

# THE STOIC



*Number Fifty-one*

APRIL 1940



Photo by ]

SKATING ON THE ELEVEN-ACRE

[ K.M.M.

# THE STOIC

VOL. IX

APRIL 1940

No. 2

## “O YE ICE AND SNOW”

WE returned this term and found Stowe a land of deep snow and gloomy forests. It seemed as if the gods to whom our temples are dedicated had renounced their allegiance to Olympus and taken their places in Valhalla. The snow and ice cast an unwonted cloak over our Elysian landscape. In the surroundings Mercury himself would have felt constrained to doff his caduceus and shoes of swiftness and for them substitute skiing apparel or skates, so that he could keep pace with the enthusiasts who were trying to turn the austere landscape of “Capability” Brown into a new St. Moritz. We had not for a long time had ice thick enough to allow skating, but this year the weather made up for all its past deficiencies and all three lakes were frozen to a varying extent. The islands of the Octagon, which had been so long unvisited, lay open to public inspection. Small craft, illicit or otherwise, had occasionally been used to break their solitude, but now they were deprived of all protection and were open to all comers.

But the gain of the Ice Hockey players was the loss of those who had hoped to compete on the football field, and the holders of the cup were championed by General Frost who earned them one more year's grace. This was not our only disappointment; for the first time for many years the Cross-Country race was run over a different course, and for the time-honoured Blackpit we had to substitute the “Water-Splash.” Everyone seemed to miss a stirring finish down the Grecian Valley.

However all this insubstantial pageant faded and left not a rack behind. Our miniature ice age gave place to the warmth of spring, and it was hard for us to believe that there ever could have been snow on our hills and ice on our lakes. March came in like a lamb, as the proverb says, but it is to be hoped that it does not depart like the Stowe lion on another page, with a mantle of snow.

## STOICA

*School Officials—Easter Term, 1940.*

*Prefects* :—A. V. Farnell-Watson (W), Head of the School; J. B. Frankenburg (C); A. J. F. Fergusson (B); J. B. Dwight (G); the Hon. J. V. Fisher (T); M. R. Wallace (C); C. E. L. H. Reiche (S); J. M. Browne (B); D. Campbell-Cooke (C); I. D. W. McEwen (T); V. D. Burton (S); M. I. Atkin-Berry (C).

*Monitors* :—D. E. M. Earle (B); R. U. P. de Burgh (G); P. A. Buchanan (W); P. D. Forsyth-Forrest (T); P. A. Bates (C); R. P. Farrer (B); A. B. Luttrell (C); D. W. Barnes (C); M. P. Forsyth-Forrest (T); G. L. Paget (C); P. G. Henderson (W); G. A. Dunnett (G); F. H. V. Beazley (B); J. R. McCarthy (G); A. G. Whitehead (S); G. A. S. Cox (W); R. J. Musgrave (C); C. D. Harvey-Piper (T); D. B. Rolleston (C); A. V. Hollington (C); J. D. Le Bouvier (T); C. F. Broughton (C); D. T. Weston (S); D. A. L. Holden (B); C. C. R. Boulton (B); R. J. Ellison (T); D. J. Webster (W); C. N. Bruce (S); R. G. I. Forrest (S); A. D. Thomson (C); W. E. McCready (S); J. A. Modet (G); J. A. McDonald (C); C. Alexander (W); I. N. Craig (C); D. C. Lloyd (C); R. C. Carr-Gomm (C); R. A. Hammick (G); R. Backus (B); C. M. Musgrave (C).

*Captain of Athletics and Cross-Country*—J. B. Dwight (G).

The following visitors have preached in Chapel this term :—

Sunday, February 11th. The Rev. F. W. Bowyer.

Sunday, March 10th. Canon C. E. Raven, D.D., Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to H.M. the King.

About two hundred and fifty flowering trees and shrubs have been planted in seven beds on the slope to the East of Walpole House. These are the gift of Dr. Graham Ritchie, father of J. M. G. Ritchie (W, 1939)

In a recent number of *The Stoic* it was inaccurately stated that Squadron-Leader D. A. Pemberton was the first Old Stoic to attain Field Rank in H.M. Forces. Apologies are due to a number of Old Stoics who did so before him.

So severe was the frost and so deep the snow in January and February that no Football has been played this term, and the House Matches could not take place. The theory that a Boat-Race was to be substituted, on the ebb tide of burst radiators, will not hold water.

There was skating on both lakes almost every day from the beginning of the term until February 18th. After a prolonged series of matches (the organization of which was perhaps a little difficult to follow), Temple won the Ice Hockey Cup from Grenville, who had held it since 1933. Some falls of snow and occasional slight thaws made the surface rough, and figure skating was difficult, though a few people were lucky enough, right at the end of the frost, to have three really first-class days on Copper Bottom.

Owing to the absence of so many people through illness, the General Paper has been postponed until early next term.

Football Leagues were won last term by Grafton.

The Stevenson Sword was won by C. E. L. H. Reiche (S).

Representative Colours for Fencing have been awarded to D. W. Barnes (C).

School Colours for Cross-Country have been awarded to W. E. McCready (S) and P. D. Bally (C).

At the end of last term, Colts Stockings were awarded to J. W. Cornforth (G).

At the Services Examination of June 1939, W. D. S. Montagu passed into the Navy.

At the November examination for entrance to the Royal Navy, R. O. Richards (T) passed in third (Engineering) and the Hon. P. B. R. Vanneck (B) fourth (Executive).

In January Mr. J. M. Selby was called up for military duties, and Mr. A. R. Annand followed him early in February.

Mr. M. B. H. Marshall has joined the Staff this term, and Mr. C. V. Eyre has been here for the Easter term only.

BIRTH.—To the wife of Mr. B. A. Barr, a son, on March 8th.

A V. Farnell-Watson (W) and J. M. Henry (C) were selected to represent England in the Schoolboys' International Rugby match this New Year. Bad weather caused the match to be cancelled.

#### UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

- R. O. RICHARDS (T) was awarded, in December, an Open Scholarship (£60) in Science, at Clare College, Cambridge.  
 R. H. WIDDOWS (C) was awarded an Open Exhibition (£60) in Classics at Hertford College, Oxford.  
 J. B. DWIGHT (G) was awarded an Open Exhibition (£40) in Mathematics and the Savory Exhibition at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.  
 R. C. H. RUSSELL (G) was awarded an Open Exhibition (£40) in Mathematics and Physics at King's College, Cambridge.

#### SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

As a result of the December examination of the Oxford and Cambridge Board, School Certificates were awarded to:—

H. G. Baker (C), P. F. Bell (C), R. Benson (C), G. McN. Bowle-Evans (T), H. D. Christie (C), I. N. Craig (C), A. J. R. Davenport (C), M. Denempont (G), J. Dodd (G), B. N. L. Fletcher (C), J. C. B. Fountaine (C), B. G. Gilbert (B), J. C. D. Green (T), R. A. Hammick (G), E. W. P. Harris (C), N. R. T. Hay (B), I. M. Horley (C), T. G. Knox (C), W. V. Machin (W), J. P. E. Maze (C), G. Moy (W), G. F. B. Newport-Tinley (C), A. M. Saunders (T), F. A. G. Stebbing (C), P. G. Whitfield (T).

## OLIM ALUMNI

#### GENERAL.

MR. H. E. JOSSELYN (T, 1931) and MR. N. C. MCCLINTOCK (G, 1935) have been selected for appointment to the Colonial Administrative Service.

MR. J. T. MELVIN (G, 1933), A.R.I.B.A., was, together with his partner, placed first in the recent public competition for a design for a Civic Centre for Margate.

MR. A. R. G. PEARCE (G, 1935) has been awarded the Law Society's 'Alfred Syrett' Prize.

#### ATHLETIC.

MR. P. R. H. HASTINGS (T, 1939) represented Oxford in the recent War-Time Inter-University Sports and won the Quarter-Mile. MR. J. M. THOMSON (C, 1939) represented Cambridge and won the Hundred Yards. MR. M. B. SCHOLFIELD (T, 1939) was second in the Javelin and beat both the Oxford strings, and MR. M. G. T. WEBSTER (W, 1938), for Oxford, was fourth in the Three Miles.

#### ENGAGEMENTS.

PILOT-OFFICER O. P. CROOM-JOHNSON, A.A.F. (T, 1930) to Miss J. Finnie.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. G. ISACKE, R.A.F. (G, 1930) to Miss C. D. Gresham.

CAPTAIN C. E. SALAMON, R.A. (G, 1931) to Miss P. H. Brady.

MR. G. N. BELL (C, 1933) to Miss J. Hughes.

MR. N. I. BARTHOLOMEW (C, 1934) to Miss J. Cumming.

MR. M. LUXMOORE, R.A. (B, 1935) to Miss A. L. Lee Warner.

MR. F. L. ASHCROFT (C, 1935) to Miss J. L. Hyslop.

MR. L. A. P. ROBINSON (B, 1935) to the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon.

MR. K. H. M. CRABBE (B, 1935) to Miss R. Lecte.

MR. N. L. M. MACMANUS (C, 1935) to Miss T. Price.

MR. G. V. L. HOLBECH (C, 1936) to Miss J. Ekard.

MR. K. M. CHITTENDEN (T, 1936) to Miss J. Dawson.

MR. R. V. P. ADAMS (W, 1937) to Miss J. Brezce.

MR. A. ALLAN (W, 1937) to Miss N. Morrison.

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MARRIAGES.

SURGEON LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER S. J. L. TAYLOR, R.N.V.R., (C, 1927) to Dr. C. Clifford, on October 2nd.

PILOT-OFFICER A. J. BLAYNEY (C, 1927) to Miss D. P. Jacobs, on December 9th.

MR. R. G. D. MUSSETT (C, 1927) to Miss M. R. Lester, on August 26th.

LIEUTENANT P. A. ROBINSON, R.A.M.C. (T, 1928) to Miss K. Pope, on February 10th.

SQUADRON-LEADER L. G. LEVIS, R.A.F. (T, 1931) to Miss Y. M. Hewetson, on March 2nd.

MR. D. RUSSELL-DAVIS, M.B., M.R.C.P. (C, 1931) to Miss M. H. Nersen. (In Oslo).

MR. F. O. S. DOBELL (G, 1931) to Miss M. M. Wheeler, on December 16th.

MR. J. C. SAYER, Middlesex Yeomanry (C, 1932) to Miss I. L. P. Bruce, on December 20th.

CAPTAIN F. A. H. LING, The Queens' Royal Regiment, (B, 1933), to Miss S. P. Sarel, on March 20th.

MR. J. M. REAY-SMITH (C, 1933) to Miss M. Pitt, on August 30th (corrected notice).

MR. J. G. MOULTON, R.A. (T, 1933) to Miss D. L. Wallace, on January 3rd.

MR. G. P. TWEEDALE (C, 1933) to Miss Baughan, on September 9th.

MR. P. C. HALL (G, 1933) to Miss H. Robinson, on July 15th.

DR. J. H. P. GAUVAIN (G, 1933) to Miss B. L. Roberts, on October 28th.

MR. N. A. GAMMIDGE (T, 1934) to Miss E. W. E. Parkes, on December 22nd.

LORD NEWTOWN-BUTLER (T, 1934) to Miss B. Everard, on December 20th.

MR. N. B. ROBINSON, R.N.V.R. (T, 1935) to Miss R. S. Eller, on March 30th.

MR. G. C. MAXWELL (G, 1936) to Miss P. Bishop, on March 6th.

MR. A. B. MCG. HOUSTON, R.E., (C, 1936) to Miss M. A. Gardiner, on September 19th.

MR. P. L. STILEMAN, The Queen's Royal Regiment, (B, 1936), to Miss R. Garrick, on January 4th.

MR. G. R. CHEAPE (G, 1936) to Miss J. Richards, on January 2nd. (In Shanghai.)

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BIRTHS.

To the wife of MR. W. W. DUNLOP (B, 1926), a son, on January 3rd.

To the wife of MR. W. G. S. CRASTER (B, 1926), a son, on January 7th.

To the wife of MR. G. A. ROWSE (T, 1926), a son, on January 22nd.

To the wife of MR. D. MACFARLANE (T, 1928), a son, on January 12th.

To the wife of MR. B. J. BRADFORD (C, 1929), a daughter, on February 5th.

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DEATH.

MR. M. G. SILLS (C, 1929) on January 20th—the result of an accident.

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CASUALTY.

Killed in Action 16th March, 1940, MIDSHIPMAN JOHN WESTLY BUSK, R.N. (G, 1938).

## OLD STOIC GOLFING SOCIETY

The O.S.G.S. has suspended its activities for the duration of the war. The Secretary and the Committee, however, are anxious to have a record of those Stoics who leave the School during the war and who would have wished to join the Society if it had been functioning. A form is available for leavers, who should either send it or write personally to M. H. Blundell, Esq., Hon. Sec., O.S.G.S., Highclere, Northwood, Middlesex.

