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BHASE n°10



Bulletin historique et archéologique du Sud-Essonne

Theobald of Étampes
Petrus Baro Stampanus
The Duchesses of Étampes
Thomas Jefferson
Heinrich Link
Heinrich Reichard
Richard Brookes
John Murray
J.-L. Petit & P.-H. Delamotte
Ch. Knight
Edith Wharton
Lawrence of Arabia
Three Famous Flying Women
Tarzan by E.-R. Burroughs
Sidney Goodman

octobre-novembre 2014

ISSN 2272-0685

Publication du *Corpus Étampois*

Directeur de publication : Bernard Gineste

12 rue des Glycines, 91150 Étampes

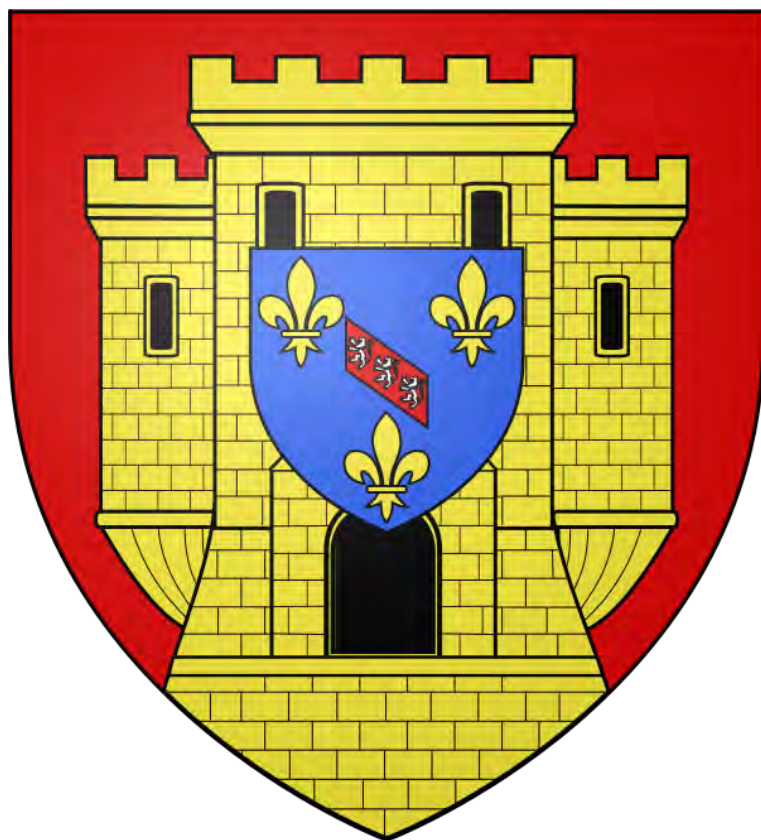
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BHASE 10

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Publié par le Corpus Étampois
octobre-novembre 2014



Foreword

Do you know Étampes ? Well, you don't ? What a pity. It is nice, old and charming royal town sixty kilometers south of Paris.

From Étampes came to England **Theobald**, where he founded the Oxford University. From Étampes too came in the Cambridge University another great professor named **Peter Baro**.

So precious was Étampes that three kings of France gave this town to their mistress as a Duchy : Francis I to **Anne de Pisseleu** ; Henri II to **Diane de Poitiers** ; Henri IV to **Gabrielle d'Estrées**, who all three were adressed nice poems ; some of them were translated into English by Luisa Costello.

From 1787 to 1909 Étampes was visited by numerous people. So we give here several touristical notices, by **H. F. Link**, **Heinrich Reichard**, **Richard Brookes**, **John Murray**, **Charles Knight**, **George Bradshaw** and **Marcel Monmarché**.

More interesting are the personal impressions and descriptions by some famous people as **Thomas Jefferson** (1787), **John Louis Petit** and **Philip Henry Delamotte**, with some very interesting archeological drawings (1854), **Edith Wharton** (1906) and **T. E. Lawrence**, later said of *Arabia*, and then

studying the Tower of Étampes as a specimen of military archeology (1908).

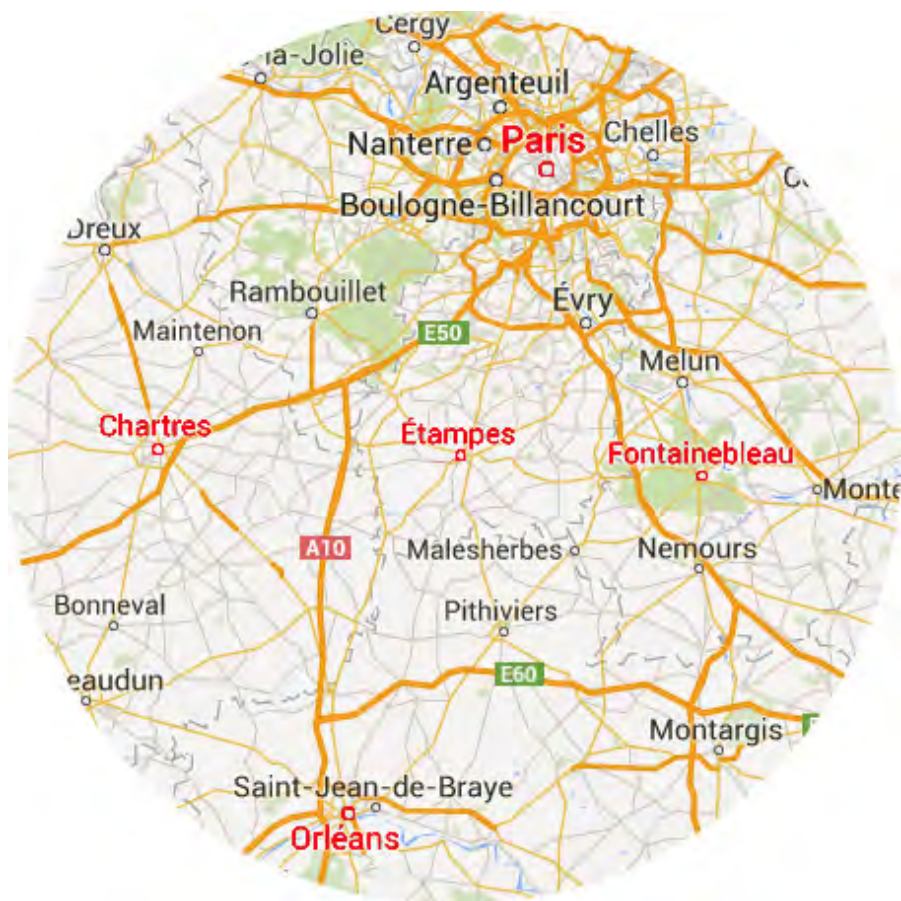
From 1909 to 1913 came the glorious Era of Aviation. In 1910 took place a ridiculous conflict between the Mayor of Étampes and a flying lady named **Mlle Abukaia**, conflict which was talk about from New Zealand to California. During 1911 died at Étampes the first woman victim of aviation, **Denise Moore** ; and, the following year, the second woman to die victim of aviation, dyed once more in Étampes, i. e. **Suzanne Bernard**. During 1913 was published by **Captain Clive Mellor** the first description in the world of a school of aviation, that of Étampes, where he learned to fly.

The same year, according to Edgar Rice Burroughs, in the second volume of the Adventures of **Tarzan**, lord of the Apes, Tarzan fought duel near Étampes.

Finally another American writer, **Sidney Goodman**, probably inspired by this late novel, wrote he too a short novel about another duel near Étampes, published in 1951, *Dawn at Étampes*.

So, enjoy reading, please !

Bernard Gineste





Theobald of Étampes (postcard after a painting by Bowley, 1907)

12th Century
XII^e siècle

Theobaldus Stampensis
Theobald of Étampes
Thibaud d'Étampes

Forerunner of the Oxford University

by Gaëtan Poix for *Wikipedia*
after the paper : « Thibaud d'Étampes »
by Bernard Gineste (2009)

Thibaud d'Étampes

Thibaud d'Étampes, en latin Theobaldus Stampensis (né vers 1080 à Étampes, mort après 1120 sans doute à Oxford) est un écolâtre et théologien du début du XIIe siècle, traditionaliste et à ce titre hostile au célibat des prêtres. C'est aussi le premier écolâtre connu d'Oxford où il est considéré sinon comme le fondateur, au moins comme le précurseur de l'université.

Biographie

Les grandes étapes de la vie de Thibaud d'Étampes n'ont été reconstituées qu'en 2009¹. Chanoine et fils de chanoine, il a grandi à Étampes au milieu de nombreux prêtres mariés, à l'époque où se met en place la Réforme grégorienne qui impose le célibat des prêtres. Probablement formé à l'école cathédrale de Chartres, il devient, comme l'a montré Bernard Gineste, écolâtre de Saint-Martin d'Étampes et précepteur du jeune vicomte de Chartres Hugues III du Puiset. À cette époque le roi Philippe Ier de France, et surtout son fils aîné, le futur Louis VI le Gros reprennent pied à Étampes, ville jusqu'alors contrôlée par les vicomtes du Puiset. Simultanément le roi s'appuie sur les moines de Morigny qu'il favorise au détriment des chanoines mariés d'Étampes.

¹ Bernard Gineste, « Thibaud d'Étampes », *Cahiers d'Étampes-Histoire* 10 (2009), pp. 43-58.

Theobald of d'Étampes

Theobald of Étampes (Latin : *Theobaldus Stampensis*, French : *Thibaud* or *Thibault d'Étampes*; born before 1080, died after 1120) was a medieval schoolmaster and theologian hostile to priestly celibacy. He is the first scholar known to have lectured at Oxford and is considered a forerunner of Oxford University.

Biography

Theobald's biography has been reconstructed by Bernard Gineste. Theobald was a canon and the son of a canon from Étampes. As a child he knew many married priests around Étampes, at a time when the Gregorian reform was requiring celibacy of priests. He was probably educated in the Chartres Cathedral School, and became master (in latin *scholaster*) of the school of the parish of Saint-Martin at Étampes and a private tutor to the young viscount of Chartres, Hugh III of Le Puiset. After King Philip I of France annexed Étampes to the royal domain he began to favour the monks of Morigny over the local priests. In 1113, after Hugh of Le Puiset was captured and imprisoned by royal forces, Theobald left Étampes for the Duchy of Normandy.

C'est dans ces circonstances, alors que son jeune élève, rebelle à l'autorité royale, vient d'être capturé et emprisonné pour la deuxième fois, que Thibaud quitte en 1113 le domaine royal pour les terres anglo-normandes d'Henri Beauclerc. Il fuit d'une part l'hostilité du roi Louis VI, et d'autre part une terre où s'impose de plus en plus, par la force, le célibat des prêtres, et le contrôle des paroisses par les moines.

On le trouve d'abord écolâtre à Caen, où il semble envisager de passer de là au Danemark, mais finalement c'est en Angleterre qu'il va s'installer, précisément à Oxford. Il y donne son enseignement devant un public de 60 à 100 clercs : c'est le premier noyau de l'ultérieure université d'Oxford.

Œuvre et pensée

On a conservé six Lettres de Thibaud d'Étampes. Deux sont écrites de Caen. La première est une lettre de consolation écrite à un certain Philippe, qui avait commis un écart sexuel non déterminé et subi des brimades en conséquence ; Thibaud développe l'idée que les fautes de ce genre ne sont pas les plus graves, et que l'orgueil est un péché bien plus dangereux ; il donne de plus à entendre clairement que ceux qui font profession de chasteté tombent souvent dans la pédérastie. La deuxième lettre est adressée à une reine Marguerite qu'on croyait jusqu'alors être sainte Marguerite d'Écosse, morte en 1093, mais Gineste a montré qu'il s'agit de Margrete Fredkulla, reine de Danemark, encore vivante en 1116² ; il remercie la reine d'une libéralité en faveur de l'abbaye aux Hommes de Caen et semble lui faire des offres de service.

² Cette confusion, débrouillée par Gineste, avait jusqu'à présent empêché toute reconstitution de la trajectoire professionnelle et intellectuelle de Thibaud d'Étampes.

There he became schoolmaster at Caen and planned to leave France for Denmark, but in the end he crossed the Channel to England, where the Duke of Normandy, Henry Beauclerc, was king. At Oxford he gave public lectures to audiences of between 60 and 100 clerics.

Work and thinking

Six letters of Theobald of Étampes has been preserved.

Two are written in Caen. The first is a letter written to a certain Philipp, who had committed an undetermined sexual deviation and sustained harassment accordingly ; consoling him Theobald develops the idea that the faults of this kind are not the most serious, and that pride is a far more dangerous sin; he very clearly suggests that those who make profession of chastity often fall into pedophilia.

The second letter is sent to a Queen Margarita, thought until recently to be Saint Margaret of Scotland, died in 1093, but Gineste has shown she is Margaret Fredkulla, Queen of Denmark, still alive in 1116.³ He thanked the Queen of liberality of the Abbey of Saint-Étienne of Caen and seems to make service offerings.

³ This error explains the misdating of the whole works of Theobald until the recent paper by Gineste.

Quatre sont écrites d'Oxford. Il paraît impossible de leur donner un ordre chronologique. L'une est adressée à Farrizio, abbé d'Abingdon, pour se défendre d'une accusation d'hérésie. Il s'en défend et démontre que son enseignement est orthodoxe : les enfants morts sans être baptisés vont bien en enfer. La deuxième lettre est adressée à l'évêque de Lincoln (Royaume-Uni) ; c'est la plus longue et il y est démontré par l'autorité de l'Écriture et des Pères de l'Église que même le plus grand des pécheurs peut accéder au salut s'il se repent à sa dernière heure. La troisième est adressée à l'hérétique Roscelin de Compiègne ; cependant la doctrine propre de Roscelin ne l'intéresse pas : il lui reproche seulement d'avoir mal parlé des fils de prêtres, et défend ces derniers en rappelant que saint Jean Baptiste en était un ; il exprime aussi une opinion extrêmement rare à ce sujet : la Vierge Marie également aurait été fille de prêtre. La dernière des quatre lettres d'Oxford s'en prend aux moines et leur refuse le droit de prendre la place des clercs, de percevoir les dîmes et de revêtir les charges et les dignités qui étaient jusqu'alors le monopole des clercs et des chanoines.

Cette dernière lettre, assez brève, a été l'objet d'une réponse interminable d'un moine anonyme, en partie versifiée⁴, qui s'en prend vivement aux clercs et aux chanoines de son temps, et fait l'éloge en retour des moines, parés de toutes les vertus.

⁴ Éditée par Raymonde de Foreville et dom Jean Leclerc, in *Studia Anselmania* 41 (1957), pp. 8-118.

Four are written from Oxford. It seems impossible to give them a chronological order. One is addressed to Faritius, Abbot of Abingdon, to defend himself from a charge of heresy. He has defended and shows that his teaching is Orthodox: dead children who have not been baptized go to hell. The second letter is sent to the Bishop of Lincoln, England; it is the longest and is proving by the authority of Scripture and the Fathers of the Church that even the greatest sinners can access the salvation if he repents up to his final hour. The third is addressed to the heretical Roscellinus of Compiègne. However, the doctrine of Roscellinus about Trinity does not interest Theobald. He accuses him of criticizing the sons of priests, and defends them by pointing out that Saint John the Baptist was one. He also expresses an extremely rare opinion on this subject: the Virgin Mary was also a daughter of a priest. The last of these four letters of Oxford deals with the monks and denies them the right to take the place of the clerics, and to collect tithes and benefits which were until then the monopoly of the clerics and the canons.

This last quite short letter has subjected to an anonymous monk an endless answer, partly written in verses, which strongly supports the clerics and the canons of the time, and praise in return for the monks, trimmed of all virtues.

Place dans l'histoire des idées et dans la tradition

Thibaud d'Étampes n'est pas un auteur majeur, mais c'est l'un des premiers intellectuels qui ont frayé la voie à la grande renaissance du XIIe siècle. Les principes majeurs de son enseignement sont le respect et l'exposition méthodique, autrement dit raisonnée (*rationabiliter*), de la doctrine de l'Église.

Sa pensée doit être resituée dans le grand débat qui agite son temps : pour ou contre la grande réforme grégorienne en cours ; pour ou contre la prise du pouvoir, au sein de l'Église, par les moines, à un moment où tous les papes sont d'anciens moines, et tentent d'imposer par la force leurs conceptions ascétiques à l'ensemble du clergé.

L'historiographie oxfordienne y a aussi souvent vu le fondateur de l'université du lieu, et en 1907 a été composée et jouée une saynète le présentant comme l'introducteur des lumières à Oxford, en opposition avec les forces de l'obscurantisme représentées par les moines d'Abingdon. Il s'est, bien entendu, également attiré la sympathie de l'Église anglicane par son hostilité au célibat des prêtres, célibat qui a rencontré une grande résistance de fait dans toute l'Europe du Nord jusqu'à la fin même du Moyen Âge, tandis qu'en France catholique son œuvre a été progressivement oubliée.

Place in the history of ideas and traditions

Theobald of Étampes is not a major author, but is one such early intellectual who has paved the way to the great 12th century Renaissance. The major principles of teaching are respect and methodical, in other words reasoned exposure (in latin *rationabiliter*) of the Catholic doctrine.

His thoughts should be seen in the great debate of his time: for or against the great Gregorian reform; for or against the taking of power within the Church, by the monks, at a time where all the Popes are former monks and attempt to impose by force throughout the clergy their ascetic designs.

Also Oxfordian historiography often saw him as the founder of the University, and in 1907 was composed and performed a skit presenting him as the introducer of the enlightenment in Oxford, in opposition to the forces of darkness represented by the monks of Abingdon.

It of course also attracted the sympathy of the Anglican Church by his hostility to the celibacy of the priests, celibacy that met resistance in fact in Northern Europe until the end of the Middle Ages, while in Catholic France his work was gradually forgotten.

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16th Century XVI^e siècle

Five poems translated by Luisa Costello about three Duchesses of Etampes

The King Francis I of France, A.D. 1534, gave to his mistress Anne de Pisseleu the barony of Etampes, which was made a duchy A.D. 1537.

His son the King Henri II of France gave it to his own mistress Diane de Poitiers, A.D. 1553.

Later, the king Henri IV of France also gave thise duchy to his mistress Gabrielle d'Estrée, A.D. 1598.



Luisa Stuart Costello

Five French Poems translated about Three duchesses of Etampes

1836

Louisa Stuart Costello (1799-1870), poétesse, historienne, journaliste, peintre et romancière, a longtemps séjourné à Paris et donné des journaux de voyages et des écrits sur l'histoire de France. On lui doit notamment un recueil de poèmes français mis en vers anglais, *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France: From the Time of the Troubadours and Trouvères to the Reign of Henri Quatre*.

Nous en extrayons des poèmes rapportés, à tort ou à raison, à trois duchesses successives d'Étampes, Anne de Pisseleu, Diane de Poitiers puis Gabrielle d'Estrée.

1. François I^{er}, sur Anne de Pisseleu ⁵

DIZAIN

Est-il point vrai, ou si je l'ai songé,
Qu'il est besoin m'éloigner et distraire
De notre amour et en prendre congé ?
Las ! Je le veux ; et si ne le puis faire.
Que dis-je ? veux ; c'est du tout le contraire :
Faire le puis, et ne puis le vouloir ;
Car vous avez là réduit mon vouloir,
Que plus tâchez ma liberté me rendre,
Plus empêchez que ne la puisse avoir,
En commandant ce que voulez défendre.



⁵ Texte donné ici par Maxime de Montrond, *Essais historiques sur la ville d'Étampes*. Tome 2, Étampes, Fortin, 1837, p. 69, n. 1.

Francis I of France – Costello’s translation ⁶

TO THE DUCHESS D’ESTAMPES.

Est-il point vrai.

Is it a dream, or but too true
That I should fly you from this hour,
To all our fondness bid adieu ? —
Alas ! I would, but want the power.
What do I say ! — oh, I am wrong,
The power, but not the will, have I ;
My heart has been a slave so long,
The more you give it liberty,
The more a captive at your feet it lies,
When you command what every glance denies.



⁶ Louisa Stuart Costello, *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France: From the Time of the Troubadours and Trouvères to the Reign of Henri Quatre* [298 p.], London (Londres), William Pickering, 1835, p. 207.

2. Clément Marot, sur Anne ⁷

ÉPIGRAMME ⁸

Si jamais fut un paradis en terre,
Là où tu es, là est-il sans mentir :
Mais tel pourroit en toi paradis querre⁹
Qui ne pourroit que peines ressentir :
Non toutesfoys qu'il s'en doit repentir,
Car heureux est, qui souffre pour tel bien.

Donque celui que tu aimerois bien,
Et qui reçu seroit en si bel estre,
Que seroit-il ? Certes je n'en sçais rien,
Fors qu'il seroit ce que je voudrois estre.

S'il fut jamais un paradis sur terre
Là où tu es, là est-il, sans mentir,
Mais on pourrait bien en toi le chercher
On arriverait tout juste à le ressentir :
Non toutefois qu'on doive s'en repentir
Car heureux est qui souffre pour tel bien.

Et donc celui que tu aimerais bien
Et qui serait admis à cette situation,
Que serait-il ? Certes je n'en sais rien,
Sauf qu'il serait ce que je voudrais être.

⁷ Pierre René Auguis, *Les poètes françois depuis le XIIIe siècle jusqu'à Malherbe, avec une notice historique et littéraire sur chaque poète. Tome 3*, Paris, Renouard, p. 65.

⁸ À mon humble avis il ne s'agit pas ici d'Anne de Pisseleu, mais d'Anne Valençon, comme dans le fameux *Sonnet de neige*.

⁹ *Querre*, ancien infinitif de *quérir*, « chercher ».

A ANNE,* POUR ESTRE EN SA GRACE.

Si jamais fust un paradis en terre, &c.

On ! if on earth a paradise may be,
Where'er thou art methinks it may be found ;
Yet he, who seeks that paradise in thee,
Will find more pains than pleasures there abound :
Yet will he not repent he sought the prize,
For he is blest who suffers for those eyes :

What fate is his, whose truth thy heart shall move,
By thee admitted to that heaven of love ?
I know not — words his happiness would wrong —
His fate is that which I have sought so long !

* Anne de Pisseleu, Duchesse d'Etampes¹¹.

¹⁰ Louisa Stuart Costello, *Specimens...*, p. 200.

¹¹ So Costello. But that is undoubtedly an error. For never should be so audacious a poet with such an important person as Anne de Pisseleu. And there is another Anne Marot tell about, i.e. Anne Valençon, e.g. « Anne par jeu me jeta de la neige... » (B.G.).

3. Clément Marot, sur Diane

CHANSON POUR DIANE DE POITIERS.¹²

PUISQUE de vous je n'ai autre visage,
Je m'en vais rendre hermite en un désert,
Pour prier Dieu, si un autre vous sert,
Qu' autant que moi en vostre honneur soit sage.

Adieu Amour, adieu gentil corsage,
Adieu ce teint, adieu ces friands yeux ;
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage :
Un moins aimant aura peut-estre mieux¹³.



¹² Titre et texte donné par Pierre-François Tissot, *Leçons et modèles de littérature française ancienne et moderne. Tome second*, Paris, J. L'Henry, 1836, p. 146. Même texte donné (sans titre) par Jean-François Laharpe, *Cours de littérature ancienne et moderne. Tome 6*, Paris, Ledentu et Dupont, 1826, p. 407 : « Mais de plus galant, et même de plus tendre que cette chanson ? »

¹³ « Que de sentiment dans ce dernier vers ! On a depuis employé souvent la même pensée ; mais jamais elle n'a été mieux exprimée. » (Laharpe, *ibid.*)

Costello' translation

TO DIANE DE POICTIERS.¹⁴

Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage, &c.

FAREWELL ! since vain is all my care,
Far, in some desert rude,
I'll hide my weakness, my despair ;
And, midst my solitude,
I'll pray that, should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee !

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven !
Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms ;
Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
Which love inhabits and illumines !
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me,
One, far less fond, perchance had won ye !

¹⁴ Louisa Stuart Costello, *Specimens...*, pp. 199-200. Texte repris au moins par Lyman Abbott, *The World's Best Poetry, Volume 3 : Sorrow and Consolation*, Philadelphia, John D. Morris and Company, 1904.

4. Henri II, roi de France, à Diane ¹⁵

HENRI II. VERS ADRESSÉS À DIANE DE POITIERS.

Plus ferme foy ne fut oncques jurée
A nouveau prince, ô ma belle princesse !
Que mon amour, qui vous sera sans cesse
Contre le temps et la mort assurée.
De fossés creux ou de tour bien murée
N'a pas besoin de mon cœur la forteresse,
Dont je vous fis dame, reine et maîtresse,
Parce qu'elle est d'éternelle durée.
Trésor ne peult sur elle estre vainqueur :
Un si vil prix n'acquiert un gentil cœur.

Nous montrons ci-après qu'Henri II n'a fait ici que copier le commencement d'un poème de Joachim du Bellay, dont il adressera ensuite une longue version remaniée (B.G.)

¹⁵ Pierre-René Auguis (1786-1844), *Bibliothèque des poètes français depuis le XII^e siècle jusqu'à Malherbe, avec une notice historique et littéraire sur chaque poète* [6 volumes in-8°], Paris, Renouard, Treuttel & Würtz et Lefèvre, 1824, tome 4, pp. 1-2 : « Henri II n'a ¹² place dans notre collection que parce qu'il avoit hérité du goût de son père pour la poésie française, et qu'il a composé des vers qui annoncent un esprit cultivé ; ils sont adressés à cette fameuse Diane de Poitiers qu'il aimait si tendrement. Ces vers, écrits de la main de Henri II, sont extraits d'un manuscrit de la Bibliothèque du Roi, fonds de Béthune, n°8664. ».

**HENRY THE SECOND ¹⁷,
TO DIANE DE POICTIERS.**

Plus ferme foy.

MORE constant faith none ever swore
To a new prince, oh fairest fair !
Than mine to thee, whom I adore,
Which time nor death can e'er impair.
The steady fortress of my heart
Seeks not with towers secured to be,
The lady of the hold thou art,
For 'tis of firmness worthy thee :
No bribes o'er thee can victory obtain,
A heart so noble treason cannot stain !¹⁸

¹⁶ Louisa Stuart Costello, *Specimens...*, pp. 207-208. Texte repris au moins par Lyman Abbott, *The World's Best Poetry, Volume 3 : Sorrow and Consolation*, Philadelphia, John D. Morris and Company, 1904.

¹⁷ The famous Quatrain of Nostradamus the astrologer is as follows relative to the death of Henry the Second who was killed in a tournament by a thrust from the lance of Montgomery through the bars of his gilt helmet. It was made four years before the event :

Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera.

Deux plaies une, puis mourir ! mort cruelle ! (Costello).

¹⁸ This poem is sometimes attributed to Joachim du Bellay, and may be found in the edition of his works, Rouen, 1597, among the 'Olive de du Bellay.' In 'Auguis' 'Poetes François,' (Paris, 1825, 8vo.) it is given to Henry the Second.

Plagiat court par Henri II (Bibliothèque du Roi, fonds de Béthune, n°8664)

Du Bellay¹⁹

Plus ferme foy ne ne fut onques jurée
A nouveau prince, ô ma **seule** princesse,
Que mon amour, qui vous sera sans cesse,
Contre le temps et la mort assurée.
De **fosse creuse**, ou de tour bien murée
N'a point besoing de **ma foy** la forteresse,
Dont je vous fy' dame, roine, et maïstresse,
Pource qu'ell'est d'éternelle durée.
Thesor ne peult sur elle estre vainqueur,
Un si vil prix n'aquiert un gentil cœur :
Non point faveur ou grandeur de lignage,
Qui eblouist les yeulx du populaire :
Non la beauté, qui un leger courage
Peult emouvoir, tant que vous, me peult plaire.

Plagiat long

Du Bellay

Plus ferme foy ne ne fut onques jurée
A nouveau prince, ô ma seule princesse,
Que mon amour, qui vous sera sans cesse,
Contre le temps et la mort assurée.
De fosse creuse, ou de tour bien murée
N'a point besoing de ma foy la forteresse,
Dont je vous fy' dame, roine, et maïstresse,
Pource qu'ell'est d'éternelle durée.
Thesor ne peult sur elle estre vainqueur,
Un si vil prix n'aquiert un gentil cœur :
Non point faveur ou grandeur de lignage,
Qui eblouist les yeulx du populaire :
Non la beauté, qui un leger courage
Peult emouvoir, tant que vous, me peult

Henri II

Plus ferme foy ne fut oncques jurée
A nouveau prince, ô ma **belle** princesse !
Que mon amour, qui vous sera sans cesse
Contre le temps et la mort assurée.
De **fossés creux** ou de tour bien murée
N'a pas besoin de **mon cœur** la forteresse,
Dont je vous fis dame, reine et maïstresse,
Parce qu'elle est d'éternelle durée.
Trésor ne peult sur elle estre vainqueur :
Un si vil prix n'aquiert un gentil cœur.

Henri II²⁰

Plus ferme foy ne ne fut onques jurée
A nouveau prince, ô ma seule prinse,
Que mon amour, qui vous sera sans cesse
Contre le tems & la mort assurée.
De fosse creuse, ou de tour byen murée
N'a point besoing de ma foy la forteresse,
Dont je vous fy' dame, roine & maystresse.
Pour ce que ele est d'éternelle durée,
Thrésor ne peult sur elle estre vainqueur;
Ung sy vil prix n'aquiert un gentil cœur.
Non point faveur, ou grandeur de lignage,
Quy eblouist les ieus du populaire,
Non la beauté, qui un léger courage
Peult émouvoir, tant que vous me peult

¹⁹ *Œuvres françoises de Joachim Du Bellay, gentil-homme angevin, avec une notice biographique et des notes, par Ch. Marty-Laveaux. Tome premier, Paris, Alphonse Lemerre, 1866, p. 100.*

²⁰ *Georges GUIFFREY, Diane de Poytiers, Lettres inédites, publiées d'après les mss de la Bibliothèque impériale, avec une introduction et des notes, Paris, Vve J. Renouard, 1866, pp. 227-229.*

[plaire.

[plaire.



Mès quy pouroyt à moy s'aconparer,
Et sy n'estyme ryens que sa boune grâse,
Et quy faroyt mon grant heur déclérer,
Car otre chose ne veut, ny ne prouchase ;
Et sy ne cryns tronperye qu'on me fase,
Estant tant seur de sa gran fermeté ;
Inposyble est qun otre est don ma plase,
M'ayant douné sy grande sureté.

Hellas, mon Dyu, combyen je regrète
Le tans que j' é perdu an ma jeunèse ;
Conbyen de foyz je me suys souèté
Avoyr Dyane pour ma seule mestrèse ;
Mès je cregnoys qu' èle, quy est déese,
Ne se voulut abèser juques là
De fayre cas de moy, quy sa[n] sela
N'avoys plésyr, joye, ny contantemant
Juques à l'eure que se délybèra
Que j'obéyse à son coumandemant.



Elle, voyant s'aprocher mon départ,
M'a dyt : Amy, pour m'outer de langleur,
Au départyr, las ! layse moy ton ceur
Au lyu du myen, où nul que toy n'a part.

Quant j'apersoys mon partemant soudyn,
Et que je lèse se que tant estymè,
Je la suplye de vouloyr douner,
Pour grant faveur, de luy béser la myn.

Et sy luy dys ancores davantage
Que la suplye de byen se souvenyr
Que n'aie joye juques au revenyr,
Tant que je voye son hounête vysage.

Lors je pouré dyre sertènemant
Que, moy quy suys sûr de sa boune grâse,
J'aroys grant tort prouchaser otre plase,
Car j'an resoys trop de contantemant.

5. Henri IV, à Gabrielle d'Estrée ²¹

CHANSON ATTRIBUÉE À HENRI IV. ROI DE FRANCE

CHARMANTE Gabrielle !
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la Gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars :

Cruelle départie !
Malheureux jour !
Que ne suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour.

Partagez ma couronne
Le prix de ma valeur.
Je la tiens de Bellone,
Tenez-la de mon cœur.

Cruelle départie !
Malheureux jour !
C'est trop peu d'une vie
Pour tant d'amour.

²¹ Jean Monet, *Anthologie française, ou Chansons choisies, depuis le 13e siècle jusqu'à présent* [3 volumes], Paris, Joseph-Gérard Barbou, 1765, t. 1, pp. 31-32. Selon Yves Giraut, « Le génie chansonnier de la Nation Française d'après l'*Anthologie* de Jean Monnet (1765) », in *Cahiers de l'Association internationale des études françaises* 28 (1976), p. 161, n. 63, « Le texte du refrain, *Cruelle départie*, avait été publié avec une mélodie différente dans le *Thesaurus harmonious* de J. B Besard (Cologne, 1603) *Charmante Gabrielle*, d'authenticité très douteuse, figure dans *La Clef des Chansonniers* de Ballard (1717) : c'est cette mélodie qui est reproduite, avec quelques ornements ou variantes. ». Le même auteur note que Monet ne reproduit que deux couplets sur 7.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONG. ²³

Charmante Gabrielle !

MY charming Gabrielle!

My heart is pierced with woe,
When glory sounds her knell,
And forth to war I go :

Parting ! — perchance our last !
Day, mark'd unblest to prove !
Oh that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love !

Bright star, whose light I lose —
Oh fatal memory !
My grief each thought renews...
We meet again, or die !

Parting, &c.

Oh share and bless the crown
By valour given to me,
War made the prize my own,
My love awards it thee !

Parting, &c.

Let all my trumpets swell,
And every echo round
The words of my farewell
Repeat with mournful sound.

Parting, &c.

²² Louisa Stuart Costello, *Specimens...*, p. 285.

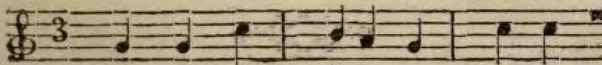
²³ *Anthologie Française*, ed. de 1765 (note de Corbello). On voit qu'elle a puisé aussi à une autre source pour ses 2^e et 4^e couplets.



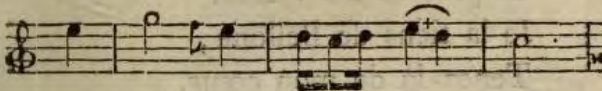
XVI.

Chanson attribuée

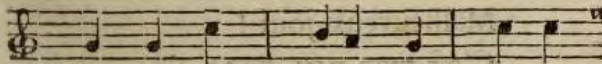
A HENRY IV. ROI DE FRANCE.



CHARMANTE Ga - bri - el - le !



Per - cé de mil - le dards ,



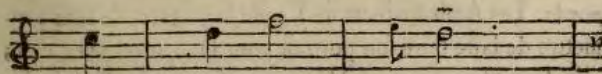
Quand la Gloi - re m'a - pelle



A la fui - te de Mars :



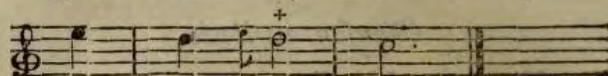
Cru - el - le dé - par - ti - e !



Mal - heu - reux jour !



Que ne fuis - je fans vi - e ,



Ou fans a - mour.



PARTAGEZ ma couronne

Le prix de ma valeur.

Je la tiens de Bellone ,

Tenez-là de mon cœur.

Cruelle départie !

Malheureux jour !

C'est trop peu d'une vie

Pour tant d'amour. (1)

(1) *Gabrielle d'Etrées*, telle qu'elle est peinte dans la *Prosopographie d'Antoine du Verdier*, qui l'avoit vue, avoit le visage long & le regard dédaigneux, mais le teint & la peau d'une beauté surprenante. Elle étoit d'une blancheur à éblouir, mêlée d'un vermillon naturel. Son visage étoit lisse & transparent comme une perle; il sembloit en avoir la finesse & l'eau, ou la fraîcheur d'un œuf qui vient d'être pondu. Les Ambassadeurs de Venise la prièrent de leur permettre de faire faire son portrait pour l'emporter avec eux; elle leur répondit avec dédain, qu'il y avoit assez de ses portraits chez les Peintres.

XVI^e siècle

Pierre Baron fuit Étampes

Au début du XII^e siècle, Étampes chasse ses prêtres mariés dont l'un s'envole pour Oxford, y fonder une célèbre université ; à la fin du même siècle, elle chasse ses juifs, qui s'en vont prospérer dans d'autres contrées ; au XVI^e siècle, elle chasse ses Huguenots dont l'un au moins s'en va s'illustrer à Cambridge ; au XIX^e siècle, elle ne voudra pas non plus d'ouvriers, par crainte d'une classe ouvrière redoutée de l'aristocratie rurale ; pour finir, Étampes est restée une ville de province d'importance constamment décroissante, en partie parce qu'elle s'est constamment mutilée, au cours de son histoire, de ses propres forces vives.

Nous rééditons ici trois notices relatives à l'un de ceux qui *auraient pu* faire la grandeur d'Étampes, Pierre Baron, qui fuit la persécution en cours à Étampes²⁴, et devient professeur de Théologie à l'Université de Cambridge, où il fera souche.

Nous donnons donc : la notice sur Baron de *La France Protestante* (1877) ; celle du *Dictionary of National Biography* (1885) ; plus une enquête généalogique très documentée sur sa descendance en Angleterre (1900).

²⁴ J'éditerai prochainement le montant du salaire perçu par le bourreau d'Étampes pour la torture (*tortura*) d'hérétiques arrêtés à Méréville en 1551.

XVI^e siècle

Petrus Baro : a Huguenot from Étampes

At the beginning of the 12th Century, Étampes expelled its married priests, whose one fled to Oxford, as a forerunner of a world famous University. At the end of the same century were closed too both the synagogue and the yeshiva of this town, and expelled all its Jews, who fled to other countries. During the 16th century were at their turn prosecuted, then expelled, the Huguenots, whose one became a renowned Professor of Theology at the Cambridge University. In the 19th century also this provincial town refused any real industrialisation for fear of the working classes. So Étampes, which always cherished self-mutilating, remained until to now a charming but somewhat sleeping, rural, provincial and little town.

Thereafter we give a reedition of three articles about Pierre Baron d'Étampes, alias *Petrus Baro Stampanus*, a famed *Sacrae Theologiae Doctor et Professor in Academia Cantabrigensi*, i. e. a Doctor in Theology and Professor in the Cambridge University, ca. 1575.

- 1) An article about Baron from *La France Protestante* (1877)
- 2) An other from *Dictionary of National Biography* (1885)
- 3) And a genealogical one from *The Ancestor* (1902)



Trinity Collège en 1575

Eugène et Émile Haag ²⁵

Pierre Baron

BARON (PIERRE) professeur à l'université de Cambridge, vers 1575²⁶. Le surnom de *Stempanus* qu'il prenait, indiquerait qu'il était originaire d'Étampes. Baron fit ses études à Bourges où il prit le grade de licencié ès lois. Chassé de sa patrie par les persécutions religieuses, il passa en Angleterre où son mérite lui fit obtenir, quelque temps après, une chaire dans l'université de Cambridge. Partisan des opinions pélagiennes, il ne vécut pas longtemps en bonne intelligence avec son collègue Whitaker qui avait des idées plus rigides sur la prédestination. La querelle ne tarda pas à passer de l'école dans le temple où, du haut de la chaire évangélique, les deux adversaires ⁸⁶⁷ s'attaquèrent avec une ardeur égale, mais avec un succès différent. Baron soutenait la thèse que Dieu n'est point l'auteur du péché, qu'il ne veut pas qu'on le commette, puisqu'il le défend expressément, et que, s'il réproûve les hommes, c'est uniquement à cause du péché qu'il hait. Il ne croyait pas non plus à la prédestination

²⁵ Eugène Haag et Émile Haag, *La France Protestante. Deuxième édition publiée sous les auspices de la société de l'histoire du protestantisme français et sous la direction de M. Henri Bordier. Tome premier*, Paris, Sandoz et Fischbacher, 1877, pp. 865-867.

