



SIBFORD

1907,

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION,



FOURTH

ANNUAL REPORT,



OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1906-7.



CHARLES E. BRADY.
E. FOSTER BROWN.

PERCY O. WHITLOCK.
ROBERT B. ODDIE.
LOUIE E. WILKINSON.

E. PERCY KAYE.
ANNIE R. WELLS.

SIBFORD OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

FOREWORD.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1907.



HEADLEY BROTHERS,
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LONDON ; AND ASHFORD, KENT.

FOREWORD.

THE Committee regret that this Fourth Annual Report is so much overdue, and in lamenting the cause, we shall all feel the greatest gratitude to, and sympathy with our Editor, Miss Brown, whose unstinted labours on our behalf have been interrupted so very much by personal ill-health and family bereavement. Her father, the late Wm. H. Brown, of Sibford, though not eligible as a member of our Association, was a very well-known figure both in the School and at our Whitsuntide Gatherings, and will be sincerely missed by old and young.

E.P.K.

FOURTH WHITSUNTIDE GATHERING.

MANY Old Scholars arrived per brake on the Friday evening. The old School and the peaceful village were the same as ever and it was found that, outwardly at any rate, the *change* was not as conspicuous as was feared. True, Mr. and Mrs. Oddie were not on the doorstep to greet us, but we enjoyed much of their company during the week-end, and the welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Harrod, the present Headmaster and Mistress, was hearty and sincere. After many greetings and a sumptuous tea, we adjourned to the gymnasium, where an informal re-union was held. It would not be fair to judge the warmth of Mr. Harrod's welcome to us by the temperature of the "old barn" that evening, and we are hopeful of more luxurious quarters next year. The evening concluded with an expedition round the village in the dark, dropping Old Scholars, bag and baggage, at various cottages by the way—for which arrangement of lodging we were indebted to the arduous labours of Miss Wilkinson.

Saturday was just the day for a walk, and in the company of the whole School, to say nothing of the School donkey, we made our way to Whichford Wood. What a donkey our four-legged companion proved, to be sure! The School seemed accustomed to his tantrums, and relieved him of the provision-loaded cart quite cheerfully when his jibbing became hopeless. At Temple Mill the donkey went on by road in charge of a few trusty boys, and to our great surprise they all arrived at the woods—but we forgot to ask which drew the cart. From Temple

Mill to Whichford we wandered along the stream by a pretty route discovered recently in School walks. After a very informal lunch in the woods we rambled about for an hour or so, then leisurely made our way home by the old, familiar, memoried road.

In the evening we were splendidly entertained by the present scholars and teachers, in music, song and recitation. Some proficiency was shown too in the histrionic art, for indelibly impressed on our memory are "Pyramus" and "Thisbe," and a most impenetrable "Wall." After the children had retired to bed there followed the usual time of good fellowship and mutual entertainment.

Sunday in Sibford is always peaceful and restful. The walk through the fields to Meeting brings back many memories of childhood, and quietens our spirits for the settling into silence together. After Meeting there are many handshakings with Sibford Friends, and friendly groups linger among the quiet green graves. In the afternoon the inevitable goal is Swalcliffe Common. It is now customary for the School to have an evening service of its own, which this day was attended by many of the Old Scholars. Bright hymns there were, with readings from the Bible by a boy and girl, and a simple, practical address by the Headmaster. After supper came another re-union—and so to bed.

In looking back on Whit-Monday, and bearing in mind how dependent we are on the weather on that day of all the 365, one

is apt to be lost in wonderment that we had such a very first-class time. Not one single public item on the programme was omitted, a state of affairs which the early morning rain did its best to make unavoidable. The usual early morning tennis enthusiasts were this year driven to play racquets in the barn, but just think what a lovely morning for a bathe! Breakfast was held in a perfect downpour of rain, but at 9.30 it was fine enough to start our hockey match. Certainly the grass was long and very wet, but that damped nobody's ardour. Percy O. Whitlock has sent us the following account of the battle:—

Old Scholars remembered the 2—1 defeat of last year, and were determined to revenge this regrettable incident. For this purpose a strong team was got together, and was as follows:—
Goal: Miss Edith Oddie; *Backs*: Miss N. Gittins, W. Farrington—a formidable triple alliance; *Half Backs*: H. H. Whitlock (whose antics amused the crowd), A. Goode (this man has played before), Miss "Flossie" Jones (of Northampton County fame, we think); *Forwards*: Miss B. Whateley, H. Dearden, Percy Hodgetts (nicknamed "Daddy Longlegs" by the veteran), Charles E. Brady and Edgar M. Oddie. Here was a galaxy of talent even when placed in this order—how much greater then when these places were changed occasionally. The School team was a well-balanced one, and, of course, played better together than the Old Scholars, but the game ended in our favour by 2—0. The School team was:—

	Alma Hawkes.		
Louisa E. Wilkinson.		J. T. Harrod.	
M. Knight.	G. Mansfield.	T. Ward.	
Mabel T. Harrod.	H. Randall.	W. Bracher.	R. Lamb.
			Ruth Taylor.

(Note by J. T. Harrod—"Everybody on our side played remarkably well, except perhaps the goal-keeper. I think I should single out Ruth Taylor and T. Ward for special notice.")

As the hockey match started somewhat late, and everybody had to change into dry clothes after it, our business meeting was nearly ten minutes late in starting (this, by-the-by, being quite an annual occurrence—when are we going to have a business meeting punctually held at 11.30?) but was splendidly attended. Under the chairmanship of Chas. E. Brady, everything was carried through in a businesslike manner, and yet it was 1.15 before the meeting ended, and we adjourned to the lawn for our interview with the photographers. Here our enthusiastic supporter, Joseph Spence Hodgson, was as prominent as usual; he annually conjures up before one the conundrums set in Hall & Knight's Algebra, under the heading "Permutations and Combinations," beginning "In how many different ways can n things be taken r at a time." This year the problem was simplified by the introduction of an unforeseen variable; the official photographer only brought four large plates, but, as usual, the amateurs filled the breach, one, at least, exposing 9s. worth of films.

Then came a suitable interval of rain during our dinner hour, and by three o'clock it was quite fine again for the cricket match, and so a start was made. The weather was really too cold for ideal conditions from the spectators' point of view, and though many bravely stuck to their posts for two hours, we can quite forgive and forget the fact that a merry party was formed round the fire in our sitting-room, where old reminiscences and past events were re-acted, with this distinct improvement upon their first appearance, *viz.*, that the Nemesis was a thing of the past and not of the future.

The bowling and fielding of the Old Scholars was quite up to the average, and only Mr. Harrod offered prolonged resistance

to the attack. We were perhaps rather fortunate in early getting rid of Edgar Oddie—who played for the School, as he has done for the last three years, and whom we hope to see representing Somerset during this season. He was well caught by Heath from a skier. Of our own innings the least said the better—our only excuse is that we felt we had not sufficient time to play very serious cricket, and we hope to show our real mettle next year, when we must try to make an earlier start.

The full score is given below :—

SIBFORD SCHOOL v. OLD SCHOLARS.

SCHOOL.	OLD SCHOLARS.	
E. B. Oddie, c Goode, b Hodgetts	H. Dearden, b Harrod	4
J. T. Harrod, b Hunt	S. Heath, b Bracher	7
W. Bracher, c Heath, b Kaye	P. Hodgetts, b Harrod	0
M. Knight, b Hodgetts	W. Farrington, b Bracher	1
R. Lamb, b Brady	C. E. Brady, b Bracher	5
R. Hall, run out	J. Hunt, not out	6
G. Mansfield, b Kaye	A. Harris, b Harrod	4
J. H. Reed, c Heath, b Hunt	E. P. Kaye, st Knight, b Reed	1
J. M. Hunter, c A. Harris, b Hunt	A. Goode, b Harrod	3
H. Randall, run out	P. Treveathan, b Harrod	0
R. Bizzell, not out	H. Whitlock, b Reed	0
Byes	Byes	7
		—
		40
		—

After a very short interval for social converse with Old Scholars we had tea served in the Boys' Dining-room, to the usual clatter of tongues and bursts of laughter. What jolly occasions those meal-times are! And then came the Old Scholars' entertainment at seven o'clock. Your Secretary has received some letters of thanks from some of the School children, and they seem to fondly imagine that we have spent the eleven months previous to the Whit-Monday evening in assiduously rehearsing our efforts for the entertainment. My dear young friends—nothing of the sort! That's the whole beauty of the thing. We know of one piece which delighted you to the extent of an encore, which was thought of first on the previous Saturday, and first rehearsed ten minutes after midnight on Monday morning. However, we are quite aware that we work hard and play hard during that week-end. Oh, what a lot of energy is put into those three days! And our difficulty is not so much to get up an entertainment, but to give one that lasts less than six hours. There is a wealth of talent amongst those who attend our gatherings—particularly amongst those we may call the super-enthusiastics, who turn up when the weather gives such poor promise.

The programme was prefaced by a Presidential Address, which was listened to with great interest by every one, and must have cost Mr. Oddie a considerable amount of research and reading; we are pleased to be able to send it on to our members *in extenso*.

Our final programme is shown overleaf, *i.e.*, as much of it as was given. Four items had to be omitted because of the lateness of the hour, and yet it seemed a record. The items that were particularly good and worthy of special remark coincide with the full programme.

PROGRAMME OF OLD SCHOLARS' ENTERTAINMENT.

MONDAY NIGHT.