## OLD STOICS ON SERVICE

The following are extracts from letters received from serving Stoics. They are published by permission.

If further extracts appear (as is hoped), they will be, like these, anonymous and subject to such editing as the Censor's regulations may require.

### THE WAR OFFICE FROM WITHIN.

When we got back to London I was given the job of opening up camp again at the gun-position which we had firmly shut up some days previously. The keys had been given to a certain man whose address no one knew, and I spent the rest of the evening trying to find them. Eventually I had to go to the War Office, where I was ushered in to the Duty Officer's room. He was a little bit depressed about the international situation, but even more depressed that he had not been given enough notice that he was to be Duty Officer for that night; as a result, his wife had only been able to send him some tinned asparagus, which he was just about to eat when I arrived. So we sat down together and discussed the opening of the gun-position over a tin of cold Libby's asparagus. It was not quite what I had expected to do at the War Office. Ultimately we decided that the best way to solve the difficulty was to apply our shoulders to the door and push, and that was what we eventually did at about 2 a.m.

### PAID FOR DOING WHAT?

I have joined a party which must be unique in the British Army. We are all volunteers and we have all been given the same rank, although we receive the pay appropriate to the ranks we held before—and will hold again, if we are lucky.

It is pleasant in the meantime to be paid for doing what I have always in the past had to pay to do.

### THE RIVER PLATE.

I have just returned home with H.M.S. Ajax, of whose story you have probably heard as much as we have. It all came and went so quickly and was so simple that we wondered what all the fuss afterwards was about.

### COLD MILK.

We see a modernised version of Shakespeare's observation that "milk comes frozen home in pail." Tinned milk can now be taken by the slice, and anti-freeze mixture comes here frozen in the drum.

### SPARE PARTS.

During this cold spell with temperatures round about zero, the difficulty of keeping lorries on the road is quite extraordinary. Most of ours are ex-commercial vehicles from England, and there isn't a spare part in the country. At least if there is, it is

very carefully concealed. As a result, the only thing one can do is to use one vehicle as a kind of fostermother for all the others. By the end of the war I expect there will be only a couple of nuts and bolts left on the unfortunate vehicle which has been dedicated to this purpose.

### RULES FOR LIAISON OFFICERS.

I find that Liaison Officers are bound by certain unwritten rules. Here are some of them:—

(1) When a British liaison officer meets an officer of our Allies, each of them goes up two ranks. I become a Captain for the afternoon and I always start their Majors at "General."

(2) Conversation must open with a well-turned compliment on the equipment of the other power. A liaison officer of one country always knows that its war material is far inferior to that of the other.

(3) British Liaison officers must remember that all French officers fought in the last war and that they were all at Verdun.

(4) A British Liaison officer must always offer a French officer a glass of champagne—not too *sec*.

### BILLETING.

To begin with, the French peasant is always unwilling to let his buildings be used by the Army, especially by such sections of it as go about in lorries. He will tell you first that there is no room and if the soldiers come he will have to sleep in the road; secondly that if English lorries are put into his barns all his agricultural implements will inevitably be destroyed; and thirdly that, as it happens, he himself is not the owner of the place; it belongs to his son, who is at the moment risking his life in the Maginot line, having received his father's sacred promise that no stranger should be allowed into his home. However, after he has said all these things he will reflect that it is better to have the British than the Germans (parts of this area were under enemy occupation during the last war) and give us a very good welcome.

Incidentally, the innkeepers are always strong supporters of the British Army, the British soldier having a great deal more money in his pocket than either a French soldier or a French villager.

### BRUCE AND TEMPLE.

We have every type in the ranks here. One is an Earl and one is a butcher's roundsman. Sometimes some remarkable friendships result.

Everyone gets the dirty jobs in turn. An amusing incident occurred the other day. The floor of my dug-out was being brushed and scraped by a man who did not seem to be making too good a job of it. After a few minutes he looked up and said, "They never taught us to do this sort of thing at Stowe, did they, sir?" This surprising remark led to a cup of tea and a long talk about Stowe. It proved to be S..... F....., who was in Temple a year or two before I arrived in Bruce. He is a magnificent fellow and I take my hat off to him.

I don't pretend that I wouldn't rather be catching the 8.43 every morning for the Stock Exchange than leading this life, but against that there is no denying that it is a unique experience with many compensations.

#### ON A MINE-SWEEPER.

We were bombed and "shot up" by an enemy flying boat when some way out in the North Sea, but the airman was a very bad shot and the bombs missed. All we collected from that little "party" was about a dozen machine gun bullets and some holes in the upper-works. There were no casualties fortunately, but one bullet went through the wheelhouse door, through the Quartermaster's trousers, and blew the lock off one of my Confidential Book chests!

#### AT SEA.

I have headed this letter as in duty bound "Somewhere at Sea," but it would have been just as correct in the circumstances to head it "Somewhat at Sea."

## OLD STOICS IN THE SERVICES

The following notice was sent out in the autumn with the annual Old Stoic list:—

I shall be most grateful if Old Stoics who are serving in H.M. Forces, but are not shown in the Old Stoic List as doing so, will kindly let me know the name of their Service, Corps, and/or Unit. An envelope for reply is enclosed.

I want to keep touch throughout the war with all the Old Stoics who take part in it, and I hope therefore that those who are not serving now will let me know when they do join up, so that the record may be complete.

It will be a help too if Old Stoics who change their Unit or are given Commissions after being in the ranks will write to me when the change is made, so that our list may be kept up to date.

J. F. ROXBURGH.

October, 1939.

If this should catch the eye of any serving Stoic who has not written to me, will he please write now? A post-card will be enough—although letters such as those from which extracts are printed elsewhere in this number of *The Stoic* will be most welcome.

J. F. ROXBURGH.

## LE TRICOTEUR

Much that is strange and unnatural occurs during a war; and when women wear uniform and speed the plough, man in self-defence must take up knitting. Dr. Johnson defined a net as "anything reticulated or decussated of equal intervals with interstices at the intersections"; with a single reservation, he could have said much the same of amateur knitting. To the layman who, in a first flush of patriotism, has refurbished a rusty knowledge gained at some long-forgotten kindergarten, the thing is little more comprehensible. We are, indeed, inclined to believe the pedagogue who pronounced with a dialectic worthy of Aristotle that, since it is impossible to imagine anyone inventing knitting, it never has been invented. But for all that, it does exist and the scarf goes on growing; or, even more incredible, it grows round if you call it a Balaclava and use four needles. It is obviously some deep and devilish form of magic. Few of the garments produced show the equality required by the Johnsonian definition. Owing to an imperfect grasp of that mysterious quality known as tension, the rows are scarcely regular; by some inadvertence three different types of wool have been used;

and the edge  
turns corners  
rather like the mouse's  
tail in Alice  
in Wonderland.

When a stitch has been dropped here and another there, till the whole looks as if it had already survived a burst of shrapnel at the Battle of the Plate, the knitter may truly confess that he has done those things he ought not to have done and left undone those things he ought to have done. And when he has finished, he will feel a nagging fear lest, after all, the product of so much labour should be unravelled by that organization which exists solely to salvage the wool of the unorthodox scarf.

It was reported that two-thirds of the boys of Rugby School were knitting in their leisure hours. Fathers of families may be seen at it in the tube. Indeed, they may now be said to go purling along where once they bowled; and the word 'purler' may acquire a yet deeper significance. There are some who flout the conventions and bring their knitting on each and every occasion; these are the exhibitionists, lacking in morals and manners. Many more are, perhaps, over-seemly in their behaviour and treat their knitting as a secret vice to be performed only behind locked doors. A compromise between these two extremes is best; for extremists are usually wrong. The ideal place is, of course, a tea-party; and the knitting social is one of those luxuries of life of which mere males have had previously little experience. There they will learn to gossip, something quite different from the scandal of the common-room or the sheer bad taste of the smoking-room. It is something akin to the chant of

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun

And the free maids that weave their thread with bone,"

or the talk of the old women round the guillotine.

"Are you a child or a teetotum?" the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. Few can hope to obtain the Sheep's simultaneous virtuosity in conversation and knitting; for the majority two needles and the small change of gossip mark the

limits of aspiration in the intervals of picking up stitches and muttering audibly "plain one, purl one, slip one." But the whole tenor of conversation has changed; and the first question one asks a stranger is not whether he uses a mashie or a number four on the short third, but whether he knits or slips his first stitch. It is only necessary to remember that it will need more than a needle to pierce the Siegfried Line. It is to be hoped that our soldiers will not, as a German cartoonist has supposed, twiddle while England burns and that the navy will be able to cast off before it weighs anchor. Nor will it, in the end, prove advantageous if our statesmen delay their cabinet meetings with that most universal of refrains "just let me finish a row."

G.L.P.

## THE VALLEY

Here were the bracken slopes, the fir trees' height;  
 There were the lolling meadows, wash'd in bright  
 Adorning green; and here astride the rocks  
 I watched, where, over there, the stumbling flocks  
 Gathered and scattered at the shepherd's word;  
 But here no shepherd's voice nor dog is heard—  
 Only the pigeons in the firs combine  
 With startled jay; while echoes clear and fine  
 Ring through the woods to touch their stony crown  
 And sink to kiss the river and to drown.

I loved that valley once; the change from wood  
 To meadows with their green and russet hood  
 Had often made me catch my breath; no thing  
 Stirred except Nature; she did ever sing  
 Her lay of beauty: but, like grimy shroud,  
 Fell on its sides the shadow of a cloud.  
 The sun was darkened and I heard no more  
 The pigeons murmur; nor the river saw—  
 All gripped by mist; all in its cold embrace;  
 Beauty to squalor, gay to grim gave place.

And, through the mist stinking of bog and fen,  
 I heard the even tread of marching men.

D.W.B.

## "BLACK-OUT"

Mr. Harman was late for his train; a little out of breath, and feeling rather embarrassed, he hurried up the platform, fumbling with his ticket. Inwardly he acknowledged the guard's secret amusement at his efforts at composure, and climbed into the first apartment he saw. It was quite dark inside; for the lamp in the middle of the ceiling was shaded so as to cast its light across the centre of the carriage alone; the four corners were secure in isolation. As he entered, however, he momentarily noticed a bowler-hatted figure in the far corner settling some luggage on the rack.

Mr. Harman looked with interest upon his companions; for he always found a train journey vaguely exciting. He was a little disappointed, however, to see that his present neighbours were not in the least interested in him. In the far corner facing the engine, he could just make out a lady sunk so deep in brown fur that her face was quite invisible; opposite her he discerned the bowler-hat, whose extreme blackness alone was distinguishable amid the general obscurity, and in the near corner, with his back to the engine, was a man in a grey overcoat. Mr. Harman was forced to retreat into the fourth corner, reluctantly completing the symmetry. The train was already moving; he listened to the noise of its progress echoing through the night, and was thankful for the warmth of black curtains. The door into the corridor, however, was not quite shut, and with a slight movement of irritation he slammed it to. At once from the far corner came the clumsy rustling of a newspaper: the man in the bowler-hat had set up the *Evening News* between himself and the world, and was apparently reading it. Mr. Harman could make out its headlines; he took out his own paper and moved forward just a little to the edge of the light. His eyes moved wearily down the columns seldom pausing. A little paragraph informed him that the railway black-out system had been altered again. He wondered vaguely why people seemed to be afraid even of the light they were allowed, as though they had something to hide; or perhaps because they had nothing to show. He felt suddenly that the thought was not his own and looked up; it seemed as though the figure on his right had, if anything, shrunk even further into the corner. It now lay so motionless, its face quite hidden in shabby depths of fur, that it seemed hardly alive. But the *Evening News* in the far corner was quiet; and the rather melancholy gentleman opposite might have been contemplating his boots for the past year. Sad companions, thought Mr. Harman, who was never at ease in the presence of the unfortunate.

He had a sudden feeling that the little man opposite was trying to read the back of his paper. But he had already withdrawn into his corner and was again regarding the floor. Mr. Harman turned over the back page; there were a few columns of news and some entertainment advertisements.

"Sir . . . ? What is it—you wanted to see?"

The little man lifted his grey head and gazed at Mr. Harman with the doubtful surprise of one who was unaccustomed to sympathy. He spoke in a rather uncertain voice, slowly and very seriously: "I was looking at the plays; my eyes were caught by the Haymarket, and I could not resist the temptation." He paused and sniffed, an operation that strangely crumpled the lines of his face. Mr. Harman waited.



"It was over thirty years ago. A superb play called 'Mandragora': in the final scene the hero took poison, believing his wife was dead."

"Quite Shakespearian," murmured Mr. Harman.