²⁶²⁶ Haag I, 261.

absolue ; il enseignait, au contraire, que les fidèles ou les élus ne doivent point se regarder comme assurés du salut. Cette doctrine choquait trop la majorité du clergé anglican pour être approuvée. L'archevêque de Cantorbéry, qui voyait ces disputes avec peine, recommanda le silence aux deux champions dans l'intérêt de l'université ; mais Baron, ne pouvant supporter l'idée de passer pour un hérétique aux yeux de ses élèves et des fidèles, entreprit, en 1596, de prouver son orthodoxie dans un sermon où il s'efforça d'établir l'accord parfait de ses opinions avec les XXXIX Articles. Il est reconnu aujourd'hui que l'archevêque Cranmer, le principal rédacteur de ces articles dans leur forme primitive, goûtait peu les doctrines fatalistes de Calvin, et qu'il penchait plutôt vers le semi-pélagianisme de Luther. Dans tous les écrits qui nous restent de lui, il se prononce en faveur de la rédemption universelle. « Mais, dit M. Le Bas dans la *Vie de l'archevêque Cranmer*, dont Eug. Haag a donné une traduction, des hommes d'un tout autre esprit ayant succédé plus tard à nos réformateurs, la fièvre du calvinisme devant en quelque sorte une maladie épidémique ; et vers la fin du règne d'Élisabeth, quelques-uns de nos meneurs théologiques s'imaginèrent de parfaire nos Articles en y introduisant une forte dose de la doctrine genevoise. » Même dans leur rédaction actuelle, ces Articles, surtout le XVII^e, sont loin d'être favorable à la prédestination absolue. Il était donc facile à Baron d'avoir raison contre ses adversaires, et il paraît qu'il eut effectivement trop bien raison, car il fut cité devant le consistoire, sous l'accusation d'avoir avancé : 1^o que Dieu par une volonté absolue a créé tous les hommes et chacun d'eux en particulier pour la ⁸⁶⁸ vie éternelle, et qu'il ne prive personne du salut, sinon à cause de ses péchés ; 2^o qu'il y a une double volonté en Dieu, une volonté *antécédente* et une volonté *conséquente*; que par la première Dieu ne rejette personne puisque autrement il réprouverait son propre ouvrage ; 3^o que Jésus-Christ est mort pour tous les hommes, proposition qu'il

appuyait sur ce syllogisme : Christ est venu pour sauver ce qui était perdu (Mat. XVIII, 11) ; or tous les hommes étaient perdus en Adam ; donc Jésus est venu pour les sauver tous ; car le remède doit être de la même étendue que le mal et Dieu ne fait point acception de personne (Act. X, 34) ; 4° que les promesses de Dieu sont universelles, et que ce sont les hommes eux-mêmes qui s'excluent du royaume des Cieux, selon Osée (XIV, 1). Baron n'ayant fait aucune difficulté d'avouer ces doctrines, on dressa un procès-verbal de l'interrogatoire et on l'envoya au chancelier qui, convaincu que toute cette procédure avait été provoquée par des inimitiés personnelles, ne donna en conséquence aucune suite à cette affaire. Baron continua donc à occuper sa chaire ; mais ses ennemis se vengèrent en l'abreuvant de dégoûts, en sorte qu'à l'expiration de ses trois années de professorat, il donna tacitement sa démission en ne faisant aucune démarche pour conserver sa place. Il se retira à Londres où il mourut au bout de trois ou quatre ans. Il laissa plusieurs enfants, dont l'aîné seul, nommé SAMUEL, est mentionné particulièrement ; encore les biographes se bornent-ils à nous apprendre qu'il exerça la médecine et mourut à Lyn-Regis dans le Norfolkshire. Les ouvrages de Baron pourraient, encore de nos jours, offrir de l'intérêt, les questions qui y sont traitées continuant à être agitées dans l'Église ; malheureusement ils sont fort rares. Nous en donnerons le catalogue d'après Watt.

I. Quatre *sermons* sur le Ps. CXXIII, Lond., 1560, in-8°.

II. *In Jonam prophetam prælectiones XXXIX*²⁷ ; — *Theses publicæ in scholis peroratæ et disputatæ*²⁸ ; — *Conciones tres*

²⁷ « Trente-neuf leçons relatives au livre du prophète Jonas » (B.G.).

²⁸ « Thèses défendues publiquement sous une forme oratoire et contradictoire » (B. G.)

*ad clerum catibrigiensis habitæ in templo Beatæ Mariæ*²⁹ ; — *Precationes quibus usus est author in suis prælectionibus* |⁸⁶⁹ *inchoendis et finiendis*, Lond. 1579, in-fol. — Les thèses ont été trad. en angl. par Ludham et publiées, la 1^{re} sous le titre : « God's purpose and decree taketh not away the liberty of man's corrupt will ; » la 2^e sous celui-ci : « Our conjunction with Christ is altogether spiritual, » Lond. 1590, in-8°.

III. *De fide, ejusque ortu et naturâ, plana et dilucida explicatio*³⁰, Lond., 1580, in-8°. — La Biblioth. Telleriana mentionne cet ouvrage, mais sous un titre un peu différent: *Explicatio de fide, ejusque ortu et naturâ, et alia opuscula theologica*³¹, Lond., 1580, in-4°. Mais il n'est pas probable qu'il y en ait eu deux éditions dans la même année.

IV. *Summa trium sententiarum de prædestinatione*³², imp. Avec des *Notes* de J. Piscator, une *Disquisitio* de F. Junius et une *Prælectio* de Whitaker; Hard., 1643, in-8°.

V. *Special Treatise of God's Providence, and of comforts against all kinds of crosses and calamities to be fetched from the same; with an Exposition on Ps. CVII.*

VI. *Sermones declamati coram almâ universitate cantibrigiensi*³³, Lond., in-4°, sans date.

²⁹ « Prières dont use l'auteur pour commencer et conclure ses leçons » (B. G.)

³⁰ « Exposé clair et limpide sur la foi, son origine et sa nature » (B. G.).

³¹ « Exposé sur la foi, son origine et sa nature et autres opuscules théologiques » (B. G.).

³² « Résumé de trois déclarations au sujet de la prédestination » (B. G.).

³³ Discours tenus devant la très maternelle université de Cambridge.

VII. *De præstantiâ et dignitate divinæ legis libri duo*, in quibus varii de lege errores refelluntur, et quomodò lex gratuitum Dei cum hominibus fœdus ac Christum etiam ipsum comprehendat, fidemque justificantem à nobis requirat, explicatur; eaque doctrina sacrarum literarum autoritate theologorumque veterum ac recentiorum testimoniis confirmatur; adjectus est alius quidam Tractatus ejusdem authoris in quo docet expetitionem oblatis à mente boni, et fiduciam ad fidei justificantis naturam pertinere³⁴, Lond., in-8° sans date.

³⁴ Ouvrage en deux parties sur l'excellence et la dignité de la Loi divine, dans lequel on réfute différentes erreurs au sujet de la Loi, où on explique comment elle contient le pacte gracieux de Dieu avec les hommes, ainsi que le Christ lui-même, et où on prouve cette doctrine par l'autorité des saintes Écritures et les témoignages des théologiens anciens et modernes. On y a joint un certain autre traité du même auteur dans lequel il enseigne



Un cours à l'Université de Paris au XVI^e siècle

James Bass Mullinger ³⁵

Peter Baro (1534-1599)

BARO, PETER (1534–1599), controversialist, son of Stephen Baro and Philippa Petit, his wife, was a native of France, having been born December 1534 at Etampes, an ancient town between Paris and Orleans. Being destined for the study of the civil law, he entered at the university of Bourges, where he took his degree as bachelor in the faculty of civil law 9 April 1556. In the following year he was admitted and sworn an advocate in the court of the parliament of Paris. The doctrines of the reformers were at this time making rapid progress in France, and Bourges was one of their principal centres. Here, probably, Baro acquired those doctrinal views which led him shortly after to abandon law for divinity. In December 1560 he repaired to Geneva, and was there admitted to the ministry by Calvin himself. Returning to France he married, at Gien (on the Loire), Guillemette, the daughter of Stephen Bourgoin, and Lopsa Dozival, his wife. The ‘troubles in France,’ Baro tells us (whether prior to or after the massacre of St. Bartholomew does not appear), now induced him to flee to England, where he was befriended by Burghley, who admitted him to dine at his table, and, being chancellor of the university of Cambridge, exercised his influence on Baro’s behalf with that body. (The foregoing facts are derived from a manuscript in Baro’s own handwriting, transcribed in *Baker MSS.* xxix. 184-8.) He was admitted a

³⁵ *Dictionary of National Biography*, Volume 3 : Baker-Beadon, London, Smith, Elder and Co, 1885, pp. 265-267.

member of Trinity College, where Whitgift was then master. The provost of King's College, Dr. Goad, engaged him to read lectures in divinity and Hebrew. In 1574, through the influence mainly of Burghley and Dr. Perne, he was chosen Lady Margaret professor of divinity. On 3 Feb. 1575-6 he was incorporated in the degrees of bachelor and licentiate of civil law, which he had taken at Bourges. In 1576 he was created D.D., and was incorporated in the same degree at Oxford on 11 July. His stipend as professor was only 20*l.* a year, and on 18 March 1579 the university recommended his case through the deputy public orator to the state secretaries, Walsingham and Wilson, for their consideration in the distribution of patronage, but apparently without result.

Notwithstanding his connection with Geneva, Baro appears to have gradually become averse to the narrow doctrines of the reformed or Calvinistic party, and a series of complaints preferred against him in 1581 show that he was already inclining to Arminianism, and was prepared to advocate something like tolerance even of the tenets of Rome. Between Laurence Chaderton (afterwards master of Emmanuel College at Cambridge) and himself there arose a somewhat sharp controversy; and by Chaderton's biographer (Dillingham) Baro is accused of having brought 'new doctrines' into England, and of publishing them in his printed works³⁶. The controversy was amicably settled for the time; but it was again revived by the promulgation of the Lambeth Articles in 1595. These articles, which were chiefly the work of William Whitaker, the master of St. John's and the most distinguished English theologian of his day, and Humphry Tyndal, acting in conjunction with Whitgift, had undoubtedly their origin in the design to repress all further manifestations of anti-Calvinistic views, such as

³⁶ *Vita Laurentii Chadertoni*, pp. 16-7.

those on which Baro and others had recently ventured. Whitgift, writing to Dr. Neville (his successor at Trinity College) in December 1595, says: ‘You may also signify to Dr. Baro that her majesty is greatly offended with him, for that he, being a stranger and so well used, dare presume to stir up or maintain any controversy in that place of what nature soever. And therefore advise him from me utterly to forbear to deal therein hereafter. I have done my endeavour to satisfy her *majesty concerning him, but how it will fall out in the end I know not. Non decet hominem peregrinum curiosum esse in aliena republica*’³⁷. It is possible that, owing to the intervention of the Christmas vacation, this warning reached Baro too late. On 12 Jan. following he preached before the university at Great St. Mary’s, and ventured to criticise the Lambeth Articles. His long labours as a scholar and his position as a professor entitled him to speak with some authority. At the same time his observations do not appear to have been conceived in any captious spirit, but rather with the design of justifying his formal acceptance of the new articles, and explaining the construction which he placed upon them. The Calvinistic party, flushed with their recent victory, were, however, incensed at his presumption; for his discourse was construed into an attempt to reopen a controversy which they fondly hoped had been set at rest for ever. Although but few of the heads were in Cambridge, the vice-chancellor, Roger Goad, felt himself under the necessity, after a consultation with one or two of their number, of communicating with Whitgift concerning ‘this breach of the peace of the university.’ Baro himself deemed it expedient to defend his conduct in a letter to the archbishop, and to seek a personal interview with him. His efforts were, however, without result. Whitgift looked upon his ‘troublesome course of contending’ as inexcusable, while he was himself too definitely pledged to the

³⁷ WHITGIFT, *Works*, iii. 617.

defence of the new articles to be able to entertain any proposition which involved their reconsideration or modification. Baro was cited before the vice-chancellor and heads, and required to produce the manuscript of his sermon, while he was peremptorily forbidden to enter upon further discussion of the doctrine involved in the Lambeth Articles. It is probable that the proceedings would have resulted in his actual removal from his professorial chair had it not become apparent that he was not without sympathisers and friends. Burghley interposed in his behalf with unwonted vigour, expressing his opinion that the professor had been too severely dealt with; while Overall (afterwards bishop of Norwich), Harsnet (afterwards archbishop of York), and the eminent Lancelot Andrewes, all alike declined to affirm that the views which he had put forth were heterodox. The election to the Lady Margaret professorship was, however, at that period a biennial one, and Baro's appointment terminated November 1596. Before that time, foreseeing that he would probably not be re-elected, he wrote to Burghley, offering, if continued in office, to treat of the doctrine of predestination with great caution, or even altogether to abstain from any reference to it. His appeal was not attended with success, and before the year closed he deemed it necessary to leave Cambridge. 'Fugio, ne fugarer,' the utterance attributed to him on the occasion, sufficiently indicates the moral compulsion under which he acted. Dr. John Jegon, the master of Corpus Christi College, made an effort to bring about his return. Writing to Burghley³⁸ he speaks of Baro as one who 'hath been here longe time a painful teacher of Hebrew and divinity to myself and others,' and 'to whome I am very willing to shoue my thankful minde;' and he then proceeds to suggest that should Baro return 'and please to take pains in reading Hebrew lectures in private

³⁸ 4 Dec. 1596.

houses, I doubt not but to his good credit, there may be raised as great a stipend'³⁹.

Baro did not, however, return to Cambridge, but lived for the remainder of his life in London; residing, according to the statement of his grandson, 'in a house in Dyer's Yard, in Crutched Fryers Street, over against St. Olive's Church, in which he was buried'⁴⁰. He died in April 1599, and Bancroft, at that time bishop of London, who sympathised with him both in his views and in the treatment he had experienced, honoured him with an imposing funeral, in which the pall was borne by six doctors of divinity, and the procession (by the bishop's orders) included all the clergy of the city. The feature which invests Baro's career with its chief importance is the fact that he was almost the first divine in England, holding an authoritative position, who ventured to combat the endeavour to impart to the creed of the church of England a definitely ultra-Calvinistic character, and he thus takes rank as the leader in the counter movement which, under Bancroft, Andrewes, Laud, and other divines, gained such ascendancy in the church of England in the first half of the following century. Writing to Nicholas Heming, the Danish theologian, from Cambridge⁴¹, he says: 'In this country we have hitherto been permitted to hold the same sentiments as yours on grace; but we are now scarcely allowed publicly to teach our own opinions on that subject, much less to publish them'⁴². Some twenty years later, it being asked at court what the Arminians held, the reply was made that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England.

³⁹ MASTERS, *Life of Baker*, p. 130.

⁴⁰ *Baker MSS.* xxix. 187.

⁴¹ 1 April 1596.

⁴² ARMINIUS, *Works*, ed. Nichols, i. 92.

Baro had eight children, most of whom died young. The eldest, Peter, was a doctor of medicine, and, with Mary, his wife, was naturalised by statute 4 Jac. I. He practised at Boston in Lincolnshire, where he successfully exerted himself to uphold Arminian views⁴³. A grandson, Samuel Baron, practised as a physician at Lynn Regis in Norfolk, and had a large family; his fifth son, Andrew, was elected a fellow of Peterhouse in 1664. Baro's principal published writings were: 1. 'Praelectiones' on the Prophet Jonas, edited by Osmund Lake, of King's College, London, fol. 1579; this volume also contains 'Conciones ad Clerum' and 'Theses' maintained in the public schools. 2. 'De Fide ejusque Ortu et Natura plana ac dilucida Explicatio,' also edited by Osmund Lake, and by him dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham, London, 8vo, 1580. 3. 'De Praestantia et Dignitate Divinae Legis libri duo,' London, 8vo, n. d. 4. 'A speciall Treatise of God's Prouidence,' &c., together with certain sermons ad clerum and 'Quaestiones' disputed in the schools; englished by I. L. (John Ludham), vicar of Wethersfelde, London, 8vo, n. d. and 1590. 5. 'Summa Trium de Praedestinatione Sententiarum,' with notes, &c., by John Piscator, Francis Junius, and William Whitaker, Hardrov. 12mo, 1613⁴⁴. His '*Orthodox Explanation*' of the Lambeth Articles⁴⁵ is printed in Strype's 'Whitgift,' App. 201.

[The account of Baro's early life, in his own handwriting, was found in the study of his great grandson at Peterhouse after the death of the latter; it was transcribed by Baker (MSS. xxix. 184-8), and abridged in Masters's *Life of Baker*, pp. 127-30. See Mayor's *Catalogue of Baker MSS. in the University Library, Cambridge*, p. 301; Cooper's *Athenae Cantab.* ii. 274-8; Mullinger's *Hist. of the*

⁴³ COTTON MATHER, *Hist. of New England*, bk. iii. p. 16.

⁴⁴ reprinted in '*Praestantium ac Eruditorum Virorum Epistolae Ecclesiasticae et Theologicae*,' 1704.

⁴⁵ A translation of the Latin original in *Trin. Coll. Lib. Camb.*, B. 14, 9.

University of Cambridge, ii. 347-50; Cotton Mather's Hist. of New England; Whitgift's Works (by Parker Society, see Index); Strype's Life of Whitgift and Annals of the Reformation; Heywood and Wright's Cambridge Transactions during the Puritan Period, ii. 89-100; Nichols's Life and Works of Arminius, vol. i.; Haag's La France Protestante, 1st ed. i. 261 seq., 2nd ed. i. 866 seqq.]

J. B. M.

A HUGUENOT FAMILY IN ENGLAND

THE BARONS ⁴⁶

SIDE by side with such Huguenot families as the Tryons, rich merchants whose necks and money bags were alike endangered by their profession of 'the religion' – came other emigrants fleeing a more imminent danger. These were the ministers of the reformed Churches, of whom many took refuge in England with their families, soon Englishing themselves in speech and habit, and adding a new note to that chorus of religious controversy which was as the breath of the nostrils to English scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Of such were the Barons, a family for four generations settled in Cambridge, Lincolnshire and Norfolk.

Pierre Baron, or Petrus Baro, as he wrote himself after the fashion of the continental theologians of his day, the founder of this family in England, was a scholar and divine of some note in his day ; for this foreign graft in the English Church may claim ancestorship of the great High Church party of the seventeenth

⁴⁶ Unknown Author, «The Huguenot families in England. II. The Barons », in *The Ancestor, a quarterly review of county and family history, heraldry and antiquities* 3 (october 1902), pp. 105-117.

century, whose service to England was to save her from the claws of Calvinism.

From a collection of family papers which Cole the antiquary transcribed from a MS. under the hand of Thomas Baker we learn much of the early history of the famous Petrus⁴⁷. He was the son of Estienne Baron of Etampes near Orleans, by Philippe Petit his wife, and was one of many children of whom the names are preserved of Jehan Baron and Florent Baron, both apparently elder brothers of Pierre.

The family seems to have been one of the rich bourgeoisie or petite noblesse. Peter Baron, who was possibly a nephew of our theologian, is remarkable as having at a great age defended Etampes during a siege, to which siege he himself gave that measure of immortality which a long epic poem in Latin – *Stempanum*⁴⁸ *Halosis* – can assure. With Pierre Baron the theologian let our genealogy begin.

I. PIERRE BARON, born about 1534 at Etampes, was bred¹⁰⁶ a scholar, taking his degrees of bachelor and licentiate or civil law at Bourges⁴⁹, which town was then the headquarters of the reformed doctrine in France. In 1557 he was received as an advocate in the parliament court at Paris. ‘Afterwards, being aged 26 years, the year and month in which Francis II. King of France, died at Orleans, that is to say the year 1560, in December, he withdrew himself to Geneva and there, having given himself to the study of theology, was made minister and

⁴⁷ British Museum Add. MS. 5832.

⁴⁸ In fact *Stemparum Halosis* (B.G. 2014)

⁴⁹ 9 and 10 April, 1555 (Cole’s MS.).

received the imposition of hands from Jean Calvin,⁵⁰. At some date between the 17 May and 7 June 1563 he was married at Gien on the Loire to Guillemette Burgoin daughter of Estienne Burgoin, a merchant, by Lopza Dozival his wife. Her brothers, François Burgoin and Antoine Burgoin, are named amongst the godparents of their sister's children. Coming to England with his family he was befriended by the Lord Burghley, who was at that time Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Cambridge received the foreign scholar under its Chancellor's protection, and on 3 Feb. 1575/6⁵¹ he was incorporated in those degrees in law which he had taken at Bourges. In 1576 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and on 11 July of that year he was incorporated in the same degree at Oxford. On the 18 March 1578/9 his university recommended his case to the Secretaries of State, and he was preferred to the Lady Margaret Professorship of Hebrew. The active mind of Baron did not long allow itself to enjoy its newly gotten freedom in quiet content. His earlier experiences of Calvinism, coloured as they were by personal knowledge of both Calvin and Beza, had turned the bent of his mind against that system which was then in Baron's early days at Cambridge so eagerly studied by his fellows. In 1581 he was already reckoned as one inclined to Arminianism, and was indeed suspect of another heresy – the loathed doctrine of tolerance for the religious beliefs of others, a tolerance which Dr. Baron would have extended, as it was believed, to the beliefs of those who had hunted him from his native land. His sallies into controversy was very ill received by his adopted countrymen, and he was soon risking that Tudor wrath which might readily have proved as unwholesome for a theologian as the zeal of any inquisitor. In December of 1595

⁵⁰ *Coles MS.*

⁵¹ Comprenez 1575 ancien style (avant Pâques), 1576 nouveau style (B.G 2014).

Whitgift wrote that Dr. Baro had ¹⁰⁷ greatly offended her Majesty ‘that he, being a stranger and so well used, should dare to stir up or maintain any controversy in that place of what nature soever – *Non decet hominem peregrinum curiosum esse in aliena republica.*’⁵²

The plain words of warning came too late to save Doctor Baro at Cambridge. On 12 Jan. 1595/6 he preached before the University at Great St. Mary’s, criticizing those Lambeth Articles which Whitaker, Tyndal and Whitgift had drawn up for the repression of anti-Calvinism. It was in vain for Doctor Baro to protest that he formally accepted those articles, for the controversialist allowed himself to explain his construction of them. In the November of 1596 his term as Lady Margaret Professor ended and it was not renewed, although he offered, if re-elected, to be cautious in his words concerning predestination, or, better still, to leave that vexed question alone for the future. To the High Calvinist this refusal of battle at the crossways had something in it of insult. Calvinism would not accept toleration, and although Burghley stood by Dr. Baro, and Harsnet, the northern archbishop, and Lancelot Andrewes, Cambridge would not hold the ex-Lady Margaret Professor. ‘*Fugio,*’ he said, ‘*ne fugarer*’⁵³ and for the second time in his life Doctor Baro fled the storm. The rest of his years were spent in London at a house in Dyers Yard, Crutched Friars, in the parish of St. Olave’s in Hart Street. There under the altar of the parish church he was buried, Bancroft the Bishop of London commanding the attendance of all his parish clergy at the funeral, at which Doctors of Divinity walked as pall-bearers.

⁵² Whitgift’s Works, iii. 617. – « Il ne convient pas à un résident étranger d’être trop entreprenant dans une communauté qui n’est pas la sienne » (B.G.).

⁵³ « Je fuis pour ne pas être mis en fuite » (B.G.).

Twenty years later all the best bishoprics and deaneries were filled by the supporters of those tenets for which Dr. Petrus Baro had been hunted from Cambridge.

He left a will dated in March 1598, written in the Latin which was for a mother tongue to the wandering scholars and divines of his day. *Petrus Baro* – he describes himself therein – *juris primum civilis licentiatu deinde theologie professor, Gallus Stempanus* – a Frenchman of Etampes – *nunc Londini in Anglia degens, annos natus sexaginta quatuor, et bona nihilominus firma memoria judicioque dei gratia sano*⁵⁴. By this will he gave ten shillings to Margaret, formerly his maid, who lived at Cambridge. He gave to his two twin daughters, Elizabeth and Katherine, 100 l. each if they were unmarried at his death. |¹⁰⁸

The residue of his goods in England or in France he gave amongst his children Peter, Andrew, Martha, Mary, Elizabeth and Katherine. He made his sons Peter and Andrew his executors, who proved the will 27 April 1599⁵⁵.

By his wife Guillemette Burgoin, who died before him, Petrus Baro left issue :

i. Peter Baron of Boston in Lincolnshire, esquire, of whom hereafter.

ii. Estienne Baron, born at Orleans 4 Nov. 1567, and christened there the same day. He died 4 Feb. 1568.

iii. Estienne Baron, born at Sancerre 10 Oct. 1568. He was christened the same day and died on the morrow.

iv. Andrew Baron of Boston in Lincolnshire, gentleman. He was born at Cambridge 8 July 1574, and was christened there

⁵⁴ « Pierre Baron tout d'abord licencié en droit civil puis professeur de théologie, français, étampois, à présent résident à Londres en Angleterre, âgé de soixante-quatre ans et cependant encore doté grâce à Dieu d'une bonne et ferme mémoire et sain d'esprit » (B.G.)

⁵⁵ P.C.C. 28 Kidd.

the following Sunday. He was buried at Boston 25 May 1658. His will is dated 1 August 1653. He gave to Andrew Slee (his grandson) all his lands and tenements, save his house in Gaunt Lane, with remainder, should the said Andrew die without issue to George Slee (another grandchild), with certain exceptions in favour of Hester Slee (another grandchild) and Mary Slee. To his daughter Mary Houbelon, if a widow, he gave the dwelling house dwelled in by Master Bedford. To his nephew Doctor (Samuel) Baron, to Mary Houblon, to Anne Slee and to Margaret Slee he gave small legacies in money, and the residue of his goods, with the house in Gaunt Lane, which was probably his own dwelling house, he gave to his son (in law) George Slee. Administration with this will annexed was granted 29 Nov. 1658⁵⁶ to the said George Slee, the residuary legatee.

Andrew Baron's wife's name was Hester. She was buried at Boston 1 April 1639. By her he had issue :

i. Hester Baron, who was married at Boston 25 Sep. 1628 to George Slee of Boston and Algarkirk, gent. He was born about 1607, being aged 33 in 15 Car. I., when he was a deponent in the suit which Peter Baron (his wife's first cousin once removed) brought ¹⁰⁹ by his guardian against Newdigate Poyntz and others⁵⁷, Hester Slee was buried at Boston 17 August 1637. George Slee remarried with Mary (probably dau. of Daniel Houbelon, who was buried at Boston 2 Jan. 1639/40). She was buried at Boston 15 August 1662. The will of George Slee of Algarlcirk was dated 4 Nov. 1675, an proved 2 May

⁵⁶ P.C.C. 614 Wootton.

⁵⁷ *Chan. pro. before* 1714, Mitford 599.

1677⁵⁸ by his son Andrew Slee, the exor. George Slee had issue
(1) Andrew

Slee of Boston, esquire, M.D., who married about Feb. 1658, Joan Smith, daughter of Edward Smith of the city of Lincoln, gent., who died before him and was buried at Boston 5 Nov. 1660, leaving issue by both her husbands. On 5 May 1666 Andrew Slee answered the Chancery bill set forward by the guardian of Samuel Baron of Horncastle, son of the said Joan⁵⁹. Andrew Slee made a will 31 May 1678, which was proved 2 Aug. 1678⁶⁰ by Israel Jackson, John Boulton, Samuel Hutchinson and Richard Palfreyman, gentlemen, the exors. (2) George Slee of Boston, gentleman, born about 1633, whose will was dated 20 Nov. 28 Car. II., admon. with the will being granted 13 Feb. 1676 to his brother Andrew, uncle and guardian of Meriam and Elizabeth the children, whose mother Frances was dead without proving the will in which she had been named as extrix. The said Frances, born about 1646, was daughter of one Pepper of Boston, and was married with her mother's consent to George Slee by license from the Bishop of Lincoln, dated 11 March 1667/8. (3) Hester Slee, named in her father's will as wife of Mr. Thomas Stowe. (4) Mary Slee, named in her father's will as wife of Henry Calverley, by whom she had issue. And (5) Elizabeth Slee (evidently a daughter |¹¹⁰ by the second marriage), to whom her father gave 'the pictures of her grandfather Houbelon and grandmothers, with that of her uncle Houbelon and her mother's.'

ii. Mary Baron, who was christened at Boston 19 March 1608/9. 'Mary Baron, daughter of Andrew Baron, gent.,' was

⁵⁸ *Cons. Linc.*

⁵⁹ *Chan. pro. before 1714*, Collins 30.

⁶⁰ *Cons. Linc.*

buried at Boston 7 March 1637/8. But in his will of 1653 Andrew Baron bequeathed a house to his 'daughter Mary Houbelon, if she be a widow.' The position of this second Mary in the pedigrees of Baron and Houblon has not yet been ascertained.

iii. Hester Baron, christened at Boston 20 March, 1612/3. She probably died young.

(iD.) Martha Baron, eldest daughter of Peter and Guillemette Baron. She was born at Orleans 1 June 1564.

(iiD.) Marie Baron, born at Sancerre 26 May [1570 ?].

(iiiD.) Elizabeth Baron, born at Cambridge 24 Aug. 1577, and christened there the Tuesday following. She married John Lockton of Boston, gent., by license from the Bishop of Lincoln, dated 28 May 1600. He was son of Philip Lockton, a son of Lockton of Swinstead, and left issue by his wife.

(ivD.) Catharine Baron, born 24 Aug. 1577, twin with Elizabeth. She married Peter Vandeleur or Van der Leur of Boston, a refugee from Ghent in Flanders, by whom she had issue. He was buried at Boston 24 Sep. 1638.

II. PETER BARON of Boston in Lincolnshire, esquire, was born at Orleans 15 Jan. 1566/7, and coming to England with his father was naturalized by statute of 4 Jac. I. The register of Peterhouse at Cambridge for 1585 records that he was 'admissus coram sociis,' he signing the register with his own hand, *per me Petrum Baro Aureliensem*. He was a doctor of medicine, and under the Cecil influence was made free of

Boston 25 Oct. 1606, becoming alderman in 1609 and mayor in 1610. The author of *The Way of Congregational Churches Cleared* (ed. London, 1648) thus speaks of him :

When I was first called to Boston in Lincolnshire [1612] so it was that Mr. Doctor Baron, son of that Doctor Baron (the Divinity |¹¹¹ Reader at Cambridge, who in his lectures there first broached that which was then called Lutheranism, since Arminianism). This Doctor Baron, I say, had leavened many of the chief men of the town with Arminianism, as being himself learned, acute, plausible in discourse, and fit to insinuate into the hearts of his neighbours. And though he was a physician by profession (and of good skill in that art) yet he spent the greatest strength of his studies in clearing and promoting the Arminian tenets.

He lived in a mansion house, formerly of the Westlands, which stood between the east end of Beadman's Lane and Spain Lane in Boston, which was afterwards held by his great nephew Andrew Slee. He died 6 Sep. 1630 and was buried at Boston 7 Sep. 1630, the entry in the register describing him as a justice of the peace and doctor of physic. By inquest *post mortem* taken at Boston 2 July 8 Car. I. it was returned that he died seised of lands in Conisby, Sibsey, Skirbecke, Wyberton, Kirton, Moulton and Leake. He made a will 31 May 1628 describing himself therein as 'Peter Baron *alias* Baro of Boston in the county of Lincoln esquier and doctor of Phisick,' the only legatees being his elder son Peter Baron, who had lately married Martha Forrest, daughter of Myles Forrest of Peterborough, esquire, and his younger son Samuel Baron. The testator's wife Mary was then lately dead. The will was proved 22 Feb. 1630/1⁶¹ by Peter Baron the son and exor. Admon.

⁶¹ *P.C.C. 25 St. John.*

d.b.n. was granted 29 Dec. 1664 to Samuel Baron, brother of the exor., who was then also dead. Peter Baron married Mary, who is described in the Heralds' Visitation of Norfolk in 1664 as a daughter of De la Fontaine of Antwerp. She died in April, 1628, and was buried at Boston 26 April 1628.

Peter Baron and Mary de la Fontaine had issue : –

i. Peter Baron of Boston, esquire, of whom hereafter,

ii. Samuel Baron of South Lynn in Norfolk, gent. As 'Samuel Baron Lincolinensem' he was admitted to Peterhouse in Cambridge. Like his father he was a Doctor of Physick and settled at South Lynn in Norfolk, where his father had owned a house. He died 12 April 1673, and was buried 15 Ap. 1673 at South Lynn as 'Samuel Baron esquire.' A marble stone at the foot of the altar in All Saints' Church in South Lynn marked his grave. He made a will 10 Aug. 1671, with a codicil dated 24 Jan. 1672/3 which was proved 26 May 1673⁶² by Andrew ^{|¹¹²} Baron the son and exor. He gave his lease of the rectory of Sharnborne, co. Norfolk, to his daughter Martha Baron, with 800 l. He gave the ultimate reversion of his house and lands in South Lynn, and in Algarkirk, Fossdyke, Freeston and Butterwick in Lincolnshire, with the manor of Roos Hall, to his son Andrew Baron. He married 15 Feb. 1630/1. Frances Goddard, the only daughter of Thomas Goddard of Stanhow and Rudham in Norfolk, esquire. She died 19 June 1667, and was buried 21 June 1667, at South Lynn, where a marble slab near that of her husband marks her grave. Upon it are the arms of Baron impaled with an eagle for Goddard.

Samuel Baron and Frances Goddard had issue –

⁶² *P.C.C. 55 Pye.*

1. Samuel Baron, born 10 Dec. 1633, who died young before 1664.

2. Thomas Baron, born 1 Feb. 1646/7, who died young before 1664.

3. Peter Baron, born 1 Jan. 1636/7, who died young before 1664.

4. Andrew Baron of South Lynn and Cambridge. He was born 18 June 1645, and was returned as his father's son and heir in the Heralds' Visitation of Norfolk in 1664. He was of Peterhouse, Cambridge, a bachelor of arts 20 May, 1664/5 and fellow of his college 24 May 1666, M.A. March 1667/8. He died 14 Aug. 1719, aged 74. His will, dated 2 Sep. 1709, was proved 6 Oct. 1719⁶³ by Samuel Taylor of Lynn, merchant, one of the exors. He was buried 17 Aug. 1719, at South Lynn as 'Mr. Andrew Baron the impropiator,' and lies in the chancel near his father and mother under a stone bearing the arms of Baron.

It is probable that the descendants in the male line of Petrus Baro ended with this Andrew Baron, his great-grandson.

5. Samuel Baron, born 16 July 1646, dead before 1664.

6. Henry Baron, born on Lammas day 1651, dead before 1664. ¹¹³

ID. Mary Baron. She married at South Lynn, 29 March 1660, Sir Simon Taylor, knight, of Lynn Regis, a rich merchant, twice mayor of Lynn and three times sheriff, by whom she had issue. He died in 1689, aged 56, and was buried at St. Margaret's in Lynn, under a stone bearing the arms of Taylor – *ermine a chief indented charged with a closed crown between two escallop*. She is said in the MS. account of her family to have been born 11 Aug. 1632, but her tombstone near her husband's describes her as born in 1647 and dead in 1724, aged 77. She is however

⁶³ Arch. Norwich.

placed in the Heralds' pedigree before her sister Frances, who was born in 1635.

2D. Frances Baron, born 15 Oct. 1635, and died 24 Dec. 1666. Buried 26 Dec. 1666 at All Saints' in South Lynn, where a stone in the chancel with the arms of Prettyman (a lion passant between three molets) impaling Baron, marks her grave. She married Peter Prettyman of South Lynn and of Bacton, co. Suffolk, gent., who died 6 October 1705, aged 72. Their descendants quartered the arms of Baron with Prettyman.

3D. Hester Baron, born 26 July 1640, who died young.

4D. Elizabeth Baron, born 7 Oct. 1641, who died young.

5D. Bridget Baron, born 24 Dec. 1643, who died young.

6D. Martha Baron, born 4 Jan. 1647/8, and married to Humphrey Graves of New Windsor, co. Bucks, esquire, a groom of the privy chamber to Charles II. Their settlement before marriage was dated 8 April 1674, as appears by the bill which the said Humphrey filed in Chancery 27 March 1696, against Andrew Baron the brother⁶⁴. At the time of his marriage Humphrey Graves was described as of Putney, co. Middlesex, gent. Martha Graves |¹¹⁴ died 28 Sep. 1679, and was buried at New Windsor (M. I.). Humphrey Graves died 7 Sep. 1703, aged 71, and was buried by his wife at New Windsor (M. I.). They had issue (1) Baron Graves who died 15 Oct. 1683, aged 9 years, and was buried with his parents (M. I.), and (2) Charles Graves, who died without issue in 1696, his father being his administrator.

III. PETER BARON of Boston, esquire, was born about 1595, being described in the allegation for his marriage license as about 22. He married in 1617 Martha Forrest, eldest daughter

⁶⁴ *Chan. pro. before 1714*, Collins 602

of Miles Forrest of Peterborough, co. Northants, esquire, by Cicely his wife, sole heir of her mother Margaret Sanderson, widow. Miles Forrest was the descendant of a certain Miles Forrest who appears as bailiff of Peterborough at the time of the dissolution of the monastery, and one may at least draw attention to the persistence of the Christian name of Miles in this family and to the similar Christian name of one Forrest whose name is coupled with that of Dighton in connection with certain services alleged to have been rendered King Richard III. in the Bloody Tower. Miles Forrest was buried in the cathedral of Peterborough about eight years before the death of his relict Cicely, whose will dated 20 Sep. 1631 was proved 29 March 1636⁶⁵ by Miles Forrest, her son and exor. On the death of Miles Forrest the son, who died without issue in 1636, administration *d.b.n.* was granted 30 Jan. 1636/7, to Newdigate Poyntz and Anne his wife, the survivor of the two sisters of the said Miles the son. This administration grant was afterwards revoked by sentence and another grant was made to Mary Baron *alias* Whiting, the granddaughter of the said Cicely. By the allegation for marriage license, dated 22 August 1617 (Lincoln), Martha Forrest is described as of Skirbeck, and like her husband aged about 22 years. She was therefore born about 1595. She was buried at Boston 7 Aug. 1632. Her husband re-married Joan Smith, daughter of Edward Smith of the city of Lincoln, gent, who survived him and re-married in Feb. 1658, with Andrew Slee of Boston, M.D., grandson of her first husband's uncle Andrew Baron of Boston. Joan Slee died in the life-time of her second husband and was buried at Boston 5 Nov 1660. |¹¹⁵

By his wife Martha Forrest, Peter Baron had issue :

⁶⁵ *P.C.C.* 32 Pile.

i. Peter Baron, christened at Boston 28 Feb. 1618/9. He would seem to have died young.

ii. Peter Baron of Boston, gent., born at Boston and christened there 7 July 1622, as 'Peter son of Peter Baron, son and heir of Peter Baron, justice of the peace.' In 15 Car. I. he brought a suit by his guardian against Newdigate Poyntz his uncle, being then the sole surviving heir of the bodies of Miles and Cicely Forrest, his aunt Anne, wife of the said Newdigate, being dead some two years since without issue⁶⁶. He died without issue in his father's lifetime, and was buried at Boston 19 Sep. 1651.

iD. Mary Baron, christened at Boston 9 April, 1620, co-heir of her mother. She married (i.) . . . Whiting, and (ii.) Bankes Anderson of Boston, co. Lincoln, clerk, by whom she had daughters Mary, Elizabeth, Deborah and Rebecca (all minors in 1663). On 14 May 1658, Bankes Anderson and his wife Mary set forth a bill in Chancery against Samuel Baron (a minor), half brother of the said Mary, and Joan his mother. In this bill the said Mary is described as co-heir with her sister Elizabeth, wife of George Smith (both parties to the beforenamed bill) of Peter Baron the younger, late of Boston, esquire, and Martha his wife, daughter of Miles Forrest, esquire, by Cicely his wife, daughter and heir of her mother Margaret Sanderson, widow. Bankes Anderson was buried at Boston 6 Sep. 1668. He left a will dated 30 Jan. 1663, under which his wife and daughters were legatees. His relict and executrix proved the will in the Bishop's Court at Lincoln 24 November, 1668.

iiD. Elizabeth Baron, christened at Boston 11 Dec. 1623, co-heir of her mother. In 1658 she was wife of George Smith of the Firth in Sibsey, co. Lincoln, gent., who was buried at Boston 20 Feb. 1667/8.

