand, it might be said that such brilliantly evocative music had little need of words.

The soprano's rôle in the work as a whole is relatively slight, but she finds compensation in Louis Macneice's logaoedic monody of prayer, despair and defiance. The poem has a compelling passion and intensity, and Caroline Friend's voice had the strength and the poignancy to convey both the thin, spectral quality of the moments of despair and the more violent emotions as the poem rises to its assonantal peak in the final stanza, ending, as the previous session had, with the anti-climax of the spoken word.

The promise of God's deliverance with which the final passage from the Old Testament concludes leads effortlessly into the triumphal assertion of human optimism in Saint Patrick's Breastplate, where man and nature are seen as one, under God's guidance and Christ's protection. The first stanza of this was beautifully sung by James Henderson's Christ Church Cathedral choir. As the language here is that of late romanticism in contrast with that of the preceding poems, so appropriately the music abandons its discordant harshness for a more joyous



Rock Concert 3/93 (Mr Melber gets down).

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

serenity. The composer may feel that we are 'lurching towards the end of the millenium', but perhaps he also hopes that we may eventually aspire to a time when 'the fire and the rose are one'.

The Litany begins and ends with prayer; the individual solos may be more emotionally exciting, but prayer is the essence. Paul Drayton skilfully emphasized this by the disposition of his various blocks of sound, enclosing the soloists within the choral groups; this had the further effect of creating something of the three-dimensional quality of post-Impressionist or Cubist painting. This greatly enhanced the contribution of the three choirs to the total depth of the work, and trombones off-stage added to the theatrical mood.

The music of such a work is necessarily sombre, even menacing, with the brass, percussion and lower strings much to the fore, and the woodwind and upper strings more striking for their comparative rarity. A notable quality of the work is its chromaticism; this is exemplified by the opening bars, but much in evidence throughout. Allied to this is the composer's obvious love of plain-song, and how welcome to find one who eschews contemporary cacophonies for the graceful simplicity of that early idiom. After following this pattern in the early parts of the work the choral writing develops into a more personal, elaborate manner, reaching two climaxes, one in the Nashe poem, the other in the great closing hymn.

If the composition of such a work was a tour de force, the organization and production of its performance was no mean feat either. Our warmest thanks and congratulations must go to John Green for this; it was an occasion which required not only a conductor's normal skill but some acrobatic agility too, with no fewer than six choirs under his baton, two subordinate conductors, an orchestra and an organ. We must thank too the orchestra and the members of the various choirs, many of them members of our own community or from the neighbourhood; it was particularly pleasing to hear the boys from Beachborough School.

This was a great musical event for the School, and for Paul Drayton; his colleagues and admirers will hope that in due course this work may win deserved acclaim beyond the confines of Stowe.

B.S.S.

### "JAZZ ON A WINTER'S EVE"

On Saturday 5th December, 1992, the Temple Room underwent a delightful metamorphosis, emerging for the evening as a version of 'Ronnie Scott's'; a very well-attended, and indeed over-subscribed, gathering entitled "Dinner 'n' Jazz".

With everyone ready for any excuse to begin the festive season as early as possible, and the excellent food supplied by Geof Higgins and his staff for sampling, expectations were high. We were not to be disappointed!

The School Jazz Band, beautifully balanced and directed by John Cooper Green, consisted of Jamie

Henderson (piano), James Williams, Jamie Curtis and Angus McCarey (trumpet), Sam Edenborough, Hugh Carling, Tobie Munthe and Giles Smith Walker (alto sax), Wendie Thorne and Tom Smith Walker (tenor sax), Charlie Clare (bass) and Ben Waldman (drums). The combo played in fine forties mainstream style, with just the odd 'tip of the hat' to trad., as a mark of respect to any purists in the audience. A shopping list of numbers has no place here, but the band stomped happily and accurately over much hallowed ground, ranging from the up-tempo 'Alexander's Ragtime Band', through the rhythmic sequences of 'Summertime', and 'In the Mood' (the Queen Mother would have liked this even more than her favourite Joe Loss version!), through to 'Satin Doll' (well up to Lee and Shearing standard) and the Beatle's 'Yesterday'.

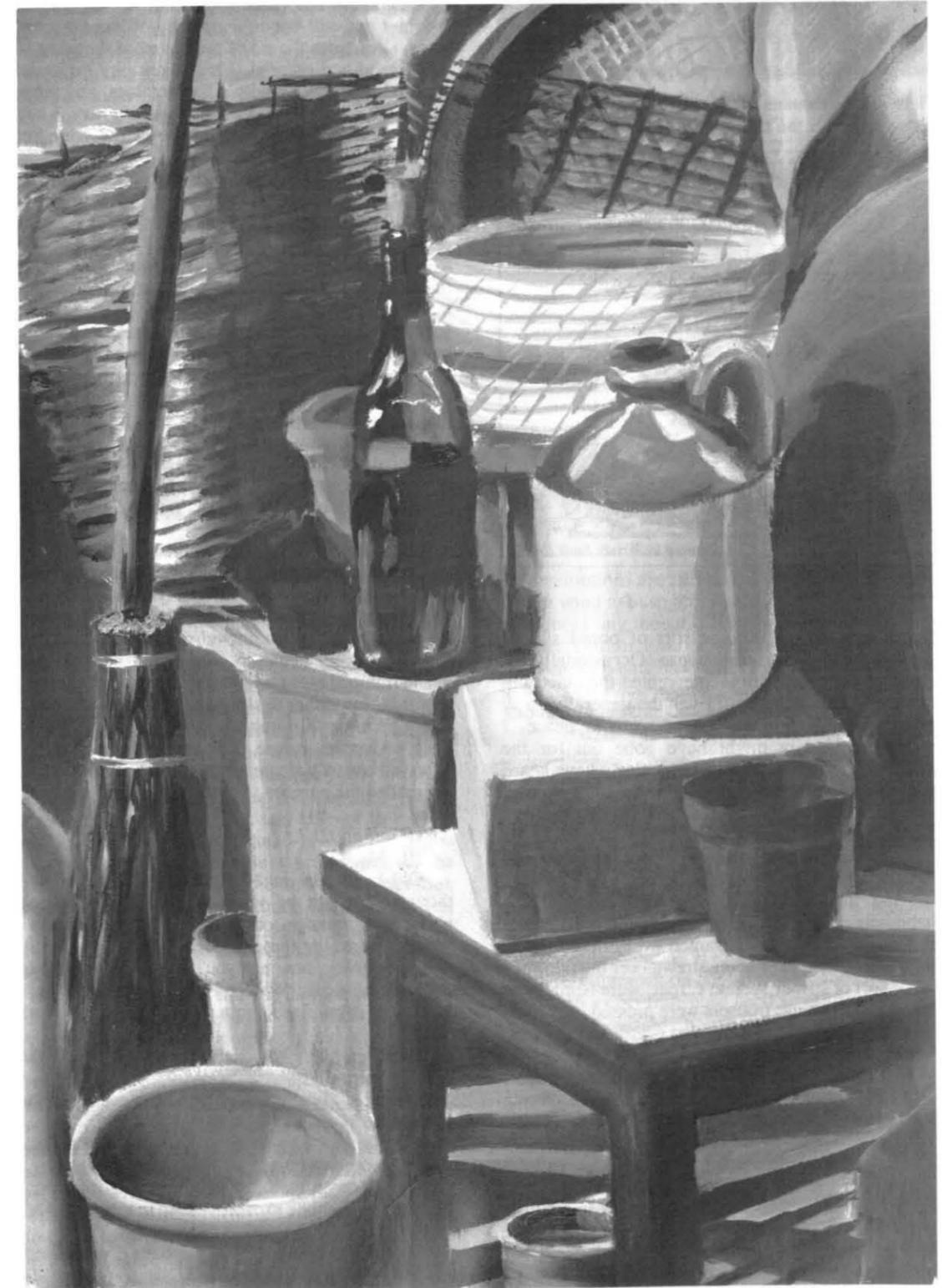
An abundance of School staff performed both individually and together in enthusiastic and, needless to say, expert fashion. Pianists there were, in every style: Brian Stephan, superb as ever, playing elegantly in the fashion of his heroes Oscar and Erroll, Paul Drayton (far away from 'Litany' here!) with his ineffable delicacy of touch (you could almost see the piano smiling) and Jonathan ("And now I'll tap-dance on the black notes!") Kreeger, as smoothly energetic as the occasion demanded. Neither must we forget Jamie Henderson, playing with the band, an amusing hero often eclipsed from our vision by the 'front men' (and women) of the group.

Talents rarely seen by the school were also on view. How many of us knew that J.C.G. played the double bass? (Not unless we'd heard the National Youth Orchestra when our Director of Music 'were but a slip of a lad!'). He was great! The occasion also showcased interesting small ensembles. Paul Drayton, Sam Edenborough and Steven Thompson (on guitar) all took improvised solos while performing their versions of 'Laura' and 'Desafinado'. P.C.D. also solod with brio and imagination on 'All the Things You Are' and 'Take Five'. Ben Waldman (who never missed a beat) and John Green made sure the group cooked. A little later J.S.K. performed a challenging Oscar Peterson improvisation on 'Georgia' (in a set accompanied by E.S.T.).

On the vocal side the highlight of the evening (*pace* J.S.K.'s brilliant Sinatraesque 'Lady is a Tramp') was the beauty of Emma Brown's singing and those who heard her breathe new life into 'Orange Coloured Sky' and that great classic 'Misty', will not forget her performance; the applause just would not stop!

We owe our thanks to John Cooper Green for his original idea and its conversion into a marvellously successful reality. We can't say "Play it again, Sam", (not that anyone ever did!), for a certain clarinet/sax player won't be around next year, but we're sure that the jazz ghosts that hovered in the Temple Room last December may be summoned once again, very soon, from Basin Street and St James' Infirmary, to hear, with the rest of us, those haunting flattened thirds and sevenths of the good old twelve bars.

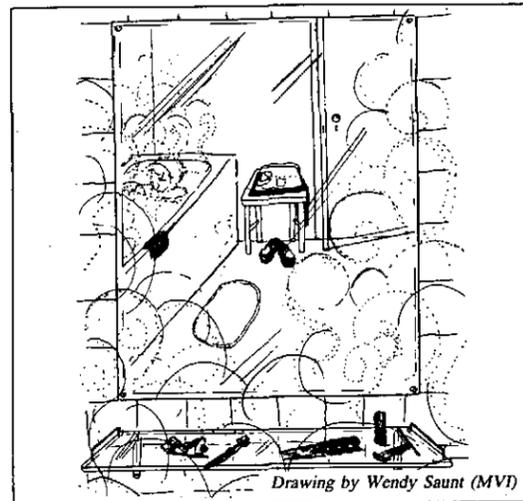
M.W.



Painting by A.S. Macleod (LVI)

## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

Here are the runners-up in last year's Gavin Maxwell Essay prize on the theme "On the Threshold".



Drawing by Wendy Saunt (MVI)

### 'ROUTINE'

Seven fifty-six. A strange sort of bored silence echoed through the small house. Occasionally the chink of cutlery on china interrupted the quiet, but otherwise all was hushed. Even the generally noisy young family from next door were at peace. I wondered if they might have gone out for the evening, for if not, then I would surely have heard the harsh blare of the television, watched in passive, suspended animation by the two young children. Anyway, it did not matter.

The house was a relatively compact semi-detached in a particularly dull area of suburbia, although what bearing that has I have no idea. Despite being habitually messy, I had taken great pains over the last few days to clean up. I wanted everything to look tidy: shirts, instead of being strewn over the floor like some sort of stripey second carpet, were being laundered and hung up; trousers were pressed, countless pairs of socks sorted and packed neatly into drawers; books, cassettes and other assorted paraphernalia were distributed into various storage compartments and I even took the unprecedented step of putting the vacuum cleaner around. For the first time I began to take some pride in my home. That was interesting from a psychological point of view.

Scraping the few remaining peas onto my fork, I shovelled them into my mouth and washed the lot down with the last of the red wine. I took the plate into the kitchen. I had quite enjoyed supper. Over the last week or so, I had been cleaning out my freezer and had stumbled across a long-forgotten leg of lamb from the bottom. I was quite partial to lamb and idly had wondered why the poor thing had not been devoured at an earlier date. The reason, in all likelihood, was that it had been part of one of an enormous number of supplies which my mother had

brought me on her visits, sure in her knowledge that I do not eat well enough. Anyway, it had sat there staring out from the pit of the ice store, begging to the thawed and gnawed, I had taken pity on it and proceeded to roast it with a few potatoes, and serve it up with some peas and a smudge of gravy. I had also procured a bottle of Sainsbury's red wine but not from the vintage selection.

I had taken an almost obscene pleasure in the whole process of cooking and eating this offering, partly for the reason that I knew that lamb was very easy to cook.

I washed up the plate and its fellow utensils, dried them and put them away in their respective cupboards. As I did so I thought again of my mother. It had been some time since I had made contact with her and she would be expecting to hear from me. I attempted to make my communications with my mother as irregular as possible, for the simple reason that I refused to be tied down to a specific time when I had to call her.

I debated whether or not to write her a letter, which I had not done for a long, long time, but eventually I took the easy way out and decided to phone her.

As was my wont in dull moments, I planned my evening. I had intended to have the bath that evening, and since I did not have anything better to do, I opted to have it after speaking to my mother.

I went to the bathroom and ran the hot tap, until the warm water began to gush out. I put the plug in and tramped off to ring mother. I thought to myself that this was rather a sly plan, seeing that mother might be rather difficult to disengage from. I could always give the excuse that my bath was running. Always best to prepare such contingencies.

I dialled the number. A few crackles and a ringing tone.

"Hello, 56921."

"Hi, Mum."

"Oh! Hello, darling! So kind of you to ring — I thought it might be you — because you haven't phoned for quite a long time — its been terrible weather here; the forecast doesn't look very bright either. Anyway, how are you? Come on, I want to hear all the news. What did you eat tonight?"

"Erm... I'm fine, mum. I had a bit of lamb tonight."

"Oh, I am glad. You do like lamb. So what's the weather been like?"

"Oh... er... wishy washy... in both senses of the phrase."

A pause. "Oh, I see. Ha...ha, very good. Let's have some news then."

"Well... errm, really mum, I haven't got much... just wanted to phone to... err... keep in touch... like."

"Oh."

"Look...mum. I have got the bath running so I am going to have to go, okay?"

"Yes, all right then. Cheerio."

"Goodbye." I put the phone down. Why did I always feel as though I was escaping the Spanish inquisition when I put the phone down? By this time the bath had filled up. I turned off the tap. I went to the bedroom, got undressed and hung my clothes up.

The water really was quite hot. As the steam began to creep up the mirror on the opposite wall, I edged my way gingerly up to the bath. I wallowed for several minutes in the near-scalding liquid. I had been considering this scene for several weeks now. Everything seemed to be right, just as I had planned. I felt a strange, tingling expectancy, but, to my surprise, no sense of apprehension at all. Perhaps it was because I had waited with such eagerness and anticipation. This would truly be the ultimate voyage of discovery.

I reached for the small knife at the end of the bath and submerged it in the hot water. When I could be sure that the blade was warm, I removed it and applied it to the skin on my left wrist. The incision was painless and the thick red fluid began to flow freely. I lay back and closed my eyes. All I could feel was a caressing sensation in my arm and the beginnings of a tingle. I drifted into a strange, incoherent day-dream: I was now on the threshold of finding out if it was really there.

I fell asleep.

M. Chamberlain (UVD)

### 'The Cliff'

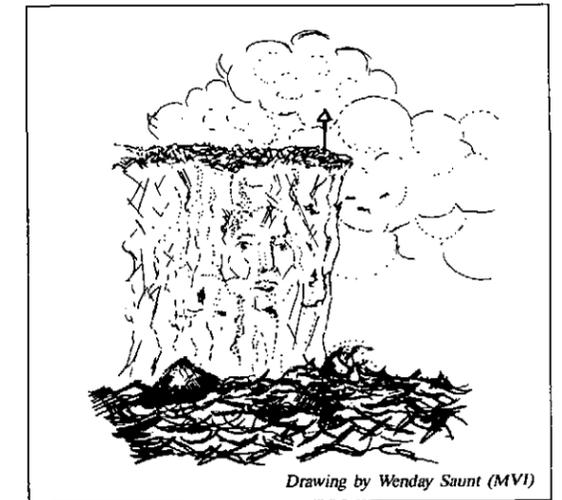
For fifteen years I had lived in the bliss only found in ignorance. On a new threshold, I entered new life. The land there was unknown to me; new barriers to be confronted and overcome lay ahead. At the entrance, I became enveloped by an unseen presence and an inexplicable fear penetrated me.

I was suddenly surrounded by austerity: church murals seemed sadistically alive and cold — fish eyes were watchful. I had to be aware of my sudden nakedness to avoid being devoured by the very inhumanity which smothered me. The signs on the threshold rejected me. In a last attempt to receive recognition, I turned to Man. Man can always be trusted above the meaningless scratchings on the walls. There is no hope in the darkness. I can look to man, but each person around me has identical features. Yes, I did certainly spot a glimmer of an eye that moved, that showed real life — and was that warmth?

No, faces are carved like the faces of a rock, they have been changed by time and yet remain the same. Although these faces have seen and watched the metamorphosis of life — they are no longer human. My life had been formed, and were there now markings of compassion in the features? Would the new threshold make my face rock-like? Would I be made bitter and cynical? These cliffs have been beaten by the waves, scarred and moulded day and night. But why do these cliffs show such resentment? Were they not always part of an innate landform, for how can feeling and sensitiveness be turned to an ugly and magnificent piece of geology? Do they shed a tear that they are prey to the elements who remain relentless? No, for cliffs will remember nothing, although they have a duty to watch nature passing. The cliffs have seen and know, yet they can do nothing.

I am a wave being thrashed against the sheer cliffs. I am now trapped, but I must learn to mould my

body to the shape of the sea, or I will be submerged and unable to rise again from the murky depths. I am now one of many; I cannot act for myself. All that can be done is to let me be hurled into authority, relentless, time and time again. I fall passively to the touch.



Drawing by Wendy Saunt (MVI)

My emotions are numbed; I am dependent on the strong wind to push me. Its strength overpowers my nakedness, my thoughts have been turned to a thin trickle. The thick blood which once ran so freely through my veins has been clotted and turned to a mass of undecipherable purple matter. Nobody knows, but the thick passions of love and hatred lie submerged; they must remain inert under the surface of the tides.

I become a fragile ballerina. Does china do anything but pale and fracture? The blue-eyed china doll looks searchingly into the child's eyes, but glass can shed no tears: emotion is suppressed in the white lifelessness. In my ballet shoes I am at the mercy of the tense muscles of the man who is featureless. Every inch of the man is rigid and his body is compressed immobile into the struggle for the unattainable motion. Had I not stepped onto the warped framework on the threshold, I would never have seen a cliff transpose itself so effortlessly into a man. I would never have felt the silent apprehension of being held in the air above the cliff, raised above the surging waves underneath. Now — and only now — can I feel the ecstasy of being so superbly supported high above the cliff.

In the air, I no longer feel frail, for I can only feel great surges of strength and power diffusing into my brain through every cell in my being. Yet I am as helpless as ever, alien to the essential culture of my childhood, but revelled in only as the chained black dog basking on the patio in the August sun knew how.

The power is mine to hold this perfect balance for eternity. I never realised my full potential until I was placed on the threshold surrounded only by the sheer, dark cliffs. I have become a wave whose only purpose is to be at odds with the cliffs. I have overcome the fear of sinking into the depths of the ocean. As each muscle gradually learned to relax

and the strain was relieved, I managed to rise and fall in the inexorable process towards the end with the other waves.

The two poised figures remain at the cliff top, unshaken by the pounding below. From a distance, the figures seen unnaturally distinct from the surrounding earthy shades and monstrous forms of greatness. These smooth curves can only be created by a fine harmony formed between them, the ultimate seeming male dominance, which appears as the pillar of strength that is holding me, yielding and passive, is but a lie, the shape can only be created by an equal tension and bond between partners. Without my determination in drumming against the rugged walls, the cliff would be smooth and devoid of all meaning.

Daily, on the threshold, a new statue is found at the top of the cliffs, yet the cliffs remain totally unmoved. The cliffs see the rejuvenation of a crumbling figure and still remain fixed and sedentary. They can also see those waves which break long before being thrashed against their unrelenting sides. How many waves have been shattered? Too many for the cliff to count.

A man can now be seen to saunter along the foreshore of the beach. The tide is low and the waves no longer meet the cliff. The plaintive sand, which is malleable to every imprint, stands between the waves and their final destination. The man can come closer to the foot of the cliff and see where the waves have beaten caverns into the cliff. The waves also look tentative, waiting for a higher tide to crash against it. At the top of the cliff, the man who smiles sees a stony, dormant figure and is pleased with the work.

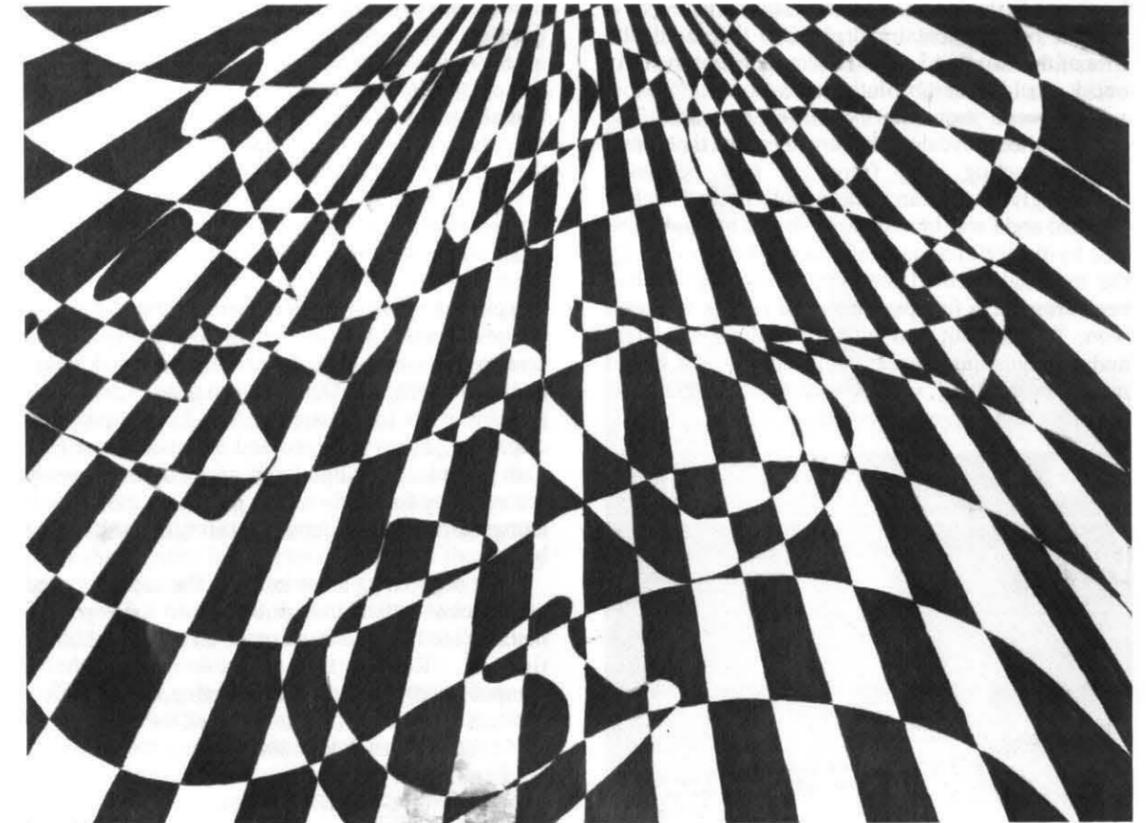
Katherine Farrants (VI)

### 'Space Mountain'

"Space Mountain: experience a winding, soaring race through space on a roller coaster-type ride. Note health and other boarding restrictions. Loose articles should be removed and secured..." There was no need to read any further; to an eleven year old — whose height had easily exceeded that set by the height restriction barrier, several of which stood, obtrusively, in the close vicinity of the attraction, waiting to dash or realise people's dreams, to draw



Print by Gayle Barker (MVI)



By G.C.K. Ng (IV)

out sighs of relief or squeals of excitement — the reference to the use of the ride by-pass at the attraction turnstiles was out of the question. In any case, there was a one and a half hour queue to negotiate at least, before we even reached the turnstiles at the entrance to the building (where the by-pass was situated) — plenty of time to allay hidden fears.