- | | | | | | |
|-----|---------------------|----|----------------------------------|----|---|
| 1. | PIANO SOLO | .. | "Dancing Waves" .. | .. | NELLIE GITTINS. |
| 2. | RECITATION | .. | "His Chance At Last" .. | .. | J. S. HODGSON. |
| 3. | SKETCH (LANCASHIRE) | | "Tummy and Meary" .. | .. | H. F. CASTLE. |
| 4. | SONG | .. | "What am I, Love, without Thee!" | .. | A. GOODE. |
| 5. | SONG | .. | "Green Grass" .. | .. | E. P. KAYE. |
| 6. | RECITATION | .. | "The Goal-Keeper" .. | .. | W. FARRINGTON. |
| 7. | DIALOGUE | .. | "Keziah's Luck" .. | .. | Misses THAME, E.
& G. ODDIE. |
| 8. | RECITATION | .. | "The Three Parsons" .. | .. | J. S. HODGSON. |
| 9. | SONG | .. | "What Vur Do 'ee Luv Oi" .. | .. | W. FARRINGTON. |
| 10. | SONG | .. | "By The Side of the Zuyder Zee" | | Misses E. M. HARRISON, E. R. & G. M. ODDIE, & E. P. KAYE. |
| 11. | LECTURE | .. | "Phrenology" .. | .. | H. F. CASTLE. |
| 12. | RECITATION | .. | "The Revenge" .. | .. | DR. ROUTH. |

Just after ten o'clock the meeting came to an end, the boys and girls retired to rest, our friends from the village left us, and we sallied forth to attack our light refreshments. By the time we returned to the gymnasium, the room was re-transformed into a sitting-room, and our last re-union of the gathering began. We have a recognised mode of finishing up our last re-union—but it seemed to one or two of us that an Old Scholars' song, to a well-known tune, would have come in very appropriately. Now, ye poets, tune the lyre, and perhaps we shall be able to induce Mr. Oddie to present one of his silver medals for the best production. We know those medals—"on one side stamped with the head of the reigning sovereign, and suitably inscribed on the reverse side." Well, failing a school song, we joined hands and sang as lustily as ever "Auld Lang Syne," and then began to say "Good-night."

Breakfast next day was as happy as could be expected under the circumstances: tag-ends of business were finished off; Joe Parsey, our new President, read to us from the Bible; votes of

thanks to the Headmaster and his wife, to Miss Hincliffe and the waitresses, were passed, and in a quarter of an hour Warren's brake whirled us off to Banbury, to the accompaniment of cheer and countercheer from leaving and left.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

- WARNER—WHITLOW.—September 1st, 1906. At the Friends' Meeting house, Liverpool, Charles Warner, Jun., to Alice Whitlow (teacher), of Liverpool.
- MITCHELL—SHEPHERD.—April 24th, 1907. At the Cathedral, Manchester, Walter Mitchell (scholar) to Elizabeth E. Shepherd, daughter of the late Joseph Shepherd.
- LOWER—PULKER.—June 10th, 1907. At Banbury, Arthur Percy Lower (scholar 1895-1897) to Edith S. Pulker, of Banbury.
- LINNEY—COOPER.—August 1st, 1907. At the Friends' Meeting-house, York, Albert Gravely Linney (teacher), son of the late Albert Linney, of Ackworth, to Constance Helen, daughter of Harry Cooper, of York.
- WILLIAMSON—KNIGHT.—August 19th, 1907. At the Friends' Meeting-house, Scarborough, Robert Williamson, of Scarborough, to Alice Knight (scholar), of Leigh-on-Sea.

DEATHS.

- PARSEY.—January 11th, 1907. In the Argentine, South America, Walter J. Parsey, aged 50 years.
- JOHNSON.—March 17th, 1907. At Northampton, Mary Johnson, in her 44th year.



LEAVING SIBFORD SCHOOL AFTER OLD SCHOLARS' GATHERING,
WHIT-TUESDAY, 1906.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

THIS was held in the Gymnasium this year at twelve o'clock on the Monday of the Gathering, and was very well attended. Amongst the many minor matters which were discussed at the subsidiary Committee Meeting, which was held previously for the arrangement of business, two may be mentioned on account of their general interest. They have as yet scarcely come forward sufficiently to warrant public discussion, but perhaps a casual reference to them now may prepare the minds of our members for future action. The first is the adoption of *The Old Elm* as the Old Scholars' emblem. Arthur Oddie has taken considerable pains to obtain a good picture, and we think the result is plain evidence of the same, and we shall probably find some reference to the Elm in all future reports. We have hardly reached the stage of issuing "elm" brooches, "elm" tie-pins, "elm" hat-pins, etc., etc., in gold, silver, and brass, but *lassen Sie das bleiben*. The second matter is of much greater import, though now is scarcely the time to plant the seed. Are we to have branch associations? The Committee came to a vote about the question after the *pros* and *cons* had been discussed, and those in favour of an affirmative were slightly in the minority—but only slightly, and therefore we may expect to hear more on the subject shortly.

Our business meeting was held promptly (*i.e.*, a quarter of an hour late, as usual; this time the wet hockey match caused the delay), Chas. E. Brady presiding. The minutes of the last meet-

ing, having been printed, were taken as read, and the appointment of officers for the coming year was proceeded with. The retiring President, Robert B. Oddie, proposed in a neat speech that he should be succeeded by Joseph Samuel Knight Parsey, a suggestion that was seconded by Eliz. Foster Brown, and received with acclamation. Then Percy O. Whitlock was publicly thanked for his arduous and successful labours of the past year as Treasurer to the Association, and the remainder of the offices were duly filled. A full list of officers is given on another page; so also is the Secretary's report and the Treasurer's report, which we know will be read with interest by those who were unable to be at the meeting. The Headmaster, J. Tyler Harrod, B.A., gave us an interesting address, putting in plain language what the change in the character of the School really meant to the scholars. It showed the carrying out of the aims mentioned in last year's report.

After one or two questions on the year's balance sheet had been asked and answered, the meeting was terminated by a hearty vote of thanks to those to whom the success of the Gathering was so largely due; to our local secretary, whose work is so heavy just before Whitsuntide that we have appointed an assistant this year, and must congratulate our members on having secured the invaluable services of Dr. Routh; and to Miss Gulie Oddie, and the Headmaster and his wife.

E. PERCY KAYE,

Hon. Sec.

THE BUSINESS MEETING. FOURTH ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

IT is my very great pleasure to announce that our Association has continued to show the steady growth which it promised at the very start, and that the past year has been one of increased financial stability. It will be remembered that last year's report spoke of an increased membership, but we were without a corresponding increase in funds. This year the reverse is almost true, and it is difficult to say which state of affairs is the more satisfactory. However, our present position is one of the utmost comfort and satisfaction to me, and for this reason: In June, 1903, and for many years before that date, those of us who were especially enthusiastic about the formation of an Old Scholars' Association, had constantly to meet prognostications of ultimate failure. The chief arguments thrown in our teeth were two, *viz.*, first, our income would be too small to allow of us running an Association with anything like success; and, second, Sibford is practically seven miles from a railway station, a fact which would cause our gatherings to be small, and, since our gatherings are our keystone of success, our Association was to be doomed from the start. Really, I think we can hardly call this morning, or this week-end, or last Whitsuntide, or the two gatherings before it, *failures*—at any rate, not in the sense in which I understand the

word—and that I am not alone in my views is shown by the many letters I receive from past and present participants. I could say a great deal about these gatherings of ours, but—not now.

But I do think that this is the time for enlarging a little on number one (the financial aspect, I mean). I hope no one who received a hectographed notice of this meeting some three weeks ago imagined that they were insulted by its not being a neatly printed programme of the style we have been accustomed to in past years. No, that was merely part of the new *regime* which was instituted last year, when the care of all moneys was moved from my shoulders to those of Percy O. Whitlock. The benefit of that move was, I believe, appreciated by no one so much as myself, but Percy Whitlock is about to leave England, and so I shall resume the rôle of Hon. Treasurer. But by referring to the Balance Sheet in the Treasurer's Report you will see the effect of economy. It has, however, been decided by a consensus of opinion, that a neat programme of events is preferable, and so, next year, each member will receive one about a month before Whitsuntide.

We are very sorry indeed to have to chronicle the death of two of our members—Mary Johnson, of Northampton, a member

of the School Committee, and Walter J. Parsey, who was with us for the first two gatherings, and who died out in South America after a very short illness. Those whom we know to have entered upon the higher estate are Alice Whitlow, Alice Knight, Albert G. Linney, Walter Mitchell and Arthur P. Lower, notices of whose marriages occur in another part of the Report. Old Scholars send heartiest congratulations, and hope to welcome the happy couples at the next gathering.

Among our illustrations, readers will see Trojan, Mr. Oddie's well-known St. Bernard. We are indebted to Mr. Oddie for the loan of this pretty picture, which has already appeared in *Past and Present*. The elm is a very conspicuous recollection in the mind of every old scholar. It has been proposed to use the

picture as the emblem of our Association (entrants for the prize Old Scholars' Song, please note!).

Next year will see the issue of our fifth Report. Instead of having the five bound, it has been felt that many members might prefer to preserve their copies in a neat case. Cases have been specially designed for us, the price of which will be sixpence, a figure which does not give one any idea of their neat appearance and style. They hold five Reports, and I shall be glad to send one (or two, for our next "volume" of Reports will require storing) to anyone enclosing the necessary amount. I might add that back numbers of the Report are still obtainable at ninepence (which is less than cost price), though there are now very few copies left of our first Report.

E. PERCY KAYE.

DEGREES, ETC.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

M.Sc. IN PHYSICS.