By his wife Joan Smith Peter Baron had issue :

⁶⁶ *Chan. depns. before 1714*, Mitford 599.

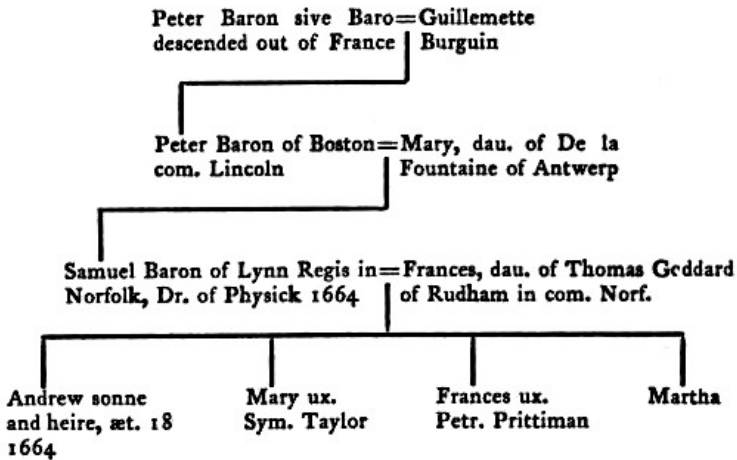
ii. Philip Baron, who was buried 19 Nov. 1651, at Boston.

iii. Samuel Baron of Horncastle, co. Lincoln, gent., afterwards of Boston. He was a minor in 7 Nov. 1664, ¹¹⁶ when his bill in Chancery was set forth by Laurence Jackson of Alford, gent., his guardian, against Andrew Slee, M.D., his stepfather⁶⁷, who had married his mother in Feb. 1658. Little more is known of Samuel Baron, but he may have been the Samuel Baron who was buried at Quarrington, co. Lincoln, 18 Dec. 1715, in his 75th year.

iv. Edward Baron, born 9 Jan. 1654/5, and buried at Boston 4 Feb. following.

iiiD. Catharine Baron, buried at Boston 12 Oct. 1657.

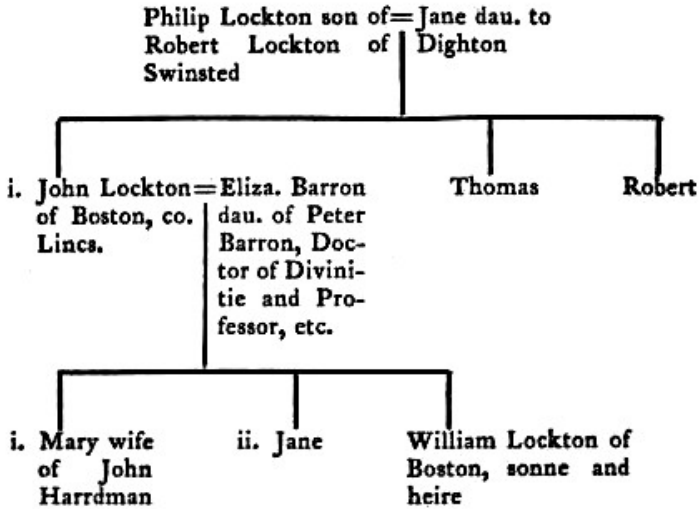
PEDIGREE FROM THE VISITATION OF NORFOLK IN 1664



These two pedigrees following of families allied with the Barons occur in the Heralds' Visitation of Lincoln in 1634.

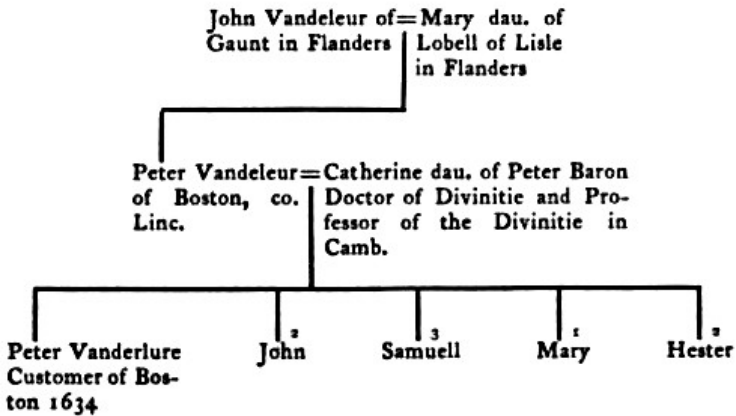
⁶⁷ *Chan. pro. before 1714*, Collins 30.

LOCKTON



Arms : *Silver a cheveron between three crescents azure.* |¹¹⁷

VANDERLEUR



Arms : *Gold three molets purple, with a martlet for difference.*

Arms were granted to Peter Baron of Boston by Camden, Clarenceux, the shield being of azure with a decrescent and increscent silver the waning and waxing moons in the chief and a molet gold in the foot. The crest is a dove preying upon a serpent. With this coat is quartered another which may represent the French shield of the family. This second coat a very curious one would appear to be gules with a hound of silver, his head covered by a chief of gold with a label of azure on the chief.

Since Thomas Jefferson to T. E. Lawrence
De Thomas Jefferson à Lawrence d'Arabie
(1787-1908)

1787. Thomas Jefferson

1801. Heinrich Friedrich Link.

1829. Heinrich Reichard

1838. Richard Brookes

1843. John Murray

1854. J. L. Petit & P. H. Delamotte

1866. Charles Knight

1873. George Bradshaw

1906. Edith Wharton

1909. Marcel Monmarché

1908. T. H. Lawrence



Thomas Jefferson ⁶⁸
Some words about Etampes
1787

Blois. Orleans. June 9, 10. At Blois, the road leaves the river, and traverses the hills, which are mostly reddish, sometimes gray, good enough, in vines, corn, saintfoin. From Orleans to the river Juines, at Etampes, it is a continued plain of corn, ¹⁶⁰ and saintfoin, tolerably good, sometimes gray, sometimes red. From Etampes to Etrechy, the country is mountainous and rocky, resembling that of Fontainebleau.

Quere. If it may not be the same vein ?

⁶⁸ Thomas Jefferson, « Memoranda taken on a Journey from Paris into the Southern Parts of France, and Northern of Italy, in the year 1787 », in *Memoir, Correspondence, and Miscellanies, from the Papers of Thomas Jefferson, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. Second edition*, Boston Gray and Bowen, 1830, vol. 2, p. 115-160, spec. pp. 159-160.

1801. Heinrich Friedrich Link ⁶⁹

Von Paris bis Orleans

Wir setzten unsere Reise von Paris nach Orleans fort. Der Mont Parnasse und die Ebene von Montrouge bestehen aus Kalkstein ; man bricht hier die Steine zum Bauen für einen Theil von Paris; die Steingruben befinden sich aber unter der Erde, und die Steine werden durch abgesenkte Schachte zu Tage gefordert. In der Nähe großer Städte ist dieses nachzuahmen, weil sehr viel Land durch die Steingruben verdorben wird, wie es besonders der Fall in der Nähe von Lissabon ist. Alle Hügel auf der einen Seite voll Paris, von Charnelon über die Seine bis Meudon, St. Cloud u. s. w. sind Kalkberge; nur gegenüber bestehen die Hügel, welche sich von Montmartre, Belleville u. s. w. erstrecken, aus Gyps. Die Kalkberge ziehen sich auch bis Versailles, und bilden dort die mit Gebüsch bedeckten Hügel, welche das Thal, worin diese Stadt liegt, einschließen. Ähnliche Kalkberge begleiteten uns von Paris bis zum Flecken Longjumeau, hinter welchem man aber in der Tiefe Sandsteine findet. Überall. trifft man Ackerland, die Berge sind mit Gebüsch bedeckt, an den sonnigen Hügeln sieht man Weinberge.

⁶⁹ Heinrich Friedrich Link, *Bemerkungen auf einer Reise durch Frankreich, Spanien und vorzüglich Portugal* (3 volumes in-8° ; carte), Kiel, Neuen academischen Buchhandlung, 1801-1804, t. 1 (1801), pp. 34-35 (Nous corrigeons: *Charnelon et Longuimeau*).

1801. Heinrich Friedrich Link ⁷⁰

From Paris to Orleans

From Paris we fet off for Orleans. Mount Parnassus and the plains of Montrouge, consist of lime-stone, and furnish part of the stone used in Paris for building. The quarries, however, are subterraneous, and the stones are brought up through shafts funk for that purpose. In the neighbourhood of great cities, this plan is worthy imitation ; for, otherwise, a great surface of land is loft, as is particularly striking near Lisbon. All the hills on one side of Paris, from Charenton, across the Seine to Meudon, St. Cloud, etc. are limestone ; but on the opposite side the hills which extend from Montmartre, Belville, etc. onward, consist of gypsum. This lime-stone extends as far as Versailles, where it forms the woody hills that enclose the valley in which the town is situated. Similar hills of lime-stone accompanied us from Paris to the village of Longjumeau, beyond which sand-stone is found considerably below the surface. Arable-land is met with every where, the mountains are covered with wood, and the hills that are exposed to the sun are laid out in vineyards.

⁷⁰ *Travels in Portugal, and through France and Spain, with a disertation on the literature of Portugal and the Spanish and Portugueze languages, by Henry Frederick Link, professor at the University of Rostock, and member of various learned societies, translated from the German by John Hincley, esq., with notes by the translator, London, T. M. Longman & O Rees, 1801, pp. 32-33. – cf. Voyage en Portugal, par M. le comte de Hoffmasegg, rédigé par M. Link et faisant suite à son Voyage dans le même pays (in-8° ; VIII+337 p.), Paris, Levrault, Schoell et C^{ie}, 1805 (an XII).*

Hinter dem Flecken Arpajon, gegen Etampes zu, erheben sich die Berge, |³⁵ werden nackter und steinig. Etampes ist eine kleine, schlechte, jetzt todte Stadt, mit kahlen Hügeln umgeben, die doch, wie fast alle, auch kleine französische Städte, ihre Promenade hat. Eine ziemlich hohe mit sehr niedrigen Hügeln bedeckte Ebene hält nun an, bis in die Nähe von Orleans; sie besteht bloß aus Ackerland, ohne beträchtliche Weinberge. Vor Orleans kommt man durch einen Theil des großen Waldes von Orleans, der aber hier bis auf einige Entfernung von der Heerstraße ausgehauen ist. Der Weg von Paris bis Orleans ist gepflastert, zwar nicht schlecht, aber doch hin und wieder nicht sorgfältig genug ausgebessert, wie es ein solcher Weg erfordert, wenn er nicht unangenehm seyn soll. Zuletzt steigt man von der hohen Ebene herab, und man findet in der Tiefe die Loire und die Stadt Orleans.

Beyond the |³³ the village of Arpajon toward Etampes, the hills rise higher, and become more naked and stony. Etampes is a small miserable town, now very dead, surrounded by bare hills, but, like almost every French town, however small, has its promenade. An elevated plain covered with very low hills now continues to the neighbourhood of Orleans ; consisting chiefly of arable land, without any considerable vineyards. Near Orleans, the road passes through a great forest, called the Forest of Orleans ; part of wick, however, is cut away for some distance on each side of the high road, which is in general well paved from Paris to Orleans, but in some parts is not kept up with sufficient care, as is particularly requisit to prevent such roads from becoming very unpleasant. At length we descended from this elevated plain, to the banks of the Loire and the city of Orleans.



Notre-Dame d'Étampes par Civeton (1828)

1829. Heinrich Reichard ⁷¹
From Paris to Orleans

No. 4. — FROM PARIS TO AGEN, THROUGH ORLEANS,
CHATEAUROUX, AND LIMOGES. [...]

	Leagues.
Berny	3
Longjumeau	2
Monthéry	-
Arpajon	3
Étréchy	3
Étampes	2
Mondésir	2
Angerville	2 ½
Toury	3 ½
Artenay	3
Chevilly	2
Orléans	3 ½
	29 ½

⁷¹ Heinrich August O. Reichard, *A Descriptive Read-book of France*, London (Londres), Samule Leigh, 1829, pp. 59-60.

LONJUMEAU, in dep. of Seine et Oise, is situated in a plain watered by the Yvette. It has tanyards, and a manufactory of merino wool. *Pop.* 2,000.

Inn. Hotel de France. Near Lonjumeau is *Chilly*, where there is a chateau of the Mazarine family, with a gallery painted by Vouet.

MONTLHERY, in dep. of Seine et Oise, is celebrated in the *Lutrin* of Boileau. It is situated on an isolated hill, and its tower is in ruins. *Pop.* 2000.

ARPAJON, or La Châtre⁷², in dep. of Seine et Oise, is a small town at the confluence of the Orge and the Remarde. It is surrounded by a boulevard, and has considerable markets for grain and vegetables, and good inns. There are also manufactories in imitation of those of England, where muslins, dimities, and other cottons are made ; and flatting mills for copper. *Bouchet*, where there is a foundry for cannon and gun-barrels, is in its environs.

Pop. 2500. *Inn* at the Post-house.

ETAMPES, in dep. of Seine et Oise, on the left bank of the Juine, has a very picturesque appearance. It trades in grain, meal, wool and honey ; and has manufactories of cotton counterpanes, worsted stockings, Hungary leathers, parchments, and papers. In the environs of this town are caught numbers of crawfish, which are much admired. A great number of fossils have been discovered here. ⁶⁰ Etampes has a College, an Agricultural Society, a Theatre and Promenades. Guettard and Geoffroi S. Hilaire were natives of this town. Simoneau, the mayor, distinguished himself in 1792, and the National

⁷² Sic (Châtre et non pas La Châtre, ancien nom d'Arpajon).

Assembly decreed him a monument. *Pop.* 8000. *Fairs.* Sep. 29, Nov. 15. *Inn.* Les Trois Rois.

In the *arrondissement* of Etampes, is the small town of *Milly*, noted for the sieges it sustained under Charles VII. against the English. It has a Castle of great antiquity, and a collegiate Church. At the gate of *Chauffour* near Etampes, are some curious petrifications, and at *Noisement* is a cotton factory.

ANGERVILLE, a village in dep. of Seine et Oise, contains a curious clock, constructed by a blacksmith.

Pop. 1500.

TOURY, in dep. of Eure et Loire, manufactures stockings, caps, socks, and gloves.

ORLEANS, the chief town of the dep. of Loiret, is an ancient, and large city, situated on the right bank of the Loire.

1838. Richard Brookes ⁷³

Étampes, a town of France, in the department of Seine and Oise, seated on the river Loet⁷⁴ or Etampes⁷⁵, 15 miles E. of Chartres. It is distinguished for the murder of its prefect on the 1st of March, 1792. Population in 1825, 7693.



La Gare d'Étampes en 1845, deux ans après sa construction.

⁷³ Richard Brookes, *The London General Gazetteer, or, Compendious Geographical Dictionary*, London, T. Tegg and Son, 1838, p. 291.

⁷⁴ Sic (Louette).

⁷⁵ Six (Rivière d'Étampes).

1843. John Murray ⁷⁶

ROUTE 48.

PARIS TO ORLÉANS.
116 kilom. = 72 Eng. m.

The highroad is now superseded by the railroad – finished 1843.

Mallepostes and diligences are transferred to the rail. It opens a most agreeable channel to reach the south of France by the Loire. See R49.

The high road to Orleans quits Paris by the Barrière d'Enfer ; it Passes through Bourg la Reine, where Condorcet, proscribed by the Convention, put an end to himself by poison, 1794. It leaves about 1 m. to the rt. the town of Sceaux, once famed for its *Château*, built by the Minister Colbert, afterwards enlarged by the Duc de Maine, whose duchess assembled around her here a literary circle the most eminent in France. It was destroyed at the Revolution, and its park, laid out by Le Notre, ploughed up. A part of it has been made a public garden. Sceaux is now celebrated for its large cattle market, and has a

⁷⁶ *Hand-Book for Travellers in France with five travelling maps*, London (Londres), John Murray (3^e du nom), 1843, pp. 170-171 & 176-178.

considerable glass manufactory. Florian, the novelist, is buried in its Cimetière.

12 Berny. Chatenay, about a mile to the rt. of Berny, was the birthplace of Voltaire, 1694.

At the village of Aunay is the residence of M. de Chateaubriand.

7 Longjumeau, a small town on the Yvette.

Beyond this the road skirts the hill of Mont Lhéry, whose ancient castle, of which a ruined tower remains, built (1012) by Thibault-File-Etoupe, forester ¹⁷¹ of King Robert, was the terror of the kings of France in feudal times, and has been made famous by Boileau in the poem of the *Lutrin*.

« Ses murs dont le sommet se dérobe à la vue,
Sur la cime d'un roc s'allongeant dans la nue,
Et présentant de loin leur objet ennuyeux,
Du passant qui les fuit semble suivre les yeux. »

A bloody but indecisive battle was fought between Mont Lhéry and Longpont, 1465, between Louis XI. and the troops of the so called "Ligue du Bien Publique," commanded by the Comte du Charollais, afterwards Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. The spot still goes by the name of Cimetière des Bourguignons [sic].

12 Arpajon. The Marolles station of the railway is about 1 m. to the l. of this town, of 2,400 inhab., p. 178.

12 Etrecy⁷⁷, a walled town.

Morigny, on the l. of the road, beyond the river Juine, has a fine church.

7 Etampes.

This ancient town, of 6,000 inhabitants, carries on a considerable trade in flour, the produce of its numerous mills, and in wool. *Notre Dame* is a Gothic church of the 13th century ; that of St. Martin has a leaning tower. This is a station of the railway. R. 49. Etampes once possessed a royal castle, which was given as an apanage to various remarkable personages, among others to the mistresses of the three French kings, Francis I. (Anne de Pisselieu), Henri II. (Diana of Poitiers), and Henri IV. (Gabrielle d'Estrées.)

Beyond this the road enters the monotonous plain of La Beauce, famed for growing corn.

9 Montdésir.

At Méreville, on the I. about midway in this stage, is the Chateau of Comte de Laborde.

10 Angerville.

13 Toury.

14 Artenay. Here the road from Chartres falls in. R. 54. A little to the W. of the road, near Rouvray, an English detachment of about 2000 men, under Sir John Fastolf,

⁷⁷ Sic (Étréchy)

escorting a convoy of provisions to the army besieging Orleans, defeated a force 4000 strong, consisting of French and Scotch, commanded by Dunois and the Count of Clermont, who endeavoured to intercept them. The French left 500 dead on the field, among them Sir John Stewart, constable of Scotland. This engagement, fought February 10, 1409, was called “ The Battle of Herrings,” from the salt fish for Lent, which formed the bulk of the provisions intended for the English.

A few months later, June 18, and nearly on the same ground, at Patay, the English forces under the same commander, retreating dispirited from Orleans, were put to flight at the first onset by the French, led on by Jeanne d’Arc. Fastolf ran away, and, in consequence was afterwards deprived of the Order of the Garter. The brave Talbot, who never turned back on an enemy, being left to fight almost alone, was made prisoner together with Lord Scales.

6 Chevilly. Some curious fossil remains of gigantic quadrupeds (Deinotherium) have been recently discovered near Chevilly.

We here enter the *Forest of Orleans* ; Cercolles is a small hamlet in the heart of it, inhabited by wood-cutters. The suburb Bannier, more than 1 ½ m. long, precedes the town of

14 Orléans. [...]

*
* * *

ROUTE 49.

RAILWAY. — PARIS TO ORLÉANS, AND TO CORBEIL.
121 kilom. = 75 Eng. miles.

Trains go to Corbeil (30 kilom. = 19 Eng. miles) in 1 hour, or 55 minutes, 8 times a day, on week days ; every hour on Sundays and fete days.

Trains to Orleans 6 or 8 times a day, in 5 hours.

The railway was completed to Orleans in 1843.

Terminus in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, close to the Jardin des Plantes. The line, at first skirting the walls of the Hospital of the Salpêtrière, is carried through a pretty country, at the foot of the slopes which border the l. bank of the Seine. It approaches the river closely at each curve which the Seine makes, and commands pleasant views of it. There are many pretty villas and countryhouses on the river banks, and villages are numerous.

It skirts the walls of Ivry, and of Vitry, famed for its nursery-gardens, on the rt.

Choisy stat. is close to a viaduct of 8 arches, which also support the towing-path along the Seine; 4 of the arches are left open to allow a passage between the Seine and the town. Choisy is a very thriving, manufacturing ¹⁷⁷ town, whose population has increased within a few years to more than 3,000. It was called Choisy le Roi, because Louis XV. made it one of his residences ; the Chateau which he built for himself and Madame de Pompadour is demolished, except a fragment, now turned into a china manufactory. There are also manufacturies of morocco leather (the largest in France), of glass, and of beetroot sugar, and a chemical work. Close to the station the Seine is crossed by a bridge of 5 arches, built 1802. The château and village of **Orly** are seen on the height to the rt. The railway skirts the parc of **Villeneuve le Roi**. A station is to be made

here, and a new bridge over the Seine is in progress to give access to it. We approach the vine-clad slopes, bounding the Valley of the Seine.

6 Ablon stat. Ablon is composed almost entirely of neat villas. One of the 3 protestant churches which the reformers of Paris were allowed by the edict of Nantes to possess, stood here.

2 Athis Mont stat.

Juvisy, situated at the foot of a hill on the rt., is remarkable for its antiquity. Its bridge over the Orge anciently formed the boundary between the kingdoms of Paris and of Orleans. Isabella of Bavaria was arrested here as she was carrying off the Dauphin.

At Juvisy a *Branch Railway to Corbeil* separates from the main line to Orleans, turning off to the l., but continuing along the margin of the Seine, and running near the high road to Lyons (R. 105). It passes through

4 Chatillon sur Seine-Stat. Chatillon is a little port on the Seine. At **Viry** is the fine garden of the Duchesse de Raguse.

3 Ris stat., – close to Laborde.

Here is a suspension bridge built over the Seine by the late M. Aguado, the Spanish banker.

The railway cuts through a part of the park of **Petit Bourg**, broken up and parcelled out by its owner, the late M. Aguado. The *Château*, when it belonged to the Duc d'Autin, was often the residence of Madame de Montespan, who was visited here by Louis XIV.

4 Evry stat.

3 Corbeil stat.

Corbeil is a considerable manufacturing town of 3,900 inhab., on the Seine, here crossed by a bridge, at the influx of the Essonne. Here are very extensive *Flour Mills*, belonging to government, which supply Paris. The principal buildings are, the *Church of St. Spire*, the *Halle au Blé*, and the little church of St. Jean en l'Ile, built by the Templars, in the 13th century.

Omnibuses are waiting at Corbeil to convey passengers on to Fontainebleau. (Route 105.) A continued street connects Corbeil with the village of Essonne.

[It is probable that the Corbeil railway will be continued on to Dijon]

At Juvisy (19 kilom. from Paris) the Orleans Line, curving a little to the S. W., enters the valley of a small stream, the Orge, the railway crossing previously the high road to Antibes. It traverses the gardens of

3 Savigny (stat), a village possessing a handsome castle, fortified 1486 by Etienne de Vesi, chamberlain to Charles VIII., now the property of the Princess Dowager of Eckmühl. A great hemp market is held here. Viaducts of 3 and 5 arches lead to and from

2 (rt.) **Epinay** (stat.), which is 2 ½ m. distant from Longjumeau on the post road, p. 170. The quarries near this furnish paving stones for the streets of Paris. You next skirt on the l. the forêt de **St. Genevieve**; on the rt. beyond the Orge, you see the chateau of Vaucluse; **Villiers**, and its villas of Paris citizens, and **Longpont**, whose church of the 14th century is the sole relic of its ancient abbey. A portion of the parc of ¹⁷⁸ the handsome chateau of **Ormay** is traversed before reaching

4 St. Michel sur Orge. Mont Lhéry is about 1 ½ m. on the rt.; see p. 171.

The line passes through the midst of the collection of hamlets called

3 Bretigny (stat.), beyond which the railway attains a summit level, and descends into the valley of the Juine shortly before

5 Marolles (stat.). The village and château lie a little on the l. ; Arpajon (see p. 171.) is about 1 m. off on the rt.

3 Chaptainville (stat.). On leaving this station we pass through the park appertaining to the chateau of Mesnil Voisin, the property of the Comte Choiseul Praslin, a building of brick and stone on the borders of the Juine. Farther on to the l. is another chateau, Chamarande. The railway skirts the walls of

9 Etrécy⁷⁸ (stat.). It here approaches the post road, which passes through Etrécy, and the two run parallel for some distance.

7 Etampes (stat.), close to a ruined tower called Gninette, built in the 11th century by King Robert. Etampes is described at p. 171.

The railway crosses the streams of the Louette and Chalouette on viaducts, and ascending the valley of l'Hémery⁷⁹ reaches the upland plain of La Beauce and a second summit level. It crosses the post road on a bridge shortly before reaching

19 Angerville (stat.). 14 m. from this is Pithéviérs⁸⁰, famed for *patés d'alouettes*, for *almond cakes*, and for its trade in saffron. From this point the post and railroad run side by side,

⁷⁸ Sic (Étréchy).

⁷⁹ Sic (L'Humery).

⁸⁰ Sic (Pithiviers).

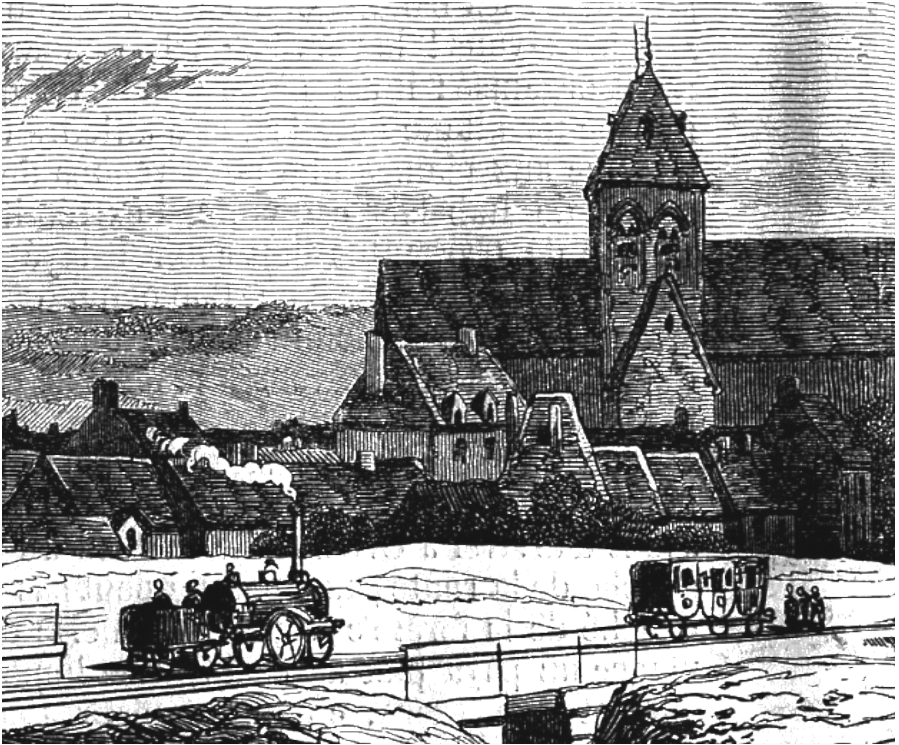
within a short distance of each other, so that the description of the one will serve for both.

13 Toury.

14 Artenay (stat), p. 171.

5 Chevilly (stat.).

14 Orléans. Terminus a little to the E. of the Porte Bannier.



Le chemin de fer devant Saint-Basile d'Étampes en 1846 (Blanchard et Dauzats)



Philip Henry Delamotte (1820-1889)

1854. John Louis Petit & Philip Henry Delamotte
Architectural studies, chap. III ⁸¹



Paris is naturally the most convenient point whence to diverge ; and architecturally it is perhaps one of the best. That is, by taking points easily reached in different directions, we find the most strongly marked distinctions. The Seine, towards Rouen, has a character of its own. The cylindrical pier, neither very tall nor massive, is ²⁵ common. The Romanesque work

⁸¹ John Louis Petit (1801-1868), *Architectural studies in France, by the Rev. J. L. Petit, with illustrations from drawings by the author and P. H. de La Motte* [in-4° ; XXIV+207 p. ; figures et planches], London (Londres), G. Bell, 1851, pp. 17-22. – *Id. New edition, revised by Edward Bell* [23 cm sur 18 ; XXXIX+402 p., inc. iillus., 3 pl. front, 23 pl., map], London (Londres), G. Bell & sons, 1890, pp. 24-35.

often exhibits, instead of an inner order of a square section, a large torus⁸²; such as occurs in the earlier parts of Ely cathedral⁸³; and which probably led the way to that system of mouldings which characterizes the English early Gothic, in which the diagonal or oblique surfaces preponderate over the cardinal ones. On the ¹⁸ Oise, near Criel, the churches have much that prepares us for the Angevine style. The piers are massive and clustered; the vaulting compartments are often nearly as wide in the direction of the nave as transversely to it, and the orders, however moulded, retain a general squareness of outline. To the north-east, (east-ward of the Oise) I did not fall in with any Romanesque specimen; but Gonesse, apparently of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, presents a new and beautiful arrangement of triforium; this may be a unique example. On the Marne, S. Maur near Vincennes, seemed to promise characteristic features in that direction. In this church, as in many others, a Romanesque belfry rests on a decidedly Gothic substructure.

But as my business is at present chiefly with the southern provinces, I shall at once make for the Loire, a river which on its own banks or those of its tributaries exhibits some of the most interesting churches in France, and if I mistake not, in a great part of its course forms an important architectural boundary. Its nearest and most northern point is Orleans. By ascending the river we give ourselves the opportunity of studying that phase of the Romanesque which appears, as I have remarked, ²⁶ to most advantage in Auvergne, through which province runs the Allier, one of the principal tributaries

⁸² Probably the earliest church distinctively Norman in which this is found is the abbey church at Bernay (*see* illustration p. 76). It is also found in the early work at Evreux. (note de 1890)

⁸³ Ville anglaise située en Est-Anglie (B.G.).

of the Loire ; by taking the other direction, and following the course of the river towards the sea, we come upon a group of great interest, as regards style, construction, and antiquity, in the province of Touraine, and become acquainted with the Angevine style. I shall at present take the latter route, and on leaving the river shall shape my course to the southward, that I may study the domical churches of Angoumois and Perigord.



Carte routière Longuet, 1855: D'Étréchy à Étampes



|²⁷ I am always attracted by a central tower ; whether that the outline simply pleases me, or that it promises to interest me either in its construction or by its antiquity. Be this as it may, I have seldom found cause to regret my partiality. I therefore

gave up an hour or two to **Etrechy**, a small village near Etampes, about half-way between Paris and Orleans. The church⁸⁴ has a nave with aisles, transepts, a central tower, a chancel with a |¹⁹ square termination, and flanking apses. The style is principally early pointed, perhaps transitional, with additions and insertions of a later date. It is very plain as regards ornament, but well worth study for the sake of comparison with the churches north of Paris. The whole is vaulted, with ribs, |²⁸ and the apses are groined in cells, with ribs and a boss; the side windows of the chancel are in couplets, plain and slightly pointed. Those of the nave aisles are single. The nave has three bays, the piers are cylindrical with a square abacus, on which rests the vaulting shaft, which is single. There is no triforium or clerestory. An arcade of three arches below each window (now much mutilated,) enriches the aisle. The west window is a triplet of plain lancets, and the west door is pointed. The vaulting abacus throughout is a portion of an octagon, though the foliage in the capitals below is early. In some of the pier capitals the foliage is extremely bold.

The leaves are put on without much arrangement in the way of grouping, and seem to be true, though rough copies of nature.

There is a small plain crypt with unribbed cross vaulting under the chancel. The tower piers have rectangular sections. To a person wishing to study |²⁹ |³⁰ the character of a building rather than its ornamental details, this church is valuable.

⁸⁴ Église Saint-Étienne (B.G.).



ETRECHY.



ETRECHY.



ETRECHY.



ETRECHY.



NOTRE DAME, ETAMPES.

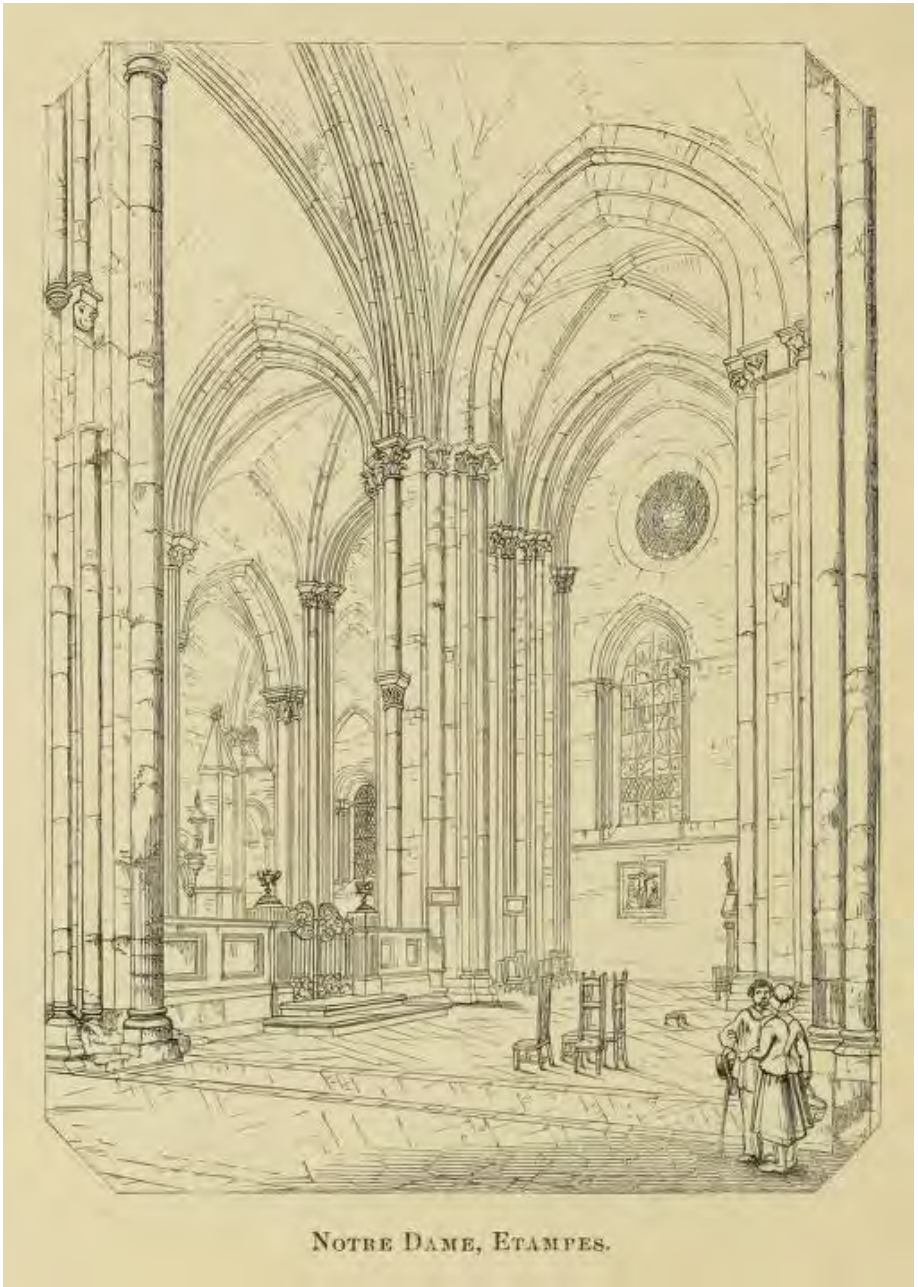
Etampes contains four churches, all of great value to the student. On glancing at them, which I regret to say I did much too hastily, I fancied I saw in them a sort of frontier line between the northern and southern architecture of France.

