

THE STOIC



Number Four

JULY 1924



[Photo, Chapman, Buckingham.

THE AVENUE.

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VOL. I

JULY, 1924

No. 4

THE AVENUE

ON July 17th His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur of Connaught, handed over to us the title deeds of the Avenue, which after being threatened with destruction was recently bought by a hundred and sixty Old Etonians for presentation in the name of their School to Stowe. It is not easy to express what we here feel about this action of the Etonians. If we had had the smallest claim upon them, the smallest right to suppose that our new School should be of special interest to their old School, their gift would have been harder to accept and easier to acknowledge. But since it came to us when we did not know where to look for help, came unasked, unexpected and undeserved, to accept it—and to accept it without embarrassment—is easy, but to acknowledge it rightly is for ever impossible. We have a special debt to pay to the Vice-Provost of Eton (to whose love for all that is beautiful in nature and in the thoughts and actions of men the Avenue to no small extent owes its existence), but it is a debt of the kind which can never be repaid, and the Vice-Provost himself knows that the power and not the will is lacking to us.

The letter which the School has addressed to Eton gives formal expression of our gratitude, and with that we must be perforce content; but in this place it is perhaps fitting for us to add that though it is the present generation of Stoics which has signed the letter, we have signed it on behalf of the future generations too. They would have spoken through us on the 17th had they been able, and the words which they would have wished us to say for them we can easily guess. They have been said many times at Stowe already, and will many times be said again. They may fitly be printed here, for though they are short they mean much—*Floreat Etona*.

THE CEREMONY ON JULY 17th.

His Royal Highness, who arrived with Lord Cottesloe and Lord Lincolnshire, was received at the Lodge Gates by Lord Gisborough and the Governors of Stowe, by the Vice-Provost of Eton, the Captain

of the School and the Captain of the Oppidans (representing Eton), and by the Headmaster and the two Senior Prefects (representing Stowe). He there unveiled the tablet which has been erected to commemorate the gift of the Etonians, and opened the new Gates which have been presented by a friend of the School in memory of an old Wykehamist—his son—who was killed in the war. His Royal Highness said :

'This inscription records the purchase of Stowe Avenue by 160 Old Etonians and its presentation to Stowe School. On behalf of my brother-Etonians by whom this gift has been made, and of my school in whose name they have made it, I have pleasure in unveiling the tablet which commemorates their action.'

The inscription reads :

MCMXXIV
HAS ARBORES REDEMPHAS
NE LOQUENTIUM COMARUM INTERCIDERET VOX
NASCENTI SCHOLAE TRADIDERUNT
ILLUD PRECANTES UT PERSTET ET PRAESTET
ETONENSES
A.D. XVI. KAL. SEPT.

Prince Arthur then drove down the whole length of the Avenue, Eton ribbon floating from both sides of his car, and through the Corinthian Arch to the North Front. The School had lined up to receive him, and gave him three cheers as he drew up at the steps. The speeches were made from the South Front, and so amplified by wireless that everyone in the large circle of chairs (a thousand or more) was able to hear them, until the funnels of the loud-speakers became filled with water. The rain began early in the proceedings, but did not become heavy till the middle of Lord Cottesloe's speech. His Royal Highness said :

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to assure you what intense pleasure it has afforded me to come here to-day, and how deeply sensible I am of the honour conferred upon me by having been invited to act as Spokesman on this historic occasion. Quite frankly, I would have wished that some other Old Etonian was taking my place to-day, who could have done better justice in well-rounded and polished phrases in expressing to the Governing Body of Stowe School our great appreciation of their acceptance of the gift which the old Foundation is to-day giving to the new, and I trust that you will forgive me if I do not rise to flights of oratory worthy of such an auspicious occasion.

I accepted the invitation of Mr. Roxburgh to take the chief part in this ceremony to-day with considerable diffidence, as I come among you as what I might describe as quite an obscure Old Etonian, and my only excuse for being so much in the limelight this afternoon is that I can claim to belong to the most ancient Old Etonian family in existence through my descent from Henry of Windsor, sixth of the name, 'that good and holy youth' who was the founder of Eton College in the year 1440.

Eton has ever been closely connected with the reigning house since those days, and I should like to remind you of the great personal interest which Her Majesty The Queen has taken in this scheme for the saving of this famous Avenue for the benefit of present and future generations of Stowe School.

One of the chief glories of Eton is the priceless possession of the beautiful trees in the Playing Fields, without which the atmosphere, so difficult to define, and yet such a feature in Eton life, would be sadly lacking; the same reason no doubt prompted the Old Etonians who were the originators of this idea, to save the setting which would have been such a sad loss to your school, and I take this opportunity of congratulating the donors on the public spirit and truly happy thought which has now resulted in the preservation of this landmark for all time.

This is not the place or the occasion on which to enter into a lengthy discussion on the advantages or disadvantages of a public school education. But I can safely say this, that taking all things into consideration, the curriculum and training of the old public school has stood the test. As a soldier, may I be permitted to make this analogy—the small professional army which went out to France in 1914 was imbued with great traditions and permeated with a wonderful 'esprit de corps' which enabled it to fight against overwhelming odds until the new armies arrived to take its place. These new soldiers of the Empire had imbibed these old traditions, the same 'esprit de corps,' and rivalled the deeds of those who had gone under in the earlier stages of the great struggle. The whole history of the war at all events proved that the corner-stone of our military organization had been well and truly laid.

Might I therefore venture to suggest that in a similar way the old traditions and 'esprit de corps' which have been such a source of strength and pride to the old public schools will serve as a model to schools like yours of more recent date, and that the same ideals and the old spirit will continue to grow from strength to strength and adapt themselves to more modern conditions in this ever changing world in which we live.

There is a subtle bond which unites Old Etonians all the world over, and I hope and feel sure that in due course the same ties, the same pride in their 'Alma Mater' will always unite all those who have started the battle of life in these beautiful surroundings, which I am glad to think have been kept intact by the foresight, generosity and wisdom of those who have contributed to make this presentation a practical reality this afternoon.

At the close of his address Prince Arthur handed the Title Deeds of the Avenue to D. F. Wilson, who came up to receive them in the name of the School.

Lord Gisborough then spoke in warm terms of the gracious action of Eton, and of the honour which Prince Arthur had done to Stowe in consenting to make the presentation. He referred to the great need for a new English Public School, of which the entry list for Stowe was evidence, and promised that we here would do our best to make our new foundation not quite unworthy of its older and more famous brothers. He concluded by asking for three cheers for Eton, and these were given with enthusiasm.

Lord Cottesloe, speaking as an old Etonian, as the Lord Lieutenant of the County and as a friend and neighbour of Stowe, referred to the great historical traditions connected with the buildings to which the new School had succeeded, and to the fitness of a gift made by the old and great foundation in the South of the County to the new one on its Northern border. Lord Cottesloe, to whose warm-hearted support the Avenue Fund owes so much, had come especially from Bisley to be present at the ceremony, and we are more than ordinarily grateful to him for the trouble he took and for the interest which he has always shown in us.

The Vice-Provost's very charming speech was on the subject of 'talking trees.' He said:

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE HEADMASTER,

At the entrance to your gates is an inscription with the words 'ne loquentium comarum intercideret vox,' and it is about the talk of trees that I propose to speak to you, or rather, as I know nothing about trees, except that I love them, I will speak of trees in books. That again is too wide a subject, so I will take a single book, the Bible. The first parable, you will remember, is about the trees which talked. Olive and fig and vine refused the monarchy in short speeches of three lines, and the bramble accepted it in a pompous speech of five lines. But certainly all the trees talked. My next instances come from the book of Samuel—the general was uncertain when to begin the battle—and so he thought best to consult the trees. The order was, 'When you hear the sound of a gong in the tops of the mulberry trees, that is the time to charge.' Pass on to Isaiah and listen to the trees, the cedars of Lebanon and the firs of Carmel exulting over the dead tyrant and saying in the language of trees, 'Since thou art fallen no feller is come up against us.' Pass on to Jonah—certainly the gourd talked to him, and he loved its talk and missed it sadly—'Art thou so very angry?' said the voice, once and again, and Jonah said, 'I am very angry even unto death.' You see, he missed his companion the gourd.

In the New Testament I will only take two examples of trees that talked—first the sycamore which Zacchaeus climbed, in spite of the protest of the leaves. Doubtless the leaves rustled louder still as Zacchaeus scrambled down in answer to one who called him.

And my last instance is taken from the last chapter of the Revelation. The Tree is the tree of life, it stands in the centre of the city, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. That tree is growing still—in another city—it is called the League of Nations, and it is the only hope of the world.

And now I come to thank the Old Etonians who have given so gladly and generously, and amongst those Her Majesty the Queen, mother and sister of Etonians. And that suggests Prince Arthur of Connaught. I will not thank him, but I will only tell you that when I asked his Eton tutor what sort of a boy he was at Eton, the answer was, 'Oh! he was a capital chap. I loved him.'

Thirdly, I would thank Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, whose public spirited action made possible the redemption of the trees. Then I would thank the Editor of the 'Times' for his support, which indeed made all the difference, and finally the unknown Etonian to whom the whole enterprise was due. He is the most loyal

of our Etonians, and he does not love Stowe less because he loves Eton more. All British schools are friends; the League of Schools existed for centuries before the birth of the League of Nations. But some, I think, are bound by closer ties, the ties of brotherhood. Such are Eton and Winchester, and now also Eton and Stowe.

Finally, let me quote again the words of the unknown Etonian: 'I will give one hundred pounds provided my name is not disclosed to the public, in the appeal, the list of subscribers, or at all.' As the last thought, I leave with you the memory of those words.

The Headmaster, prevented by the rain from speaking more than a few words, said that (even had the weather allowed him to try) to say 'thank you' when one really meant it was the most difficult thing in the world. He hoped that the Etonians would take the will for the word, and understand as much from our silence as from our speech.

D. F. Wilson then handed to the Captain of the School, as the representative of Eton, a copy of a letter of thanks which all the present members of Stowe School had signed, and at the same time N. A. C. Croft handed a duplicate copy to His Royal Highness in memory of his first visit to Stowe. A third copy has been placed in the Library at Stowe. The letter is as follows:

TO THOSE
ETONIANS
WHO, IN THE NAME OF THEIR
GREAT SCHOOL AND BY THE HAND OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT,
HAVE TO-DAY PRESENTED TO US THE
AVENUE
WHICH THEIR CARE AND LIBERALITY HAVE
PRESERVED FOR US, WE OF
STOWE,
IN THANKFULNESS
FOR TIMELY HELP GIVEN,
FOR A GENEROUS THOUGHT,
AND FOR A GRACIOUS ACT GRACIOUSLY PERFORMED,
OFFER THIS WRITING
AS A TOKEN, BUT NOT AS A MEASURE,
OF OUR
GRATITUDE.
17th July, 1924.

THE FABRIC OF STOWE. No. IV

AS it is almost inconceivable that those whom I addressed under this heading in the first number of *The Stoic* have not by now acquired a considerable critical faculty of their own as regards architecture (else what does it profit them being in such a place?), I feel that it is time to turn from the buildings that are to those that are to be.

There, however, we are on somewhat delicate ground, as dreams—even the corporate dreams of governing bodies—are not always realised in fact, or at any rate in the radiant shapes of their first conceiving.

Whatever I may write about the academic castles that float above the glades of Stowe must be read, as the lawyers say, 'without prejudice.' The visions are so many and so shining that it is scarcely possible that they can all come true in one glorious instant and awakening, but I shall probably not be contradicted (even 'officially') if I say that the projected works include:

A new and independent boarding house on the high ground of the West Park, set with its back to the belt of great trees and overlooking the lower lake,

A new block of labs and classrooms at the western end of the present range (late Orangery),

A group of small houses for married masters near the edge of the property,

Some half-dozen schemes for minor additions and alterations on the existing fabric that will give more dormitories and studies,

and a number of (as yet) somewhat tenuous schemes that have not thus far been even worked out fully on paper.

Whatever there is to be said architecturally about the new Quadrant Block and the new classroom block just completed, they must say for themselves or be already failures.

What the waist-high sanatorium may have to say will also be said by it itself (I hope distinctly) when the last ridge tile will have been laid and the last scaffolding removed.

However, if the efficient fulfilling of its functions is paramount in any building, it is surely so in a hospital, and if it should fall short in internal 'commodity' the other two attributes of 'Firmness and Delight' held by Vitruvius to be necessary to 'well building' (that is architecture) will be unavailing.

If it should so fail, I am confident of the curses of the Medical Officer and the Sister, and shall certainly deserve those of the sick and the maimed for whose healing it has been prepared.

In the new and detached buildings that I have timidly mentioned as being in the beneficent minds of those who govern Stowe, Architecture will appear with a rather larger 'A,' for they will have to hold their own as separate entities in the distinguished presence of the great house, being no mere appendages seeking to dissemble their intrusion.

They will attempt a certain classic dignity so that they may not feel abashed in such good company, but they will avoid the folly of challenging a comparison or aping the magnificent gestures of the head of the family.

Even the Assembly Hall (it goes by a number of aliases) hides its workaday wooden body behind a porticoed front that will not, one hopes, be put too much out of countenance by the classical heroics of the Temple of Victory and Concord that almost overshadows it.

If it is, it can at least reply, 'Yah! you are very grand and venerable and stuck up and all the rest of it, I haven't a doubt, but what earthly use are you to THE SCHOOL I should like to know?

'You once housed fifty bicycles, did you, and six emergency plumbers once lodged in you, did they, and two aerobic masters once bivouacked in your porch?

'Well, I may be rather new and unsubstantial, and so on, but speaking as Speech Hall, Chapel, gymnasium, cinema and armoury, you just run along and try for a pension from the Ancient Monuments people, and leave ME to be the (temporary) Heart of Stowe'!

Any such colloquy would of course be a most lamentable breach of the good manners that I hope may ever subsist between all the buildings of Stowe, whether ancient or modern; but being an architect, and no governor or schoolmaster, my sympathies would always be with the splendours of the old heroic age, even when useless and desolate, as against our own more utilitarian achievements, if the interests of the two were incompatible.

Fortunately, they are not, and if for every new building that arises one of the temples could be repaired and given an honourable old-age pension, the architectural state of Stowe would indeed be most just and blessed.

Clough Williams-Ellis.

THE RELAY RACES

The Relay Races meeting was held on the 4th April, 1924, under cold but quite favourable conditions.

The first three events—the 400 Yards, the Half-Mile and the Mile—all fell quite easily to Temple, the only incident of excitement being a tie for second place between Chandos and Grenville in the Half-mile. At this stage, Temple led with a total of 12 points and Chandos were second with 8½, having added two more second places to their tie. The Two Miles was won quite comfortably by Bruce, Chandos again taking second place. Temple came last, and the points were now: Temple, 13; Chandos, 11½. So appropriately enough, the Composite Mile was to prove the deciding event. In this, Chandos led up to the Half-Mile, but were then overtaken by Grenville, for whom Feathers ran a very fine race, giving Murdoch an easy task in the final 220 Yards. Chandos finished second (for the fourth time in the afternoon) and made their total points 14½. Everything now depended upon how the last two places were filled. Temple had to be third in order to win the cup.