E. PERCY KAYE, Cambridge and Dalton Hall.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, LONDON.

HORACE F. CASTLE has taken his Associateship (Architecture).

TREASURER'S REPORT.

A BALANCE of nearly £19 may be considered highly satisfactory, but it is only as it should be, for the 1907 Report ought to be paid, naturally, out of money received in 1906-7, and not from the current year's income, as was done last year. The £26 odd which was received between Whitsun, 1906, and Whitsun, 1907, can hardly be considered as a normal income, for many who had not paid for two and more years, sent subscriptions (in some cases liberal ones) this year. Thus it is hoped that Old Scholars will not be lulled into a dream of false security and omit to send their subscriptions, thinking that they are not wanted. Even now there are some seventy members who have not paid their subscriptions for last year, and in some cases

for two years. Will these please remit payments at once, and so avoid more useless expenditure of Association funds in the future? During last year more than £1 was spent in collecting subscriptions, and if we are to do anything beyond merely existing, we must carefully conserve our resources. Since the last Report several names have been deleted from the membership list, as no response had been forthcoming from old members after several intimations. This step was unavoidable in the interests of the Association, but has only been taken after every possible effort has been made to make the erring repent.

Appended is the

BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year	2	13	9	Special Printing for getting back subscriptions and postage			15 0
Balance from Whitsun (1906) Gathering	4	1	10	Report (including Blocks)			11 1 0
Received in Subscriptions	26	5	9	Photographic Record			12 0
				Postage and Secretarial Expenses			1 19 6
				In Bank			18 13 10
	£33	1	4				£33 1 4

PERCY O. WHITLOCK.



MR. AND MRS. ODDIE.

UNDER THE ELM-TREE.
or, Thoughts in a Cotswold Country-side.
The President's Address.

BY ROBERT B. ODDIE.

FROM their playing-field, Sibford children have often cast wondering and speculative eyes over the extensive landscape lying towards the setting sun, with Temple Mill, Ditch Hedge, and Whichford Wood at their feet, and bounded by the wind-swept ridges of Broadway and Stow.

And when you return as Old Scholars, city-pent and weary, your interest is aflame again. You gaze upon the familiar scene with enhanced admiration, and espy a thousand beauty-spots hitherto unobserved. There is in those wooded slopes and gentle uplands in the very heart of oldest England, a suggestion, nay, an assurance, of the quiet and rest of which you are perchance in search. Happy he who can shoulder his knapsack, and, in congruous leisure, explore hill and dale, farmstead and manor, church and hostel, recalling from to-day's oblivion and seclusion the glamour of a stirring and eventful past. Then at eventide, fanned in the scented breeze and lulled by the murmur of its rills, his shall be the refreshing slumber that falls upon this home of idyllic peace.

William Morris once wrote a now little-known sketch, entitled *Under an Elm-tree; or, Thoughts in the Country-side*. In this, with glowing pen, he records his appreciation of the charm of nature on the Cotswold downs, and of contact with the lives of their homely

dwellers. There is no more delightful part of rural England than the Cotswolds—none that takes the sojourner back more surely and more easily into the days of old. Here are no rugged heights to scale, nor deep and dark ravines to traverse. When Nature formed the Cotswolds she was in her quieter and more meditative mood. The bright hillside pastures tend upwards to rounded summits, whence the shepherd guards his scattered flocks. The chirp of birds, the distant and fitful clang of the wether-bell, the soft hush of the zephyr-stirred beech-clump, and the rivulet deviously trickling its course, fill the air with sweet and soothing melody.

“ The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.”

Those sun-clad valleys, through which flow the Coln, the Lech, the Evenlode and the Windrush, have charms that are wholly their own. And hamlets and towns there are, scattered over these wolds, that some may call forsaken and forgotten, where lingers a conscious dignity in remembrance of those “ better days ” that are fled like a dream in the night, gone like a tale that is told,—Northleach

and Bourton, and Burford ; and on the higher lands, those cold-grey haunts of men that perch like sentinels over the plains,—Cirencester, and Stow, and Campden, and Chipping Norton.

Nine hundred years ago William of Malmesbury told the delights of the country that he knew, the vales and vineyards, the apple-yards and the fertile soil. But he speaks of the western side, and his river is the Severn. Ours is the Thames, and that end of the Cotswold lands which lies away from the hill where stands the abbey that William ruled. "He tells not," says a later writer, "of the hilly and woody part," and that is ours. Here, though the upper lands do lie exposed to the winds and cold, they make amends by their healthfulness ; and as for the lower slopes, you might perhaps grow vines on them still, as in the days when native hock alternated as a beverage with mead and cider.

Common features and common interests has the whole domain of the Cotswolds. Rolling plains, often wolds or almost moors, swift shallow streams, bare uplands and sylvan valleys, are the scenes you pass through. On these broad lands were tended the vast sheep-flocks that gave the Cotswolds their old prosperity, and made Northleach and Burford and Campden centres of a trade in wool that attracted buyers from remote counties and even from Calais and Flanders. But gone are the glories of those days, and in ours the golden fleeces are borne to Albion's shores on argosies from Austral bushlands. The Cotswold shepherd of an earlier day, with his multitude of sheep which yield "so fine wool and so white, that it is coveted, not only in other parts of this realm, but in foreign countreys," offered a striking contrast to his successor of our time. There are still fine Cotswold sheep, indeed, but the wealth that once centred in them is no longer found. There is still the kindly and skilful Cotswold shepherd, but his flock has

dwindled from thousands to scores, and his homestead plainly tells of good old times that are no more.*

They are a comely people, these hardy dwellers in this primitive world. Life with them goes not too quickly, nor takes much count of time as it flies. The small farmer's lot is a round of hard, monotonous labour from early morn to dewy eve. A substantially-built, if scantily-furnished house, a horse and a spring-cart, a healthy open-air life, and a holiday "on occasion," snatched from a slack time, are the amenities of his existence.

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night ;
Rich from the very want of wealth,
In Heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

There are no more beautiful villages in England than those which nestle in the Cotswolds. Whether in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire or Worcestershire, it is among the low hills and fertile valleys of the Cotswolds that we find the most picturesque farm-houses of grey stone, mostly in the Jacobean style, the prettiest gardens, the greatest variety of wild flowers.†

"Here," says William Morris, "you may walk in the fields and between hedges that are as it were one huge nosegay for you, redolent of bean-flower, and clover, and sweet hay, and elder-blossom. The cottage gardens are bright with flowers, the cottages themselves mostly models of the building art in their way.

* In 1641, Henry Jones, of Chastleton, was fined fifty shillings for allowing his wife to be buried in a *linen* shroud. Thus was the wool trade fostered and protected.

† "Within a five-mile radius of Charlbury, during one week in the month of July, were found three hundred and seven varieties of plants in flower."—*Three Centuries in North Oxfordshire*, by M. Sturge Henderson.

Above them towers here and there the architecture proper of days bygone, when every craftsman was an artist and brought definite intelligence to bear upon his work. Man in the past, nature in the present, seem to be bent on pleasing you and making all things delightful to your senses." The blaze of brilliant pink of acres upon acres of sainfoin, in full bloom, is a common and distinctive feature in the summer landscape.*

On the ridge of the Cotswolds, from Cirencester to Moreton runs the Fossway, through the quaint and slumbering towns of Northleach and Stow-on-the-Wold. You may see it stretching away over the hills for miles, flanked by its broad, grassy margins, and crossed by tributary lanes leading from snugly-sheltered house-clusters on either side. Over the more low-lying lands, it still elevates itself with all the pride and consequence of a Roman highway. As probably originating in the wild and lonesome character of the Cotswold country, the names of its hamlets are often suggestive in their descriptiveness. Thus we have Stow-on-the-Wold, Stretton-on-Foss, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Barton-on-the-Heath, Bampton-in-the-Bush, Bourton-on-the-Water, to say nothing of the less euphonious, if more stimulating names of Slaughter, Swell, Turkdean, and Cold Aston.

Less than two centuries ago all the hill-sides hereabout were unenclosed downs. Though they are now largely deprived of their ancient wild character by the net-work of stone walls disfiguring their rolling surface, there are still wide tracts where it is easy to recapture something of their former spirit. Old travellers frequently refer to the bleak and desolate aspect of "these Alps," unmindful of their picturesqueness and beauty.

* Sainfoin was first cultivated in England by John Hastings at Daylesford, 1650.

" In Gloucestershire
These high, wild hills and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome "—
says Northumberland in *Richard II.*

The sign-board of the Plough Inn at Ford, between Stow and Tewkesbury, extends this welcome :—

Ye weary travelers that pass by
With dust & scorching sunbeams dry
Or be ye numb'd with snow & frost
With having these bleak Cotswolds crost,
Step in & quaff my nut brown ale,
Bright as rubys, mild and stale ;
'Twill make your laging trotters dance,
As nimble as the suns of france,
Then ye will own, ye men of sense
That neare was better spent six pence.

With William Morris's permission, we will adopt his title,* or a semblance of it. I think I can see him smiling a kindly assent. For his love of the Cotswolds was no narrow or selfish love. He delighted to proclaim their charm. Did he not say that here " even the burning, dusty road has a taste of luxury as you lie on the strip of wayside green, and listen to the blackbirds singing, and breathe the perfume of the flowery turf " ?

Let us take our stand under *the Elm*—that of Sibford—hallowed of all Sibfordians, and which a patriotic loyalty, to commemorate the jubilee of our late Queen, has encircled with oaken bench, dedicated to the pilgrim whom stress or will has drifted hither, " That he might sit and rest awhile."

* " Under an Elm-Tree ; or, Thoughts in the Country-side."