"Ah yes; that was what I thought; I was so young." And a wealth of meaning went with those four words. "I first met my wife in Manchester. She was playing Barbara in a modern play called 'Winter's Dawning'; I remember only the title and her acting. She was at once my inspiration and my torment. I knew myself unworthy of so perfect a creature, and yet refused to suffer my knowledge. Then finally, I succeeded in bringing myself to her notice. We acted together, acted well together; and on the fifteenth of March, nineteen-hundred-and-ten, we were married. The months passed, and we became almost famous under the name of Stanope, as a pair who never acted apart."

Mr. Harman wondered if he had ever heard before of the name of Stanope, whether it would be quite honest to say that he had. He looked round to see if his other two companions were interested; but the fur coat lay motionless in its corner, and the *Evening News* looked more defiant than ever. He felt it his responsibility to provide the little man with an audience. And so he likewise settled himself into the darkness; and softly murmured his sympathy.

"Then came 'Mandragora' at the Haymarket. The first week it seemed a success. The reviews talked about the 'drama' of our performance, and my wife was hailed as the greatest beauty of her age. Then, in the midst of all the clatter, I became jealous. I have ceased to care whether it was my fault or hers; but it soon came to quarrels, to bitterness, and finally to hate. One Saturday night she disappeared in the middle of a performance. I was standing in the wings, waiting to play the last act: I was to hear of her death, take poison, and finally die in her arms when she returned alive. Just before my cue the manager came up: 'Mr. Stanope, your wife left the theatre a quarter of an hour ago. I am afraid you will have to finish without her.' It was no use. I could not do it. I broke down, and the curtain fell on the end of my stage career."

"I tried to go on. But the parts grew thinner and thinner. Utterly bereft of inspiration, I began to despair; finally I left London. But I found it even harder to escape the bottom of the ladder than the top. I heard my wife had borne me a son. I saw her once, as the principal boy in a provincial pantomime; at Stratford, I believe. I thought the war might set me free of the stage: it made no difference. Afterwards I went to Germany, and stayed there eleven years; until they made me leave. My name was Rosenguildenbaum. I . . . ."

A tremendous clatter of newspaper drowned his utterance. The young man in the far corner sat bolt upright, his forehead shining and his great eyes bursting with indignation. His voice was shrill with protest.

"But Sir, that is *my* name!"

Mr. Harman had the impression he was watching a play; the interruption was so sudden, so unnatural, so melodramatic. Surely things never really happened like that. But the fur coat seemed to have noticed nothing; and the little man was listening only to his own story.

"I came back to England four years ago; and still nothing would drive me from the theatre. I became a stage-hand; but my body would not stand the strain. Then

one night, a year ago to-day, I went back to the Haymarket, through the box office, right to the front row of the stalls."

He paused for the first time, looked round, and sniffed a little. Hitherto his voice had been low and rather dry. He fingered his collar; and continued less strongly, as though reciting a tale that no longer concerned him.

"It was a dreary phantasma; the theatre that had grown in my memory for the last twenty years was horribly unreal. I had seen it all before; and yet they would not do what I had seen, they would not do what I knew was right. My wife had gone. That night I decided to find her. For a year I wandered, from stage to stage and from stall to stall, always expecting at least something. I had never wanted her till she came; and now, I have lost her, for ever."

The train passed through a station. There seemed little more to be said. The man in the far corner had relapsed into silent contemplation of the blinds, his face rather flushed, as though still labouring under an insult. Mr. Harman felt vaguely guilty of eavesdropping, as one who had unwittingly disturbed an old stone and unloosed a swarm of unpleasantness that need never have existed before. He lay back in his corner and watched the dust turn in the light. There was a long silence. Then the little man began to fidget again with his umbrella. "Nowhere to be found; and so, she must be dead." They were tired and expressionless words, that had long lost meaning. The train was moving fast now, its fierce rhythms rocking the carriage. A magnificent ground bass, thought Mr. Harman. He felt a sudden longing to rise and stretch, and drive away the fantastic images that stood, mocking, about him, to open a window and let in a sudden ventilating gale. But at that moment the rhythms changed, and his eyes returned mechanically to the slower motions of the dust. The little man held his umbrella between his knees and silently poked at the floor. The man in the far corner, when he thought no one was looking, turned his head and stared curiously about. He encountered Mr. Harman's gaze, however, and quickly looked away, a glow of colour springing up into his rather glassy cheeks. Passively, almost obediently, he turned his eyes on the corner opposite, where the sparse fur coat lay motionless still, like a sack.

Mr. Harman must have dozed; for he was suddenly conscious of the little man clutching his umbrella and going out rather hurriedly into the corridor. He moved closer into his corner. The persistent monotony of the train's progress drove his mind along like a hoop; everything ran in circles: the dust revolving like a great solar system; the bowler hat turning about, and the swaying sack of fur. All moving in dizzy harmony to the train's ranting bass. He wondered vaguely why the little man was so long, why his case up there on the rack seemed so insignificant and sad; perhaps it was going back to Manchester. He could imagine its flaps bulging in melancholy complaint of ill usage; and the deep brown of its leather, into which the initials had long since merged, as though embarrassed by the name they concealed. All he remembered of the little man, his grey coat, his drab umbrella, his sniff, seemed a secret apology for the name he bore. There remained but one challenge left in his life; it was Mr. Stanope alone that lived.

Through the fantastic revolutions of the dust, he saw the bowler hat stirring oddly on its axis; the two eyes beneath glanced fiercely round the carriage, at the empty seat, at Mr. Harman, at the light, and finally at the bundle of fur. Mr. Harman noticed a little black shoe pointing out from the shadows of the brown coat; he wondered if it

was imagination that told him it was trembling. At that moment a door opened down the corridor, and a blast of wind swept up into the carriage. It seemed as though a spasm shook the fur coat alive; heaving together its great folds, it rose and stretched up an arm to the emergency chain. The young man opposite was on his feet, clutching his hat in both hands; the small, scared figure in fur shrank into the corner as he towered above it, his face distraught with tremendous passions. High above the crash of the brakes came his voice.

“Mother, what on earth have you done!”

Mr. Harman hurried out along the corridor, little murmurs of excitement springing up all around him. There, at the end of the passage, a door stood open to the night, banging distractedly against the side of the train. He was rather frightened; and so he left it open, until the train had stopped.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was several months before Mr. Harman again had occasion to travel down to Manchester by rail. Once more he was a little late and a little flustered when he entered his carriage and discovered three of its corners already taken. As he settled into the fourth he was uneasily reminded of the last occasion he had so travelled. He remembered how he had read in a local paper, the day after it had all happened, that a Mrs. Rosenguildenbaum that morning had been found dead in her house; he remembered her address: “29 Hyacinthine Gardens, Manchester.” He remembered all the tiresome paraphernalia of the two inquests that followed: the coroner’s insistence that while Mr. Rosenguildenbaum was mad, Mrs. Rosenguildenbaum was a fool; and the final verdict of the jury that both husband and wife had committed suicide, “while of unsound mind.” It was not an affair he loved to contemplate. Dismissing it from his thoughts, he turned instead to his *Evening News*.

As his eye passed down the pages, it was momentarily caught by a beautifully posed photograph of a girl in trousers. The heading, “Actress Engaged,” vaguely amused him and he was tempted to read the lines beneath:

“The engagement is announced to-day of Virginia Stebbing, who is taking a leading part in “Equinox,” the play produced last night at the Haymarket, and Mr. Charles Stanope, who has been acting in the provinces under the name of Rosenguildenbaum, and who is making his London debut in the same play. A review will be found on page four.”

He did not have to look to know that Mr. Stanope’s acting was very, very good.

His thoughts disturbed him; he looked up, suddenly remembering his companions. In one corner sat a bespectacled officer in uniform; in another a young lady in black; and in the third a long-nosed man with a scar over his left eye. Murmuring his apologies, Mr. Harman rose, took himself and his paper out into the corridor, and wandered down the train until he heard the sound of voices. Five middle-aged women sat together in the light, knitting and gossiping as they went. As Mr. Harman entered and settled happily beside them, they tried to conceal their delight.

“I said Mrs. Jones’ cat would come back to-day; and, my dear, come back she did.”

R.J.E.



[ R. H. ]

ICE-HOCKEY



SNOW-SIEGE

Photos by ]



Photo by ]

THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD  
SPRING, 6.30 A.M.

[ H.B.P.



Photo by ]

SOME SKATING

[ R.H.

## A SHORT STORY

In spite of his humble position, the old man had always expected a pleasant death amid the fuss and bustling care of his family; but now that his last relative had died, he tried hard to reconcile fancy with reality. This morning he had been aroused by an early noise, and, tottering to the window, he had gazed at the street below. Heavy clouds, mist from the river, and the greasy pavement formed a depressing picture, which strangely fascinated the retired clerk. His dull wits had only been startled once before in his life, when he had heard two men discussing an incident, which he at once labelled as "quaint" to evade the pains of discovering why it haunted him so vividly.

A gaoler, it seemed, for his arrogant treatment of a royal prisoner, had been thrown into the dungeon of a remote castle. The wretch had lingered there on a miserable diet of bread and water for twenty years, until his tortured mind drove him to a desperate plan. From slits in the wall, sufficiently wide to frame a man, he could see fish in the moat, and lately he had observed how thickly packed were the carp, as they jostled for scraps tossed by a bored guard; indeed they were so tight and in such great numbers that duck could walk over them at the height of their greedy feasting. That night the prisoner had scrambled up to a high slit, whence he scattered his bread on the dark waters. After several attempts, a lonely old fish swam furtively by, casually snatching a crust on his way. Presently more of his companions appeared, until one night the prisoner resolved to attempt the impossible; he cast more crumbs than was his wont, and the carp, by now quite tame, swam up from their muddy pools to gather such an easy harvest. That evening they clustered rank upon rank and in such quantity that a surface of loudly-sucking fish covered every little patch of water. With a painful wrench, he flung himself into the moat. The fish resisted the impact of his fall, and he collected himself before running across the teeming waters; he felt as if he were striding across damp sand, recently covered by the tide. Unfortunately a terrible discovery soon dispelled idle comparisons, for he found that the older fish, the grey-scaled octogenarians, were too clumsy for the agile skirmish beneath the dungeon, that they were content to linger hopefully, like camp-followers, on the edge of the battle, and that time had weakened their strength and reduced their greed. He was gradually sinking, as the mass beneath him gave at every step; and, unable to swim, he was drowned within a few paces of the bank.

This story had often inspired the old man in his gloomy moments, and his rare visits to the neighbouring public-house were always characterized by bad efforts to repeat the flamboyant tale. The view from the window had struck a sad note in him, and perhaps for the first time he forgot the story's grotesqueness, and realized that the bitter disappointment of failure must have been sufficient to kill the prisoner without the waters of the moat. A monotonous life had dulled his perception; but to-day he felt strange emotions stirring within him. Perhaps he was slightly excited by yesterday's sweepstake ticket. He knew quite well that this was an idle refuge, in which he hoped to escape from the real reason for his unrest.

Turning from the window, he glanced into the dim room. He could hardly distinguish the faint smudge of a cat on the counterpane, the shape of a table beside the bed, and the billow of a sofa along the wall. Heedless of the draughty discomfort of

the place, he felt that every object about him had assumed the solemn intimacy of a conspirator. The burnt old saucepan, the half-empty tin, and the 'meths' stove on the table were no longer reminders of his lazy habits but symbols of the plodding of a lifetime. As he shuffled across the cold boards, his mind was convulsed with sudden premonition; he knew that this was his last day, that his end was intimately at hand, that the room's grey walls framed the last picture of his life.

Some men, aware that death is close upon them, would perhaps resign themselves to their fate, or recall the happiest moments of their life; and some might even, like the condemned criminal, find solace in a final luxury. The old man had set his weary heart on a cup of tea. He measured out sufficient water to fill a cup, and, carefully tipping the cracked jug, he poured it into the kettle. The stove was slow to light; and fumbling with the wick, he feared that death would anticipate his last delight. He busied himself about the tea, almost affectionately opened a tin of milk, and, while the flames reluctantly closed round the base of the kettle, tidied the table, as was his custom, shook the cushions in the chair, roused the cat, and stripped his bed. But the kettle, as though intent on spiting his desire, refused to steam. Almost in despair, he shambled towards the light, his white hands impatiently searching the folds of his dressing-gown for the pockets he was too fretful to find. The order of his room was so nice, the pictures so straight and neat, the cat so careless a part of the final symmetry, that everything seemed to wish that the old man should enjoy his last, his only harmless whim, as fully as he had formerly despised the eccentricities of others. He turned; stumbled towards the kettle. The boards seemed to crumble, as though the rotting wood were dissolving beneath him. Half-across the room he fell to the floor, furious and embittered by this last frustration. The bitterness of failure was perhaps only spared by the ghost of that other disillusioned sufferer, by the torment of his hero, the gaoler; for, hardly had the old man's lips twitched at this last flickering thought, when his limbs stiffened, and his head nodded deathly approval.