At the end of the Half-mile Temple were ten yards behind, but Body ran an excellent race in the 220 Yards and filled the third place with a margin of five yards. So Temple proved the winning House.

The final places were:—

1. Temple ... 15 points.
2. Chandos ... 14½ "
3. Grenville ... 12½ "
4. Bruce ... 8 "

BRUCE. TEMPLE. CHANDOS. GRENVILLE.

	BRUCE.	TEMPLE.	CHANDOS.	GRENVILLE.
400 Yards ..	1	4	3	2
880 Yards ..	1	4	2½	2½
One Mile ..	1	4	3	2
Two Miles ..	4	1	3	2
Composite Mile	1	2	3	4
Total ..	8	15	14½	12½
Order ..	4th	1st	2nd	3rd

SPORTS RESULTS, 1924

EVENT.	1ST.	2ND.	3RD.	TIME.
100 Yards: Jun. - -	Hyde	Sword	Reeves, J. M.	11 1/4
" Open - -	Robinson, H. E.	Jones, C. B.	Wilkinson	11
Half-Mile: Jun. - -	Bowen	Hyde	Heyworth	2.32
" Open - -	Feathers	Jackson	Bowie	2.24 1/2
120 yds. Hurdles: Jun.	Sword	Cowell, A. M.	Gadney	20 1/2
" Open	Croft, N. A. C.	Swaync	Robinson, H. E.	19
220 Yards: Jun. - -	Hyde	Heathcote	Sword	26 1/4
" Open - -	Robinson, H. E.	Jones, C. B.	Croft, N. A. C.	25 1/2
One Mile: Jun. - -	Bowen	Heyworth	Gill	5.56 1/2
" Open - -	Feathers	Hartland-	Drayson	5.23
Quarter Mile: Jun. -	Griffin	Heathcote	Gadney	66 1/4
" Open -	Hyde	Croft, N. A. C.	Jones, C. B.	62 1/2
Half Mile Handicap:	McCallin	Morley-	Curtis	2.22 1/2
		Fletcher		

JUMPS.		3RD.	HEIGHT OR LENGTH.
High Jump: Jun. - -	Cowell, A. M.	Ellis	Steavenson 4 ft. 3 1/2 in.
" Open - -	Robinson, H. E.	Harriss	Turrall 4 ft. 11 1/2 in.
Long Jump: Jun. - -	Hyde	Reeves, J. M.	Sword 15 ft. 3 in.
" Open - -	Swaync	Croft, N. A. C.	Jessop 16 ft. 3 in.

POINTS.

	Bruce.	Temple.	Grenville.	Chandos.	Cobham.
100 Yards: Open	—	12	9	—	—
" Jun. - -	—	—	—	14	—
Half Mile: Open - -	—	9	12	—	—
" Jun. - -	2	—	—	12	—
High Jump: Open - -	—	18	—	3	—
" Jun. - -	4	—	2	—	8
Hurdles: Open - -	—	3	—	18	—
" Jun. - -	—	—	2	8	4
220 Yards: Open - -	—	12	6	3	—
" Jun. - -	—	—	—	14	—
One Mile: Open - -	9	—	12	—	—
" Jun. - -	4	—	2	1	—
Long Jump: Open - -	3	—	—	18	—
" Jun. - -	—	—	—	14	—
Quarter Mile: Open -	—	12	3	6	—
" Jun. - -	—	—	2	12	—
Total - -	22	66	80	130	12

WINNING HOUSE—CHANDOS.

CRICKET

BAD weather did its best to spoil the first month of cricket this year, just as it did last, and on the whole it was a 'better best.' For the first five weeks we had an uninterrupted series of rain-soaked wickets. The bad weather seemed to have a damping effect on the batting right through the school, which was really feeble. The rankest long-hop, the most tempting full pitch to leg, were treated with profoundest respect. Altogether, a School innings in any of the first few matches was a very depressing sight, well worth avoiding.

But when the sun did come it put some heart into the batsmen and they began to score a few runs, and even to go so far as to hit quite steady bowling. The junior team in particular has shown itself capable of making runs, and making them quickly, if necessary.

The bowling is, on the whole, rather better than the batting. We have a reliable first pair, and the change bowlers can all take wickets on occasion.

The fielding, though going to pieces rather badly in one or two of the early matches, has generally been fairly safe, and has improved steadily all through the term. The wicket-keeping has been uniformly good.

It is, of course, rather early to expect any very startling results, and certainly none have been achieved; but there is plenty of good cricketing material in the School, and the outlook for future years is bright.

FIRST XI v. ETON MIDDLE CLUB.

The School played an Eton Middle Club XI on May 31st, at Eton. Wilson won the toss and the School batted first; of their innings, the less said the better. Wilson stayed for an hour and twenty minutes and scored 18, resolutely refusing to hit even the loosest balls. Pearson made 21 in good style, hitting the short ones—of which there were many—really hard. Gadney played two good strokes before being bowled. The rest is silence!

The School started the Eton innings well, getting three wickets down for 24. Then the rain came, and with it slippery turf and a wet ball. Middle Club knocked off the runs with the loss of one more wicket.

The School fielding was quite good, and the bowling fair, but the batting was most disappointing.

STOWE.		ETON MIDDLE CLUB.	
D. F. Wilson, b Thursby-Pelham	18	Pierce-Grove, b Wilson	6
Griffin, l-b-w, b Head	0	Goulburn, c Riess, b Griffin	5
Riess, b Thursby-Pelham	0	Head, b Griffin	2
E. R. Avory, l-b-w, b Thursby-Pelham	2	Thursby-Pelham, not out	31
Silcock, c & b Thursby-Pelham	1	Bradford, b Griffin	0
N. A. C. Croft, c West, b Thursby-Pelham	0	Bull, not out	12
Pearson, run out	21	West	} did not bat
Mayhew, b Thursby-Pelham	6	Jones	
A. M. Cowell, b Thursby-Pelham	0	Scott	
Gadney, b West	5	Kindersley	
Ling, not out	0	A. N. Other	
Extras	2	Extras	2
Total	55	Total (4 wkts.)	58

FIRST XI v. RADLEY GEORGICS.

The School played the Radley Georgics on June 7th. The fact that the visitors batted first combined with a downpour of rain at half-past three to save the School from defeat, but the play was not very encouraging while it lasted. Before lunch, accurate bowling and keen fielding obtained two wickets for 56 runs, but after the interval, when the batsmen began to hit out at everything, the fieldsmen became 'rattled' and thirteen chances were dropped, seven of them not really difficult. At one time sixty runs were actually added in a quarter of an hour. When the School went in two wickets were lost for four runs, but C. D. Harrison and Ling, who played with a certain degree of confidence, took the score to 12 without further loss.

For the Georgics, Mr. Patterson hit up a lively 62, but he should have been caught several times and towards the end he was playing quite recklessly. The School's fielding was not good; there was little of the alert springiness which characterises a keen fielding side.

Doubtless the enormous size of the members of the visiting team combined with Mr. Patterson's Free Forester cap to produce a grave moral effect, but the School's performance was, all the same, most disappointing.

RADLEY GEORGICS.		STOWE.	
H. G. Patterson, c Pearson, b Wilson	62	D. F. Wilson, b C. R. Patterson	1
Turner, b Griffin	4	C. D. Harrison, not out	6
Labouchere, c Balmford, b Griffin	12	E. R. Avory, b Makins	3
Makins, st Silcock, b Avory	27	Ling, not out	2
C. R. Patterson, not out	6	Pearson	} did not bat
Anstruther-Gray, run out	3	N. A. C. Croft	
Baird, b Griffin	4	Griffin	
Graham-Menzies, b Griffin	23	Balmford	
Mayhew	} did not bat	Sword	
Falconer		Wilkinson	
A. N. Other		Silcock	
Extras	6	Extras	0
Total	147	Total (2 wkts.)	12

FIRST XI v. A WESTMINSTER XI.

Played at Stowe on June 14th, the School winning by 70 runs. The School batted first on a dead wicket, and for the first time this term showed something like their real batting form. C. D. Harrison opened the innings with Silcock, and was seventh out. His innings of 42, though a trifle lucky, was invaluable. Ling, coming in sixth, made 20 in good style, playing with confidence from the beginning. The rest all made a few and the innings closed for 133.

Against this total Westminster could only make 65. This was due more to the weakness of their batting than to any special merit on our side. The field was badly placed and consequently the fielding was patchy, while D. F. Wilson and Griffin bowled unchanged throughout an innings lasting over an hour and a half. As an exhibition of physical endurance it was praiseworthy, but as cricket it was ludicrous, and against a side of any batting strength might well have proved disastrous.

In the second innings the School returned to their old methods, and were consequently all out for 47. With twenty minutes left, Westminster decided to play tip and run, played it extraordinarily badly and lost eight wickets—six run out—for 17.

STOWE.		Second Innings.	
First Innings.			
C. D. Harrison, c & b Grover	42	1-b-w, b Grover	2
Silcock, 1-b-w, b Dunn	7	not out	8
Sword, 1-b-w, b Dunn	5	c Dean, b Grover	4
Pearson, run out	2	b Grover	0
Mayhew, c Grover, b Clare	6	1-b-w, b Dunn	1
N. A. C. Croft, c Jessel, b Grover	3	c Grover, b Dunn	8
D. F. Wilson, c Rock, b Dunn	14	1-b-w, b Hawkin	6
Griffin, hit wkt, b Dunn	12	c Clare, b Dunn	9
Balmford, b Dunn	7	run out	0
Ling, c Hawkin, b Grover	21	b Dunn	4
Wilkinson, not out	4	c Sprague, b Dunn	1
Extras	10	Extras	3
Total	133	Total	46

WESTMINSTER.		Second Innings.	
First Innings.			
Dunn, c Silcock, b Griffin	4	run out	0
Rock, c Sword, b Wilson	23	st Silcock, b Harrison	4
Clare, 1-b-w, b Griffin	0	run out	0
Hawkin, c Harrison, b Wilson	4	run out	0
Grover, c Mayhew, b Griffin	2	run out	0
Porter, b Wilson	20	not out	5
Jessel, b Wilson	0	did not bat	
Dean, b Griffin	5	run out	0
Sprague, c Wilson, b Griffin	1	run out	2
Dunn, b Griffin	0	b Wilkinson	0
Morrhah, not out	0	not out	6
Extras	4	Extras	0
Total	63	Total (8 wkts.)	17

CHILTERN RAMBLERS v. STOWE.

On Monday, June 16th, the School played a team of the Chiltern Ramblers which included among other efficient players Mr. W. B. Franklin and Mr. H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher, both pillars of the Buckinghamshire team which last year won the Second Class County Championship. In the circumstances the School stood little chance of making a game of it, but they found the visitors' bowling strength too good for them and although the attack was modified after a few wickets had fallen they managed to score only 42. The Ramblers went in after lunch and passed the School total with eight wickets in hand. The School did not do badly to get rid of them for 160 runs, and in a second innings the School did rather better, Ling playing an excellent innings. The School fielding was improved and though a number of difficult chances were missed Ling got rid of Mr. Spurway by a capitally judged catch in the deep. Ling, Sword and N. A. C. Croft did best in the field. The bowling was steady at first, but when the Ramblers were hitting out bowlers were inclined to bowl short. The bowling was not varied very frequently: the first change was made at 3.20, when Griffin was relieved, but he was put on again, though obviously tired, in less than half an hour. D. F. Wilson bowled unchanged until 4 o'clock.

STOWE.		Second Innings.	
First Innings.			
C. D. Harrison, 1-b-w, b Whitaker	2	b Glanfield	0
Falconer, c Wilson, b Batcott	7	b Spurway	4
Ling, b Whitaker	0	b Whitaker	12
Pearson, 1-b-w, b Whitaker	1	c Aubrey-Fletcher, b Whitaker	6
Sword, c Batcott, b Trevor	1	c Trevor, b Batcott	2
Griffin, c Blanfield, b Trevor	0	not out	1
Balmford, 1-b-w, b Wilson	7	not out	14
D. F. Wilson, b Batcott	1		
Wilkinson, c (sub) Mayhew, b Wilson	1	did not bat	
N. A. C. Croft, not out	8		
Silcock, b Wilson	5		
Extras	8	Extras	6
Total	41	Total (5 wkts.)	45

CHILTERN RAMBLERS.	
E. R. Avory, c Sword, b Griffin	6
Mayhew, c Pearson, b Wilson	4
Franklin, b Wilson	34
Spurway, c Ling, b Griffin	29
Whitaker, c Wilkinson, b Griffin	17
Aubrey-Fletcher, c Wilkinson, b Griffin	34
Trevor, c Pearson, b Griffin	10
Wilson, 1-b-w, b Sword	1
Colebrook, st. Silcock, b Griffin	4
Batcott, not out	12
Glanfield, c Falconer, b Griffin	5
Extras	4
Total	160

FIRST XI v. THE GRAFTON HUNT.

Played at Whittlebury on July 9th. The Grafton Hunt won the toss and batted first on a fast, true wicket, D. F. Wilson and Griffin opening the School bowling. Runs came quickly at the start and a big score seemed quite probable, but with 24 on the board Captain Beach-Hay was very well caught by Pearson at deep mid-wicket. Two more wickets fell at the same total—one brilliantly caught by Wilson off his own bowling—six wickets were down for 31, and the innings closed for 43. The School fielding was good all through; Silcock kept wicket very well, holding two good catches, while Wilson and Griffin both bowled well, each taking five wickets for 21 runs.

C. D. Harrison and E. R. Avory opened for the School, but Avory was bowled before a run was scored. Pearson then helped Harrison to take the score to 25 before being bowled after a bright innings. The next three wickets fell cheaply, and with five wickets down for 32 the result was still in doubt, but Falconer played with some confidence and, though he soon lost Harrison, knocked off the runs and helped to take the score to 73 before he was caught at third man off a mis-hit. His innings of 28 was a sound performance.

After a truly glorious tea, the Grafton started their second innings, with a quarter of an hour left for play. Colonel Medlicot went in with the avowed intention of 'hitting at least one ball really hard'; but he did more, collecting 39 out of 48 in five overs, his innings including a six and three fours.

GRAFTON HUNT.		
First Innings.		Second Innings.
Beach-Hay, c Pearson, b Griffin	10	
Bradbury, c Silcock, b Wilson	15	
Medlicot, b Wilson	0	not out
Robarts, c & b Wilson	0	39
Lees, b Griffin	1	
H-Wake, b Wilson	4	
Clarke, c Falconer, b Wilson	9	not out
Atkinson, c Silcock, b Griffin	1	6
Bartlett, b Griffin	0	
Norris, not out	2	
Linnell, c Falconer, b Griffin	0	
Extras	1	Extras
	—	3
Total	43	Total (no wkts.) ...
	—	48

STOWE.	
C. D. Harrison, b Bradbury	11
E. R. Avory, b Norris	0
Pearson, b Bradbury	11
Ling, b Bradbury	0
Body, b Lees	5
Sword, b Bradbury	2
Falconer, c Bartlett, b Medlicot	28
Wilkinson, b Bradbury	0
D. F. Wilson, b Medlicot	8
Griffin, not out	5
Silcock, l-b-w, b Medlicot	3
Extras	11
	—
Total	84

THE COLTS XI v. ST. PIRANS.