Time, however, is an ally of fear. Its elongation serves only to awake secretly harboured fears in the mind, which in turn change what were initially firm resolutions, into reservations. I had felt so confident the day before, when I cruised on a grand-circle tour of Tomorrowland, the home of Space Mountain, on the Wedway People Mover. The structure that encased the ride took the form of a flat cone, expansive at the base, but with a truncated apex which spiralled twice to form a slanting top. Large metallic rifts extended down from the spiral, perpendicular to the ground, creating a ripple effect around the whole of the cone, and occasional spikes extended skywards near the top of the structure. This futuristic white building, doubtless a feature of engineering, culminated on one final spike at one side of the slanting roof, bigger than the others in all proportions, and more intricate in design. Yet it was all very easy to muse over what this architectural *piece de resistance* housed, and to marvel at its revolutionary subtleties whilst at a safe distance, where participation wasn't required. At

close quarters, however, it lost its former appeal. The dominating nature of this colossal structure forcibly imposed itself upon the indecisive, increasing their doubts, including mine.

I eagerly sought confidence in the knowledge that everyone else was scared, though being inexperienced in human nature, I didn't interpret the exaggerated gesticulations of those around me — fixed, broad, toothy grins; voices abnormally raucous, and uncommonly keen interest shown in anything going on at other attractions — as being outlets for their apprehension. I put it down to their collective methods of relieving themselves of the boredom of the queue, as the progress towards the turnstiles was intolerably slow.

An hour passed, and we seemed no nearer to our destination. Spates of fear alternated with moments of quietude. At times I was waiting in eager expectation looking forward to the ride, at other times I yearned to have been a foot shorter and so have failed the requirements for the ride — a genuine reason for ducking out — rather than electing the ignominious option of the ride by-pass or — cowardice! — escape lane, currently void of users — and risking universal mockery. To an eleven year old, who perhaps should have known better but was too stubborn to acknowledge the fact that he would not be the first to think better of going on an essentially "prams-up ride" and not be held to ridicule, the resolve to see the ordeal through

became all the more resolute. The turnstile now became both a mental and physical threshold, the first of the two that I would encounter, but the only one I would have absolute control of.

The queue momentarily surged forward. The crowd parted, revealing the turnstiles, the three steel bars extracting gout from the post, gleamed menacingly in the sun. The people behind inched forward and I was involuntarily drawn through. The ride by-passed channel was obscured from sight by the multitude behind me. The first threshold had been crossed. A first psychological victory had been won. To back out now would be admitting defeat and relinquishing a great achievement — it would mean a humiliating, solitary walk back down against the flow and surge of people.



Painting by F.T. Erogbogbo (MVI)

Once inside the building, the queue split into two, differing from the queue outside, snaking backwards and forwards to disguise their length and at the same time offering false hope by their continuing movement. The two columns, parallel to one another rising gradually, intended forwards and tailed round the corner, doubtless doubling back on themselves several times before emerging in plain view further up, to the dismay of many optimists who thought they must surely have neared the end, after what seemed like an eternity so far.

One would have thought that the temperate climates provided by the "Space Mountain" would come as a welcome relief from the pitiless heat of the sun outside, which seemed relentlessly to focus its rays on those patiently queuing in the open, and

perhaps it rekindled doubts about seeing the deed through and gave rise to fresh excuses — such lengthy direct exposure to the sun must surely be damaging! So stark a change, however, served only to make you feel cold and to redirect your thoughts onto what lay beyond. Anxiety made itself known through shivering, and the excited chattering and the bold smiles so wide spread outside, were now limited to the occasional whisper or strained grin in the attempt to promote confidence and to reassure those around you that you weren't scared.

Agitated by such preconceptions, the end of the queue loomed before me before I could prepare and compose myself. A loud whoosh and shriek could be heard overhead. There was no time to assess the possible roots for escape. Before I could properly discern it, I was strapped and harnessed in a four man capsule. A nudge from an incoming capsule forced mine forwards with a jolt and it eased itself along the track away from the safety of the docking bay.

After negotiating a few corners, the capsule linked onto a conveyor belt to pull it up to the top. The metallic teeth on the track made an ominous hollow tickling. Red lights flashed randomly. A computerised voice, devoid of feeling, decreed sixty seconds until doom, or as it called it "lift off". I could feel my heart pounding — only my ribs were holding it in. There was no backing out now. The steepness of the climb forced me to the back of my seat. Up ahead the track vanished. The threshold was being neared. The division between fear and unrestrained terror, or the division between fear and its release? "Three...two..." the voice boomed. Hands clamped on the bar. Knuckles whitened. "One". On the threshold. Then — darkness.

N.D. Smith (UVI)

## THE RISING SUN

The vertical sheets of rain danced across the steep-sided valley beneath an angry sky. The dusty track, deprived of torrential monsoon rain for over two years shattered into innumerable craters, as the silver droplets pitted them like a shower of falling bullets. The river-beds that had carved this gully into the hard Manchurian landscape once more filled with a gushing torrent of water, given vitality by its tumbling path over jagged rocks and waterfalls.

And, from the east, like some giant green serpent, coiling across China, marched the army of the rising sun.

Crouching behind a weathered outcrop, high up on the slope, opposite the rough track that bit into the hill-side, he watched and waited, like a mountain lion poised to pounce.

Carefully, he shouldered the ancient rifle, leaning the ebony wood against the hard stone and waited till his sights were filled. He slowly squeezed the trigger. A soldier twisted, crumpled and fell into the mud. The column halted, briefly.

As the day retreated into night, and the serpent advanced across China, the soldiers came climbing up the low hill, raised up from the surrounding paddy-fields that covered the floor of the basin, and which supported on its back the frugal wooden huts of the village. They were greeted by the herds of returning livestock, preparing to bed down for the night.

Beneath the fiery sky, tinted by the setting sun, the tiny village was quickly encircled. Led by a stocky officer, passionately waving a carefully polished curved sword about his head, and bellowing and pacing about like one of the dragons enshrined in legend, the thin green line of soldiers, looking for damning evidence, swept through the village like a sickle at harvest time.

Striding brutally through the draughty mud-floored hut, bayoneting bedding, smashing and overturning, a young conscript stumbled upon the half-hidden rifle. Within minutes, the villagers had been shepherded into a close pack, and there they were addressed by the officer.

Through a translator, he demanded to know the identity of the rifle's owner, pleasantly at first, and offering generous bribes. Silence.

With an ever more menacing edge to his voice and with a few barely veiled threats, he continued to ask for assistance in exercising his own particular brand of justice. Silence.

Angrily, he described in graphic detail the state that awaited those who displeased the conquering armies of Japan. Silence.

Losing his temper, he flicked his sword violently, signalling numerous soldiers, who had previously flanked him, to go wading into the crowd and to seize five villagers. These unfortunate five were duly lined up against a dry-stone wall. Five rifles were brought horizontal as the sword climbed heavily into the night where the Angel of Death rode amongst the stars. Waiting.

As the harvest moon climbed down from its highest declination, the prisoner woke sweating from the phantasms that all night had haunted his subconscious, for the dawn would bring the nightmare to life. He could hear the slow rhythmic pacing of the sentry outside the hut, pausing occasionally to blow into his clasped hands, for in Manchuria the nights were bitterly cold.

Memories, snatched fragments of happier days, sensations, pictures, smells and sounds fluttered like exquisite butterflies about the gloomy hut. Earlier that night, hope had been present. An illogical hope, contrary to reason or knowledge, the last hope of a doomed man. When the futility of that hope sunk in, he was only left with despair.

The life of a herdsman in the inhospitable terrain that is northern China is a lonely one, measuring time only in the passing of the days and the seasons. He had had many summer days and starry nights in which to contemplate the mysteries of the universe and man's precarious foothold in nature. Many days and nights in which to contemplate death, and come to terms with it.

He had faced death many times in all its various disguises and accepted that his memory would gradually become obscured by the mists of history from which it had been born. China has a massive population, and whatever happened, he would not be missed.

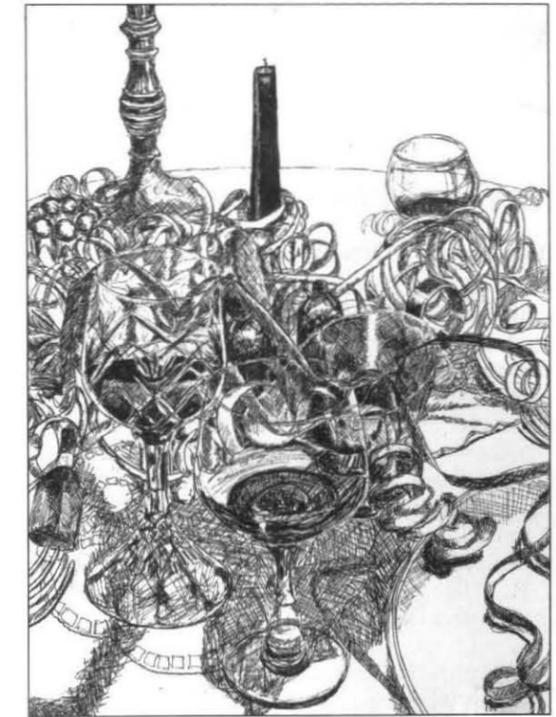


Illustration by Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)

Death must claim us all one day, there is nothing we can do about it, one part in the inevitable and endless cycle of nature. For him, now was as good a time as any to go; not that he had much choice in the matter, for the future held nothing but monotony in his view.

He was not sorry for his actions, though he must now pay for them with his life. Not quite justice, but then neither, perhaps, was it injustice. He did not want to see the land that had raised him under Japanese occupation and had done what he could to prevent it. Perhaps with his act, he reasoned, he had prolonged his memory; perhaps it would ever live on in legend.

With such resignation, he greeted the first grey hazy beginnings of the day.

When they came for him, the rising sun was a shimmering and broken globe, low in the eastern sky and shedding its golden light onto the patchy clouds overhead.

He was led out to the wall where the villagers were already silently gathering. A stake had been driven into the ground and there he stood calm and dignified...

As they carried his body silently away, and the soldiers had formed up and marched on down the track, the heavens shattered and the vertical sheets

of rain danced across the land, washing away the past. From the east, a new and beautiful day was born.

No matter how many soldiers were assassinated, or how many more executions took place, the sun would always rise in the east.

**J. Morrison (IV)**

## NEW VISTAS

(Ed) Anthony Ozturk, Corinthian Press, 1992

One of the quieter but more remarkable achievements at Stowe in the past year has been the production of *New Vistas*, an anthology of Stoic verse composed between 1987 and 1992, edited by Anthony Ozturk and brought out in an attractive, illustrated limited edition of 500 copies.

In Stowe's comparatively short history, the school has produced a greater number of distinguished writers than most similar schools. Poets include John Cornford, James Reeves, Harry Kemp and Laurence Whistler and novelists include Gavin Maxwell and T.H. White. This would suggest that the tradition is alive and flourishing, a claim vindicated by the very high standard of annual entries for the J.F. Roxburgh verse competition.

Poems have been presented from the Third Form to the Sixth. There is some effective free verse but the most notable emphasis is on work featuring the careful control of rhyme and metre, as is depicted, for example, in David Szalay's Sonnets. Szalay also parodies Chaucer to remarkable effect and humour, as does Camilla Squirrell for Ben Jonson when she composes Celia's reply.

All the great areas of life are considered and James Goss has produced particularly fine studies of mutability and faith. A recurrent theme in the anthology is the study of great paintings, where the poets have been encouraged to look with detailed sensitivity at Manet, Constable or Turner. There are fine landscape poems, not just of Stowe but also further afield. Especially commendable in this area are Sam Edenborough's contrasting portraits of Somerset and Tayo Erogbogbo's lyrical evocation of Africa as seen through the eyes of a native workman. The landscape of the mind is also dealt with and I was particularly impressed by Miles Nottage's 'Sailing' and the beautifully controlled 'A Familiar Place' by Rupert Atkinson.

It is of course invidious to mention names but a review that neglects to do this is in danger of becoming bland. Precision and variety are the hallmarks of this delightful anthology and editor and poets alike merit sincere respect and congratulations.

**P.A.S.F**

## A SUPERMARKET DEATH

Up the aisle of vegetables  
Down the aisle of tins  
Now what shall I buy?

A razor blade across his throat  
His jugular vein cut  
A long painful bloody death.

Up the aisle of cereals  
Down the aisle of sweets  
Now what shall I buy?

A pack of aspirin in his evening drink  
A feeling of tiredness  
A peaceful gentle death.

Up the aisle of drinks  
Down the aisle of dairy goods  
Now what shall I buy?

A frozen leg of lamb over his head  
His twisted brain crushed  
A short instant death.

Up the aisle of washing powder  
Down the aisle of toiletries  
Now what shall I buy?

A washing line around his neck  
At last his final breath taken  
A short frustrated death.

The check-out counter beckons me  
And my shopping basket  
And my solitary pint of milk.

**Juliette C. Kristensen (LVI)**

## NEW VISTAS

An anthology of Stoic poems  
1987 — 1992

Edited by  
Dr. Anthony Ozturk

Published by  
The Corinthian Press

Available from the Stowe  
bookshop:

£3.50 plus post and package



Antwerp Cathedral, Belgium

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)



Sculpture by G.H. Weller-Potey (MVI)

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

## AUTUMN

The grass is still fresh from the morning  
Dew that glistens brightly  
As the sun rises above the green hills;

As the crisp golden leaves,  
Ripening in the evening sun,  
Fall gently to the sleeping ground;

As the sun sets in a deep blue,  
Purple sky, until only a ghostly pattern of trees  
Is left behind.

M.J.V. Nicoll, ma (III)

## THE SWALLOW

Softly  
Swiftly  
The swallow glides through the sky.

Slowly but surely darkness steals the light.  
The swallow flies to catch the light  
But in vain.

J.S. Watson (III)

## SCAVENGING

A multitude of wings, all black-stained,  
That beat, beat, beat the air around.  
They swarm and hover in great groups  
Scavenging.

Their long craned necks, bare and dry;  
Red beaks, last meal's blood  
A clinging on of life now gone.  
They continue to rip at tendon.

They follow a herd, silently, swiftly,  
And their glassy eyes are constantly looking  
For the weak one  
That soon will fall.

Relentless killers who live only  
To feast and tear at flesh that lies  
On the desert plain, still and quiet,  
And defenceless.

Looking from above they are the kings  
Longing for death.

O.N. Trethewey (III)



Photograph by D.R.T. Oldridge (V)

## ODD

A circle is the strangest shape.  
It never starts,  
It never ends,  
But journeys on its voyage  
To nowhere.

There are no corners.  
There are no corners.  
There are no corners  
Here.

Juliette C. Kristensen (LVI)

## BLANK

I have been left  
With one giant enormity of blank page  
Crying,  
For some words  
To satisfy its hunger,  
To rest its soul.

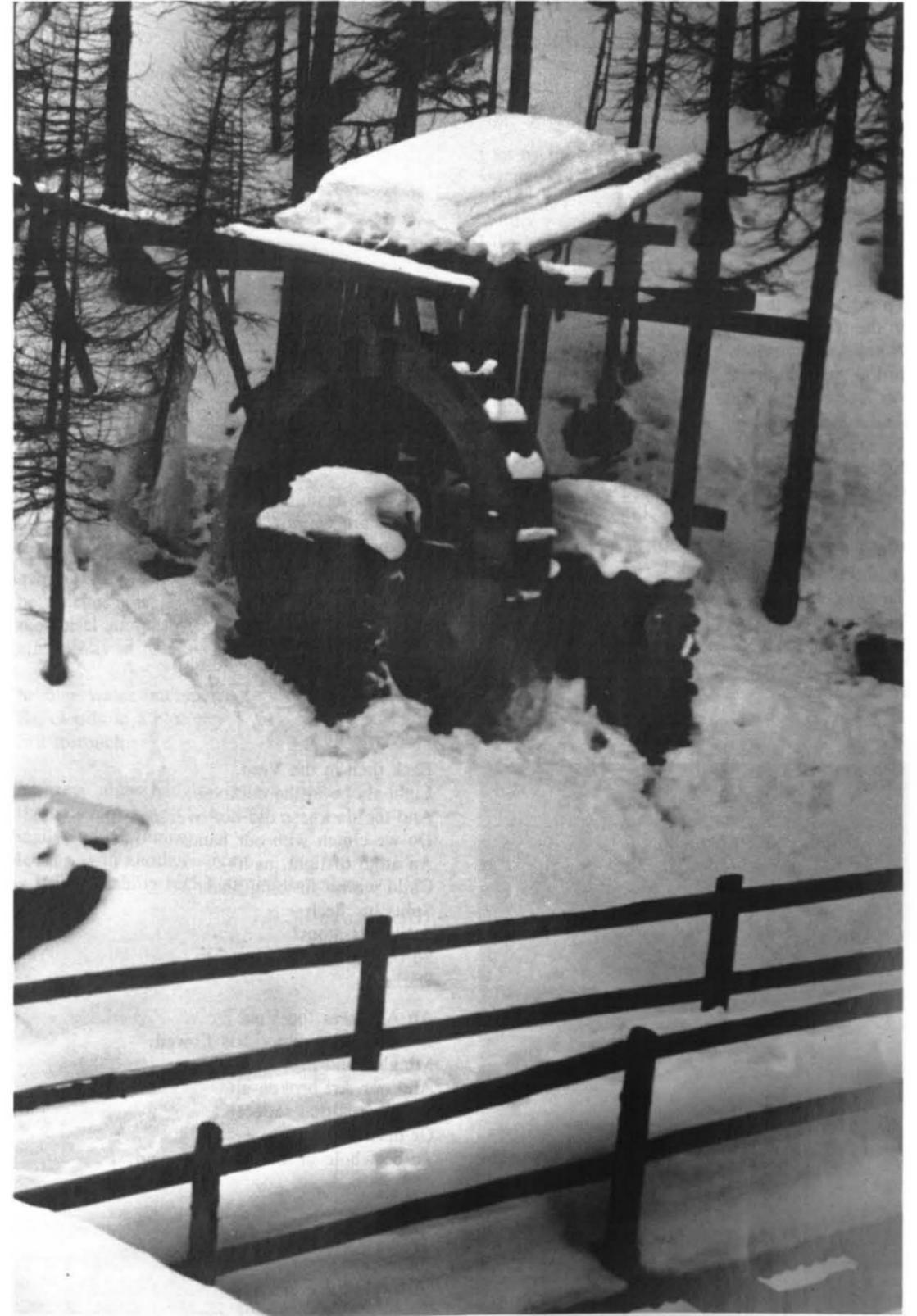
The page is yelling out  
For a deep thought on life,  
Or a beautiful story  
So it can fall  
Back to sleep,  
Comforted with a few gentle words.

Yet I can think of none to write  
But it pleads with me for some  
So I'll just sit and  
Think.

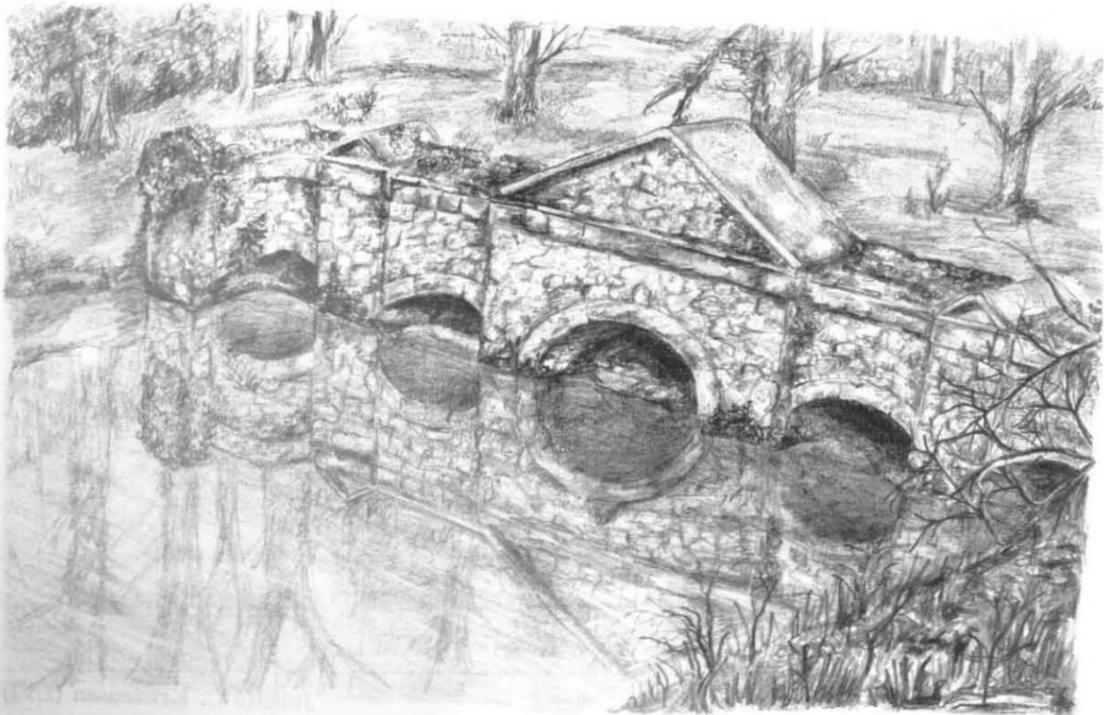
Juliette C. Kristensen (LVI)



Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)



Photograph by D.R.T. Oldridge (V)



Drawing by Olivia A.G. Coy (LVI)

## A.D. MCMXCIX

The complacent edifice of the years  
Toiled high, brick by brick,  
Rite by rite  
Phrase by phrase  
Wheel by cog  
Shook, shook thundered  
To the toll of that Apocalyptic Birth  
In the trenches:  
A creature that grew  
In the gas chambers;  
An Age came of age,  
And announced itself  
To the World  
In the land of the eastern sun,  
On that day when the sun stayed set.