The kettle, as though rejoicing over his fate, began to boil merrily.

C.W.N.

No more on canvas, and no more in stone  
Can beauty coldly keep her ageless sway;  
In nature's language nature now can say  
What men have graved in stillness not her own.  
Fade, images, your tarnished glories crying  
Their skill who freeze the form of life, for there  
Perfection moves, less lasting and more fair,  
A spark of beauty's fire down time's wind flying.

And, in a shrine of radiance that is past,  
Slept once a soul that might by now have woken;  
The world was with it ere it first had spoken,  
And broke the shrine before the earthly blast:  
Burnt in the splendour of this mortal flame  
The soul has perished by the body's fame.

W.H-Y.

## EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF A JOURNEY FROM CALCUTTA TO ENGLAND

"Hanafiah" was the name of the car, a second-hand Ford V8, bought off a bankrupt Chinaman in Singapore. It was bought by three officers, for the express purpose of travelling to England from Calcutta by road. "Hanafiah" is a Malayan Lady's name.

\* \* \* \* \*

The road now became worse and we just followed tracks where other cars and lorries had been. There was no sign of vegetation—just bare stony ground.

For the last ten miles in Baluchistan, the road, such as it was, reached its zenith of frightfulness, and a steady 10 m.p.h. was all we could reasonably do. It was just dark when we reached Mirjawa, the Iranian Customs Post, and we pulled out our best French to compete with the Officials. As they all wanted to go to bed we got through fairly rapidly, though they sealed up our cameras with string and lead seal. We had hoped to stay in the Rest House but as no one knew where the key was we had to push on in the dark to Zahedan. Here we were stopped by a policeman and the language difficulty became insuperable. We showed our passports, but he did not understand them, and insisted on getting in the car and taking us somewhere. However, we ended up at the British Consulate, so all was well. Although we were unexpected we were given a wonderful supper and a bed; and in the morning we had our first Persian tea, served in glasses with no milk but plenty of sugar—it was jolly good.

We set off north towards Meshed on a fair metalled road. The country was wild and hilly and we passed an occasional lorry. Once or twice we had to make a detour where the road was washed away by a stream, but our Waterloo was reached at a wider river. The water was two feet deep and flowing strongly; the bottom was sound, and having tested it first on foot we thought we could cross it. In we went, the water piled up over the bonnet, shorted all the plugs and stalled the engine. The water was over the floor boards and the car took an ominous list. "Out with the rope—tie it to the towing shackle—pull all you know—good, she moved a foot then, heave another foot—Blast!" One of us slipped and went completely under. "Hell! there's a big rock here; we can't pull her over that—try pushing backwards—no good—put her in reverse, and crank with the starting handle—heave." Someone else went under. "Anyway we moved then." This continued for about an hour, and at last we got the plugs and distributor above water. "Try the starter—no life from the engine—distributor full of water—if anything's dropped, it will be a hundred yards down stream before we can do anything. Carefully now; mind those little nuts. I don't like to say anything, but I think the water's rising. Every time I dry anything the water splashes up and wets it again. Right, now these nuts—two will hold it on now for the moment—put the rest in my pocket. Try the starter—good, four cylinders firing—back her out. Engine's stalled—try again. Hurray! all eight firing—give her the gun." The wheels spin; showers of water in all directions—

"*She's on dry land!*" "Back her clear of the water, engine's boiling—never mind that. No oil pressure! Look at the dipstick! Heavens! the sump contains a frothy mixture of oil and muddy water. Oh well, let's get on some dry clothes." Shivering with cold we stripped and put on some dry clothes, and had some hot tea and brandy with our supper. It was practically dark now and a Persian lorry came along. The crew took one look at the stream, then at us, put their great-coats on, and dosed down for the night. We followed suit.

\* \* \* \* \*

We left Sabzawar in a snowstorm, and I think this was the coldest day's run we had. We had to stop and wipe the frozen snow off our wind-screen and halted at villages for the ubiquitous tea. The road was good (comparatively) though there were continued delays at rivers and floods. There were a fair amount of passenger buses and lorries on the road, and at one place a bus, stuck in a river, blocked all traffic for three hours. Owing to a difference of opinion between the bus driver and the other waiting lorry drivers a free fight started. The bus passengers, of course, supported their driver and everyone else joined in against them. Two armed Persian soldiers, who were there, beat a hasty retreat, and when road-menders' shovels were used as weapons, we also retreated. We did finally get across, the lorries giving us priority, either through politeness or to see if we stuck too. Further floods and "tow-outs" were the order of the day. Engine stalls were always due to the flowing water piling up over the engine and shorting the plugs. Lorry drivers wrapped their engines in old Persian carpets most effectively. We sealed up everything we could with plasticene and got more and more expert every time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Normally passports were demanded at every town, on arrival and departure. We were once asked to show our driving licences; at least, we thought that was what was required. These were dragged out, but it was the wrong answer. However, by putting a dotty expression on our faces and saying "Ingleese" very slowly we were generally allowed to proceed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Auto-carrier" took us across the Channel; and our ten weeks' journey ended with a huge meal, Bass on draught and a visit to the Palladium in London. The "Hanafiah" was not of great value as a touring car in England with all her modifications. She was "traded in" like any other car; but her name will always recall to us our three days in Singapore, the heat-scorched Grand Trunk Road in India, streams rushing across the road in Persia, our first view of the sea at Beirut, the endless road across the Libyan Desert, the orchards in bloom in France and our first pint of draught beer in good old London Town.

E. H. LESCHALLAS (©, 1929).

## CRICKET FIXTURES

### FIRST ELEVEN.

Sat.,	May 25.—Incogniti	Home.
Thurs.,	May 30.—Bradfield	Away.
Sat.,	June 1.—Bedford	Home.
Wed.,	June 5.—Westminster	Away.
Sat.,	June 8.—M.C.C.	Home.
Wed.,	June 12.—Authentics	Home.
Sat.,	June 15.—Haileybury	Home.
Wed.,	June 19.—Radley	Home.
Fri.,	June 21. } Tonbridge	Away.
Sat.,	June 22. }	
Wed.,	June 26.—40 Club	Home.
Sat.,	June 29.—Cryptics	Home.
Wed.,	July 3.—Oundle	Home.

### SECOND ELEVEN.

Sat.,	May 18.—Radley	Away.
Sat.,	May 25.—Halton Naval Squadron	Home.
Wed.,	June 5.—Bedford	Home.
Sat.,	June 8.—Rugby	Home.
Sat.,	June 15.—Haileybury	Home.
Wed.,	June 19.—Bradfield	Home.
Wed.,	July 3.—Oundle	Home.

Matches against R.A.F. (Bicester) and Harrow are as yet not fixed.

### THIRD ELEVEN.

Sat.,	May 25.—Buckingham	Home.
Sat.,	June 1.—Radley	Away.
Sat.,	June 15.—Buckingham	Home.
Wed.,	June 19.—Maiden Erlegh	Away.
Sat.,	July 6.—Bedford	Home.

### COLTS' ELEVEN.

Sat.,	May 18.—Radley	Home.
Sat.,	June 1.—Oundle	Away.
Wed.,	June 5.—Bedford	Home.
Sat.,	June 8.—Rugby	Away.
Thurs.,	June 20.—Bradfield	Away.
Wed.,	June 26.—St. Edward's, Oxford	Away.

The match against Harrow is as yet not fixed.

### JUNIOR COLTS' ELEVEN.

Sat.,	May 18.—Radley	Home.
Sat.,	June 8.—Rugby	Away.
Wed.,	June 26.—St. Edward's, Oxford	Away.
Sat.,	July 6.—Bedford	Home.

Matches against Harrow and Bloxham are as yet not fixed.

E.P.H.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

At the beginning of the term our prospects for the Cross-Country were good, but the season was marred by illness and bad weather. The snow and hard ground necessitated running on the roads until the School Cross-Country, and illness put many School Runners out of action. It was because of this that we ran against Rugby with a depleted side, unused to the fields. The Uppingham match and the 2nd VIII match with R.A.F., Halton, had to be scratched, as by then we had not enough School Runners left to produce two teams.

The Charterhouse match has been dropped for the duration of the war, and the fixture with Rugby has been substituted.

### FIRST VIII v. RUGBY.

At Stowe, on Saturday, March 2nd.

The match was run over the usual "Charterhouse" course. Although the ground was soft by the Blackpit and a stretch of the Ridings had been rather churned up by tanks, the going was on the whole good.

At the start Rugby went off fast and in the field beyond Dadford their VIII were together about 100 yards ahead of ours. The situation remained much the same until Blackpit, except that Forrest caught up the Rugby pack, having at one time taken the lead. Lawson Tancred, Robinson and two Rugby runners had dropped behind. Coming down the Ridings Forrest fell back and two more Rugby runners were overtaken by the main Stowe pack. It was much the same from the end of the Ridings until the finish, Dewar and Hunter of Rugby being well ahead and finishing strongly, with Forrest not quite able to beat Gray for third place. Although Rugby had the first three places, we managed to get our first five men home before theirs.

Result:—

Rugby:	21 points.	
Stowe:	34 points.	
1.	W. Q. Dewar (Rugby).	35 mins. 13.6 secs.
2.	B. V. Hunter (Rugby).	
3.	D. J. Gray (Rugby).	
4.	R. G. I. Forrest (Stowe, Ⓞ).	
5.	J. A. S. Clemeson (Rugby).	35 mins. 39.2 secs.
6.	{ W. E. McCready (Stowe, Ⓞ).	
	{ P. D. Bally (Stowe, Ⓞ).	
8.	J. B. Dwight (Stowe, Ⓞ).	
9.	A. G. Jessiman (Stowe, Ⓞ).	
10.	J. M. C. Dukes (Rugby).	
11.	E. E. Smith (Rugby).	
12.	R. H. Hawkins (Stowe, C).	
13.	J. Kinman (Rugby).	
14.	C. Lawson Tancred (Stowe, C).	
	P. S. Robinson (Stowe, Ⓞ) and J. N. Agnew (Rugby) dropped out.	

### THE SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY.

The extreme severity of the first month of term had made the countryside so frozen that new courses, entirely over road, had been appointed. But the races were actually run off in very favourable weather.

The roads, which might have been very wet and slippery considering the recent rain, were dry and only at all greasy near the Water-Splash. What wind there was did not affect the runners much since it was now light and warm for the season, and most of the course was sheltered by hedges. In the senior, Williams-Ellis headed the field from the start almost as far as the Water-splash. P. D. Forsyth-Forrest was well up on him to begin with, but dropped behind later to give second place to Burton. At Oxford Lodge cross-roads Williams-Ellis and Burton were in the lead, closely followed by Ellison, third, and Knox, fourth. Dwight was lying fifth at this point, and, though he eventually won, dropped several places between the Lodge and the Water-splash. Here the runners arrived in groups. The first was led by McCready, a yard or two ahead, with Hawkins, Jessiman, Hayward, and Lawson Tancred close on his heels. Five yards behind came Dwight and Williams-Ellis, both of whom had lost a lot of ground since the Lodge. A second large group followed about twenty yards behind, following Burton, and keeping very close together. It seemed as though many of the runners were consciously retaining positions close to the faster performers. Some of those at the tail of the first group had chosen to go over the bridge rather than risk the Water-splash itself, and almost everyone that did gained a good five yards in doing so. Certainly Dwight gained a large number of places at this point. From there to the finish the race gradually spread out. The road towards the Temple of Venus saw a fairly satisfactory and even finish, without very much doubt about the winner. The first ten places were as follows:—1, J. B. Dwight (G); 2, W. E. McCready (Ⓞ); 3, P. D. Bally (Ⓞ); 4, A. G. Jessiman (B); 5, R. H. Hawkins (C); 6, F. H. V. Beazley (B); 7, J. D. R. Hayward (G); 8, G. C. S. Pearson (C); 9, C. Lawson Tancred (C); 10, T. G. Knox (Ⓞ).

The Junior Cross-Country was also run over a new course, which was considerably shorter than the old one. Immediately after the start Guinness was leading past the 3rd Green. But he was only a very little in front of a group containing Greenall, Conant, Stopford, and Slater. R. D. Lightfoot (W) followed them by himself, and did not pick up until they were running below Chatham. At the Bell Gate Lightfoot finally put on speed and left the rest over two hundred yards behind. He finished with a correspondingly great lead, followed by J. F. L. Robinson (W), who in turn was a hundred yards ahead of G. T. G. Conant (B) who came in third. Fourth place was taken by J. de B. Shrosbree (C), and fifth by D. R. Blundell (Ⓞ). J. W. Cornforth (G) followed them sixth; and A. J. Gray (T), R. M. Sellers (W), C. E. Guinness (Ⓞ) and R. T. F. Larsen (G) followed him.