Notre Dame has a western steeple of great beauty, consisting of a tower, with very lofty pinnacles, and a spire. The composition, as regards the spire-lights and pinnacles, is in effect not very unlike those of the thirteenth and fourteenth

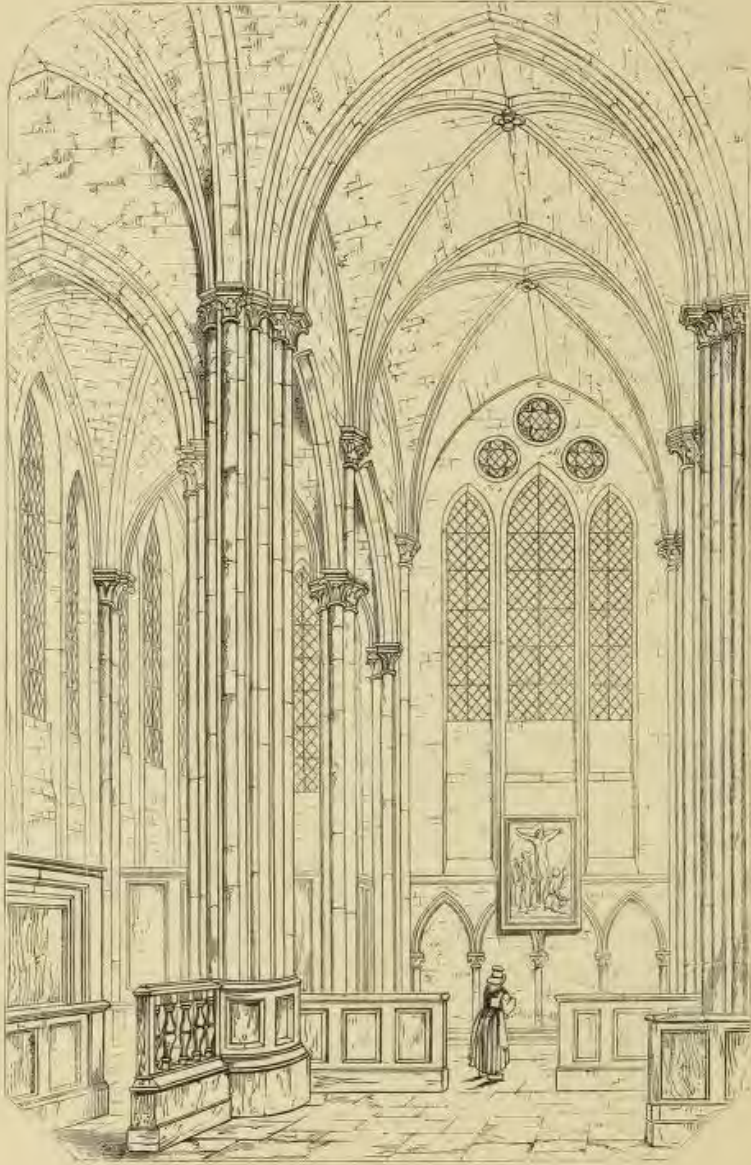


Part of a Pier in the Nave,
Notre Dame, Etampes.

centuries in Normandy, but the detail is entirely Romanesque, and all the arches in the upper stages, or from the level at which the tower disengages itself from the front, are round headed. The spire is ribbed and ornamented with scales. Notwithstanding the details, I have little doubt, from the composition, that this steeple belongs, in date, to the advanced Gothic. The manner in which the upper octagonal stage of the tower harmonizes with the spire lights, and is connected by the ²⁰ pinnacles both with the square base below and the spire above, is worthy of an architect that could design the western towers of Coutances, or the beautiful steeple of S. Pierre at Caen. And the substructure, if I recollect right, is purely Gothic. The church has aisles and transepts. The bays ³¹ ³² of the nave are very wide, so as to make the vaulting compartments nearly square. There is no diagonal rib. The arches are pointed. The general effect of the interior somewhat prepares us for the Angevine churches.



NOTRE DAME, ETAMPES.



NOTRE DAME, ETAMPES.



S. BASIL, ETAMPES.

*
* * *

S. Basil has a low central tower of early pointed. Each face has a pair of belfry windows, separated by a cluster of shafts, and subdivided by a single shaft with obtusely pointed arches of one plain square order. The principal arches of this belfry are of two orders with tori, and surmounted by a label. The west front is Romanesque, with a rich door. The greater part of the church has been rebuilt, or cased, with flamboyant work, and has little interest. There is some late painted glass.

*
* * *

S. Jules [sic (**Saint-Gilles**)⁸⁵], though also much altered, retains more of its original work. Its principal feature is its very curious central tower, remarkable both from its construction and outline. The object of the architect has been to adapt, at the intersection of the transepts, a square tower, narrower than either the nave, chancel, or transepts. The base is square; visible above the roof of the nave, but absorbed by the transepts and chancel. From the angles rise triangular slopes, as for ³³ the support of an octagon; on these, as well as on the space left on each of the faces of the tower, stand equal gables; four cardinal, and four diagonal. The points of the diagonal ones support the angles of a smaller square tower, the faces of which fall behind the gables resting on the sides of the base.

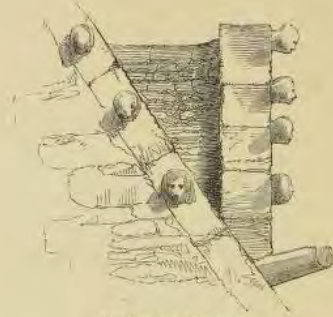
⁸⁵ Curieusement, cette erreur n'est pas corrigée par l'édition de 1890 (B.G.)



S. JULES, ETAMPES.



S. JULES, ETAMPES.



S. JULES, ETAMPES.



S. JULES, ETAMPES.

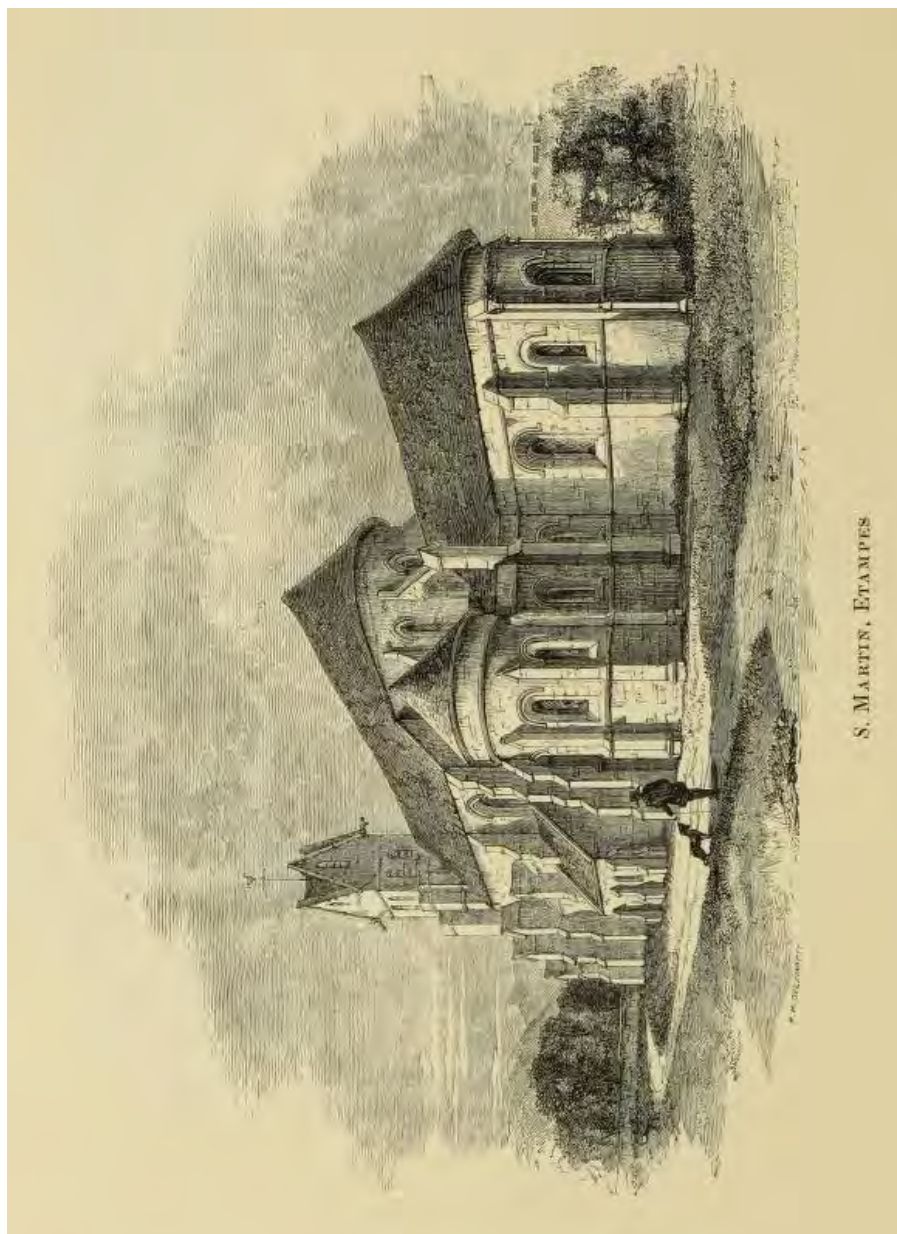


S. JULES, ETAMPES.

I have not seen the internal structure, none of the squinches being visible inside the church ; but it is easy to imagine a system containing two tiers of squinches. The angles of the tower are shafted, and the belfry windows pointed. The ²¹ upper part terminates with a gable over each face, enriched by a curious sort of crocket evidently of early character. The tower piers are plain and massive, cruciform, with square sections. The arches are pointed, but these may have been altered. The nave has five aisles, of which the outer ones are flamboyant, and present externally a series of gables ; no uncommon arrangement. The west door is Romanesque, and has an arch of three orders boldly moulded with torus and hollow, the two outer orders supported by shafts set in re-entering angles. The label has a kind of large head-nail, forming a rough hexagonal pyramid. This door forms a shallow porch connected with the wall of the front by a small slope, above which is a plain round-headed window with a label. There are some good bases and capitals in the nave.

*
* *

St. Martin's is much purer and freer from alterations. It is early pointed, or transitional, and consists of a nave with aisles, small transepts not extending beyond the aisles, and a semi-circular apse, also having an aisle, from which project three radiating apses. The radiation of apsidal chapels, in the Romanesque and transitional styles, we shall find to be more common in the central and southern provinces of France than in the north. In Auvergne it is very striking.



S. MARTIN, ETAMPES

The piers of this church are low, massive, and clustered, and the abacus is square. Most of the arches are pointed, but there are some round-headed windows in the apsidal aisle. The triforium consists of two pointed arches in each bay, which are again subdivided by a shaft. They do not form an open gallery, but have sufficient projection to allow of shafted jambs. The clerestory is plain. In the apse we find coupled columns, like those in Canterbury cathedral. The capitals are rich and striking, but none, I think, worked with any degree of minuteness. The choir has the original ribbed vaulting.

That of the nave is of a later period, and of wood. There is no central ³⁵ tower, but a flamboyant western tower has been added, which stands clear of the west front. The outline of this tower is picturesque, as it has four gables like that which we have already noticed.

*
* *

The tourist would do well to give up a few hours to this old ²² town, which is encompassed by very pleasing scenery. **The keep of the castle** remains ; its ground plan is something like that of Clifford's Tower in York.

From the line of railroad between Etampes and Orleans we observe several village churches which appear to be worth notice. Some have the central tower, others a tower engaged in one of the aisles. The tower with a gabled roof is still common ; it becomes rarer as we proceed southward.

1866. Charles Knight ⁸⁶ Étampes



ÉTAMPES, a town in France, capital of an arrondissement in the department of Seine-et-Oise, is a first-class station on the Orleans railway, 35 miles S. by W. from Paris. It is the seat of a tribunal of first instance, of a college, and agricultural society, and has a population of 8083, including the commune. The town stands in 48° 26' 49'' N. lat., 2° 9' 23'' E. long, on the bank of two little streams, that unite just below the town with the river Jnine (or, as it is sometimes called, the river Étampes), which flows into the Essone, a feeder of the Seine.

⁸⁶ Charles Knight, *The English Cyclopaedia, Partie 1 : Geography, Volume 2*, London (Londres), Bradbury, Evans & Co, 1866, cc. 956-957.

The town is mentioned more than once in the chronicles of the first race of French kings. In an. 604 Clothaire II. was defeated near *Stampae* (Étampes) by his nephew Thierry, who here took Merovée prisoner, and soon after entered Paris in triumph. In the year 911 Etampes was burnt by the Northmen under Rollo. In the latter part of the same century, or the beginning of the next, Constance, wife of Robert, king of France, built here a castle, and Robert himself converted the castle chapel into a collegiate church dedicated to Sainte Marie. In an. 1147 an assembly of the grandes of the kingdom was held in Etampes, a crusade was determined upon, and the Abbé Suger and Raoul de Vermandois were appointed regents of France in the absence of Louis VII. The castle was held for the king in the 11th and 12th centuries by officers who had the titles of Prévot, Bailli, or Vicomte. There was a Jews' synagogue at Etampes, which, on the expulsion of that people from France by Philippe Auguste, A.D. 1182, was converted into a church, that of Notre Dame⁸⁷, yet standing. After the death of Philippe Auguste the castle of Etampes ceased to be a residence of kings, and was used as a state prison. In the 14th century Etampes was given by Philippe le Bel to his brother Louis, count of Evreux. The town and castle surrendered after a siege to the Bourguignons, who massacred the Orleanist garrison in 1411. In the 16th century Etampes, with its territory or county, was erected into a duchy in favour of Jean de Brosses, whose wife was mistress of Francois I. In the religious wars of France, AD. 1562, the town was taken by the Germans brought into France by the Prince of Condé. In A.D. 1567 it was taken by assault by the Huguenote ; in 1589 it was the rendezvous of the troops of the League, from whom it was taken by Henri III. In an. 1590 it was taken from the party of the League, into whose hands it had again fallen, by

⁸⁷ That is an error, for the new church built then was the church of Sainte-Croix, itself destructed during the French Revolution.

Henri IV., who caused the fortifications of the castle to be razed. The town was unsuccessfully besieged by Turenne during the civil war of the Fronde in 1662⁸⁸. In the revolutionary frenzy of 1792, a seditious band of about 800 men entered the market-place, and fixed the price at which corn must be sold. Simoneau, mayor of the town, in opposing this violence and in defending the freedom of trade, was murdered by the ruffians. The National Assembly decreed that a monument should be erected to his memory in the market-square of Etampes ; but the decree has not yet been executed.

The town is in a tolerably fertile valley. It is pretty well built, and surrounded by shady promenades. The tower of Guinette is all that remains of the ancient castle. There are four churches. That of Notre-Dame has a lofty tower and spire ; the semicircular arch may be observed in it. The architecture and the style of the sculptures mark the edifice as a work of the 13th century. The church of St.-Basil, founded by King Robert, has a handsome portal decorated with graceful columns, and statuary representing scene at the Last Judgment. The church of St.-Giles is also very ancient, probably not later than the 11th century ; it has the semicircular arch, with zigzag mouldings. The church of St.-Martin is perhaps the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the town. There are in the town several houses built about the time of the revival of the arts. One of these, it is said, was built and inhabited by Diana de Poitiers, duchess of Étampes, and mistress of Francois I. The town-hall is an ancient turreted building. There is also a large public granary, three stories high, capable of containing nearly 1400 tons' weight of wheat. Near the town are remains of an ancient building, probably of Roman origin, but popularly called the 'Tower of

⁸⁸ Error for 1652 (B.G.).

Brunehaut.' A modern castle has been erected upon these ruins.
957

The population of Etampes manufacture soap, leather, woollen-yarn, counterpanes, and hosiery ; and trade in wool, corn, flour, and honey. There are more than forty mills of different kinds on the two brooks which water Etampes. Sandstone is quarried in the neighbourhood, and much garden-stud is grown for the supply of Paris. The corn-market of Etampes is a very important one ; it is held on Saturday in every week, and attracts the farmers of the Beauce and Gatinais districts. A vast number of flour-mills in and about the town are constantly at work for the supply of Paris. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire was a native of Etampes.



Statue de Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, qui doit être érigée à Etampes.

1873. George Bradshaw⁹¹

From Marolles to Angerville.

Marolles-en-Hurepoix (3¾ miles), near the railway, has a merino-sheep farm at Chanteloup, which was a country-seat of Philippe-le-Bel. Bouchet powder-mill is near this. Coaches to Arpajon, Boissy, and St. Cheron. [...] |¹⁶⁰ [...]

Bouray (2½ miles), on the Juine, a little past Mesnil Voisin, seat of the Duke of Folignac. Coaches to La Ferté-Aleps, Vaire, and Malesherbes, all on the Essonne, to which Juine river runs. Malesherbes belonged to the bold defender of Louis XVI. at his trial ; formerly to one of the mistresses of Henry IV., Henriette d'Entraigues.

Lardy (1¼ mile), on the Juine, where they make lace, edgings, &c. Here Marguerite de Valois lived.

Etrechy (3¾ miles), on the same river, near which, in a wooded spot, are remains of the old feudal castle of Roussay. Gypsum quarries here. Population, 1,200. Chamaraude *château* is one of Mansard's.

⁹¹ George Bradshaw, *Bradshaw's illustrated travellers' hand book in to France adapted to all the railway routes*, London, W. J. Adams, etc., 1873, pp. 159-160.

Etampes (5 miles), on the high road to Orleans and on two little branches of the Juine, is a sous-préfecture of 8,220 souls, called *Stampae* in old times ; near which Tifierry⁹² defeated his uncle, Clotaire, 604. It is chiefly a long street, with good promenades round it. At the *Palais de Justice*, on a rising point, are remains of a *castle*, built by le roi Robert for his wife, Constance. The wife of Philippe Auguste was confined here, and it was razed by Henry IV. in 1590, except the Quinette⁹³ *tower*, the sides of which are rounded on the plan. It belongs to the curé.

Nôtre Dame *church* is a large Gothic pile, of the 13th century, with a fine Norman tower, and battlemented walls. St. Martin and St. Bazil are also worth notice—the latter for its restored portal, and the former for its detached tower, which visibly inclines. Notice, too, the old Hôtel de Ville, lately restored and enlarged; and the *house* of Anne de Puisseleu, one of the mistresses of Francis I. In the 15th century, *fireworks* were invented here by a townsman, who was nick-named *Jean Boutefeu*. Petrified fossils are found in the gypsum quarries ; and the *Tour de Brunehaut* is near—a fine seat, belonging to Viscount Viart.

Geoffrey St. Hilaire, the naturalist, was born here. Diane de Poitiers was Duchess of Etampes, and, upon the death of Henry II., retired to Jeuvre⁹⁴, near the town. Trade in grain, flour, soap, Ac. There are more than 40 mills in and around the town, and a public granary.

Hôtel.—Grand Couriers⁹⁵.

⁹² *Sic.* Thierry.

⁹³ *Sic.* Tour de Guinette.

⁹⁴ Il s'agit ici évidemment du château de Jeurre. Il serait intéressant de savoir d'où provient cette indication isolée.

⁹⁵ *Sic.* Hôtel du Grand-Courrier.

Coaches to Anneau [sic (Auneau)], Inville⁹⁶, and Sermaise. We now begin to traverse the wide plain of Le Beauce [sic (la Beauce)], where corn and hemp are raised.

Monnerville (8¾ miles). From this there is a coach to Mereville (5 kil. south-east), on the Juine, the seat of Comte de St. Romain, in a fine park, in which are a temple, Swiss cottage, statues, and memorials of Captain Cook, and La Peyrouse.—Near Champuisteux⁹⁷ (16 kil. east of this), is *Vignay*, where the Chancellor l'Hôpital died.

Angerville (3 miles), the lost place in department Seine-et-Oise. Population, 1,527. Here Davoust and the army of the Loire agreed to acknowledge Louis XVIII., in 1815. Coach to Chartres, 40 kil. west-north-west (*see* Route 15).

⁹⁶ *Sic.* Intville.

⁹⁷ *Sic.* Champmotteux.



Edith Wharton, 1905

1906. Motor-Flight chronicles.

A journey the Whartons ⁸⁹

Part I, chapter 3

Edith Wharton (1862-1937), femme de lettres américaine qui sillonne la France en automobile, est frappée en 1906 par le spectacle pittoresque de notre bonne ville d'Étampes. Elle se promet de s'inspirer de ces impressions dans ses œuvres ultérieures.

In passing through some parts of France one wonders where the inhabitants of the chateaux go when they emerge from their gates — so interminably, beyond those gates, do the flat fields, divided by straight unshaded roads, reach out to every point of the compass ; but here the wooded undulations of the country, the friendliness of the villages, the recurrence of big rambling farmsteads — some, apparently, the remains of fortified monastic granges — all suggest the possibility of something resembling the English rural life, with its traditional ties between park and fields.

The brief journey between Versailles and Fontainebleau offers — if one takes the longer way, by Saint Rémy-les-Chevreuse

⁸⁹ Edith Wharton, *A Motor-Flight Through France*, New York, C. Scribner's Sons, 1908, pp. 30-32.

and Étampes — a succession of charming impressions, more varied than one often finds in a long day's motor-run through France ; and midway one comes upon the splendid surprise of Dourdan.

Ignorance is not without its aesthetic uses ; and to drop down into the modest old town without ³¹ knowing — or having forgotten, if one prefers to put it so — the great castle of Philip Augustus, which, moated, dungeoned, ivy-walled, still possesses its peaceful central square — to come on this vigorous bit of mediaeval arrogance, with the little houses of Dourdan still ducking their humble roofs to it in an obsequious circle — well ! to taste the full flavour of such sensations, it is worth while to be of a country where the last new grain-elevator or office building is the only monument that receives homage from the surrounding architecture. Dourdan, too, has the crowning charm of an old inn facing its chateau-fort — such an inn as Manon and des Grioux⁹⁰ dined in on the way to Paris — where, in a large courtyard shaded by trees, one may feast on strawberries and cheese at a table enclosed in clipped shrubs, with dogs and pigeons amicably prowling for crumbs, and the host and hostess, their maid-servants, ostlers and marmitons breakfasting at another long table, just across the hedge. Now that the demands of the motorist are introducing modern plumbing and Maple furniture into the uttermost parts of France, these romantic old inns, where it is charming to breakfast, if precarious to sleep, are ³² becoming as rare as the mediaeval keeps with which they are, in a way, contemporaneous ; and Dourdan is fortunate in still having two

⁹⁰ Héros du roman de l'abbé Prévost (1697-1763) intitulé *L'Histoire du chevalier Des Grioux et de Manon Lescaut*, ou plu brièvement *Manon Lescaut* (vers 1729, avec une édition remaniée en 1753).

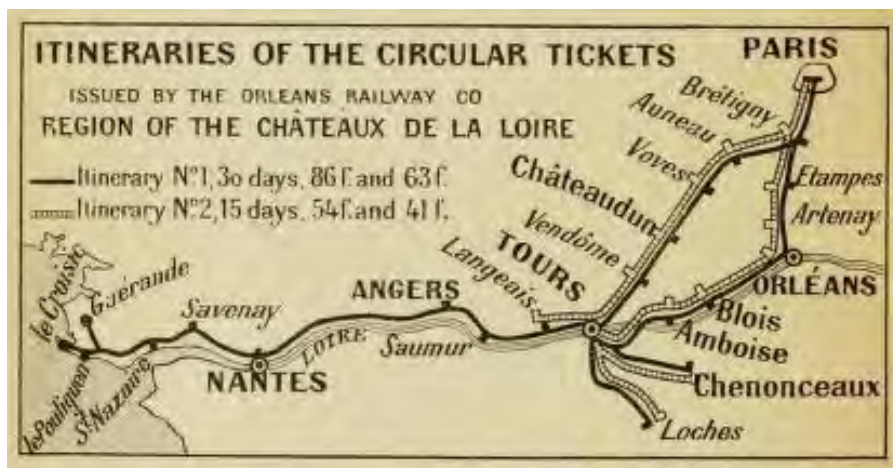
such perfect specimens to attract the attention of the archaeologist.

Etampes, our next considerable town, seemed by contrast rather featureless and disappointing ; yet, for that very reason, so typical of the average French country town — dry, compact, unsentimental, as if avariciously hoarding a long rich past — that its one straight grey street and squat old church will hereafter always serve for the ville de province background in my staging of French fiction. Beyond Etampes, as one approaches Fontainebleau, the scenery grows extremely picturesque, with bold outcroppings of blackened rock, fields of golden broom, groves of birch and pine — first hints of the fantastic sandstone scenery of the forest. And presently the long green aisles opened before us in all the freshness of spring verdure — tapering away right and left to distant ronds-points, to mossy stone crosses and obelisks — and leading us toward sunset to the old town in the heart of the forest.

1909. Marcel Monmarché

From Paris to Orleans ⁹⁸

On donne ici les pages d'un guide touristique Hachette qui concernent le trajet de Paris à Orléans sur la route des châteaux de la Loire.



⁹⁸ Marcel Monmarché, *The Chateaux of the Loire. How to visit them rapidly and economically by railway, motor car or bicycle*, Paris & London (Joanne Guide Books – English series), Hachette, 1909, pp. 9-12.

JOANNE GUIDE BOOKS — ENGLISH SERIES

THE
CHATEAUX OF THE LOIRE

*HOW TO VISIT THEM
RAPIDLY AND ECONOMICALLY
BY RAILWAY, MOTOR CAR OR BICYCLE*

by **Marcel Monmarché.**



CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS. LE GRAND ESCALIER

HACHETTE & COMPANY

PARIS

79, Boul. Saint-Germain

LONDON

**18, King William Street
Charing Cross**

1909

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II. THE JOURNEY BY ROAD

CIRCULAR TOUR

From Paris to Paris, going by the Valley of the Loire
and returning by the Valley of the Loir.

This itinerary, arranged for cyclists and motorists, enables the traveller to visit by the most pleasant roads, all the Châteaux of the Loire in one circular tour. To meet all requirements, we have indicated, in connection with the model-tour, certain short cuts which enable visitors to abridge the journey, if desired, and, some extensions which offer, especially to motorists, the opportunity of completing the journey by a few interesting, supplementary excursions.

This itinerary includes the description of the minor Châteaux and of the localities en route. For the more important Châteaux, reference should be made to the special articles devoted to each, and arranged, in alphabetical order, at the end of the volume.

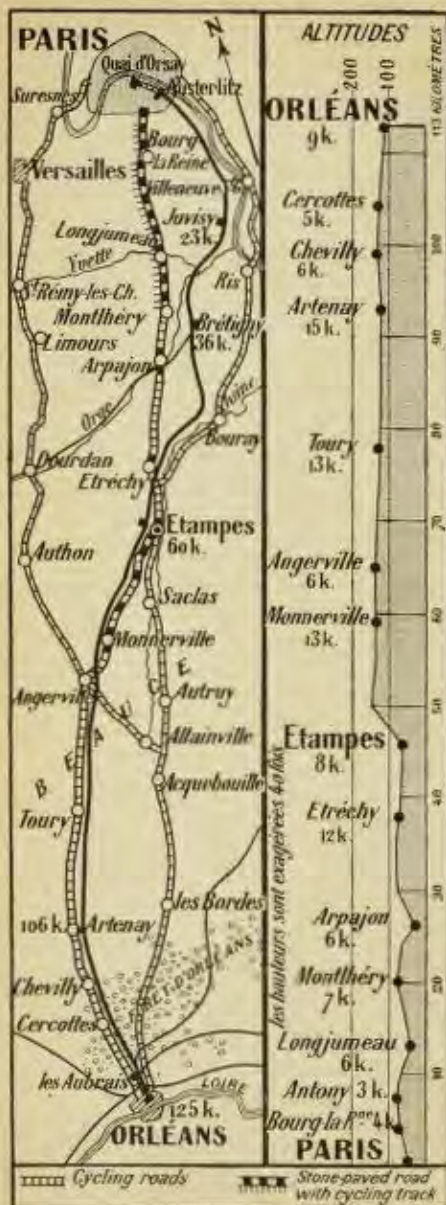
The distances in kilomètres are indicated, generally, in connection with the model-tour.

The « abridgements » and the « extensions » (printed in the shortened lines), have their distances shown independently.

From Paris to Orleans (See the special map). — **A. 113** k. by the « Route Nationale », the simplest and most direct route. Formerly, paved throughout with stones, this road was considered impracticable. Recently, however, the stones have been removed from Montlbery onwards, except on the portions through the towns, boroughs, etc. (the paved section from Paris to Montlbery has been provided with cycling tracks by the French Touring Club. The paved road is good from Longjumeau which can be reached via Châtenay, Verrières and Palaiseau). It now forms a magnificent motor road almost continuously in long straight lines, and very level except at a few steep inclines between Paris and Etampes.

Leave Paris by the Porte d'Orléans. — 4 k. *Bourg-la-Reine*. — 7 k. *Antony*. — Descend the valley of the Yvette to. — 13 k. *Longjumeau*, chief-town of the canton, with 2,343 inhab. (hotels: *Saint-Pierre; du Cadran*). Church of the xiii and xiv c.; monument to Adolphe Adam, the famous composer of the « Postillon de Longjumeau ». — Ascent and plateau. — 20 k. *Montlbery*: celebrated tower of the xii-xv c., remains, of an ancient, powerful Castle, on a hill commanding an immense horizon (the ascent can be made). — Descend into the valley of the Orge at:

26 k. Arpajon, chief-town of the canton with 2,975 inhab. (hotels: *du Lion-d'Argent et de la Fontaine réunis*). Church of the xii and xv c. Fine ancient timber constructions in the place du Marché (on the l. by the *rue Guinchard*). The long stone-paved street of the town can be avoided by taking to the r., immediately in front of town gate (two pillars of the xviii c.), the boulevard which curves round it. — Ascent



and plateau, then the fresh and steep rise of Torfou. — Long descent into the valley of the Juine to — 38 k. *Etréchy* (badly paved). — Continue alongside the park of the *Chateau Breuchant*.

46 k. Etampes. 9,245 inhab. (hotels: *du Grand-Courrier; du Grand-Monnaque*). The town stretches along the valley for nearly 3 k., and is traversed by one long main street paved with stones, which cyclists can avoid by descending on the l. to the entrance of the town, by the promenade du Port, and the following on the r., the promenade des Prés. Following the direction of Paris to Orleans, the church of *Notre-Dame du Fort* (xi, xii, and xiii c.) is passed at some distance to the left (by the *rue de la Cordonnerie*); fine Romanesque steeple; curious battlements of the xiv c. One passes also in front of *Saint-Basile church* (xv and xvi c.); a magnificent Romanesque doorway of the xi c. and central tower of the xiii c.; and on the r. is seen the *Tour Guisette*, a ruined keep of the xii c., built on the hill above the station (fine point of view). Further, to the l., is the *Saint-Gilles church* (xvi c., Romanesque door and tower), and the departure from Etampes is made by the faubourg *Saint-Martin* (fine church of the xii and xiii c., with a leaning tower of the xvi c.). — In the town, are many old mansions, notably the *Maison de Diane de Poitiers*, close to *Saint-Basile*, in Renaissance style.

which is now used as the Elias-Robert Museum, and the Hôtel de Ville, likewise in Renaissance style and part of which is ancient.

On leaving Etampes, there is a steep rise to the plateau of Beauce, then a level road all the way to Orleans.

65 k. *Angerville* (hotels: *de France*; *des Voyageurs*; bust of the famous agriculturist, Tessier + 1837). — **78 k.** *Toury* (church of the 15th c., curious porch). — **93 k.** *Artenay* (hotel *de la Fontaine*). — **99 k.**

ORLÉANS



Cheilly. — Beyond this, the road enters the forest of Orleans. — **104 k.** *Cercottes*. — Arrive at Orleans by the long *faubourg des Aigles* (Monument in commemoration of the battle of 11 Dec. 1870) and the *one du Faubourg-Banancier*.

B. 129 k. (recommended to motorists; no stone-paved roads), by: — **16 k.** *Versailles*; — **29 k.** *Saint-Remy-les-Chevreuse*; — **36 k.** *Limours*; — **43 k.** *Angerville*; — **47 k.** *Saint-Cyr-sous-Bois*; — **52 k.** *Douridan*; — **55 k.** *Les Granges-le-Roi*; — **63 k.** *Authon*; — **74 k.** *Pussay*; — **79 k.** *Angerville*, where the « route nationale » is joined, or the journey can be continued by: — **84 k.** *Andonville*; — **88 k.** *Alainville*; — **92 k.** *Arquebaille*; — **107 k.** *Les Bordes*; — **111 k.** *Saint-Lyé*, and. — **136 k.** *Fleury-les-Aubrais*.

C. 125 k., by: — **12 k.** *Vileneuve-Saint-Georges*; — **19 k.** *Draveil*; — **23 k.** *Biz*; — **25 k.** *Orangis*; — **29 k.** *Bondoufle*; — **34 k.** *Vert-le-Grand*;

37 k. *Vert-le-Petit*; — 41 k. *Saint-Vrain*; — 45 k. *Bouray*; — 48 k. *Janville*; — 60 k. *Etampes* (whence the « route nationale » can be followed); — 70 k. *Saclay*; — 80 l. *Austray*; — 88 k. *Acquebouille*, then as No. 2 above.

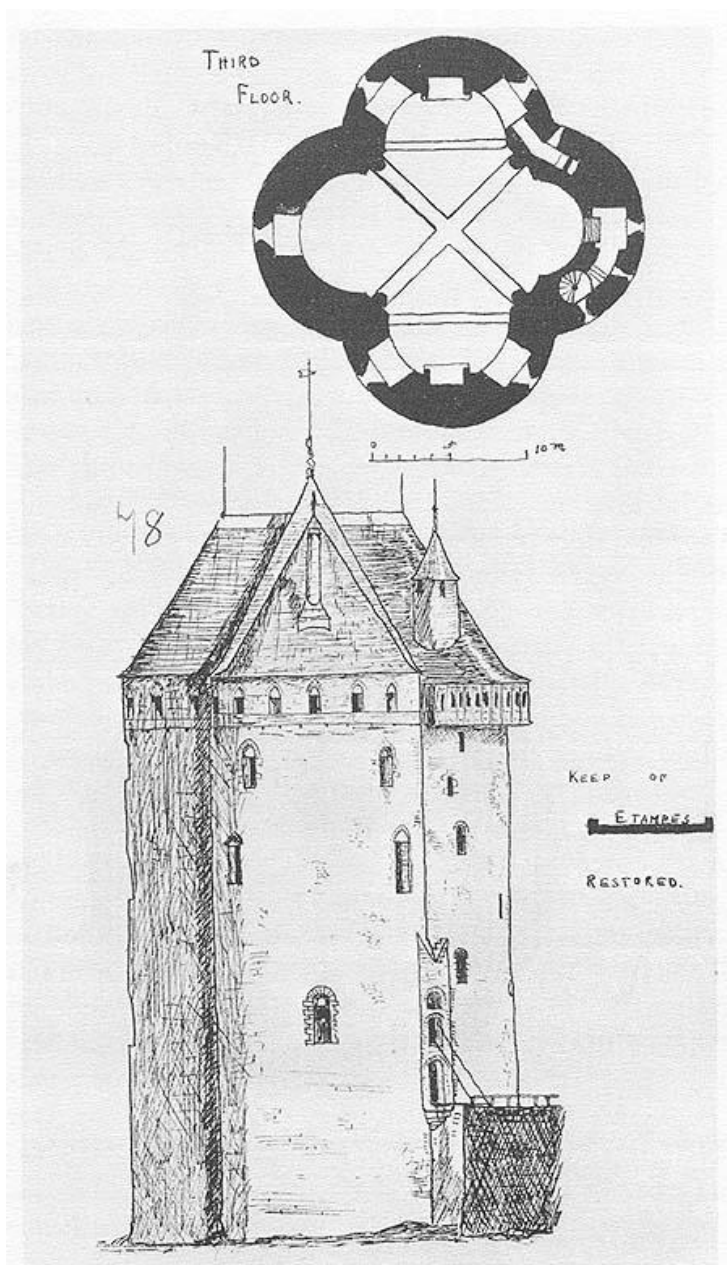
113 k. ORLEANS, 68,614 inhab., on the r. bank of the Loire (for more complete details see Joanne's Handbook on *Orleans*, in French, 50 c. Hotels: *Saint-Aignan*, pl. Gambetta; *Moderne*, 3, rue de la République; *de la Boule-d'Or*, 9, rue d'Illiers; *Central*, 79, rue du Colombier; *d'Orleans*, 100, rue Bannier; *Sainte-Catherine*, 68, rue Sainte-Catherine; *du Loiret, du Berry*, opposite the station; *restaurant Joanne-d'Arc* and principal cafés, place du Martroi.



Lib. Filzot, Étampes

ÉTAMPES, - Tour de Guinette

La Tour de Guinette, au-dessus -de la Gare d'Étampes



From the Thesis by T. E. Lawrence

Bernard Gineste ⁹⁹

Lawrence d'Arabie à Étampes

Did T. E. Lawrence visit the Tower of Etampes, August 1908 ?

1. Le voyage de 1908.

Pendant l'été 1908, un adolescent sillonne la France à bicyclette ; c'est un jeune étudiant d'Oxford : Thomas Edward Lawrence. Plus tard il acquerra une renommée universelle et prendra place, de son vivant, dans le panthéon du XXe siècle, sous le surnom immortel de Lawrence d'Arabie ; mais pour l'heure c'est un jeune touriste de 20 ans qui prépare sa thèse : *L'influence des croisades sur l'architecture militaire européenne jusqu'au douzième siècle*.



⁹⁹ Remaniement d'un petit article paru dans le *Bulletin des Amis du Château Royal d'Étampes* en juin 2001

Il raconte lui-même ce qu'étaient alors ses journées, dans une lettre à sa mère du 23 juillet 1908 :

Je mène bon train et je me sens en pleine forme avec mon régime au pain, au lait et aux fruits... Je commence avec deux pintes de lait et du pain, et je complète avec un fruit à déguster jusqu'au soir, où se consomme une nourriture plus substantielle : on mange beaucoup lorsqu'on pédale depuis une semaine d'affilée, à quelque allure qu'on aille. Ma journée commence tôt (i' fait diablement chaud à midi), il y a d'habitude un château où travailler à partir de midi-deux heures, puis hôtel à sept ou huit heures. Je n'ai pas le temps de faire du tourisme: je me demande en effet quelquefois si ma thèse va être écrite en novembre de cette année ou de l'année prochaine, je me surprends à composer des pages et des phrases tout en pédalant. Les routes ont été presque uniformément mauvaises, mais toutes les hauteurs sont cyclables¹⁰⁰.

Il a déjà sillonné de la même manière l'Angleterre et le Pays de Galles, et, l'année suivante, il voyagera à pied à travers la Palestine et le Liban pour compléter sa documentation. En 1910 il présentera sa thèse qui recevra des félicitations du jury.

Cette thèse, qui a été publiée seulement un an après sa mort, en 1936, consacre une notice à la Tour de Guinette, illustrée de quatre croquis¹⁰¹.

¹⁰⁰ *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his brothers* (ed. M. R. Lawrence), Oxford, Blackwell; New York, Macmillan, 1954, p. 61-62 (Manuscrit Bodleian Res C13), citée par Jeremy WILSON, *Lawrence of Arabia, The Authorised Biography*, 1989, p. 46 (trad. B.G.).

¹⁰¹ T. E. Lawrence, *Crusader Castles: The influence of the Crusades on European military architecture - to the end of the XIIth Century*, London,



Carte postale étampoise de 1907, âge d'or du tourisme cycliste

Lawrence d'Arabie est-il passé à Étampes en 1908 et a-t-il examiné de ses propres yeux la tour de Guinette ? Je n'ai pas encore pu répondre à cette question d'une manière définitive, mais il peut être intéressant, à ce stade, de faire connaître l'état de la question.

Selon la remarquable biographie que Jeremy Wilson a consacrée à Lawrence d'Arabie en 1989¹⁰², voici les étapes principales avérées de cette tournée à travers la France, qui est

Golden Cockerel Press, 1936. – Reed. *Crusader Castles*, London, M. Haag, 1986 (avec une préface de Michael Haag et une sélection de lettres de Lawrence ponctuant ses voyages en vélo à travers l'East Anglia (1905), le Pays de Galles (1907) et ses longs séjours en France (1907-1908)]. — Reed. *Crusader Castles*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1988 (introduction et notes de Denys Pringle).

¹⁰² Jeremy Wilson, *Lawrence of Arabia, The Authorised Biography*, N. Helari, 1989 (on-line edition by J. and N. Wilson 2000).