So: now  
Where are we?  
At the close of an Age  
To close all Ages?  
The music of the past dissolves;  
Its harmonics fade as the tones of  
The broken chord sound  
In diminuendo.



Photograph by J.M.L.

We question, with our cynical minds,  
Old truths and new thoughts all as one.  
We must learn as a race,  
Not spit in the face of  
Our past and dismiss  
Or disprove  
Or despise.

So: I ask again,  
Where are we now?  
For many, the Rocks and the Lights of the past  
Have melted, or faded to grey.  
Self-knowledge comes cheap  
To one whom a glimpse of his soul  
Would terrify.  
The ancients (The Not-so-old)  
Knew. They left the truth  
Safely within  
Impossibilities.

Back then in the Void,  
Light shone in the darkness,  
And the darkness did not overcome it.  
Do we clutch with our hands  
An atom of light, as a  
Child with a flashing blade  
Splits his flesh  
Splits our atom?  
So out flows the blood into  
Darkness.

An Age near the Void  
Is ending; our blood has flowed,  
Mingled and processed,  
And our Art broken up  
Into shards that reflect  
Or distort, or long  
To be whole in their Beauty again.

But we still desire  
As the crystals in snow  
On black winter boughs  
Thirst for the Light  
Of the burning, far red  
Cold cold Sun.

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

## MOUNTAIN STREAM

Pure and bright  
As clean glass,  
Glinting in the sunlight,  
Like the back of a jumping salmon.  
The rushing water and the raging waterfalls,

White water jumping and breaking,  
Expressing its anger.  
Cutting its way past rocks,  
A sharp knife slicing through cake.  
The roaring noise echoing around the hills,  
Like spiral staircases.  
Eating away at its banks.

The blue water interspersed with white foam  
Like clouds in a blue sky.  
Chill to touch.

The green algae hanging on the rocks,  
Like hair streaking off a head.  
Finally the confluence,  
Meeting with another stream,  
As if the clashing rocks coming together.

J.R.N. Craven (III)

## MIND FULL

My mind being troubled,  
I pursue my peace  
In a train  
Of Logic

I sit by the window,  
Gazing at the world  
Flying by,  
While,  
Like bombs from the sky,  
Ideas hurl themselves  
Into the empty compartments behind  
For me to delve into  
At my leisure.

This is the way  
I attempt to distance  
Myself,  
From worries.

But...  
They chase me still.

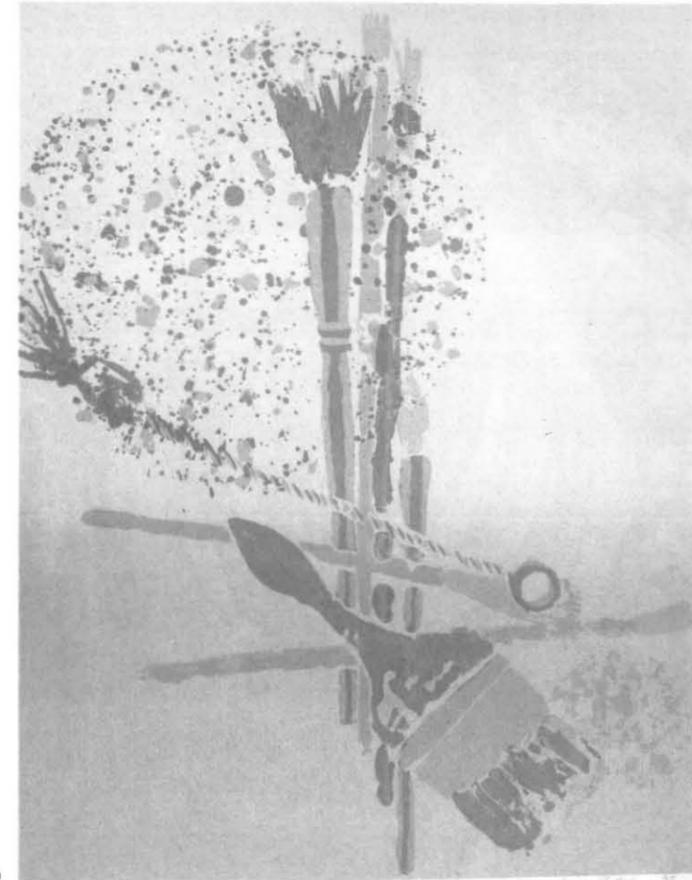
Juliette C. Kristensen (LVI)



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Painting by R. de la T. Atkinson (MVI)



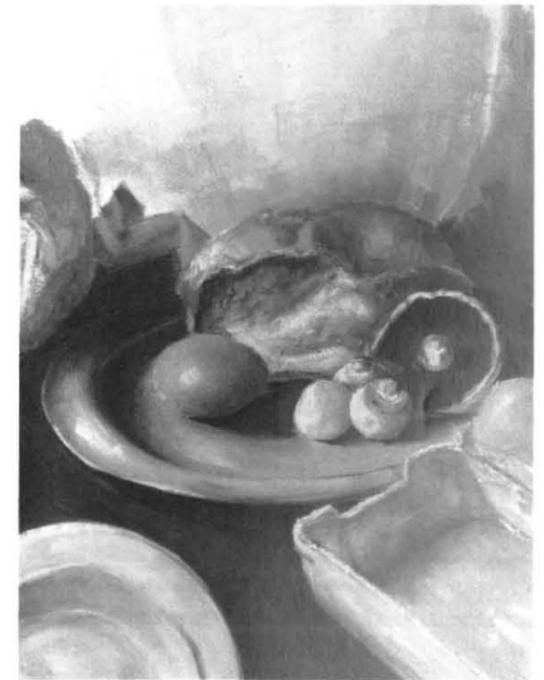
By Gayle Barker (MVI)



Painting by G.H. Weller-Poley (MVI)



By S.G. Osman (IV)



Painting by P.R. Page (MVI)



Gayle Barker was the second winner of the Simon Alper (O.S.) award for print making.  
Her work featured here results from a course undertaken at Curwen Chilford Fine Art Printers, Cambridge.

Print by Gayle Barker (MVI)



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## VANBRUGH'S PYRAMID AT STOWE

*Laurence Whistler has been researching, depicting and writing on Stowe gardens and buildings at many periods since he was a Stoic in the 1920's; and he was the author of the School's first guide book of the gardens. His striking proposal below will provoke controversy but is serious. If too late to be feasible by the year 2000 A.D., it may be realised as 26th March, 2026 approaches — the tercentenary of Vanbrugh's death.*

Sir John Vanbrugh, one of the greatest British architects, and a dramatist both witty and humorous, has no memorial anywhere. For forty-five years after his death in 1726 he did have one, presumably the grandest ever given to an architect in the history of the world. Then, for the next two centuries or so — until now, that is — none at all.

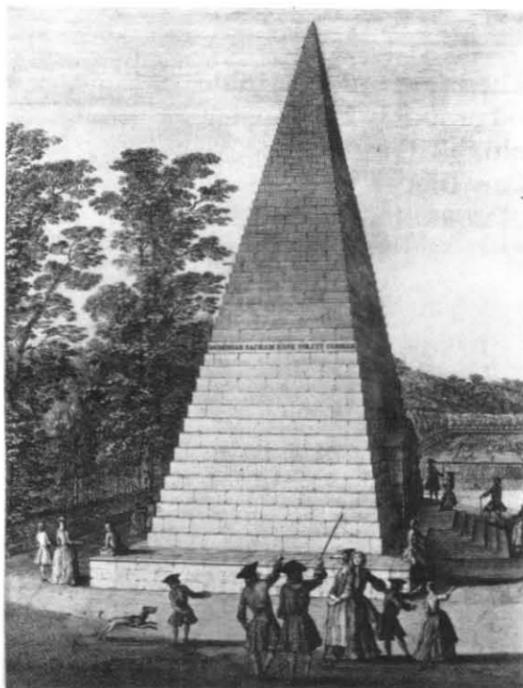
Strange facts, but explicable. Vanbrugh was a friend of Lord Cobham, one of Marlborough's officers, who was expanding his gardens at Stowe near Buckingham in a highly original way. It was based on new principles established by his designer Bridgeman. Firstly, boundaries were disappearing from sight, replaced by a sunk fence or ha-ha, to open wide views and, apparently, let in the cattle. This was positively startling at first, hence the name, originally ah-ah, but that was difficult to continue saying. Secondly, though lines were still straight as in large-scale French gardening, they could spring and cross in various directions, for the sake of surprise (and to make sensibly English use of existing features like tracks). Cobham invited Vanbrugh to populate this novel landscape with garden buildings. Nothing could have suited him better. There is an element of surprise in all his architecture down to his own homes which were diminutive fortresses. So, at various points, no doubt himself suggesting such points, he set up an elegantly-domed Rotunda on slender columns, to house a gilt Venus — unloaded a Temple of Bacchus deeply channelled with rustication — simplified his finest temple (at Castle Howard) for a Sleeping Parlour — scattered a few porticos; and finally at the western corner mounted a sixty-foot Pyramid on a low plinth forty-foot square. (A on plan). It was entirely his, the audacity, the narrow upthrust and powerful doorcase. And it had many children, here and in other gardens, mostly rather more modest in bearing.

When he died of quinsy, not very long afterwards, his patron decided to dedicate it to him, his convivial crony of the Kit-Cat Club in former days, and had this inscription added, in Latin, half-way up and all round —

Among the great number of buildings designed by Sir John Vanbrugh in these gardens, Cobham wished this Pyramid to be sacred to his memory.

Cobham died childless in 1749, and was succeeded by his nephew, Lord Temple. The

gardens, like the house continued to grow prodigiously, changing character, less ingenious and secretive, larger in scale and more tranquil. Straight lines disappeared wholesale as Irregular Gardening gave way to full Landscape in the style, first, of Kent, then of Capability Brown. By the 1770s Vanbrugh was old-fashioned; not much admired by a sophisticated taste. As for his memorial... a grassy mound has just been opened to reveal its foundations.



In 1921 Stowe was in peril. Put up for sale by Lady Kinloss, the last member of the family to live there, it was finding no purchaser. No millionaire seemed to want a serene palace with purlieus like a dream of Poussin's. Just in time it was bought, and bought complete (apart from the statuary, a painful but unavoidable extraction) by an imaginative group — in order to reopen it in 1923 as a new public school. This then expanded at an astonishing speed as it began to flourish under an inspired young headmaster, J. F. Roxburgh.

The new school had taken on the burden of maintaining 562 acres of landscape sprinkled with thirty-eight temples and ornaments all contributive to Stowe, and did so creditably for sixty-six years, with grants, and with a perseverance that is at last seen to have been heroic, now that the burden has been lifted. How long could it have been carried? Decay of buildings and trees formed a problem that could only grow worse.

It was solved in July, 1989, when the Chairman of the National Trust could announce from the steps of the Temple of Concord and Victory (apt venue) that the nation had acquired the gardens for ever, through the astonishing gift of two million pounds

by an anonymous donor. Joy was unconfined — or only slightly confined for those (like the present writer) who had enjoyed the privacy of a public school in obscure country; also for the school staff who in future would have to keep their dogs on a lead in opening hours. The overriding point was that the nation had taken into care what had gradually come to be seen in the course of this century as a single work of art, the richest of its kind, constructed by many hands through many decades, like a cathedral.

To return to 1923. Of course there had to be school buildings near the house, and here there were three handicaps: a necessity for speed, a lack of money, and a failure to think big. No one foresaw how big the thinking would have to be, in only a few years. A young architect, Williams-Ellis, devised buildings, of a light-hearted Georgian kind. But the want of a general plan is sadly felt. For example, his Chatham House was put up in front of the Temple of Bacchus on the same axis. Then Bacchus (Vanbrugh's one temple surviving unaltered) was pulled down, for a school chapel to be put up (by Lorimer) at a different angle. Thus the Chapel portico looks askance at the back parts of Chatham, all metal staircase and down-pipes.

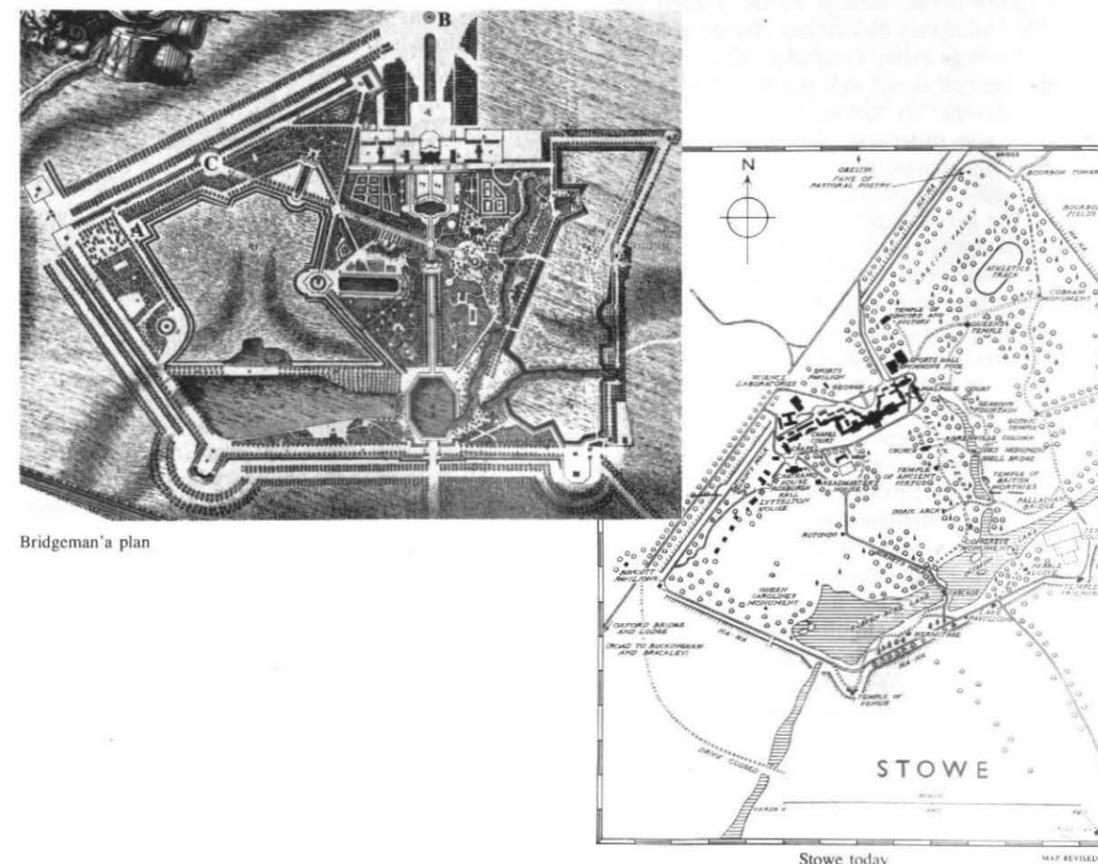
And all the time between the west end of the main building and Bacchus there was ample room for two quadrangles of Oxbridge type, divided by a chapel, to add an academic ingredient without damaging the

landscape in the least; with, indeed, enriching it. And farther north even more room to be filled coherently — not as it has been, haphazard.

One man in Britain could have provided that general plan, even if he was too expensive to fill it: Lutyens, then at the height of his powers, designing Middleton Park not far off, not to speak of Liverpool Cathedral: the one living man worthy to stand at Stowe with Vanbrugh, Gibbs, Kent and Adam. And if the edge of the western vista beyond Bacchus did have to be invaded, he could have provided for that.

As it is, a line of brick buildings has extended through the years, not offensively — pleasantly if the context were different — right up to and in front of that grassy mound which is still in School territory. To suggest rebuilding the Pyramid within feet of cosy tiled roofs would invite wonder. No one has. But I do suggest that it ought to be rebuilt for good reasons.

Come to the north portico and look out between the arms of the colonnades, wide open as if to welcome something remarkable. Beyond the equestrian statue of George I there are far-apart banks of trees with a flat field between them, ending in part of a boundary hedge and a glimpse of Midlands. It is pleasant, but curiously unresponsive after such an invitation. In Vanbrugh's time it did respond. George I was out there on the boundary, almost from his accession, being pointed to by a



Bridgeman's plan

Stowe today

MAP REVISED 1978

straight canal beyond the forecourt. He rode where it was seemly for the bestower of a title to ride, at the main focus of the whole pregnant conception, that is to say where one principal axis intersected another — one through the house to the spire of Buckingham church three miles off, the other close to the line of a Roman Road to Towcester. Central out there, we suggest, is where the Pyramid should rise again. (B on plan).

In the course of years the north vista has become lop-sided, through the trees encroaching on the north-east side and retreating on the south-west. This could be put right without inconvenience by planting a line of trees from roughly the cricket pavilion to the boundary, so as to separate the playing field from the nets in the corner, and not restrict either area. The Pyramid on the boundary could then be seen as central to the house and also to the long straight road of arrival. On that, in fact, it would be glimpsed a mile and a half away at the outer lodge — vanishing as you dipped to the Oxford Bridge — to re-emerge dramatically beyond the Boycott Pavilions. A few beeches would need to be felled or lopped which in the distant view have intruded on this perspective; they would be compensated for by the replanting suggested.

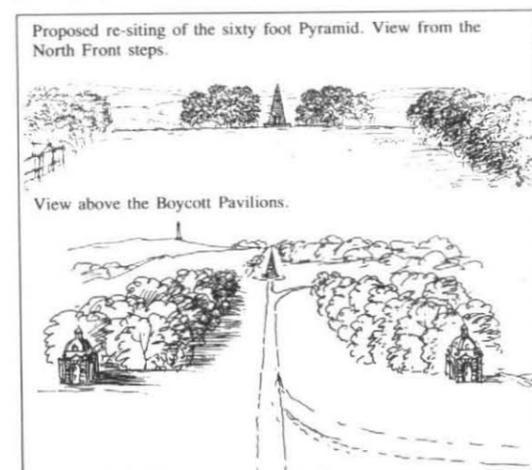
Vanbrugh would surely have approved that siting — might well have proposed it if the King had not been in occupation. Hawksmoor's Pyramid at Castle Howard was similarly placed, a few years later, central to the house, though on the garden side. Some Old Stoics may dislike any change at Stowe, and such feelings evoke sympathy. Yet, suppose it had been there all along, as it might well have been, but had become so unsound in our time that demolition was proposed. Would there not have been general indignation?

There should be no objection, I feel, to a new site, when the old is ruled out. This is already proposed for the Chinese House, of c.1738, soon returning to Stowe. It will be given, I understand, ideal siting in the upper lake beyond the Palladian Bridge — in that forgotten garden now in process of being splendidly reclaimed from total wilderness.

But it may be objected that the task of the National Trust for many years ahead will be to restore buildings that survive in some shape, not to recreate any that have totally vanished. This is true. None of that munificent £2,000,000 could be deflected. The only hope is that another benefactor might be found, one who would not contribute to a general restoration fund, but who might be stirred by the drama of this timely idea: to enable a lost building to pay three tributes simultaneously. First to its designer (once again), in honour of all that he accomplished. Next to the National Trust — may the shadow of its temples ever grow longer. Then to the year 2000 — surely it ought to be saluted. But, for that, it would need to be started soon, though not necessarily finished on time.

For rebuilding it as it was, to the full height, a surveyor has given an approximate estimate of

£200,000. There would be extras, like a new inscription, half way up and all round: this time in English I suggest, recording the gift, the history, and the occasion. And framed by the doorcase, perhaps, in deep-cut Roman lettering: M M.



#### A NOTE ON THE ORIGINAL SITING

**The problem** — Lord Perceval wrote to his brother on 14 August, 1724: 'The Pyramid at the end of one of the walks is a copy in miniature of the most famous one in Egypt.'

**Comments** — The Pyramid, in garden plan and pictures, was not at the end of one of the walks.

Miniature is an unlikely word to have been used of something recorded as 60 feet high.

Gilbert West, Cobham's poet-nephew, described it in *Stowe, a Poem*, 1732, as Vanbrugh's 'last design.' If this referred to the pyramid seen by Perceval, Vanbrugh designed nothing in Stowe after August 1724 (or an earlier date).

But he was there for a fortnight in November that year, and for a fortnight again in July, 1725, describing Stowe as 'a Place now so Agreeable that I had much ado to leave it at all.'

It is highly unlikely that he made no further designs during those visits.

**Probable solution** — Lord Perceval was referring to a smaller pyramid, provided by Vanbrugh for a conspicuous site: where the Great Cross Walk ended at Lee's Bastion in the boundary ha-ha (C on plan). However, this obvious place for a feature is blank in both the Bridgeman bird's eye view of c. 1720 and in his garden plan (not published till 1739, but earlier than that). The smaller pyramid's life was therefore brief.

By July, 1725, Cobham had decided to let Bridgeman go ahead with extending the gardens south-west.

Vanbrugh then proposed to replace the small pyramid — fairly recently built — with one farther out, at a corner of the new ha-ha, and at least half-as-high again. (A on plan).

He explained that the dressed stone of the first could economically provide the top of the second

if the latter were given the same slope and style (with similar diminishing steps).

Seven months later he was dead, a loss to Cobham both as architect and long-time friend. So his 'last design' was carried out, as his memorial, with an inscription all round at the meeting of the two parts.

That vacated circle at the end of the Great Cross Walk was never refilled, because great cross walks themselves were soon being blurred, or erased entirely, by the new fashion, whereby whole gardens would be designed like a sequence of paintings by Claude — the fashion we associate with Kent. How would Vanbrugh have adapted to it, had he lived for another ten years? Very well. As early as 1709 he had tried vainly to save Old Woodstock Manor in Blenheim Park because, with proper planting, 'it would make One of the Most Agreeable Objects that the best of Landscape Painters can invent.' And by 1724 he had placed his finest garden building, the Temple at Castle Howard, at a distant point that could only be approached by a long irregularly-curving path. It was the next stage in the artistic revolution begun by Bridgeman.

Laurence Whistler (O.S.) C.B.E.

#### THE ROMAN POTTERY KILN

##### Near the Bourbon Playing Fields

It has long been known that the Romans were active in and around the area of Stowe. The Roman Road running across the North Front playing field was an important link between Akeman Street at Alchester, south of Bicester, and Watling Street at Towcester, the Roman *Lactodurum*. South of the River Great Ouse lay the large religious complex at Thornborough with its associated pair of barrows (first excavated by the third Duke of Buckingham and Chandos in 1839; some of the western tumulus' stones were taken to Stowe and are still in the Wick Quarter), while the nearby Roman villa at Foscott produced the geometric mosaic moved by the third Duke to the upper floor of the Queen's Temple; it is the largest single mat of guilloche found in Britain. Another Roman villa, at Tingewick, was excavated in the 1860s.