For a moment we speculate upon the possible history of the venerable and storm-shattered tree, and wonder whether, as tradition has it, it really does mark the spot where lie "at four cross-roads" the stake-bound bones of some love-lorn Ben Battle, hero of many conflicts, but victim of his inability to "endure hardness as a good soldier," and thus to achieve that greater triumph—the conquest of self.

"The silence of the place is like a sleep,
So full of rest it seems; each passing tread
Is a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead."

From our Pisgah we may look around—"over the hills and far away"—upon half-a-dozen of England's fairest counties, whose names are writ large and deep and ineffaceably in our rough island story, and which offer unfathomable and inexhaustible mines of wealth to the historian, the naturalist, the poet, and the moralist.

But we will restrict our survey to the Western view. The northern spurs of the Cotswolds lie before us, and our range of vision stretches broadly from Northleach to Broadway and Campden. Between these points and our vantage ground is a tract of country in which common features and characteristics, natural and social, prevail to such a degree that we shall do no great violence to the name if we place Sibford within the bounds of the enchanted Cotswold-land. We would yet more widely extend its borders, and would fain think, as there is good ground for believing, that the Bard of Avon, as on the sward of Charlote and in the glades of Arden, found inspiration among these hills, and struck acquaintance with their toiling sons. For does not the painstaking Mr. Blunt in his *Cotswold Dialect*, quote nigh three-score instances of Shakespeare's use of words and phrases peculiar to the district?

Nay, has it not been said that only through a knowledge of the Cotswold country and its people can a full appreciation of much of Shakespeare's work be obtained? "What an interest and a dignity," says Arthur Gibbs, himself a Cotswoldian, "attaches to a spot with even the slenderest connection with the good and great! For my part I freely confess that scenery, however grand and sublime, appeals but little to the imagination, unless it be hallowed by association, or blended in the thoughts, with the recollection of those we have loved and admired." How reminiscent is the Lake District of Wordsworth, and Ruskin, and Arnold; and the West Country of Sir Richard Grenville, and Charles Kingsley, and Thomas Hardy! Who treads the Trossachs unmindful of Walter Scott, or wins the peaks of Schwyz and feels not something of the spirit of Tell and Winkelried?

From our station under "The Elm" we look down on the clustering hamlets of Sibford Ferris, Sibford Gower and Burdrop, and we are naturally curious as to their life-story. There appears to be but scanty material from which to reconstruct their fortunes. Burdrop, or Bearthorp, was an early Norse or Danish settlement, while it is surmised that from Cibba, a British chief, comes Cibbarhurst, colloquially, and of the native yokel, "Sibbard," but of lips polite and duly informed, pronounced Sibford. A more likely derivation, though of the nature of an anticlimax, is from *Sheep-ford*. Be this as it may, there is ancient record of the sturdy character of its sons, for we are told that "ye menne of this place go whithersoever they willen"; they being free men whilst their neighbours were in a state of villenage or serfdom. The affixed names of "Ferris" and "Gower" may indicate mediæval proprietorship of the Fiennes (Saye and Sele) and Gower families. The "Slat House," (slated

house) at Sibford Gower is the oldest stone-roofed building in the three villages. The Meeting-house, thatched, ivy-clad, mullioned-windowed, and galleried, superseded by the present structure in 1864, had traditions of visits from George Fox and other of the early Friends. Beautiful for situation, set in its verdant fold—"the field and acre of our God, the place where human harvests grow"—we could imagine that it was of this spot that Edmund Burke wrote to his friend Matthew Smith, "I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country graveyard, than in the tombs of the Capulets."

In Elizabethan days, at Burdrop, was a wool-combing industry carried on in the workers' homes. A lavish supply of windows in some of the older cottages and the still-existing Bishop Blaise Inn are reminders of this. At the present time there is one primitive hand-loom, producing wool plush, in the parish. The weaver also acts as postman, gardener and local preacher.

At Sibford Ferris is the Manor House, with memories of the Matthews and Walford families. About 1840 it was tenantless and came into the possession of Joseph Harris, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather respectively of present-day native Sibfordians. At this time there was talk of establishing a School in the Midlands for, mainly, children whose parents, from one cause or another, had become dissociated from the Society of Friends. Three sites appear to have been available for the experiment, and were duly inspected and deliberated upon—the Inn at Chapel House, near Chipping Norton, Swalcliffe Park, and the Manor House, Sibford.

The "Shakespear's Head", at Chapel House had an historic and classical past, for in the coaching-days, that were then declining, it had enjoyed a fair name and fame as a comfortable and

well-appointed hostelry. It had entertained Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell when on their way from Oxford to Lichfield in 1764. Like most visitors to the house the doctor was delighted with his reception and entertainment, and he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns. "There is no private house," he said, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well. You are sure of a welcome. The more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the more appreciated you are." Does not this remind us of Shenstone's lines, which are at once a panegyric and a lament, and which, by the way, are said to have been written of, and at, the "Swan" at Henley-in-Arden?—

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Swalcliffe Park would have been an ideal spot for a School. The estate had belonged to William of Wykham, the founder of New College, Oxford, and of Winchester School, and it has remained to this day in the possession of his descendants. We are not told whether, in the event of its transfer, the motto of the good bishop and chancellor, "Manners makyth Mann" would have been included in the purchase. But it would surely have been a priceless inspiration to a school to be so closely associated with the memory of one who fostered education "first for the glory of God and the promotion of divine service, and secondarily for scholarship," and who has been called "the father of the public school system." But this was not to be. While speaking of Swalcliffe it may be of interest to know that portions of its fine church date from Saxon times; that in it is preserved a curious ancient "Thatch-scratcher," an

instrument used in case of fire for stripping the roofs of straw-covered buildings ; and that Dean Swift is said to have first seen the name of " Gulliver " on a tomb-stone in its grave-yard.

Well, choice was ultimately made of Sibford Ferris, and here, in 1842, the Friends' School was opened. Dr. Routh, in his Presidential Address to the Old Scholars' Association in 1905, graphically, and with filial pride, sketched its fortunes during the first forty years of its history, under the headship of his parents, Richard and Rebecca Routh, of revered memory.

The district immediately round Sibford abounds in connections with, and traditions of, those olden times that seem to us to have been so full of romance and delight. Probably distance lends enchantment to the view ! What pictures we can conjure up of life in the " good old days " at Compton Winyates and Burford, at Daylesford and Chastleton and Great Tew ! As interludes to sieges and duels, impeachments and hangings, there would be the quiet enjoyment of social and domestic intercourse, the diversions of sport, and of self-imposed and delightful labours in pastoral pursuits, in church-building, in travel, in housewifery, in reading, play-acting, dancing, needlework, music and painting. That letter-writing in those days had been cultivated into a fine art is evidenced by an epistle of her newly-married ladyship of Compton Winyates, to her husband, Sir William Compton. How charming is its sweet persuasiveness, and how Sir William must have writhed under the writer's pre-arranged and foregone conquest ! " My sweet life," she says, " now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray

and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of two thousand and six hundred pounds quarterly to be paid. Also I would, beside that allowance, have six hundred pounds quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works ; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow ; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending ; so for either of those said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach which shall be lined with velvet with four very fair horses, and the other for my women who shall have a coach lined with cloth and laced with gold with four good horses. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel ; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse two thousand pounds and two hundred, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have six thousand pounds to buy me jewels ; and four thousand pounds to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do you find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chamber to be suited with all such furniture as is fit ; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of place, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately

furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house and purchase land, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you when you be an earl, to allow me two thousand pounds more than I now desire and double attendance."

So determined and resourceful a lady is likely to have made a great impression upon her contemporaries and to have transmitted strong characteristics to her descendants. We are not told what were the feelings—and *expressions*—of her husband when he read this "reasonable" recital of "wills" and "will-nots." We may, however, conclude that he who had fought in the battle of the Spurs, had been present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, who owned estates in half the counties of England, and enjoyed the favour of his sovereign lord King Hal, would, from very admiration of his clever and winsome spouse, yield a willing and cheerful compliance to her cumulative demands. Sir William was a bold lover as well as a brave soldier, for it is said that he obtained possession of his bride by disguising himself as a baker and carrying her off in a bread-basket!

And what an idyll is that picture of life at Great Tew as presented to us by Clarendon:—

"Having resolved not to see London (which he loved above all places) till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, Falkland went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek

historians. In this time, his house being no great way from Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, such a vast knowledge, yet such an excessive humility, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university bound in a lesser volume, whither they came not so much for repose as for study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. And the lord of the house did not even know of their coming and going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner, or supper, where all did meet. Otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or restraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish and could find in no other society."

Bishop Earle tells us that there was more to be gleaned in conversations with the host at Great Tew than was to be learnt in Oxford. Sheldon, Ben Jonson, Hammond, Morley, Hales, Waller, Cowley, Sir Francis Wenman, and Edward Hyde, the future Earl of Clarendon, were constant guests. When Falkland was sent on a military expedition to Scotland in 1638 Cowley wrote:—

Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe; learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose;
All things that are but writ or printed there,
On his unbounded breast engraven are.

It would appear that Lettice, Lady Falkland, was a wife worthy to stand side by side with her ladyship of Compton. We are told that on one occasion she wished her husband, who was by no means rich, to let a farm to a deserving tenant at twenty pounds a year under its value. To this end she asked Lord Falkland's former tutor to approach him on the matter. "Madam," said the old gentleman, "this is so unreasonable a notion to propose to my lord that I am certain he will never grant it." "Will he not?" replied Mistress Lettice; "I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it; it will cost me but the expense of a few tears."