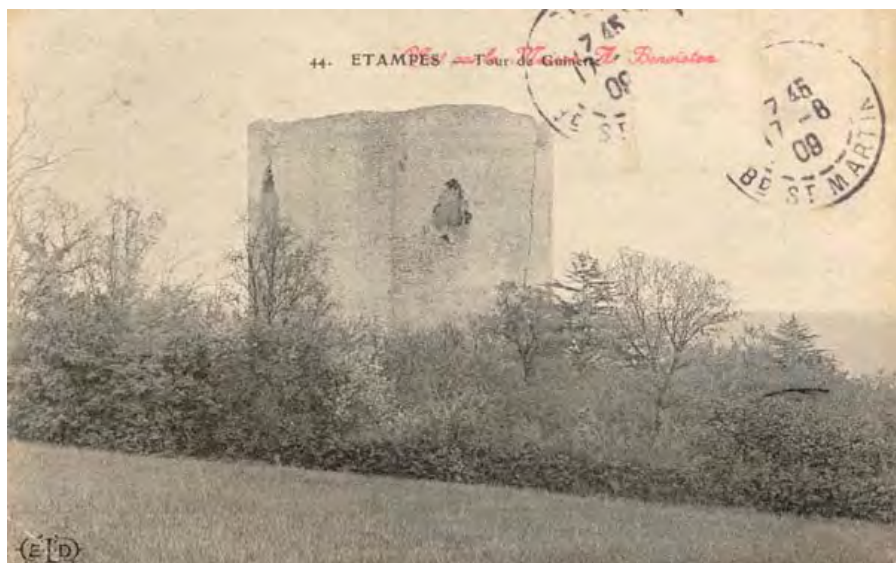
essentiellement documentée par la correspondance connue à ce jour de Lawrence.

Débarqué au Havre à la mi-juillet 1908, Lawrence traverse la Normandie, puis contourne Paris par l'Est (en passant notamment par Provins); il descend ensuite par la vallée du Rhône jusqu'à Arles; de là il gagne Toulouse, d'où il remonte vers le nord (en passant notamment par Niort), et arrive à Orléans, puis à Chartres¹⁰³; ensuite, à nouveau par la Normandie, il gagne Saint-Malô, et, de là, retourne en Angleterre. A ce stade Jeremy Wilson écrit :

¹⁰³ Jeremy WILSON, *T.E. Lawrence, The Authorised Biography*, chap 2, p. 50 : « ...De là, via Montaigne et Hautefort, il gagna Chalusset, où il passa son vingtième anniversaire. Le château y était une des plus merveilleuses choses du XIII^e siècle avec un donjon du XII^e siècle et un grand éperon (*beak*) en face de lui... Eurèka! J'ai enfin trouvé, pour ma thèse: la transition depuis la forme de donjons carrés. Vraiment c'est grandiose, il n'y a pas de mot pour le dire » (Lettre à C.F.C. Beeson du 16 août 1908 - D. Garnette (ed.), *Letters of T. E. Lawrence*, London, Jonathan Cape, 1938; Garden City, NY, Doubleday, Doran, 1939, p. 61). Après cela il alla à Montbrun, « un petit château des plus charmants avec un donjon du douzième siècle. C'est réellement, du point de vue architectural une place des plus importantes ». (Lettre à sa mère du 23 août 1908 - *Home Letters*, p. 76 manuscrit Bodleian Res C13).

Puis à Niort « qui est magnifique. Rien n'aurait pu être plus opportun ni intéressant pour ma thèse » (*Ibid.*), et à Montreuil-Bellay et Loches. A ce moment-là il était en avance de six jours sur son planing de départ. Il continua en zigzaguant, visitant Lavardin, Mondoubleau, Vendôme, Frétéval et Orléans, « tous les monuments et les cartes postales sont relatifs à Jeanne d'Arc, la cathédrale est bien en dépit de cela » (Lettre à sa mère du 28 août 1908 – *The Home Letters*, p. 80 – M. Brown (ed.) *Letters of T. E. Lawrence*, London, J. M. Dent, 1988; New York, W. W. Norton, 1989, pp. 16-17; manuscrit Bodleian ms Res C13]. Le vingt-huit août il arriva en vue de Chartres [traduction B. Gineste].

« Son voyage avait été très réussi et il ramenait quantité de cartes postales illustrées, de photographies, de croquis et de plans pour sa thèse »¹⁰⁴.



Aspect de la Tour dite de Guinette en 1908 (carte postale CLC)

On aura remarqué qu'à un moment précis de ce voyage, Lawrence a pu passer par Étampes, à savoir entre ses étapes d'Orléans et de Chartres. Ces dernières sont clairement documentées par des lettres à sa mère ainsi qu'à son ami Beeson, et on a conservé trois photographies qu'il a prises de la cathédrale de Chartres, qui sont également en ligne.

¹⁰⁴ J. Wilson, *Authorised Biography*, chap. 2, p. 52.



Trajet de T. E. Lawrence à l'été 1908 selon Jeremy Wilson

Sur la carte que Jeremy Wilson a tracé de son périple, et qui est également en ligne (reproduite ci-contre), on observe que le tracé présumé d'Orléans à Chartres passe de fait par Étampes ; mais l'auteur n'y a pas indiqué explicitement cette étape, probablement parce qu'elle ne semble pas encore documentée. Reste la notice elle-même que Lawrence a consacrée, dans sa thèse, au donjon d'Étampes, et les croquis qui l'accompagnent. Nous permettent-ils de déterminer si

Lawrence a personnellement observé les lieux et les restes de la tour de Guinette ? La notice rédigée par Lawrence présente-t-elle le caractère d'une chose vue ? La chose est d'une appréciation délicate.

Cette notice et les croquis qui l'accompagnent m'ont été indiqués par M. Robert Carney¹⁰⁵, qui me les a de plus aimablement numérisés et expédiés en 2001. Tout compte fait, ils illustrent parfaitement ce que Wilson dit d'une manière générale des dessins produits par Lawrence :

« Relativement peu des dessins qui illustrent la thèse de Lawrence sont vraiment de lui ; il avait très peu de temps pour préparer la rédaction finale de sa thèse et Beeson l'aida pour les illustrations. Beeson et Lawrence recherchèrent dans un grand nombre de sources des illustrations à copier ; la majorité vint de M. Viollet-Leduc, *Dictionnaire raisonné de l'Architecture Française du XI^e au XVI^e siècles* (10 volumes, Paris, B. Bance, 1858-1868) ; d'autres, cependant, vinrent de sources telles que *A Little Tour in France de Henry James*, London, Heinemann, 1900, illustré par Joseph Pennell.

« Beeson, continue Wilson, m'a fait remarquer que sa version de l'illustration de la page 183 de ce dernier ouvrage est reproduit en tant que croquis de Lawrence dans *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his brothers*¹⁰⁶, Oxford, Blackwell ; New York, Macmillan, 1954, p. 65. Les deux dessins reproduits dans *A Touch of Genius, The Life of T.E. Lawrence*, par M. Brown et J. Cave, London, Dent, 1988, pp.

¹⁰⁵ Robert G. Carney Junior, M.D, dermatologue américain, auteur d'une remarquable maquette du château d'Étampes... en TMLegó

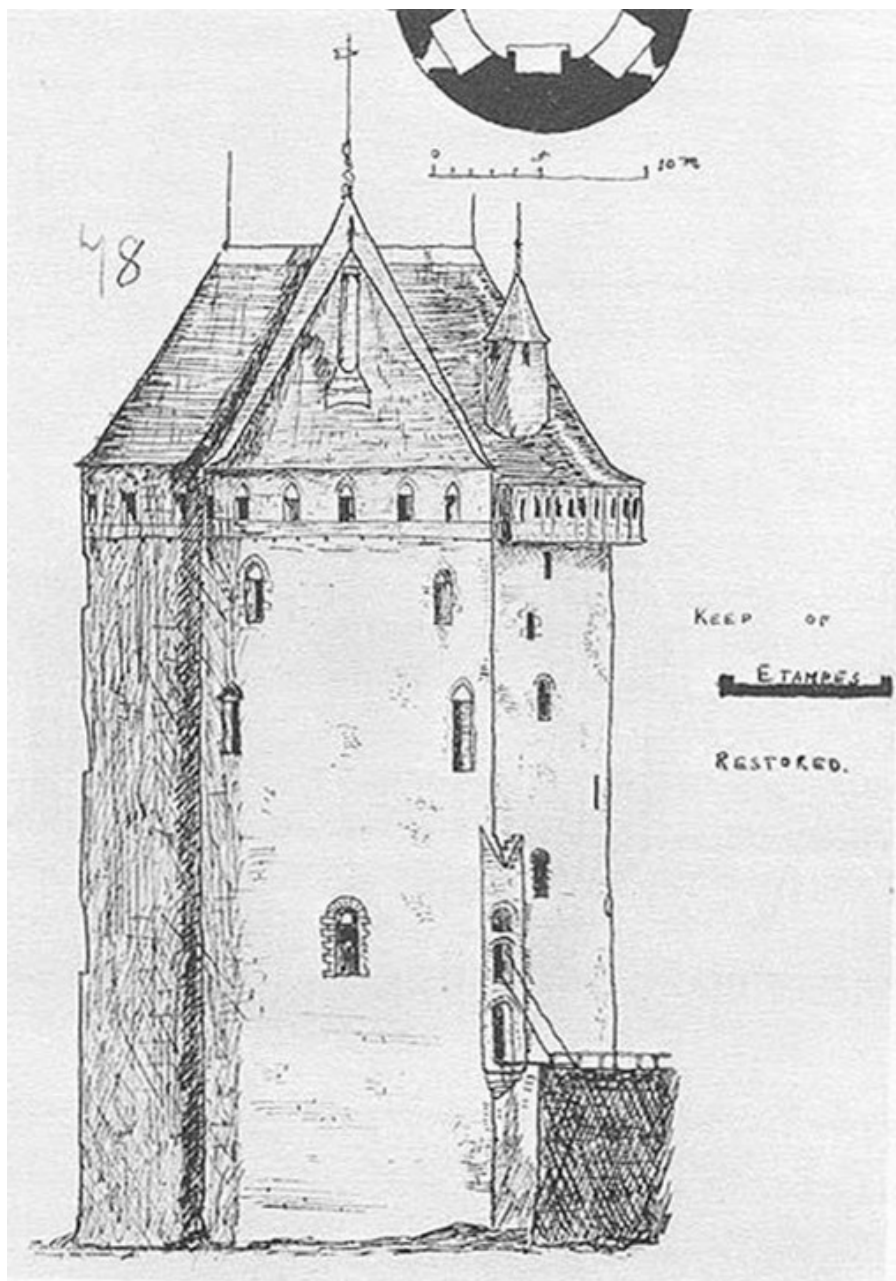
¹⁰⁶ Edit. M. R. Lawrence

24-25, comme des exemples d'œuvres de Lawrence ont été tirés par Beeson de Viollet-Leduc. »¹⁰⁷.

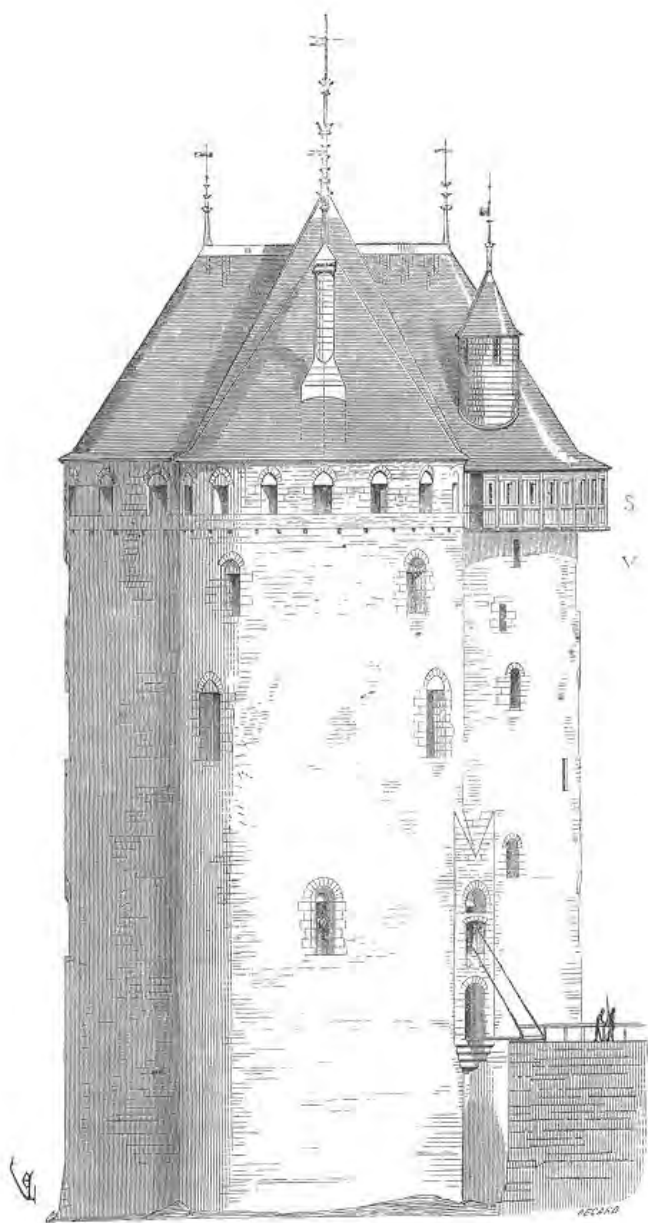


ÉTAMPES PITTORÈSQUE.
85. - ÉTAMPES (S.-et-O.). - Tour de Guinette - Vue intérieure et escalier à vis
Saint-Gilles et à Noyau plein possédant encore quarante degrés bien conservés
Monument historique XII^e siècle

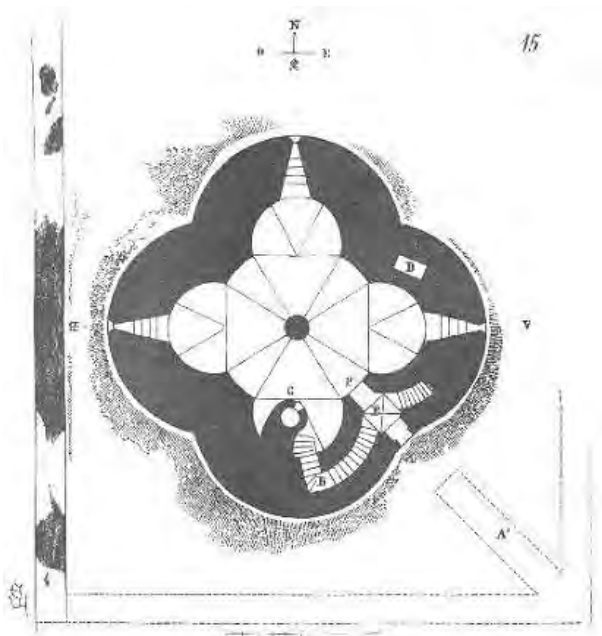
¹⁰⁷ Jeremy Wilson, *Authorised Biography*, note 30 du chapitre 3 (trad. B.G.).



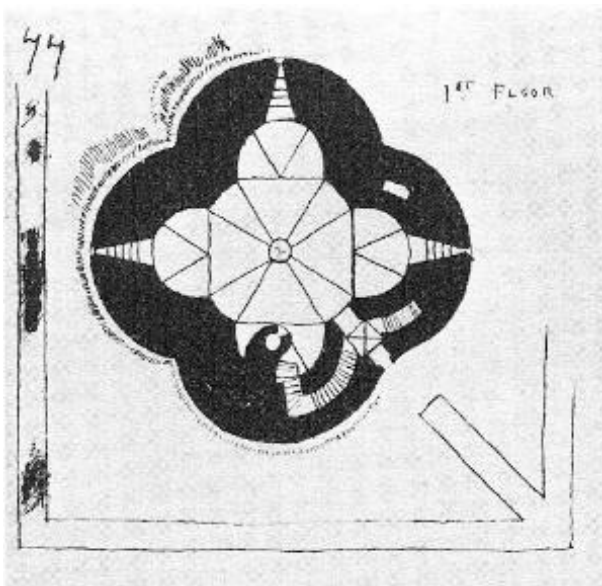
Plagiat de Viollet-de-Duc par Beerer pour T. E. Lawrence (1908)



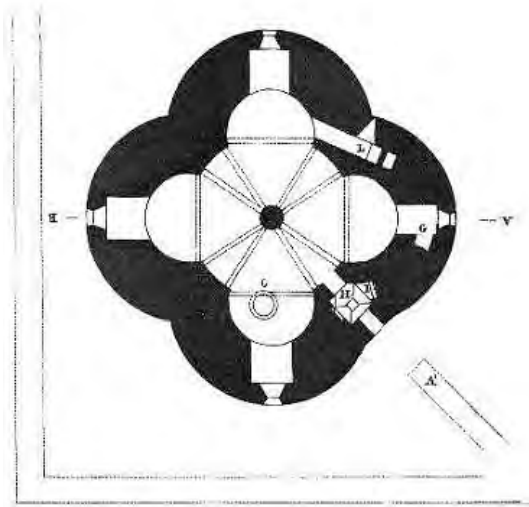
Dessin original de Viollet-Leduc (1861)



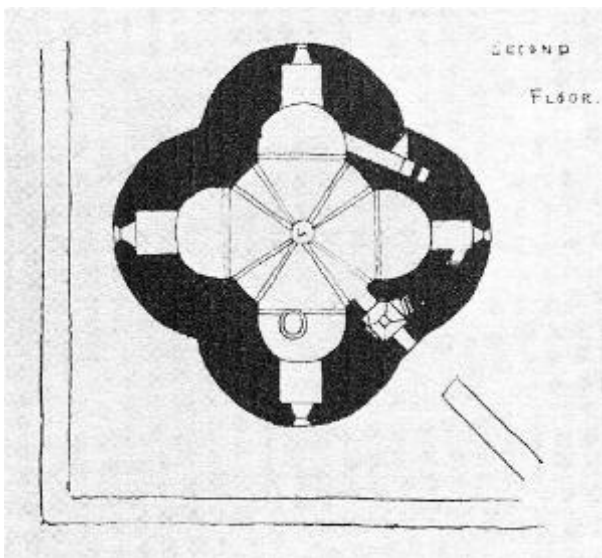
Plan du 1er étage selon Viollet-Leduc



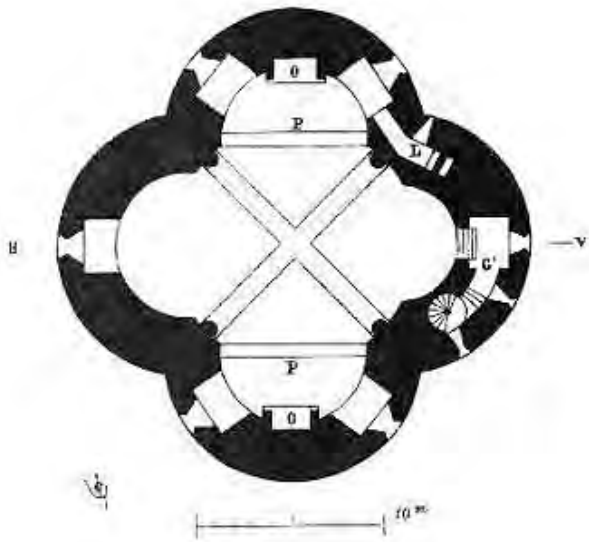
Plagiat de Lawrence



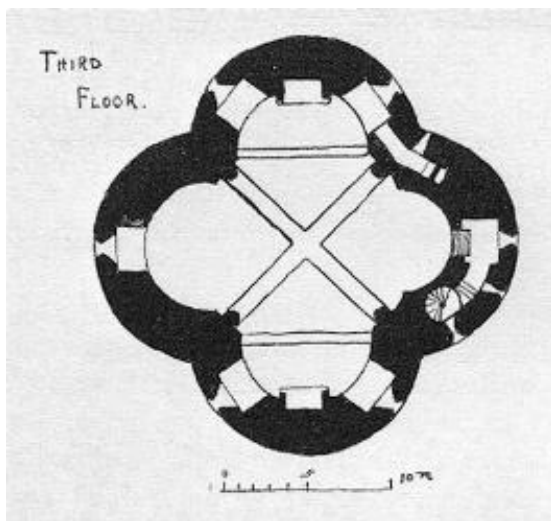
Plan du 2nd étage selon Viollet-Leduc



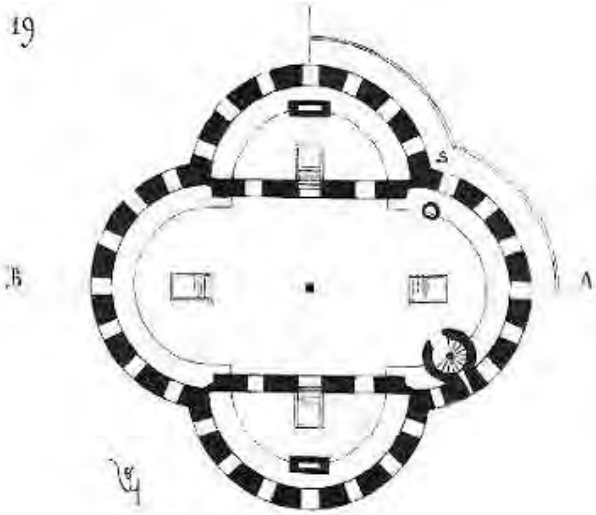
Plagiat de Lawrence



Plan du 3^e étage selon Viollet-Leduc



Plagiat de Lawrence



Dernier niveau, plan non repris par Lawrence

Reste donc à examiner la notice-elle même que Lawrence a consacrée à notre chère tour de Guinette :

The keep of Etampes is perhaps the most astonishing production of the late twelfth century. The square tower had been found wanting, and so the imagination of its architect conceived the idea of a quatre-foil tower which should be equally commodious, and a little less helpless before attack. He kept the massive base of the Norman keep, and the entrance high in the air, but above that the shallow projection of the leaves was turned to account most ingeniously inside and out. When the tower stood complete with its hoardage of oak, not far short of 100 feet in height, it must have been no mean fortress: though it was commanded rather badly from the hill-side at the back. With Niort and Provins, it will show the extraordinary life and vigour in the military architecture of the later twelfth century, an age which had outgrown the keep and was casting about for something more efficient to fulfil its purpose.

Ce qui se peut traduire ainsi: « *Le donjon d'Étampes est peut-être la plus surprenante réalisation de la fin du douzième siècle. On a trouvé que la tour carrée laissait à désirer, et c'est ainsi que l'imagination de son architecte a conçu l'idée d'une tour quadrilobée qui devait être aussi spacieuse, et un peu moins vulnérable en cas d'attaque. Elle a conservé la base massive du donjon normand avec son entrée en hauteur, dans les airs, mais, au-dessus, la projection du plan quadrilobé a été utilisée des plus ingénieusement tant vers l'extérieur que vers l'intérieur. Lorsque la tour se dressait intacte, avec son planchéage de chêne, à une hauteur qui devait approcher des trente mètres, ce ne devait pas être une forteresse à mépriser ; cependant, du côté de la colline, par-derrière, la vue n'était pas excellente. Avec Niort et Provins, cette construction manifeste la vie et la vigueur extraordinaires qui animaient l'architecture militaire de la fin du douzième siècle, époque qui avait dépassé le stade du donjon et qui était en train de l'abandonner pour quelque chose qui puisse remplir son rôle d'une façon plus efficace. »*

Y a-t-il quelque chose dans cette notice qui puisse nous mettre sur la voie ? En vérité, rien de bien saillant. L'emphase de la première phrase peut donner à penser que l'auteur exprime un sentiment personnel, inspiré par une constatation personnelle. De son côté, la remarque finale qui nuance cette appréciation « Cependant, etc., la vue n'était pas excellente » crée un effet de réalité qui donne l'impression d'une chose vue.

Mais tout cela est très subjectif et peut relever aussi bien d'une technique de rédaction qui consiste à rester dans le flou sur certains points, sans mentir expressément.

Certes, Lawrence a ouvert son mémoire par des considérations peu amènes envers ses devanciers, qui n'hésitaient pas à se lancer dans des théories comparatives sans même jamais avoir été vérifier de leurs propres yeux

l'exactitudes des sources sur lesquelles ils appuyaient leurs travaux¹⁰⁸, tandis que lui a visité « presque tous les châteaux importants d'Angleterre, de Galles, de France, de Syrie et du Nord de la Palestine »¹⁰⁹. Mais, d'un autre côté, il utilise bien massivement leurs croquis et leurs dessins sans le préciser, en restant dans un flou qui n'est pas du meilleur aloi : aussi sa conscience a pu s'arranger de quelques approximations, comme il arrive parfois aux esprits les plus éminents, lorsque la nécessité les presse ; et Lawrence était pressé. Au reste la notice est brève et ne contient rien de bien circonstancié qu'il n'ait pu emprunter à ses devanciers.

En somme, pour l'heure, rien de nous permet de dire si, oui ou non, Lawrence a examiné de ses propres yeux la Tour de Guinette ; on comprend mal pourquoi il ne l'aurait pas fait ; mais aucune donnée positive ne permet encore de trancher la question.

Quant à la pertinence et à l'intérêt intrinsèque de cette notice, il serait curieux de connaître l'avis de personnes autorisées ; d'emblée cependant, notons deux choses à la décharge de Lawrence ; d'une part il a ouvert la voie à des études comparatives sérieuses dans un temps qui n'offrait pas les mêmes facilités d'études qu'aujourd'hui ; d'autre part il n'a pas souhaité publier cette étude dont il a senti lui même, sans doute, qu'elle avait très vite vieilli¹¹⁰.

¹⁰⁸ Cf. « .. et les vagues théories actuelles sont des généralisations fondées sur une matière insuffisante. » (p. 5 de l'édition d'Oxford de 1988).

¹⁰⁹ Ibid., p. V.

¹¹⁰ Remarquons que M. Brown et J. Cave contredisent en note plus d'une affirmation du texte de Lawrence qu'ils éditent.



La célèbre cascadeuse M^{lle} Abukaia (cliché de l'agence Roll, 1910)

1910. *The Sun, etc.* ¹¹¹

The Case Abukaia

IS CENSOR OF “AERIENNES.”

French Mayor Objects to Knickerbockers For Female Flight. The mayor of Etampes, France, has views of what a woman aviator's costume ought not to be, and when he saw Mlle. Abukaia¹¹², one of the aero-planists at the Etampes meeting, wearing jaunty knickerbockers with brilliant stockings he gasped. Then he had the police issue a summons against the lady.

Mlle. Abukaia flew every day during the week, and each day she wore knickerbockers and stockings despite the mayor's disapproval. Each day a fresh summons was issued. When Mile. Abukais appears for trial she may be fined.

Meanwhile the jocose French newspapers are demanding that the mayor shall state just what costume air women should wear in order that rural propriety may not be shocked.

¹¹¹ *The Sun* [New York, New York (USA)] (14 aug 1910), p. 12. - *The News* [Frederick, Maryland] (22 aug. 1910), p. 7 - *Times Herald* [Olean, New York] (23 aug. 1910), p. 6 - *New Ulm Review* [New Ulm, Minnesota] (24 aug. 1910), p. 2 - *Warren Times Mirror* [Warren, Pennsylvania] (25 aug. 110), p. 2 - *The Allentown Leader* [Allentown, Pennsylvania] (27 aug. 1910), p. 3 - *The Daily Courier* [Connellsville, Pennsylvania] (27 aug. 1910), p. 7 - *Aberdeen Herald* [Aberdeen, Washington] (29 aug. 1910), p. 3 - *Rockport Democrat* [Rockport, Indiana] (2 sept. 1910), p. 3.

¹¹² All the papers have the false spelling *Abukais*.

1910. New Zealand Herald, *etc.* **The Case Abukaia** ¹¹³

A lady aviator, with the curious name of Mdlle Abukaia, is in constant conflict with the Mayor of Etampes, France, in which town or rather outside which town, she flies. Mr. Mayor is a stickler for what he considers propriety in dress. What may be suitable in the air does not befit the earth. Every day Mdlle. Abukaia put on knickerbockers and overalls to fly. As long, as she flies, well and good, and the Mayor of Etampes has nought to object. But she must come to earth some time, and as there is no dressing accommodation on the aviation field just outside the town she has to go home still wearing knickerbockers. This shocks Mr. Mayor. Every day Mdlle, Abukaia flies, and every day, as she reenters the highly respectable city of Etampes in rational dress, an official deputed by Mr. Mayor at the boundary takes a summons out against her for being improperly clad.

¹¹³ *New Zealand Herald* 47/14477 (17 September 1910), p. 5. Same text: *The Intermountain Catholic* [Salt Lake City, Utah (USA)] (3 sept. 1910), p. 2 – *The Ottawa Journal* [Ottawa, Ontario (Canada)] (3 sept. 1910), p. 10. – *Los Angeles Tribune* [Los Angeles, California (USA)] (7 sept. 1910), p. 14. – *The San Francisco Call* [San Francisco, California (USA)] (4 septembre 1910), p. 41.



M^{lle} Abukaia en 1897 (cliché de Jules Beau, BnF)



*Jane Wright, widow Cornesson (1873-1911)
alias Denise Moore, first woman victim of aviation, at Étampes*

1911-1912. American Newspapers

The First Women Victim of Aviation

1. The death of Denise Moore (juillet 1911)

1a. [Untitled (and strangely stupid)] ¹¹⁴

A woman aeroplanist, Mme. Denise Moore, was killed yesterday. There is one thing about this flying business. It will never be safe until the center of gravity is changed. Possibly each man will have to have an individual center of gravity so that when he starts to fall he can't fall.

1b. First version ¹¹⁵

Miss Denise Moore, an American, Falls at School Near Paris.

Paris, July 21. – Denise Moore, who is described as an American sportswoman, resident in Algiers, was killed this

¹¹⁴ *Arkansas City Daily Traveler* [Arkansas city, Kansas] (22 July 1911), p. 2.

¹¹⁵ *The Washington Post* [Washington, District of Columbia] (22 July 1911), p. 1. – *The Daily Republican* [Rushville, Indiana] (22 July 1911), p. 7 : « WOMAN AIR PUPIL KILLED – Miss Moore was trying for a pilot's license. She had made two successful flights and was on her third. She has been a pupil of Farman's for three weeks. » – *The Alexandria Times-Tribune* [Elwood, Indiana] (24 July 1911), p. 3. ».

afternoon at Henry Farman's aviation school at Mourmelon. She fell a distance of 120 feet.

1c. Second Version ¹¹⁶

WOMAN DROPS IN BYPLANE – She is the First of Her Sex to Fall a Victim of Aviation in France

[By Associated Press.]

Etampes, France, July 21. – Mme. Denise Moore is the first woman victim of aviation. She was killed at the Aerodrome here tonight. Mme. Moore had already made several fine ascents and was about to make a high flight. When about 150 feet in the air her airplane was caught by a gust and capsized. It fell straight to the earth and the woman was crushed beneath it.

2. France leads the World in Feminine Aviators

2a. WOMEN COMING TO FRONT IN FLYING GAME HERE ¹¹⁷

Mrs. Ralph Johnstone, Whose Husband Was Killed by Fall, Will Take Up the Sport.

¹¹⁶ *Reading Times* [Reading, Pennsylvania] (22 jul. 1911), p. 1. – *The Cincinnati Enquirer* [Cincinnati, Ohio] (22 jul. 1911), p. 2 : *Reading Times* [Reading, Pennsylvania] (22 jul. 1911), p. 1 : CAPSIZED BY GUST. – Mme. Denise Moore Is the First Woman Victim of Aviation in France. – Etampes, (...) + Mme. Moore was French, although she had an English name. – *The Brainerd Daily Dispatch* [Brainerd, Minnesota] (22 jul. 1911), p. 1 : « WOMAN AVIATOR IS KILLED - Mme. Denise Moore's Biplane Falls in French Aerodrome. (...) + She was about twenty-five old. She had hoped to obtain a pilot's license next week. » – *Altoona Tribune* [Altoona, Pennsylvania] (22 jul. 1911), p. 1.

¹¹⁷ *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* [Brooklyn, New York] (13 september 1911), p. 24.

Although both the Wright and Curtiss schools steadfastly refuse to teach feminine pupils at any price, woman is gradually forcing her way into the hazardous game of aviation, and followers of the sport are discussing with interest today the report that Mrs. Ralph Johnstone of Kansas City, whose husband met death at Denver, is soon coming to New York to master the craft that widowed her.

It is understood that she will take lessons at the aviation colony on Long Island with a view to decomming a licensed professionnal aviator. Friends of hers here say that Mrs. Johnstone spoke of plans along this line during the recent aviation meet in Chicago, but nothing definite has been announced.

Only Two Licensed Women Pilots Here.

Today there are only two licensed aviators in this country, – Miss Mathilde Moisant and Miss Harriet Quimby – both of whom are nom on Long Island. Blanche Scott has made some noteworthy flights but as yet has obtained no license. Miss Moisant, it will be recorded, took up aviation after the tragic death of her brother, John B. Moisant, at New Orleans, and in this respect her career parallels Mrs. Johnstone's case.

France leads the world with more than a half dozen prominent women aviators, and death has already claimed one of them – Mme. Denise Moore, while the Baroness Laroche, a filer of note, has been seriously injured. Only yesterday in France Helene Detrieu flew more than 136 miles, establishing a record in the competition for the women's cup.

England and Germany, each with one licensed woman aviator, bring up the rear in this branch of feminine achievement. In England the honour is held by Mrs. Maurice Howlett, wife of the well known novelist ; in Germany, by Miss Nellie Besse, a sculptor. She won her license only a few days ago. Mme. Dutrieu has been invited to take part in the aviation

meet on Long Island, September 23 – October 1, but it has not been finally settled whether she will come.

2b. WOMEN LEARNING TO FLY ¹¹⁸

France leads the World in Feminine Aviators.

The United States Has Two Licensed Women Fliers and Mrs . Ralph Johnstone May Become Third Before Long.

New York, Sept. 15. –Although both the Wright and Curtiss schools steadfastly refuse to teach feminine pupils at any price, woman is gradually forcing her way into the hazardous game of aviation, and followers of the sport are discussing with interest today the report that Mrs. Ralph Johnstone of Kansas City, whose husband met death at Denver, is soon coming to New York to master the craft that widowed her. It is understood that she will take lessons at the aviation colony on Long Island with a view to decomming a licensed professionnal aviator.

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¹¹⁸ *The Chanute Daily Tribune* [Chanute, Kansas] (15 sept. 1911), p. 8.

the well known novelist ; in Germany, by Miss Nellie Besse, a sculptor.

2c. THIRTEEN WOMEN FLY AND SOME GET HURT ¹¹⁹

Only One Fair Aviator Killed by Accident

While there are 9 women advocats—known as « avocates »—at the Paris bar there are there are only a dozen aviatrices, or, in plain English, women aviators. Formerly there were 13, a Paris paper says, but they were reduced to a dozen by the death of Mme. Denise Moore.

The present « dames oiselles » are Mme. De Laroche, who was the first to attempt to fly ; Mlle. Helene Dutrieu ; Mlle. Jane Herveux, holder of the femina cup ; Mlle Marvinght, Mlle. Marthe Niel, Mme. Franck, Mme. Hervartson, Miss Maurice Harriett Quimby, Miss Blanche Stuart Scott and Mlle Beese.

The foregoing gives us six French-women, four English, one American and one German. Mme. De Laroche and Mme. Franck have met with serious accidents. The others have been more successful. Mme. Driancourt is said to be the most intrepid of this famous band. She is the mother of three children, and, while her exploits errify her husband, they are the wonder and admiration of aviators. We may add that the writer ignores Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, who is not ony an accomplished flyer, but also has a practical knowledge of aeroplanes such as not all aviators possess.

¹¹⁹ *The San Francisco Call* [San Francisco, California] (30 november 1911), p. 4.

2d. CASUALTIES AND CERTIFICATES. ¹²⁰

The death-roll of airmen and passengers has risen from 33 at the beginning of the year to 107 at the end. Of the 74 who met their deaths in 1911 27 were French, including 11 officers and one woman, Mmme. Denise Moore ; 13 were German, 12 American, and six English. Against this increase in deaths must be set the large increase in the number of airmen and airwomen. The French certificates, which a year ago numbered 345, now number about 600, including eight women ; the British, 168, of which 123 were granted during 1911, including two women ; and the American about 70, including three women.

3. Death of Suzanne Bernard

3a. FALL KILLS GIRL AVIATOR. ¹²¹

Suzanne Bernard Meets Death in Final Test for License.

ETAMPES, France, March 10. – A woman aviator, Suzanne Bernard, was killed to-day while undergoing examination for a pilot's licenses. She was only 19 years of age and had successfully made most of the tests. Contrary to the advice of the examining officials, she attempted a sharp turn to the right. The machine was caught by an eddy and capsized. It fell 200 feet and the woman was crushed beneath the motor.

Ci-contre : cliché du photographe étampois
Eugène Rameau (1871-1961),
publié par *L'Illustration* 3603 (16 mars 1912)
puis à New-York par *The Sun* (24 mars 1912)

¹²⁰ *The Times* [London, England] (2 January 1912), p. 11.

¹²¹ *The New York Times* [New York, USA] (11 March 1912), p. 1.



*Suzanne Bernard (1893-1912)
second woman victim of aviation, also in Étampes.*

3b. GIRL OF NINETEEN KILLED IN FLYING ¹²²

Suzanne Bernard Falls 180 Feet in Aviation Test for Pilot's License.

VICTIM OF HER OWN DARING

Did the Right Turn Despite the Warning of Friends – Second Woman Aeroplanist to Die.

Special Cable Despatch to the Sun.

Paris, March 10. – Suzanne Bernard, a nineteen-year-old girl, who was qualifying at Etampes to-day in a third test for an air pilot's license, fell with her biplane a distance of 180 feet and was horribly crushed. She died ten minutes afterward.

The young woman had gone through the first two tests in the most successful manner. She showed such intrepidity in these tests that her companions urged her to be more prudent and to make the turns always to the left. She disregarded this advice, and in addition to steering carelessly made the turn to the right. The machine turned turtle and fell to the ground like a stone.

Miss Bernard took up aviation last September.

Miss Bernard had frequently gone up with other aviators as a passenger. She also displayed marked aptitude in fixing the numerous parts of an air machine and tuned up motors to the admiration of the mechanics who witnessed her work.

¹²² *The Sun* [New York, USA] (11 march 1912), p. 2.

3c.

The Sun
(24 march 1912),
p. 17 (avec un
cliché du
photographe
étampois
Eugène Rameau,
repris de
l'Illustration)

WOMAN FLIER TOO DARING

PARIS, March 14.—Miss Suzanne Bernard, the second woman to meet her death while flying, seems to have been a victim of overconfidence in her ability to manage her aeroplane. The accident occurred on the Etampes aerodrome.

She had started to qualify as an air pilot. Her comrades, who knew her daring, begged her to be careful, but she hardly listened to their warnings.

Two tests, which included flying in figures of eight, were carried out with brilliant success. Before the third and last her friends again begged her to be careful, and always to turn to the left, which comes more natural in flying, and only to turn in ascending. After

a perfect start she was seen to raise the elevating rudder of her biplane in order to reach the height called for by the test, and then, when over 150 feet above the ground, to make such a sharp turn to the right that the apparatus seemed to lose all grip on the air and dived straight down.

She could not retain her seat and straightened herself up before being thrown to the ground, while the aeroplane, striking on its right wing, fell over on her. Her injuries caused her death in a few minutes.

Miss Bernard was born in 1893 at Troyes. In September last she commenced learning to steer an aeroplane at Mourmelon.



MISS SUZANNE BERNARD IN FLYING GARB.