On the whole the race was not as interesting as in other years. For one thing it was impossible to compare this year's times with previous times, and for another the finish along the road above the lakes allows no room for spectators to see the end successfully. In addition, nothing can be seen of the finish until the runners round the corner at the Bell Gate, which destroys the possibility of seeing the final struggle with such ease as was possible in the Grecian Valley. However, it made the only practicable substitute, in view of the condition of the country, and the race was exciting enough, even with so many of the original competitors invalidated out through 'flu.

## FENCING

We had no instructor this term, but nevertheless Fencing was continued. Some members of the Club fenced by themselves, and greater activity was only prevented by the various illnesses. We had three matches arranged, but unfortunately all of them had to be cancelled owing to illness.

## HOCKEY

About two-fifths of the school elected to play Hockey for the latter part of the term, as an alternative to Athletics. Illness reduced this number to considerably less than half; but it was usually possible to play two Senior Games, and Houses paired off to raise four junior sides, which played each other in turn.

A match was played against the R.A.F., Bicester, on Saturday, March 16th, by a school side, reinforced by two masters. The school lost 2—3. It is hoped to play a return match against Bicester and a match against a Buckingham side before the end of term.

## SQUASH

Owing to the weather and the number of players medical there has been much less squash activity than usual in the Easter Term.

There have been two matches so far and we were below full strength in both of them. We lost 3—2 to a team from Oxford brought by P. Johnstone (C, 1939), and 5—0 to one from Trinity Hall led by A. Shaw (C, 1938). In the latter the School failed to win a game, but all the players were badly out of practice. It is hoped to play two more matches before the end of term, against a team from Middlesex Hospital and against Radley.

Junior House Matches have had to be postponed yet again, until the first week of next term.

A senior and junior ladder competition have again been held, but it has not been easy to make much progress with them, especially in the senior one.

There is plenty of good material in the School and we should have good teams in the future.

## O.T.C. NOTES

The following promotions have been made this term:—

To *Under-Officer*: Sergeants J. B. Frankenburg (C), D. E. M. Earle (B), J. B. Dwight (G), P. A. Bates (C), A. V. Farnell-Watson (W), M. R. Wallace (C), G. L. Paget (C).

To *Sergeant*: Corporals R. C. Carr-Gomm (C), The Hon. J. V. Fisher (T), G. A. Dunnctt (G), J. R. McCarthy (G).

To *Corporal*: Lance-Corporals M. I. Atkin-Berry (C), C. D. Drew (C), P. G. Whitfield (T), P. D. Bally (C), C. F. Broughton (C), J. B. Sumner (C), J. E. Hodgkin (C), E. J. Lankester (C), T. G. Longdon-Griffiths (G), C. d'A. Dakin (T), M. C. Dodwell (G), C. Alexander (W), I. N. Craig (C), J. W. V. Shand Kydd (C).

To *Lance-Corporals*: Cadets R. U. P. de Burgh (G), A. D. Thomson (C), J. A. McDonald (C), J. F. Nye (C), K. T. Boyd (C), R. W. Kennon (G), P. D. Forsyth-Forrest (T), R. C. Hurley (C), J. G. Struthers (C), E. P. Hickling (C), R. Gray (C), T. G. Knox (C), F. M. Frankenburg (C), J. D. R. Hayward (G), R. F. C. Davis (T), D. A. O. Davies (T), N. W. Riley (B), D. C. Lloyd (C), J. Dodd (G), J. F. St. J. Craigen (C), H. Le S. Massy (T), B. N. L. Fletcher (C), J. A. B. Lloyd-Philipps (G), G. P. Marshall (C), R. H. Hawkins (C), G. M. Scott (G), J. F. L. Robinson (W), J. A. Hayward (G).

A Certificate "A" (War) examination will be held on March 26th. There are potentially 77 candidates, but the preparation of a number of them has been seriously interfered with by illness.

The strength of the Contingent is 332, including 26 Recruits in January. Expansion under a voluntary system seems to have reached its peak, and our intake in numbers and age is back to normal.

Messrs. J. M. Selby and A. R. Annand have been posted for military service elsewhere. The officer-establishment is thereby reduced to a minimum for the training undertaken, but the N.C.O's are responding particularly well to their increased responsibility.

## PRIZES.

Best Recruits, Christmas term, 1939:—1, P. M. Ward (T); 2, J. P. E. Maze (C); 3, A. A. N. Kurk (G).

## TRAINING.

In spite of exceedingly difficult weather conditions the work of the Contingent has been uninterrupted and effective. Parades out of doors were impossible for the first month of the term, but the time was profitably employed by giving lectures and instruction in classrooms and other suitable places. When games were not available owing to the frost the O.T.C. provided a welcome out-of-school activity.

A Senior Company (two platoons) has now been formed for an advanced course in infantry training, and it, together with the Air and Signal Sections, employs 83 cadets in post-Certificate "A" work. Promotion to the rank of Lance-Corporal is being made on the recommendation of the Officers and Platoon Commanders concerned.

For medical reasons the attendance on parade of the more Junior Companies has been at times reduced to half strength. They have none the less been smart in their turn-out and keen to learn.

Once the snow allowed it, increased and more systematic practice on the Miniature Range has proceeded smoothly with the co-operation of the senior N.C.O's in the Houses. It is a good sign that the Sergeant-Major has felt justified in introducing a more difficult target.

In the early part of the term all N.C.O. Instructors had instruction in the Light Machine (Bren) Gun. They have now begun passing on this knowledge to their squads.

## SHOOTING

Under a new system many more people have been shooting this term, and an average of over 50 a day has been recorded. House competitions to encourage shooting have been run with success.

The "Country Life" score was disappointing, the "Landscape" target spoiling what looked like being a good shoot.

"COUNTRY LIFE."					
Possible	Group	Rapid	Snap	Landscape	
	10	50	25	48	
R. J. Musgrave (C) ...	10	45	25	—	
C. C. R. Boulton (B) ...	10	48	25	—	
R. C. Collier (B) ...	10	47	20	21	
C. D. Drew (C) ...	10	41	20	—	
J. L. Hollings (T) ...	10	49	25	45	
J. S. Barrowclough (W) ...	10	49	25	—	
W. E. Duck (W) ...	5	49	20	42	
P. D. Bally (C) ...	10	50	20	—	
J. E. Hodgkin (C) ...	—	—	—	18	
	75	378	180	126	
			Grand total	759	

## THE RIFLE CLUB.

Spoons were won this term, in 'A' Class by J. A. McDonald (C) 2, R. C. Hurley (C) 2, J. P. Marshall (C), E. P. Hickling (C), P. D. Bally (C); and in 'B' Class by I. R. McDonald (C) 2, H. H. B. Oswell (C) 2, J. W. Kinder (C), C. P. Smith (C) and J. E. Colbeck (T).

## THE LIBRARY

The Library has been thoroughly searched for books needing new covers and for foreign, paper-backed editions. These are being bound, and the Library Committee has consequently had to reduce the number of new books for this term.

We wish gratefully to acknowledge the following presentation to the Library:—

From Miss Rachel Leighton, whose mother, Mrs. Stanley Leighton, née Williams

Wynn, was great great grand-daughter of George Grenville, Prime Minister:

'A Catalogue of the Ducal Estate and the Contents of the Mansion.'

'A Description of Stowe' (Seelcy, 1817).

From Mrs. F. B. Dwight:

'La Guerre racontée par nos Généraux' (Fayolle and Dubail), 3 vols.

From Shane Leslic, Esq.:

'Word from England' (compiled by Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges).

The following books have been bought this term:—

'The Philosophy of Plato' (Demos); 'Roman Citizenship' (Sherwin-White);

'The Delphic Oracle' (Parke); 'The Romans in Britain' (Sutherland); 'Aeschylus'

(Gilbert Murray); 'Boniface VIII' (Boase); 'The German Army' (Rosinki); 'Intro-

duction to Metaphysics' (Maritain); 'A Modern Introduction to Logic' (Stebbing);

'War Aims' (G. D. H. Cole); 'D'où vient l'Allemagne?' (Gonzague de Reynold);

'Hitler m'a dit' (Rauschnig).

## SPRING

As walks Aurora blushing on the Earth  
 While scatt'ring dew across her rosy way,  
 So Spring, the herald, tells of Summer's birth;  
 That Summer's coming, flower-wreathed and gay,  
 Once more to help mankind through troubled time,  
 And warm the buds which peep out from the trees  
 In delicate hues of Nature's green sublime  
 To dance in graceful chorus with the breeze.

On foot soft-treading comes the clear-eyed Spring,  
 When playful lambs in sunlit meadows green  
 Their youth in happy gambols pass away;  
 When birds have come from distant lands to sing  
 The season in, as Nature's voice serene;  
 And far, far gone is Winter's dreary day.

J.P.P.



## MUSIC

There has been much musical activity this term, and in each branch there has been great enthusiasm. The Orchestra has led an energetic life rehearsing for a concert to be given on Good Friday, of which the principal work is to be Mozart's Jupiter Symphony; the slow movement alone is being omitted. Especially in the last movement of this work, both strings and wind have risen to heights of excellence hitherto unknown. Also included in the programme are to be Gluck's Orfeo Music with J. S. M. Ramsay (T) playing the flute solo and the same composer's Symphonia in G. Of the more modern composers, Sibelius' March from the Karelia Suite has provided meaty entertainment for the brass; and finally Schubert's Rosamunde Overture has given pleasure to all. The woodwind and brass sections are well up to strength, but the strings, though by no means lacking in quality, are still rather thin in numbers; it is hoped, however, that next term will bring us a new crop of violinists.

Apart from the normal practices, which have been entirely devoted to rehearsing for the concert, two practices have taken place every week-end in connection with the performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" which D. W. Barnes (C) is producing, and Mr. W. L. Snowdon conducting. The choruses and orchestra are drawn from the school, but members of the staff and three helpers from Buckingham are taking the principal parts. There will be a performance of this opera on March 28th, the proceeds of which will go to the Pineapple.

Apart from singing the choruses in this opera, the Choral Society has concentrated on C. V. Stanford's Revenge.

The inter-house instrumental competitions are to be held on March 29th, and each house has been busy preparing a programme. The set piece for the Vocal Quartet competition is C. V. Stanford's arrangement of "My Love's an Arbutus."

There have been the usual concerts every Sunday night given by boys and masters; but, because they have been held at 5.30, and as the afternoons have become brighter owing to the early introduction of summer time, the audience has dwindled.

Throughout the term the Gramophone Club has met regularly every Friday night. The programme has varied from Elgar's Falstaff to the early symphonies of Sibelius which have proved very popular.

### THE MUSIC SOCIETY.

Two meetings of the Society, which is now open to the whole school, have taken place. On Sunday, February 13th, Prince George Chavchavadze very kindly came down to play a most varied, though perhaps not ideally balanced, programme, including Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, a group of pieces by Chopin, and five Brahms Waltzes, as well as many other similar items. The brilliance of his playing was most enjoyable

and the Library was completely filled. All the proceeds of the concert, which amounted to over £20, were sent to the British Red Cross Fund.

The second meeting took place on Wednesday, March 13th, in the Library. Four woodwind players came down from the London Symphony Orchestra. They were:—

Flute—Edward Walker.  
Oboe—John McCarthy.  
Clarinet—Alwyn Kell.  
Bassoon—Gilbert Vinter.

The programme started with "Danse Villageoise" by Provinciali, which was a piece in a light vein and successfully showed us that the players were in the front rank, not only individually, but also as a combination, by their exactness in tempo and excellence in ensemble. The next item was Divertimento No. 13 by Mozart for two Oboes, two Horns and two Bassoons, arranged by Gilbert Vinter for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet and Bassoon. The playing again was perfect, but the absence of horn was particularly conspicuous in the last movement which needed very much thicker tone than the four instruments were able to produce.

The Mirror Fugue by Bach was played next, arranged for Flute, Oboe and Clarinet, and provided an excellent opportunity for studying the individual parts of the fugue. A trio for Oboe, Clarinet and Bassoon by Schuloff followed, which demonstrated the virtuosity of the players. The last item, however, "An Evening on the Turkestan Steppe," by Chwartz, was clearly composed for a woodwind quartet, and the use made of the different tone colours of the instruments was very effective; this was the best item on the programme. There was a small but appreciative audience for this excellent concert.

R.C.M.N.

### THE MUSIC CLUB.

An attempt was made at the beginning of this term to restore the original policy of the club, which has never before been satisfactorily practised. The first meeting of the Club, held on February 22nd, at which Mr. Saunders read a delightful paper on "Folk-Song," was fully attended and the resultant discussion most successful. It is hoped that J. M. Budden (W) and J. B. Frankenburg (C) will read their papers on "Mozart" and the "Programme Symphony" respectively later in the term.

The following new members have been elected:—D. T. Weston (C), R. C. M. Nathan (C), C. F. Cullis (W), K. Emrys-Roberts (C), C. D. Drew (C), P. G. Henderson (W), B. B. D. Stopford (C).