Then what rollicking sport there must have been on those Cotswold slopes at Campden! Here it was that Robert Dover, early in the 17th century, instituted or perhaps only revived those "Olympick Games" which he designed for the training of the youth in many sports and for "harmlesse mirth and jollitie." For forty years he himself directed the games, which were continued annually, with more or less success, to a time within the memory of still-living residents. Their suppression by Act of Parliament was the death-knell of many delightful and time-honoured rural customs.

In many places throughout the Cotswolds, as elsewhere, are to be seen ancient wayside Crosses of exquisite design and workmanship. These were for the most part erected in the thirteenth century, and they probably mark the preaching-stations of the Mendicant Friars. They were sometimes superseded by the erection of a church, or the appropriation of monastic buildings near by. At Tysoe, Whatcote, Ratley, Chastleton, Great Rollright, Ampney Crucis, Duntisbourne Rouse, and Daglingworth, are such

crosses in the graveyard enclosures. Other examples, more or less dilapidated, are to be found at Willersley, Childswickham, Saintbury, Stanton, Stow-on-the-Wold, Ashton Keynes, South Cerney, and Cirencester.

In connection with neighbouring churches it may be mentioned that until a few years ago the practice of ringing the Curfew Bell at eight o'clock every night was continued at Moreton, Brailes and Cropredy.

Notice may be directed to the frequently-occurring "Holy Well," and to the presence in church-yards and other ancient enclosures of the Yew-tree, from which, owing to its poisonous properties, it was necessary to protect cattle. The yew was grown in order to provide bows for use in battle and the chase.

A link with the more recent past is occasionally to be seen in the walled-up windows of houses, reminding us that our forefathers paid for their sunshine as we pay for our oil, our coal-gas, or our electric light. Dairies and cheese-rooms were exempt from the window tax, which was finally abolished about sixty years ago.

The sports and pastimes associated with the Village-green have luckily survived to the present day and can be witnessed any fine evening in this and adjoining counties.

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day."

Nor must mention be omitted of the Parish Stocks. These were generally located near the Church, doubtless with the object of bringing upon confined culprits the withering glances and comments

of the "unco' guid." Absence from church, street-brawling, refusal to work, and drunkenness were among the offences expiated in the Stocks. It is curious indeed to think that this barbarous method of punishment, in vogue among the Anglo-Saxons, survived to so recent a date that some of its victims are still living. These, however, are now few and far between, but Sibford can, it is said, boast of possessing one of them. As up to 1840 there was no church nearer than Swalcliffe, the Sibford Stocks were placed where now stands the guide-post at the entrance to Holly House and opposite the School gymnasium. At Great Tew, Stow-on-the-Wold, Winchcombe, Malvern, Aynhoe, and Dunchurch the Stocks are still *in situ*, preserved as relics of a sturdier age.

It might be supposed that in this district examples of the pulpit Hour-glass would be found, but diligent search and inquiry have failed to discover the existence of even one in our immediate neighbourhood. Mention of these figures in the records of many parishes. Here is an entry :

1564. Paid for an hour-glass that hangeth by the pulpit where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away, one shilling.

Of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, 1687, Lord Macaulay says :

He was often interrupted by the deep hum of his audience, and when, after preaching out the hour-glass, which in those days was part of the furniture of the pulpit, he held it up in his hand, the congregation clamourously encouraged him to go on till the sand had run off once more.

Sundials are a feature of many old houses and gardens. They are to be seen on walls, chimney-stacks, pedestals, and even on the

ground-surface, and they add an indescribable charm to rural dwelling and pleasure—a charm sometimes enhanced by the homely and appropriate mottoes appearing on them. In our district, at Broughton, may be found :—

I tell men hourlie how the shadowes flie ;
For men are shadowes and a shadowe I.

Time and shadowes passe awaie ;
God and Love make sure ye better daye.

Though many a venerable Cotswold homestead is lovely for situation, the old-fashioned farmer cared not for distant views or smiling landscapes. He liked his window to look out upon his stock-fold, and the stench from his farmyard was to him a perpetual refreshment. The sanitary conditions prevailing in country places, as in the larger villages and towns, were deplorable. A merciful Providence must have brooded over our ancestors and protected them. How else were they not all swept away by disease, and none left to be the progenitors of our enlightened selves ?

Arthur Gibbs in *A Cotswold Village* displays a wonderfully intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with the everyday life of the hillsmen. "Life's dull round" is occasionally varied by little incidents that serve to grease the wheels of time which else had dragged wearily. A Cotswold parish clerk posted this notice in his church porch :—"No sarvice to-day. Parson got the gout bad." Beer was thought to be of good strength if it was brewed with eight bushels of malt to the hogshead of fifty-four gallons, and after the first "run" was drawn off more water was added and "table" beer was the produce. On a certain Sunday the rector gave out his text "First *Hebrews*, 9 and 10"; whereupon an old farmer, utterly

oblivious of time, place and occasion, called out. "And a werry pretty tippie too! *I brews 8!*"

"'Ow be they a-getten' on at Durbysher?" inquired a native of Coln St. Aldwyns. "Why, I've 'eard as 'ow the English soldiers 'ave killed ten thousand Durvishers (Devishes)." To which his friend replied, "There won't be many left in Durbysher an' they goes on a-killin' un like that!"

An old lady went to the village store and was told that, owing to the Spanish-American war, "Candles was riz." "Get along!" she indignantly exclaimed. "Don't tell me as they fights by candlelight!"

It is inevitable that men engaged day by day, year in, year out, in a monotonous round of farm labour should be lacking in acuteness and sensibility—"home-keeping youth have ever homely wits"—yet there is sometimes to be found a sense of humour and a spark of merriment that is quite unexpected. "Who's your new master, Dick? He's a baronet ain't he?" "Noa!" came the contemptuous reply, "'e's nobbut a *jumped-up jubilee knight!*"

Curiously reticent are these sequestered labourers. Two men, who knew each other well, worked together in a barn for weeks. During that time they never spoke, save that one of them would say on ceasing work at night, "Be sure to shut the door, Tom." There is a strong local prejudice against the open door "after dark." You come upon houses whose window-fastenings are of the most rudimentary and inadequate description, whilst the doors may be of nail-studded oak with heavy lock and double bolts, all which are carefully brought into requisition at night-fall.

Fain would we linger among the memories of the delightful hills and the quaint folk of the Cotswold country. Time fails or we would

wend our way to Brailes and its "Cathedral of the Feldon"; to Edgehill, where Cavalier and Roundhead, reconciled in death, lie in their thousands on the tombless plain; to Radway Grange, where Fielding read *Tom Jones* from manuscript to the assembled family and guests, and where William Pitt planted a group of trees to commemorate a visit to the place. Its proud owner, Sanderson Miller, explained to a wondering "three-bottle" friend his ability to extend and beautify his possessions, by pointing to the old monastery well in the court-yard and saying: "*That's my cellar!*"

We might stroll to Daylesford, and, basking on the sunny bank of the Evenlode, as did little Warren when he determined to recover the estate of his forefathers and to be, like them, Hastings of Daylesford, picture ourselves, a century ago, joining the company who, before breakfast might begin, had perforce to endure the recital by their host of his latest poetic achievement. In the neighbouring "God's acre" is the spot immortalised by Macaulay, where "in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely-extended name."

It would be no far cry to Rollright with its gaunt and mystic circle of monoliths, its "Whispering Knights" and its "Kingstone," of a time even beyond that of Stonehenge. The awe of the past, as we stand among these memorials of a long-distant and unknown age, is overpowering. From these silent, stony watchers on the wold will the secret of their birth be ever coaxed? Antiquity is in the air of Rollright, for in a cottage adjoining the church-yard—the church with its beautiful and perfectly-preserved beaked-head Norman doorway is a Mecca to

the archæologist—lives Richard Withers, hale and hearty still, though well in his second century. He has been "on the land" at Rollright from early boyhood, having held one position as shepherd for over forty years. Old Richard is the delighted possessor of a letter from the King, in which His Majesty, with characteristic thoughtfulness, gives expression to a kindly interest in the welfare of his venerable subject.

Chastleton, too, should lure our steps, whose House, replacing Catesby's sordid pile, stands to-day the pride of descendants and of the country-side, as it left the hands of the good Walter Jones three hundred years ago. Within, with jealous care, is preserved that perfect set of table-glass made at Derby for the Jacobites. Note the design cut on the decanters—a spray of roses, a compass pointing to a star, and the inspiring word "Fiat." In the paddock adjoining the church stands the "Restoration Oak," which, since May the 29th, 1660, has commemorated the re-establishment of the monarchy with the return of King Charles the Second. Near by, too, will be seen the three Scotch firs, planted, like others in the district, by friends of "James the Third," before the attempt of 1745. As we regard these emblems of loyalty our thoughts wander to the three groups of three firs each, at Broughton. Is there any significance in these? Do they evidence an excessive Jacobite zeal, or were they placed by a veritable contemporary counterpart of the time-serving Vicar of Bray?

We would steal a glance at Bishop Juxon's home at Little Compton, whither he retired to ponder over the mysterious "Remember!"—last word of his ill-fated King. A few furlongs away, at Long Compton, "they do saye as" Dick Whittington left the thatched parental roof to enter on that wonderful career that

culminated in highest civic honours—"thrice Lord Mayor of London"—to say nothing of the Cat!