3d. FEW WOMEN INJURED ON AVIATION FIELD. ¹²³

Suzanne Bernard Was the Second to Die – Other Accidents.

The recent aeroplane accident in France in which Suzanne Bernard, nineteen years old, lost her life recalls the fact that there have been but few women injured on the aviation field. Until that accident there was but one killed. Two, however, fell to the ground in planes from heights great enough to cause serious injuries.

Miss Denise Moore was the first woman to pay with her life for flying. Miss Moore was an American girl residing in Algiers. In the summer of 1911 she became a pupil of aviation at Henry Farman's school at Mourmelon, France. Within three weeks she mastered the science of flying enough to apply for trials for her pilot's license. The attempt for the license was made on July 21 of that year.

The French law requires three flights before the candidate can get a license, and Miss Moore had made two successfully. On her third attempt she maneuvered her plane successfully and brought it back above the starting point, when something went wrong, and the plane dropped to the ground, a distance of 120 feet. Miss Moore was instantly killed.

The Baroness de la Roche, the first woman in the world to learn flying, was badly hurt at Reims July 8, 1910. She had been flying for eight months successfully and had had thrilling experiences in the air, all of which she negotiated successfully. At the time she was hurt she was seventy-five feet in the air when two other aeroplanes approached her on either side. They were traveling faster than she and were about to overtake her. The baroness lost her nerve and was seen to let go the wheel and do something to the engine, which stopped suddenly. The

¹²³ *Coshocton Daily Times* [Coshocton, Ohio] (15 march 1912), p. 8. – *The Reidsville Review* [Reidsville, North Carolina] (22 march 1912), p. 7.

aeroplane dropped to the ground, and the baroness was shockingly injured. She recovered, however. She used to be a show girl.

But one other accident to a woman is recorded. Mrs. Drainscourt while making a flight at Issy dropped from a great height and was badly injured.

3e. ROGERS WAS 127TH VICTIM ¹²⁴

[...] France, though recognized as the leader in aviation, has suffered the most, forty-six of her aviators being killed in accidents, two of them being women. The first woman to be killed was Mme. Daniz [sic] Moore, who fell at Etampes, France, on July 21, 1911. The other was Suzanne Bernarrd, who was also killed at Etampes on March 10 last while she was making a final test to gain her licenses as an aviator. [...]

3f. WOMEN AVIATORS KILLED. ¹²⁵

The death of Miss Harriet Quimby constitutes the fifth aviation fatality to a woman since the inception of the new science, the previous victims being an unnamed girl at Budapest, June 17, 1911 ; Miss Denise Moore at Etampes, July 21, 1911 ; Miss Suzanne Bernard at Etampes, March 10, 1912, and Mrs. Julia Clark at Springfield, Ill., June 17, 1912. There were fifteen fatalities during the month of June last, beginning with the death of Philip O. Parmelee in Washington on June 1. On June 11 Lieutenant Hazelhurst and « Al » Welsh were killed at Washington, and on June 21 Henry Turner was killed at Hempstead, N. Y.

¹²⁴ *The Princeton Union* [Princeton, Minnesota] (11 april 1912), p. 2.

¹²⁵ *The Ogden Standard* [Ogden, Utah] (thu. 11 jul. 1912), p. 6.

The total number of aviation fatalities since the death of Lieutenant Selfridge, in September, 1908, is now 158.



Cortège funèbre de Suzanne Bernard à Étampes (1912)

THE AIRMAN

CAPTAIN C. MELLOR, R.E.

1913. Clive Mellor ¹²⁶

The Airman

Learning to Fly. - IN "The Airman" Capt. C. Mellor, R.E., has given us a diary of a pupil at one of the French flying schools—the Farman school at Etampes, as a matter of fact—and besides making a very interesting little book, it is one which those who are thinking of taking up the art would do well to study. In simple, untechnical language it sets forth the experiences of the pupil during his lessons, explaining where and how he made his mistakes, how he eventually achieved his ambition and secured his brevet, and how he taught himself the vol planée. The book has a foreword by Mr. Maurice Farman, and there are eight photographic illustrations. — (John Lane. v. 6 d. net.) ¹²⁷

¹²⁶ Captain Clive Mellor (né en 1874), *The Airman. Experiences while Obtaining a Brevet in France* [in-8°, 123 p., 8 photographies; introduction de Maurice Farman en français], London & New York, John Lane, 1913.

¹²⁷ *Flight. First Aero Weekly in the World. Official Organ of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom* 245 (6 sept. 1913), p 978.

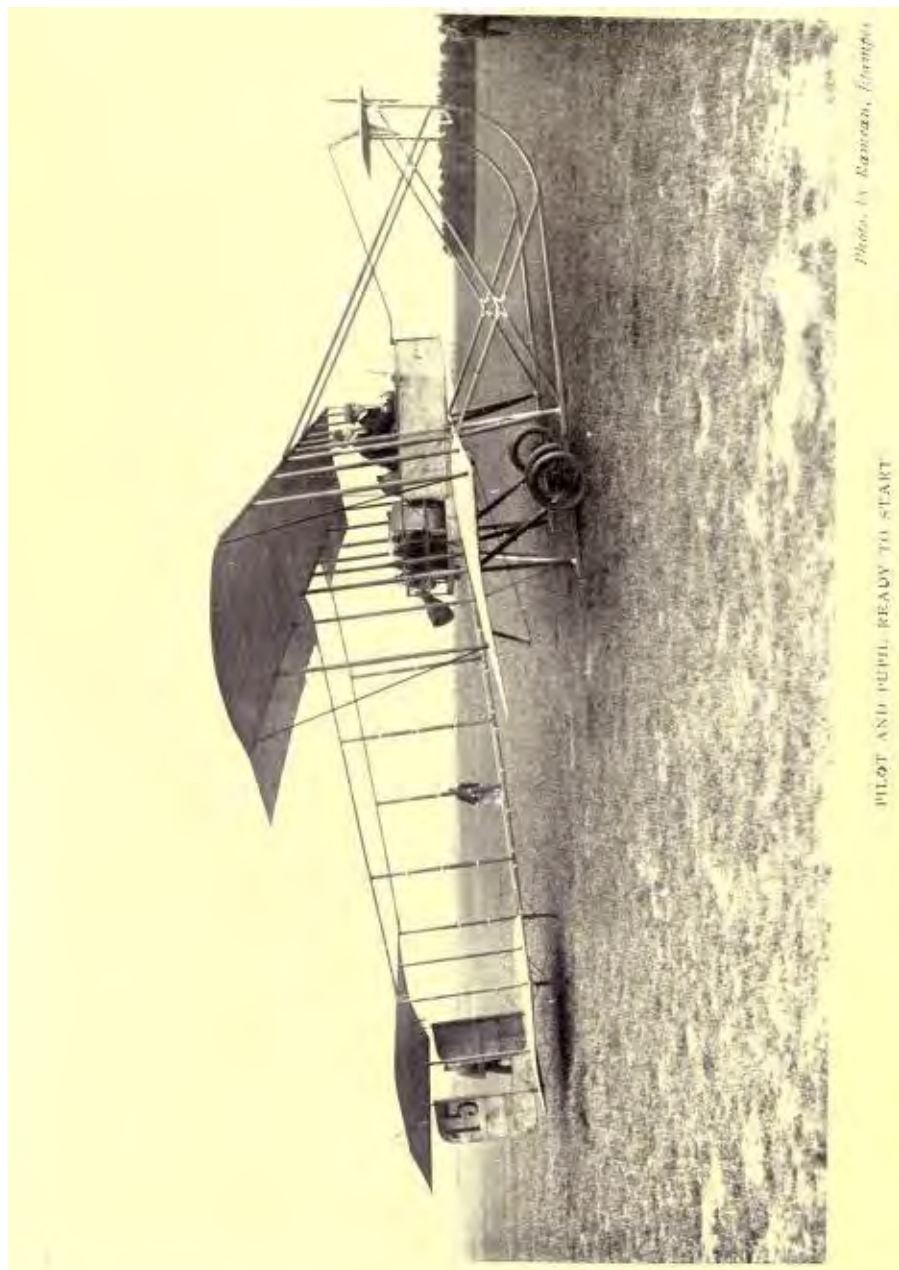


Photo. by Rameau, Étampes

PILOT AND PUPIL READY TO START

Pilot and pupil ready to start (photo. By Rameau, Étampes)

THE AIRMAN

*EXPERIENCES WHILE OBTAINING
A BREVET IN FRANCE* BY
CAPTAIN C. MELLOR, R.E.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY MAURICE FARMAN
AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO : BELL & COCKBURN. MCMXIII

|vi

NOTE

THE original title of this book was “THE AIR PILOT.” It was, however, found that this title had already been taken in America. It was therefore changed at the last moment to “THE AIRMAN.”

WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES |vii

INTRODUCTION

BY MAURICE FARMAN.

PARIS, le 23 mars, 1913.

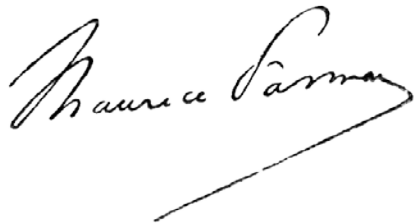
CHER MONSIEUR MELLOR,

Je viens de lire votre ouvrage sur l'art de devenir aviateur et je ne saurais vous dire combien il m'a intéressé.

Les lecteurs y trouveront relaté d'une façon claire et précise ce qu'il faut faire pour commencer à savoir voler, et aussi, ce qui peut être plus important encore, "tout ce qu'il ne faut pas faire."

Ils y trouveront aussi décrits d'une façon tout à fait pittoresque les amusants à côtés de la vie de l'élève aviateur qui sont réservés aux amateurs de ce nouveau sport.

Je suis sûr que par sa lecture un grand nombre de jeunes gens seront convaincus et voudront goûter de cette merveilleuse locomotion à travers les airs, et par là vous aurez rendu un très réel service à l'aviation.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Maurice Farman". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the main text block.

Maurice Farman |viii|ix

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THE AIR PILOT

CHAPTER I THE WOULD-BE PILOT

I WANT to fly. The question is how and where. I have just returned from abroad with a limited amount of leave of absence, and I want to do the trick as quickly as possible. If I am unable within three months to report to the War Office that I have obtained my certificate, I shall have to rejoin my station abroad. I also want to do it as cheaply as possible, for I have had to pay my passage home, and shall also have to pay for that of my successor out. The advertisements of the various aerodromes in the aeronautical journals seem to offer all that one can reasonably demand. The general quotation seems to be for £75, which includes ¹ risks to machine and third party. I inquire the cost of insuring myself against accident and death, and receive a quotation of £15 per cent. This is not good enough, so I decide to risk it.

I had written while abroad to some of the best-known schools for particulars, and I found the answers awaiting me at home. Some of these were business-like, with printed forms of agreement, others of the chatty description. On inquiry at the

War Office I was told that no advice was given as to what school I should go, or on what machine I should learn, except that the biplane at present was preferred to the monoplane. I had simply to get my certificate in any way I liked, and the War Office would refund me £75.

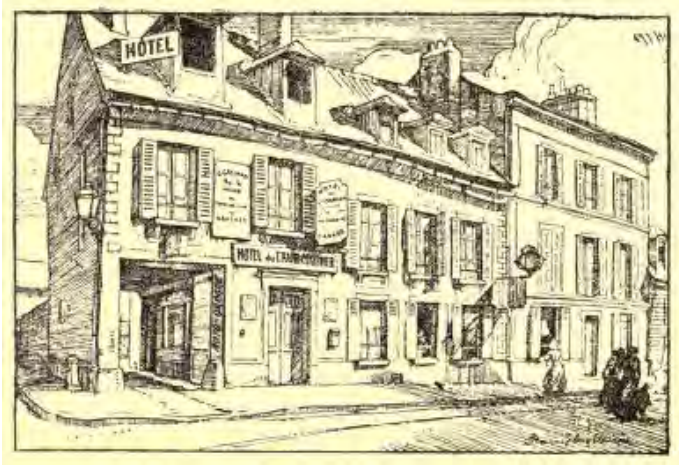
I happened to have a friend who had been flying now for a couple of years, and had a pretty thorough acquaintance with the flying business both in England and France. He advised me to go straight to the latter country, telling me I should save time, get better experience, and that the prestige of the ³ French certificate was higher than the English one. I decided to act on this advice, and have no cause to regret that I did so. At the same time, I cannot say I should not have done as well had I stayed in England, nor would my present very limited experience justify a critical comparison on my part between the schools generally of the two countries.

Within a week of arriving home I left for Paris. I went to what was described to me as a comfortable little hotel, and which I hoped would be inexpensive. I found myself in a palace, the very atmosphere of which smelt expensive, and proved to be so. Next morning I braced myself for a struggle with the Paris telephone system, and after a series of desperate bouts I got through to the Maison Farman at Billancourt, and arranged for an interview with one of the brothers Farman in the afternoon. A long ride in the still-existing, absurdly antiquated-looking steam tram took me from the Place de la Concorde to Billancourt, and I took a seat outside the Farman Office ⁴ about 3 p.m. Some time after 4 Mr. Dick Farman arrived, and I arranged in a few minutes for taking my brevet for £75. Even in that short time we were interrupted by the arrival of several visitors on pressing business. One of them was the Minister for one of the Balkan States, and desired to expedite an order for

aeroplanes for the seat of war. I was then kindly taken round the very fine new workshops by Mr. Farman, who explained some of the interesting processes in the construction of the Henry and Maurice Farman biplanes. It was interesting to see how these two brothers continued to develop their particular creations on their own lines in the same shops. The shops were humming with activity, and gave one the impression of immense human bee-hives. About one aeroplane a day was being turned out, which was insufficient to keep pace with the demands. I tried to find out which of the two types of machine was in greater demand, and gathered it was about the same for both. I had to choose which type of machine I would learn on, and the difference ⁵ between the two is considerable. During the last French manœuvres escadrilles of both kinds had been employed. I knew that machines of both types had been supplied to the home Government, but I believed that the majority were Maurice Farmans, and I knew also that a company had been started in England for the building of the Maurice machines. I decided to learn on the Maurice, which has the attractive reputation of being the easiest and safest for the beginner. Mr. Farman told me there was a school at Buc and another at Étampes, to either of which I could go, and that there was little to choose between them. For the school at Buc one would live at Versailles which was handy for Paris, while Étampes was an hour away by rail. It struck me at once that the proximity of the Boulevards to Buc might prove a fatal attraction, so I elected for Étampes, which was said to be a better ground if anything. There was, moreover, an English officer at the latter school. ⁶

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL



Hôtel du Grand Courier, Étampes

1st day. — I arrived next day at Étampes at the Hotel du Grand Courier, where Lieut. X, the English officer referred to above, was staying, and obtained an excellent room at 4 francs a day. The charges for meals were petit déjeuner, 75 c.; déjeuner, 3 fr.; diner, 3 fr. 50 c. The cuisine was always excellent.

After déjeuner the school car started for the flying ground, which is about four miles out of the town. The camion would ⁷ take about a dozen passengers, and on this occasion there were about half that number. Two French officers in uniform were of the party. They had obtained the ordinary certificate, or brevet civil, some time before, and were now training for the “brevet

militaire” which is a very superior affair. Lieut. X was ready to take his certificate at the first suitable opportunity. He could have done so before, but was advised to hold on for a time in order to obtain further practice in the vol plane and flying generally. At this school, he told me, one is not hurried, nor pressed to attempt the necessary flights for one’s certificate before one feels confident.

The school consists of a dozen large hangars, containing Henry and Maurice Farman biplanes. The ground is bordered on one side by the main route to Orleans, on the other by a narrow belt of trees about five hundred yards long and five hundred yards away. For the rest, the surrounding country is open and undulating, grass and stubble alternating with ploughed land, save for the relief of a number of small woods |⁸ sparsely scattered. The square half mile or so of flying ground proper consists of good turf, but one can fly over the adjoining country, which is destitute of hedges or fences of any description. The narrow belt of trees mentioned above is used as the long axis of the oval followed in making a circuit, which is always carried out left-handed. The reason for always going left-handed is no doubt because some machines with rotary engines turn to the left more easily than to the right. It is an offence to make a right-handed circuit, unless there is no possibility of any other machine being about with which one might collide.

There was a certain amount of wind, and the Manager and Chief Pilot (in this case the only pilot-instructor) proceeded to take out a Maurice and Henry machine respectively, and try the air. Remous, or eddies were reported, unsuited to the training of the young idea, so there was nothing to be done but watch the flights of the “old birds.” One could not but be struck by the confident ease with which the old birds |⁹ take to flight. A

comprehensive coup d'œil and they climb into their seats and give the word to start up. A mechanic depresses the needle of the carburettor, places the two-bladed walnut wood propeller in a horizontal position, gives it one swing down and darts back and then out to the side clear of the tail. Two other blue-clad mechanics meanwhile hold the machine while the pilot listens intently to the telltale hum of the engine and tries the engine control. The pilot raises his hand and the mechanics stand clear. The machine moves off, slowly at first, and then with rapidly increasing speed, rolling easily on its pneumatic-tyred wheels over the smooth ground. The tail rises clear of the ground with the blast from the propeller, the machine gradually, gets more and more on tip-toe, and leaves the earth with a very gradual rise. A few circuits are made, each buffet of wind seems to be counteracted, and any tendency to tip to one side nipped in the bud. The landings are so beautifully made that it is hard to see when contact is really ¹⁰ made. The pilots are indeed admirable, but I returned with the reflection that in their more humble way, the mechanics upon whom the engines depend may be equally worthy of admiration. ¹¹

CHAPTER III

A FIRST FLIGHT

2nd day. — This was a Sunday, on which day the school was generally closed; owing, however, to the fact that Lieut. X wished to fly off his trials, the school was opened in the afternoon, and a “commissaire” an official of the Aero Club de France, was in attendance to witness the trials. Maurice and Henry Farman machines were taken out for trial spins by the manager and the pilot, who reported the presence of remous in some numbers. The decision was against Lieut. X flying for his certificate that day, but otherwise the normal work of the school was to proceed. The French officers and non-commissioned officers in waiting for the brevet militaire took out their Henry Farmans, and I was told to take my seat behind the pilot in the Maurice. I turned my cap ¹² round so that the peak was over the nape of my neck, and climbed up into my place.

The Maurice is provided with a double control, which permits the pupil to grasp a pair of handles on the control bar by putting his arms under those of the pilot from behind. There is also a second pair of footrests working the rudders. I am not permitted on this occasion, however, to touch the controls. I am merely to watch the pilot and see what it feels like. Well, off we go — straight into the wind. We run more and more smoothly, and I am uncertain as to when we leave the ground. We skim along near the ground, rising very gently. Suddenly we shoot up a

steep hill in the air. I wonder if it is all right — we seem to be climbing so rapidly. Then we flatten out and go horizontally for a hundred yards or so; then another shoot up, and another later on, which makes one's heart jump into one's mouth at first. The rush and press of air are terrific. My chest seems to be getting stoved in and my ribs feel inclined to give way. I have difficulty |¹³ in exhaling. The smallest opening of the nasal valve seems to give too much air. My blood rapidly becomes super-oxygenated, and I experience a feeling of exhilaration. I should like to shout, or at least say, ha! ha! but the pressure of the wind is too great for me to say anything, and I feel it best to keep my mouth shut. My left pedal has sunk — the pilot must have pressed down his. I look over his left shoulder and see that it is so. We ought to be going round to the left. I look over the edge of the fuselage and see we are going round rapidly. What a distance we have come in those few moments! We seem to be about a mile beyond the end of the wood which we are encircling. But as I look we are getting quite close to it. Coming along with the wind we do not travel nearly so steadily. The control is working most of the time. We tip sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other, with now and then a sudden drop or rise, but none of them alarming. The drops give one a particularly pleasant sensation of the switch-back order, |¹⁴ but more delightful because they are so springy. The pilot motions me to look over the edge and look about generally over the ground. He evidently wishes to see if I can stand looking down at the ground which is rushing wildly past below us, and whether I am at my ease. I nod and smile to him and manage to convey the desired impression, hiding my bursting chest in my bosom. To the quondam balloonist the conditions do not seem so strange. But now we are going down. We take a dive which felt steep at first, but then we flattened out. Now we are diving again, and it seems as if nothing could prevent the machine burying her nose in the earth. An almost imperceptible

movement of the front stabilisator causes us to run parallel with the surface. Are we on the ground or are we not? I crane over the edge, but cannot quite see the wheels. Anyhow, we are slowing up rapidly, and the engine has been cut off. We are certainly on the ground and standing still — all safe. I thank the pilot (in Dutch), and scramble down, rather breathless but happy. |¹⁵

CHAPTER IV
I AM ALLOWED TO TOUCH



*Pupil seated behind pilot, and holding the secondary pair of handles
(Photo E. Rameau, Étampes)*

3rd day. — We started at 6.30 a.m. in the school motor from the corner of the street, the rendez-vous for all who required to be taken up to the school. The drive of seven kilometres was

desperately cold at that early hour — just after dawn. The pilots tried the air and decided that it was not for us. I felt rather disappointed, but found consolation in my goloshes, which afforded one some comfort while standing about on the damp clayey ground. The Britishers, I found, invariably wore goloshes, while the Frenchmen seemed content to paddle about in thin pointed boots of the consistency of paper. There was nothing to do but hang about and gaze at the sky, and then turn round and glare at the flag flying stiffly on the roof of one of the ¹⁶ hangars. The longer one looked at the anemometer on the roof of the office, the faster it seemed to buzz round and round. Occasionally one went into a sort of waiting room provided for the pupils, and warmed oneself at the stove. The attendance this morning was not in full force — a look out of the bedroom window at 6 o'clock had evidently been enough for some. Time went on slowly till about ten or half-past, when we motored back.

At the afternoon attendance things were more hopeful, and flying started towards evening. The pupils were taken out in strict rotation, according to the order in which they joined the school. I got up in my turn and sat behind the pilot as before. The pilot pointed to my cap, which I had forgotten to turn round. The danger of one's cap flying off is a very serious one. It is almost certain to be struck by a propeller blade as it flies backward. A piece is broken out of the propeller blade which then becomes unbalanced. After that the propeller either breaks up altogether — practically explodes — ¹⁷ or continues to whirl round, as long as the engine is running, in a lop-sided manner, bringing a frightful strain on the seating of the engine in the fuselage, eventually tearing the engine out of its place, and causing a catastrophe. I shamefacedly put my cap to rights and pulled it well down.

This time I was to hold the control bar by the second pair of handles provided for the pupil, and plant my feet on the secondary pair of pedals. We were off in a few moments. I found that I did not feel the rush of air nearly so much, nor have I subsequently felt any distress from it — at least, not in a biplane.

As soon as we were fairly going, I experienced a pleasing sense of security as though borne on a cushion of air, as if all the air between me and the earth were in the nature of a spring mattress.

We made a circuit, and landed without the suspicion of a bump. Opening the throttle while still running along the ground, we soon left the earth again for a second round. We had been flying low up to now, and desirous ¹⁸ of not letting the pilot feel that I wished to hug the earth, I pulled the control ever so slightly back. I thought that the pilot would scarcely notice it, but I was wrong. He warned me afterwards that if I pulled the control back we should go up, lose speed, and drop sideways or on our tail. I certainly had not meant to do all that at once, but I said nothing, and decided to put no pressure on the control in any way next time.

My turn soon came round again, and I went for another couple of circuits, keeping a satisfactory contact on the controls.

Lieut. X tried a circuit and figure of eight to see if he would take the opportunity of going for his brevet. He flew successfully and landed nicely, but considered that there was a trifle more wind than he cared about for examination purposes, and decided to wait. He had been declared fit to take his brevet a week before, but wished to profit by a little more practice

before leaving the school. He now wished to finish with it, but was not taking any unnecessary chances — wise man. |¹⁹

We were finished for the day. The normal dose, I gathered, was a couple of lessons morning and evening of two or three circuits each. |²⁰

CHAPTER V
BLANK DAYS

4th, 5th, and 6th days. — For the next three days there was absolutely nothing to be done — literally nothing. This is excessively trying at first, especially when one is particularly anxious to get on with the job; but in learning to fly one at the same time learns patience. If I ever asked a perfect loafer, engaged in the pursuit of his trade, what he was doing, and he answered “learning to fly,” I should consider there was a good deal of truth in it.

The trouble commenced with a south wind, bringing the rain. In the intervals when the rain ceased the wind usually blew harder. Most of us went religiously up to the School twice a day, and passed the painful hours kicking our heels in the waiting-room. My efforts to make up a four at bridge met with ²¹ a lamentable want of success. It was considered quite an English game which they could not be expected to know. I thanked my stars I could speak French, which was the common medium of the polyglot group assembled round the stove. This was the first time in my life I had really found it useful. Even here it was not really necessary in order to learn to drive an aeroplane under the instruction of a French pilot. This may sound strange at first, but the movements of control are learnt

by holding the secondary handles of the control bar, while during flight the greatest linguist in the world would be inaudible in the roar of the engine. It was, of course, of assistance to clearly understand any instructions given by the pilot before the commencement of a flight, and his criticisms or explanations afterwards.

The military element in the party consisted of two French officers, two non-commissioned officers, two ex-non-commissioned officers (who wished to re-enter the army as officer-aviators), and two British officers. ²² The civilian element consisted of a Frenchman, a Dutchman, a Swiss, and a German. The Swiss was afflicted with a stiff leg which necessitated his sitting up on a sack of shavings to enable him to get his right foot on the controlling pedal. Later on when this unfortunate individual tried to settle himself in the front seat of the aeroplane, he found he could not manage it at all. Nothing daunted he went successively to the Blériot and the Deperdussin schools and tried to wedge himself into their respective machines, but had finally to give it up as a bad job. It was astonishing at first to note the intimate terms on which French officers and N.C.O.s are with each other — the same handshakings and salutations, an equal place in the social circle and in the general conversation. The possibility for this must be looked for in a high general level of education and good breeding throughout the country. In the afternoon the officers sometimes brought their ladies to join the party. The fund of small talk on these occasions seemed absolutely inexhaustible, though occasionally one nearly had ²³ a back somersault at the turn taken by the conversation, a turn which an Englishman would studiously avoid in the society of ladies. The only people flying the Henry Farmans were those in training for the brevet militaire, while all the new pupils during the whole time I was at the School came to learn on the Maurice Farman. The school

was originally a Henry Farman school, and had only recently become a combined one. By the time I left popular favour seemed to have swung round to the Maurice machine. Several of the older fliers in the party considered that the Henry was perhaps the most difficult machine of all to learn. It certainly was a matter of several months' training between the time that the Henry pilots took their brevet civil, and the time of their carrying out the tests for their brevet militaire. There is, of course, a very considerable difference in the value of the two brevets. Until one has obtained one's own brevet, it is difficult to realize how little the ordinary one means, and how much remains to be done before one is even a reasonably ²⁴ safe pilot for an ordinary cross-country journey.

It may be interesting to compare the tests for the two brevets as at present laid down, for they have been changed in the past, and probably will be changed from time to time in the future, always in the direction of making them more exacting.

The ordinary certificate is that laid down by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, and the Aero Clubs of different countries belonging to this association appoint officials to see that the tests are strictly carried out. The tests consist of two flights of at least 5 kilometres each, and an altitude flight of at least 50 metres. The course to be taken for each of the distance flights consists of a series of "figures of eight" round two posts not more than 500 metres apart. The exact shape of the figures of eight is a matter of taste or luck. Some of the figures of eight I have seen taken round these posts partook more of the nature of cross-country flights over the surrounding country, especially in a strong wind. The ²⁵ altitude flight can be combined with one of the distance flights, and this is usually done to save time. Landings must be "normal" — not of the "pancake" order — and after each distance flight the machine must be brought to

rest within 50 metres of a previously indicated point, the engine being cut off not later than the moment of first touching the ground. The above tests have been carried out by a few brilliant individuals after some three days' instruction, but the average time may be put down as six weeks for those who wish to get a reasonable amount of practice in addition to passing the bare tests. It will be seen, therefore, that the ordinary brevet amounts to little more than a certificate to the effect that the holder is in a position to commence his more serious training as a pilot.

The brevet militaire is that of a fully qualified pilot, and the following are the tests which usually require four or five months' training in the French army. A cross-country flight of about 150 kilometers without landing, and a return in like ²⁶ manner either on the same or a subsequent day. Secondly, a triangular cross-country flight of at least 200 kilometres, with landings under supervision at each corner of the triangle. Thirdly, an altitude test of not less than 800 metres for at least three-quarters of an hour. Fourthly, an oral examination on aero-motors and internal combustion engines generally; construction of air-craft; theory of flight; map-reading and meteorology.

The special certificate of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom is of a similar order but less searching.

All the French military pilots have obtained their brevet militaire. Only two English officers at present hold a special certificate. It is devoutly to be hoped that English officers will be given the opportunity of attaining the high standard possessed by their French confrères. ²⁷

CHAPTER VI

I TAKE CHARGE

7th day. — There was a touch of north in the westerly wind, and flying conditions were favourable. I took my turn behind the pilot, and as we followed our usual circuit it seemed to me that I had personally more effect on the control than before. In fact I seemed to have gradually and unconsciously taken charge. I looked over the pilot's shoulder and saw that as a matter of fact he had taken his hands off the control, and was holding them out in front of him. This was extremely gratifying, and I braced myself to do my best. I moved the control in accordance with the movements indicated by the pilot's hands, which he continued to hold out in front of him. After rounding the wood he took my left hand off the ²⁸ control and put it on the throttle lever. We depressed the elevator and commenced to descend, and then partly throttled down. When at a few metres from the ground we closed the throttle by pushing the lever forward to its full extent, and the noise of the engine instantly ceased. By drawing the control slightly back the elevator was brought to a horizontal position, and we glided along about a couple of feet from the ground, as near as I could judge. We lost weigh, and sank gradually, taking the earth without shock, and came to a stop about 20 yards further on, thus effecting a successful atterrissage. The business was over for the morning. In the afternoon I was given the front seat in which one has more control, especially over the steering pedals. I felt somewhat elated and nearly forgot to turn my cap round.



A left-handed turn with plenty of bank ("Flight" Copyright Photo)

This point about the cap is certainly a great danger, and in order to obviate it I decided I had better get a helmet such as is de rigueur with French military men when flying. This would in any case be ²⁹ a reasonable measure of precaution, as safety helmets have already saved several lives.

On the word “contact” given by the pilot the mechanic launched the Chauviere “Integrale” propeller, and the trusty Renault engine started at the first swing. I pushed the throttle lever down so as to retard the engine; the propeller speed under these circumstances is insufficient to move the aeroplane and the mechanic can get out of the way of the tail by passing under the tail booms. I put up my hand as a sign to all and sundry to stand clear, and opened up full. We left the earth after a run of about 60 yards and moved along a few feet above the earth. I drew the control slightly towards me, and we rose rapidly. I then moved horizontally again to ensure not losing speed. One more step up like this and we were at a height of about 80 feet, which was sufficient for the time being. We swung round left-handed and the machine “banked” up to the right. This was corrected by depressing the control to the right, which sends the right-hand ailerons ³⁰ up and the left ones down, and brings the machine to an even keel. It was better, I understood, to let the machine bank to some extent on the turns, as it thus turns more rapidly. Sometimes the machine fails to bank itself naturally when turning; one can then help it by giving it an artificial bank by depressing the control to whichever side one is turning. The working of the control for lateral stability is a perfectly “natural” one, i.e. one cannot help doing the right thing instinctively. It is just as if one had the two wings of the machine under one’s two hands; if the right wing comes up too much, one just pushes it firmly down again with one’s right hand, and similarly for the left wing.

The flight was uneventful, as the pilot took charge to effect the landing on the conclusion at the first circuit, and again when finally landing after the second circuit. I judged therefore that the landing was a more delicate affair than the other matters, and this indeed I found to be the case later on, in fact more so than all the rest put together. |³¹

Lieut. X then took the machine, and after a trial circuit went out for his brevet. He circled around the two posts alternately, making up the necessary number of figures of eight (i.e. five in this case, the posts being 500 metres apart), and then had to make his descent. Two men with flags stood about 100 yards from the point near which he had to stop, and about 100 yards apart. If the aeroplane was steered midway between the two men, and the engine cut off at the same time, the landing would probably be successful. Lieut. X. seemed to me to hold on rather long both as regards coming down and cutting off his engine. At last he was coming down, but did not seem to be following a line at right angles to the one given by the guides. He pulled up safely, but alas! outside the circle described with a length of 50 metres as radius and the given point as centre. His machine had cut the circle; its direction, however, was not that of a diameter of the circle, but a chord to it. A puff of wind catching the tail, when the machine was |³² slowing up on the ground, had made matters worse than they would otherwise have been, by slewing the tail in an unfortunate direction. The attempt was therefore held to have failed by the commits aire, the official of the Aero Club de France, who had come to witness the tests. This result was naturally disappointing to Lieut. X, but instructive to inexperienced onlookers. |³³

CHAPTER VII
A VISIT TO THE SALON

8th day. — Every one at all interested in aviation, and who could possibly manage to do so, naturally went to the Salon to see the “Fourth Annual Exhibition of Aerial Locomotion.” It was marvellous value for a franc. There one could see examples of all the more or less famous types of aeroplanes, aeromotors, and accessories. One was struck by the comparative absence of everything appertaining to balloons and dirigibles. The machines holding the various records could all be examined, and those with any successes to boast of presented a conspicuous list of them. The army and navy had both entered with a will into this exhibition, and among other exhibits the army showed the complete |³⁴ transport and accessories of a military escadrille. The escadrille is the French aviation unit, and its personnel and material are designed with the object of keeping six aeroplanes permanently in the field. The transport besides carrying the personnel is designed to carry a generous proportion of spare parts, the field hangars, complete aeroplanes dismounted, and workshops. All vehicles are motor driven except the two wheeled prolongs for carrying aeroplanes, which are attached as trailers by a limber attachment to motor vehicles. The complete transport, set forth in military array as for an inspection, consisted of three motor cars and two motor

bicycles (for intercommunication purposes), six heavy cars each drawing a two-wheeled prolonge, and two travelling workshops. One of the latter was shown at work with drills, lathe, etc., worked by motors obtaining their power from a dynamo worked by the engine driving the vehicle. An enormous amount of money and labour must have been expended in the production of this excellent organisation, which stood ³⁵ the test of the last manoeuvres so well. Four escadrilles were employed on each side in the manoeuvres with some spare aeroplanes in reserve; in all about sixty machines were in the field. Reconnaissances were carried out daily at the hours scheduled on a programme, regardless of weather, and both generals were kept accurately informed of the movements of the enemy's troops. No serious accident was sustained by any of the pilots, although several machines were damaged more or less seriously. The active aeroplanes all assembled at the places of concentration, prior to the commencement of the manoeuvres, coming from their various centres by way of the air, and afterwards returned home in a similar manner. This is indeed a wonderful record, and one might imagine that the French would be satisfied for the time being with their present organisation and rate of progress. This is by no means the case. Throughout the country a great campaign is being carried on by individuals and societies for increasing the rate of progress in aviation, improving ³⁶ the material and organisation, increasing the trained personnel by passing young men through the aviation schools prior to their doing their military service, and providing landing-places with hangars all over the country, particularly in the neighbourhood of Paris and of the eastern frontier.

The balconies of the Grand Palais presented the wonderful spectacle of a number of aeroplanes bought by various provinces, societies, commercial houses, theatres, etc., and by

private individuals, and presented by them to the Government as a voluntary contribution in token of their sense of the importance of French aerial supremacy. This grand national effort could only be made by a nation, the whole manhood of which had passed through the ranks, and which had the enlightenment to understand the importance of this new development in warfare, to take a personal interest in it, and tax itself not only publicly but privately to attain its ends. It makes one's heart sink to think what a comparatively feeble interest is taken in aviation in England, |³⁷ and how much the public has to learn as to the necessity for the development of military and naval aviation.

The only British exhibits I found were the Bristol aeroplanes and a British Breguet. The former were specially well commented on in the French papers. The French technical journals gave one very little idea, however, as to the comparative merits of various aeroplanes and engines; as each machine was described, a note was added to the effect that it was in the first rank of such machines, if not actually superior to all others.

The Maison Roold gave a useful exhibition of the clothing and equipment designed for the comfort and safety of aviators. The Roold helmet is worn a great deal in France, being compulsory for military aviators. I invested in one, which I found quite comfortable, but I have not otherwise tested its merits. Monsieur Roold showed me a letter from a French officer whose life had been saved by his helmet; he had been hit on the head by a cylinder, which had flown off |³⁸ a rotary engine. A length of silk woven material, known as a *passemontagne*, and looking suspiciously like the top of a lady's stocking, is recommended for wear under the helmet. It is pulled over the head *balaklava-capwise*, and is certainly very

warm for its small size and weight. Among the exhibits were a variety of vestments made of a kind of Japanese paper, or papier Kami, which is waterproof, warm, untearable, and very light. I have tried a coat and found it very good, also a pair of gloves which are worn inside the usual fur-lined ones. Paper socks to put over one's ordinary socks are also sold, but any piece of paper — tissue paper is the best — does for this. The question of keeping warm in the air is a very important and rather difficult one, especially as regards one's hands. It is very dangerous if one's hands become so cold that they have not a proper feel on the control, and accidents have occurred from this. Most French pilots wear a neat black-leather suit, lined with camel's hair fleece, consisting of coat and trousers, worn over their ordinary kit. ³⁹ This is a very practical kit, and does not show the dirt. It can be got for eighty francs in France, but is much more expensive in England. It is a very good tip, if one thinks one will be cold, to put a newspaper under one's waistcoat. One of the models dressed up on the stand looked like a travesty of a man in armour, with his helmet, breast plate, thigh guards, and shin guards. The mannequin was sitting on an aeroplane seat, which also defended him from shocks from that quarter, being constructed on the same principles as the helmet, etc.

The machine with the most fighting aspect was a Henry Farman hydroplane, with a Hotchkiss mounted in the bow of the fuselage. The machine was floating in a miniature pond in which some innocent goldfish were swimming.

All aeroplane constructors are aiming at building machines to meet the wants of the armies and navies of the world, as these at present are the only important customers. A time will come when aeroplanes will be constructed for a variety of civilian uses, ⁴⁰ but at present ninety-nine per cent, of the output is

destined directly or indirectly for military uses. It is the absolute necessity for the aeroplane in war, which is tiding the industry over this present semi-experimental stage which must precede the full development. The way in which Government orders are placed may make or mar the industry. In France the difficulty has for the time being been solved by forming homogeneous escadrilles of the various types of proved merit. ⁴¹

CHAPTER VIII

HOW NOT TO DO IT

9th day. — On the Monday morning following my week-end visit to the Salon I paid a visit to Buc to view the flying-ground there, which seemed to me to be inferior to that at Étampes. The Blériot School has, however, just removed from Étampes to Buc, presumably in order to be nearer Paris. Approaching the Buc ground the R.E.P. machines and hangars were in evidence. M. Robert Esnault Pelterie has recently retired from aviation. This step was forced on him by lack of Government support, in spite of a record showing many brilliant achievements in practical flights, which in his case perhaps more than in any other were the outcome of close scientific application.