This match, played at Stowe on June 28th, provided a thrilling finish, the School winning by three wickets on the stroke of time.

St. Pirans batted first and made runs quickly at first. Their first four batsmen all played well, but with these out and the score at 83 the cricket slowed down considerably, as the remaining batsmen took no chances. Such changes of bowling as there were made little impression and St. Pirans finally declared at the tea interval with the score at 97 for seven, leaving the School sixty-five minutes in which to get the runs—an apparently impossible task.

Silcock and Tickler set an example to the rest by hitting out valiantly and running everything runnable, and sent up 20 in as many minutes—good scoring, but not good enough to beat the clock. Sword, coming in first wicket, hit out with even greater freedom and put us on terms with the clock again. Those who followed played just the right game really well, till with the last over to come and seven wickets down we wanted 7 runs to win. Instone hit a two off the second ball and a three off the fourth, and then J. F. Marshall got two off the next to win the match.

ST. PIRANS.		STOWE.	
Brown, c Silcock, b de Havilland	20	Silcock, b Skinner	14
Skinner, b Instone	19	Tickler, run out	19
Swain, c Silcock, b Gill	15	Sword, run out	32
Pope, run out	7	Body, l-b-w, b Skinner	10
Knox, c Silcock, b Instone	18	Pearson, c Pope, b Swain	3
Hird, st Silcock, b Gill	0	Gill, c Pope, b Swain	3
Lindermere, not out	8	Instone, not out	10
Cooke, not out	2	Farthing, run out	6
McLay, c de Havilland, b Gill ...	0	J. F. Marshall, not out	3
Wilson } did not bat		Toms } did not bat	
Noble } did not bat		de Havilland } did not bat	
Extras	10	Extras	0
	—		—
Total (7 wkts. decl.)	99	Total (7 wkts.) ...	100
	—		—

RESULT OF THE INTER-HOUSE LEAGUES.

Chandos	40 points.
Temple	36 "
Grenville	32 "
Bruce	8 "
Cobham	4 "

FIRST XI v. THE MASTERS.

Played May 17th and 19th. Drawn. Scores: The Masters, 168. First XI, 59, and 9 for no wicket.

FIRST XI v. SYRESHAM.

Played May 28th. Lost by two runs. Scores: Syresham, 71 (Griffin 7 for 30). First XI, 69 (N. A. C. Croft 24, E. R. Avory not out 22).

THE STOIC

FIRST XI *v.* A TOWER HOUSE XI.

Played July 5th. Won by nine wickets. Scores: Tower House, 24 (Griffin 4 for 6, D. F. Wilson 5 for 14). First XI, 101 (Wilkinson 24, D. F. Wilson not out 20).

A STOWE XI *v.* THE ROYAL LATIN SCHOOL.

Played June 21st. Won by 1 wicket. Scores: Royal Latin School, 107 (C. D. Harrison 5 for 48). A Stowe XI, 109 for 9.

THE COLTS XI.

v. Bilton Grange. Played June 21st, at Bilton. Won by five wickets. Scores: Bilton Grange, 73. Stowe, 92 for 6 (Sword 40 not out).

v. Bilton Grange. Played July 12th, at Stowe. Won by nine wickets. Scores: Bilton Grange, 51. Stowe, 109 for 4.

The Masters have played the following 'outside' matches:—

June 18th, *v.* Christ Church Warrigals. Drawn.
Scores: Christ Church Warrigals, 162 for 8 (declared). The Masters, 88 for 9.

June 25th, *v.* Preston Bissett. Won by five wickets.
Scores: Preston Bissett, 49. The Masters, 99.

July 2nd, *v.* Buckingham. Lost by 7 runs.
Scores: Buckingham, 88. The Masters, 81.

July 16th, *v.* Buckingham. Won by eight wickets.
Scores: Buckingham, 22. The Masters, 151 for 5.

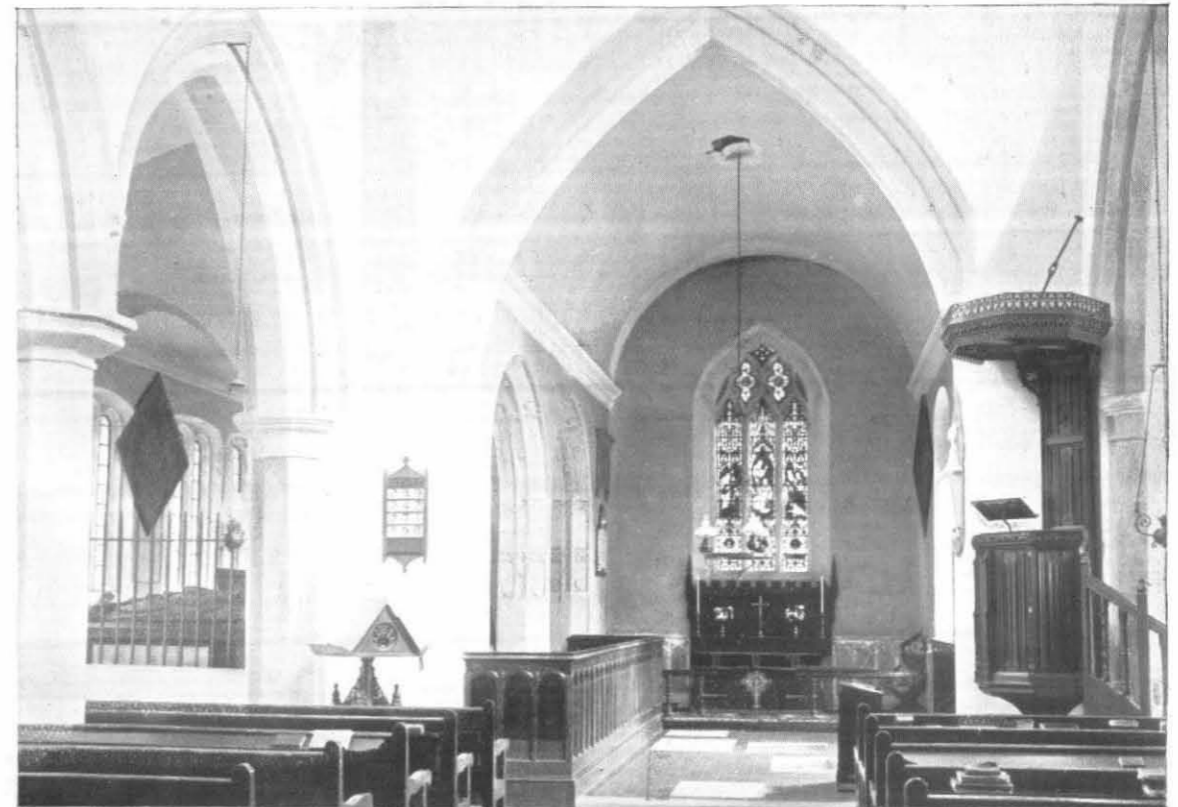
THE LAURUS CUP

MR. and Mrs. Riess have presented the School with a very beautiful silver bowl, which with the donors' approval will be known as the 'Laurus' Bowl and awarded each summer to the House which has done best in all the athletic competitions of the year. It will be inscribed thus:

EIS QUI INTER CERTAMINA NOSTRA
PLEROSQUE PER ANNUM HONORES REPORTAVERUNT
DATUR
HOC INSIGNE VICTORIAE
LAURUS STOICA



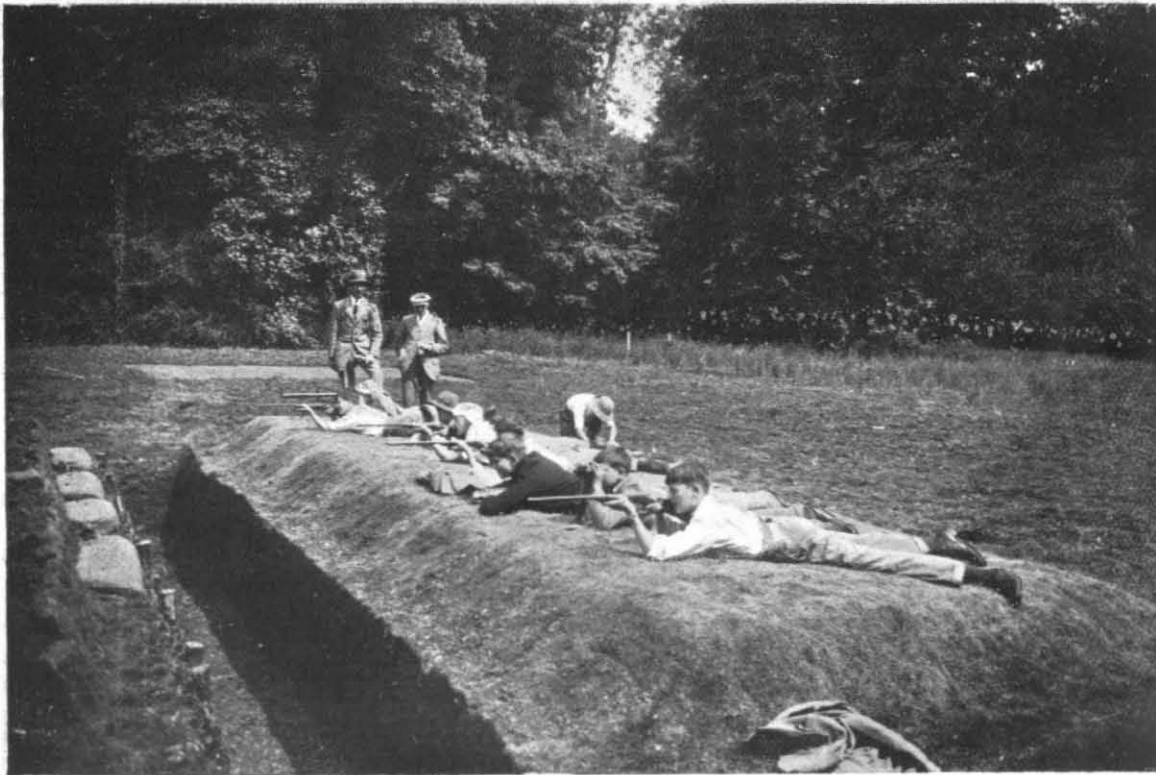
THE SANATORIUM IN BEING



STOWE CHURCH.



RIDING IN THE BOURBON FIELD.



SHOOTING ON THE MINIATURE RANGE.

THE STOIC

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The various cups will count towards the Laurus in the following proportions :

	Points.
FOOTBALL. House Cup	20
Leagues Cup	8
CRICKET. House Cup	20
Leagues Cup	8
ATHLETICS. Cup	10
CROSS-COUNTRY. Shield	8
RELAY RACES. Cup	8
BOXING. Cup	3
LAWN TENNIS. Cup	3
GOLF. Bowl	3
FIVES. Cup	3
SQUASH. Cup	3
SWIMMING. Cup, Senior (2), Junior (1)	3
	<hr/>
	100
	<hr/>

STOICA

SECOND Eleven Colours have been awarded to D. F. Wilson and C. D. Harrison. No First Eleven Colours have been given this year.

Every Form in the School has visited the Wembley Exhibition this term. The arrangements worked smoothly, and though the dislocation of time-tables was a trouble it is generally agreed that on balance the results were worth the not inconsiderable effort expended.

Among the visiting preachers to whom we have listened with especial pleasure this term, have been the Rev. Adam Fox (the Warden of Radley) and Dr. E. A. Burroughs (the Dean of Bristol), who, of course, is one of our Governors.

The head lake of the Worthy River chain has been run out this term in order that some of its superfluous mud may be removed to the kitchen gardens in the summer holidays. When the water is allowed in again, it is hoped that it will be a little clearer and that the whole appearance of the Seasons Fountain area will be thereby improved.

Ten members of the eleven have made a gift to D. F. Wilson, the first Cricket Captain in the School's history, to commemorate his two seasons' reign and to record their appreciation of what he has been and done for them and for the School's cricket.

After a good deal of debate a fairly satisfactory second eleven blazer has been at last evolved. It is feared, however, that no exemplars will be ready for use this term.

The Old Stoic colours are still being discussed, and it is of course more important to get them right than to get them soon. The difficulty is that almost all the tolerable combinations of colours have already been booked, and that the spectrum is not indefinitely extensible.

The Barber Reading Prizes have aroused a good deal of interest, and no less than sixty competitors entered for the two prizes. Some of them did not appear to realise the need for preparation of set pieces, and on the whole there was a lack of vigour in the reading. But the better candidates were distinctly good, and the competition will undoubtedly help to raise the standard of reading in the School.

Mr. Neville is the first Stowe Master to get married. He had the warmest good wishes of the School on the day when he took this bold step, and since we have come to know Mrs. Neville he has had our congratulations also.

The 'waist-high' Sanatorium will have grown a head and shoulders by the time that we go to press. If it is not to emulate the glory of STOWE, may it, in one sense, rival that of BLENHEIM, which Swift once called 'a house, but NOT a dwelling.'

One of the spectators at the Avenue Presentation is due to enter Stowe at the age of thirteen in May, 1937. What interest he took in the proceedings on this occasion is not known, but his comments at one moment were distinctly forcible.

The Charles Loudon Prize for Greek will not (as stated in the April number of *The Stoic*) be divided between Seniors and Juniors. There will be one prize only, and it will be awarded to the best Grecian in the School.

(The Editor regrets that his first notice of this very welcome foundation was incorrect.)

Sir Thomas and Lady Comyn Platt have very generously promised to give Tennis Racquets to the members of the winning House Tennis Team this year. They wish it to be stated that they do this in the hope that other parents may follow their example in future years.

Many Stoics will have noticed the new foot-bridge which spans the ditch between the Grecian Valley and the Bourbon Field, but few will have used it. There it stands, a delicate pink monument to one Bridgeman, landscape gardener of the early eighteenth century, with a passion for sunken fences.

Bicycles at Stowe now carry number plates, and can therefore be identified. Significant of this is the fact that the Egyptian Entrance is no longer used as a kind of clearing station for invalid machines.

Forestry is no longer confined to a select half-dozen of the lowest form. Three Sets in the Middle School have been studying the intricacies of tree life, but it is not quite certain that everyone can yet tell the difference between a larch and an oak.

Country Dancing came into being this term in Temple House Room and will develop, possibly, into 'something rich and strange'; for none of us are experienced dancers and one or two of our movements are rather peculiar. 'Brighton Camp' and 'Galopede' have been danced (with the aid of the late Mr. Cecil Sharpe's Country Dancing Book), and we shall blossom out next term into 'The Flowers of Edinburgh,' 'Step her and fetch her,' and a few others. With the help of a third violin, reputed to be a good one, we ought to go far.