At the time when Buckingham is opening its first Museum, in Lord Cobham's old Gaol, it is appropriate to record here the discovery of yet another Roman site, this time at Stowe itself. The pottery kiln was revealed by chance in October 1990 when the former school rubbish pit was being extended. The site is about 20 metres north of the Bourbon playing fields and about 200 metres east of the bend in the Roman Road. A kiln is not altogether surprising, given the pockets of clay found in the locality; over recent centuries local clay has produced bricks for Stowe House, from Ladymead, and tiles, as the name Tile House near Charmandean recalls. Other Roman pottery kilns have already been discovered in the area, including some at Abbey House Farm in Biddlesden, Walton and Simpson near Bletchley and Wood Burcote near Towcester.



Photograph by M.J.B.

The J.C.B. excavator sliced away the top of the kiln and two-thirds of its slightly inward-sloping side walls. The burnt clay lining of the remaining side was clearly exposed, as was the layer of charcoal, about 5cm deep, over most of the floor. Mr Angus Wainwright, the National Trust archaeologist, found a few fragments of the long rectangular clay bars (about 6 by 7cm across, by perhaps 50cm long) which were used to support the objects to be fired.

This design would be somewhat similar to the Upper Nene Valley patterns found nearby in Northamptonshire. The floor of the kiln was about 1.4 metres below the modern surface of the ground, but the top 50cms of soil probably represent recent ploughing, so it is not certain whether the Stowe kiln was of a sunken, rather than a surface, pattern. The surviving section was 45cm high, about 80cm wide and about 1 metre long. Several shards of coarse clay pottery, varying in colour from orange to grey, were found nearby, some with signs of firing. An adjacent pit, also partly revealed by the excavator, produced some Roman tile fragments, so it is possible that these too were manufactured here.



Photograph by M.J.B.

Although the dip where the kiln was found is a continuation of the Grecian Valley, it is interesting that this same feature must have proved useful as an intermediate firing-point on the later 800-yard rifle-range. The site of the kiln and the rubbish pit have now been back-filled, leaving no obvious sign of Stowe's earliest industry.

Further information:

Shelagh Lewis, *Buried Around Buckingham* (Buckingham 1992).

Vivien G. Swan, *The Pottery Kilns of Roman Britain* (R.C.H.M. Supplementary Series no.5, H.M.O., 1984).

Angus Wainwright, "Excavation of a pottery kiln at Stowe, Bucks", typescript notes with drawings, dated October, 1990.

Michael Bevington

## COMMUNITY SERVICE VISIT TO ROMANIA

For many people, Transylvania summons up images of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* or the Hollywood myth it has given rise to, but for fifteen Stoics and three members of Staff who spent a fortnight there last December it has come to be associated more with the huge state-run orphanages of Brasov, the main city of Transylvania and the second in Romania.

Prompted by what we had read in the newspapers and seen on television of the terrible conditions in Romanian orphanages, we, like many others, decided to spend some time there, doing what we could to help children who are growing up deprived of all but the most basic necessities. 'Orphan' we quickly discovered is something of a misnomer since almost all of them have parents living in Romania but parents who are too poor to be able to maintain them. The Ceaucescu regime, which was overthrown in the revolution of 1989, required married couples to produce as many offspring as possible, regardless of their financial circumstances, so the practice was established — and to some extent still continues — of parents abandoning their children at birth to be brought up by the state. Consequently today every town and city has its orphanages which are homes to many thousands of children.



Photograph by T.A.F. Lindsay (MVI)

We were put in touch with Poplars Church Romania office, one of the British charities which has been sending aid workers to Romania for the past three years, and arranged to stay in their hostel in Brasov. They arranged placements for us in an orphanage, a paediatric hospital and a neurological hospital where we were to work alongside Romanian staff providing games and activities for children who have very little to occupy their time. The young children were delighted with the toys, jigsaw puzzles, pens and paper which we brought with us: the older ones wanted to talk French (which is very close to Romanian) and to play chess, at which some of them proved to be expert. Wherever we went the welcome from the children was overwhelming, especially after the first day or two when they had grown used to the strangers bearing gifts.

In the paediatric hospital where Poplars Church has concentrated efforts the standard of nursing care was reasonably high and the staff, some of whom had been on training courses in this country, made sure that the children were looked after. Stoics who worked here provided additional help for the nurses.

In the orphanage where we worked for four hours every morning, conditions were grim and unsanitary, and children, especially the many who suffer from A.I.D.S., largely neglected. It was a sobering realisation that in a country where resources are very limited those who are terminally ill are given minimal attention: facilities and staff are concentrated on the healthier and more gifted children. On the first day we were soon shown round the whole orphanage, half of which is for A.I.D.S. children, many of them obviously very ill. When we returned, as arranged, the next day to help, we were told that the Romanian Director had changed her mind about the English people helping here. She wanted us to devote our time and energies on the children in the orphanage who had brighter prospects.

That so many children are suffering from A.I.D.S. is the result of the Ceaucescu regime's refusal to recognise the existence of the virus in Romania. Consequently, infected parents passed it on to their children, and in hospitals and orphanages it was spread by repeated use of infected needles. In the face of the large numbers of children requiring special attention, many of the staff appear to have given up and do only the basic minimum for them. Young children and babies are fed and taken to the lavatory or changed only at appointed times. In the intervals they are left to their own devices, each in his or her own cot and absolutely quiet! One of the most surprising experiences of the trip was to go into the huge dormitories, each having dozens of infants, and find them silent: they seem to have learned that crying will not attract the attention of the nurses who sit in the corridor until it is time for the next feed.

Some of the healthier children lived in better conditions, unsanitary, but at least they had been provided with toys and writing materials by Poplars, and the staff were more attentive and committed. It was here that we spent most of our time and found the children to be extremely responsive. We quickly got to know the names and characters of the children in the units to which we had been assigned and in the relatively short time we spent in Romania established friendly relations with them and tried with more or less success to provide them with stimulating and interesting activities. We also brought materials with us to make Christmas decorations so that by the time we left on Christmas eve the orphanage looked quite festive.

Taking our place as we did in the long-term programme of aid operated by Poplars Church, we left Romania feeling that we had contributed, albeit for only a short time, to the well-being of the children and that our work would be continued by

other volunteers after we left. More depressing were the signs that despite the '89 Revolution Romania has changed relatively little. Corruption, refusal to recognise real problems and enormous poverty continue to hamper progress. At least some of the children in orphanages will receive adequate care and education but the country they are growing up in has a long way to go before its people can enjoy what we would consider to be reasonable living conditions.

Those of us who went would like to thank the many Stoics, staff and parents who contributed so generously to our Romanian fund which we used partly to subsidize the cost of our travel and chiefly to further the continuing work of Poplars Church in Brasov.

D.S. Barr



Photograph by T.A.F. Lindsay (MVI)

At 5.30am on the 14th December 1992 a group of fifteen Stoics and three staff left the North Front steps destined for Romania. After six months of planning and raising money we were finally on our way to the mysterious East European country. We did not really know what to expect once we got there. We knew someone would meet us at the airport and take us to Brasov and that we would spend the ten days in an orphanage or children's hospital.

We arrived in Bucharest airport at about 3.00pm local time. The place was destitute — a real mess — with no facilities and enormous queues. We were met by an English volunteer and then travelled for three hours by bus over the mountains to Brasov. When we arrived our hosts fed us and tried to prepare us for the next day.

The following day we split into two groups, those going to the orphanage and those going to the hospital. We were all a little nervous and not quite sure what to expect.

### The Orphanage

Those of us who went to the orphanage were first given a tour of the building, from the new born babies — given up moments after birth by their mothers — to the five year old, the oldest in the orphanage.

Those who worked in the orphanage have both fond and disturbing memories. Caroline Drummond-Hay says, "When we entered the room we worked in for the first time we were confronted with twenty silent, bored three year olds. It was a pretty daunting prospect for the three of us in that room. What were we going to do with them? We could not speak their language and they all seemed so shy. Fortunately it was not too long before we got to know them and, more importantly, they got to know and trust us. All they wanted was attention and lots of hugs!!" James Whitehead remembers working with the children with terminal illnesses: "For the first few hours we worked with AIDS victims and children with other terminal conditions. I don't think I'll ever forget the suffering and boredom on their faces. They had no toys and spent all day and all night lying in urine soaked cots. We were taken off the terminal ward after one day because the governess of the orphanage did not want us there." Miss Hamblett recalls her most disturbing memory: "There was one five year old with his arms wrapped around the bars of his play pen kicking out at anyone who came near him. His growth was obviously seriously stunted. It transpired that the boy had been found aged two by the police with whisky in his bottle rather than milk — he was an alcoholic." There were many moments of joy. I remember how by the second day all the children had started to call us "mama", like they did the nurses in the orphanage. I thought that I should teach them to call me daddy. I thought the Romanian for daddy was "papa" so I said to the little ones, "Me, papa" pointing at myself. I could not understand the funny looks I was getting until it was explained to me that "papa" meant food!

The orphanage was a place that could have been tremendously depressing but the joy of Christmas managed to touch the hearts of even the most mean Romanian nurse. We can only hope that we made some sort of lasting impression on the children and that they have not reverted back to their shy silence of before.

T.A.F. Lindsay (MVI)



Photograph by Rachel S. Fabb (MVI)

### The Children's Hospital

Going into the paediatric hospital we did not know what we would be confronted with. I thought we



Back row: Katherine Farrants, Rachel S. Fabb, D.D. Atherton ma, D.H. Parker, J.P. Whitehead, B.R. Hecht esq., Fiona-Mary K. Haviland, Kate Mullineux, Elizabeth M. Kerford-Byrnes. Front row: Kerry A. Ives, T.A.F. Lindsay, Miss J.L. Hamblett, S.G.B. Cairns, D.S. Barr esq..  
Not in photograph: Virginia H. Holmes, G.T. Bird, Caroline S. Drummond-Hay & Fiona Lloyd. Photograph by G.T. Bird (MVI)

might end up cleaning a derelict dump. I was surprised to find it clean, though basic. This enabled us to spend our time solely with the children. We worked on a ward which was under the supervision of a play therapist trained by British volunteers. She was brilliant, but had an insurmountable task. Lack of people to stimulate and give affection to the children was the biggest problem as the hospital was acting in part as an orphanage with rooms of abandoned babies. When we first went in, the babies were uncomfortably quiet. They had no regular contact except a brief nappy change and feed twice a day. As a result of this they had not developed eye contact. One of the most rewarding experiences was by the end of our time that their eyes followed us around the room and looked into yours as you fed them.

The desperate situation of the children really is difficult to understand if you have not experienced it. When they start screaming and calling you mummy just because you held them for a few minutes it is tough to put them down. It was a real wrench when we had to leave them.

I also briefly worked with older children up to the age of eight, decorating their ward ready for Christmas and playing games. The staff at the hospitals were great but had to accept their limited time and resources.

There is frustration in the fact that our help, although meaningful, was limited by the short time we had. It was far easier to cope whilst I was there helping than when I got home and was unable to do anything, especially when enjoying a luxurious Christmas.

Rachel S. Fabb (MVI)

### The Neurological Hospital

We also went to a psychiatric hospital for the under sixteens. The children at this hospital most stuck in

my mind. It was a large ugly building in the centre of the complicated network of one way streets in Brazov. It was filthy, hot and smelly inside. The ward we worked on was a small room which contained thirty children. Amazingly, only nine of these children had mental problems — the rest had no where else to live.

Considering this, the children were remarkable. Even those with problems tried to be happy — two girls who had tried to commit suicide by overdose seemed curiously cheery about it. One of them, Nina, even wanted to marry James Whitehead, one of our group!

There was a lovely little Hungarian boy called Georgio who, despite his many setbacks in life (being abandoned by his parents and total inability to speak any Romanian and therefore inability to communicate), always smiled and stayed happy whilst playing with the Duplo we took along with us. I do not think that anyone who met Georgio did not want to adopt him.

On our last day we distributed some clothing we had taken with us as both a farewell and Christmas gift. It was very moving to see their overjoyed reactions.

Elizabeth M. Kerford-Byrnes (MVI) and  
Fiona-Mary K. Haviland (MVI)



Photograph by S.G.B. Cairns (MVI)

## ART TRIP TO FLORENCE, SPRING 1993

This time, unlike in the Paris Art trip last year, no one dared to lose his passport. Instead this year's speciality was cameras, two in fact (one only two days old) were lost somewhere in the depths of Florence. That aside, however, everything else ran smoothly.

We arrived in Florence on the 25th March expecting to be enveloped in sunshine and surrounded by awe-inspiring architecture. It was a disappointing start: Florence seemed grey and lifeless and very, very wet. It did not help either finding the Santa Maria Novella shut and getting lost with a rather soggy map. Having said that, we soon all regained our orientation and the weather cheered up to the extent of being brilliant.

Mr Melber turned on the charm and worked miracles by getting us into most museums free, saving us about 10,000 lire a time. Thus with Mr Melber in the lead we submerged ourselves in Italian Renaissance architecture, painting and sculpture, an experience never to be forgotten.

We did not spend all our time in Florence. We visited Siena which was nearby and also San Gimignano: 'the town of towers'. It was called this because in Renaissance times San Gimignano was an independent town, situated between the rival



'The Duomo', Florence Photograph by Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)

cities, Florence and Siena. It was under siege so much that most houses built their own fortified towers (forty in total). We also studied panoramas of both Siena and Florence which are built in the same style of irregularly red tiled roofs.

The Duomo (the domed cathedral built by Brunelleschi), seen from the hill, did not look very impressive and in fact out of proportion. Viewing it at closer range is a different story: the Duomo may well be the most spectacular piece of architecture I have ever seen.

We saw many examples of Italian art and studied its development from fresco, to tempera, to oil and the change in style to solid figures and the discovery of perspective. We saw works by Massaccio, Fra Angelico, Martini, da Fabriano, Uccello, Parmigiano, Botticelli, Michelangelo di Vinci and Donatello. It was a great pleasure to study all these artists, especially those whose paintings are very well known, for example, Botticelli's 'The Birth of Venus'. The work of art, though, that I think everyone will remember most was Michelangelo's David which is in the Academy. At the end of a short gallery lined with Michelangelo's unfinished sculptures of slaves David stands, alone, illuminated in a high domed room bathed in bright light. Photographs and drawings have never portrayed the true beauty and serenity of this sculpture.

The trip to Florence was again a success thanks to the hard work and dedication of Mr Melber. Everyone returned to England, sad to be leaving a city of such beauty and good weather, a bit tired but very enlightened.

Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)

## THE SKIING TRIP

My first memories of the ski trip are my days snowboarding with Sandy Robertson, which was bruising, wet and extremely good fun, and karaoke, which seemed to feature in every bar. Obviously there was much more, these are only *my* first memories.

The snow was perfect and the weather, although cold was clear and bright which provided a week of superb skiing. Now let's talk about the après ski. Well, after seven hours of skiing, a hearty meal at the hotel was first on our minds. These meals were very good, and always substantial enough to prepare you for an hour or two in the town. The Morris Pub seemed to be the favoured venue of the week, and the karaoke evening there produced some laughs, even if Mr Smith did disappoint us.

Through the week our group was in high spirits. There were no accidents, although Gregor Grant and Mr Smith gave us a scare. The only misfortune was that Greg unfortunately caught flu on the last day.

I look forward to the next trip, hope to see you there.

C. Clare (LVI)

## NEIGHBOURHOOD ENGINEERS



Photograph by S.O.C.

This is a new venture between Stowe and five local engineers whom we have adopted through links with the Engineering Council. The group has met regularly over the last two years and arranged many useful events. These have included: help with Careers Seminars and Interview Training for the VIth form and Engineering lectures to our thirds.

Challenge '92 Conference for our thirds. This was our most ambitious and successful event. The day consisted of four one and a half hour activities run in small groups with a real engineer as activity leader.

Amongst the aims of the Challenge '92 Conference were:

- a) To enhance awareness of technological and economic aspects of working and problem solving in a team. To illustrate how engineering/technology can add real value in the economy.
- b) To encourage thought about Business methods and planning, through team-based problem solving activities, where each participant will be given some leadership responsibility during the day.
- c) To raise awareness of science/maths/engineering/technology as creative and exciting problem-solving activities. Hence to have some early input to careers awareness before GCSE options are finally made.
- d) To offer enriched experience from personal contact in small groups of 8, with tutors from outside school experienced in engineering, industry or commerce.

All concerned had a lively and absorbing day of real educational value, which we hope to make an annual event.

S.O.C.

## CHAPEL REPORT

I was asked recently at a Conference I was attending what it was that made Stowe distinctive as a school. What did we offer? What did pupils learn that they could not learn elsewhere? My answer was really drawn from a theme that has recurred time and time again in the last few months in Chapel.

Stowe encourages and enables pupils to use whatever gifts they have, however large or small, however unusual or varied, to the best of their ability. That was a theme that sounded out loud and clear both in midweek services and on Sundays. The life of Leonard Cheshire exemplifies it. Use your gifts! Whatever they are, use them. For in so doing, you glorify your creator and grow as the person you are meant to be. The very word 'gift' argues for the existence of a giver and the Christian affirms that the giver is, indeed, God himself.

Because this is so it means that there are no failures in God's eyes; how can something he has created and given be considered to have failed? Failure is not to use God's gifts. Failure is not to fail to achieve some given standard that someone else, for whatever reason, feels you *should* have attained.

The task of any school is to deal with each pupil as an individual, to help them to discover their gifts and to help them to use them, whatever they may be, to the full. If those gifts do not happen to be academic, or sporting or musical, so what? God makes no mistakes in his distribution!

This message cannot be emphasised enough when dealing with creatures as robust, as energetic and yet as vulnerable as teenagers.

And so it was hammered home by midweek Chapel speakers to whom, as always, I owe a great deal of thanks: ELCT, RBJ, REM, JML, MJB, PASF and AAVR in particular who are tireless in their assistance both in Chapel and in other areas of spiritual and pastoral leadership; to DCM, TCFS, JCG and JSK too, who have contributed such wise and stimulating ideas in Chapel this year. Once again, I cannot overstress the joy of working in such a supportive Common Room!

We have had some superb sermons over the last few months, and it is a tribute to Stoics as much as to the School's reputation that preachers of such eminence are willing to give up time to come here. The Revd Roger Royle of the Lord Mayor Treloar School, the Revd Andrew Wingfield Digby of Christians in Sport, Sister Frances Domenica of Helen House Hospice, the Very Revd Patrick Mitchell, the Dean of Windsor, Lady Perry of Southwark, Vice Chancellor of South Bank University, the Right Revd Robert Hardy, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Revd John Eddison, a former Governor, Canon Donald Gray, Rector of St Margaret's, Westminster and Chaplain to the Speaker, the Revd David Winter, former Head of Religious Broadcasting with the BBC, and the Right Revd Jack Kirkham, the Bishop of Sherborne. All were well received and enjoyed their visits.

We welcomed visitors, too, as always, to lead our Lenten addresses and Confirmation Retreat. Both were greatly appreciated by those who took part. Over 50 Stoics were challenged and encouraged by the Revd Iain Broomfield of Scripture Union at the Confirmation Retreat, while almost half of the school came to at least one of the Lenten addresses given by the Revd Dr Paul Moore of St Andrew's, North Oxford. Dr Moore's gentle and yet compelling approach stimulated much thought and discussion.

I am extremely grateful for the time that these speakers were willing to give to Stowe. I was also grateful to Douglas Verral who delivered a splendid reading of Charles Dickens' 'A Christmas Carol' on Advent Sunday. The power of Dickens' simple message rang out with a new clarity in the packed Music Room.

Also, back in December, the Carol Service took place. The Chapel was packed to more than capacity. It was a majestic and glorious affair, and John Green's choir was in superb form! It is hard to over-emphasise how grateful I am to the dedicated service that John gives to the Chapel. The choir grows in confidence and ability with each passing week.

We now look forward with eager anticipation to the Confirmation Service, to be held in a Chapel still sparkling after its Easter spring clean! The Service once again provides an opportunity for the whole Stowe family to affirm and confirm the faith that lies at the very heart of Stowe's foundation: the belief in a loving, sustaining, almighty compassionate God.

T.M.H.S.

### Notes of a Sermon preached by Bishop Hassan Dehqani-Tafti D.D., Bishop of Iran 1961-1990, on Sunday 18th October 1992 in Stowe School Chapel.

*"They were stoned, they were sawn in two, they were put to the sword, they went about dressed in skins of sheep or goats, in poverty, distress and misery. They were too good for a world like this. They were refugees in deserts and on the hills, hiding in caves and holes in the ground. These also, one and all, are commemorated for their faith."*

Hebrews 11: 37-39

The writer of these words could have been writing about events today, although he was in fact living almost 2,000 years ago. Such things still happen. Bishop Janani Lewoum was shot at point blank range by the dictator of Uganda, Idi Amin, when he dared to disagree with him; this happened only 15 years ago. In March 1980, Archbishop Oscar Romero was gunned down while celebrating the Eucharist in San Salvador. His crime? Condemning injustice! Many, many others could be added to this list, but why? Why did they die? They were not fanatics as some may think, they were ordinary normal people.

The word martyr does not mean a fanatic. It simply means witness. A witness to the truth.

The irony is that Christianity, the religion of love, should provoke so much enmity and hatred. Why is this? The answer lies in the fact that Christ introduced a new kind of love. Humankind had never experienced it before. It broke every barrier of prejudice. Race, class, colour and background did not matter to his love. Human lives came before religious rules and petty regulations. Gentiles, lepers, prostitutes, thieves were transformed by the power of this love.

Yet such love could not be tolerated. Man could not cope with it. What he could not understand he had to destroy and this is the meaning of the cross. The meeting of God's love and man's selfishness.

And as it is for our master, so it must be for the servants, for the servant is not greater than the master. "If anyone wishes to be a follower of mine, he must take up his cross and come with me." (Matt. 16.24).

This is the place where the story of God's little church in Iran fits in. It is the story of a small church. Not strong in worldly terms. Not perfect. But doing its best. An ordinary church. Involved in care for the blind; in education with a number of schools; in medicine with a number of hospitals. Not big. Not powerful, but a fragment of God's kingdom. A place where the love of God was seen.

This is the church that became a focus of hate. A priest was murdered. The church's assets, hospitals, church buildings, schools were seized illegally. An attempt was made on the Bishop's life. As he lay in his bed, gunmen burst into his room and fired into the darkness. His wife still bears the scar of the bullet that went through her hand. He still has the pillow case on which his head lay. The bullet holes form a semi-circle around where his head was!

And finally, they murdered his son. Bahram, his beloved son, was shot to death in Tehran aged 24.

This is how God reveals his love! His power is not imperial power — the power of the despot or the military dictator. His is the power of invincible love, power that is demonstrated through weakness.