Then came a long line of Farman hangars ⁴² which I visited. As I had to get back to Étampes I did not stay long. Only chance taxis are to be picked up at Versailles, and I had had to take a “growler” at 10 francs to go to Buc and back. Travelling back in the train to Étampes from the Gare Quai d’Orsay, one passes the Juvisy flying-ground on the left, which looks very restricted. Arriving again at the Étampes ground it seemed to be an ideal place. The journey from Étampes to Orleans is a very favourite cross-country flight, as one can come down almost anywhere if the engine fails.

Proceeding to take my lesson, I tried the system of rising very gently for a considerable way, including a turn. This was extremely inadvisable, so the pilot impressed on me afterwards, as a turn takes off so much weight that it is asking too much of the engine to rise at the same time.

Between my turns I saw the first effort of one of the fledglings at managing the machine alone. After making an uneventful circuit he evidently proposed to descend, and began to come down all right. He then ⁴³ cut off his engine, and at the same time the machine took a heavy list to starboard. This was corrected in time, before the wing touched the ground. The aeroplane then continued to sail along with what weight it had left at about 20 feet above the ground, when to our horror we saw that the machine was slowly rising instead of descending, besides wobbling from side to side. When the machine had almost come to a standstill prior to a rapid descent on to its tail, the pilot mercifully opened up the throttle, and the trusty engine, picking up immediately, saved the situation by getting flying weight on, thus automatically raising the tail and enabling the control to act. After going round once more a safe descent was made, but instead of running straight, the machine ran round in a small circle, which looked rather dangerous and must have brought a considerable strain on the chassis. No damage was done, however. The explanation of the first attempt to land was that, having taken his left hand off the control to cut off the engine, the pilot unconsciously ⁴⁴ bore down with his right hand, thus working the ailerons, and causing the machine to drop down on the right. While correcting this mistake, the pilot pulled the control slightly towards him, instead of pushing it forward as he should have done, on throttling down; for even when the elevator is held perfectly horizontal, the tail will drop if speed be lost. The engine would have started sooner, but that the pilot pushed the throttle lever further forward instead of

drawing it back when he first realized that he must regain his flying speed. When he finally landed an unconscious pressure of the left foot on the pedal must have caused the machine to “circle left.”

Thus were a whole series of errors clearly demonstrated; in fact, a very useful exposition of “how not to do it.”

Lieut. X brought off his tests with flying colours, and departed for England the same day.

Just at dusk a monoplane circled down from above, and landed near the hangars. It was Gilbert in a Sommer machine. (M. Roger ⁴⁵ Sommer is another who has lately had to retire from the field of aviation through lack of support, in spite of obtaining a considerable measure of success with his machines; he has returned to his former pursuit of felt-making.) Gilbert got out, a somewhat uncouth figure, looking rather like a Michelin man in his padded overalls, and looked at his engine. The engine was quite cool and in good order. “Look at that engine,” he said, “forty-one hours it has gone without having to have the slightest thing done to it — not even a sparking plug!” The engine was a “Rhône,” a rotary one, similar to the “Gnôme” in general appearance. It has given remarkable results with Gilbert in his almost daily flights about the country. On this occasion he had come from Tours in an hour and 40 minutes. “Pretty cold up there,” he said, pointing to the sky. We pushed his machine into one of the hangars and brought him back to the town with us in the school-car.

I read in the evening paper that Lieut. Sylvestre, whom I had seen starting out on ⁴⁶ a Blériot monoplane for his station at Belfort, near the Eastern frontier, had arrived safely the same day. The journey had taken him from 7.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. He

had had to make two descents on the way, owing to violent storms of rain and hail. This journey was carried out in the ordinary course of duty, and such fine feats are so frequent in France that they seldom call for remark. |⁴⁷

CHAPTER IX

FIRST FLIGHT IN A MONOPLANE

10th day. — It seemed particularly cold at the school that morning. It was, in fact, freezing. I repented after my first round of having only a thin pair of gloves on, and hurried off to the vicinity of the stove. My eyes also felt the cold, so on my next round I borrowed a pair of fur gloves and tried a pair of celluloid goggles which I had bought at the low price of eighty centimes. I eventually found that, although good enough for passenger work, the curved portions of the goggles slightly distort one's vision, and this may constitute a real danger when one has to bring the machine to land oneself. Several good pilots have told me that, after trying everything, they have eventually returned to plain glass as the best and safest, ⁴⁸ although the use of glass has, of course, one obvious drawback. M. Pierre Verrier, an artist on the M. F. biplane, always puts even his glass goggles up on his forehead before making one of his impeccable landings. Proceedings were varied by the arrival of M. Perreyon, a noted pilot, in a Bleriot, from the school over the way. He and our instructor gave each other turns in their respective machines, which was a first experience for each of them on the machine of the other. We saw that Perreyon in the passenger's seat had taken control by the end of the first circuit, for the pilot proper was holding his arms out in front of him.

M. Perreyon then kindly gave each of us a turn in his speedy monoplane. The Gnôme engine was very troublesome about starting. The propeller had to be swung in one case about thirty times before the engine consented to fire. Meanwhile the pistons were from time to time liberally doused with petrol, a steady flow of which also ran from the carburettor, causing a circular patch of frost where it evaporated |⁴⁹ on the ground. The Gnôme is all right once it gets going, but requires taking down after every fifteen hours or so of running to keep it in perfect order. It can be taken down, cleaned, and mounted again very quickly, and those who use Gnôme engines which are well cared for, swear by them.

A party of three or four of us hung on to the tail each time the monoplane was ready to start. This ensured the engine getting up to full speed before a start was made, so that the tail when released lifted at once, thus saving the tail skid from unnecessary rolling work, and enabling the machine to leave the ground more quickly. The job of holding the tail is rather unpleasant, owing to the blast, which has a very strong smell of burnt and unburnt castor oil.

It came to my turn, and I struggled up into my seat alongside the pilot through a hole in the bottom of the fuselage, which is closed by a trap-door. The draught from the tractor screw was terrible, and I |⁵⁰ hastened to adjust my goggles and get my gloves on. We left the ground in about 20 yards. The machine seemed very small and bird-like compared to the biplane. It flew wonderfully steadily. There was no machine like it, Perreyon told me after, for “holding the wind,” and he said it could go out in a wind which forbade the use of other monoplanes. This may be true, but most pilots can prove to you that their machines are superior to any other. The propeller draught was very trying at first. In fact, I could hardly breathe. I

tried to breathe out, but only felt like “expiring.” The experience was similar to my first ride in the biplane. Raising my hand on the way round, it was suddenly blown back on to the helmet like a piece of string, through getting into the full blast of the propeller. The fine spray of vapourised castor oil was not particularly nice. I was distinctly relieved at the end of the circuit, as I had begun to feel like blowing up, through distress in not being able to breathe. I do not suppose I should have experienced ⁵¹ this distress on my next journey, or at any rate nearly so much, judging by what I had felt on the biplane. Well a very jolly experience when it was all over. I cannot imagine that a machine that goes at the pace this one did can be as safe as a slower one with more wing surface; take, for instance, the question of having to land in our restricted English fields at the greater pace. At the same time the fastest machines possible are required for strategic reconnaissance, and the present ban of the War Office on monoplanes will require reconsideration. The number of monoplanes built to-day is greatly in excess of the biplanes; both are developing equally strongly, and both will probably be required for military aviation.

It rained all the afternoon, so I stayed comfortably in my room at the hotel, and brought my diary up to date, instead of spending a gloomy afternoon in the waiting-room of the school.
⁵²

CHAPTER X

I FLY BY MYSELF



*The double-handled control bar used on a school machine
(Photo by Rameau, Étampes)*

11th day. — A thick mist, which the November sun took a couple of hours to lighten, covered the ground. After the fog had lifted I went for two very wide circuits with the pilot behind me, and I was then told I could try a small circuit or two by myself if I liked. Feeling sufficiently confident I replied that I

would. With the engine throttled down, I tried the controls once more before starting: forward and backward to depress or raise the elevator; right and left for the gauchissement of the ailerons; right and left pedals for working rudder to right or left; backward and forward the small lever (lying close to my left hand) for opening or closing the throttle. A wire controlling the petrol supply had been duly unhooked, and was all right, and another wire controlling ⁵³ the supply of air to the mixture could be left as it was. There was nothing more to do, then, before starting. The pilot told me to be careful not to go too high, and not to mount while turning.

I opened up the throttle to fairly full, and soon started moving off. I turned the machine gradually while starting, so as to head it for a straight run on the circuit (I had been warned before not to turn the machine too quickly on the ground, for fear of straining the chassis). I kept the elevator horizontal until I saw that the machine had left the ground of its own accord, and then, with a thrill of exultation, headed her for the blue! After a decent rise, I went horizontally again, and then took another rise, after which I began turning to the left. I kept the elevator as horizontal as I could, but I seemed to be getting up to a good height all the same. I shot a glance to the left, and saw that the wood which I was supposed to be going round was still there. I was still at the stage when I felt as if my eyes were glued to the elevator, and that I ⁵⁴ could not afford to take them off for looking round. There was a certain amount of wind, and I had to work the control backward and forward, right and left, a good deal. The working of the pedals had not yet become automatic with me, as I often found myself trying to work the handles round as one would the handles of a bicycle instead of working the pedals. Anyhow, I got round all right in time, as there was all space to turn in. I saw the starting-point, and the group assembled there looked small, and far below me. One

turn was completed, and on I went with my second. The air below me seemed thick and friendly; it gave me the impression it would not willingly let me down. I passed through an eddy from time to time, and the incipient dive or rear up of the machine answered readily to the control, which I worked with a firm, decided movement, without jerks. The air seemed to say, "You have only to hold the handles in a reasonable way and I won't hurt you. These little movements of mine are only to add interest to the proceedings." ⁵⁵ The side slaps of the wind were less sudden. I felt rocked in the cradle of the air. The lateral controls rapidly damped out these rockings, in which the air seemed to say, "You see, I can blow from all directions, but if you only keep calm and do the right thing, I'll stand by you." It was now time to think of coming down. I depressed and put my left hand on the throttle, and as I descended, gradually throttled down. When a few yards from the ground, I cut off and flattened out. At least, I imagined I was going to fly horizontally for a short distance before actually alighting. Much to my horror, I perceived I was rising instead of moving horizontally. This would not do. I opened up full at once and got good weigh on again and depressed once more. When within a few feet of the ground I cut off again and flattened out just as I was touching. I made a very fast landing, but without shock I was glad to note, and then let the machine run on to a standstill.

Well, that was a good thing over. I had run a long way from the starting-point, and ⁵⁶ it took a long time for the others to walk up. I was anxious to hear what there was to be said about my flight. The pilot congratulated me, but with several restrictions. I had gone up too high in the first place. This was accounted for to a great extent by my having mounted on the turns after all. This type of machine tends to fmount when turning to the left, and requires to be repressed to keep it

horizontal. This I had not grasped before. Then the switch-back landing was not all it might have been. I cut off while still too high the first time, the almost invariable mistake of beginners, who see the ground coming at them at a fearsome pace, and consider — prematurely — that something must be done. The second time I cut off too low. However — well out.

The feeling of responsibility on this first flight alone was the greatest tax on the nerves I have yet felt in flying, and I felt greatly relieved when it was over. I felt the absence of the pilot behind me much more than I should have expected, although latterly he had been doing little or nothing. |⁵⁷

In the evening I had a couple of flights with the pilot behind me, and the feeling of confidence which this imparted seemed to make me do the right thing automatically.

Note. — I have talked about “cutting off” the engine by pushing the lever of the throttle valve right down; with a Renault properly adjusted, however, this does not cut the engine right off, but leaves it running just sufficiently to keep the propeller turning slowly. This is a point of the greatest value, as by throttling right down one cuts off the propeller blast, which is always obtainable, however, in a couple of seconds by opening up.

With a Gnôme engine — the most widely used aero-motor of the present day — which will only run at practically full speed, one has to switch the engine right off, and if one wants to keep the engine running (as, for instance, during a long vol plané) one has to switch on at intervals to keep the propeller turning. If one leaves it too long and the propeller stops, or is turning too slowly, the engine will not |⁵⁸ start or pick up on switching on again — Danger!

A new carburettor has been brought out by the Gnome Company, which will permit of the engine running at a low number of revolutions, but I have not yet seen this in use. The usual form of carburettor on Gnome engines, such as are used on the Henry Farman machines at the Étampes School, consists of a simple pipe and jet; during its passage through the pipe the stream of petrol sucked in is vapourised and mixed with air. The amount of suction required to work this simple arrangement is only obtained when the engine is running practically at full speed. |⁵⁹

CHAPTER XI
I AM PUT BACK

12th day. — This was a particularly fine morning for the sport, in spite of the prognostications of all the old birds the evening before, when the sun had gone down in a red setting, and even on the ground one could feel the wind getting up, while higher up the little clouds had arranged a handicap according to altitude.

I took a turn with the pilot behind me, and we finished with a figure of eight in order to land against the wind. One should always land against the wind, when there is any to speak of, both because one is steadier and because one brings up in a shorter distance owing to more rapid loss of weigh. A side wind is particularly dangerous to land in, as with diminished weigh the machine is ⁶⁰ very easily tilted on to one wing by a puff, and the effect of working the ailerons is greatly reduced — in any case, they have practically no time or space in which to act before a wing is smashed; a more or less dangerous side-strain on the chassis is also involved. I was told I could take a turn if I liked by myself, and follow the same course, which I proceeded to do. The circuit went fairly well, and I then had to make my figure of eight. The latter was an enormous sprawling affair, covering kilometres of air-land, and not always at the same

altitude, which is one of the many desiderata to be aimed at. I made a nice straight flight home for the hangars at a height of about 20 metres. The critical business of descent had now to be undertaken, with left hand on throttle valve and right hand on the control. I tried to descend gently while gradually cutting off at the same time. I came to the end of my tether in both senses more quickly than I reckoned on. I didn't like the look of it. I did not want to land at that speed, and I instinctively did not ⁶¹ want to rise again without the engine on; so I opened up again for a slight rise, and descended again, cutting off the engine. I landed safely enough, but fast and beyond where I wanted to stop, and ran some way beyond that again — another unsatisfactory descent of the switchback order.

The pilot said this would not do — I must descend more gradually and cut off more slowly. I felt rather sick about it, but tried to comfort myself with the thought that it might have been worse. One of the four thick rubber rings, by which each axle with its pair of wheels is slung to the chassis, had gone, and I mournfully watched the interesting operation of inserting a new one. I again tried to comfort myself with the reflection that repairs were included in the sum I had paid down.

I was fairly restored to equanimity by the time I went for another tour, this time behind my pilot, in which position one has a very modified command over the controls. We followed the Orleans road, travelling about 100 metres high. The usual delightful ⁶² avenue of trees bordered the road. I liked the look of them less in plan than from any other point of view. We circled several times above some farm buildings where the pilot had some friends, who kept his dog for him. They all came out and waved, attracted by the insistent call of the engine. We waved back to them. The farm buildings were picturesque enough, but lost most of their picturesqueness in plan, like the

trees. Give me the soft plough beneath or the green fields, and I am with you in your appreciation of the beauties of the landscape.

We moved off at length from the vicinity of bricks and mortar, and flew across some small woods. These might have been pretty too, but their deep shadows seemed to glower at one. We were soon over these, though, and headed for home. Very slowly we descended and gently throttled down, skimmed along the surface and imperceptibly took the ground.

The afternoon was still good for flying, and the pupils had three lessons apiece. There were several moments of interest ⁶³ during the afternoon. At one time half a dozen machines were in the air at different heights — three Bleriot's from the establishment over the way, and three of our Farmans. Gilbert turned up, and took out the Sommer monoplane which he had left in our hangars. Rapidly mounting to about 500 metres, he made for Paris — for the Issy-les-Moulineaux ground. A new Henry Farman was brought out of its shed, and tried by Fischer. This was of the latest type, without front elevating plane. It had a specially large tank, to hold 390 litres of petrol. At a rate of consumption of 27 litres an hour, this would be sufficient for 14½ hours. The duration record at time of writing is held by Fourny on a Maurice Farman — 13 hours and some minutes. It was hoped that this Henry Farman with Fischer up, would beat the above record. Being a faster machine (85 kilometres to the hour, fully loaded), it was also to be expected that it would beat existing records for distance in a given time for the longer periods. Thus is the house of Farman divided against itself. The new ⁶⁴ Farman was provided with a “Rhône” motor, now on its trial in the aeronautical world, from which great things were hoped. The long supremacy of the Gnome as the aeroplane motor par excellence was challenged. This new rotary engine

would be mistaken by the uninitiated for a Gnôme. Its chief difference consists in having the inlet valves controlled mechanically instead of automatically. A possible drawback lies in its having exterior induction pipes for the supply of the mixture to the cylinders, and this arrangement might cause trouble in very cold weather. |⁶⁵

CHAPTER XII

I AM PROMOTED AGAIN

13th day. — This was another absolutely perfect morning for aviation. The worst one could say of it was that it was rather cold. As there seemed no sign of the wind getting up, we all tacitly held on for a time, just to let things warm up generally. One of the French officers started off on a trial for his military brevet, on a cross-country journey to Tours. He was disqualified on his last attempt for exceeding the time-limit allowed to cover the given distance. This was due to villainous weather and engine troubles, the latter including a broken cylinder, which resulted in a damaged propeller.

We started going out in turn about 9 a.m. After a turn behind the pilot I was told to take the front seat again, and all went well. ⁶⁶ As regards control I was told that although my movements were correct, they should be carried out sooner.

I have often noticed, when sitting behind a good pilot, that he seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of what the wind was going to do, and started making the necessary correction almost before the actual arrival of the wind buffet. In explanation of this I have frequently experienced that a strong puff of wind is heralded by a much slighter one, a sort of advanced guard, and

that if one exercises a good touch on the controls checking these light winds, one is doing the right thing when the real puff comes, and that one has simply to accentuate the movement one has already commenced. To obtain the best “feel,” one’s touch on the control should be neither too light nor too hard, much the same as in driving a car.

I was also told again that my landings were not gradual enough. I knew I should descend gently, with engine on, to about two metres above the ground, and then cut ⁶⁷ off and flatten out, and gradually take the earth, but I had not yet got the knack.

In the afternoon I had another couple of circuits and landings with the pilot, and was then told to carry on solo. I started off, and overtook a covey of partridges, which I chased and passed over; got round the wood in no time, and pulled myself together for the landing. I descended gradually on my last turn, saw that I was truly horizontal and in the straight for the starting-point, continued descending, and cut off the engine at two metres. My idea was now to bring off this much-desired gradual contact, but — wump! — that was a nasty bump! I bounded up a couple of yards, but tickled her down by a series of quick depressions of the elevator, and ran out quietly. I then waited to be told off, and prepared to “take it in the neck.” It was not as bad as I expected, however: rather too high a flight; still an inclination to mount in turning; and as regards landing I must keep the machine going much longer, after I cut off, before touching ground. Noted for next ⁶⁸ time, but that was what I was trying to do before. I was not likely to do it worse, I reckoned, and ought to do it better. All the staff came up and shook the chassis and felt the wires. One of the latter had gone, the right one, from the front of the right skid to the boom of the lower plane.

It was only a case of “bang went saxpence,” and was rapidly renewed.

Meanwhile, the other pupils were taken on the second machine. I was then doctored up with further precautions, and started on another run. Nothing eventful occurred till the landing. Last time I had landed on an upward slope, which I had not sufficiently taken into account. I cut off at the two metres height, and kept the machine up long enough to land with only a slight bump. This was better, but not good enough, and I had landed slightly on the turn, to stop near the sheds. My mental notes were confirmed by the words of the pilot, near whom I had stopped. He told me I should have carried straight on instead of worrying about stopping near the sheds. |⁶⁹

So I went off again, and brought off much the same sort of landing, but quite straight. I was a long way from home, so I started off on a fourth round. I took a very wide turn this time, and decided that the only thing left to try to improve matters was to keep the elevator perfectly horizontal after cutting off at two metres. I got on to the line of the straight for home in good time, descended gently, cut off at the right height, and kept her floating at that. This seemed all right — floating along nicely — “must touch soon, I suppose” was what passed through my mind. I kept the elevator just nibbling, as it were, at the horizontal, and found myself running out without having felt the ground. I hooked up the petrol wire and climbed down. I received congratulations from the pilot, who confirmed the idea of keeping the elevator horizontal after cutting off, and thus letting the machine settle down horizontally for the last two metres of height, while it lost weigh. I felt very pleased at having grasped the right idea to work at now in my landings. |⁷⁰

One of the pupils who started a day after me, wound up the day with a couple of solo circuits with perfectly satisfactory landings.

Another week, we were told, and we should be practising for the brevet. This was extremely cheering.

The officers and N.C.O.s, practising on the Henry Farmans, were gradually working up to greater heights in this good weather combined with longer periods in the air, and practising vols planes of moderate height at first, but gradually increasing.

One of the N.C.O.s showed me

LES DIX COMMANDEMENTS DE L'AVIATEUR.

1. Ton appareil, examineras
Avant de partir, soigneusement.
2. Tous les organes, vérifieras
Bien, l'excellent fonctionnement.
3. Ton moteur, tu t'assureras
Qu'il est en parfait rendement.
4. De l'atmosphère, étudieras
L'état si souvent inclément.
5. Ton casque tu n'oublieras,
Il te garantira sûrement. ⁷¹
6. Le départ enfin tu prendras,
Avec sang-froid, courageusement.

7. Centre les éléments, lutteras,
Mais n'oublie pas d'être prudent.

8. Ta mission tu accompliras
Avec soin et très sérieusement.

9. Nos TROIS COULEURS tu porteras
Avec joie, partout, triomphalement.

10. Et pour la FRANCE sacrifieras
Ta vie, s'il le faut, glorieusement.

J. A. B. |⁷²

CHAPTER XIII

I FLY TEN TIMES OVER

14th day. Decidedly the winter seems to be the flying season par excellence, and November the best month in it in this part of the world. The perfectly still mornings characteristic of early Novembers are perfect for the sport. The slight touch of frost in ground and air this morning added a joie de vivre.

After the customary minute examination of the aeroplanes and engines, the manager and pilot tried the air. All being reported well, the fledglings were permitted to try their wings. I made a circuit round the wood, and effected a landing all right it seemed; so I opened up again, ran on and got off, and effected another circuit, landing again with fair success. There was still an ⁷³ unprofessional ripple about the final stage of the descent, and I could generally feel when I touched.

The next pupil then carried on. This was his second solo flight. The pupils' flights at this stage are naturally of more than ordinary interest. He went off and got round all right, but the great query is always the landing. He cut off high, and then mounted rather higher. (In taking off one's left hand to cut off, the remaining hand unaided is very apt to make some slight involuntary movement.) He depressed, however, before it was too late, and after a big ripple, landed with a slight bump or two. He evidently thought it all right, though, and was off again

on his second round. He made a similar landing, and came running up very pleased. The pilot took him somewhat to task.

Flying was over for the morning, as a slight southerly wind had brought up a dense fog. Going back to the town, I took a lesson in driving the school car, from the very amiable chauffeur. ⁷⁴

Conditions were excellent in the afternoon, and I did four circuits with landings in rapid succession.

Pupil No 2 had a couple of rounds. In his final landing he positively soared up after cutting off, from which position he had to do a miniature vol plane down. He brought it off all right, but the danger was that, having very little weigh on, a treacherous puff might easily upset him sideways. He tried again, and this time again cut off rather too high, and then sailed along without any loss of altitude. The tail began to drop, and one wondered when he would elect to come down. The tail dropped more, but mercifully the whole machine was now settling down. The tail touched first, which immediately brought the chassis to earth with somewhat of a bump, but no apparent harm was done. Pupil No. 2 seemed rather more pleased than the occasion warranted, but he was of an eminently French sanguine temperament.

Pupil No. 3, the one who nearly slid back on his tail the other day, then went ⁷⁵ out. I knew he was nervous, as earlier in the afternoon he had said he was not going out any more that day. He seemed to me to smoke too many cigarettes, and had a bella-donna look in the eyes. I swung the propeller for him, usually an easy job on the stationary Renault engine, compared to the business of swinging the propeller for the rotary Gnome. In the latter case you have to swing engine and all, and it is

usually more difficult to get it to fire. This business of swinging the propeller is a frightfully dangerous looking thing at first, as the blades begin to fly round almost before the man's hands have left, and the madly whirling knives seem to be going round precious near his face. It is, in fact, an operation in which due caution has to be employed, the great thing being to avoid slipping at the critical moment, and falling with one's head in the fatal disc. Well — No. 3 got off and disappeared behind the wood, as usual. Suddenly, the hum of his engine ceased, and did not start again. I started running for the end of the wood, ⁷⁶ and the rest followed, the school car bringing up the rear. A variety of conjectures passed through one's mind as to what might have happened, and as to what possible gruesome spectacle one might be treated. I guessed, however, allowing for the state of mind with which I credited him, that he had merely surprised himself into landing, by suddenly finding himself too low through inadvertence; that he had cut off and landed instead of rising. We ran on and round the end of the wood....

Well in the open we saw the machine at rest, apparently all right, with No. 3 examining the chassis. This was a great relief. We assured ourselves that both pilot and machine were all right, and were then treated to a lengthy explanation, accompanied by much gesticulation: how he had made a large circuit, and was steering in a general direction for home, when suddenly tall, dark, and menacing, the great black wood elevated itself before him. Uncertain of making good his turning round the end of this menacing obstacle, he thought it better to come down, ⁷⁷ and had effected a good landing, in spite of a number of large stones strewn about.



*A right-handed turn with a fair amount of bank
("Aeroplane" Copyright Photo)*

This was an interesting and surprising yarn. The fact was that he had completely lost his head. The machine was a good hundred yards from the wood, and the track of the wheels extended nearly another fifty yards back, and in a direction which showed that the descent had been made not towards the wood, at all, but in the correct direction for home. There was sufficient room to have made a complete circle without touching the wood or even going dangerously near it; the said wood was only a narrow copse of small firs, and a slight draw on the lever must of a certainty have carried him safely over.

The pilot then took up No. 3 as a passenger, just to show him how he could turn, and got badly caught in the eddy of his own tail — rather a new experience for the pilot, I fancy.

I made four more circuits, landing each time, and taking a greater height during flight. On one occasion, after landing and ⁷⁸ running along on the wheels, I hooked up the petrol wire, with a view to stopping the engine and getting out; on looking up after this momentary diversion, I found to my horror that I was floating up in the air again! I had got more weigh on than I realized, and had unwittingly drawn back the control somewhat. I depressed immediately and landed gently. As the propeller was still moving I released the petrol wire, and opened up again just to show I could do better. The final landing really seemed all right, and the pilot complimented me. When coming down from these greater heights, he said, it was certainly best to throttle down a good deal, on account of the added velocity from the descent.

I hoped I had now got hold of the right ideas to aim at in landing. My idea now was to flatten out at two metres high, and then keep the machine — not necessarily the elevator — horizontal, until she dropped of her own accord to earth. One

then landed on the four wheels, and the tail dropped gently afterwards. |⁷⁹

CHAPTER XIV
READY FOR THE BREVET

Sunday. — The chance of a last visit to the Salon was not to be missed. I had a good look round from 9 to 11 a.m., after which the place began to get crowded. I paid another visit in the afternoon, and was occasionally carried off my feet by the crowd. The national enthusiasm over aviation was most remarkable, and reached its maximum when the band played “La Marseillaise des Aviateurs.” It is the military aspect of aviation, with the hope of the success it will bring them in their next war, which makes the chief appeal to the people, and the success of the show was due in great part to the active co-operation of the fighting services. The number of types of hydroplanes exhibited was another remarkable ⁸⁰ feature. This branch of aviation is advancing with giant strides. The absence of Paulhan with his “Triad” was noticeable, due it was said to the impossibility of sparing a single machine of the type even for a fortnight.

15th and 16th days. — Monday and Tuesday. — Wind, rain, fog, etc. nothing doing. I occasionally got into the seat of a Maurice, and worked the control and my imagination in unison.

17th day. — Wednesday. Not too bad. The pilot told me to start quick before the wind got up. So I pushed off and did four circuits with landings, all going very well. I was just beginning to make the necessary movements automatically, including the steering with one's feet, which at first seemed unnatural.

The pilot said I could go for my brevet when I liked.

A thick fog came up directly I had finished, and closed proceedings for the day. I drove the school car back under instruction, and up and down again in ⁸¹ the afternoon. Fog prevented any further flying.

18th day. — Thursday. — Nothing doing again. This was very dull. I wandered about in the workshops, and tried to get some instruction about the engines. Some of the school prospectuses in England contain clauses as to instruction being given in the care and repairing of engines, etc., but there is not as a rule much organisation about this part of the teaching; nor is this difficult to understand, as much attention paid to this portion of the business would prove a costly and unprofitable undertaking. It would in any case be hard to arrange and carry out, as the knowledge of the pupils on the subject varies between such wide limits. While few of them are entirely ignorant, many are experts. In any case there is no examination on aero-motors for the ordinary certificate, such as there is for the French brevet militaire and the expense of instruction in this subject would be a loss to competitive schools catering to pass candidates simply through the tests for the certificate at so ⁸² much a head. The minimum that is required to be known is soon picked up, however, together with the leading features and characteristics of the engines with which one has to do.

The two most commonly used engines in the motor world are the Gnôme and Renault, and their chief points may be summarised as under —

Gnôme. — This is a radial engine of the rotary type, with seven cylinders. The types on the market are of 50, 70, 80, 100, 140, and 160 horse-power. The last three consist of two of the corresponding lower powered ones worked together on one shaft, the cylinders of the back unit showing through the spaces between those of the one in front.

The cylinders are of steel, and very thin, and are made with fins to facilitate air-cooling, which is also greatly aided by the revolution of the engine itself. In practice it is a very reliable engine, and is generally regarded as a marvel of skilled design by the engineering world. It requires, ¹⁸³ however, much attention and specially trained mechanics to look after it properly. To keep it in perfect order it has to be taken down after about thirty hours' running, cleaned, and re-erected. This takes two skilled mechanics a ten-hour day. The reason for this constant cleaning arises from the free deposit of carbon in the cylinders from the burnt oil.

The propeller is fixed to a boss on either the front or back plate of the crank-case, and thus revolves at the same number of revolutions as the engine, i.e. at about 1200 revolutions per minute.

One of the great features of the engine is the ease with which it can be mounted on any machine, which in a great measure accounts for the general manner in which it has been adopted for many different types of machines. There is an objection from a certain number of people to the use of this engine, in common with other rotary engines, on account of its gyroscopic

action. The effect of the gyroscopic action may be slightly felt when making a turn to the right. |⁸⁴

It is very wasteful both in oil and petrol. The weight of a 50 horse-power engine is only 150 lb. or 3 lb. per horse, and it is this wonderful lightness which is its greatest advantage. When one sees one of these engines starting, and the light frail-looking working parts beginning their mad dance, one imagines that the whole thing must fly to bits with the centrifugal force developed.

The price of a 50 h.p. is £400.

Renault. — This engine is very similar to the well-known car type except that it is air-cooled instead of being water-cooled. A revolving fan in front of the engine drives air past the cylinders, while aluminium shields direct a part of this current upwards between the cylinders. It is a stationary engine of eight or sixteen cylinders, set V-shaped.

The types on the market are of 50, 70, and 100 h.p., of 8, 8, and 16 cylinders respectively.

The cylinders are of cast iron, and like-wise the cylinder heads; both of which, and |⁸⁵ the top of the sparking plug, have fins to facilitate the air-cooling.

It is a very reliable engine, and requires comparatively little attention. The accessibility of the working parts leaves much to be desired, but the engine does not often require taking down — say, every 60 hours. The cylinder heads can be removed, and the cylinders cleaned, valves ground, and can all be put back by a mechanic in half a day. If the whole engine has to be taken down, it is a heavy job, and it is awkward to get it out of the

nacelle. It would take two good mechanics, with assistance in lifting the engine, three days to take down, clean, and re-erect.

The propeller is fixed to the end of the cam-shaft, and revolves at 900 revolutions to the engine's 1800, the cam-shaft being geared down from the crank-shaft at 2 to 1. A larger measure of efficiency is obtained from the larger propeller travelling at a slower speed, than from a smaller high-speed propeller; the amount of gyroscopic action is negligible. ⁸⁶

A 70 h.p. Renault uses 7 gallons of petrol an hour, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a gallon of oil. It weighs 430 lb., or 6 $\frac{1}{7}$ lb. per horse.

The price of a 70 h.p. Renault is £480.

From the manager I tried to get some notes as to the administration of such a school as this, and received many polite promises.

From the clerk I obtained a record of my flying time up to date, which was as follows:

Flying days.	Minutes.	
1st	41	with pilot.
2nd	11	—
3rd	6	—
4th	15	—
4th	23	alone.
5 th	65	—
6th	65	—
7th	50	—

8th	23	—
Total	5 hours all but a minute.	

The above times were made up of several short flights, as a rule, and were generous |⁸⁷ estimates, I should say, probably to make sure of accounting for all the petrol used.

It was still raining, and feeling very bored I walked back to the hotel. The first five kilometres were fairly pleasant walking, along a decent road; but the last two kilometres through the town were killing, the paving consisting of very rough stone, about 6-inch cube, very uneven and full of holes. A mile or two over this tires one out, and one arrives at one's destination feeling jarred all over. One hears much of the fine roads of France, but in our small towns the roads are infinitely better than this. The effect of this sort of road, which extends for miles from Paris in some directions, must be nothing less than disastrous to the bolts and springs of cars. |⁸⁸

CHAPTER XV
FINAL PRACTICES FOR THE BREVET

19th day. — The afternoon proving favourable, I was told I could have the machine, and do more or less what I liked with it. So I started off and tried some figures of eight round a couple of imaginary points. I found I was carried about half a mile to leeward while I was on the turn, which made my figures rather shapeless. I had got over the inclination to mount on the turns, and was now rather the other way, which was preferable. The pilot told me I would do better to work at a higher altitude, so as to allow for sinking on the turns.

So the next time I got up to rather over 50 metres, which is the height to be attained in the altitude test for the brevet, and passed over the wood while making the “eights,” ⁸⁹ instead of going round it each time. This made the figures more stylish. The landing (against the wind) was in each case imperceptible, so I felt pretty confident for the tests, which specify “normal” landings. One of the pupils who was carrying out his tests just before I joined, landed in the middle of the given circle very exactly, but the landing was unfortunately of the pancake variety, and broke up the chassis.

The time-keeper, who swore to his exactitude, had noted the duration of my two flights as 10 and 12 minutes respectively. The latter would be my longest non-stop solo flight to date. I felt I could easily carry on for an hour. This would carry me 85 kilometres, with an expenditure of 30 litres of petrol. I should certainly have liked to fly for an hour, in order to say or rather to feel I had done it. The French officers and N.C.O.s were in fact training until they could do an hour at 500 metres altitude. This done, they would join one of the military aviation centres, and undergo further training for the military brevet. ⁹⁰

20th day. — Saturday. Rained all day.

21st day. — Monday afternoon was perfect for flying not a breath of wind. The first time I got hold of the machine I did my five “figures of eight” round two imaginary points, at a height of about 50 metres, passing over the wood as required, so as not to spoil the symmetry of the figures. I made an attempt to land in the circle marked on the ground as the usual stopping-place for the trials. I did not, however, see the spot in time, with the consequence that I ran over the circle after landing. But as there would be a flag or something to mark the spot on the day of trial, this failure did not worry me much.

It was some time before I could get hold of the machine again, as there were two other pupils now flying alone.

A bran-new one also turned up, accompanied by his parents. The new-comer was given a passenger flight, “with which he declared himself enchanted,” according to the almost invariable formula in the aviation journals the day following a new “baptism ⁹¹ of the air.” The new chum’s father was also taken for a turn, and was previously overheard to say that he must have a flight to see if his legs got cold, and whether it would be

really necessary to get Marcel leather trousers as well as coat. (As he had only a short trip, and it was a warm day, paterfamilias's legs did not get cold, and the son never got his trousers.) Madame, meanwhile, was making inquiries as to whether her boy would find himself in a "bon milieu" and looked the rest of us up and down in a very searching manner.

When I got the machine again I noticed there was an aneroid attached to the front of the fuselage, so I determined to have a little altitude trial all to myself. I only needed to get up to 50 metres for the trial, so I opened up full and headed for the blue-grey. On looking at the aneroid for the first time after starting I saw I was already at 75, so I said "Good enough," and rung round the wood, making a gradual descent, and landed, or rather stopped, inside the circle. ⁹²

I felt I could easily work at a higher altitude if necessary, so I was satisfied for the present.

There was no further time that day to fly off the trials, which would take from half an hour to an hour, but I was told that if it was fine the next day, as seemed probable, I could carry them out. One of the French officers would be willing to act as commissaire.

At this stage the inevitable photographer, who took all the pupils as a matter of course, turned up. He was not to be denied, and had his will of me. Four photos are required in any case nowadays to accompany the application for the brevet, and the pupils at the French schools do a good deal in the way of exchanging photos in the form of postcards. ⁹³



The tail should be well up, and flying speed attained before the machine is permitted to leave the ground

CHAPTER XVI

THE BREVET

22nd day. — The morn bid fair, and after turns taken by the pilot and two other pupils, I started off to do the necessary for the brevet. The pilot's final injunction was to roll well before rising from the ground, so as to make sure of having due weigh on, and avoid rising with a drooping tail, which would be thoroughly bad style. I determined to do nothing so amateurish. I was provided with an aneroid slung in front of me, which I could read easily, and a pocket barograph, a very neat little instrument, lent to me by one of the pupils, the Dutchman. I decided to fly at about 100 metres, that being a decent height, and not too high to prevent one easily seeing the flags, about which one had to turn. The ⁹⁴ pilot said he would wave a flag when I had done four figures of eight, so that I should then know that I had to make one more figure, and then land.

I went off and got my altitude during the first figure, trying to rise on the straights only and avoid turning on the curves. I seemed to be getting along famously, and quite forgot to look out for the signal on my fourth figure. I saw violent signs being made as I finished my fifth, but as I had rather lost count by this time, I made one more to be quite sure, and then did a circle round the wood, making altogether, as I was told afterwards, six and a half !

Two markers stood about 100 yards from the stopping point, and the thing was to steer midway between them, and at right angles to their line. This I managed to bring off all right, having made a very big sweep round, so as to get a long straight. I came along about six feet above the ground, and cut off as I passed the markers, having already throttled down to a certain extent. I ran over the centre of the circle and stopped ⁹⁵ about ten yards beyond. This was satisfactory. The pocket barograph showed a line of dots at the 100 metre level, representing my flight. This was the end of the first test.

I now proposed to go straight on, and combine the other two tests, namely a second series of five figures of eight, and the altitude test of 50 metres. For this purpose I had a sealed barograph slung in a box on my back. I still had the other in my pocket, and the large aneroid in front of me. Off I went again with instructions to look out for waving on my fifth figure, which I was to complete, and then do the altitude test — 100 or 200 metres, or whatever I fancied above the 50. I completed the five figures of eight at about 100 metres without incident, having noted the waving, which I was this time on the look out for. I then set out for altitude.

The first thing I concentrated on was to see the aneroid mark 200, without rising appreciably on the curves. I was making large circles round the wood. The 200 ⁹⁶ was so soon and easily attained, that I thought I had better make sure of good measure by going to 250. I still felt quite master of the situation, so I determined to push on with a third oval and make it 300. I now began to feel rather less sure of myself, as sometimes when I felt sure I was mounting, the aneroid did not seem to show it, and then when I felt I was going horizontally, or even slightly down, the aneroid seemed to be going up quite quickly. The

instrument must have had a certain retardation, but this discordance between fact and fancy was disconcerting.