R.J.E.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

TWO debates have been held this term, and there is a chance of a third. Both meetings have been remarkable for the admirable number of speakers and for the quality of most speeches. The Lower House has frequently revealed its talent, and it no longer falls on members of the Upper House to fill in awkward pauses. Perhaps the second debate's success lay in its direct appeal, for this was probably the first time when there were more speakers from the Lower than from the Upper House. Paper speeches have been reduced to a maximum length of seven minutes, so that there is more time left for debate; and many more people are speaking extempore, some even for their maiden speech.

Officers of the Society:—President, Mr. W. L. McElwee; Vice-President, Mr. J. M. Todd; Secretary, C. W. Newton (G); Treasurer, H. M. Taylor (G); Librarian, P. G. Henderson (W).

The following have been elected members of the Society:—R. W. Alexander (C), A. R. W. S. Chandos-Pole (T), J. R. Dartford (W), C. E. Guinness (C), R. A. Guinness (C), J. H. Jordan (T), A. B. Luttrell (C), P. C. Macnamara (B), R. J. Musgrave (C), D. L. Pike (G), N. E. Seely (T), R. M. Sellers (W) and J. B. Sumner (C).

The 127th Meeting of the Society was held in the Library at 8.10 p.m. on Wednesday, February 14th.

Before the debate started, the announcement that C. W. Newton (G) was the new secretary prompted the most unusual demonstration of outright pleasure. The Upper House's enthusiastic cry of "Vive l'Entente, à Berlin!" was only drowned by the wild sobs of joy which rose from the Lower House. When the hysteria had died down, and when the overcome had been carried out, the Vice-President rose to deplore the brevity of the last minutes. The House, however, aware of the threat of rambling minutes as well as the Vice-President's speech, rejected the suggestion, and, as usual, the Vice-President resumed his seat a broken man.

The motion was then debated that "In the opinion of this House, true democracy requires votes for children."

Like Agag, G. L. PAGET (C) trod delicately between the extremes of being an ostrich and of being cross. If he occasionally did hide his head in the sand, his lip-service to democracy, on the other hand, was sometimes so mealy-mouthed that he became almost inaudible. He may have failed to convince the House, in spite of a logical speech; but he clearly demonstrated that it was not an army, but the determined thrust of a knitting-needle that will pierce the Siegfried Line.

B. HENSHAW's (C) speech would have made Silenus envious. He appealed to the House as above average intelligence, and coaxed it into the stormy paths of emotion instead of the calm pools of reason. His voice rose and fell in all its richness as he wandered from Tiger Timothy to Mickey Rooney. Some unkind critic might have called this bogus rhetoric; but the House left reassured that it was only 'argumentum ad hominem.'

That scion of a race long past, J. C. SIMOPOULOS (G) rose to prove that he was indeed a hangover. Probably it would have been a task fit for Heracles, his forbear, to reason with the House; but yet his speech was worthy of the Aeropagus, and he revealed

himself as both a psychologist and a schoolboy, for fear and self-assertion, he said, not love became the basis of our life.

C. R. P. ANSTEY (C) spoke fourth. His speech reflected the troubles of early childhood, and, in some cases, his depiction was so vivid that it might almost have been biographical. He concluded by emphasizing that his description of the nursery pointed to one thing only, the inability of children to govern.

There also spoke: *For the Motion*: P. C. Macnamara (B), J. E. M. Irvine (T), A. M. Mitchell (C), F. M. Frankenburg (C), C. D. Harvey-Piper (T), the Vice-President, and R. A. Guinness (C).

*Against the Motion*: N. E. Seely (T), D. V. Palmer (C), R. W. Alexander (C), A. B. Luttrell (C), G. McC. Corbett (B), H. M. Taylor (G), A. D. Maclean (T), C. M. Argles (C), and C. E. Guinness (C).

On a division being taken there voted:

<i>Upper House.</i>		<i>Lower House.</i>	
For the Motion	— 10	For the Motion	5
Against	— 7	Against	— 35

The Motion was therefore carried in the Upper House by 3 votes, and lost in the Lower House by 30 votes.

The 128th Meeting of the Society was held in the Library at 8.10 p.m. on Wednesday, February 28th.

The motion was debated that "In the present state of civilization, contributions to the R.S.P.C.A. are a sentimental waste of money."

This was a good debate; for both young and old, shrill treble and weary bass clamoured to dispute. It seemed as if Pericles, so recently elected an honorary member, had blessed the purpose of the House, and had unfastened many a timid tongue; indeed some members firmly claimed to have seen the great Athenian's silhouette hovering in the back row. Speakers were numerous, and most maiden speeches revealed great promise of a polemical future.

R. A. D. OLIVER (C), who set an excellent example in proposing the motion extempore, tried to persuade the House that he was a worthy rival of Wotan the Hunter, for, admirably ignoring the subject, he described the pleasure of the afternoon's sport with the Christ Church Beagles. But, at last shaking the dust of the chase off his feet, he began in deadly earnest to point out the faults of civilization. The indescribable muddle of the present, he said, arose from the tension between public and private moral values; and, after condemning the method of modern diplomacy, he concluded by emphasizing that now was certainly not the time to waste money on the R.S.P.C.A.

H. M. TAYLOR (G), that student of classical restraint, advocated the control of animal emotion, and, although a firm supporter of the R.S.P.C.A., he had to admit that he never knew where he was with a dog. An allusion to the President's cat convinced everyone that the speaker showed promise in many fields, and his final appeal to take animals off the street, from the peril of night-life, and to provide them with facilities for harmless entertainment, seemed a conclusive proof that each dog had his own day, and that it was high time that animals no longer got the wrong end of the stick.

The Hon. W. HILTON-YOUNG (W) poured a refreshing shower of fact on the House, which had grown altogether too catty. The R.S.P.C.A., he said, was an obsolete survival of the time when there were repressed Victorians to worry about animals. But since parliamentary acts fulfil the purpose of the R.S.P.C.A., he found that the Society's only hope of survival lay in a new object; the apocalyptic 222 inspectors would have to prevent the twisting of calves' tails.

C. M. ARGLES (C) gallantly championed the animal, and he built a strong logical defence for the R.S.P.C.A. He outpincered all the previous pincer-movements of the evening by a sally of pure deduction, and, after rebuking an effervescent secretary and an ebullient president, he fought for every inch of territory, until he had broken the last sign of resistance, and until there was indeed nothing of importance to report.

There also spoke: *For the Motion*: J. E. M. Irvine (T), J. S. Ramsay (T), C. J. Massy (T), R. R. Thompson (W), R. M. Sellers (W), J. P. Pettavel (W), A. B. Luttrell (C), R. J. Musgrave (C), and the President.

*Against the Motion*: B. Henshaw (C), D. V. Palmer (C), P. R. A. H. Billinge (C), P. G. Henderson (W), J. H. Jordan (T), H. M. E. Lloyd (C), J. B. Sumner (C), D. H. G. Beaman (T), F. M. Frankenburg (C), D. R. Blundell (G), E. M. M. Besterman (W), R. M. M. B. Stewart (T), D. L. Pike (G), A. R. W. S. Chandos-Pole (T), A. J. Ainsley (C), C. E. Guinness (C), C. R. P. Anstey (C), and J. R. Dartford (W).

On a division being taken, there voted:

<i>Upper House.</i>		<i>Lower House.</i>	
For the Motion	- 11	For the Motion	9
Against	- 10	Against	- 26

The Motion was therefore carried by 1 vote in the Upper House, and lost by 17 votes in the Lower House.

C.W.N.

## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

### THE XII CLUB.

The Club lost a most excellent President when Mr. Hamer was called up at the beginning of last term. Let us hope that he will return soon.

G. L. Paget (C) and J. B. Frankenburg (C) have read papers on "The Marne Campaign, 1914" and "From Pontiaowski to Cruft's" respectively. It is hoped that before the end of the term the more elusive members of the Club will blossom forth.

The following have been elected members this term:—J. B. Frankenburg (C), J. B. Dwight (G), A. J. F. Fergusson (B), C. E. L. H. Reiche (G), P. A. Bates (C) and P. G. Henderson (W). J. M. Browne (B) was a permanent guest.

J.V.F.

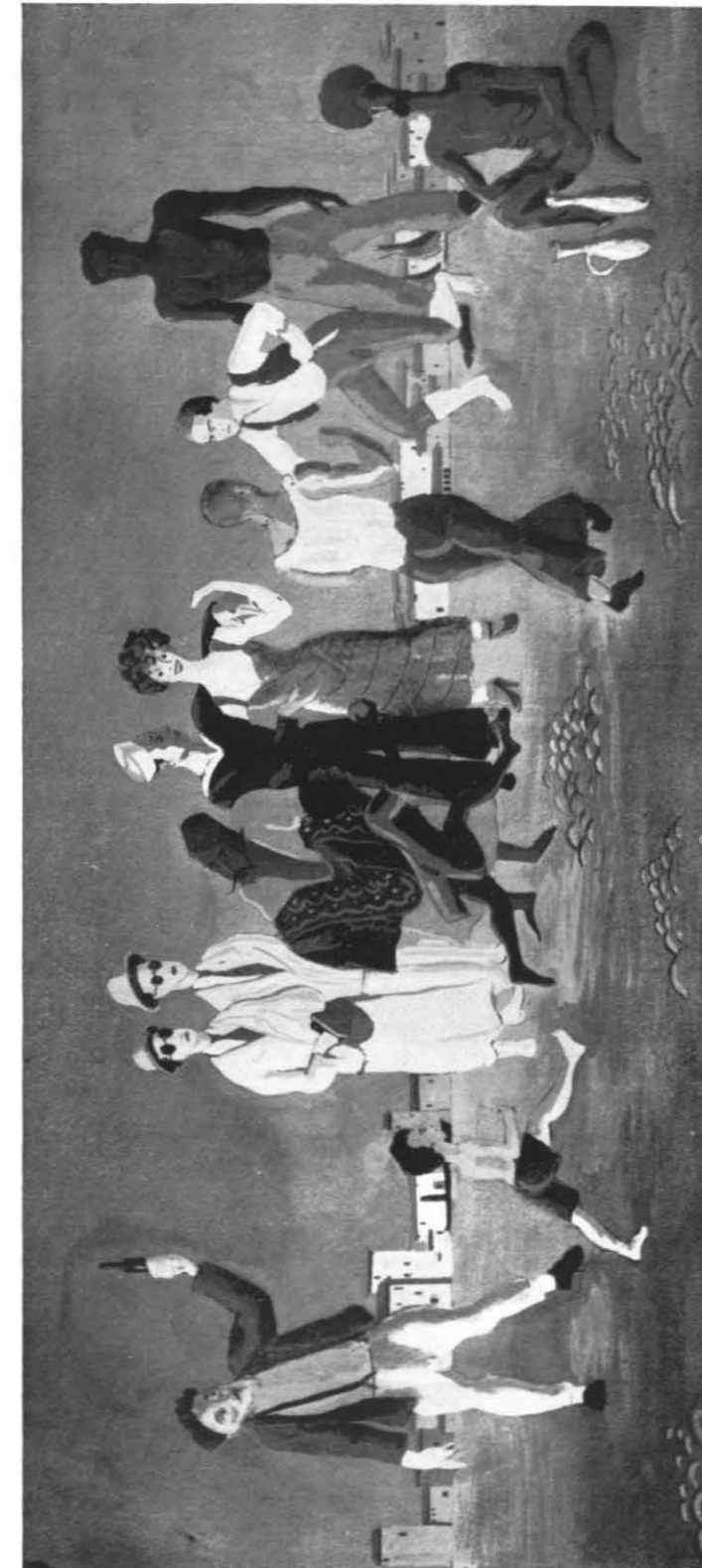
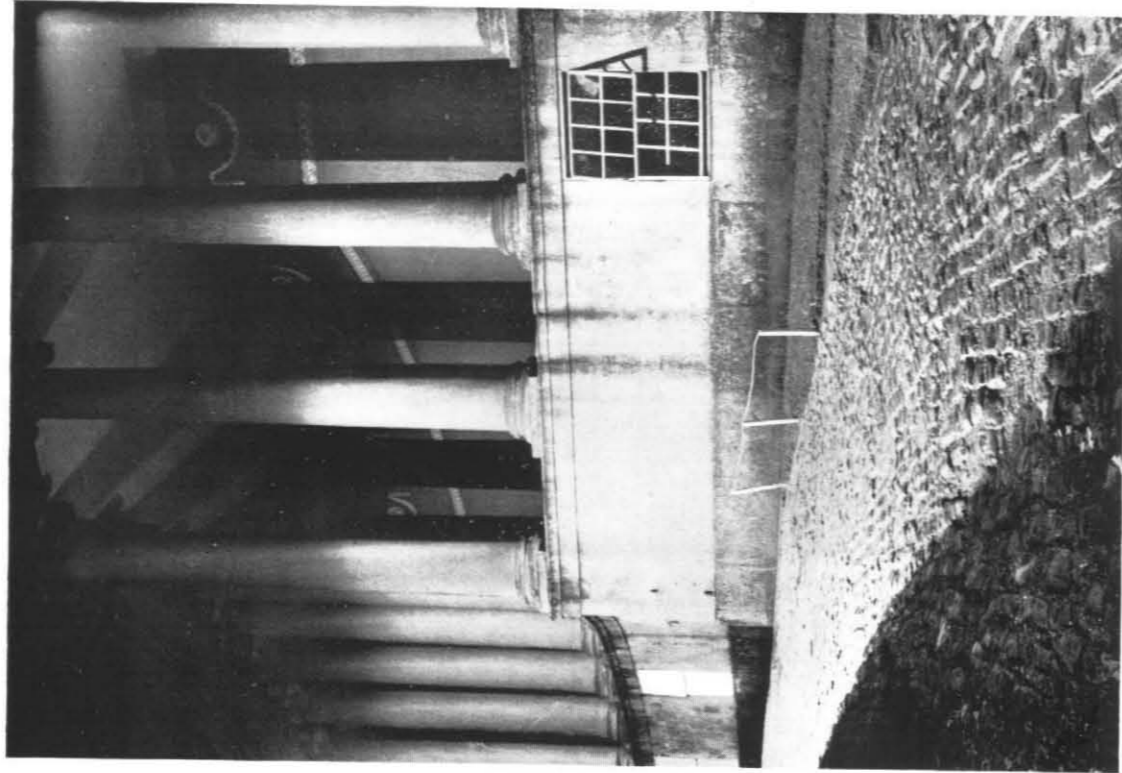