A passing visit should be paid to the Four-shire Stone. Again we are mystified—transported into the unchronicled past. Are we regarding merely an unique boundary-mark, or, as well, as is averred, a silent record of the limit of Canute's incursions? Enstone with its chained Bible and *Book of Martyrs* invites a call, and if so minded we would go by Charlbury and Cornbury, with its finest beech avenue in England, to Burford, birthplace of "The Incorruptible," home of Lenthall, and scene of Cromwell's fierce judgment upon the mutinous Levellers. "Anthony Sedley, Prisner 1649," should have the meed of sympathy for which he had so pathetically bidden by his sword-point gravng on the leaden font, while awaiting in the church his fate at the hands of the angry Protector.

And so to Minster Lovell in its ruined beauty by the Windrush. Who has not heard the wierd story of its lord's disappearance in 1487? Was he killed in the fray at Stoke—last great battle fought on English soil—or drowned in attempting, mail-clad, to ford the Trent? Did he beat his sword into a ploughshare, to live and die an unknown peasant? Or, weary and disappointed, returned to hide himself in his castle, only to perish of neglect on the part of a dependant whom alone he had entrusted with his secret? We only know that

"In 1708, upon occasion of newlaying a chimney at Minster Lovell, there was discovered a large vault underground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, etc.; in another part of the room lay a cap, all much mouldered and decayed. Which the family and others judged to be this Lord Lovell, whose exit has hitherto been so uncertain."

We might even peep at Warwick, and into those dark and dank castle dungeons where suffered our fathers in the faith ; and pause for a moment over the neighbouring grave of the martyred William Dewsbury. Then back by Armscott, whence George Fox and Thomas Lower were taken prisoners to Worcester gaol in 1673 ; and Ettington—synonym of genial hospitality—with its primitive and well-cared-for meeting-house, and its seemly enclosure, “ where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,” and where, “ beneath those rugged elms ” are stirred so many cherished memories. How fitting a dispensation it seemed, that, after all his world-wide wanderings in the faithful service of his Master, the good and venerable Isaac Sharp should finish his course and be laid to rest in this peaceful and secluded spot !

With all this we have not secured a tithe of the gems that the open casket of the “Alpes of Cotswold ” offers for our acceptance and enjoyment. Nor from our brief rambles in this breezy

and invigorating land have we assimilated all the wholesome lessons that would be acquired from a deeper acquaintance with the cheerful, strenuous, patient lives of its bold peasantry.

We smile at those simple old forebears, but the last smile must remain with him who wins. Some day we may again recognise in them—are we not learning to do so now ?—as in the poet's skylark, a

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

[Acknowledgment is gratefully made of facts, sentiments, and suggestions, culled from :—Prof. Hutton's *By Thames and Cotswold* ; J. A. Gibbs's *A Cotswold Village : Oxford and the Cotswolds* (Highways and Byways Series) ; and M. Sturge Henderson's *Three Centuries in North Oxfordshire*—congenial companions in many a tramp and sojourn in Cotswoldia.]



THE OLD ELM.

BY THE ELM TREE OF THE CROSSWAYS.*

By A. G. Linney.

IT is shortly before midnight: the moonlight shines white over all the landscape: I am alone by the weather-beaten Cross-elm where the ways meet. And here I stand and look around over the sleeping land, with its silent fields and voiceless hedges, for no sound is heard from near or far.

To the right, away down in the hollow, where the stream flows gently over the stones, lies the little village I know so well, calm and peaceful, no light from a single window relieving the grey distance.

The roads on either hand glimmer white until they are blotted out between the hedges, and, near by, the shadow of the tree is lined sharply across the pathway.

This same tree against which I am leaning has borne the summer heat and winter storm of full half a century, but now has lost its towering height, for last autumn the fierce November wind and snow proved too much for the old warrior, who yielded to the foe, and his mighty limbs crashed over the snow-laden hedges.

How different was the scene that day on this very spot—the wind whistling, the snow drifting and blowing so quickly from the north, that its blinding shower almost blotted out the sturdy

men, pulling and hacking to remove the mighty mass which had blocked the highway and lay along—a very picture of fallen greatness.

The mind does not long dwell on that scene, but reverts again to the moonlit landscape, which presents so perfect a type of stillness and rest. Are there not times when rest seems the most delightful idea on which the thoughts can dwell? Small blame to those ancients who hoped for death as the entrance to a lasting sleep!

Sleep, thou art named eternal! Is there then
No chance of waking in thy noiseless realm?
Come there no fretful dreams to overwhelm
The feverish spirits of o'erlaboured men?

(J. A. SYMONDS.)

Longfellow, too, may have longed for this Rest when he wrote:—

“O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!”

* This paper was written originally for a non-Sibford audience, but I believe that Old Scholars may be able to recognise the localities described.

Another of our poets has fancifully represented even Time itself as wearied and sated with existence :—

Rest, rest ! to thy hushed realm how one by one
Old Earth's tired ages steal away and weep,
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done,
Ah, God ! when death, in seeming peace shall sleep,
Life's loud turmoil and Time his race hath run,
Shall heart of man at length find rest and sleep ?

(HALL CAINE.)

But reverie is disturbed by wheels along the main road, and, with slow pace and creaking joints, a van drawn by a decrepit apology for a horse, lumbers into view. As it approaches, the owner is seen sitting on the step and apparently (while experiment shortly proves actually) fast asleep. Knowing the danger he runs of coming under the ban of the man in blue, I wake him and mount by his side, amid his thanks for timely intervention.

Ere long I discover that he is the proprietor of a cocoanut-shy concern, and *en route* from Stratford to a neighbouring village, at which the "Club-day" is shortly to be celebrated. Now in all the villages of the district the "Club-day" is a great event, and one long looked forward to for many a month. My friend Woolgrove, the shepherd, could tell you—but that is another story.

As we toil along I gather from my companion that life, with him, is worth living, though hardly more than that, for in summer and early autumn he must map out his journeys very carefully, so that he may include as many fairs, feasts, wakes, festivals and club-days, as possible. He must turn his day into night, and rest while he may, for his real work begins at 7 p.m., and may last till midnight, at which hour he must pack his traps and be away to the next destination.

So we jog along, till at the turn I jump down and leave this curious "human document" to his own reflections, which, from all appearances, will be drowsy ones.

Slowly I return towards the house, the strange cry of the owl being almost the only sound that breaks the stillness, and, with a last look up and down the deserted road, I retire.

May I now sketch another episode as viewed from the same ancient tree ?

A dark, blowy night in March ; again I have wandered to the old spot. Near at hand a flickering light, moving across a field, catches my eye. Doubtless it is my good friend, the shepherd, going to Holly Tree Close, where he will stay till early morning, coaxing into life sundry motherless lambs, whose few hours of breath have, as yet, been spent in tumbling helplessly in the straw. Therefore I take my way across the fields towards the moving lantern, and catch the old man by the gate of the barn.

Viewed by the dim light, the interior of the building presents a somewhat weird sight—the flicker serves only to indicate the gloomy roof, beams and corners—does but outline the gaunt, skeleton-like arms of a reaper-and-binder at the far end, the turnip and chaff-cutting machines by the sides of the walls, the pitchforks and other tools hardly being seen leaning against the stones on the upper floor—though it does show that in front of us is a number of hurdled spaces, some ewes, and some very tiny and miserable-looking lambs.

My companion quickly hangs up the light on a peg, and draws from his pocket a tin flask, which contains warmed and salted milk. From the neck of the flask issues a wooden tube for a mouthpiece ; seizing the nearest lamb the shepherd thrusts the feeder into its

mouth. When satisfied, the creature draws back its head, and is dropped into the pen again. The shepherd goes round from lamb to lamb, feeding where there is need, and generally superintending his helpless charges.

Wherever possible the motherless ones are placed in the same pen as an ewe whose offspring has not survived, in the hope that the childless mother may adopt her small companion. This but seldom takes place immediately, and very rough treatment is meted out to the lamb at first, for its advances are repelled with scorn, and, with what hurts more, a hard head, which latter, when brought into contact with a soft body, has disastrous consequences, for it. Possibly, in the course of a few days, an alliance may be formed ; if not, the shepherd must continue his artificial food supply till the young one can go to grass in the sunny meadows.

This job done, I bid the little crooked man good-night, for he must be away to a more distant field to repeat the operation, and I hasten homewards, thankful that I have not to spend a night in the open.

Thus have I tried to outline two Arcadian scenes, more or less connected with the elm where the four ways meet ; but year in and

year out does the old tree stand, while men come and go, and pass into the Beyond.

Wedding and funeral bells innumerable has it heard ; joy and sorrow, rich and poor, young and old, good, bad and indifferent, comedy and tragedy, still traverse the roads over which its mighty shade once extended.

The simple life of the country folk is round it, and the tale is thus :—

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, Good-day !

A little warmth, a little light
Of Love's bestowing—and so, Good-night !

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, Good-morrow !

A little trust that, when we die,
We reap our sowing—and so, Good-bye !

Quoted by Geo. Du Maurier, in "Trilby."

Written for the Friends' School, Saffron Walden Literary Society.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

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"TROJAN."

List of Members of the Sibford Old Scholars' Association.

INAUGURATED 19TH JUNE, 1903.

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP, 277.

s signifies Scholar. *t* Teacher. *c* on the School Committee.