There is such a congestion of Masters' cars on the North Front now that steps are being taken to ensure the safety of pedestrians. A junior member of Chandos House wisely suggests that *a great many steps* should be taken if Mr. Acland is seen driving.

(The Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The Eton Chronicle, The Carthusian, The Lancing College Magazine, The Stonyhurst Magazine.)

STOWE.

Hic inter saltus surgit nemorumque recessus
 Magna domus moles : templa lacusque patent :
 Omnia qua quondam late sine voce silebant.
 Clamores pueri, garrula turba, cient.

'TWELFTH NIGHT.'

The greater part of 'Twelfth Night' was performed by six different Forms on an improvised stage in the Music Room at the end of last term. Each Form was allotted a scene, so that during the evening each of the main parts was played by several people. By far the best performance was that given by Remove, a really finished piece of acting. The dresses were all improvised, and very good they were, with Orsino's Sam Browne as, perhaps, the crowning glory.

SQUASH COURTS

THE three covered Squash Courts now being erected South of the new Sanatorium are the gift of Mr. T. A. Miall, of Tunbridge Wells. They are to be similar to the private court of Captain Gerald Robarts at Lillingstone Dayrell, and as it will be possible to play in them both in wet weather and after dark, they will be of immense value in the Winter Terms. This gift supplies a need which might have remained long unfilled, and generations of Stoics in the future will bless the kindly thought and princely generosity of Mr. Miall. In the meantime the Stoics of the present offer him their warmest thanks not only for his gift, but for the confidence in the School which the giving of it implies.

SWIMMING

Swimming in the lake began later than we wished this year, owing to the necessity of making the lake safe for democracy. A wooden trellis-work was sunk on the bed of the lake to a depth of about 5 ft. 9 in., in order to prevent the stirring up of mud. A limited area enclosed by buoyed ropes is used, and this was swept clear of weeds before bathing started. Since the bottom of this part of the lake is fairly hard, the weeds were in fact few before the bottom was scraped.

Non-swimmers have been confined to the tank near the masters' quarters and swimmers to the lake. In order to pass from the class 'Non-swimmer' to the class 'Swimmer' it was necessary to swim four lengths of the tank—total distance sixty-eight yards—in one minute, forty-five seconds. At the time of writing about two-thirds of the School have passed this test.

An attempt was made to get an under-sixteen fixture with another school, but all possible days were booked, and it fell through.

At the time of writing the sports are a week ahead, and when this appears in print we shall know which House has won the Senior, and which the Junior, Swimming Cups.

A few members of the School can do a 'crawl,' but it is felt advisable not to turn the limelight on ourselves until we are older and more self-confident.

There is an admirable raft made of tree-trunks and a door clearly marked 'Vegetable Larder.' Not even McCaul-Bell has succeeded in sinking it.

Lately the Chaplain put in some good work in sowing some tares in the middle of the enclosure (the 'tares' being good thick poles knocked into the bottom). A platform, made of two more doors, was fixed to the top about six inches above water level. When one jumps off the island, it staggers; but as we go to press it is still intact. H.-S.

MINIATURE RANGE

The Miniature Range was opened on Wednesday, 25th June, by the Headmaster, who scored a bull's eye with his first shot. Since then firing has taken place daily, and several promising shots have come to light.

The House Shooting Competition, consisting of four practices, fired by teams of four from each House, took place on Wednesday, July 16th, and was won by Temple with a total of 201, Cobham being second with only one point less.

The scores were :—

	Application.		Snap-shooting.		Total.
	H.P.S.	80	60	80	
Temple ...	59	30	61	51	201
Cobham ...	56	24	66	54	200
Chandos ...	59	30	51	41	181
Grenville ...	51	21	59	41	172
Bruce ...	41	30	36	53	160

Highest Individual Score :—

M. S. Montagu Scott. Total, 64.

RIDING AND STOWE RIDINGS

If you know Stowe Ridings, you know a paradise for a man on a horse. In fact, I doubt if you could find in England a more delightful ride than lies at our door. If you don't know it, let me take you there on an afternoon in mid-May. We will pass out at the iron gate by the keeper's cottage, over the Bourbon Fields, and cross the bracken-covered, rabbit-haunted strip of rough ground that leads

down to Tile House Lake. As we pass, an old cock pheasant scurries across the path, and we flush a pair of nesting partridges. At the boathouse we may perhaps catch a glimpse of the lord of the demesne, Squire Robarts, by whose courtesy we are allowed to pass this way, and who seems to like to see the Stowe boys enjoying themselves on two legs or on four. Skirting the gardens and woodlands on the right, which in a fortnight's time will be a blaze of colour with rhododendrons, pink and white may and red sycamore, we will make our way to the fox-cover on the top of the hill. Here the hazels were cleared last autumn, and the open ground is carpeted with spring flowers—most of them blooming together this year—bluebells, orchises, anemones, forget-me-not and the belated primrose. As we stand at the cover gate we hear the cuckoo from a neighbouring tree, the drumming of a green wood-pecker, the more distant roo-hoo of wood-pigeons, and, if we are lucky, the jug-jug of a nightingale: or we may possibly see a good red fox crossing the open. From this point we may either pass right-handed through the cover, by the bridle-path to Hatch Hill Wood (where the wind-flower grows to perfection), or take the broad grass ride on the left that leads past Blackpit Farm to Stowe Ridings. Here we may gallop our horses to our hearts' content round Point Copse and Sawpit Wood. There was a time when the Dukes of Buckingham could ride from Stowe to Silverstone, some four miles by grassy avenues; but now an envious locked gate and a cross-grained farmer bar the way. We will return by the Ridings, past Stowe Woods, the private golf-links and the Wolfe Monument. It has been no 'hammer, hammer, hammer on the hard high-road,' but every step on the good green sward. However, all this is a digression: it is about riding at Stowe (in the singular) and not Stowe Ridings that I am asked to write. This outlet for Stoic energy, after some disappointments, has materialised. We have been well mounted on horses kept for the purpose at the local farm, most of them with previous experience of the Grafton country: and the riding-master has been in attendance four days a week. Some of us have learnt to ride, others improved our knowledge, and all of us have enjoyed the fun. No serious casualties have been reported, though I hear one youthful equestrian nearly suffered the fate of Absalom, and was left clinging to the branches of a beech tree, while his horse 'passed under him.' It has been soft going most of the term—too soft—but soft falling also on the Aintree course set out on the Bourbon Fields, where the patches of gorse are easily converted into sporting jumps. We have not been asked to give a Rodeo exhibition, nor, fortunately, are our horses bronco-busters: but there is at least one Stoic who may in time rival the feats of Snowy Thompson of Australia. Vive l'équitation à Stowe.

THE ARTS CLUB—AN EXCURSION.

I believe it was Ruskin who said that the High in Oxford was the most beautiful street in Europe. Whether we agree with this or not it is interesting to discover under what aspect it looks at its best and from what place in the street you get the finest view. For my part, I think that looking down towards Carfax from a little distance below Magdalen is the view, and the time should be just after sunset, when the towers begin to look dark against the sky. But if you cannot see it after sunset, then see it as the members of the Arts Club did when they visited Oxford on June 18th. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, following a

night of thunderstorms. Huge cumulus clouds piled themselves up in a sky of brilliant blue, and sunlight and shadow flowed over the buildings. Such a sky forms the most splendid background for towers and spires and massive walls, and those of us who had not seen Oxford before must have gained a lasting impression of its beauty.

We visited as many of the colleges and places of interest as was possible in the time. Some of the visits were of necessity very short ones; but even so they were well worth while.

Oxford was at its busiest, as the end of term was approaching and the streets were thronged with dons and undergraduates.

Our time was so fully occupied that it was difficult to do much in the way of sketching or photography; still some sketching was done.

It would be tedious to mention all the places we visited, but we saw the great Hall of Christ Church, and found the collection of portraits there most interesting. We saw the kitchen, the great staircase and the Cathedral, which is also the College Chapel; and then, successively, Magdalen, the Bodleian, the Divinity Schools, New College Chapel, and St. John's. We found to our disappointment that the Ashmolean closed at 4 o'clock, so we missed the pictures there, but we were fortunately able to see Holman Hunt's great picture, 'The Light of the World,' in the Chapel of Keble. This is the original picture, of which there are many replicas, one being in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We must not forget the courtesy of the Librarian of Christ Church Library who told us interesting things about Lewis Carroll and 'Alice in Wonderland' and showed us the copy of Magna Charta and Cardinal Wolsey's hat.

'Great Tom' obligingly struck (whether 'last' or no we did not note) just as some of us were sketching 'Tom Tower.'

The Club owes a debt of gratitude to the Headmaster for making this Excursion possible and for so generously lending his car.

H.N.

STOWE SCHOOL WIRELESS CLUB

The Stowe School Wireless Club was re-launched in the middle of the term with considerable and unexpected éclat. This event was mainly due to the irrepressible energy of the present Secretary. Membership was restricted to those who had made, or were in process of making, their own sets. Sleeping members and owners of bought sets were excluded, and the payment of the subscription in advance was a condition of membership. In spite of these restrictions, of which the second at such a stage of the term excluded more would-be members than the first, there is a membership of about fifty.

The old observatory was granted to the Club as a club-room and work-shop. Subscriptions (at the rate of 2/- a term or 5/- a year) and donations from benevolent patrons, gave the Club about £5 for a start, and most of this has been well spent in getting a really good second-hand carpenter's bench, and a good set of tools for work on sets. Tool-racks and shelves have already been made, and put up, by members of the Club. Members of the Committee are responsible between them for taking in all the periodicals dealing with wireless, and current and back numbers of these are kept in the club-room.

There is a small library of books dealing with the subject, lent by members, to be kept in the club-room during term-time. A table and a couple of chairs have appeared from somewhere, and one member has given curtains; it is hoped that more furniture will appear (either from official or unofficial sources) early next term.

A record book is kept of all the circuits used by members, giving circuit diagrams with dimensions of parts, prices and make of components, and results obtained. This should in time become a store of really useful knowledge.

Officers of the Club are as follows:—

President—Mr. HECKSTALL-SMITH.

Secretary—T. C. HAYES-PALMER.

Workshops Officer—M. P. BROWN.

Records Officer—R. MACD. BARBOUR.

Librarian—HON. G. C. S. P. BUTLER.

H.-S.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

The Club was formed at the end of last term, and membership was invited at the beginning of this term.

There is a dark room, situated near the Library, fitted out in the most up-to-date manner.

It is provided with a skylight fitted with red glass, so that there is a good ruby light in the day time. There are also two electric ruby lamps fitted on the walls. Chemicals are supplied free to all members, and each member may purchase for 1s. 6d. a separate key (1s. 6d. is returned for the key) for the dark-room. The dark-room is of ample size, and a good many boys can work in it at the same time.

The President, Mr. Whitaker, has procured a stock of photographic materials which may be bought from Tanner at the usual prices by ANY member of the School.

We expect that the dark-room will be used more next term than this, because a good many boys like to develop their summer holiday photographs.

When funds allow, it is hoped to get an enlarger, suitable for use with all common sizes of plates and to enlarge up to whole plate size.

The subscription is 2s. 6d. per term, or 5s. per year. There are still a few dark-room keys available.

We have noticed with pleasure that a member of this Club, W. Keppel, has won the first prize in the Stoic Photographic Competition.

E.R.A.

FENCING

As was only to be expected, the activities of the Fencing Club have been limited during these warm summer months. However, several of the more ardent 'escrimeurs' have done loose-play beside the Temple of Ancient Virtue

in a setting which, with its midges, its classic relics and its sultry heat could scarcely be surpassed even by the Midi in July.

The play of the more active members of the Club has improved. A general negligence of the elementary rules of Fencing has been corrected, and the foil and épée competitions, held on July 19th, produced fighting more scientific and more finished in style than that of two months ago. Excellent, too, is the apparent determination of the officers and the committee to make the life of the Club still more vigorous next term. It is even hoped that Captain Gravé, the well-known 'professeur d'escrime,' may be able to give instruction in October.

At a meeting held on July 6th, Mr. McLaughlin was elected President and Mr. Acland Vice-President of the Club, with de Amodio as Secretary and Treasurer. The Committee consists of Bowie, Brooke, Eddy, Howarth and S. J. Murdoch.

In the épée competition, Bowie was the winner. At the time of going to press, the result of the foils pool is still uncertain.

THE ZOO

Building, turfing and levelling have all gone on this term. A duck cage, with a big pond, now adjoins the golden pheasant cage, and this is inhabited by nine half-grown mallards born and reared at the Zoo. A block of five cages, each four yards square, has been built and wire laid underneath the turf as an extra precaution. It will be suitable for most animals, and holds pheasants and ducks for the present.

The deer enclosure now under construction, with its pond, will probably be finished this term. Four new huts to serve as winter quarters for the more delicate animals are on the programme for next holidays.

We have managed to rear about thirty pheasants, nine mallards, seven tufted ducks, five partridges, and a great many rabbits, ferrets and pigeons, including one blondinette. The squirrels are well and flourishing, and the golden pheasant is just getting his full plumage. All the pheasants have been reared from eggs laid by the pheasants at the Zoo, and so far we have lost only two from 'gapes'; the hens have been shut up in order to prevent them from scratching up the worms which carry the disease. Yadil has been put in their drinking water, and has helped to keep down infection. We used Yadil to quell an outbreak of canker among the pigeons; this caused a good deal of extra work at the time, as each diseased bird had to be treated separately.

The arrival of the tree-bear has been delayed, but this and other African animals have been promised before the end of next summer. Beavers are, at present, scarce, but we hope to get one in time. The laughing jackass from Australia is a great acquisition. It can only be exported to England for zoological purposes, and we are lucky to have it. (This bird belongs to Curtis.)

Rats have not plagued us this term; in fact, we believe we have caught the only rat that has dared to visit us.

Our thanks are due to Miss Curtis for a pair of ducks from Lake Formosa, in Japan, to Major MacEwen for lending us the hens which were indispensable for rearing the pheasants, and to Mr. Whitehead for looking after the Zoo during the holidays, and for the constant advice he has given us in our different problems.

We are grateful to Miss Whittington for her interest in the welfare of the Zoo and for her help in various ways, and to the Headmaster for his continued support.

H.E.R.

BOATING

The arrival of two nine foot pram sailing-dinghies at the beginning of the term was responsible for starting a boat-building rush. In a very short time the carpenter's shed was overflowing with craft of various design and in various stages of construction. The punt type, with modifications, has been the most popular.

Sailing has been found to be distinctly tricky, owing to the deflection of the wind by the trees and the somewhat awkward sailing qualities of the dinghies themselves; nevertheless, a small racing course has been buoyed and several interesting races have been held.