Photo by ]

DECORATED BLACK-OUT SCREEN  
BY K. H. IRGENS (C)

ROOM 22—MODERN LINGUISTS

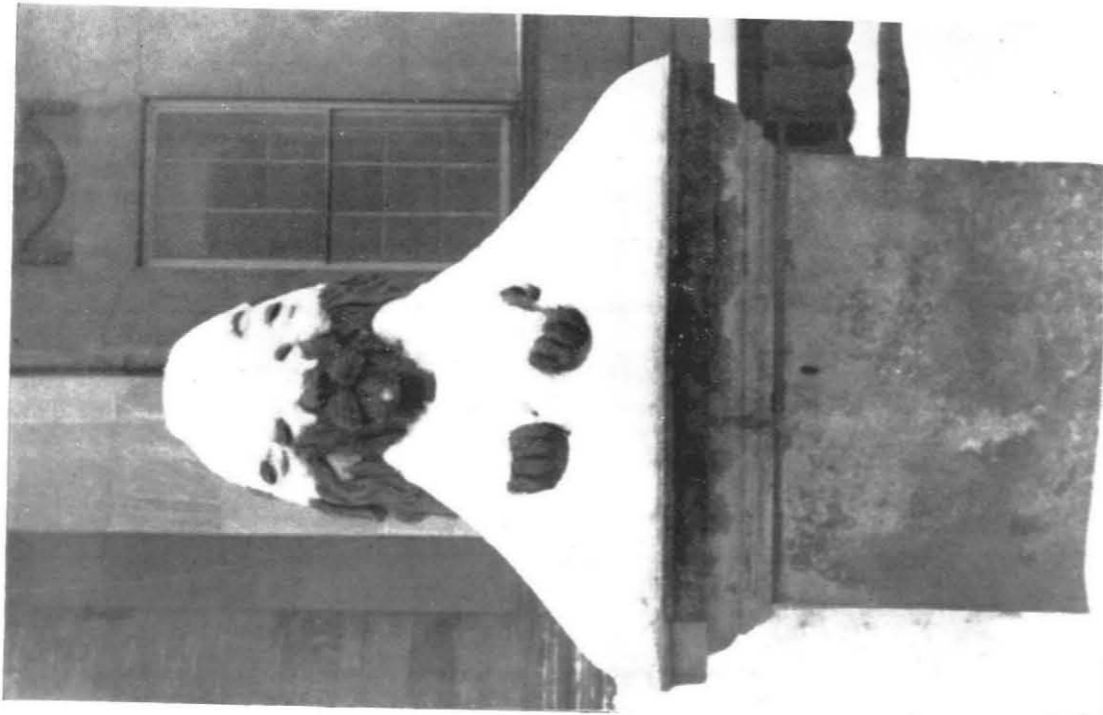
[ R. & H. Chapman



EAST COLONNADE

Photo by ]

[ A.J.F.F.



MOBBLED LION

Photo by ]

[ H.B.P.

## THE STOIC

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### THE FILM SOCIETY.

In spite of the apparent difficulty in obtaining films, the numbers of the Society were full, and two excellent films were shown, "Mayerling" on Wednesday, February 7th, and "Femme du Boulanger" on Wednesday, March 6th. Another, "Quai des Brumes," will be shown on March 20th.

A.V.F-W.

### THE VITRUVIANS.

A meeting was held on Tuesday, February 27th, when C. R. P. Anstey (C) read a paper on "The Rise of the Greek Temple," written by P. S. Anstey (C) who was unfortunately unable to be present. The Secretary hopes to be able to read his paper on "The Origins of Spanish Architecture" later in the term.

R.A.O.

### THE MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY.

This term there have only been three meetings of the Society. Absence on account of illness of several members made it impossible to read the usual number of papers.

"Les Boulinaud," by Ordonneau, Valabrigue and Kéroul was read.  
C. F. Broughton (C) was elected a member.

I.D.W.McE.

### THE SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the term was held on Wednesday, February 14th, when Miss M. Baxter, M.Sc., read a very interesting paper on "The Spectrum and the Atom."

On March 20th, a film "Tin Plate" is to be shown in conjunction with the Film Society. It is hoped that both the Vice-President and the Secretary will be able to read papers before the end of the term.

C.F.C.

### THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The activities of the Society have been handicapped by illness and little outdoor work has been done by members. Three meetings were held during the term. At the first Mr. Eyre gave a talk on "The Birds of Stowe," illustrated by slides. This unfortunately coincided with the first outburst of influenza but was much appreciated by the small audience. Mr. Eyre has since given great help to members of the Society who are interested in Ornithology. Two film meetings were held, at which the Natural History of several groups of animals and some aspects of Plant Life were shown.

A fourth meeting was arranged, at which some Natural History practical work was to have been demonstrated. Owing to the illness of the demonstrators this has been postponed until the Summer Term.

Three meetings have already been arranged for next term, the postponed demonstration mentioned above, a paper by J. W. Young (G) on "The Butterflies of Stowe," and a paper by E. M. Besterman (W) on "Microscopical Work."

The Journal of the Natural History and Scientific Societies was to have been on sale on Sports Day, but on account of illness its production has been postponed till early in the Summer Term. This Journal contains reports of work done by members of both Societies during the past year. This Journal was first produced in March, 1939, and was reviewed in the *School Science Review* as follows:—

"The Editors and contributors to this Journal are to be warmly congratulated on making a really excellent start with their new venture. The various societies are evidently very much alive; and the articles, notes and so on here published show a very high standard among their members. May their Journal flourish as it certainly deserves to do."

C.A.M.

#### STOWE FILM PRODUCTIONS.

This term the sound recording service has been continued. A number of records have been made, and the purchase of further apparatus has increased the versatility of the service. It was decided to alter slightly the various types of records offered and it is thought that the changes have been very satisfactory.

Film production this term was very much delayed by long discussions as to whether it was worth continuing producing News Reels. The weather at the beginning of the term offered great opportunity for interest, but it was decided that it would be better to produce one long film in 16 mm, a size which has so far not been used by the Group. Further discussions preceded the decision to film the organization of the ordering and cooking of the food, and the problems involved in the catering for such a large number of people. The finished film will be shown in the Gymnasium on Sports Day and the following Sunday.

A good deal of experiment was done with an arc-lamp to supply sufficient light for projection in the Gymnasium.

Thanks to the purchase of more powerful apparatus, the programmes of records in the Gymnasium on Saturday evenings, before the film, were made much more audible. An innovation was the announcing of each tune, which gave the performance a better tone. Coloured lighting was continued.

This term two founder-members of the Group are leaving, but the Group will continue unabated next term.

A.J.F.F.

#### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

Last term photographs were entered in the Public Schools' Travelling Exhibition. The following sent entries:—R. H. White-Smith (B), 2 pictures; N. E. Seely (T), 1 picture; and the Secretary, 8 pictures. It is hoped to have the exhibition here for Sports Day.

G.H.P.H.

#### THE CHESS CLUB.

The general standard of play has improved this term, and interest in the game is becoming more widespread.

The only official activity has been the competition for the Chess Cup. From the exceptional number of sixteen entrants A. B. Luttrell (C), A. G. Whitehead (G), J. R. Dartford (W), P. C. Holden (B), P. S. Anstey (C), J. O. Outwater (C) and J. E. Richardson (C) have survived the first round.

Richardson and Outwater have entered for the British Boys' Championship which takes place from April 1st to 6th. It will be encouraging if other players do the same next year.

J.E.R.

## FILM REVIEW

MAYERLING.

The ease of recapturing a certain measure of the atmosphere of old Vienna by the mere performance of the "Blue Danube" and the Kaiserlied has encouraged Hollywood to mass-produce films of the Austrian court; and the story of *Mayerling* is especially well adapted to tragic romance. For all that, Charles Boyer as the Archduke Rudolf and Danielle Darrieux as Marie Vetsera made the French production preeminent by their excellent, if occasionally rather sycophantic, acting. Together they made a delightful pair of lovers in the scenes at the Prater and in the Schönbrunn. Nor were the minor characters entirely neglected; Rudolf's valet and the rather passée Countess, whose misfortune rather than malevolent intrigues caused the tragic flirtation, were both well acted. It was the character of Franz Joseph, a rather discourteous old gentleman with a remarkably accurate taste in rolls. It was, perhaps, unwise to neglect a character who has held men's imaginations to an extent to which few other figures of recent times can lay claim; it was especially unwise to neglect Franz Joseph, seeing that the known part he played in the tragedy was by no means inconsiderable.

Historians and film producers have never agreed on the question of historical accuracy; on both sides a lot of nonsense has been talked. The producers have used the old arguments of art for art's sake which has already forgiven many crimes, while all the time their art has had little further purpose than good sales and quick fortunes. On the side of the historians pedantry has often been mistaken for scholarship; and there are some who resent any imaginative scenes and suspect, often with justice, the authenticity of new trappings. If we should allow historical films to be produced at all, and there is no reason why we should not, these criticisms must be treated as futile. But those who wish from their films something more than propaganda or palliatives for the poor have considerable grounds for grievance. It is trying prejudice rather hard to introduce, as Franz Joseph in *Mayerling*, something historically important, present him with a character inconsonant with general acceptance and then dismiss him; for nothing hurts so much as neglect. It is permissible to wonder if some of the changes made in historical films, supposedly for the sake of the plot, are really necessary. The plot of such a film as *Marie Antoinette* seems only too familiar and unconvincing. It would be safer to expend erudition on some less famous character. But this calls for imagination; and in historical imagination Hollywood and Denham are notably deficient. When their researches fail to provide material, they apply to the America or England of their own knowledge; we are liable to be surfeited with American gangsters masquerading as Robin Hood.

G.L.P.

## STOWE CLUB FOR BOYS

(THE PINEAPPLE)

AND

STOWE (MAIDA HILL) CLUB,

62, PENFOLD STREET, LONDON, N.W.8.,

March, 1940.

To the Editor of *The Stoic*.

Dear Sir,

As will be seen from the heading to this letter, Stowe is now responsible for two Clubs. In the past few months so many welcome developments have occurred at both centres that, in writing of them, it is difficult to know where to make a start.

At the Pineapple, the Warden, working on the principle of "give a fellow something to do and he's all right," is showing tremendous energy in organizing many different forms of recreation, and his untiring efforts have undoubtedly been rewarded by a general recognition in the district that "The Stowe Club is the place," with a resulting increase in its membership. He has procured a new tournament Ping-Pong table, and one of the rooms upstairs is reserved for those who are keen on the game and who wish to obtain uninterrupted practice. The former Old Boys' Room in the basement, now known as the Chandos Room, has been converted into a Library and Quiet (?) Room for the Seniors. The Canteen continues to be a popular and profitable institution, and regular assistance behind the counter is given by lady helpers. Mrs. Crewdson has also started weekly singing practices, and many are the strange and varied tones to be heard by those nearing the second floor on a Wednesday evening. There is no lack of volunteers to participate in the frequent visits which are made by our members to other London Clubs, and we receive return visits from them. It is hoped that the visits from the School during term-time can soon be resumed. Incidentally, Houses named after those at Stowe are being formed in the Club.