ABBATT, ANNA MARY ..	Sibford Gower, Banbury.	Blake, Gladys	The Hawthornes, Duxmere, Ross-on-Rye. .
(<i>s and c</i>)		Blake, Edith ('98) ..	44, Broad Street, Ross-on-Wye.
Abbatt, Mary Ann (<i>née</i>	Braesile, Fulwood, Preston.	Blake, Horace	The Hawthornes, Duxmere, Ross.
Enoch) ('76-'82)		Blake, Ernest B. ..	4, Brook Street, Gloucester.
Absalom, Charles E. ..	Walsgrove Road, Coventry. [Wilts.	Blacklee, Wilfrid ..	Manor House, Grendon, Northants.
Absalom, Mary Hester ..	2, Cottingham Villas, Melksham,	Blogg, Thomas A. ..	Cardiff School of Commerce,
Absalom, John K.	10, Portland Square, Plymouth.		54, Charles Street, Cardiff.
Adams, Dora	Partridge Green, Sussex.	Blunn, Jessie ('98-'99) ..	High Street, Alcester.
Albright, John (<i>c</i>)	Hazeldean, Charlbury. [N.W.	Boote, Alice E. ('97-'98) ..	20, Bath Road, Banbury.
Allshorn, Alfred	70, Brondesbury Villas, London,	Boyce, Leslie P. S. ..	Upper Welland, near Malvern.
Amos, Ethel E.	Stoke Bruerne, Towcester, Northants.	Boyes, Emma (<i>née</i> Payne	Theydon Lodge, Woburn Sands,
Andreason, Mary Ann ..	11, Hilton Street, Commercial Road,	('63-'64)	Beds.
Appleton, Agnes Winifred	11, Thorn Road, Bournville, near	Braithwaite, William C. (<i>c</i>)	2, Dashwood Road, Banbury.
	London, E. [Birmingham.	Brady, Mabel ('86-'88) ..	2, Hawthorn Villas, High Road,
Ashworth, Grace (<i>t</i> -'06) ..	Sibford School, Banbury.		Wealdstone, Harrow.
Austin, Geo. Wesley	Taunton College, Somerset.	Brady, Charles E. ('82-'87)	Ditto ditto.
BAIRD, DAVID	Orchard House, Bakewell.	Brambley, Rudolph ..	Yew Tree Farm, Harlestone,
Beale, Seymour H. (<i>t</i> '85-'06)	Middleton Road, Banbury.		Northampton.
Benstead, Lilian Jane ..	Alliance Hotel, Oxford Street,	Bramfitt, Una M.	Wesley Manse, Thetford, Norfolk.
Bird, James	Sidmouth. [Southampton.	Brooks, Lewis Howard	Post Office, Winscombe, Somerset.
Bird, Albert	Winscombe, Somerset.	(<i>s</i> '80-'82 ; <i>t</i> '82-'88)	
Bishop, Arthur ('95-'00) ..	71, Station Road, King's Heath,	Brown, Elizabeth B. (<i>née</i>	62, Broughton Road, Banbury.
	Birmingham.	West) (<i>s and c</i>)	

Brown, Elizabeth Foster ..	14, St. John's Road, Croydon.	Digwood, Frederick G. ...	Much Birch, Ross-on-Wye.
(s '89-'92 ; t '96-'98)	[Beds.	Dudley, Robert, J.P. ('62-'64)	Clevedon Lodge, Warwick.
Burrows, Annie E.	27, Lake Street, Leighton Buzzard,	Dutson, Gertrude	
CADBURY, CAROLINE (c) ..	Pendle Hyrst, Bristol Road, Birmingham.	EDWARDS, CAROLINE LOUISA 82, Etnam Street, Leominster. (-'03) [Bradford.	
Castle, Horace Faulkner ..	1, Favart Road, Fulham, S.W.	Eltoft, Mrs. (<i>née</i> Parsey) 51, St. Paul's Road, Manningham,	
Charman, Hilda	13, St. Leonard's Road, Horsham.	Evans, Gwladys Elen ('93-'95) 4, Llandough Street, Cathays, Cardiff.	
Cheney, Ethel	72, Broughton Road, Banbury.	Evans, Ernest L.	18, Brent Street, Hendon, N.W.
Cheney, Mary	Ditto ditto.	FARRINGTON, ETHEL ...	2 Pembridge Road, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.
Clarke, Margaret	Friends' Mission, c/o British Post Office, Constantinople.	Farrington, Walter H.	Ditto ditto.
Clark, Mark C. G.	1, Gordon Road, Wellingborough, Northants. [Liverpool.	Fearnside, Joseph T. .. .	6, Cannon Hill Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
Cleaver, Richard L. ('95-'96)	30, Selborne Street, Prince's Road,	Fisher, Robert E.	39, Great Sutton Street, London, E.C.
Collins, Joseph Marshall 145, Kingsley Road, Liverpool. B.A. (s and t '49-'60)		Fowkes, Hannah (<i>née</i> Busby) 11, Queensland Road, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth.	
Collins (Mrs.) E.	Roseneath, Stocksfield-on-Tyne.	Francillon, George	5, Stroud Road, Gloucester.
Comely, Robert ('82-'83)	Notgrove Station, near Cheltenham.	Francillon, Paul ('80-'85) ...	3 Moseley Villa, Barnwood, Gloucester.
Crosland, John Arthur ..	11, Upper Rice Lane, Egremont, Cheshire.	GIBBINS, WILLIAM B. (c) ..	Ettington, Stratford-on-Avon.
Crosland, Harold	North Terrace, Adelaide, S. Australia.	Gill, Jessie M. (s and t) ...	40, Oxford Avenue, Southampton.
Cross, Marian V.	The Lawns, Nuneaton.	Gittins, Nellie ('97-'03) ...	50, Willow Road, Bournville, Birmingham.
Curtis, Luther (t -'03) ...	Hillcrest, Highfield Road, Malvern.	Glaisyer, Thomas	1, Landridge Road, Fulham S.W.
DAIN, PERCY E.	The Villa, Dunley, Stourport, Worcestershire. [Birmingham.	Glaisyer, Edmund C.	Ditto ditto
Darby, William (c)	Ashleigh, 5, Westbourne Road,	Glaisyer, Edward (c)	Woburn Sands.
Davidson, Jean S.	Fritchley, Derbyshire.	Goffe, May ('03-'05)	11, Nill Farm, Hook Norton, Oxon.
Davis, Birt Charles .. .	15, Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham.	Goffe, Kate	Nill Farm, Hook Norton.
Davis, Harry O.	301, Albert Road, Aston Manor, Birmingham.	Goode, Alfred ('97-'00) ...	Barnt Green, near Birmingham.
Dearden, Henry	2, Warriner Gardens, Battersea Park, S.W. [Maidstone.	Goodhead, Frances O. ...	7, Beech Road, Bournville, Birmingham.
Dearden, John William ..	Tower House, Western Road,	Goodley, Ada C. Jennings. .	Eatington, near Stratford-on-Avon.
		Goouch, Benjamin (r)	34, Bridge Street, Newport, Mon.
		Grant, Gwendoline Nesta ..	

Graveson, Michael, J.P. . . . Bank Road, West Kirkby, Cheshire.
 ('49-'54)

Graveson, Agnes A. . . . Ditto ditto.
 Graveson, Bertha B. . . . Ditto ditto.

HALL, JESSIE E. . . . 9, High Street, Stony Stratford.
 Hall, Percy W. . . . Newtown Villa, Ashfield, Ross,
 Herefordshire.

Hall, Charles . . . Newton Villa, Ross-on-Wye.
 Hamlin, Carl E. ('02-'03) . . . In Canada. [Montgomery.]
 Handy, John . . . 9, Frankenwell Street, Newtown,
 Harlock, A. J. (c) . . . Parson Street, Banbury.
 Harris, John Gilkes ('48-'52) . . . 5, High Cliff, Burley, Leeds.
 Harris, Septimus ('63-'64) . . . Victoria Street, Morecambe.
 Harris, Alice Mary ('83-'86) . . . 32, Cavendish Mansions,
 Clapton Square, N.E.
 Harris, Sarah Eliza ('57-'60) . . . The Cottage, Sibford Ferris, Banbury.
 Harrison, Ethel Mary . . . Polam Hall, Darlington.
 ('01-'04)

Harrison, Nora . . . 47, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.
 Harrod, J. T., B.A. . . . Sibford School, Banbury.
 Harvey, Rosamond . . . Beverley House, Arlesley, Hitchin.
 Haylar, Robert W. ('94-'97) . . . 27, Amberley Grove, Croydon.
 Hill, Samuel ('98-'99) . . . Priory Street, New Ross, co. Wexford.
 Hills, Joseph Francis . . . Stanley Villa, Sudbury, Suffolk.
 Hodgetts, Percy ('97-'00) . . . Dorland, Bournville Lane,
 Bournville, Birmingham.

Hodgson, Joseph Spence . . . 26, Hesketh Avenue, Didsbury,
 (Hon. Member) Manchester.

Homan, George Henry . . . 19, Culcombe Road, Denmark Hill,
 Camberwell, S.E.

Howitt, Francis ('85-'90) . . . 14, Stuart Street, Luton.
 Howitt, Thomas Henry . . . Holwell Bury Farm, near Hitchin.
 ('85-'90)

Hunt, Joseph Capper . . . 13, Gwynn Street, City Road, Bristol.
 ('84-'89)

JAMES, PHYLLIS . . . Burton Latimer, near Kettering.
 James, Marjorie . . . Ditto ditto.
 Jeffs, Charlotte . . . 11, Abington Grove, Northampton.
 Johnson, Elizabeth ('62-'65) . . . Bynghurst, Springfield, Chelmsford.
née Payne

Johnson, Ann . . . 45, Victoria Road, Northampton.
 (s and c '70-'73)

Judge, Arthur W. ('87) . . . c/o Cooper, Logan & Co.,
 East London, South Africa.