Power that finds its supreme expression in the apparent failure and degradation of the cross. The power whose ultimate triumph was Christ's resurrection. For the love of God is the love that shatters even the awesome power of death.

It is indeed invincible love.

### The Stowe Chapel Committee 1992-1993

James Whitehead (Bruce); Robert Gooch (Temple); Simon Murray (Grenville); Richard Plumridge (Chandos / Secretary); Giles Leadbetter (Cobham); Charlie Clare (Chatham); Barney de Berry (Grafton); Matthew Mahoney (Walpole); James Edmiston (Lyttelton); Nicola Dewar-Durie (Stanhope) and Nykola Jones (Nugent).

## SOCIETIES

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

In the second half of the Autumn Term, 1992, on the 13th November, Jim Burns returned to Stowe to talk to the Literary Society on 'The Merchant of Venice'. In the midst of a busy term at Merton College, Oxford, Mr Burns gave the Society an enlightening talk that dealt with the historical context of the play, without losing sight of the major issues within the text. As well as providing a set of useful thoughts for the A Level sets which are studying the text, he presented a fresh and interesting thesis that stimulated also those who are not being examined on the play.

On the 12th January in the first half of the Easter term, Dr. Valerie Sanders, Head of English at Buckingham University, gave a talk on 'Pride and Prejudice', one of Jane Austen's most popular novels (and an A Level set text). At once engaging and challenging, Dr. Sanders' talk took us on a tour of the novel's main themes and characters, whilst never allowing us to ignore Jane Austen's scintillating irony.

The Society looks forward to the visits of some distinguished guests in the Summer Term: Dame Iris Murdoch and Professor John Bayley will lead a discussion on 'The Novel Today: Current Tendencies'; Dominic Gray and the Flipside Theatre Company are to present scenes from 'Antony and Cleopatra', with varying interpretations. Henry Kemp, (O.S.), a well known contemporary poet, will be reading some of his own work, later on in the term, and discussing the current trends in modern poetry; the last meeting of the term will be a theatre workshop on the 'Merchant of Venice' by Robert Clare, M.A.

S.G. Edenborough, Secretary (UVD)

### GO

The Guildford handicap tournament was held on the 6th December, 1991. Jonathan (7 Kyu) and Jason Cheng (4 Kyu) attended with grades being confirmed and Mr Eve (1 Kyu) scored a duck.

This term Mr Eve and Jonathan went to the Cambridge Trigantius Tournament (7th March, 1993) where Jonathan won one out of three games and Mr Eve scored a duck once again. On the subject of food, our lunch order was pheasants in red wine sauce, but they were off and we were eventually served sausages and chips, having waited a good half an hour after we had been seated.

Stowe School Go club had the honour, once again, of hosting the British Youth Go Championships on the 13th March, 1993. Only three out of the possible ten Stoics turned up owing to other commitments to the Drama Festival.

Unfortunately, Jason Cheng did not manage a repeat of last year's triumph, being now in the under

916

18 category. Jonathan was knocked out in round 1 but achieved a 5/6 win overall and won a prize. Guy Edwards, who has only been playing for two weeks, distinguished himself by winning three games out of six and earned himself a promotion to 33 kyu.

At the end of this year, the presidency of the Stowe Go club will be handed over to Jason Cheng.

Y.F.J. Cheng (Captain) (VI)

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Since the last report the Society has met twice in the Easter Term and shall meet twice in the Summer Term.

The 175th Meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, January 26th 1993. The talk was entitled 'British Politicians and Hitler's Foreign Policy' given by Mr A. Roberts.

Mr Roberts, speaking on a topic well related to our A-Levels, lured a large audience. The talk was, of course, interesting and stimulating but at one stage Mr Roberts appeared to contradict himself. At the outset of the talk he claimed to be a supporter of the 'opportunist' view of Hitler's foreign policy. Yet later he stated that the invasion of the U.S.S.R. was the imperative in Hitler's warped mind and he proceeded, towards the end of his talk, to state that Hitler did have diplomatic aims in Europe, thus contradicting his earlier opportunist assumption.

Mr Roberts was extremely informative concerning the policy of appeasement and British attitudes towards Hitler's Germany in the 1930's.

The 176th Meeting was rather different. Mr B. Rees had been commissioned by the Governors to write 'The History of Stowe School' to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the foundation in 1923. The title of the 'Towards a History of Stowe School' enabled Mr Rees not only to tell us the history of the School but also to inform us of the pleasures and pitfalls of writing a History Book.

The central theme of the 'Historical' half of the talk centred on the shift from the 'Country House Party' atmosphere to the 'Modern combative "conventional" school' it (allegedly) is now.

In the last half of his talk Mr Rees described the mass of information in the archives which he had to read and the great difficulty in deciding what should be included and what should not.

It was without doubt a most interesting talk on a very original theme.

Two meetings will be held in the summer term: when Dr. Strachan and Dr. Loach shall be speaking.

S.P.G. Murray (Secretary) (VI)

### SCIENCE SOCIETY

A varied programme has been maintained through the activities of the Junior Science Society, the Science Society and the Nucleus Society Sixth Form colloquium group. The start of the Autumn term saw

## STOWE

### The History of a Public School

BRIAN REES

#### To Celebrate Stowe's 70th Anniversary

*Unlike many great schools which evolved over the centuries slowly building up their reputations and traditions, Stowe was unusual in having the expectations of greatness thrust upon it.*

Stowe was granted two priceless gifts at its birth: some of the most handsome buildings and parkland in the country and, in J F Roxburgh, a headmaster who combined inspiring leadership of boys and staff together with style and salesmanship. Roxburgh assumed, from the start, that Stowe belonged to the top rank and got all to act on this assumption. For him nothing less was acceptable.

Brian Rees follows the school's progress from these beginnings through all its ups and downs, including the illuminating power struggle of the 60s to the present day when it is firmly established as one of Britain's leading public schools. Not only does the author study the school, the staff and boys but he also looks further afield at the achievements of Old Stoics particularly during the Second World War.

*This history brings to life the first 70 years of a remarkable school and will be of interest not only to those connected with Stowe but also to anyone interested in education. Brian Rees is well placed to evaluate Stowe's achievements and link its unique history to the general movements and moods of the time.*

Brian Rees originally taught at Eton from 1952 to 1965 and then was headmaster of Merchant Taylors, Charterhouse and Rugby. He edited *History and Idealism*, the essays, addresses and letters of Robert Birley.

**TO BE PUBLISHED ON OCTOBER 25TH AT £19.99**

**(special prepublication offer £17.50)**

**JOHN MURRAY PUBLISHERS**

the return of Mr A. Sirisena from UNISYS to repeat his talk on the 'Martian Mystery', which was heavily over-subscribed earlier in the year. With the next Mars probe now on its way, his computer enhanced pictures of life-like structures on Mars again whetted the appetite of the audience for some answers to this intriguing puzzle and we look forward to inviting him back again later this year to tell us if he was right — there is evidence of Life on Mars!

An old friend, Cmdr. Brett Knowles returned too, to entertain the juniors with his demonstration lecture on 'Radar'. Sixth formers and staff had their nostrils and taste buds stimulated by Dr. T. Toubé from Queen Mary College, who combined his interest in Chemistry with his interest in Food to

talk about the 'Chemistry of Cooking'. At the end of the Autumn Term Stoics vied for places with Chemistry Department staff to attend the annual Chemical Society Lecture for schools at the Open University on the subject of 'Explosives' — a resounding success!

In the Spring home-grown talent in the shape of SOC introduced the Juniors to the world of Father Christmas Machines, Cellular Automata and the Game of Life' with some thought-provoking computer simulations of 'living systems' and self-reproducing machines.

Dr. Peter Fenwick, Chairman to the Council of the Medical and Scientific Network, and a distinguished Old Stoic and neuroscientist, gave a

most stimulating and well illustrated talk on 'Mind, Brain and the Nature of Consciousness' to a lively and inquisitive audience. He examined mystical experiences from history and from his own case studies of both 'uplifted' and 'depressed' patients. He convinced us that neuroscience is on the point of a great revolutionary breakthrough as increasingly sophisticated bio-physical techniques probe brain activity and our understanding of it.

'The Psychology of Risk' — its perception and reality, using the nuclear power industry as an example, was discussed at a Science Society lecture by Mr M. Grimston, former Stowe chemistry teacher now with the British Nuclear Forum, in an attempt to persuade his audience of the case for diversity in our sources of energy in the years ahead.

The Nucleus Society commenced with the annual Presidential address 'The Strange World of Quantum Physics'. Corpuscular and Wave Theories of Light were discussed and the modern interpretation of wave particle duality as well as Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, Schrodinger's cat paradox! Also the peculiar role of us as observers in quantum reality, as collapsers of quantum wave functions.

The Secretary of the Nucleus, Matt Wreford, gave a remarkable, very popular and well-attended lecture on 'Explosives', with only a little help from his 'friends in the Chemistry Department', Dr. Orger, and Mr Tearle. The demonstrations were polished to perfection and quite noisy, literally raising the roof of the Physics Lab on occasion. A computer demonstration and video illustrating Chaos Theory and the new Science of Complexity was also enjoyed during the Spring Term.

Squeezing in between the Drama Festival and the end of term, a group of 8 Lower Sixth scientists journeyed to London for a Sixth Form meeting on Material Science at the Royal Institution which promised much but in the event missed the opportunity for some stimulating demonstrations. Still, it was reassuring to know that helicopter blades are now composed largely of cardboard and carbon in rather esoteric forms!

S.O.C./B.H.O.

## THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This has been another busy year during which the society has enjoyed a wide variety of lectures, courses and visits.

Mr Anthony Roberts, consultant plastic surgeon at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, began the lecture series with a talk entitled 'The Biology of Burns', which was wide ranging in its scope. Mr Roberts explained how different burns are caused and treated, tested our ability to assess the extent of burns on a percentage scale and discussed some of the major incidents in which he has become involved, the best known to us being the Bradford City football ground fire. Later that term, and some-

what ironically, we were addressed by Miss Annabel Syres on the night of the Windsor Castle fire. She was accompanied by, James Patrick (O.S.) who is now the Queens equerry. We therefore received, first hand, reliable information about the fire before the media. Miss Syres gave a wonderful account of her trip to Alaska in 1988 with Operation Raleigh, in the process making many of us envious. In the past this type of talk has encouraged several Stoics to apply for places on the scheme and this year was no exception. Sadly, some have found out the hard way just how difficult it is to gain acceptance.

Two years ago the society held a debate. This was so well received that we decided to hold another this year with a more ambitious motion, namely 'This house fully supports the scientific theory of evolution'. William Wynne, Peter Straker and Alex Mustard put forward excellent and well reasoned arguments for the motion, but in the end they were defeated by Arvind David, Caroline Drummond-Hay and Giles Thompson's ability to interpret the motion literally. Some excellent floor speeches made this a night to remember. My thanks to Mr Lloyd who chaired the enthusiastic debate with his usual aplomb. Towards the end of term Dr. Martin Nicoll, a consultant anaesthetist at Nottingham Hospital, gave a clear and graphic account of the history of, and current practices, in anaesthesia. Dr. and Mrs Nicoll have travelled to many parts of the world and the richness of their experience was apparent throughout the talk.

It never ceases to amaze me that the society is able to attract such eminent scientists from a variety of professions and we are truly grateful for their support.



Photograph by A.T. Mustard (MVI)

Some members of the society have also taken to the road during the year. Once again we visited Longdon Hill Nurseries as part of our Applied Plant Science option where Mr Hale explained the intricacies of his computer controlled hydroponics glasshouses. We also visited Carlsberg Brewery to see how biological processes are scaled up to make them commercially viable.

The highlight of the year for our prospective medics was a trip to Brunel University to hear Professor Heinz Wolf gave a lecture entitled 'Spanners in Medicine'. Professor Wolf is an engineer by training and some years ago became interested in bio-engineering. He described the history of the design of artificial limbs then went on to discuss the range of modern devices which engineers have developed to help disabled people.

This has been a stimulating year and I am most grateful to everyone who devoted their time to entertain and educate us all.

D.W.J.

## THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Society has continued to enjoy lectures from a wide variety of speakers and audience numbers have been considerably high.

Towards the end of the Summer Term 1992, Dr. Chris Sugdon addressed the Society on the role of the missionary in the modern world. His talk was both interesting and informative and provoked lively debate.

In the Autumn Term we had hoped to welcome Alistair Burt M.P., the Under Secretary of State for Social Security. Unfortunately the government whips would not allow him to leave Westminster in the wake of Black Wednesday! We are hoping he will be able to come up to Stowe when the political waters are calmer.

Later on in that term Dr. David Cook, Director of the Whitfield Institute, in Oxford, tried to answer the question 'Why be Moral?' He managed to explain both the utilitarian and Kantian philosophies and keep the Society amused at the same time — a remarkable achievement!

In the Lent Term the Society welcomed Donald Hay of Jesus College, Oxford, to speak on whether the Christian could accept the contemporary economic system. Later on in the term we had hoped to be addressed on the divisive issue of abortion by David Alton, the Liberal Democrat M.P. for Liverpool Mossley Hill and veteran anti abortion campaigner. Unfortunately the Maastricht Bill kept him in Westminster. He will be coming to Stowe next term.

T.A.F. Lindsay (Secretary) (MVI)

## THE SIXTH FORM CENTRE

This November saw the long awaited introduction of a Sixth Form Centre at Stowe. After similar introductions at other public schools and the much

discussed/complained about opposite-sex-in-studies rule, it was seen that senior Stoics needed to be provided with some sort of informal meeting place so that social interaction with members of the opposite sex was no longer impossible or illegal. Therefore it was decided that the West Collonade (the previous situation of the bookshop) would be converted and the bookshop moved to the Menagerie so that it could become part of a self-contained shop complex. The resulting empty space in the main building was then refurbished with a view to providing the comfortable but functional accommodation of the Sixth Form Centre.

As far as can be ascertained, the Centre has been received with some enthusiasm, and it is generally well-populated. Notwithstanding early complaints about noise, especially in the vicinity of the SFCR, behaviour has been reasonable, and it is hoped that a pervading air of sense and responsibility will continue.

In conclusion, most Stoics have found the Centre a good and timely extension to their social lives.

M. Chamberlain (UVI)

## THE SIXTH FORM ESSAY SOCIETY

Many people wonder what the Sixth Form Essay Society is. Well, it is where members of the Sixth Form meet at Kinloss once or twice a term for general discussion. The evening starts off by having one member giving a presentation of his/her choice and the discussion on that topic follows after that.

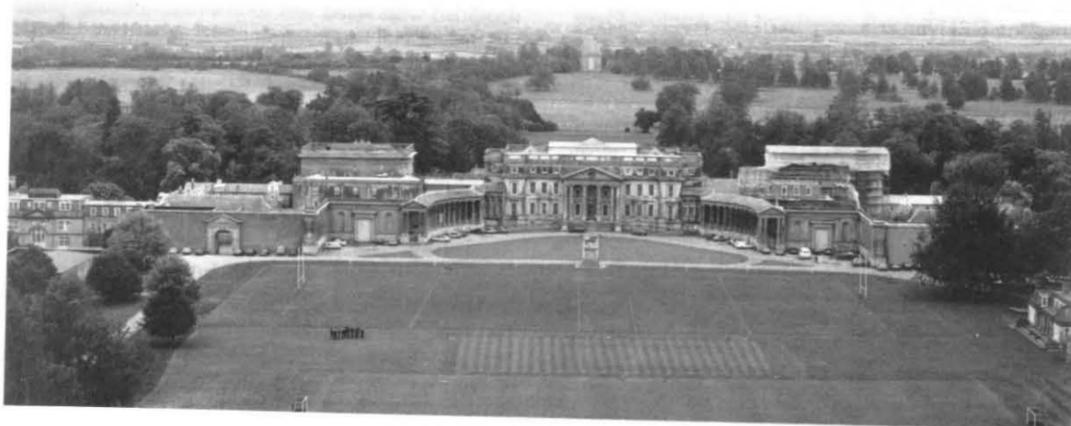
Our first meeting took place on 23 November 1992, when Sujit Mehr started us off on the topical issue of "Aid to Third World Countries" and how developed countries have been exploiting the developing countries. Being from a third world nation himself, he delivered a valuable talk and many points emerged from everyone. By the end of the meeting, we managed to arrive at a conclusion which most of us agreed on, that "the hydroelectric dams and sophisticated technology of the developed world are of little use to the developing countries but the investment in people is the key to success".

During the Easter Term, we had two meetings, one before and one after half term. On 18 January 1993, Nicholas Smith put forward the proposition, 'Does the musical have the potential to displace the opera?' He made an interesting speech, in which music from a part of an opera and from a musical were played to us on a tape recorder. Rupert Saper started us off on the 8 March with the topic, 'Education and Training'. The evening, however, ended on a note of happy disagreements.

Our next one will be on the 17 May 1993 where Samuel Edenborough has volunteered to lead the discussion.

I would like to thank the Headmaster on behalf of the Sixth Form for hosting these meetings and also for being so generous with his hospitality.

Y.F.J. Cheng (VI)



Photograph by Cpl. Shackleton, Army Air Corps.

## ART SOCIETY

This term the Art Society invited Simon Whistler (O.S.), an established glass engraver, to talk about his works and techniques. The talk was most informative and he held our attention for a good hour and a half.

During that time he showed us slides of his work, which displayed his extremely intricate and time-consuming skills. By using a drill-like instrument with a diamond head, he tapped out images that he had sketched beforehand onto glass. Each of his pieces of work would take about one month to complete; any mistakes meant having to start the whole process again.

Next term we look forward to hearing Malcolm Wilson, an interior designer, who is coming to explain his profession to us.

Virginia H. Holmes (Secretary) (MVI)

## CORKSCREW SOCIETY

The last couple of terms have seen the corkscrew society re-vitalised, under the expert guidance of Mr Smith and Mr Stunt. The aim of the society is to provide a basic knowledge of wines and wine tasting, which is a valuable and much used skill in life. We are not aiming to produce connoisseurs but people who, on entering a restaurant and being approached by the waiter, could sensibly order an affordable bottle of wine in the knowledge that a) they were getting value for money and b) were ordering a wine which they actually enjoyed and not just asking for, to use the cliché, "the best you have got".

The meetings have been well attended mainly by members of the Middle Sixth. The content of the meetings has included a video in the A.V.R. on French wines, a talk by Capt. J. Stewart, an old friend of the society, on how to taste and appreciate wine and a meeting devoted to 'New World' wines.

The joy of the Corkscrew Society this year is that its members have come to the meetings with the ambition to learn something new and enjoy the tasting.

M.D.W. Wyvill and Nichola A. Frost (MIV)  
(Secretaries)

## DEBATING SOCIETY

Despite a general drop in debating society meeting attendance, the debates have been impressive. The motion which dealt with the role of Literature in our society is a case in point: clearly this is an important topic and one which a debating Society should treat. The attendance of this debate, however, was poor. The timing in a busy term may have accounted for this in part, but mostly I was aware of a school less than rivetted by a subject which it feels to be drab. Undaunted, nevertheless, the speakers argued persuasively and, despite a result which assigned Literature to the cosy fireside, not the classroom, most had their opinions tested by muscular and tight arguments. So I feel that the School's society is in good shape.

Inter-school debating continues and it is hoped that this area will be expanded. The present President of the Society, Arvind David (quite easily the most efficient and energetic appointed in my time), is organising meetings with local schools and continuing the business of inviting the very best of speakers to propose/oppose at meetings.

It is necessary to mix more 'scholarly' motions with those which are 'fleshy', and a 'balloon' debate was hilarious. These types of debate will continue. However, with Maastricht at hand; aid apparently wasted on corrupt, trumped up governments in ex-colonial Africa; Southern Africa tottering on the edge of civil war; American elections, and Major being 'decisive' in No. 10, the society is not short of real 'issues'. I wonder whether Stoics are bothered about all that....

S.H.C.R.

The second debate of the academic year, 'This House Believes that Homosexuality is Unacceptable' was a pleasant surprise after the first rather ordinary effort. The speakers, Sam Edenborough, Mark Chamberlain and Mr Hirst for the proposition, and Arvind David, Justin Shasha and Mr Reid opposing them, all produced high quality speeches that just about covered every aspect of the motion.

The tone of the debate swerved from nigh on ridiculous to very intense, especially when it was open to the floor. The proposition obviously had a different brief, and the first two speakers relied fairly heavily on humour and an element of disgust; however, both speeches were carefully planned and amusing. The opposition had the easier argument and were able to keep their speeches to simple points and facts which made them more sound, but less enjoyable.

The floor speeches, as mentioned earlier, were both witty and intelligent and probably did as much to affect the outcome of the debate as did those of the speakers.

The closing speeches were both excellent, especially Mr Hirst's, in which he finally brought to the proposition some really solid points and managed to use to great effect the prejudices that most people present had been trying to ignore or overcome. He showed himself to be a debater of real quality. The final speech came from Mr Reid who, without being quite as impassioned as Mr Hirst's, managed quietly to secure the debate.

The vote came as no surprise; the motion was defeated substantially. However, this did not show properly the quality of all speeches.

P.D. Fitzgeorge-Parker (III)

## PINEAPPLE WEEK

The last week of the Spring term was billed in the Blue Book as "Pineapple Fund Raising", starting on Thursday 18th March and running until the end of term. What might have turned out to be an overkill, following right on the heels of the Drama Festival, and running alongside the performance of Paul Drayton's *Litany* in the Chapel, was actually a huge success. Nearly £3000 was raised by Stoics in various events, sponsorships, and the sale of exotic "Pineapple chocolates".

The largest single event was the Walpole fête, held on the last Sunday of term in Walpole Court. Notwithstanding the rain, (the only gloomy day in a fortnight of sun) Chandos sold barbecued food and take-away pizzas, Grafton held a traditional candy-floss stall, while tug-of-war matches took place throughout the afternoon. A highlight of the afternoon was the return of the 24-hour Bikathon team at 2.30 pm — an event which alone raised nearly £600 in sponsorship. After a circuit of 230 miles, LEW, Benji Mount, Jonathan Pike, Nick Pinkney, Andy Birt, Cameron Ross, Ed Hunt and Matt Mahoney were all clearly exhausted, but their

tremendous achievement was enthusiastically received by the assembled crowds.

While a lot of focus went onto Lionel Weston's extravaganza, there were other events throughout the week which raised equally encouraging sums. Chatham held a "Super Deluxe Carwash" in Chapel Court and organized a Custard Vote (with Ben Slater the unfortunate winner). Lyttelton sold hot cross buns in the Temple colonnade during morning breaks and lunchtimes. Bruce raised money through in-house food sales (patiently cooked by their matron, Rita Leighton). Stanhope and Nugent raised money through their House Dances.

The most encouraging aspect of the whole week was the immense generosity of Stoics and staff — especially at the end of term when personal funds are low — in supporting the vast range of events in the school. The frequency with which members of the community so readily put hand into pocket was marvellous, and I am grateful for the energy and enthusiasm with which everyone approached the scheme.