The two performances given by the Stowe and Rugby 'Strugglers' Concert Party, produced by Mrs. Crewdson, was considered a great success, and Mr. Clifford's presence at the second of these, held at The Four Feathers Club in Marylebone, was most welcome. Any doubtful feelings which had been entertained on the grounds of our being represented in the end by only one member of the cast were quickly dispelled by the prominence attending his appearance, and the gracious tribute given to him by our Rugby collaborators. (Jim Duffy's head still remains the same size, however.) We look forward to equally successful evenings in the future, with, we hope, more Pineapple lads behind the footlights.

On the football field the junior team has once again been putting up a splendid show, and they now find themselves in the Final of the London Federation Cup and in the semi-final of the Winchester Cup Competitions. Boxing has not produced any cup-winners, but plenty of keenness has been shown. The Warden is already busying himself with arrangements for outdoor activities in the summer, and an enthusiastic group of boys is usually to be found scanning the notice board for announcements about cycling and hiking parties, week-end camps, swimming, running and cricket fixtures.

Bob Mead is still at the Pineapple and doing grand work. This gives the Warden more time than he would otherwise have to concentrate on the many details of Club arrangements, to keep in touch with a vast number of people responsible for youth activities (and in this sphere he has already achieved great things), and to give his attention to all the other sidelines involved in the running of a successful Club.

The Stowe (Maida Hill) Club was started early in January as an independent centre for lads of over 17. Our Old Boys left their underground purlieus at Penfold Street with mixed (and, I believe, sentimental) feelings, but having now happily established themselves up the road, they are mixing in well with the former Maida Hill Old Boys, and both parties realize the advantages of having to themselves so well equipped a building. Here again a Canteen has been installed, and is almost as well patronized as that at The Pineapple. There are two Ping-Pong tables, two Billiards tables, a Darts board, and a gramophone and wireless have been acquired; in fact, little time has been lost in setting in motion as many forms of club recreation as possible. Weekly talks and informal discussions are held, and although many men are still a little afraid that their presence at these may place them in the category of "highbrows," the few who do attend are fortunately not backward in expressing their views—which is, of course, the main object of these meetings. At present, it is difficult to arrange in advance a programme of cricket and other fixtures, as so many members are being called up. Every effort is now being made to bring the Club to the notice of young men of 18 or 19 who still have difficulty in obtaining employment, and as time is liable to hang heavily on their hands, it is felt that the Club should be of special value to them.

Shortly after the Old Boys' Club was inaugurated at Maida Hill, Captain Stewart, the Warden who had remained on there, having been called to the colours, was unfortunately obliged to leave us, and Mr. Crewdson took over the Wardenship of the second club. It is naturally difficult for one man to give full-time service at both places during Club hours, and everything is being done to make the Old Boys, through their Committee, self-governing—with the help of those Old Stoics who are available to give certain nights each week to deputising for the Warden. One of these has been R. H. Jagger, a member of the London Committee, and now a resident at The Pineapple, and those at the Club hope that the R.A.F. will not call him away just yet.

The foregoing remarks bring me to one final point. Stowe, and Stowe friends, have never failed to make it possible for our task in Marylebone to become increasingly useful, and it is not for me to say how much has been done and is being done by the School on the financial side. But now, as a result of the war, all boys' clubs are confronted with a serious shortage of voluntary helpers: May I, Sir, therefore, appeal through your columns to Stowe boys, and in particular to those of them who are on the point of leaving, and who may be living in London with, perhaps, a little spare time, to come along and see what is being done at these Clubs? I would mention again that this work, which to most helpers soon becomes recreation, is, if possible, even more important during the war than under normal social conditions. Some regular assistance from a few more Old Stoics would be of great value at the present time. The name of the Stowe Clubs and the part they play are already recognized by youth welfare associations both in Marylebone and throughout London. The effort involved is, of necessity, a cumulative one, and having advanced so far we must forge still further ahead.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN N. WEILER.

## A FEW IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS.

## FINANCE.

The Stowe Club is not endowed and depends entirely on past and present members of the School, the Staff and friends of Stowe for its income. A membership of 150 is meagrely provided for. In spite of every sound economy its slender capital has to be drawn on at times to meet current expenses. More donations and annual subscriptions would make the task of those who bear the brunt of its organization and management less exacting. The Club has little remuneration of any kind to offer its officials. The Stowe Committee of masters and the London Committee of Old Stoics are purely honorary. The Club boys themselves contribute something towards the cost of every single activity.

In the year ending June 30th, 1939, the Old Stoics subscribed £285 (£252 by banker's orders), and the Stowe boys contributed £129 direct and another £100 through the Chapel collections towards Club funds.

Particulars of the subscription list are entirely private to me. Any sum of money, no matter how small it may seem, and especially if it can be sent regularly, will be most gratefully received and acknowledged. Banker's orders may be obtained from me at any time, but cheques, postal orders and cash are exceedingly welcome too. All serviceable gifts in kind (e.g. billiard and ping-pong tables, cast-off clothing, both men's and women's, and kit for games) should be sent direct to the Warden at 62, Penfold Street (late Carlisle Street), London, N.W.8. What cannot actually be used by the boys can be sold for their benefit.

## EMPLOYMENT.

The Warden would be glad also if anyone employing labour would remember that the Club can often supply good boys for certain types of work. He naturally asks no more than that employers should give Club boys the opportunity of applying for vacancies.

## VISITORS.

Anyone interested in Social Service is very welcome to visit the premises on any evening in the week except Wednesday and Saturday. Supper is available at 7 p.m. if due notice is given. Old Stoics in particular can do much good by looking in for an hour or so to see what is being done and what it is hoped to do. Visitors are never asked to give money or make gifts or run any activity. Their general interest is valued for its own sake. The Club has an excellent name in the London Federation and is happily conscious of every connection with Stowe.

A. B. CLIFFORD, *Hon. Treasurer.*

## CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

The Collections from November 26th to March 10th have been as follows :—

		£	s.	d.
Nov. 26th.	Samaritan Fund	8	13	1
Dec. 10th.	For Christmas Charities	18	4	3
Jan. 28th.	Pineapple	12	9	7
Feb. 18th.	The Finland Fund	21	9	0
Mar. 3rd.	Samaritan Fund	7	2	3
	Early Services (November 26th—March 10th) (for Pineapple)	11	12	5

From the collection for Christmas Charities £5 was given to a fund in Bethnal Green for providing Christmas gifts for children and old people, and £4 16s. 3d. to the Hoxton Market Christian Mission and £8 8s. od. to the Church Army for similar purposes.

For the Committee,  
J. M. TODD, *Hon. Treasurer.*  
T. C. P. BROOK.

15-3-40.

## LAMENT OF A PSYCHROMISE

## AN EXERCISE IN DOUBLE-RHYMED ACROSTIC.

F rozen every drop of water—  
R adiators soon a sort o'  
O utwardly display, and later,  
S hoot their streams, a rushing spate, a-  
T ill resign'd we but await a

C omes the snow, its candid flakes  
O n the ice upon the lakes,  
M any then and various  
E 'en if, less hilarious,  
S kating is precarious

T rouble treads another path,  
O if only we could bath

S now to some may bring its joys,  
T ry a snow-fight; come on, boys!  
O nly if you chance to treasure  
W ater hot and fit for washing,  
E agerly with me find pleasure

now we're in for trouble!  
slimy dirty bubble  
now no more congealing,  
cross the floor and ceiling  
certain sinking feeling.

not for long abating,  
spoiling half the skating.  
falls are now our portion:  
speed we more and more shun,  
save with irksome caution.

robs us of hot water:  
often as we oughta!

ice its sport and laughter;  
then ice-hockey after.  
sun to bask in at your leisure,  
walks without eternal splashing,  
when at last Spring trips her measure.

## LATE NEWS

### THE TRIANGULAR MATCH.

The result of the Triangular Match, held at Eton on March 23rd, was: Eton, 50 points; Stowe, 45 points; Lancing, 13 points. The result was still open when the last event was begun. In this, the Relay, Eton beat Stowe by three inches. T. G. Knox (C) won the Half-Mile, F. H. V. Beazley (B) the Quarter-Mile, and J. D. le Bouvier (T) the Javelin and Weight. A full account, with detailed results, will appear in next term's *Stoic*.

School Colours for Athletics were awarded to T. G. Knox (C), P. F. Bell (C), F. H. V. Beazley (B), A. V. Farnell-Watson (W), C. D. Drew (C) and G. B. S. Osborne (G).

### FIVES.

In the final of the House Matches, Grafton beat Temple by three matches to none. In the Junior, Temple beat Grafton by two matches to one.

### FENCING

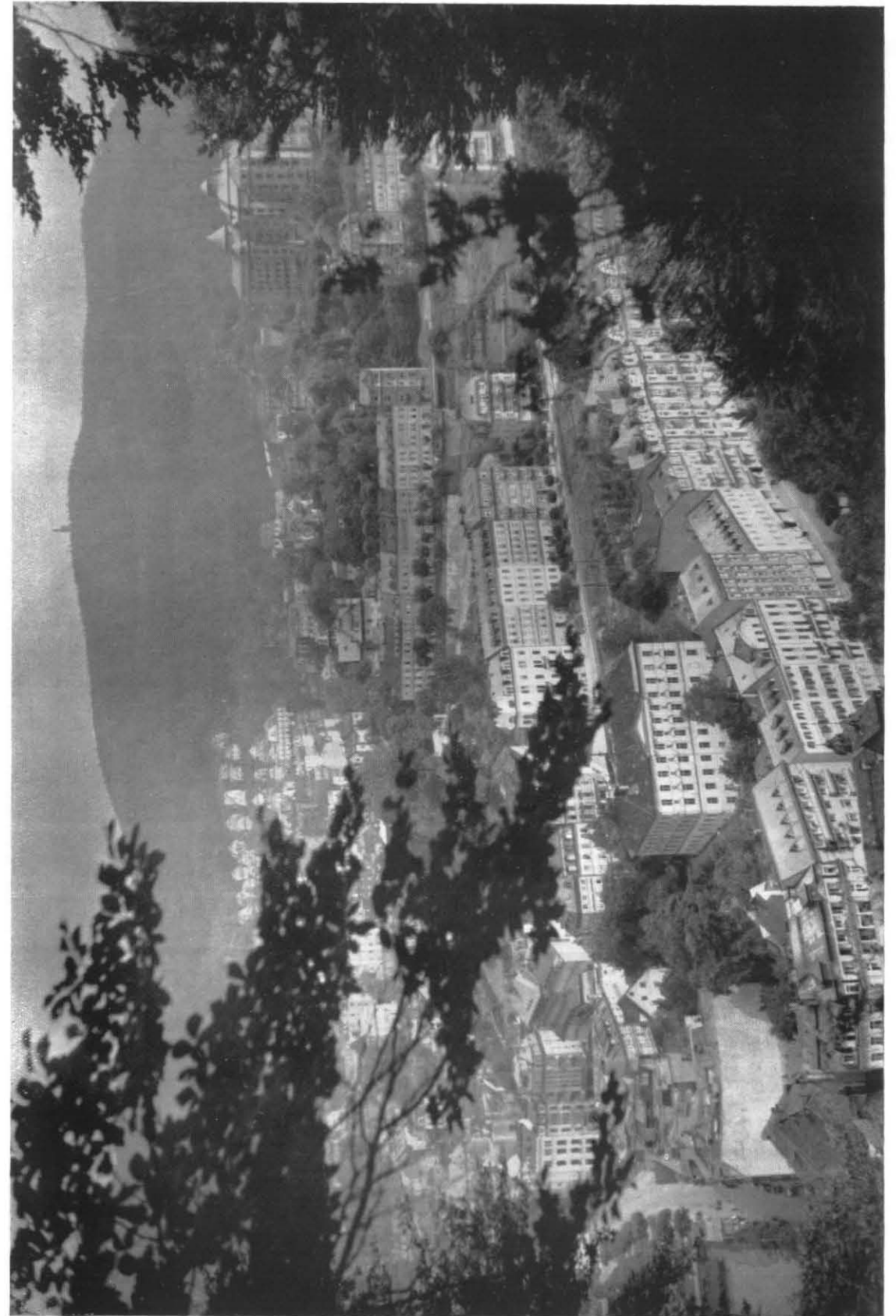
The Stevenson Sword has been awarded to D. W. Barnes (C).

### NATHAN ESSAY.

The Nathan Essay Prizes were awarded as follows:—First Prize—R. A. D. Oliver (C); Second Prize—R. J. Ellison (T). R. C. Hurley (C) was honourably mentioned.

## NOTE

Owing to the fact that, through illness, many boys went home early, and that the term eventually ended five days sooner than was expected, several meetings, matches and exhibitions herein reported as about to take place have subsequently been cancelled or postponed to the Summer Term.





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