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SOCIETY

This Society was formed towards the end of last term with the object of reading and hearing something of the music of the various operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. In the nature of the case, there being usually but five or six principal and three or four subsidiary parts, the Society's membership is numerically restricted. The present members are Mr. Browne, Mr. Simmonds, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Wragg, Dawson, C. D. Harrison, J. J. Hartland-Swann, Hyde, O'Brien and J. M. Reeves. As far as possible members are allotted alternately a good and a less interesting part to sustain. A play is read completely through at each sitting and the more attractive tunes are played on the piano at the appropriate places: some members read their songs in the rhythm of Sullivan's music, the more enterprising, while confessedly having no pretensions to good voices, cast self-consciousness to the winds and sing them. The standard of reading is not at present high: cues are constantly missed, mispronunciations occur, and occasionally members' tongues become twisted in the course of a sentence. But all this will improve. So far the Society has read 'The Mikado,' 'The Gondoliers,' 'Ruddigore' and 'Patience.'

CHANSONS D'OUTRE-MER

(samedi le douze juillet, 1924, à huit heures et quart du soir.)

1. (a) 'Ich hatt' einen Kameraden' *Chansons Populaires.*
 (b) 'Tannenbaum'
 (c) 'Wanderlied'
 LA CLASSE D'ALLEMAND.
2. (a) 'Le Roi Dagobert' *Chansons Populaires.*
 (b) 'Bon Voyage, cher Dumollet'
 TOUS.

3. Scherzo de la 'Sonate pour le piano et le violoncelle' *Rachmaninoff.*
 MISS PAYNE ET MR. BROWNE.
4. (a) 'Vergebliches Ständchen' } *Brahms.*
 (b) 'Wir Wandelten' }
 MR. CROSS.
5. (a) 'Das Ziegelein' *Chansons Costumées,*
 (b) 'Die Sieben Jungen Geizlein' *faites par le*
 (c) 'Le Mariage des Goûts' *chanteur.*
 (d) 'Le Roi d'Assyrie'
 MR. FREMANTLE.
6. 'Robert et Son Fromage' *Chanson Costumée.*
Robert Creed.
Le Loup McCaul-Bell.
Le Chien Riess.
Le Chat Lucas.
Le Rat Goode.
7. 'La Marseillaise' *Rouget de Lisle.*
 TOUS.

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS

AS it is intended to raise a contingent of the Officers' Training Corps at Stowe next term, a few general remarks on the subject of the organisation and the objects of this Corps may be of interest.

The Officers' Training Corps, or O.T.C. as it is usually called, is organised in two divisions:

- (1) A Senior Division, composed of contingents from the Universities.
- (2) A Junior Division, composed of contingents from Public Schools.

Both Divisions are under the direct control of the War Office. The primary object of the Officers' Training Corps is, as its title implies, to give such elementary military training to the members of Universities and schools as will be useful to them on obtaining commissions in the Territorial Army.

It is important to note that the State, in return for the financial assistance granted to O.T.C. contingents, requires that as many members as possible of each contingent should eventually apply for a commission in the Territorial Army. A further inducement is held

out, namely, that cadets who obtain a certificate of efficiency (Certificate 'A') are eligible for direct appointment to a commission in the Territorial Army; while to the candidate for Woolwich, Sandhurst or Cranwell the possession of this certificate means the addition of several hundred marks in the examinations for entrance to any of these establishments.

While all this may act as an incentive towards efficiency with a proportion of the cadets in a contingent, there will necessarily be a large number who have no definite intention of becoming Regular Officers or of applying for a commission in the Territorial Army. To these, at first sight, there may appear to be no practical motive for obtaining Certificate 'A'; it is hoped, however, that the remarks which follow may serve to show that to every cadet in an O.T.C. contingent the attainment of efficiency has a direct appeal. To put the matter in another way: What is the value to such as these of the military training received in a school contingent of the O.T.C.? The question may be considered from two points of view; its value to the cadet while still at school, and its value to the ex-cadet in his life after he has left school.

Its value to the schoolboy is fairly obvious. He has the opportunity of acquiring, among other things, improvement in carriage of the body, the instinct for concentration demanded by close-order drill, cleanliness and tidiness of appearance, unhesitating obedience to orders and commands, the power, as an N.C.O. or cadet officer, of command. This last is by far the most valuable, as its assistance in the formation of character is considerable.

In the case of the ex-cadet many of the above-mentioned attributes must, of necessity, gradually lose their power or be forgotten. The detail of drill movement, the mechanical intricacies of the rifle, as years go by, will naturally fade from his memory; but given good instruction at school and keenness on the part of the cadet, there should remain two instincts which are essential qualifications in a platoon commander: the tactical instinct and the instinct of leadership.

How can the acquisition of these instincts be of use to the lawyer, the banker, the business man? While fully aware of the risk of incurring the grave charge of militarism, it is maintained that the need for national service, such as was demanded in 1914-1918, is not yet an impossibility. If this need should arise in his generation, the possessor of these instincts will be able to take his place, not in the ranks, where all that he acquired from his public school education would be wasted, but as a commissioned officer.

The training in the Junior Division of the O.T.C. is mainly composed of:

Drill.—Squad, Platoon and Company.

Weapon Training.—The Rifle; its powers and tactical use. (All cadets are required to fire an annual course of musketry.)

Lewis Gun.—Tactical use only.

Tactics.—Attack; Defence; Outposts; Advanced, Flank and Rear Guards.

Map Reading and the use of compass.

It is difficult to give any definite information at present concerning the organisation of the prospective contingent at Stowe, as so much depends on what number of platoons the War Office are prepared to sanction. All that can be said is that the House spirit will be fostered, as far as possible.

R.H.

BUILDERS OF STOWE. I

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Architects of many ages and countries have helped to make Stowe. But none of them occupies quite the same position as Vanbrugh. Opportunity was given to him, and taking full advantage of his chance he exerted his rare powers with such effect that we can scarce enumerate his works, so many and so ubiquitous do they seem to be. At Stowe a ceiling by Valdré or a cluster of columns by Bartoli are feats of craftsmanship easy to discern and to admire, but the triumphs of Vanbrugh rest on all sides. He designed the Boycott Pavilions and the Rotundo, the Great Library, and the Temple of Bacchus; but these are only a few of his works, scanty tributes to his genius: so far as Stowe can be said to be the work of one architect, and such a definition is possibly misleading, it is the work of John Vanbrugh.

Like Stowe, the author was a prodigy of the eighteenth century. Vanbrugh rose from humble origin to be the counsellor of the dukes and the friend of kings in a way no less amazing than that in which Stowe House came from the condition of humble manor-house to lodge the leaders of Society in eighteenth century England. No doubt both house and man owed their success to the age in which they grew to fame. The ways of modern bureaucracy are labyrinthine and obscure. To-day talent is frequently neglected and genius rarely found. But princes have been happy diviners, able and ready to satisfy their own whims and those of their country. And whether we are glad or no that Prince Charming found Cinderella or Louis Treize the Cardinal Richelieu, we cannot but agree that history is more picturesque for such regal 'cloux.'

Vanbrugh himself was the son of a sugar merchant of Flemish extraction. His mother was connected with the Lord Dorchester who was a diplomat of some importance in the reign of Charles I. The paternal grandfather too is said, when

a boy in the Netherlands, to have worked under Rubens. But the family was very obscure when John Vanbrugh was born in 1664. The grandfather became Churchwarden to a city church and spelt his name Van Brugg, while the father moved shortly afterwards to Chester, where he followed the trade of sugar-baker. In that town John Vanbrugh was educated. Details of his youth are scanty, and little is known of him until he went to France, about the year 1683. At least one author has said that 'history never repeats itself; historians repeat one another.' Biographers may be grateful that such is the case; they must realise the extent of their gratitude when they have been confronted by such a problem as John Vanbrugh, about the first thirty years of whose life scarcely anything is known.

Yet Vanbrugh must have shown himself early to be a man of culture, for the French Government selected him as fit for the Bastille at the outbreak of war with England in 1698. Voltaire in his 'Lettres sur les Anglais' admits his inability to understand why such an honour should have been extended to the young burgess. None the less, Vanbrugh did spend three years in the most select of French prisons, and came out eventually owing to his good graces, which had impressed the officers of the guard.

On his return to England, Vanbrugh held a commission in the Earl of Huntingdon's regiment. Henceforth he made constant progress. Already, in prison, he had written part of 'The Provok'd Wife.' Shortly after his return, he killed his man, the colonel of a Scots regiment, after a dinner brawl. A figure in a certain kind of society, Captain Vanbrugh frequented the Theatre Royal at Drury Lane, where Congreve and Colley Cibber were endeavouring to survive the secession to Lincoln's Inn Fields of Mr. Betterton, the most popular actor of the day. Delighted by one of the plays which he saw at the Theatre Royal, Vanbrugh completed a sequel after six weeks of work. His play was produced, and 'The Relapse' came into the world, assisted by Mrs. Vanbruggen and Cibber and Powell of the Drury Lane Company. One, at least, of the caste had been drinking brandy to the success of the play from six in the morning until after dusk, when he came upon the stage. And 'The Relapse' was successful; the Theatre Royal began to recover, and the name of Captain Vanbrugh was drawled elegantly and with pleasure even in the select precincts of the Kit Cat Club.

For the next five years the plays of Vanbrugh followed one another in quick succession on the London Stage. They were generally acclaimed. Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mr. Doggett acted in them, the town received them with pleasure, and critics coupled the name of their author with those of Congreve and Gay. But Vanbrugh was not satisfied with his progress. His place as a dramatist was high, but he was not the first playwright in England. And no ambitions could rest so satisfied; nor need they when a country is governed by an aristocracy or a 'despot éclairé.' Like the princes of Renaissance Italy, the great nobles of eighteenth century England were ever willing to help the poor artist and struggling man of letters. It was one of them, the Earl of Carlisle, who handed over the rebuilding of his home to John Vanbrugh, then altogether unknown as an architect.

The eighteenth century was as ordered, discreet and elegant as centuries were apt to be before they were turned upside down by democracy. But, occasionally, even the great Whig Lords allowed themselves to be surprised by some amazing and hitherto incredible event. Such was the Duke of Marlborough's march to Blenheim, such the introduction of pantaloons, such poor Mr. Coates' performance of 'Romeo' at Bath. And so when Vanbrugh the playwright built for Lord Carlisle a house three hundred and twenty-three yards long, replete with porticoes, columns and long gallery terminated by pavilions, society did not scoff, but was

eager to visit Castle Howard and in turn to congratulate and give orders to its architect.

For twenty years after 1705, Vanbrugh was employed in all parts of the country. He built the old Clarendon Buildings at Oxford, Eastbury for Bubb Doddington, Kimbolton Castle for Lord Manchester, and Nottingham Castle for the Duke of Nottingham. One year he even crossed the Border to rebuild Floors. In 1705 he was commissioned to set up the great house at Blenheim which the nation had voted to its victorious general. Later he built or altered Stowe, Grimsthorpe, Seaton, Delavel, Audley End, with other houses smaller and less worthy of mention.

The architectural works of Vanbrugh are so numerous that they testify at once to his industry, and to the esteem in which he was held by the society of his time. And this society was more experienced, more sound in the fundamentals of taste and learning than our own. For these very reasons it is a society which cannot be easily or superficially understood. But we should neither condemn Vanbrugh's architecture, nor the parts of the men who delighted in it without realising that we are often organically different from our ancestors. Modern cooking has played havoc with our physical, the Gothic revival with our spiritual, digestion. The tyro of a democratic age takes the majestic for the effete, the uncomfortable for the undesirable. My Lord Pierglass and my Lady Girandole saw their stately unpractical houses in another way. The absence of bath-rooms, the lack of bed-chambers did not trouble them. But they did esteem a house of great reception rooms and classic beauty, grottoes worthy of the nymphs, lawns where Mr. Pitt might play cricket, and shaded alleyways where the wits could jest and the poets meditate. These immense houses had faults, but they were the faults of immense men, the aristocrats, who, if they lost America, gave to Britain the best and most prosperous period in its history: without loafahs and cocktails, they almost made 'Latin an English language and port an English wine.'

At another time, a man of obscure origin and without degree or diploma might have found it impossible to become the premier architect of his country. The eighteenth century was big enough to overlook such failings. The fronts and colonnades which Vanbrugh built not only pleased but flattered his patrons, who delighted to feel that they strolled and jested against a fitting background; in a way, they always felt themselves to be actors playing to a respectful Europe. Vanbrugh's megalomania flattered the Whig Lords. In a letter to his patron, the Earl of Carlisle, he writes that all are 'mad on building as far as they can reach.'

To such a society the polished Vanbrugh, a dramatist turned architect, was invaluable. Regardless of natural limits and the demands of necessity, Vanbrugh built houses which in their grandeur and lavish effect were worthy of a successful scene-painter. Such art must appeal to an age of dandies; and every polished ruler of England has been something of a dandy from the days of Charles II down to those of Mr. Disraeli. 'C'est une manière d'être entièrement composée de nuances comme il arrive toujours dans les sociétés très vieilles et très civilisées,' has said a great French critic of dandyism. And eighteenth century conviveurs realised that in Vanbrugh existed the artist who could harmonise with their tastes. So they sported in his grottoes and took the air along his terraces as easily and triumphantly as figures on a vase of 'porcelaine de Sèvres.'

The disappearance of Vanbrugh from the eighteenth century world was almost as sudden as his rise to fame. In 1719, the year of his work at Stowe, he had married the daughter of a colonel of foot-guards. For five years he was engaged on various architectural projects which he had taken up. But he seems to have

intended to retire and live that life of leisure which delighted Pope, possibly his only contemporary among men of letters to become wealthy. It was in the February of 1726 that Vanbrugh sold his tabard to Knox Ward for two thousand guineas. Only six weeks later, dead of a quinsy, he was buried in the north isle of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

During his lifetime, Vanbrugh had jests made at his expense. Few escaped the 'mot' and the couplet in that age of wits. Even though Cobham was so delighted with Vanbrugh's work at Stowe that he erected a particularly large column engraved with an unusually florid eulogy in his honour, Lord Peterborough could only see 'Immensity and Van Brugh in every part.' Swift, too, made bitter jokes of Vanbrugh's work; though he may have done so on principle, for he hated 'Brother Van' as the friend and client of the Whigs. Indeed, after Vanbrugh's death Swift confessed that he regretted his attacks on so kindly a man. Pope praised his honesty, Voltaire his gaiety, Reynolds his artistic skill; and the eighteenth century loved him as one loves a discovered genius. These aristocrats had their faults; but they were the faults of great men. If they overlooked what we may regard as the fundamental purposes of life, we must remember that giants, particularly classical giants, are apt to be myopic.

It was a German poet who wrote:—

'Wo ist das Volk von Königen geblieben
Das diese Marmorhäuser dürfte bauen.'

We cannot follow further than the churchyard the remains of those who built the palaces of the eighteenth century; but may we not be glad that he who was perhaps the fondest of them devoted part of his life to Stowe?

M.C. McL.

THE LIBRARY

THOSE who use the library may have noticed that the book-cases on either side of the fireplace at the east end have been filled up. The books placed there are the gifts of Miss Willoughby. They were formerly in the library of her brother, Major Sir John E. Willoughby, Bart., D.S.O., and were presented to the school in memory of him.