The Pineapple Club itself has had a rather mixed year so far, following unfortunate damage to the fabric of the building by vandals while essential maintenance work was being carried out. The Club staff are therefore even more delighted than usual to receive continued support from Stowe, in times when funding is decreasing and yet the demand for facilities and social help for the young is ever increasing.

J.E.C.H.

## ANACREON

This has been the year of the puddings, starting with a chocolate (Toblerone) fondue, which must be repeated when we feel strong enough. A delicious lemon cheese cake at the next meeting was followed by Baklava and Peches Crème brûlée.

The preceding courses have been equally interesting ranging, in no particular order of memorability, from goat's cheese on melba toast, through a volaille of courgettes and aubergines, to an amazingly marinated shish-kebab and pheasants in calvados (with grateful thanks to a generous parent for the pheasants). We have had no failures, which says much for the developing culinary talents of our members, few of whom have cooked for a dozen before. We should also thank our hosts for their hospitality, and for their help in avoiding disasters — the Hornbys, the Johnsons, Mrs Smith, the Westons, the Nichols and the Kerford-Byrnes.

Our only mild regret so far this year has been that our budget has been swallowed up by good ingredients, leaving too little to spare for good wine to match the cooking!

Team from: Jo Tozer (Secretary), Susannah Bell, Sophie Brewster, Katie Houghton, Elizabeth Kerford-Byrnes, Alexander Lindsay, Rebecca Mellor, Matthew Sadler, Justin Shasha and Matthew Wreford.

G.M.H.

## CROSSFIRE REPORT

The Lent Term saw the continued blessing of being able to welcome a wide variety of speakers on all aspects of the Christian life and faith. We used the titles of various television programmes as titles for our meetings.

Our first speaker, the Revd. C.J. Davies, spoke on "The heart of the matter", giving all present a clear vision of Jesus's message. Other ordained speakers included Vaughan Roberts of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, whose talk, entitled "Eldorado", taught us how to cope with failure, and Jonathan Fletcher, who posed and answered the question "What will happen to us when we die?". We were also fortunate with talks on the Christian attitude to others and the Christian attitude to relationships by Old Stoic Ric Thorpe and Uppingham staff member Richard Wilkinson respectively. Our final talk of the term was from Mark Robinson who provided a strategy for growing as a Christian.

The most memorable and moving talk of the year so far was from Ron Sims, author of "Flying Free" and "Free Indeed". He told a packed meeting of 220 Stoics his testament — his journey from a loveless home into gangland crime, drug and pornographic dealing, into prison, out into industrial corruption, through a major heart attack and finally to his conversion to the faith of Jesus. The power of his story and message touched all present. We were privileged to hear such a great born-again man of God.

**F.T. Erogbogbo (MVI) and B.J.D. de Berry (MVI)**

## THE LIBRARY

In addition to purchases made out of our normal budget, the Library has continued to benefit from various donations. The generosity of many of the 1992 leavers has enabled us to add numerous titles to our shelves, and two distinguished Old Stoics,

Ladie Lucas and David Wynne, have given us copies of their most recent publications, **Malta, the Thorn in Rommel's Side** and **The Sculpture of David Wynne, 1974 — 1992** respectively. The Hellenic Foundation with its customary kindness has presented us with two works on the Olympic games at the time of their inception in Greece, and a very handsome gift from the Public School Lodges Council has made possible some attractive acquisitions.

The addition of so many new titles naturally causes difficulty in finding space on the shelves. We are making increasing use of the bookcases in the ante-Library, but even so it may be necessary to dispose of some of the older editions.

The Library has joined the Folio Society, whose elegant editions must, however, be bought with some caution. The excellent hard-back Everyman editions, recently re-introduced, offer more reasonably priced bargains.

**T.A.O. & B.S.S.**

## BRIDGE

Over the last two terms we have played four matches against Oundle (2), Radley and Bedford. All were close matches against good opposition teams. In February we participated in the English Bridge Union Schools Cup, and just missed qualifying for the quarter finals.

This year we have had a good influx of new young players and I'm confident that in a few years Stowe will have a good strong team.

Team members have included M. Wreford (Captain), R. Bush (Secretary), R. Lange, N. Jones, R. Lloyd.

**M.T.Y. Wreford (UVD)**

## COMMUNITY SERVICE

Since our last report one year ago Community Service has continued in its dual role of serving the elderly and forging links between Stowe and the local community.

In accordance with tradition, Community Service held the annual Christmas Party for the elderly. The event was well attended and enjoyed by all present.

At 5.30 on the morning after the party a group of 15 Stoics left for Romania on a ten day visit. A longer report on this trip can be seen elsewhere in the magazine. For Community Service this is an exciting new innovation and adds an international dimension to our work.

We have welcomed J.M.P. Shasha, Kerry A. Ives, Virginia H. Holmes, R.D.P. Wethered and G.T. Edwards to the Committee. My thanks go to them for their hard work and dedication over the past 12 months. M.D. Sadler and T.A.F. Lindsay have been appointed joint secretaries for the year. Finally our thanks go to Tom Eatock-Taylor, secretary last year. We wish him luck in the future.

**T.A.F. Lindsay (Secretary) (MVI)**

## COMMUNITY SERVICE CONFERENCE IN MANCHESTER

This year the national conference for HMC schools took place one weekend in the Easter holidays, and after a dawn wake-up, we set off for Hartley Hall in Manchester in the CS minibus. After a few false turns, we arrived at 10.30 a.m., just in time for coffee.

The conference was opened by Mr. G. Parker, the Vice Chairman of HMC. He expressed his pleasure at the turn out of about 80 representatives, both staff and Sixth form students from many different schools, and explained how important the job of Community Service is. The first lecture, by Professor Heinz Wolff (well known for his programme "The Egg Race" on TV a few years back) was extremely interesting. He talked about the invention and design of "Tools for Living" for disabled people who cannot function well in society as they do not have the right tools to do so.

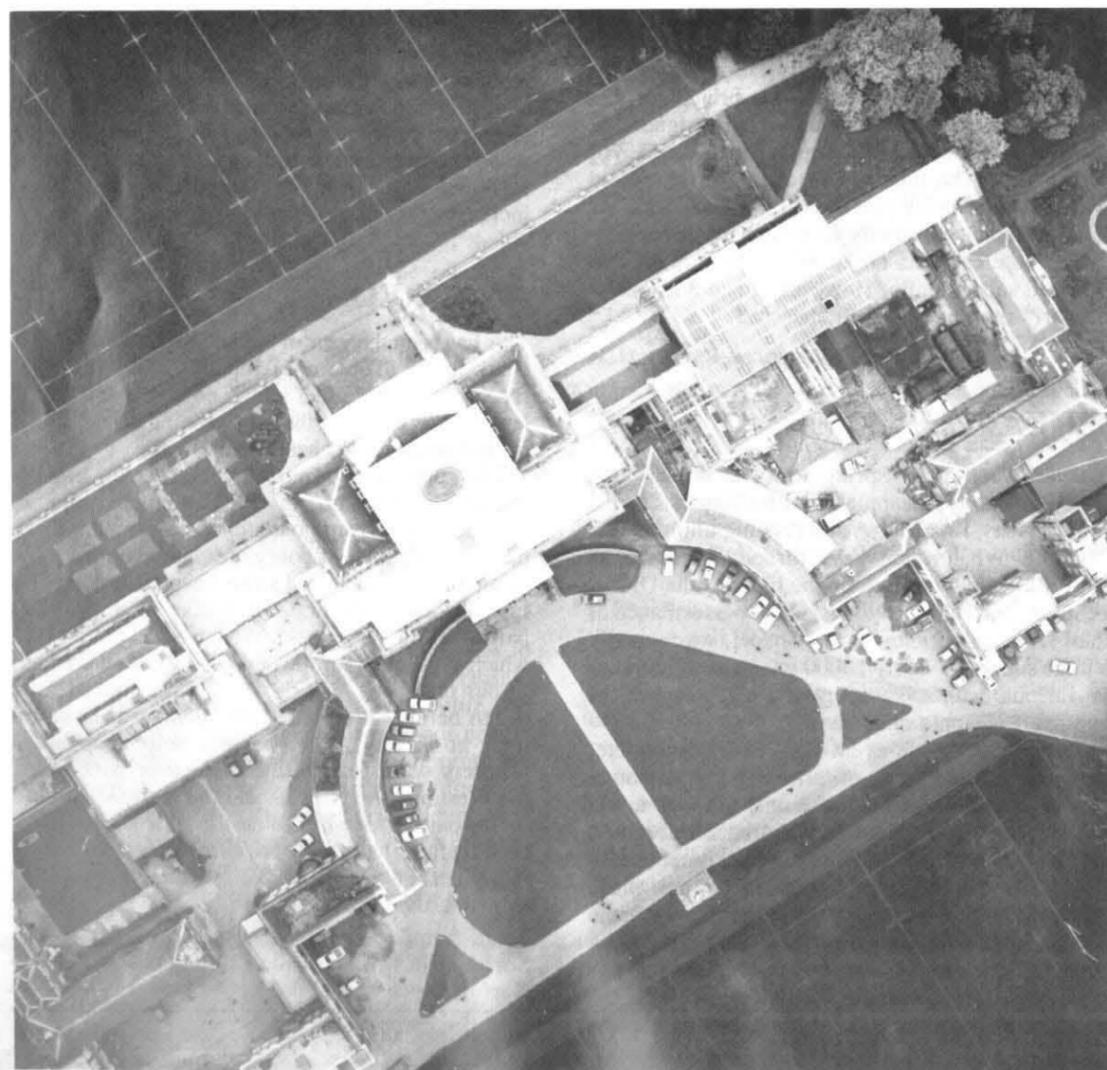
After lunch, which was surprisingly good, we had a talk from the Understanding Disability Educational Trust. This trust deals with points of conflict by a teaching pack showing how people who may, for example, need a wheelchair, are as able as we are to lead their own lives. Winchester College then presented a project that they had carried out at a local primary school. They took us through their design process and showed slides of the playground redevelopment in the making and of the finished result. They then set us, in groups of eight, a similar task to improve a site for public use. We were given until the following day to sort the problem out.

During Saturday evening Richard and I visited Broughton House, a home for disabled servicemen. Richard got talking to the oldest resident, a 96 year old who fought in the First World War. I got talking to two gunners who were in World War Two, and they spoke about their experiences in the war and what they thought of the house.

After breakfast on Sunday, a presentation was given by Gordonstoun School on their Volunteer Fire Service. This was very interesting as it involves a group of schoolboys who, after a year of training, become part of the volunteer fire service which operates in rural Scotland. After this we presented the problems given to us by Winchester, some of which got more laughs than others, such as the proposed lake and palm trees outside a British Rail station!

The workshop discussing how to deal with visiting the elderly gave us a great deal of insight into how other schools deal with introductions and how to find two people who have something in common. Then the final presentation was by Christ's Hospital, showing their renovation of a gymnasium in Romania and the plight of the Romanian people.

923



The Mansion from above.

Photograph by Cpl. Shackleton, Army Air Corps.

The conference was brought to its conclusion by the Bishop of Liverpool, David Sheppard, and Mr M. Stephens, Headmaster of The Perse School. Both stressed again the points about how important our jobs are and how difficult they can be.

From this conference many useful points have come out which we can put to good use within our own CS service, and the conference gave us contacts which may be useful in the years to come.

G.T. Edwards & R.D.P. Wethered (LVI)

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOLD AWARD

What's the difference between a Duke of Edinburgh field trip and Hell?... at least Hell is warm!

The near cancellation of the expedition was a clear warning that there would be little point in packing our swimming trunks and sun tan oil. The weather was forecast to be bad and for once, just when you didn't want them to be, the weathermen were right.

We left school early and arrived in the Peak District a little before midday. The first hour or so of walking had been carefully planned to put us into a false sense of security. The tracks sloped gently and most of the members of the group were chatting and actually smiling. At one stage I even heard a laugh. However, as we climbed higher into the mountains, our spirits dropped with the temperature.

Jack Frost had obviously found out about our former nonchalance and declared that it was now pay back time. He slapped our faces and tweaked our noses relentlessly, yet still we climbed on. He pinched our arms and punched our stomachs but we merely pulled on more clothing and when his last attempt — driving snow into our faces — failed, he decided to give it a rest for a while and try again later.

We arrived at the farm, our campsite for the evening, at about 5.00pm. After pitching our tents we went indoors to warm up and then, when we felt we could face it again, reluctantly moved outdoors to cook supper. This consisted of sausages, beans and bread and, under the conditions, tasted absolutely fantastic.

The night's sleep which I got would have been very well suited to somebody who doesn't enjoy sleeping at night. The snow was falling thick and fast and sounded like rain on the flysheet. It also seemed to have a magical ability to get inside the tent!

The next morning we woke to discover that the snow had fallen so heavily that our intended routes for the day would have to be altered. The result was a shorter though less scenic walk which stuck to the lower ground.

We eventually got back to the coach and started the journey back to school. My feelings were not predominantly those of relief or joy at leaving but of achievement and the inner glow of satisfaction that comes from having undertaken a difficult task and overcoming it.

The expeditions which I have yet to experience will be longer and possibly more testing, but the weather conditions will almost certainly be better and I look forward to them eagerly and hope that they will provide as much of a challenge and as much stimulation as this one undoubtedly did.

R.L. Bush (LVI)

## SPORT

### RUGBY FIRST XV

Three days before the start of the 1992 Christmas term the 1st XV squad returned to school to begin training in earnest. The assembled players exhibited the qualities of a committed and well drilled group, who were training hard to face the daunting task of a heavy fixtures list, with opposition varying from The Royal Latin School to Radley and Oundle.

The selected squad entered the season with a feeling of optimism and hope which was rewarded by a 7-3 victory over Abingdon. The first try of the season was scored by Tayo Erogbogbo, and the first conversion by Paul Denning. A comment made by Abingdon's Headmaster — that we had "whippet tank backs" — underlined the potential skill and strength which the team possessed.

The second match of the season, against St Edwards, again highlighted the spirit and endurance of the team. However, this match did not prove a success. Stowe were leading by 6-0 with only fifteen minutes remaining, but a lack of concentration from the forwards (due to injuries) resulted in the final score of 12-6 to St. Edwards.

The three matches that followed (against Radley, Eton and Rugby) were all highly competitive fixtures, and with the large number of injuries which were already plaguing the team at this early stage, the results were disappointing, with three losses.

This disappointing run came to an end with an away win against John Cleveland by 24 points to 10. Three tries were run in by Tayo and one by Alex Mustard. Paul Denning kicked two successful conversions. A notable performance was exhibited in the forwards by Carter Murray at second row, who mauled both the ball and the opposition.

With the team now well and truly depleted through injury, the team once again experienced a three match run of losses, against Cheltenham, Bedford and Oundle.

The match against Royal Latin was the final victory of the term for the team. With barely half the original team fully fit, the games that remained were unfortunately all lost.

Many players performed throughout the season to a very high standard, showing commitment to the team both on and off the pitch. Notable were, on several occasions, James Doxford, the tight head prop, Guy Wheeler at hooker, Mark Chamberlain as loose head prop, and Carter Murray at second row — who spent half the season on the pitch and the other half as our loudest spectator.

In the back row there were a number of players who fought hard for their place and constantly proved their worth. These included Giles Smith-Walker and Ben Jarrett.

In the back line, the loss of Paul Denning at fly half owing to a dislocated shoulder against Oundle, proved to be an unfortunate set back for the team. However, the quality of the backs was apparent when Jonathan Crawford, Alex Mustard, and Paul Little were selected to represent the



Cartoon by H.D. Baird (MVI)

Buckinghamshire schools county XV in the middle of the season, with Alex Mustard going on to play on the four counties side.

The season came to a close with eight players being awarded their 1st XV colours:

P. Karpidas	M. Chamberlain
J. Doxford	J. Crawford
A. Mustard	P. Little
T. Erogbo	C. Murray

Although the scores may not reflect it, the 1992 rugby season was successful in many respects, as seen by Stowe's strong representation at county level.

P.W.L. Little

### THIRD XV

Played 11; Won 2; Drew 0; Lost 9;  
Points For 24; Points Against 343

#### Results

v. St Edwards	0-15	L
v. Radley	3-103	L
v. Eton	0-37	L
v. Rugby	3-15	L
v. Bedford	0-10	L
v. Oundle	0-46	L
v. Cheltenham	0-63	L
v. Mill Hill	8-0	W
v. Oakham	0-30	L
v. Bedford Modern	0-16	L
v. Pangbourne	10-8	W

To concede 343 points would, in most books, be regarded as no mean achievement in the space of only 11 games, particularly when we only scored 24 points. This makes our average match defeat 32-2! Losing 63-0 to Cheltenham, 103-3 to Radley and 46-0 to Oundle certainly didn't improve things, but it at least helps explain 200 points of our deficit. These defeats were at the hands of schools where God is an oval-shaped ball. I am bound to say, I am delighted that that is not the case here.

So how to discover some seeds of success among the charred remains of a non too successful season? Actually it is quite easy! To begin with, we had some very good matches against the schools where rugby-olatory is not the rule. Close matches against St Edwards, Bedford, Rugby and Bedford Modern could have gone either way. Moreover, Oakham and Eton remain 'beatable' sides. Spirit and enthusiasm were certainly not lacking, but in the end our inability to field a settled team from week to week took its toll.

I had the sad spectacle of seeing the entire team that I began the season with scattered between the 1st and 2nd XV's by the end of the season, owing to a super-abundance of injuries in higher teams (Note to San: rugby does not injure your health if you play for the IIIrds! We lost no player through injury!). That's just life, of course, but it was more

frustrating than usual this year and the lads did start to become restive as the season wore on.

But what of our victories? Mill Hill was certainly a solid result, but Pangbourne was superb! Here it was that a well drilled, well trained, very fit side were laid low at the hands of enthusiasm and grim determination. We deserved the victory (of course) but to say that Pangbourne were fed up would be something of an understatement! It was a satisfactory way to the end of the season!

To praise individuals is always somewhat invidious, particularly since the whole team were, once again, a pleasure to coach. Moreover, since over 30 lads played for the IIIrds during the season, it is somewhat difficult to identify our core team members! However, it would be unfair not to name a few. Glamour was provided by the Grenville trio of George Pendle, Anthony Pearce and Sandy Robertson (who scored most of our points with his boot). Moreover, with the addition of Tom Harper, Henri Black and Charlie Clare they insisted that they were the best looking team on the Schools circuit, if nothing else!

Nick Tissot and Rupert Elwes were absolute pillars of the team (even if occasionally, like pillars, they didn't move), while the captaincy of Alex Nairn (and briefly Andy Watson and Ollie Schneider) was solidly dependable.

James Moore, Alastair Gemmell, Nick Ingram, Mike Thatcher, Jeremy Cottingham, Nick Greaves and Guy Weller-Poley made up the balance of the team with varying degrees of regularity, fitness and speed!

And, of course, we must not forget our additional coach — the assistant Chaplain, Mr Robert Jackson. Since the 'Rev's Ravers' were doubly sanctified and yet fared worse than they did last year, it seems that we must start taking more seriously the promise that "the last shall be the first".

T.M.H.S.

### FOURTH XV

Played 7; Won 1; Drew 1; Lost a few;  
Points For 77; Points Against 173

On the assumption that I've still got all the bits of paper which seemed to choke the Back Office of the Fourth XV, some thirty-five Stoics can proudly boast they played for the 1992 Fourths. The majority of these may want to slip in the fact that they also played for Thirds, rather fewer can claim a Seconds cap whilst one or two Fourth's starlets made it to the big time and played for the Firsts. This was either due to the innate brilliance of the Stoic Fourth team or simply that they seemed physically to last longer than those in the higher teams. True, they were exposed to less danger!

On a more serious note, it became an increasingly bigger problem, as the term went on, to maintain the cohesion and identity of either the Thirds or Fourth's as the off games list sunk to a nadir of some



A.T. Mustard (MVI) playing for the First XV

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

twenty-nine players from the first four teams. It is a credit to the Fourths that by the last match (Pangbourne) they not only remembered who each other were but also played with terrific pace and emotion.

The Rugby Club will be losing some of its stalwarts of the Senior 100 this season, many of who have played at this level for two seasons. In no particular order, these include: from Bruce; Duncan Atherton and Gordon Bird; from Walpole, Robert Hankey, Spencer Cottingham, Duarte de Campos and Ian Forbes; from Lyttleton, Anthony Higgs, Rupert Humphreys, Christian James and Simon Grant; from Chandos, Ben Richardson, Alistair Kidson-Trigg and Matthew Steggles; from Grafton, Daniel Parker and Simon Wade; from Chatham, Guy Weller-Poley and last, but not least, from Temple, D'Arcy Wyvill. I would like to thank them for their wit, enthusiasm and contribution to Rugby at Stowe and wish them well in their future careers.

I am a little nervous about mentioning the names of the stars from the Lower Sixth for fear of their being instantly snatched by a higher team. So, cunningly disguised, well played the big blond one and his sidekick, Jolly Hailer. In the Back Row there were fine performances from Piers Thynne and Ashley Jones whilst somewhere deep in the scrum were modern marvels such as Handy Gates, John Ston, Augustus Polonius (sometimes Procurator of Judea) and Pitch 'n' Carry... and of course James P.

It would be rather indulgent to reminisce about all the matches and so, with an unbiased eye, I shall just recall the Mill Hill win, the rather damp nil — all stalemate against Rugby and, of course, Rupert Humphreys' Cheltenham try.

I would like to thank all the players for an enjoyable season and look forward to 1993.

W.E.H.V.

### COLTS 'A' XV

In terms of results, the season was abysmal. On paper the scores make very unhappy reading, but in black and white print one cannot begin to measure how much hard work, effort and commitment went in to each game. One problem with this group that was becoming increasingly more difficult was to face up to every game with a realistic optimism that it was possible to win. In the past two seasons, very few matches have actually been victories and although many games have been exceedingly close, there is a huge difference between actually scoring more points than the opposition and not losing. This is a terribly difficult concept for 15 year old boys to grasp and, try as they might, it was obvious as the season progressed that things were not necessarily going to improve overnight. However, the main thrust of the season was in building personal, individual and unit skills, and an overall appreciation of the game, so that in two years' time

when most of the boys will be representing the 1st XV, the team will maybe reap the benefit of their practice sessions as Colts.

There are two ways to get out of a situation like this: one is to sit back and hope it all puts itself to right, and the other is to double the effort, work even more conscientiously at the fitness, and the skills, the ploys and the preparation for the matches. The Colts squad this year fell somewhere between the two, although many of the boys who played in the A XV were totally committed not only to improving their own individual effort, but to helping the team result as well.

Nick Roberts was an outstanding player as scrum half as he is a most elusive runner with the ball. His defensive work, too, saved numerous tries, and so too did the brave tackling of Simon Ridley, Jamie Christopherson, Nick Pinkney, Tristan Ralston, Richard Dobbin and Nicholas Britten-Long. Indeed, the season was noted, despite what I said earlier, for the contribution and support these boys gave each other as they were the backbone of the team. Victory against Northants Grammar School was sweet indeed, and to witness Richard Dobbin intercepting and running from his own half to score between the posts was just reward for the many games when the luck and the bounce of the ball did not go our way.