KANE, H. SOPHIA . . . 91, Petherton Road, Canonbury, N.
 Kaye, E. Percy, M.Sc. . . . Pembroke College, Harrogate.
 ('95-'97)

Keen, Ann . . . Sibford, Banbury.
 Kelly, Lucy Yeomans . . . 180, Dunstable Road, Luton.
 (*née Payne*) ('59-'62)

Kendall, Sydney . . . 2, Annesley Grove, Nottingham.
 Knight, Hubert G. . . . 69, Guildford Road, Southend-on-Sea.
 Knight, May ('03) . . . Hornsea House, New St., Kenilworth.
 Knight, Matthew ('06-') . . . Sibford School, Banbury.

LADE, DONALD R. . . . Housedean, Falmer, near Brighton.
 Lakeman, E. Pridaux . . . Haleyville, Ala., U.S.A.
 ('72-'75) [Banbury.]

Lamb, Adeline Jane . . . Pool Cottage, Sibford Gower,
 Lamb, Edith Eliza . . . c/o Mrs. Warner, Long Sutton,
 (s ; '96-'03) Langport, Somerset.
 Lamb, John Alfred . . . Holly House, Sibford, Banbury.
 Lamb, Major Richard . . . Ditto ditto.
 Lamb, Lucretia ('88-'92) . . . Vine Cottage, Sibford Gower,
 Lamb, Lucy Sophia (*née* . . . Sibford Ferris, Banbury. [Banbury.]
Binns s'66-'71; t'71-'82)

Lamb, Rachel Jane . . . Rye Hill, Sibford Gower, Banbury.
 Lamb, Sarah E. J. . . . c/o Wm. Lamb, Lakepost P.O.,
 Lawrence, John, M.A., . . . [Colborne, Ontario, Canada.]
 D.Litt. . . . Japan.

Lawton, Annie E. (t '06) .. 23, Malvern St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Lee, Ada E. Barton .. 35, Cross Park Terrace, Heavitree,
 (née West, t '92-'96) Exeter.
 Lee, Sarah Elizabeth .. Station House, Leyburn, Yorks.
 (t '92-'98)
 Lee, Josephine 46, Market Place, Doncaster.
 Legge, Walter 67, London Road, Derby.
 Lewis, Mary Agnes Duxmere, Ross-on-Wye.
 Littleboy, Margaret (c) .. South Hill, Oak Tree Lane, Selly
 Oak, near Birmingham.
 Lindley, Grace 16, Clifton Road, Winchester.
 Lingford, Henry S. W. .. 25, Court Road, Balsall Heath,
 Birmingham.
 Linney, Albert Gravely .. Ackworth School, near Pontefract.
 Lower, Arthur Percy .. 125, Cliffe Road, Strood, Kent.
 ('95-'97)

MANSFIELD, ALBERT .. 88, Linden Road, Bournville,
 Birmingham.

Martin, Christopher, Cleveland House, George Road,
 M.B., F.R.C.S. Edgbaston, Birmingham.

May, Harold Robert .. 239, Gooch Street, Birmingham.
 Megirian, John Jay ('98-'01) 666, East 141st Street, New York.
 Megirian, Joseph J. ('96-'01) Ditto ditto.
 Megirian, Nevdon ('00-'03) c/o A. J. Harlock, Parson's Street,
 Banbury.

Mellanby, Mary Jane .. Greta House, Barnard Castle.
 ('82-'87)

Milnes, Annie Eliza (t) .. Queen Mary's School, Walsall.
 Millard, Edith E. Fairfield Lodge, Hitchin, Herts.
 Millard, Nellie Ditto ditto. [Wisbech.
 Mirakian, Maud c/o H. Peckover, Wisteria House,
 Mitchell, Walter Haslingam Old Road, Rawtenstall.
 Mold, Susannah ('89-'92) .. 27, Downleaze, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.
 Mold, William ('95-'98) .. Sunnyside, Shillito Road,
 Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

Morley, Mrs. (née Jarratt) Brailes, near Banbury.
 ('42-'43)
 Morley, Edith ('71-'73) .. Ditto ditto.
 Morley, Margaret ('97-'99) Ditto ditto.
 Morley, Philip John .. Ditto ditto.

NEWALL, DOROTHY N. .. 974, Fisguard Street, Victoria,
 ('03) British Columbia.
 Newall, Edgar C. ('03) Ditto ditto.
 Naish, Kathleen c/o Henry Harris, Ridgmont, Hale
 Grove, Edgware R.S.O.,
 Middlesex.

Nicholls, Annie May (née Woodborough, St. Paul's Road,
 Ash) ('93-'95) .. Gloucester.

ODDIE, ROBERT BREARLEY Burdrop House, Sibford Gower,
 Banbury.
 Oddie, Elizabeth M. (née Ditto ditto.
 Shout)

Oddie, Major Sidney .. 48, East Street, Brighton.
 Oddie, Arthur Brearley .. Hillside, Park Lane, Norwich.
 Oddie, Edgar Mason .. 3, Grosvenor Villas, Bath.
 Oddie, Edith Rebecca .. Sibford Gower, Banbury.
 Oddie, Guelma Mary .. Ditto ditto.
 ('92-'97)

Oddie, Elizabeth Brearley Physical Training College, Southport.
 Oddie, Helen Muriel .. Ackworth School, Pontefract.
 Ogilvie, Margaret ('96-'00) Sibford Ferris, Banbury.
 Oliver, Richard ('89-'94) Tisdale P.O., Saskatchewan, Canada.
 O'Neill, Kathleen Nora .. "Kinvara," Northfield, Birmingham.
 (t '03-'06)

PARRY, ELSIE c/o Miss Watson, Great Bourton,
 near Banbury.

Parsey, J. S. Knight .. Wood View, Manningham, Bradford
 Peace, Mary Dorothy .. Barr Road, Aldridge, near Walsall.

- Tyler, Joseph Henry .. 27, Pavement, York.
('88-'91)
- VANDER VORD, HENRY S. Holly Lodge, Shefford, Beds., R.S.O.
Vander Vord, Dorothy .. Ditto ditto.
Venables, E. (née Jackson) .. 1, Rose Cottages, Doxey Road,
Stafford.
- WALLACE, Margaret .. 11, Upper Hornsey Rise, London, N.
('97-'99)
- Ward, Jane (s '51-'57; t '57-'59) .. 18, Summer Road, Edgbaston,
Birmingham.
- Ward, Dorothy Strathmore, Ashfield Road,
King's Heath, Birmingham.
- Warner, A. Louise .. Kothi Bazaar, Hoshangabad,
India, C.P.
- Warner, Alice (née Whit-
low) (t) .. 55, Newsham Drive, Liverpool.
- Wells, Louisa (née Hutchin-
son) (c) .. Hillcroft, Burdorp, Banbury.
- Wells, Ernest, B.A. .. Ashford, near Petersfield, Hants.
(t '85-'90)
- Wells, Ernest (t '04-'06) .. 218, East 15th Street, New York.
- Wells, Samuel A. ('73-'78) .. 20, High Street, Uxbridge.
- Wells, Annie Rebecca .. Prospect House, Sibford Gower,
(t '90) .. Banbury.
- West, Anne (r) .. 12, Parson's Street, Banbury.
- Westlake, Ada .. Shute Lane Villa, Long Sutton,
Langport, Somerset.
- Whateley, Blanché N. .. Priory Lawn, Kenilworth.
('99-'01)
- Whiting, Nancy A. .. c/o Mrs. Duche, Ashleigh,
Dacre's Road, Sydenham.
- Whiting, John C. .. c/o J. C. Hose, 9, Provost Road,
South Hampstead, N.W.
- Whitlock, Frank J. .. Grasmere, Avenue Road, Leaming-
ton Spa.
- Whitlock, Ernest E. .. Market Square, Winslow, Bucks.
- Whitlock, Arthur J. .. 65, Bridge Street, Banbury.
- Whitlock, Edith Emily .. 12, Parson's Street, Banbury,
('90-'95)
- Whitlock, Percy O., B.A. .. St. John's College, Cambridge.
(s and t)
- Whitlock, Harry H. .. Egremont, Brackley.
('98-'00)
- Wilks, Nellie (t '03) .. Sibford Gower, Banbury. [ham.
- Wilkinson, John (c) .. Oakfield Lodge, Selly Park, Birming-
ham.
- Wilkinson, Louisa (s and t) .. Sibford School, near Banbury.
- Williams, Alfred (t) .. Hook Norton.
- Williamson, Alice (née
Knight) (s and t '83-'91) .. 10, Belgrave Crescent, Scarborough.
- Wilson, Harry (s and c) .. 34, Warwick Road, Banbury.
- Wilson, Winifred .. Ditto ditto.
- Wilson, Rose V. .. Bartholomew Buildings,
Seward Street, St. Luke's, E.C.
- Wilson, Florence M. .. Ditto ditto
- Wilson, Frank .. St. Edward's Bournebrooke Road,
Selly Oak, Birmingham.
- Wilson, Annie .. Ditto ditto
- Wood, Emilie (née .. N'gongo House, Nairobi,
Waddington) .. British East Africa.

FREE MEMBERS.

- Cox, Daisy Ruth .. 7, Lipsom Hill Terrace, Plymouth.
- Taylor, Ruth .. Mentone Villa, Apsley Guise, Beds.
- Harvey, Rosamond H.M. .. Arlesey, Beds.
- Harris, Winifred .. Rose Villa, Shipston-on-Stour.
- Ward, Thomas .. 10, Ashfield Road, King's Heath,
Birmingham.
- Lamb, Richard M. .. Elmridge, Sibford Gower.
- Lamb, Frederick .. Sibford Ferris.