A portrait of Sir John, mounted very beautifully in book form, also given by Miss Willoughby, has been placed with the books. This most generous gift consists of 502 volumes; it is for the main part an eighteenth century library, and contains several interesting and early editions.

Mr. Hayes-Palmer has presented five books by Sir Frank Swettenham on the Malay Peninsula; 'The Upton Letters' by A. C. Benson, and J. Ellis Barker's 'Modern Germany.'

Mrs. Henry Stopford has given six parts of the journal of Hellenic Studies.

The Agent in England for the High Commissioner of Canada has sent a pamphlet on Canada, and Major-General J. H. MacBrien the



CRICKET AND TENNIS ON THE SOUTH FRONT.



BOATING AND BATHING IN THE LAKE.

Report of the Ministry, Overseas Military Forces of Canada, 1910, and Canadian Operations, 1918.

The Works of George Meredith (Constable's Standard Edition), an introductory History of England by C. R. L. Fletcher, and 'These Eventful Years' have been bought for the Library.

We received a large parcel of new books in March, but we have only just discovered that this most generous gift came from Lady Grace Baring. A full list will be published later, as the gift is not yet complete.

We note that the card index system of cataloguing the Library books has been carried out recently at Lancing.

Nearly all our new books have been catalogued in this way, though possibly not many know that the system is in operation, or quite understand how it may be used.

So far our books have been entered under 'Authors.' The card gives also titles of works, publisher, number of volume and the shelf the book should be found on; all cases being numbered. It is therefore important in returning books to place them on the same shelf that they were taken from. A new 'Library Book' has been added to the Library for entering the names of those who take out books, and the Head Master has given a most useful desk for it to be placed upon.

It is hoped that the keys now being fitted to the locks may be ready before the end of the term.

H.N.

NIGHT AT ALGECIRAS

AS I stand on the terrace of the 'Reina Cristina,' I see before me a view which in its calm beauty is unequalled anywhere. Above the towering Rock of Gibraltar a great southern moon has just risen into the purple sky, from which sparkling hosts of stars look down into their own images in the tranquil waters of the bay. In the moonlight, which in its clear intensity is brighter here than ever in the north, I can see the graceful palms outlined against the sky, the white form of the fantastic Moorish hotel, and the quaint Spanish fishing-boats riding off the quay. To the left of the Rock I can see the white walls of Llineas, perched between the shadowy bay and the moonlit Mediterranean. A soft breeze brings to me the almost overpowering scent of the orange trees. As I turn to catch its odour, I see the loom of the Andalusian hills, which rise steeply above the little town. Across the straits, and above a great group of palms, I see, outlined by the rising

moon, the majestic bulk of the Atlas Mountains. The lights of Gibraltar go out one by one, the glare from the P.&O. liner off the Mole dims, and the wondrous sub-tropical night has at last a chance to show its gorgeous blues and purples. So beautiful is the scene that it is impossible to realise what it is like until one has seen it.

J. A. BOYD-CARPENTER.

A NIGHT RIDE

IT was late at night and I was still seven miles from home on an old and rusty bicycle.

My path was lonely, and I confess that I was not in the best of spirits. On either hand was a bleak common, over which the wind moaned drearily. Down in the valley behind I heard the baying of a dog. Suddenly in front of me there appeared a number of white, moving shapes. My imagination conjured up a hundred dreadful fancies; yet with undaunted courage I pressed on, only to find that it was some washing which was flapping in the wind, being hung up on a line by some wandering gypsies.

I started; something hard hit me in the face. With an angry buzz a big dor-beetle droned on his way.

My path now led me through a wood where great branches, overhanging the road, gave a feeling of solemnity. The moon shining through the trees formed a gossamer network of light and shade.

Soon I came out of the wood into a broader road, with hawthorn hedges on either side.

Tall and stately elms loomed up at regular intervals. Bats flitted to and fro in the moonlight, uttering shrill squeaks as they pursued the night-moths; while now and then from the mossy bank of the hedge faint scuffles might be heard, as perhaps a weasel or a frightened vole scampered to its burrow.

Suddenly out of an elm flew the shadowy form of an owl, winging its way in search of food, while many a scared creature sought safety in retreat.

The route was now covered with stones, and the bumping of my old cycle brought back more practical thoughts. I had only two more miles to go, but the western sky was overcast and portended rain. Soon the rain fell in torrents. The rest of my journey was downhill. I pedalled along the winding road at my fastest speed and arrived home safely, but drenched to the skin.

P. H. LUCAS.

STOWE CHURCH

STOWE Church is, at first sight, rather a plain building, appealing to the historian rather than to the artist. Its grey walls are covered with roughcast and plaster, except for part of the tower, which is of stone, while the roofs are covered with copper, now green with age.

The original church, consisting of a chancel and an aisleless nave, was built in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and the north and south aisles, the west tower and the south porch were added later. The most recent part of the church is the north chapel, which was built early in the sixteenth century, and the whole building was restored in modern times.

In a niche over the west doorway is a fine old carved crucifix of about 1330, and in front of the south porch is a much-defaced figure of a long-robed civilian of the fourteenth century.

In the interior of the church there are several interesting floor-slabs and brasses. One of the brasses is to Alice Saunders, who died in 1648, while a second is to John, son of Thomas Temple. It bears this rather curious inscription:

'HERE LYETH BURYED THE BODIE OF JOHN TEMPLE THE SECONDE SONNE OF THOMAS TEMPLE, ESQUIER, AND OF HESTER HIS WIFE. THE DAYE OF HIS BERTH WAS THE XXXI DAYE OF OCTOBER, 1592, AND HE DIED THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY IN THE SAME YEAR AO DNI, 1592.'

John Temple seems to have died ten months before he was born, but the real explanation is that the year in those days began not in January, but two or three months later.

In the north chapel, on a black marble slab, is the image of a lady with her feet upon a dog. This monument was to Martha, the daughter of Sir Thomas Temple and wife of Sir Thomas Penyston, who, the inscription runs:

'DIED THE XIII OF JANUARY, M.DC. XIX.'

Long ago, before the lakes were made, the village of Stowe had clustered round the church, but gradually it was pulled down until at length, in the time of the second Duke of Buckingham, there was only one manor left. This belonged to the Dayrell family. The owner was, however, persuaded to sell it, and the church was all that remained

of the village of Stowe. Of the early history of the church we know little, but it belonged formerly to the Convent of Osney, and afterwards to the diocese of Lincoln.

The registers date from 1568. The title-page reads as follows :

STOWE.

Cum Membris

Lamport & Dodforde and Boycott

A register of all christiannings and weddinges and
Burialls from the yere of Or. Lorde

1568

Usque ad hunc diem

21st diem

September 1623.

The only survival from the original Communion plate is a small Paten bearing no inscription.

The bells are reputed to be 'the finest in the neighbourhood.' They are five in number, and were made by James and Richard Keene in the middle of the seventeenth century. They are in the top of the tower, and leading up to them are two old ladders. A rusty scythe hangs on the bottom ladder, left, perhaps, by Father Time when he decided that the Church should, after all, survive in token of the departed glory of the village.

J. M. REEVES.

ROADS

O ROAD, thou work of human art, whither ledest thou? Up yonder slope? Through the river's silent valleys? Whither, Oh! serpent of the earth? Whither and how far?

For many years I have passed this way, for year upon year, for century upon century, for I am the Great North Road. I mind the time when the Romans were here, their chariots, their legions, they passed my lands. I mind the time when the Danes swept by, when the Picts on my surface hurried, when on me the Saxons tarried. I've kept my mouth shut, my eyes wide open, my ears tuned for the slightest sound. Ah! how good to be a road. To feel the bite of the hardened wheels, the pulse, the beat of the human foot. And I am the King of the greatest of paths, for I am the Great North Road. On my surface kings have passed; by my sides tramps have lingered. I see life

in every way, life in pleasure, life in sorrow, life in business, life in toil. Roads are many; roads are great; paths are many, narrow and wide. But I am the greatest of all, for I am the Great North Road.

T. J. FIRBANK.

A CLOUD

HIGH up in the clear summer's sky, there floats a solitary, white, fleecy cloud.

As I look, it seems to assume the shape of some fairy castle, with stately towers, gateways and battlements; then again it seems like the breezy cap of some towering mountain, whose base is lost in the smoke and rush of the world's life.

Oh, you buoyant, happy creation, floating high above the turmoil of all earthly worries, with your blanched face gazing tranquilly across space eternal! In fair weather you cruise in the aerial seas, thousands of feet above the hills and plains; in storms you break up like some floundering vessel being dashed against the cruel and craggy rocks, and white wisps of your once sunlit body fly away to fairer, calmer lands, far-off from toil and turmoil; far-off across the seas.

T. J. FIRBANK.

COLLECTIONS. No. III

BIRDS' EGGS.

THIS hobby appeals to the spirit of the adventurous, and more still to the sympathy of the nature lover. For it gives him an insight into the habits of birds, the way in which they educate their young, the places they choose for their nests and the whole of their simple yet amazingly complex life.

Another point in favour of this hobby is its cheapness. All that is required is a store box, a set of drills and blow-pipes, a few chip boxes and some cotton-wool or saw-dust.

Hedges and low bushes are worth searching for hedge-sparrows and linnets, holes in banks for robins, and holes in trees for such birds as woodpeckers, treecreepers, blue tits and redstarts. In barns you will find swifts and swallows, while martins build under the eaves of houses. Plantations of spruce fir are favourite nesting-places for song

thrushes, missel thrushes, chaffinches, bullfinches, wood pigeons, jays, blackbirds and the like.

In meadows you will find skylarks and partridges, and in ploughed fields plovers who, by feigning inability to fly, will often try to draw you away from their nest.

The eggs have been obtained, but what is to be done with them? If they are left in the chip boxes they will go bad. First put them in water in order to find out how long the eggs have been laid. If they sink, they are fairly fresh, but if they float the chicken is formed.

A good, simple method of blowing is to make a small hole at each end of the egg and blow hard till the sound of your breath coming through the other side tells you that all is over. Another longer, but neater way is to drill one hole in the side, with a drill varying in accordance with the size of the egg, and placing the thin end of a blow-pipe almost, but not quite in the aperture, blow till the contents have been removed. You then suck up a blow-pipeful of water and blow into the egg in order to cleanse it thoroughly. The only way to deal with those eggs which float (they seem always to be those of the rarest birds) is to make a hole in them, put them into the nearest ant's nest and trust to luck that the ants will successfully clean them out for you. When the eggs are blown it is best to line the bottom of the store box with cotton-wool or saw-dust, making a hollow for the eggs to lie in, and covering them up with some more of these materials. This is a fairly safe method of storing.

When you find a nest containing less than four eggs, you should not empty it and pull it out, but wait and see if the bird will lay more. If it lays more than three, you are at liberty to take an egg, but if not you should leave it alone and console yourself with the thought that there will be more birds next year.

If you find the nest of a bird like the long-tailed tit (which lays anything from ten to seventeen eggs) with only five eggs in, it is sheer stupidity to rob it, because the bird is almost certain to desert, and you could easily take three or four when she has finished laying. When the eggs are cold it does not necessarily mean that the bird has deserted; you should wait and see if any more are laid or if the bird approaches the nest. It seems a pity that several people here are either ignorant or utterly regardless of these rules, for five out of every six nests on this estate have been robbed and pulled out within a few days of the laying of the first egg. Several fly-catcher's nests have been built near the Shop and the Physics Labs, and not a single chicken has been hatched.

Last year birds were few, chiefly owing to the raids of the grey squirrels, who have since been well-nigh exterminated, and a marked increase in the birds might have been expected; but the advent of 180 additional boys seems to have done more harm than the squirrels.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless boy,' those mother-birds who know Gray's odes are crying: henceforth may no collector draw this curse upon him!

'BLANCHETAQUE.'

THE SENTINEL

THE sentinel stood on a hill overlooking the plain of the river Euphrates. Far below spread out over the plain lay the Roman camp. Slowly night crept over the vaulted firmament. Here and there stars peeped out and twinkled to one another across the expanse of heaven. The camp was quiet and inconspicuous save for some smouldering fires. The tired soldiers slept heavily.

The sentinel drowsed: while the pale moon, moving slowly across the star-spangled sky, looked down peacefully upon this scene of sleep.

* * * * *

The misty dawn stole over the hills, and the sentinel awoke from his slumber.

All round was quiet: but he was troubled. Why did nobody call him? Why did nobody relieve his vigil? His fear redoubling within, he leaped to his feet. Then running to the summit of the hill he gazed about him breathlessly. Below lay the ruins of his army. The Parthians had attacked in the night and left not a Roman alive. The bodies of his countrymen lay strewn upon the ground in grim array.

The sentinel viewed the scene of desolation and shuddered.

P. H. LUCAS.

NOCTURNE

FAR away in the distance the hills are turning to a sombre purple. Their craggy lines are thrown into relief against the flushed pink of the sky. Further down the dark slopes a wood of black firs casts long shadows over the turf. The trickling, splashing waters of a brook tinkle into a dusky lake. A dim fox creeps from its lair between two rocks. Some rabbits start their gambols, but vanish with a whisk of

white on the stealthy approach of a weasel. The moon slowly rises from behind the crest of some tumbling hills; a wisp of cloud straggles across its surface. In the sudden darkness an owl swoops down upon a food-hunting field-mouse. The stars begin to blink on a hunting world beneath. Night has come.

T. J. FIRBANK.

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE*

A REVIEW.

This is a book by the architect of Stowe.* It has therefore a peculiar interest for all of us. But even among the reading public few could fail to be interested by this brilliant and original study of architecture, written at a time when architecture is winning again her true place among the arts.

England has emerged from an epoch of particularly bad buildings. It is curious that the Victorians, while expressing themselves with success through many mediums, failed entirely in their architectural efforts. Possibly they were too wayward, possibly too well fed to produce great houses and eminent architects. Certainly in Oxford Street and the Railway Termini, Art has had her revenge for the Industrial Revolution.

History teaches us that it is the custom of men to condemn the fashions of their grandfathers. So we should walk delicately along the paths of criticism; even though Suburbia complains that it is housed unsatisfactorily and art-critics tell us that all is wrong with Eaton and the Meadow Buildings. Undoubtedly the courage of most of us will be revived by this book. Mr. and Mrs. Williams-Ellis spare Ruskin neither for his pompous condemnation of the eighteenth century nor for the singular failure which attended his efforts to replace classical art suitably and with effect. The upper French sets at Stowe will remember the soldier who declared that he would rather 'Mourir comme Pharaon d'Egypte que comme Saint Etienne.' It is to be hoped that the remnant of the Victorians think likewise: it can scarcely survive this portentous deluge of criticism.