We lost Max Konig with a broken ankle very early in the season, unfortunately, which affected the team as his strength and speed in the centre as well as his firm captaincy was sorely missed. However, players such as Nick Mason, Ollie van der Hagen, Alistair Jewson, Matthew Smith, Charlie Inglefield, and Haytham Zahid all contributed very effectively to the overall team performance.

Although not an inspiring year in terms of matches won, all congratulations must go to the boys who persevered and faced some fairly hefty and talented opposition with courage and fortitude, and I hope their efforts and commitment will be rewarded in the future.

#### Results

v. Abingdon	0-44	L
v. St Edwards	0-28	L
v. Radley	3-7	L
v. Eton	0-31	L
v. Rugby	3-20	L
v. Bedford	0-22	L
v. Oundle	0-44	L
v. Cheltenham	0-19	L
v. Mill Hill	0-10	L
v. Oakham	5-29	L
v. Northants G.S.	17-7	W
v. Bedford Modern	0-27	L
v. Uppingham	8-36	L
v. Pangbourne	5-28	L

L.E.W.



The First XV v Abingdon

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

## JUNIOR COLTS 'A'

This season's results have done no justice to the players. Many of the games, though, could have been won with a little less selfishness and more dedication from the backs. I have never coached a side who dominated so much up front, but to capitalise on this the backs in future need to realise that they must take practices more seriously.

Throughout the season Marsland-Roberts, Bell and McCarey were outstanding up front, very ably supported by Gregson, Fortescue, Biddulph, Burgess and Corbishley. I fully expect this unit to develop into a powerful, dominant pack by the Middle Sixth because they have a positive attitude to learning.

Mun-Gavin was erratic at scrum half but when alert could be outstanding. Webster and Carling, although talented, did not always do themselves justice — usually because of a reluctance to follow orders and blame others. Carling showed in the last match that he can follow instructions and in so doing played his best game of the season. Webster's kicking was a great asset all season but he needs to be more physical in the tackle and to practice more conscientiously if he is to realise his potential. Alcock and Wates on the wings were a model of commitment in the tackle and were our most potent attacking weapons, while Dixey tackled well all season despite limping through most of the season. Walker improved markedly at full back as the season progressed and with experience will be able to use his size to great effect in attack next year.

Against Pangbourne, four first choice backs were injured and consequently twelve forwards played (including one who had been in the 'C's all season). Despite having two regulars removed from the pack it was still able to restrict the opposition to about 40% possession in the first half and 30% in the second. This was an outstanding effort and included keeping possession without surrendering the ball for a full ten minutes at the start of the second half. However, our backs could learn a lesson in creation and running by the fact that they scored 49 points on so little possession.

I have enjoyed taking the side this year and wish them well in the future. They have improved markedly this season, especially up front, and with luck next season could be quite a success. I also feel that Marsland-Roberts and Biddulph should be congratulated on how well they held up under the pressures of captaincy and it was heartwarming to see Biddulph score a super captain's try late on against Pangbourne.

D.C.M.

## JUNIOR COLTS 'B'

Won 2; Drew 1; Lost 8

Oh, for the chance to play some of these games again! How come, with half the team unavailable,

we managed to draw with (unlucky to not to beat...) a team that had destroyed some of the teams that had easily beaten us earlier in the season? The answer, of course, is all to do with confidence and determination: we lost the first match of the season in the last ten minutes of a good game against a slightly better team from St. Edwards, became dispirited by the inevitable injuries, team changes, even coach changes, and began to play defensively, and you can only lose doing that.

The captain writes: Flair and determination had died away, but we slowly managed to pull back our self-confidence and start believing we could win. The long awaited victory came against Bedford when we won 20-10. We played our best match against a bigger side when we beat Oakham 7-0, and the team was at its best for the rest of the season, drawing with a very strong side from Pangbourne and losing by ten points to Uppingham and a gale-force wind...

By the end of the season, this team was playing with enough spirit to compete closely with anyone — they've proved that they can win, let's hope they pick up from there next year!

S.G.A.H./James Dewar-Durie

## YEARLINGS 'A' XV

Played 8; Won 2; Drew 1; Lost 5;  
Points For 71; Points Against 100

#### Results

v. Northants G.S.	3-22	L
v. Uppingham	0-10	L
v. Royal Latin	19-0	W
v. Oundle	5-22	L
v. Haberdashers	10-34	L
v. Roade	0-0	D
v. Mill Hill	8-12	L
v. QES Barnet	24-0	W

It was a satisfactory term from the point of view of team and individual development, but some of the results were a little disappointing. The Haberdashers score was much higher than it should have been and the other losses could all have been wins with a little more luck and some greater determination, especially amongst the forwards.

The high point of the season was undoubtedly our magnificent display against a strong side from QES Barnet. The forwards saved their best performance for last. They produced some good quality ball which allowed the backs to show their true worth running the ball. Edward Dobbin and Kassim Lawal in the centre were probably the outstanding backs, very solid in defence and elusive runners in attack. Whilst James McDough at fly-half kicked well throughout the season and finished top points scorer with 1 try, 5 conversions, 2 penalties and a drop goal. The other outstanding back, who actually split his appearances between the

Excerpts of from sports reports  
 Reprinted in the May 1993 Stoic.

followed by the

Wing and flanker, was Damion Hoare. He collected tries against both the Royal Latin and QES with a good mixture of speed and strength.

The outstanding forwards were Edward Wainright-Lee, Buddy Wheatley, and Alasdair Barne who gained his reward for a very good term with the final try of the last game. Tom Honeymoon-Brown proved to be the top try scorer, simply because he was the most aware of scoring opportunities. He proved very adapt at taking quick free kicks and driving over on his own.

There is insufficient room here to mention all of the players, but I must add my congratulations to one and all for the first class attitude which they developed over the course of the term.

## YEARLINGS 'B' XV

Played 7; Won 2; Drew 1; Lost 4;  
 Points For 51; Points Against 158

### Results

v. Northants G.S.	19-0	W
v. Uppingham	5-5	D
v. Oundle	0-46	L
v. Haberdashers	0-35	L
v. Roade	0-32	L
v. Mill Hill	17-7	W
v. QEB	10-33	L

The team lacked fire up front and failed to ruck effectively. Given the lack of size this was a terrible problem and was disappointing given the running ability in the backs. Foster and Corbishley developed into a positive and defensively capable pairing in the centre while Port and Oldridge were a good attacking half back pair although the former must work on his defence. Up front Hobbs led by example, ably assisted by Bloomfield and de Butts Floyd and Gargent had their moments but need to improve their tackling, while Gwyn, Elliot and Bradshaw need to work harder to fulfil their promise. In the backs Munthe, Hoare and Bingham ran elusively, but need to be prepared to tackle much more than at present.

D.C.M.

## HOCKEY

Preparations for the term began back in the autumn with a few Monday practices and a Sunday match against Oxford University Infrequents H.C. This was played on the North Front pitch and grass was the surface favoured more this season, with very good weather in March making the pitches harder than usual. In the pre-season training in January the 1st XI beat a Bicester XI which set them up for the first school fixture.

### HOUSEMATCHES

All the matches this term were played on grass. In the Junior competition Chatham came out the victors over Grenville. In the Senior competition one or two Houses selected their best Colts players and Lyttelton made the final in this manner. Grafton, without junior stars, won a closely fought final, 2-1, taken into extra time.

### THE OCCASIONALS

It is a sign of the times that the Common Room find it increasingly difficult to get together with so many other commitments. The annual match against the '3rd' XI was an honourable 2-2 draw. A tribute must be paid to the ground staff who have laboured tirelessly in all conditions to produce sound pitches, especially on the Bourbon this year.

### OLD STOIC SPRING DAY

The occasion celebrated the 10th anniversary of the unbeaten team of David Hockley. Those who could make the game included David himself, Julian Stocks, Richard Elmitt, Julian Claydon, Innes Roxborough and Julian Brown. Even JML added weight to the side whose experience and silky stickwork led to a 3-1 scoreline to the veterans. The school's 2nd XI, missing players to other Old Stoic sport, put on a brave fight but went down, 0-1, against William Atkinson's XI. Thanks go to Julian Stocks, Mish Henri and Colin Jackson, who over recent years have done so much to revitalise the Old Stoic Hockey Club. Next year we shall return to the pattern of playing recent leavers against the 1st XI.

J.M.L.

### THE FIRST XI

A season characterised by excellent team spirit and commitment produced a 1st XI side that was difficult to beat and frequently rose above adverse conditions to produce hockey of increasing quality.

The defence remained the team's strength throughout, ably marshalled by Hamish Baird, an inspirational captain and example to team-mates. He was well supported by Giles Smith-Walker and William Wynne whose individual skills improved as their confidence grew and as they developed the vision required at this level. Chris James, in goal,

was reliable, if unpredictable in training and particularly against Radley produced a display of outstanding 'keeping'. In midfield Paul Denning and Richard Plummidge both began to exploit their undoubted potential while Alex Barber and Adrian James in the central positions were effective and frequently imaginative in their distribution. James, indeed, showed excellent skills throughout, scoring 3 goals and making the majority of others. Our difficulties remained up front all season, however, in our inability to take the chances we so often created (26 attempts on goal against Aylesbury spring to mind!).

The attack of Rob Temple (2 goals), Tayo Erogbogobo and Simon Schnorr supported by George Passmore (2 goals) all showed impressive skills on occasion, but failed to display a goalscoring instinct or speed of thought in the opposition D which would have produced better rewards for their commendable endeavour.

Looking ahead, it is encouraging that four of this year's team will return next season and that we have what appears to be strength in depth from this year's 2nd XI and colts teams. The team should, above all, be commended for its rapid acceptance of a new playing formation and for the level of skill achieved in matches against strong sides such as Rugby (with their England U18 Internationals) and Radley, when adjusting to unaccustomed playing surfaces could have caused them to be downhearted. The victory over Pangbourne epitomised the team's spirit in the face a dust bowl of a pitch and pudding of a ball!

Final thanks must go to D.C.B. for all her hard work behind the success and to the professional umpires who brought much higher standards to our fixtures.

### Results

v. St Edwards	(H) 1-0	W
v. Aylesbury G.S.	(H) 0-0	D
v. Oundle	(H) 0-0	D
v. Rugby	(A) 0-4	L
v. Magdalen College	(A) 1-2	L
v. Berkhamsted	(A) 1-1	D
v. Mill Hill	(H) 1-0	W
v. Radley College	(A) 2-5	L
v. Pangbourne	(A) 1-0	W

R.S.D.

## THE SECOND XI

Marvellous were the moments when the spirit of the recent Calcutta Cup match was sparked off in a 2nd XI fixture and sad were the moments akin to the M.C.C. in Bombay on their recent tour. There was evidence of both this term. Frequently the side would start with great flair, be one or even three goals ahead, only to yield their advantage like a dog rolling over on its back for a tickle. Slowness in defence was largely to blame. The balance of the team was forever being interrupted by players being promoted to or demoted from the 1st XI which is the nature of the beast. Special mention for perseverance must go to Felix Polonius at centre half and Alexander Mustard at centre forward. Other players who looked skillful when in possession included Guy Weller-Poley and Adam Carling. Significant improvement was apparent in the play of Michael Champness, Alexander Michael, Robert Hankey and Patrick Jarchow. Frustration was visible in the performances of Alexander Robertson — of 1st XI potential and Matthew Steggle the 1st XI substitute goalie. Support players included Charles



The First XI

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

Clare and William Boyd-Carpenter. Injury put out Daniel Scott for most of the term. There were moments of great enjoyment when the ball ran well and the opposition's backboard was rattled. Special good wishes go to the MVI who move on at the end of the season and particular thanks go to the four former colours who are mentioned at the start of the team list.

Team: M.B.P. Champness\* (Capt.), A.T. Mustard\*, G.H. Weller-Poley\*, M. Stegges\*, R.D.A. Hankey\*, A.C.H. Robertson\*, C.D.H. Clare, F.F. Polonius\*, W.H.F. Boyd-Carpenter, D.B. Scott, A. Carling\*, P.A. Jarchow\*, A.H.L. Michael\* (Also played: R.P. Mills).

\*denotes Colours.

#### Results

Played 8; Won 2; Lost 4; Drew 2;  
Goals For 15; Goals Against 22

v. St Edwards	(H) 1-2	L
v. Bedford M.S.	(H) 2-1	W
v. Oundle	(H) 0-0	D
v. Rugby	(A) 1-6	L
v. Magdalen	(A) 1-2	L
v. Berkhamsted	(A) 3-3	D
v. Mill Hill	(H) 5-1	W
v. Radley College	(A) 2-7	L

J.M.L.

## THE THIRD XI

This has been a very good season and a most enjoyable one. All the boys have trained and practised hard and the efforts they have put in have paid dividends in the matches played. We lost matches against Oundle and Radley, but even in those we played gamely and only went down as a result of a couple of basic defensive errors. For the rest of the season we had a strong defensive system and a rampant attacking force, as was seen by the 19 goals we scored in 7 matches. Andy Birt on the right wing was the main threat to the opposition; his powerful runs and crosses always put them under pressure and his tally of 5 goals during the season speaks very highly of his ability to shoot straight and hard. On the other wing, Sam Murray was equally effective, his speed and guile causing opposition defences many problems. With these two as providers, Rupert Elwes, Guy Wheeler and Simon Gerrard all had opportunities in front of goal, some taken, some not. All three played with enthusiasm and commitment and made improvements with their skills as the season progressed.

The "back three" of Barney Williams, Mark Chamberlain and Jojohn Collins for the most part was an impenetrable wall and only on a few occasions was our goal threatened. Their tackling and covering for each other were outstanding, and with a combination of ability there, behind them

932

Rolla Carpenter-Couchman bravely faced the odd scoring chance that they had allowed past them. As Captain, Mark Chamberlain was outstanding; both on and off the field he demonstrated diplomacy, commitment, encouragement and reliability, as well as being an outstanding hitter of a dead ball. We were able to vary our play considerably as a result of Mark's penetrating free hits.

However, it was from the mid-field that our strength and success really stemmed. Jonathan Anderson, Robert Mills, Henri Black and Barney Read all took their turn in the team and demonstrated their fitness, skill and commitment to the difficult job of providing good attacking ball for the forwards, whilst at the same time being prepared to help out in defence. Their enthusiasm could never be faulted, but I would like to see them develop in their game the ability to look right and left with a square ball a little more often than they were able to this season. The 3rd XI squad was about 16 strong and there were other boys I have not mentioned who came in to play with equal determination and zest, and all in all provided a very strong spirited squad. At the time of writing we have one match remaining — that is the annual clash with the Staff XI — and as I will then be a member of the opposition it is not a prospect I am looking forward to.

Colours awarded to: Chamberlain, Elwes, Murray, Gerrard, Birt, Carpenter-Couchman, Black, Anderson, Wheeler, Williams, Collins, Read, Mills and Jarrett.

#### Results

v. Bedford M.S.	6-0	W
v. Oundle	0-2	L
v. Rugby	1-1	D
v. Magdalen College	1-0	W
v. Berkhamsted	7-0	W
v. Mill Hill	3-0	W
v. Radley	1-2	L

L.E.W.

## COLTS 'A'

Hockey began for the Colts at Stowe on Monday 11th January at a pre-season practice at Stowe and Milton Keynes Astro-turf. Having invited approximately 25 Stoics — supposedly "Colts Possibles" — when only nine appeared, and most of them from the lower clubs, my enthusiasm and optimism were slightly dampened.

However, those who did join us had a great deal of practice and improved tremendously even in the short time on the pitch.

The weather decided to hit us with horrendous problems at the beginning of the season: with no grass pitches, the wetness of the previous weeks had taken its toll — by Saturday, 16th January. In only five days we needed to find three Colts XI's to play our first fixture of the season.



The First XI

Photograph by N.B. Tissot (LVI)

The Colts 1st and 2nd XI's soon evolved and with some hard practising and the learning of the new tactical systems the 1st XI began to fit together as a team. It is always difficult when new teams and coaches get together but I could certainly see a very successful future ahead: combining the strength in defence of Jamie Christopherson and Max König's inventive play; the stickwork and speed of Nick Roberts and Tim Hope-Johnstone (our top scorer with 5 goals); the tenacity of Tom Chambre and Matt Smith; the freshness of Oliver Van de Hagen and the enthusiasm of Rob Margossian and Richard Dobbin.

Our first major problem to solve seemed to be to tighten up the defence, as we were a very attacking orientated team. We began by altering positions slightly, Tristan Hoare adapting to a more defensive role as left back and placing Max König as centre back — giving him the freedom of a position from which to attack as well as defend. Nick Britten-Long fitted in as right back and made good use of his hard accurate hitting. Jamie Christopherson became a very solid sweeper who throughout the season played his position brilliantly. At times it seemed a shame to limit some of these players to particular attacking or defending positions as they adapted equally well to both. This in the end came together to make a very adaptable team, both in positional play and also in respect of the type of surface played on from plastic, to shale, to grass. I think we can say we have played on all possible surfaces this year including at one particular away fixture, an almost ploughed field.

Our team has remained pretty constant, only losing players for Confirmation weekend and in the latter part of the season our Captain, Max König to a collarbone injury (sustained during Rugby '7's' and not hockey). This was a great pity as we had worked really hard to finish the season with some

good results. This comment is not meant to take any of the credit away from Richard Dobbin or James Plumridge who made excellent replacements and in fact showed the real depth of the Colts Hockey this year.

Even the Goalkeeper's position has been contested this season by Rob Margossian and Jeremy Dale, both playing with very different styles, but both having their own valuable assets. The coolness of the former and the 'suicidal' keeping of the latter, serving the team very well. Our two 'European style' players, namely Reinout and Olivier, have played their parts really well: some very inventive moves on the front line by Oli as well as hard crosses; and Ray with his annoyingly skilful movement of the ball, especially on the surfaces other than grass — he was very frustrated with the conditions and was not really able to finish his efforts with a goal.

#### Matches

The beginning of the season was up and down. Against Oundle the surface and the strength and speed on the shale of our opposition just beat our side. After that defeat, however, the team began to believe in themselves. They realised that technically we had the ability to win rather than lose (as J. Colts they had certainly found out what losing was like). Having grown in strength and ability and skill our team began to feel they were a match for any team — shown particularly against Rugby when they came from 0-2 behind to draw 2-2, with Jeremy Dale really frustrating the Rugby forward line.

We continued the excellent run after Exeat and were to remain unbeaten to the end of the season; unfortunately we just could not get the winning goal.

Our other claim to fame was our 1-1 draw with Radley College School. We could really have won this game; we were well on top in the second half and were so unlucky not to score the winner.

933

The team worked constantly together with terrific spirit and I can only say that I am sorry to have to see the team split in order to play higher in the school. I am certain the 1st XI will be examining very closely at least half of the team.

I would like to thank on behalf of the Colts and all the other teams, Mr John Mullen and all his ground staff for keeping our pitches to such a very high standard; and certainly on behalf of the Colts 1st XI the ladies and staff in the laundry for washing our shirts.

#### Results

Played 9; Won 1; Lost 3; Drew 5;  
Goals For 16; Goals Against 21

v. St Edwards	(A) 0-5	L
v. Bedford M.S.	(H) 8-0	W
v. Oundle	(A) 1-7	L
v. Rugby	(H) 2-2	D
v. Magdalen College	(H) 1-3	L
v. Berkhamsted	(A) 1-1	D
v. Mill Hill	(A) 2-2	D
v. Radley	(H) 1-1	D
v. Pangbourne	(A) 0-0	D

Team: R.S.V. Margossian\*, A.J. Christopherson\*, C.N.C. Britten-Long\*, M.J.M. Konig\* (Capt), T.S. Hoare\*, M.McN.G. Smith\*, R.B. Hudig\*, T.M. Hope-Johnstone\*, R. Dobbin\*, T.J.C. Chambre\*, N.W.H. Roberts\*, O.J.R. Van der Hagen\*. Also played: James Plumridge.

\* denotes Colours

**D.C.B.**

### COLTS 'B' XI

The team played with enormous spirit and enthusiasm and completely reversed their fortunes, or lack thereof, from the previous year. They did this entirely by their own efforts, supported each other magnificently and played simple, direct and open hockey.

The engine-room of the team was the industrious midfield trio of Barber, Milbank and Goad, which ensured a good supply of the ball and never left the opposition too long to dwell on the ball. Behind them Newnham and Stevenson were a match for most wingers, Plumridge or McKay for most centre-forwards, while Branch "swept" well and Dale kept a courageous goal.

At the sharp end there was speed on the wings — Ridley and Pinkney — and this provided a plentiful supply of crosses for captain and main goal-scorer Mason to convert, on several occasions in spectacular fashion.

Three wins, two draws and two losses were a good return for their endeavours, for there was no great variation of standard amongst any of the teams encountered, and all games were conducted in an excellent spirit of competitive sportsmanship, a matter of great credit to all the participants.

#### Results

Played 7; Won 3; Lost 2; Drew 2;  
Goals For 11; Goals Against 12

v. Oundle	(A) 1-1	D
v. Rugby	(H) 1-4	L
v. Magdalen College	(H) 2-1	W
v. Berkhamsted	(A) 4-0	W
v. Mill Hill	(A) 3-1	W
v. Radley	(H) 0-5	L
v. Pangbourne	(A) 0-0	D

**G.A.C.**

### JUNIOR COLTS

As I pen this summary of the season I cannot help but reflect upon the fact that yet again the Junior Colts have trained, played and fought hard throughout the season, yet have been rewarded by precious little match success. The statistics do not make healthy reading (won 1, drew 1, lost 6). They are, nevertheless, encouraging in that they are better results than those achieved by last year's Junior Colts who, as Colts this season, have fared considerably better against the same opposition.

Up front our forwards sadly lacked penetration. James Webster and Rupert Searle on the wings showed considerable stick skills, but insufficient determination to get to the line quickly and cross the ball — when they did so the forwards looked threatening. Tom Bell and George Alcock gradually developed into an awesome pair of aggressive and physical inside forwards seemingly intent on destroying the opposition's goalkeeper — fantastic! The centre forward position, left vacant after Hugh Carling had to retire for the season, was occupied by Stuart Mun-Gavin who, while positive and competitive enough, lacked sufficient goal-scoring skills.

In the halves Adam Riley, occasionally giving us glimpses of pure genius, provided a steadying influence on the team from the centre, while Angus Campbell, on the right, was as tenacious as a terrier and demonstrated an almost clairvoyant ability to read the game. Christian Burgess on the left, although initially uncomfortable in the defensive role, developed into a solid and dependable half.

In defence James Walker and William Milling were indeed an imposing pair. William's ability to blast the ball through any opposition's defensive ring and James's calm confidence and tackling skills were a tremendous asset to the team. However, in goal, William Berry, despite pulling off some outstanding saves, was seldom able really to dominate his circle. This was principally due to his lack of stature — few opposition forwards felt really threatened by him — more shredded wheat required!