The authors have written some interesting chapters on the trend of modern architecture in England. At present Romanticist, Classical and Modernist schools exist side by side in this country. No man can prophesy with certainty what lines English architecture will follow in the future; but Mr. Williams-Ellis has some interesting things to say on this subject. In particular he admires Sir Edwin Lutyens; and this book contains welcome details of such houses as Heathcote and Crooksbury which are still unknown to many. After speaking of Sir Edwin's plans for the rebuilding of Delhi, Mr. Williams-Ellis declares rapturously that 'We see him vanishing over the horizon of the future through a horseshoe arch supported by elephant Caryatides.' It is pleasant to read such praise for a living architect from the pen of one of the keenest of modern critics. The inventions of an industrial age have deprived us of few possessions more treasured than our hero-worship. In these times of broadcasting and cinematographs no man can aspire to be superhuman, since he can never escape the attentions of his admirers.

* 'The Pleasures of Architecture,' by C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Jonathan Cape. 10/6 net.

Robin Hood and Prester John have continued to be something greater because they were able at will to disappear; nowadays the world seems little better than a prophet's country to many of its great men.

Mr. Williams-Ellis can make heroes: he would have them humane. In one of the most fertile parts of his book, he speaks of the humanising influence which architecture can exercise in education. Together with Eton and Winchester, Stowe is mentioned as an example of the recognition of this influence. The praise is surely merited; but we may all the same be grateful that our work of structural restoration is in such versatile hands.

There is much that is a real joy in this book. If the construction is apt to be diffuse, the epigrams and theoretical 'nouveau-tés' are all the more delightful when they are found. Surely the author is wrong in denying architectural ability to the Celtic peoples. As he himself says, they have been too apt to regard architecture as laborious; but continuous wars and the impoverishment which follows such wars are responsible for the absence of fine buildings in Gaelic countries. Not only the calvaries and the high-crosses, but extensive architectural triumphs like King Cormac's Chapel at Cashel and a host of churches in Finisterre have survived centuries of destruction to testify to the Celtic genius. But this is no more than a minor criticism. In 'The Pleasures of Architecture' good writing is accompanied by clear print, exquisite woodcuts and some lucid photographic work. Such qualifications suggest the fine accomplishment which this book proves itself to be.

M.C. McL.

SIR ROGER AT WEMBLEY

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door. On opening the door whom should I see but my old friend Sir Roger.

Our salutations were very hearty, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand and several affectionate looks, which we cast upon one another.

On my enquiring the reason of his appearance in Town, he told me he had come to see the great Empire Exhibition at Wembley and desired of me that I should go with him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, knowing how he always wished to see anything that had to do with our Empire.

We quickly set off, and soon we were entering the Great Exhibition.

We made our way to the building in which were contained the products of Canada. My old friend told me many things about that great country, and assured me that the best way of keeping the dominions loyal to our little island was to abolish Free Trade. I was about to reply to this when he clutched at my arm and, pointing to

four lions worked in stone, asked me if I did not consider them worthy symbols of our great power, with many other prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After Canada we decided that we would visit the Indian village. Having arrived there I recollected that I had left my stick in the afore-mentioned building, and retraced my steps to gain possession of it.

When I came back to the village I found Sir Roger gazing with great interest at two Indians. Seeing me, he gravely told me that a man had pronounced them to be cannibals. I instantly perceived that he had been smoking my old friend; but, unwilling to hurt his feelings, I forbore to contradict him.

Before leaving the Exhibition, we entered into a restaurant, where we partook of refreshments. The knight was exceedingly interested in the girl that waited upon us, and asked her many pertinent questions. To this the wench was minded to give a saucy answer, but realising that his interest proceeded from kindness of heart, she was very civil.

We finally left Wembley well pleased with our visit.

C. B. JONES.

STOWE NATURE NOTES. No. IV

During the Easter Holidays changes had occurred in our bird population. Our winter immigrants, redwings, fieldfares, had left us for their homes away north, but visitors had arrived for the summer and their numbers were steadily increasing. Among them were noted swifts, swallows, martins, cuckoos, chiff-chaffs, redstarts, flycatchers and skylarks; the nightingale came a little later. The swallows and martins were evidently tired after their journey and were noted chiefly about the lakes hawking for flies. Evidence seems to indicate that they travel enormous distances without food and so on arrival here they must perforce feed well to recuperate their strength; that, at least, explains their proximity to the lakes and marshes where food—flies of different kinds—is abundant. The birds are often mistaken for each other in flight, as their appearance and aerial contortions are similar, but the swallow, unlike the martin, has a suit with two long 'tails' The martin, too, shows a white bar across its tail in flight which is unmistakable and characteristic. Both birds have dusky white breasts, but the swallow boasts a brick red collar, a delightful contrast to his dark silky blue coat. The swift is similar to the swallow and martin in its appearance as it careers about for flies, but it never hawks in such large companies as the swallow and martin; it has, too, an all-black suit, is larger in build, and twists in its flight more amazingly. It is said that the swift can maintain for a short time a speed of eighty miles an hour. H. E. Robinson has noted that towards dusk it rises higher and higher. A curious reason is suggested: that the bird, which has almost rudimentary legs, may sleep on the wing; for it is well-known that motion is easier at high altitudes

than at low altitudes. As night falls the swift rises higher and higher and, possibly, at a certain height, a very small expenditure of energy and a rhythmic nerve control of the wings will keep it aloft while it sleeps. This may seem a fanciful conjecture, but nature has many strange things to show. The redstart is not unlike the robin in that it has a rufous breast (but rather duskier); it cocks its tail, jerks its head and stands with its legs sloping towards each other just like stilts; its waistcoat is, however, bordered at the sides with black (not with blue, like the robin); it has a sooty black collar and front and a grey cap with a white peak. Mrs. Redstart is plainer with an intelligent twinkle in her eye as though life were a constant delight; she does, however, boast a reddish-brown tail¹ equally handsome as her husband's. Nests of redstarts have been discovered by Mr. Hart-Dyke, Turrall, M. S. Montagu-Scott and H. E. Robinson, but their location is a secret. Robinson's bird laid five eggs in a nuthatch hole in two weeks. Turrall saw one of the young ones after hatching; it had learnt to fly about the fourth week of June. The chiff-chaff is more often heard than seen: it is a small bird, brownish on the back and with a light yellow breast. Its song, 'chiff-chaff,' 'chiff-chaff,' repeated at short intervals from morn to dusk suggests that the bird has quite recently learnt the art of song and is determined that all shall know it. The flycatcher is a cunning creature. As he perches on the twig of a bush, motionless as a statue, he could hardly be suspected of his amazing dexterity in capturing prey. Long practice for generations has handed on an instinct for catching flies in a masterly manner. He does not hawk for flies like the swallow, swift and martin, but waits for them to come near him, then, when his keen eye judges it time to strike—a lightning dart, a twist or two, and the bird is again on his perch and the fly is not. Rarely does he miss his prey. When he does, Miller reports, the snap of his mandibles is so sharp that they click, although so small, with a decided noise. He is recognised by the dark dots upon his cap. The nightingale came late and a pair built their nest between the Temple of Concord and Victory and the Zoo. The male started his song about dusk; he has a repertoire of fine melodies, sings them flawlessly and with a measured beat. He was very much in love and kept up his serenade into the early hours of morning. When the chicks came he forgot his song, or perhaps the duties and responsibilities of parenthood were heavy and unexpected, and he could not sing. A second nightingale was heard along the Shalstone road on the 28th of June at four o'clock in the afternoon. At the same time a lark rose into the air 'Singing, singing, with clouds and sky about him ringing.' The listener was charmed with both and could hardly say which he liked best. The nightingale understands the art of music better, but the lark has a passion and an unpremeditated exultation to which the nightingale can lay no claim.

Birds are almost unique in their power of song. No class of creatures (man excepted) can approach them in sustained and varied melodies. As to how birds acquired their power of song, one can only guess. Certain it is that their reptilian ancestors had no song; but perhaps in passing from a creeping thing to a bird of flight they could only express their appreciation in exultation. How varied this exultation is we have had the opportunity of learning this term. Our choicest singers are the nightingale, the blackcap and the skylark. Two have been already noted, but the blackcap is decidedly rare and, moreover, much more shy than the skylark or nightingale. Its song is a 'wild pipe, full, deep, sweet and loud,' but not continuous like the song of the lark or nightingale. Next come the warblers: the willow-wren, the white-throat and the garden warbler. The willow-wren is

¹ The little redstarts have also red-brown tails (Rivers-Moore).

trustful, permits fairly close approach, and to appreciative listeners pours forth in delicate strains, as if in secret, a few short and rich cadences. Then it is over for a time and he continues picking up insects from the twigs until a fresh rapture seizes him and he tells another secret. The garden warbler is not so common as the white-throat, and he sings so like the blackcap that one might think the blackcap had taught him how to do it. The white-throat is an excitable little creature; his motions are wild and erratic, and he pours forth his song in a torrent of notes. The reed warblers and sedge warblers have fine notes, but spoil their solos with harsh tones. The robin, too, has some claim to be a songster; he is most delightful in the evening when he sings his few pure and clear notes in combinations of one, two or three in succession; sometimes he will open his beak as if about to sing and then stop as if he had forgotten how to do it. The blackbird has a few bell-like tones, deep, rich and loud; but he is a skulker, hiding and retreating to bushes and undergrowth, muttering harsh cries. All our birds, however, have some power of melody and what so natural than that they should give rein to their hearts in glad some notes when building a home for expected young ones?

The rain during the early part of the term affected our birds in different ways. Swallows and martins, which depend on flies for their food, could not start building as the cold weather kept the flies down; and a plentiful food supply is necessary when a family is to follow. Starlings, thrushes and blackbirds, however, were delighted; the soaked ground compelled the worms to live near the surface and the cute eyes of the birds could detect the many tiny heads of the worms just peeping out of their burrows. Food supply presented no difficulties. A quiet walk would be taken over the cricket field (in school hours), and would be punctuated by stops wherever the choicest heads peeped forth; at each stop a sharp dig with the beak served up as dainty a dish as any reasonable blackbird could desire. The blackbirds, thrushes and starlings have done well this summer and have brought up families, well fed and cared for. When the rainy season ended the swallows and martins started to build. The martin builds its nest entirely, and the swallow partly, of mud, and so both must have sheltered places. Swallows need little, but martins need much mud, and they could often be seen, writes Montagu-Scott, clustering round the mud pools on the North Front left by the rain. As the mud supply grew scarce there was great competition for it, and from their struggles one could imagine subdued quarrels and tiffs taking place between rivals for a fine piece of mud of proper consistency for nest making. At length, when the dry weather set in, the mud supply was so much reduced that a few birds could be seen taking mud from an oily patch of ground near the engine house; by this time, however, most nests were complete, and one can only think that the oily mud was needed for repairs, or, perhaps, to save the long journey down to Dadford Reservoir for the finest quality.

Many boys have made observations this term. Yorke and H. E. Robinson report that a pair of swans nested on the Oxford Water, and all of their four eggs were hatched. They moved later to new quarters, temporarily on a sheet of water below Eleven Acre and then on to Octagon. Robinson thinks they moved to follow the shoals of tadpoles on which they fed the cygnets. The family is doing well, and their education in feeding and toilet-making goes on apace. Other birds pairing, and observed by Yorke, include coots, moorhens, tufted ducks and teals. (Unfortunately the eggs were either taken or the young destroyed.) A young family of coots was seen on May 15th among the reeds of the Oxford Water. Five chicks, which Miller describes as being covered with grey and downy feathers and with woolly orange hair about their black beaks, were noted. Mr. and Mrs. Coot were in close attendance, snatching up pieces of vegetation or snails and pushing the

food into the ever-open beaks of the youngsters. What gluttons and what patient devotion! The young moorhens, according to Miller, are dark in colour, grey under the tail and have black legs. They use the water lily leaves as diving boards and become self-supporting at a very early age. One coot was seen by Miller taking her brood on to the swan's nest to pick up scraps, but when the rightful owner appeared in the distance all fled into the rushes.

One pair of tufted ducks, Yorke writes, nested near the Palladium Bridge, but had no family; a family of twelve teals were noted, but they all perished; it is not known how. Yorke has seen the kingfisher again this term.

Green woodpeckers have been noted by Rivers-Moore, who saw one emerge from a hole in a dead stump of a tree near the Gothic Temple, and by Montagu-Scott, who heard one in the first week of June hammering away as it built its nest. On another occasion a squirrel was seen emerging from a woodpecker's hole, and on examination five dead young woodpeckers were found. Birds, however, have other enemies besides the squirrel, such as owls, hawks, magpies and jays. Montagu-Scott has noted a little owl about the estate. It is recognised by its swooping flight and spangled plumage; it differs from other owls in that it hunts by day as well as by night, and has a characteristic screech: 'k-wee, oo, oo.' It has been known, writes Montagu-Scott, to kill and devour full-grown partridges and pigeons even larger than itself. In the day time it is mobbed by the small birds, who take advantage of its difficulty in seeing, but as it nests in rabbit holes near trees it has one safe refuge. Kestrel hawks and sparrow hawks have beaks like a parrot, which they use for striking their victims. Robinson reports that five kestrels' nests have been found this year; the eggs were, however, taken. A sparrow hawk's nest was found with five eggs in it broken into shells, presumably by the grey squirrel. The kestrel can be recognised by its blue tail and by its extraordinary power of hovering in the wind: the sparrow hawk also has a blue tail, but is striped in its breast. Both are entirely carnivorous. Montagu-Scott has seen a jay's and a magpie's nest. The jay's nest, built of roots on a foundation of twigs, was found near the Gamekeeper's Cottage. When first discovered it had one egg in it, and on a second visit two were found. The jay is quite common about here, but is a skulker and is rarely seen. The magpie's nest is similar to the jay's, but is arched over to form a kind of roof. It feeds on slugs, worms, and has been known to kill young pheasants and chickens, but not to eat them. The jay is all too fond of birds' eggs; it drills a hole in its booty, sucks out the juice and leaves the egg in the nest in pretence of being innocent of the theft.