My thanks to them all for their enthusiasm and dedication, but in particular to Tom Bell for his responsible captaincy and to our devoted and loyal parental supporters who valiantly followed the team

around the country in what, at times, must have seemed like an apparently hopeless quest for victory. I am sure that those fortunate enough to have been able to watch the final match of the season against Pangbourne would join me in applauding the tremendous progress that the team has made this season. I am confident that, as Colts next year, they will have a far more successful season so long as they continue to play simple, direct and hard hockey as a team.

**M.O.M.C.**

### YEARLINGS

This was a cheerful, positive and willing group of young players, half of whom had never held a hockey stick before! Charles Floyd, Captain, was the one with pedigree and previous County experience. He held the midfield together with great control. Thomas Honeyman-Brown, in goal, faced up squarely to everything thrown at him. The Backs were Richard Harris and Simon Walker who looked good going forward and slow in recovery. Right and left halves were Edward Wainright-Lee, with much promise in every way, and John Elkington, a good athlete but whose distribution was slow. The hardest working forward was Alexander Hobbs with a wonderful attitude, keen as mustard. The strong running right wing was Chesney Clark and the more different left wing was Sunny Moore. Both inside forwards, Buddy Wheatley and Scott Elliot, were physically committed on the ball but had to learn the need for perpetual motion, selflessness and discipline.

The other three teams possessed players who are likely to come through the ranks in the future years. Tom Stables and William Barratt were the captains of the 2nd and 3rd XIs respectively. There were two good matches against Preparatory Schools in addition to the usual fixtures.

1st XI: T. Honeyman-Brown, R.A. Harris, S.J.D. Walker, C.O. Floyd (Capt.), E.W.H. Wainright-Lee, J.R. Elkington, C. Clark, B.E. Wheatley, A.P. Hobbs, S.K. Elliot, S. Moore.

2nd XI: E.T. James, V.C.S. Tham, A.J. Carpenter-Couchman, R.B.F. Jupp, T.R. Stables (Capt.), C.D. Woods, S.P. Part, R.A. Mari, T.P. Lake, L.D. Pilling, M.O.J. Marston, A.R. Clempson.

**J.M.L.**

### GIRLS 1ST XI HOCKEY

September 1992 saw the beginning of what appeared to be the onset of a successful season with at least twelve of last year's hockey squad still apparently keen to play; with Katie Houghton as Captain and Ally Bourne as her Vice-captain, the future was looking bright. For the first time for five years we had enough depth with the new LVI players to run two XI's which we duly did playing against Rugby

in September and Bloxham in November. The 2nd XI drawing against Rugby and winning 1-0 against Bloxham.

Our very first outing against Thornton was abandoned after 10 minutes as an electrical storm broke over the Hard Surface. Eventually this match was played in October when we managed only a 0-0 draw.

Almost at the start of the season as we needed two goalkeepers, Rachel Beer was persuaded to join Nykola Jones in goal. Rachel worked very hard at this position and became a reliable, controlled and calming influence behind the defence, on at least three occasions receiving the coveted 'Player of the Match award'. We used the 'Sweeper' system this year and once the team had accepted and adjusted to it, they managed it quite well. Kate Mullineux worked very hard covering behind Rebecca Gwyn and Katie Houghton, who later varied her position to midfield and even right wing. Olivia Coy showed that she has both good defensive as well as attacking skills and played extremely well in the right midfield position. Susanna Benn took the role of centre midfield fairly early on, and has some brilliant games controlling the midfield with her intercepting and stickwork skills. It was good to see the speed of some of our players: Ally Bourne, Caroline Drummond-Hay and Terri Bell could really travel at high speed even though they didn't always manage to take the ball with them! Jodie Harris played a good right wing position but preferred the centre of the pitch, as she kept reminding me — (Maybe next year, Jodie). I feel that the 'Most Improved Player' must go to Rebecca Mellor, her never tiring, chasing and hustling of the ball, and 'speed' — well if you blinked you could miss her at times! Debbie Webster played some very motivated hockey and was extremely versatile, playing defence and midfield and occasionally forward, a very useful player to have on your side. Amy Collins was a really reliable hockey player this season; she captained the 2nd XI and on several occasions played for the 1st XI with real solidarity and hard accurate hitting. Nicola Dewar-Durie had a very good season, working hard and making a useful contribution to every match she played in. Her control and distribution suddenly transformed the defensive play to attacking. She played at the back, but really helped to build the midfield.

Sophie Brewster had a few good games and made her mark on the forward line — she wasn't so sure about the new 'rolling sub.' rule? Alexandra Bourne had a mixed season, some brilliant games alternating with others that, she said herself, 'really felt that nothing had happened on the front line'. This was our problem: our defence cleared well, the midfield worked the ball but occasionally the last thrust at the front did not happen and the goals did not materialise. Other players who helped on several occasions, once injury and illness had started to appear, were Georgina Spicer and Sarah Bruce, and certainly players for the future team could be

Cressida Chester-Read, Hannah Marsh, Lucy Snow and Camilla Benoy.

Our overall results were not as good as we had hoped for. The two heavy defeats against Cheltenham 0-6 (½ time 0-3) and Haileybury 0-4 (½ time 0-3) were played on Astro Turf and the skill level of the opposition was particularly superior with hard hitting and accurate stickwork and ball control — these girls play only on plastic now. Our other losses were only one goal away; St Edwards 1-2, Tudor Hall 0-1 and Bloxham 1-2.

The two wins were well earned against Rugby 1-0 and Aylesbury G.S. 2-0.

On Tuesday, 8th of December 1992, Stanhope challenged Nugent in the Inter-House Competition. Both teams played with such gusto, only really seen in House matches. Stanhope were missing several players — and the score being 2-2 at full time, the match was played for a further 5 minutes each way, resulting with a winning Terri Bell goal for Nugent to take the trophy.

The first fixture for 1993 was lost to very wet pitches and the second when Queensbury couldn't raise a team. In February a few interested souls went to see the 'Varsity Match' at Reading to see Oxford win 3-0.

We played Headington in March and then finished the season with a game against the Royal Latin School — at least they still play on grass — and we had an enjoyable 1-1 draw. Overall the season, although long, has been very enjoyable — and I know that if the enthusiasm can be maintained next year's Girls Hockey could be the best yet!

#### Results

Played 10; Won 2; Lost 6; Drew 2;  
Goals For 6; Goals Against 17

v. Rugby	(A) 1-0	W	1st XI
	0-0	D	2nd XI
v. Aylesbury	(H) 2-0	W	
v. Cheltenham	(A) 0-6	L	
v. Thornton	(H) 0-0	D	
v. Bloxham	(H) 1-2	L	1st XI
	1-0	W	2nd XI
v. St Edwards	(H) 1-2	L	
v. Tudor Hall	(A) 0-1	L	
v. Haileybury	(A) 0-4	L	
v. Headington	(A) 0-3	L	
v. Royal Latin	(A) 1-1	D	

Team: Katie Houghton\* (Capt.), Rachel Beer\*, Amy Collins\*, Rebecca Gwyn\*, Nichola Dewar-Durie\*, Alexandra Bourne\*, Sarah Bruce, Olivia Coy\*, Jodie Harris, Terri Bell, Susanna Benn\*, Caroline Drummond-Hay\*, Rebecca Mellor\*, Deborah Webster\*, Kate Mullineux, Sophie Brewster, Nykola Jones, Georgina Spicer.

\* denotes Colours.

D.C.B.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

Since last year the Cross-Country Club has seen a lot of change, with the ever present debate between the club and the National Trust intensifying over the use of the Japs (an infamous section of Stowe's course), resulting in the course being changed for the third time in as many years, rendering newly established records obsolete. We do hope to secure a permanent course through the Japs in the near future.

Mr Platt, our usual coach, has since resigned and his second in command, Mr McCabe, filled in what was an exceptionally large void. I must congratulate Mr McCabe on taking up his new post at such short notice during the winter term and from there with a new captain, vice-captain and secretary, managing to re-organise and re-structure the club, continuing our reputation as one of, if not, the most successful school sports clubs.

1st VIII: Schools beaten 12; Schools lost to 1.

The team, unlike previous years, had failed to get any proper pre-season training as a result of the short notice of Mr McCabe's appointment. Such training I hope will resume in the future. Couple the absence of training with a lack of the team's top runners owing to injury and this explains our only loss of the season. In fact not once through the whole team was the whole 1st VIII fully fit, which makes the above result even more respectable. The success enjoyed at school match level was not reflected in our results at championship level. The Midlands and North Independent Schools Championship saw the team's most disappointing performance of the season, but still 8th position in a field of 31 schools was commendable. An unfit 1st VIII achieved a second place in the County Championship — a matter of only 7 points behind a team which came third in the National Schools Championship. Both G. Pike and R. Oldham made the county team.

The success of the season has been recognised and the following were awarded their full colours: G.J. Pike, R.S. Oldham, E.T.J. Hants, O.J. Selway, N.B. Tissot and I.D. Hall, also A.F. Harper, J.W. Nicholson, M. Clarke and S.C.S. Ridley received their half colours.

Under 17VIII: Schools beaten 11; Schools lost to 2

The under 17's were a more fortunate team, than the 1st VIII with respect to injury problems. They lost only to Winchester and Stonyford. The team was captained by B.J.D. Mount who along with T.B.D.G. Ralston and J.D. Pike were the nucleus of the team and frequently scored high positions in races. The rest of the team was made up of fourth formers and hopefully they will combine with the present third form, in a year's time, to continue the success of the club in the U17 age group. The County Championships saw Stowe coming in second place, with a conspicuous absence of runners qualifying for the county team.



Cross Country 1st VIII 'Midlands' Team finished 8th out of 26.

Photograph by S.McC.

Half colours have been awarded to B.J.D. Mount, T.B.D.C. Ralston and J.D. Pike.

Under 15 VIII: Schools beaten 3; Schools lost to 4

A disappointing set of results in comparison to previous years. However, there is some promising talent in the team most notably in the form of G.M. McIntyre (captain) and L.D. Pilling. There were also further signs of talented non-team runners that became apparent during the Inter-house competition, which we were unable to capitalise on during the term — due to an unexplained oversight.

I.D. Hall (Captain of Cross-Country)

## BASKETBALL

Having had the Senior and Junior House Competitions the previous term, the better players in the school had the opportunity of playing together for the school. Several players at U15, U16 and U19 levels were invited to form team squads. Enthusiasts who did not quite make the squads were treated to sessions on the outside basketball court. There was some interest shown by the girls but not enough to merit fixtures at this stage but it is hoped that in time they will also catch the basketball 'bug'. Although we did not hold fixtures at U14 level it did not dampen the enthusiasm shown by them. We had 40 players at each session shouting 'defence' and 'stance', and generally wondering what they had let themselves in for. There were many talented performers on show so there should be much competition for places in next year's U15 team.

#### U15 TEAM

It was very pleasing to see the progress made by this team but a little disappointing to see matches they could and should have won slip away. As the saying goes, it's all good experience, so next year should be even better considering the talent and make up of the team. Adam Riley and James Johnson are but two to look out for in the future. Mr Selby has done an extremely good job as coach to this team and should have been very pleased to have closed a point gap to 4 against Aylesbury G.S.

#### Results

v. Buckingham	(A) 43-21	W
v. Aylesbury G.S.	(A) 86-28	L
v. Royal Latin	(A) 52-44	L
v. Royal Latin	(H) 38-28	L
v. Winchester	(A) 39-22	L
v. Aylesbury G.S.	(H) 40-36	L

#### Squad

J. Cracknell	T. Bell
A. Datwani	C. Dixey
J. Johnson	C. Marsland-Roberts
A. Riley	J. Webster
C. Burgess	G. Alcock
G. Hultin	K. Tepalagul
J. Dewar-Durie	R. Smith
J. Walker	S. Moore

Coach: A.R. Selby Assistant Coach: I. Michael

## U16 TEAM

It has been a great pleasure working with such an enthusiastic and committed group of players. We practised and played as a team and most importantly played the game in the right spirit. We almost completed a shock win over Winchester and were unlucky not to have completed the season unbeaten. Most of this squad should form the main body of the Senior team next year.

### Results

v. Buckingham	(H) 55-37	W
v. Uppingham	(H) 33-31	W
v. Winchester	(A) 39-33	L
v. Bradfield	(A) 36-26	L

### Squad

R. Atherton	M. Smith
Y. Zahid	R. Dobbin
N. Dadlani	M. Konig
C. Frampton	N. Mason
T. Kappler	B. Mount
R. Hudig	H. Zahid
A. Swainston	T. Hope-Johnstone
O. van der Hagen	H. Jung
W. Carpendale	

Coach: I. Michael; Assistant Coach: C. Elliot

## U19 TEAM

Although this was by no means an outstanding season for the U19s it was an improvement on last season. The players found it easier to break down the opposition's defence. We lacked sharpness under the basket and a real desire to win. At the moment the Junior teams are doing much more individual practice on the outside court, just one of the factors why they are more successful at the moment. Although not the best player in the team Alex Neil has been a very good captain both on and off the court.

### Results

v. Royal Latin	(H) 34-18	L
v. Buckingham	(H) 31-26	W
v. Uppingham	(H) 35-28	L
v. Bradfield	(A) 61-14	L

### Squad

J-f. Polonius	W. Wynne
A. Gebhard	J. Park
A. Neil	S. Daunt
O. Schneider	P. McSweeney
S. Schnorr	R. Elwes
A. Robertson	L. Lek
	P. Jarchow

Coach: I. Michael; Assistant Coach: C. Elliot

Basketball colours have been awarded to: A.D. Neil

## BADMINTON

The badminton team had quite a good season only losing once at home. Our Senior 1st pair of Ravi Datwani and Mike Champness only lost one match all season which is quite an achievement. We found it difficult to adapt to the away courts especially as the floor and lighting of our home court has been improved, but it seemed that the real problem was poor concentration and an insufficient desire to win.

The Colts team had more success mainly due to its strength in depth, and good quality badminton from Nikilesh Dadlani all season. The best performance was the victory against Abingdon who normally beat us quite comfortably. There are a lot of pupils playing badminton in the school and much talent amongst them especially at the lower end of the school. There is no reason why the standard of play should not continue to rise and results bettered next season.

Mr B. Orger and Mr S. Collins have put much time and effort in helping to run badminton and making it the success that it is.

### Senior Team:

R. Datwani (Captain)	D. Laffan
M. Champness	J-J. Collins
R. Plumridge	R. Rajkowski
J. Elwes	A.E. David
T. Tritton	

### Junior Team:

N. Dadlani	R. Dadlani
W. Carpendale	J. Coates-Carr
T. Winter	A. Hobbs
A. Datwani	V. Daryanani

### Results: Senior VI

v. Uppingham	(A) 6-3	L
v. Rugby	(A) 7-2	L
v. Mill Hill	(H) 7-2	W
v. Abingdon	(H) 6-3	L

### Results: 'A' VI

v. Bloxham	(H) 8-1	W
v. Oundle	(H) 5-4	W

### Results: 'B' VI

v. Bloxham	(H) 8-1	W
v. Oundle	(H) 9-0	W

### Results: Colts VI

v. Uppingham	(A) 6-3	L
v. Rugby	(A) 5-4	L
v. Mill Hill	(H) 9-0	W
v. Abingdon	(H) 6-3	W

I. Michael

## OLD STOIC NEWS

**T.P.J. Boyd-Carpenter** (Chandos 1956) has been knighted in the Queen's New Years Honours List 1993.

**S.J. Clegg** (Chatham 1978) was appointed Deputy Chef de Mission for the Great Britain team at the 1992 Olympic Games at Albertville and Barcelona, and likewise for the 1994 Winter Olympics in Lillehammer.

**C.H. Clucas** (Walpole 1960) his company "G.F. Holding (Decorators) Ltd." received a special award from Shrewsbury Civic Society for their refurbishment of the original 'Adam' ballroom in the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, using the original colours from 1780.

**H.L. Goodall** (Lyttelton 1974) has again hosted the BBC2 programme "Choir of the Year".

**W.J. Grice** (Temple 1950) was awarded the MBE for Services to Agricultural Development in Malawi in the 1993 Queen's New Year's Honours List.

**G.C. Leon** (Chatham 1974) started his own company "The Communications Coefficient" specialising in company communication in 1991.

**P.B. Lucas** (Grenville 1934) has published "Malta: The Thorn in Rommel's Side". Stanley Paul 1992.

**E.H. Millner** (Grenville 1972) has completed a bust of Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, commissioned by Wellington College. The bust was installed at the College in December 1992.

**Lt.Col. P.C. Mitford** (Chandos 1936) has taken over as President of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Union of Golf Clubs.

**Viscount Parker** (Grenville 1961) (formerly R.T.G.M. Parker) succeeded his father as the 9th Earl of Macclesfield in December 1992.

**P.B.W. Pumfrey** (Chandos 1948) has been appointed Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire in 1993.

**D. Russell-Davies** (Chandos 1931) published "Scenes of Madness: a Psychiatrist at the Theatre" in 1991.

## BIRTHS

**A.H. Austin** (Grenville 1980) a daughter, Emily Kate, on 22nd February 1992 in Melbourne.

**R.V.M.E. Behar** (Grenville 1959) a son, Dominic Richard, on 25th May 1992.

**P.H. Browning** (Chatham 1963) three sons, Scott, on 27th August 1981, Mark, on 27th November 1985 and Matthew, on 24th May 1989.

**C.B. Calkin** (Lyttelton 1977) a daughter, Emma Tamsin, on 3rd March 1993.

**G.D.G. Carr** (Chatham 1977) a son, William Granville, on 14th March 1993.

**A.J. Cockerill** (Lyttelton 1984) a daughter, Paris Mercedes, on 11th March 1992.

**E.C. Corbett** (Walpole 1975) a daughter, Felicity Jane, on 6th March 1993.

**B.J.N. D'Arcy Clark** (Grenville 1972) a daughter, Clementine Constance Louisa, on 12th November 1992.

**J.N. Dixey** (Bruce 1966) a son, Thomas James, on 5th January 1993.

**A. Falcon** (Chatham 1977) a daughter, Ruby, on 1st February 1993.

**J.W.H. Fitzherbert** (Bruce 1976) a daughter, Jessica Frances, on 4th May 1992.

**C.D. Forbes Adam** (Bruce 1975) a daughter, Charlotte Irene, on 21st October 1992.

**C.J. Goldingham** (Cobham 1967) a son, John, on 28th April 1992.

**R.S. Greenwell** (Chatham 1973) twin daughters, Louise and Libia in 1989 and a son, Thomas in 1992.

**A.J. Kinahan** (Lyttelton 1969) a son, Peter, on 15th June 1992.

**D.deB. Kinahan** (Temple 1975) a daughter, Eliza Emma Margherite, on 24th February 1993.

**C.C.F. Krabbe** (Bruce 1981) a daughter, Polly Susannah Elizabeth, on 4th March 1993.

**A.J. Shepherd-Barron** (Walpole 1977) a daughter, Annabel Catherine, on 2nd November 1992.

**R.C. Waterbury** (Chatham 1964) a daughter, Verity, on 5th April 1990.

**M.J.P. Wright** (Chandos 1972) a daughter, Camilla, on 13th September 1991.

**R.R.N. Yeoward** (Chatham 1981) a daughter, Roseanna Alicia, on 29th November 1992.

**T.C.W. Yerburch** (Bruce 1981) two sons, Edward Charles, on 1st May 1991, and William Peter on 21st November 1992.

## MARRIAGES

**P.H. Browning** (Chatham 1963) to Deborah Beauchamp, on 27th July 1978

**J.A.M.B. Campbell** (Walpole 1974) to Carola Denham, on 6th February 1993.

**T.M. de St. Croix** (Cobham 1981) to Ann Thomas, on 3rd October 1992.

**R.S. Drummond-Hay** (Chandos 1986) to Jules E. Roberts, on 19th October 1992.

**F.G. Foster** (Grenville 1984) to Lorna Ann Spencer, on 4th July 1992.

**D.W.J. Garrett** (Grenville 1964) to Jane Hurst, on 18th December 1992.

**P.J. Harkness** (Temple 1950) to Jeanne van Cauwenbergh, on 26th April 1990.

**J.T. Hobday** (Chandos 1984) to Fiona Watson, on 8th August 1992.

**A.M. Jones** (Grenville 1986) to Jane A. Strangman (Stanhope 1991), on 12th September 1992.

**Charlotte S. Le Vay Lawrence** (Stanhope 1983) to Andrew Collins, on 12th March 1992.

**C.J. Lockart-Mummery** (Grafton 1964) to Lou Putley, on 4th February 1993.

**Belinda C. Neale** (Stanhope 1985) to Michael Chattey, on 13th February 1993.

**S.J.M. Richards** (Grafton 1977) to Venessa Ann Crofts-Dunlop, on 12th February 1993.

**J.H. Ross** (Bruce 1982) to Amanda Watt, on 1st May 1993.

**A.E.H. Worsley** (Grafton 1978) to Joanna Stainton, on 20th February 1993.

## DEATHS

**G.R. Beeley** (Temple 1957) on 17th February 1993.

**E.H. Boyd** (Staff 1947) has died in Tasmania.

**B.P. Brooke** (Chandos 1927) on 12th January 1993.

**W.M.B. Chamberlain** (Chatham 1981) in February 1993.

**A.E. Cheshire** (Chatham 1927) on 18th December 1992.

**R.S. Cross** (Temple 1943) on 29th October 1992.

**J.E. Dawson** (Temple 1927) one of the first 99, on 15th January 1993.

**J.R.L. Gale** (Cobham 1939) on 28th December 1992.

**P.N. Hawkins** (Bruce 1959) on 6th June 1992.

**B.R.S. Houghton** (Cobham 1929) on 19th November 1992.

**C.F. Legh** (formerly C.F. Boughton) (Chandos 1940) on 1st December 1992.

**G.D.E. Lutyens-Humfrey** (Chatham 1945) on 5th November 1992.

**The Earl of Macclesfield** (formerly G.R.A.T. Parker) (Grenville 1932) on 7th December 1992.

**C.C.H.M. Morgan** (Temple 1938) on 1st January 1993.

**H.G. Morison** (Grenville 1929) on 22nd September 1992.

**R.C.S.E.P. Pennoyer** (Temple 1936) on 10th November 1992.

**G.F.E. Rudé** (Staff 1931-1935) on 8th January 1993.

**I.A.P. Rumsey** (Grenville 1942) on 29th January 1992.

**D. Russell-Davis** (Chandos 1931) on 3rd February 1993.

**Sir Bryan Sanderson** (F.P.B.) (Chandos 1926) on 4th December 1992.

**D.T.M. Service** (Walpole 1945) on 9th November 1992.

**P.V. Sinclair** (Chandos 1958) died in 1992.

**J.R.C. Tonson-Rye** (Cobham 1927) on 26th July 1992.

**J.W. Willans** (Chatham 1927) on 17th August 1992.