While jays and magpies are dangerous to other birds in their maturity, the cuckoo is dangerous in their infancy. Montagu-Scott and Rivers-Moore found an egg in a hedge-sparrow's nest; they describe it as 'muddy-coloured, dotted and tinged with purple,' and it appears to have been a cuckoo's egg. The young cuckoo hatches out and grows quicker than its foster brothers and sisters. While still young it is larger than its foster parents, who exhaust themselves in attempting to satisfy the cuckoo's appetite. Finally the cuckoo is so large that he wants the whole nest to himself, and pushes out the little sparrows to starve upon the ground. It is a strange case, almost without parallel, of mistaken fidelity and unintentional ingratitude. As cuckoo's grow up they develop their characteristic markings: short black bars on a white breast. Turrall noted a pair in the first week of June. The two sexes have different tastes in colour; Mr. Cuckoo has a blue suit and Mrs. Cuckoo a brown costume. Doves, on the other hand, are gentle in their habits. There are many in our woods this term, and their soothing note as they croon to each other is a delightful sound. The ring-dove or wood pigeons, and others, are remarkable for their fidelity. The male is very courteous in his attention to his

sweetheart; he bows to her, spreads out his tail, or performs a few graceful flights to charm her with his motions, and when he has won his lady he is faithful unto death. Peculiar is the way in which the young are fed. The female produces from time to time a quantity of beautiful white soup, which she holds in her gullet, and, while her beak is open, the young dip deep down and drink. Robinson reports that both sexes of the doves at the Zoo sit on the eggs, the male in the morning and the female in the afternoon. After hatching, the female feeds the young ones and the male feeds the female. The male will feed the female with corn and in return is often pecked with affectionate gentleness on the neck—and he thinks it well worth while, too. Rivers-Moore recognises the wood-pigeon by the white ring round its neck and by its size, for it is larger than other pigeons; the stock dove by its pale grey coat and the turtle dove by its brown back, which is marked somewhat like a sparrow's. H. E. Robinson has noted the reed warbler among the reeds of Eleven Acre, and Rivers-Moore has seen one in the marsh below the Oxford Water; nests were built on both sides and they have a curious structure. Early in the term, before the young reeds had grown up in forest-like profusion, four reeds were seen tied together; later the four reeds supported a small comfortable nest about three feet above the water, but how the bird managed to tie the four reeds together is quite unknown. Three eggs were laid in the Oxford Water nest and five in the Eleven Acre nest; the reeds, however, grew up and being of the same colour it became difficult, if not impossible, to see the nests. The birds are small, light brown in colour, with a white line over the eye; when Rivers-Moore approached they 'made a very harsh noise' which he thinks is a danger call. Another pair has been seen and heard among the reeds in the Dadford Reservoir, but the nest is invisible. Many goldcrests' nests have been seen; Rivers-Moore noted two near the Zoo in yew trees; one had nine and the other eight eggs. They were preserved from the squirrels this year and young ones hatched out. The goldcrest is the smallest of our wrens, and its eight young ones, each about the size of a marble, nestled comfortably in a bag-like nest as big as a man's fist. The home was cunningly built of green moss, lined with hairs, and is not easily noticed against the greenery of the yew tree. All the common tits have been seen and heard; their nests have been found, and chicks hatched. Rivers-Moore found a coal-tit's nest in a deep hole in the wall alongside the cricket field; it was built of sheep's wool and the hairy seeds of bullrushes, plucked, we presume, from the lakes. The young ones were hatched about June the 20th and, like their parents, had a white stripe on the top of their heads. The coal-tit is acrobatic and enjoys a good meal of beech nuts and larch seeds. Yorke found a marsh-tit's nest in the hole of a tree on the golf links; there were eight eggs, but all were taken. It is almost identical with the coal-tit in its colour scheme, but omits the white stripe on the head. Turrall found a great-tit's nest in a disused private letter-box about a mile from the School; while H. E. Robinson found one in a tree close to the Zoo. The former nest had twelve eggs in it. It is reported that the population of great-tits has increased since last summer; there was no census taken but the tit is so easily seen that the impression is probably correct. He has a brilliant yellow waistcoat and a black hat decorated with two white side bands and fastened down by a black scarf to the outside of the waistcoat; a greenish coat with a blue tail completes the livery. He is the handsomest of the tits and has a dignified manner as he hops about the twigs observing the landscape. His song, once recognised, is not easily forgotten: 'fee-her, fee-her,' with a saw-like sound. It is hardly pleasant and not in keeping with his proud bearing. Robinson says that the young ones scream and twitter but are not taught the tit song. Two blue-tits' nests have been noted by Robinson, one in a tree and one in a wall close to the Zoo. These are the prettiest tits: their livery

is similar to that of the great-tit's, but includes a delicate blue hat, and their airy motions, swift, decided and unexpected in their topsy-turvy acrobatic tricks, set off its beautiful array most engagingly. Courageous and devoted is the mother, doing battle with intruders whether big or little in defence of her young. By this time (July) the little ones are going about in parties, enjoying life immensely, picking up food in the nicks and crevices of the beech and elm trees where they spend their first summer. Turrall has noted a robin's nest in the Queen's Temple; it was built in the woodwork of a pillar and contained six eggs. Wagtails are reported by Turrall to have built a nest in the passage-way under the steps on the North Front; it was 'about eight inches across and built of moss and sticks and lined with wool and hair.' Four young ones hatched out. Another one was noted by Robinson in the rafters of the Temple of Venus. It was built of moss, twigs, feathers and horsehair; five eggs were laid and the young ones fed on 'grubs.'

Plovers are fairly common this summer; they built very crude nests, often on fallow land; one seen by Turrall was about a foot across and built of a few roots only. A tree creeper nested in the Dutch elms by Dadford Reservoir and reared a family of youngsters whose noisy squeakings were reported by Montagu-Scott. Miller and others have noted jackdaws. Their nests are everywhere; a hole in any position will do, if big enough. Elm, beech, alder, oak and lime trees have provided sites; so have the avenues about the lake, the woods on the banks of the Grecian Valley, and the underdrawings of the Temple of Victory and Concord. Jackdaws are very much in earnest in their endeavours to rear families and are extraordinarily successful. The young ones have a quaint look, suggesting wisdom on young shoulders tempered by gentle humour; with all their wisdom, however, they are some time in learning how to fly. How they are taught is still a mystery, but their education is sound, and they fly well in time.

Starlings have been just as successful as the jackdaws; they are not so numerous but have the joy of two families in one season. They are devoted parents, each sex feeding the young. Miller reports a nest in a hole in a Dutch elm near the Dadford Reservoir. His attention was first drawn by squeakings aloft and presently a starling arrived with beak full of worms, looked round to be sure of privacy, and dipped her beak into the hole; the worms vanished and the squeakings stopped; the bird left and the squeakings recommenced, to be silenced again for a short time by the male with another beakful of dainty worms. One bird story is reported which is interesting. A swallow was noted on the 26th June sitting on the electric wires which run from the engine room to the laboratory buildings; he uttered not a sound and there was a sad look in his eye. Presently his spouse arrived and perched on the roof of the Palm House at a distance of about six yards. He quickly flew down and hopped close to his partner. She uttered not a sound and moved not a muscle. His tail dropped and he flew back to the wires and while pretending to admire Mr. Simmond's bedroom he kept his eye upon his love. Mrs. Swallow, meanwhile, preened her feathers in total indifference, delicately poisoning her wings and straightening out the tiniest ruffle. Mr. Swallow started to do likewise. She stopped and he stopped and he (becoming bolder) flew down to her side. Too premature! She flew away, leaving him eyeing sadly the place on which she had stood. Presently he darted off, swirled round, mounted higher and higher hawking for flies. Half an hour later both had returned and were sitting on the self-same wire, in the self-same fashion, and admiring the self-same window!

Moths and butterflies have been decidedly popular this term. Robinson, Lord, Leatham, Hayes-Palmer, Westby, Turrall and O'Brien have reared a goodly number and species; Leatham records the capture of *Polygonia G. Album*; he says

there are summer and autumn broods and summer members are lighter in colour than the autumn. He and Robinson have caught Lime Hawks, and the females laid eggs which hatched out nearly all together. (One presumes that the changes within the egg go on with the precision and regularity of the finest clockwork.) Argemnis Silene, or small pearl bordered fritillary, was caught after an exciting chase. Cinnabar moths are exceedingly numerous and Leatham reports that one female laid over 300 eggs. The list of captures is a long one. Orange tips, pearl bordered fritillaries, large skippers, tortoise shells, peacocks, red admirals, white admirals, brimstones, common blues, speckled woods, ringlets and meadow browns are among the butterflies captured. O'Brien says the caterpillars are conservative in their tastes and live and enjoy one or at most two kinds of food until they pupate. They do indeed enjoy their food, for their lives, as grubs, are spent in eating. They are little more than animated intestines! Dog violet is the staple food for the fritillaries; the nettle for red admirals and tortoise shells; honeysuckle for white admirals and buckthorn for brimstones. Many show protective colouring, the skipper is difficult to see when stationary on a nettle or elm leaf; it is brown and mottled yellow and green; the speckled woods prefer the shade and have a drab colour scheme.

The list of moths is almost equally large: lime hawks, elephant hawks, eyed-hawks, light emeralds, grey daggers, six-spotted burnets, mother shiptons, green foresters, white ermines, have either been seen or captured. The lime hawks, elephant hawks and eyed hawks are somewhat rare; a female elephant hawk laid two eggs after capture, which hatched out. H. B. Jackson describes a goat-moth caterpillar: it has a brilliant suit, yellow with black rings, is about four inches long and takes one year to be transformed.

Moths and butterflies form the greatest contrast to the caterpillars from which they come. The former are gifted with fairy wings for flight, but the latter grovel on the meanest of legs. Caterpillars are ravenous eaters and spend their time eating. The moths and butterflies, however, are epicures and feed on choicest nectar, they do not drink, but sip their liqueurs, and that too by the thinnest of straws, which scientists call their proboscis, dipping down the long tubes of the paradise-like flowers which they frequent. The life of the butterfly is far shorter than that of the caterpillar, but a day in Paradise is worth a score in Purgatory.

J.E.F.W.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL POLKENHORN,

Sometime Tutor to Richard Temple-Nugent-Brydges-
Chandos-Grenville, son of the 2nd Earl Temple.

December 10th, 1783.—The house party was augmented to-day by the arrival of Lords Eglinton and Thurlow, who came with Lord Temple from London. At dinner the conversation was, for the most part, political: many congratulations for my Lord on his bold stand in the House of Lords against this iniquitous India Bill. Lord Thurlow, who was present at its delivery, pronounced it: 'an oration worthy to rank with the greatest rhetorical efforts of Demosthenes or Cicero.'

My young charge was brought in and shown round; caused considerable merriment among the assembled company by remarking that 'his father had been Fox-hunting again.' He did not say his collect through correctly, however, and again embarrassed everyone by refusing to allow himself to be kissed by Lord Nugent.

December 11th.—At dinner to-day my Lord shewed to the company a letter from the King, brought this morning by a special messenger, which stated that 'H.M. allowed Earl Temple to say that whoever voted for the India Bill were not only not his friends, but he should consider them as his enemies. And if these words were not strong enough, Earl Temple might use whatever words he might deem stronger or more to the purpose.' Immense speculation ensued as to the effects of this epistle. Mr. Pitt considers it will ensure the Bill's rejection by the Peers, but offers no surmise as to what H.M. will then do. Mr. P. is very doubtful if he could form an administration, as a majority of the House of Commons would certainly oppose all his measures. Lord Thurlow advised Mr. P. to put a bold face on affairs if the King called on him, and suggested that if he succeeded in maintaining his position for a few weeks, a dissolution might enable him to obtain a majority. In any case, he would be powerfully supported both at Court and in the country.

December 12th.—I hear that last evening my Lord, Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow had a long conversation in the Gothic Library: Samson¹ tells me they consumed five bottles of port wine and one of Madeira wine. The party broke up to-day; most of the gentlemen going to London. Richard upset his beer at breakfast, but took his thrashing like a man. This afternoon we finished the second Eclogue. For a boy of seven he is doing well at his Latin: he is backward, however, at Greek, and often finds it difficult to construe with elegance. Nevertheless, he has a retentive memory and was able to repeat to me while walking this morning in the Grecian Valley the first hundred lines of the third book of Iliad, which he had learned before breakfast. In the course of our walk, Richard challenged me to a race to the lake and back, and when he won by a short distance he contended that I, being the loser, should repeat the course.² I seized the opportunity to reprove him for a tendency I have noticed of late to presume on the kindness and complaisance of his betters.

December 19th.—We heard this day that my Lord had been able, the day before yesterday, to procure the rejection of the India Bill by nineteen votes. The King yesterday sent for Mr. Pitt, and we are all in in the highest spirits. Mr. Grantly sang to-day a new song which pleased me much: it has a refrain which, as far as I recollect, runs somewhat to this effect:

'Down among the corpses
Permit him to recline,'

—a rather melancholy sentiment, wedded, nevertheless, to a capital melody.

December 31st, 1784.— . . . Among other notable events of the past year have been the illuminations on the occasion of the Queen's birthday; the erection in the grounds of the Temple of Friendship, adorned with busts of all my Lord's political friends; my Lady's serious illness and merciful recovery; Richard's alarming fall into the lake on the north front; his visit with me to London and our meeting with Dr. Johnson (it will some day be one of Richard's most gratifying recollections that he was privileged to talk with that great man within two

¹ The butler.

² It is curious to notice that a well-known modern practice has this interesting precedent.

months of his death); and, a matter of more particularly personal interest, the advancement of my salary to £20 a year, to celebrate the King's creating my Lord Marquess of Buckingham 'in recognition of his personal services to His Majesty.'

LATE NEWS

SWIMMING SPORTS RESULTS

PLUNGING.—Equal 1, K. L. Scott and Falconer; equal 2, Morley-Fletcher and A. M. Cowell.

DIVING.—1, Blockey; 2, A. Dunsford; 3, Falconer.

SENIOR 100 YARDS.—1, Richards; 2, McComb; 3, D. A. Dunsford.

SENIOR 50 YARDS.—1, D. A. Dunsford; 2, Richards; 3, McComb.

JUNIOR 100 YARDS.—1, Hawker; 2, A. Dunsford; 3, Bowen.

JUNIOR 50 YARDS.—1, Hawker; 2, Bowen; 3, K. L. Scott.

OBSTACLE RACE.—1, Richards; 2, Bowen; 3, Drayson.

HOUSE RELAY RACES.—Senior: 1, Bruce; 2, Chandos; 3, Temple.

Junior: 1, Bruce; 2, Cobham; 3, Chandos.

POINTS.

SENIOR.		JUNIOR.	
Bruce 23	Bruce 24
Chandos 17	Chandos 6
Grenville 5	Cobham 6
Cobham 4½		
Temple 2½		

Mr. G. H. Day, Captain of the C.U.A.S.C., 1921—22, judged the Swimming Sports.

FENCING

The Foils Competition was won by S. J. Murdoch, who was successful in all four fights. The other results were: Bowie, 2 wins, 2 defeats; M. S. Montagu Scott, 2 wins, 2 defeats; Brooke, 0 win, 4 defeats.

CRICKET

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

The House Matches had inevitably to be left till very late in the term, which has meant some rather intensive play to get them through.

In the preliminary round Grenville beat Bruce by 96 runs. Grenville batted very well in their first innings, but Bruce—on paper the stronger side—never found their form and never looked like making a score in either innings.

In the first semi-final Grenville beat Cobham by an innings and 40 runs.

In the second, Temple beat Chandos by 4 wickets after a thrilling match. Chandos had a lead of 14 on the first innings, and made 67 in the second innings, leaving Temple 82 to get to win. When Temple lost 6 wickets for 28 runs the match seemed almost over, but Griffin and J. F. Marshall, by the best bit of cricket we have seen here this term, stayed in and hit off the runs.

The final between Grenville and Temple ended in a victory for Grenville by an innings and 45 runs. The House Cricket Cup was therefore won by Grenville.

The winners of the Laurus Cup were Grenville.

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