Well — I arrived at 300, and was still going round. At this height movement seemed quite slow. I could easily fancy I was not moving at all — just sitting still in a buzzing chair. Rapidly multiplying 300 by 3, and finding that this fell short of 1000 feet, I determined to make for 350, which would give a decent margin. Long clouds of fog were streaming up from the south, and frequently nearly hid the wood and the ground generally from view. But I could ⁹⁷ just see well enough to steer by. Having had my confidence slightly shaken by the unsympathetic behaviour of the aneroid, I went very gently indeed: in fact I seemed to be unable to rise at all. The low fog had obscured the horizon, and I found that the effect was that one soon lost one's sense of the horizontal under these circumstances. Ordinarily, by seeing what the edge of the front elevator is doing with regard to the horizon, one has a sound guide. I was not sure now what I was doing, whether I was going down, horizontally, or up. The awful thought struck me that I might be going up at some impossible angle, dangerously "cabré" and I shot a pained glance at my aneroid, that broken reed, which I considered had failed me in the hour of necessity. It marked something slightly over 300. After all, I thought, I was pretty steady; if the aspiring aviator begins to conjure up bogies, he might as well put up the shutters. It required considerable effort, however, to pull the control now, so as to either feel like rising, or have any effect on ⁹⁸ the aneroid. I pulled resolutely, and was certain I was rising. The aneroid started rising soon after. I determined to come down at 350, as I was beginning not to like it. I hung on like grim death, and leaning forward I saw the needle well over the 350 mark, and depressed. The wretched aneroid still continued to rise, which made me depress more, and more than depressed me, as I had

not really had a calm moment in which to size up the nature of the beast. When it did begin to drop the aneroid certainly dropped very quickly, much too quickly I considered. I determined to take plenty of time about it from then on.

In about three large ovals I got down to the region of 50 metres, and then rung round the wood, and made an exactly similar landing to the previous one, i.e. stopping about 10 yards beyond the centre of the marked circle. I hooked up the petrol wire, undid the belt which fastened me into the seat, and began to climb down. The others called out to stop me, until the commissaire came up and removed the sealed barograph. ⁹⁹ I then got down and we looked at the records. The pocket barograph showed 400 metres, the official one 365, while the one I was looking at had marked 355 when I began to descend, and I had not noticed to what height it had gone exactly during the early part of my descent. The differences in reading were accounted for by the fact that the aneroid slung in front of me had been adjusted to something below zero before I started, so as to give the official instrument, a noted laggard, time to mark somewhere near the height attained. The pocket instrument was the most delicate of the three, and probably correct.

The deed having been done, all and sundry were most congratulatory. The pilot said I had been too high, but was distinctly pleased. For another he would have had fear, he said, but in this case he trusted to British phlegm.

The fog was now thick, so we dispersed. Having arranged to carry on with further training, I turned up as usual in the afternoon, and got a couple of good flights, not ¹⁰⁰ going much above 100 metres, but going in for steering over fresh country, steering on a distant mark, following a road or railway, etc. I also found out how warp and rudder help each other, so that in

practice one gets into the way of seldom using the one without the other.

One of the other pupils flew his tests, but not in good style, as he kept very low, and only did about 70 metres for his altitude.

An instructive accident occurred to a Henry Farman on landing, as I was watching it. The officer flying the machine, who had had considerable experience, was landing gently after a vol plané; he had elevated slightly just before landing, so as to clear the plough at the edge of the ground, and had very little weigh on. The ground sloped up to his right, and as he kept his planes horizontal, the right wheel touched first. What happened then was that the two struts immediately above the right pair of wheels snapped in half, and the machine tipped forward, breaking off the ends of both skids. Some other minor damage was done, ^{|¹⁰¹} but as the machine did not turn over the pilot was unharmed, being luckily strapped to his seat. It seemed to me that the chassis broke rather easily, and I did not think this would have occurred with a Maurice Farman. The Henry machine in question was a 13 metre one, of a newer and lighter pattern than the older 17 metre one, and designed for greater speed. It has a distinctly more fragile appearance. ^{|¹⁰²}

CHAPTER XVII

SUBSEQUENT PRACTICE

THE time subsequently passed by me at the school I employed for cruising round the environs generally for as long as I was permitted to have the machine; this was never more than half an hour, as there was always some one else waiting for his turn. The pilot had promised to come up with me, and put me in the way of the vol plané. He explained that I should certainly have had some little experience of this before going anything like as high as I did when passing the brevet; if anything had gone wrong with the engine when in the air, I should have had to plane down. The force of this reasoning was manifest, and I was only too anxious to learn the elements of the vol plant, and thereby take a reasonable ¹⁰³ measure of precaution against engine mishaps in future flights.

Well, the pilot always seemed to be very busy with new pupils, who were flocking up daily, and as the manager of the school was on leave getting married, the pilot was also acting manager for the time being, and so had less time than ever. I therefore came to the conclusion that if I was going to learn this thing I had better teach myself. I had already started on a very small scale in some previous flights “en faisant la montagne russe” i.e. by switchbacking the machine, throttling down the

engine while descending, and opening up again for the rise. This is quite an exhilarating form of play at first, especially combined with a rocking of the ailerons, and only advisable for a beginner on a perfectly calm day. It is wonderful how rapidly and easily the machine will rock when the handles are quickly moved up and down, The machine answers at once, without any retardation. It acts so easily, too, that one seems to be rocking the house with one's little finger. |¹⁰⁴

When the machine answers like this to the lateral working of the command, one knows from that alone that the machine has got all due flying speed on — and this is a useful check in climbing, for instance, against rising too rapidly. An occasional waggle of the command should be followed by a corresponding rocking of the machine — then all is well, and you may continue to climb at that. If there is no corresponding rock, or if it is late and feeble — beware! you are losing weigh.

Having decided, then, to fathom the mysteries of the vol plané, as soon as I had secured the machine, I proceeded to a height of some 50 metres, and after a preliminary switchback or two, I pushed the throttle lever full down, and proceeded to descend.

Now if there is one thing about a Maurice Farman more than another which is rubbed into one ad nauseam in all one's reading of the comparative virtues of various machines, it is its almost uncannily low gliding angle. I said to myself therefore, |¹⁰⁵ “Let us take advantage of our wide and deep reading on these things. Of what use, indeed, is theoretical knowledge unless applied to practice when opportunity offers? We will proceed to glide at 1/10 thereabouts.” We seemed to be swishing along nicely, and evidently the whole art of vol planing seemed to me must consist in taking the smallest

possible gliding angle. I was not, however, quite happy: the swishing seemed to be dying away, but go down steeper I would not. Had not I read the whole matter up, forsooth? Of what use then were books? I could swear I was descending at about the best angle, as shown in the pictures in some of the highest authorities on the subject. All the same, things were going from bad to worse, there could be no doubt of that. The swish had quite died away, an ominous wobble was beginning to make itself felt — this without either wind or working of the gauchissement to account for it. I wobbled the lateral command — horrors! there was practically no response. I felt that in another moment ¹⁰⁶ I should be standing still, and then but no! I felt in a fraction of a second that if I came dropping down on my tail, in a Maurice Farman too, of all machines, I should not only suffer a serious accident, but should also make myself a laughing-stock. I decided to postpone further experiments. I shoved her nose down, I turned on the engine full blast, I got so much weigh on the old bus that I could make her rock by merely thinking of the ailerons. Flattening out to relieve the pressure on my ears, I sailed round to the back of the wood and some distance off for my next experiment. I clung tenaciously to my theory of the weirdly low gliding angle, and the proper way of putting that precious knowledge into practice. Again and again did the machine fail to go down according to my expectations. “I’ll go back and think it out,” I said to myself, “especially as the other chap’s waiting.” It also occurred to me that I seemed to have forgotten I was now paying for damages.
¹⁰⁷

I returned and strolled toward the hangars, as if I knew nothing of important experiments which had recently been conducted in the neighbourhood on the subject of aviation. My return was unmarked in any way by the sort of comments I was expecting. I had hardened my face, preparing to be told I had

been making an ass of myself. At the same time I was somewhat disappointed at the entire absence of comment, and therefore proceeded to draw one of the sous-officiers, an experienced flier, who was standing about. After a general conversation, I casually remarked as I was leaving him that I was commencing the vol plané. “Yes,” he said, “but you were going too flat.” “I thought so,” I lied. On my way to my machine I passed the pilot, who was changing pupils on the other machine. “You cut off your engine before beginning to descend just now, didn’t you?” he said. “Yes, isn’t that right?” I replied. “Get your apparatus engaged at the right angle of descent first and get her going well down before you cut off.”¹⁰⁸

This was enough. Armed with these instructions I got into the machine again, determined to leave fine gliding angles well alone for the present. I went up to 100 metres, put the machine well down to a useful angle of descent, and then cut off. I felt I was going at more than normal flying speed, “vitesse de regime,” but I avoided all inclination towards a more gradual angle. I felt a strong and constant wind in my face. Keeping the nose of the machine well under, the odd simile of drowning a kitten came to me. Instead of the humming roar of the engine, I heard as we (the machine and I) descended, ever at the same angle, the constant swish of the planes; it seemed the most beautiful music I had ever heard. Anything more beautiful than the sensation of this flight, I had never experienced. But here was mother earth. Gradually flattening out and opening up the engine, I proceeded to take height again, and went through exactly the same performance. Coming down I worked the lateral command, and the machine rocked in unison.¹⁰⁹



A vol plané at a safe angle of descent (“Airplane” Copyright Photo)

The pedals swung her easily to right and left. Nearing the end of my tether I turned the engine on, and made a normal landing. Even after this I was subsequently told I had been going rather flat!

On the next occasion I determined to make my landing without the engine. I proceeded as before, and having descended to about 30 feet from the ground, I flattened out gradually in an asymptotic curve, and ran her out nicely to $y = 0$.

This felt really great and glorious, and I did it once more, all going well. The joy of vol- planing really beats anything I have ever experienced.

I was glad I had done this, as I never got the machine again. A whole week of bad weather prevented my doing further flying, and the time had come when I had to leave the school. ¹¹⁰

CHAPTER XVIII
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

Average flying time required to secure a certificate. I obtained from the clerk at the School Bureau the number of flying hours taken by all the pupils on the Maurice Farman machine up to date at that school. The results were as follows: —

	Number of pupils.	Hours.	Minutes.
	1	8	24
	2	8	27
	3	10	—
	4	6	42
	5	7	7
	6	7	2
	7	4	9
	—	—	—
Totals	7	51	51
	Average times	7	24 ¹¹¹

The average time in flying hours may, therefore, be taken as 7 ½ hours, of which one half to three quarters of an hour would represent the time taken in flying off the actual trials for the

certificate. My own time was 7 hours and 2 minutes, number six in the above list. Number seven took only a short time, but he was inclined to be in too great a hurry to take his certificate, and was not a strong flier at the time of his passing.

As regards the number of flying days, this naturally depends on the weather. The whole business has been done in two or three days, but, as a rule, not more than half an hour's flying per day is given on the average, and more than this is not usually considered advisable at first. A good deal is learnt by being about and watching pilots and other pupils. In my case I flew on thirteen separate days out of a total period of twenty-six days including four Sundays on which the school was not open. I happened to hit a favourable period after the Balkan officers had left for the seat ¹¹² of war and before a number of new pupils, chiefly English officers, had begun to arrive. The weather was on the whole favourable.

After the trials are over, there is a delay of some three weeks in receiving the actual certificate. In the case of an Englishman or other foreigner getting his certificate in France there is a delay of some seven weeks while the various Aero Clubs communicate with each other.

Cost of subsequent practice. — The cost at which practice may be carried out after finishing with the certificate was quoted to me as 500 francs a week, or, if by flying time, at 200 francs an hour. The cost of remaining on at the school with a view to taking the brevet militaire would have been 4000 francs. This latter sum was said to be a special minimum for English officers, and is, like the £75 for the ordinary brevet, much less than is paid by the French Government to the various schools on account of military pupils. This is accounted for by the long time sometimes taken by ¹¹³ the military pupils, and

the thorough nature of the training for the brevet militaire, which comprises several distinct stages, namely —

Vol plané from 500 metres.

Hour's flight above 500 metres.

Cross-country flying.

Examination in aero-motors.

Finally, the tests laid down for the brevet militaire.

Precautions. — The wearing of a safety helmet is generally conceded to be a sound precaution.

As regards strapping one's self in, there is some difference of opinion. In some cases people have probably been saved by being thrown clear, but it is much the same problem as the tight or the light-hearted hunting-seat. I fancy, if it could be compiled, that the record would favour the tight seat in an aeroplane, and the strap certainly keeps one in one's place in the event of an extra rude buffet which would otherwise throw one against the control and possibly cause a false movement.

¹¹⁴

Tips. — I have been told by an English pilot that he generally got £5 from a pupil on the latter passing for his certificate. A similar tip is not so usually made in France, but I gathered that 100 francs was often given; in any case the billet for that amount which I tendered was gracefully accepted. Some French pilots get a sum of say 50 francs from their Maison or patron for each pupil passed for his certificate. ¹¹⁵

CONCLUSION

I TRUST that anything I have written in the above diary will be regarded merely as a record of experiences, and not be taken as intended for instruction. If, however, these notes should prove of interest or help to any one about to learn to fly, I should be greatly pleased.

What would give me the greatest satisfaction would be to convey to some, who can only regard aviation as flying in the face of Providence, a more accurate idea of what is actually involved in the way of risks and difficulties, which are considerably less, for instance, than in mountain climbing; to certain others, who might be hesitating whether to take the plunge or not, I should like to give the last needed touch; to certain others, again, who have formed the ¹¹⁶ impression that the certified aviator necessarily knows all about flying, I should like to say once more that he is only at the beginning of the two or three years of constant training and practice necessary to make the perfect pilot; and lastly, to all who are not already aware of it, I would point out that we are getting left in the race for aerial supremacy, and losing that position which should go by nature to English temperament and character.

Brighton, January, 1913. ¹¹⁷

APPENDIX

THE Rules under which the following certificates are granted are added for reference.

I. AVIATOR CERTIFICATES.

II. ROYAL AERO CLUB SPECIAL CERTIFICATE.

III. FRENCH BREVET MILITAIRE.

I. AVIATOR CERTIFICATES

The Sporting Authority governing aviation in each country represented on the F.A.I., can alone grant Aviator Certificates to candidates, of at least 18 years of age, and coming under its jurisdiction.

1. To natives, i.e. candidates of the same nationality as the Club.

2. To foreigners belonging to a country not represented on the F.A.I.

3. To foreigners of a country represented on the F.A.I.; but in this case the certificate can only be delivered with the authorisation of the Sporting Authority of the candidate's country. |¹¹⁸

The Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom will grant certificates in accordance with the regulations of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale to candidates who have complied with the following rules: —

RULES.

1. Candidates must accomplish the three following tests:

A. Two distance flights, consisting of at least 5 kilometres (3 miles 185 yards) each in a closed circuit, the distance to be measured as described below.

B. One altitude flight, consisting of a minimum height of 50 metres (164 feet), which may form part of one of the two flight prescribed above.

2. The course on which the aviator accomplishes tests A. must be marked out by two posts situated not more than 500 metres (547 yards) apart.

3. After each turn round one of the posts the aviator must change the direction when going round the second post, so that the circuit will consist of an uninterrupted series of figures of 8.

4. The distance flown shall be reckoned as if in a straight line from post to post.

5. The method of alighting for each of the flights shall be with the motor stopped at or before the moment of touching the ground, and the aeroplane must come to rest within a distance of 50 metres (164 feet) from a point indicated previously by the ¹¹⁹ candidate. The landing must be effected under normal conditions, and the officials must report the manner in which it was effected.

6. Each of the flights must be vouched for in writing by officials appointed by the Royal Aero Club. All tests to be under the control of, and in places agreed to by, the Royal Aero Club.

7. All flights must be made between sunrise and sunset, and suitable previous notice must be given to the Secretary of the Royal Aero Club.

8. The Royal Aero Club declines all responsibility for any accidents, or any damage that may occur to the aviators, their machines, or to any third parties during or in connection with the qualifying tests of the candidate.

9. Candidates must make application on a form provided for that purpose. Any expenses incurred must be borne by the candidates.

10. Foreigners belonging to a country represented on the Federation Aeronautique Internationale can only receive a certificate from the Royal Aero Club after having obtained the consent of their national sporting authority, as approved by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale. A certificate may be granted to a foreigner whose country is not represented on the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.

11. The Committee of the Royal Aero Club will decide if the candidate has qualified for a certificate, but reserves the right to refuse the same or withdraw the same at any time without giving reasons. |¹²⁰

12. The decision of the Committee of the Royal Aero Club in all matters connected with the tests is final and without appeal.

13. The Committee of the Royal Aero Club may in special cases waive any or all of the above rules, and grant certificates at its discretion.

II. ROYAL AERO CLUB SPECIAL CERTIFICATE

(Under the Rules of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.)

The Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom will grant a Special Certificate to aviators who hold the F.A.I. Aviator Certificate, who are entered on the Competitors' Register of the Royal Aero Club, and fulfil the following requirements:

(A) An altitude flight of at least 1,000 feet rise, which shall be verified by recording barograph, sealed by the observers prior to the start.

(B) A glide from a height of at least 500 feet above the ground to earth, with engine completely cut off. The landing must be made under normal conditions within 100 yards from the starting point. This glide may, at the candidate's option, be the conclusion of Test A. Tests A. and |¹²¹ B. must be accomplished before Test C. is attempted.

(C) A cross-country flight, out and back round a point situated at least 50 miles from the start. The turning point will be selected by the Royal Aero Club, and will not be indicated to the candidate until one hour before the starting time selected by the candidate. This flight shall be completed within five hours of the selected starting time. No passenger may be carried during this flight.

1. A sealed barograph must be carried in all flights.

2. Each of the flights must be vouched for in writing by observers appointed by the Royal Aero Club. All tests to be under the control of, and in places agreed to by, the Royal Aero Club.

3. All flights must be made between sunrise and one hour after sunset, and suitable previous notice must be given to the Secretary of the Royal Aero Club.

4. Candidates must make application on a form provided for that purpose. Any expenses incurred must be borne by the candidates.

5. The Royal Aero Club will decide if the candidate has qualified for a certificate, but reserves the right to grant, refuse, or withdraw the same at any time without giving reasons.

6. The decision of the Royal Aero Club on all matters connected with the tests is final and without appeal. ¹²²

7. The Royal Aero Club reserves itself the right to interpret, add to, amend or omit any of these rules, should it think fit.

8. The Royal Aero Club declines all responsibility for any accidents, or any damage that may occur to the aviators, their machines or to any third parties during or in connection with the qualifying tests of the candidate.

III. FRENCH BREVET MILITAIRE

PART I. PRACTICAL TESTS.

- (a) A triangular flight of at least 200 kilometres, with the shortest side at least 20 kilometres long and with two landings at predetermined points; to be accomplished within 48 hours.
- (b) A non-stop flight of 150 kilometres in a straight line to a point indicated before-hand.
- (c) A similar flight but with one stop en route. In the course of these flights the pilot must make one flight of at least 45 minutes' duration at a minimum height of 800 metres.

PART II. THEORETICAL TESTS.

- (a) Map reading. Meteorology, its principles. Barometrical pressure, temperature, ¹²³ hygrometry, clouds, and wind. Reading of meteorological charts. Utilisation of meteorological information. Air resistance, its laws.
- (b) Laws of the assistance of the air applied to aviation. Construction of aircraft. Tests on their delivery. Tuning up.
- (c) Motors. Principles and working of motors. ¹²⁴

Captain Clive MELLOR (né en 1874), *The Airman. Experiences while Obtaining a Brevet in France* [in-8°, 123 p., 8 photographies; introduction de Maurice FARMAN en français], London & New York, John Lane, 1913.

1913. Edgar Rice Burroughs : Tarzan's duel near Étampes ¹²⁸

D'ARNOT was asleep when Tarzan entered their apartments after leaving Rokoff's. Tarzan did not disturb him, but the following morning he narrated the happenings of the previous evening, omitting not a single detail.

“What a fool I have been,” he concluded. “De Coude and his wife were both my friends. How have I returned their friendship? Barely did I escape murdering the count. I have cast a stigma on the name of a good woman. It is very probable that I have broken up a happy home.”

“Do you love Olga de Coude?” asked D'Arnot.

“Were I not positive that she does not love me I could not answer your question, Paul; but without disloyalty to her I tell you that I do not love her, nor does she love me. For an instant we were the victims of a sudden madness—it was not love—and it would have left us, unharmed, as suddenly as it had come upon us even though De Coude had not returned. As you know, I have had little experience of women. Olga de Coude is very beautiful; that, and the dim light and the seductive surroundings, and the appeal of the defenseless for protection,

¹²⁸ *The Return of Tarzan*, chapter 6.

might have been resisted by a more civilized man, but my civilization is not even skin deep—it does not go deeper than my clothes.

“Paris is no place for me. I will but continue to stumble into more and more serious pitfalls. The man-made restrictions are irksome. I feel always that I am a prisoner. I cannot endure it, my friend, and so I think that I shall go back to my own jungle, and lead the life that God intended that I should lead when He put me there.”

“Do not take it so to heart, Jean,” responded D’Arnot. “You have acquitted yourself much better than most ‘civilized’ men would have under similar circumstances. As to leaving Paris at this time, I rather think that Raoul de Coude may be expected to have something to say on that subject before long.”

Nor was D’Arnot mistaken. A week later on Monsieur Flaubert was announced about eleven in the morning, as D’Arnot and Tarzan were breakfasting. Monsieur Flaubert was an impressively polite gentleman. With many low bows he delivered Monsieur le Count de Coude’s challenge to Monsieur Tarzan. Would monsieur be so very kind as to arrange to have a friend meet Monsieur Flaubert at as early an hour as convenient, that the details might be arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned?

Certainly. Monsieur Tarzan would be delighted to place his interests unreservedly in the hands of his friend, Lieutenant D’Arnot. And so it was arranged that D’Arnot was to call on Monsieur Flaubert at two that afternoon, and the polite Monsieur Flaubert, with many bows, left them.



"Shoot, monsieur!" he screamed.

When they were again alone D'Arnot looked quizzically at Tarzan.

“Well?” he said.

“Now to my sins I must add murder, or else myself be killed,” said Tarzan. “I am progressing rapidly in the ways of my civilized brothers.”

“What weapons shall you select?” asked D'Arnot. “De Coude is accredited with being a master with the sword, and a splendid shot.”

“I might then choose poisoned arrows at twenty paces, or spears at the same distance,” laughed Tarzan. “Make it pistols, Paul.”

“He will kill you, Jean.”

“I have no doubt of it,” replied Tarzan. “I must die some day.”

“We had better make it swords,” said D'Arnot. “He will be satisfied with wounding you, and there is less danger of a mortal wound.”

“Pistols,” said Tarzan, with finality.

D'Arnot tried to argue him out of it, but without avail, so pistols it was.

D'Arnot returned from his conference with Monsieur Flaubert shortly after four.

“It is all arranged,” he said. “Everything is satisfactory. Tomorrow morning at daylight—there is a secluded spot on the road not far from Etamps. For some personal reason Monsieur Flaubert preferred it. I did not demur.”

“Good!” was Tarzan’s only comment. He did not refer to the matter again even indirectly. That night he wrote several letters before he retired. After sealing and addressing them he placed them all in an envelope addressed to D’Arnot. As he undressed D’Arnot heard him humming a music-hall ditty.

The Frenchman swore under his breath. He was very unhappy, for he was positive that when the sun rose the next morning it would look down upon a dead Tarzan. It grated upon him to see Tarzan so unconcerned.

“This is a most uncivilized hour for people to kill each other,” remarked the ape-man when he had been routed out of a comfortable bed in the blackness of the early morning hours. He had slept well, and so it seemed that his head scarcely touched the pillow ere his man deferentially aroused him. His remark was addressed to D’Arnot, who stood fully dressed in the doorway of Tarzan’s bedroom.

D’Arnot had scarcely slept at all during the night. He was nervous, and therefore inclined to be irritable.

“I presume you slept like a baby all night,” he said.

Tarzan laughed. “From your tone, Paul, I infer that you rather harbor the fact against me. I could not help it, really.”

“No, Jean; it is not that,” replied D’Arnot, himself smiling. “But you take the entire matter with such infernal

indifference—it is exasperating. One would think that you were going out to shoot at a target, rather than to face one of the best shots in France.”

Tarzan shrugged his shoulders. “I am going out to expiate a great wrong, Paul. A very necessary feature of the expiation is the marksmanship of my opponent. Wherefore, then, should I be dissatisfied? Have you not yourself told me that Count de Coude is a splendid marksman?”

“You mean that you hope to be killed?” exclaimed D’Arnot, in horror.

“I cannot say that I hope to be; but you must admit that there is little reason to believe that I shall not be killed.”

Had D’Arnot known the thing that was in the ape-man’s mind—that had been in his mind almost from the first intimation that De Coude would call him to account on the field of honor—he would have been even more horrified than he was.

In silence they entered D’Arnot’s great car, and in similar silence they sped over the dim road that leads to Etamps. Each man was occupied with his own thoughts. D’Arnot’s were very mournful, for he was genuinely fond of Tarzan. The great friendship which had sprung up between these two men whose lives and training had been so widely different had but been strengthened by association, for they were both men to whom the same high ideals of manhood, of personal courage, and of honor appealed with equal force. They could understand one another, and each could be proud of the friendship of the other.

Tarzan of the Apes was wrapped in thoughts of the past; pleasant memories of the happier occasions of his lost jungle life. He recalled the countless boyhood hours that he had spent cross-legged upon the table in his dead father's cabin, his little brown body bent over one of the fascinating picture books from which, unaided, he had gleaned the secret of the printed language long before the sounds of human speech fell upon his ears. A smile of contentment softened his strong face as he thought of that day of days that he had had alone with Jane Porter in the heart of his primeval forest.

Presently his reminiscences were broken in upon by the stopping of the car—they were at their destination. Tarzan's mind returned to the affairs of the moment. He knew that he was about to die, but there was no fear of death in him. To a denizen of the cruel jungle death is a commonplace. The first law of nature compels them to cling tenaciously to life—to fight for it; but it does not teach them to fear death.

D'Arnot and Tarzan were first upon the field of honor. A moment later De Coude, Monsieur Flaubert, and a third gentleman arrived. The last was introduced to D'Arnot and Tarzan; he was a physician.

D'Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert spoke together in whispers for a brief time. The Count de Coude and Tarzan stood apart at opposite sides of the field. Presently the seconds summoned them. D'Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert had examined both pistols. The two men who were to face each other a moment later stood silently while Monsieur Flaubert recited the conditions they were to observe.

They were to stand back to back. At a signal from Monsieur Flaubert they were to walk in opposite directions, their pistols

hanging by their sides. When each had proceeded ten paces D'Arnot was to give the final signal—then they were to turn and fire at will until one fell, or each had expended the three shots allowed.

While Monsieur Flaubert spoke Tarzan selected a cigarette from his case, and lighted it. De Coude was the personification of coolness—was he not the best shot in France?

Presently Monsieur Flaubert nodded to D'Arnot, and each man placed his principal in position.

“Are you quite ready, gentlemen?” asked Monsieur Flaubert.

“Quite,” replied De Coude.

Tarzan nodded. Monsieur Flaubert gave the signal. He and D'Arnot stepped back a few paces to be out of the line of fire as the men paced slowly apart. Six! Seven! Eight! There were tears in D'Arnot's eyes. He loved Tarzan very much. Nine! Another pace, and the poor lieutenant gave the signal he so hated to give. To him it sounded the doom of his best friend.

Quickly De Coude wheeled and fired. Tarzan gave a little start. His pistol still dangled at his side. De Coude hesitated, as though waiting to see his antagonist crumple to the ground. The Frenchman was too experienced a marksman not to know that he had scored a hit. Still Tarzan made no move to raise his pistol. De Coude fired once more, but the attitude of the ape-man—the utter indifference that was so apparent in every line of the nonchalant ease of his giant figure, and the even unruffled puffing of his cigarette—had disconcerted the best marksman in France. This time Tarzan did not start, but again De Coude knew that he had hit.



Suddenly the explanation leaped to his mind—his antagonist was coolly taking these terrible chances in the hope that he would receive no staggering wound from any of De Coude's three shots. Then he would take his own time about shooting De Coude down deliberately, coolly, and in cold blood. A little shiver ran up the Frenchman's spine. It was fiendish—diabolical. What manner of creature was this that could stand complacently with two bullets in him, waiting for the third?

And so De Coude took careful aim this time, but his nerve was gone, and he made a clean miss. Not once had Tarzan raised his pistol hand from where it hung beside his leg.

For a moment the two stood looking straight into each other's eyes. On Tarzan's face was a pathetic expression of disappointment. On De Coude's a rapidly growing expression of horror—yes, of terror.

He could endure it no longer.

“Mother of God! Monsieur—shoot!” he screamed.

But Tarzan did not raise his pistol. Instead, he advanced toward De Coude, and when D'Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert, misinterpreting his intention, would have rushed between them, he raised his left hand in a sign of remonstrance.

“Do not fear,” he said to them, “I shall not harm him.”

It was most unusual, but they halted. Tarzan advanced until he was quite close to De Coude.

“There must have been something wrong with monsieur’s pistol,” he said. “Or monsieur is unstrung. Take mine, monsieur, and try again,” and Tarzan offered his pistol, butt foremost, to the astonished De Coude.

“Mon Dieu, monsieur!” cried the latter. “Are you mad?”

“No, my friend,” replied the ape-man; “but I deserve to die. It is the only way in which I may atone for the wrong I have done a very good woman. Take my pistol and do as I bid.”

“It would be murder,” replied De Coude. “But what wrong did you do my wife? She swore to me that—”

“I do not mean that,” said Tarzan quickly. “You saw all the wrong that passed between us. But that was enough to cast a shadow upon her name, and to ruin the happiness of a man against whom I had no enmity. The fault was all mine, and so I hoped to die for it this morning. I am disappointed that monsieur is not so wonderful a marksman as I had been led to believe.”

“You say that the fault was all yours?” asked De Coude eagerly.

“All mine, monsieur. Your wife is a very pure woman. She loves only you. The fault that you saw was all mine. The thing that brought me there was no fault of either the Countess de Coude or myself. Here is a paper which will quite positively demonstrate that,” and Tarzan drew from his pocket the statement Rokoff had written and signed.

De Coude took it and read. D’Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert had drawn near. They were interested spectators of this strange ending of a strange duel. None spoke until De Coude had quite finished, then he looked up at Tarzan.

“You are a very brave and chivalrous gentleman,” he said. “I thank God that I did not kill you.”

De Coude was a Frenchman. Frenchmen are impulsive. He threw his arms about Tarzan and embraced him. Monsieur Flaubert embraced D’Arnot. There was no one to embrace the doctor. So possibly it was pique which prompted him to interfere, and demand that he be permitted to dress Tarzan’s wounds.

“This gentleman was hit once at least,” he said. “Possibly thrice.”

“Twice,” said Tarzan. “Once in the left shoulder, and again in the left side—both flesh wounds, I think.” But the doctor insisted upon stretching him upon the sward, and tinkering with him until the wounds were cleansed and the flow of blood checked.

One result of the duel was that they all rode back to Paris together in D’Arnot’s car, the best of friends. De Coude was so relieved to have had this double assurance of his wife’s loyalty

that he felt no rancor at all toward Tarzan. It is true that the latter had assumed much more of the fault than was rightly his, but if he lied a little he may be excused, for he lied in the service of a woman, and he lied like a gentleman.

The ape-man was confined to his bed for several days. He felt that it was foolish and unnecessary, but the doctor and D'Arnot took the matter so to heart that he gave in to please them, though it made him laugh to think of it.

“It is droll,” he said to D'Arnot. “To lie abed because of a pin prick! Why, when Bolgani, the king gorilla, tore me almost to pieces, while I was still but a little boy, did I have a nice soft bed to lie on? No, only the damp, rotting vegetation of the jungle. Hidden beneath some friendly bush I lay for days and weeks with only Kala to nurse me—poor, faithful Kala, who kept the insects from my wounds and warned off the beasts of prey.

“When I called for water she brought it to me in her own mouth—the only way she knew to carry it. There was no sterilized gauze, there was no antiseptic bandage—there was nothing that would not have driven our dear doctor mad to have seen. Yet I recovered—recovered to lie in bed because of a tiny scratch that one of the jungle folk would scarce realize unless it were upon the end of his nose.”

But the time was soon over, and before he realized it Tarzan found himself abroad again. Several times De Coude had called, and when he found that Tarzan was anxious for employment of some nature he promised to see what could be done to find a berth for him.

It was the first day that Tarzan was permitted to go out that he received a message from De Coude requesting him to call at the count's office that afternoon.

He found De Coude awaiting him with a very pleasant welcome, and a sincere congratulation that he was once more upon his feet. Neither had ever mentioned the duel or the cause of it since that morning upon the field of honor.

“I think that I have found just the thing for you, Monsieur Tarzan,” said the count. “It is a position of much trust and responsibility, which also requires considerably physical courage and prowess. I cannot imagine a man better fitted than you, my dear Monsieur Tarzan, for this very position. It will necessitate travel, and later it may lead to a very much better post—possibly in the diplomatic service.

“At first, for a short time only, you will be a special agent in the service of the ministry of war. Come, I will take you to the gentleman who will be your chief. He can explain the duties better than I, and then you will be in a position to judge if you wish to accept or no.”

De Coude himself escorted Tarzan to the office of General Rochere, the chief of the bureau to which Tarzan would be attached if he accepted the position. There the count left him, after a glowing description to the general of the many attributes possessed by the ape-man which should fit him for the work of the service.

A half hour later Tarzan walked out of the office the possessor of the first position he had ever held. On the morrow he was to return for further instructions, though General Rochere had

made it quite plain that Tarzan might prepare to leave Paris for an almost indefinite period, possibly on the morrow.

It was with feelings of the keenest elation that he hastened home to bear the good news to D'Arnot. At last he was to be of some value in the world. He was to earn money, and, best of all, to travel and see the world.

He could scarcely wait to get well inside D'Arnot's sitting room before he burst out with the glad tidings. D'Arnot was not so pleased.

“It seems to delight you to think that you are to leave Paris, and that we shall not see each other for months, perhaps. Tarzan, you are a most ungrateful beast!” and D'Arnot laughed.

“No, Paul; I am a little child. I have a new toy, and I am tickled to death.”

And so it came that on the following day Tarzan left Paris en route for Marseilles and Oran.

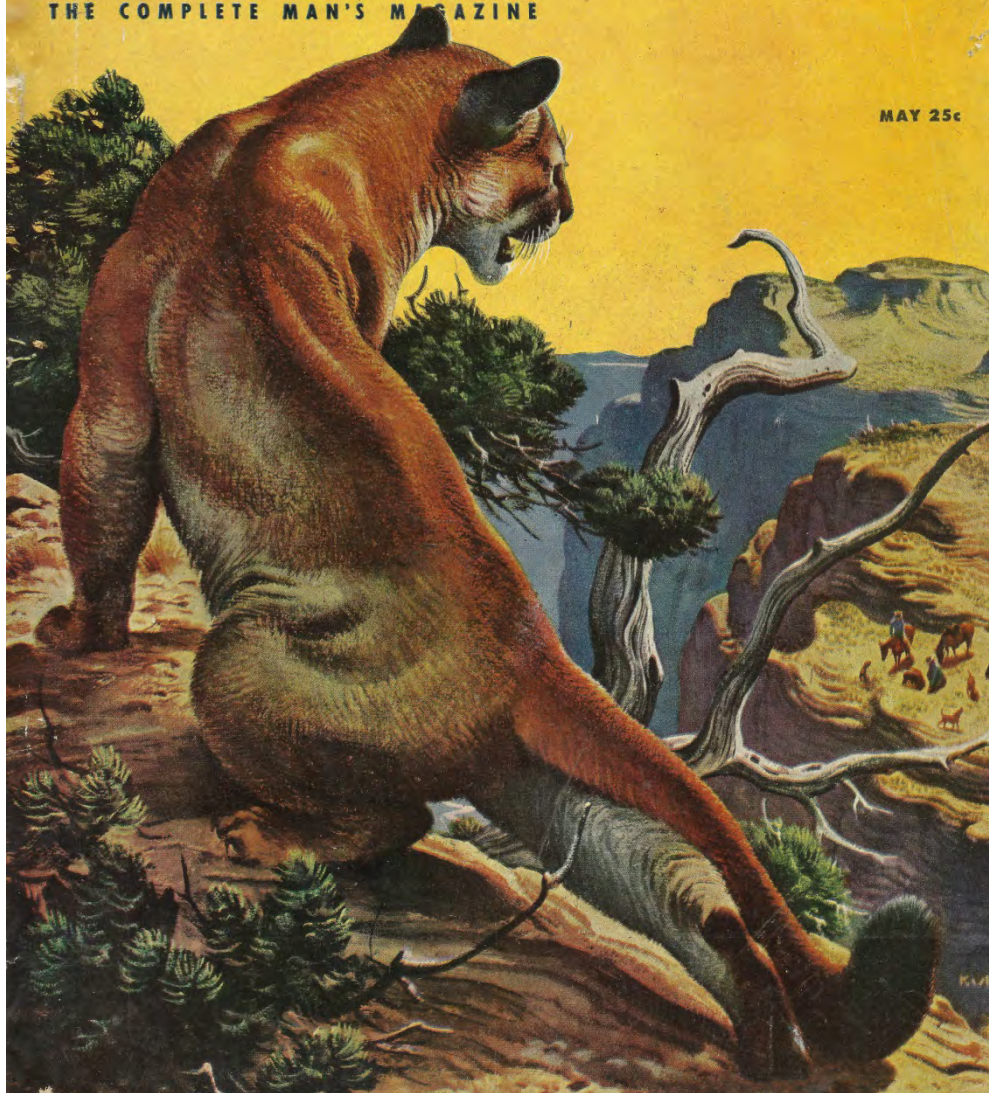
ARGOSY

THE COMPLETE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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**THE INSIDE ON
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MAY 25c





DAWN at ÉTAMPES

by SYDNEY GOODMAN

SHOULD the Player decline to enforce a legal penalty against his Opponent, he may not claim it later in the game, nor is he entitled by reason of this declination to a similar concession at any time."

—*The Laws of Chess*

In the southern portion of Paris, in the section known as Montrouge, where the Avenue Jean Jaurès expands into the Place des États-Unis, stands the Café des Échecs. It is not the

least bit distinctive. Outside its doors is the usual cluster of tiny round tables where men of substance are wont to sip their vermouth and talk of Life and Love. Inside is a small bar where workmen drink their good French beer (which is superior to the highly publicized German beer, as any Frenchman will tell you) and discuss Politics and the Colonial Situation. Deep within, against the far wall, are several tables devoted exclusively to

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MOORE

From a simple beginning, their quarrel grew until nothing would satisfy



their injured honor but loaded pistols and the promise of death

1951. Sidney Goodman :

Dawn at Étampes ¹²⁹

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The Laws of Chess

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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Deep within, against the far wall, are several tables devoted exclusively to ³⁶the royal and ancient game of Chess. Here the conversation deals mystically with the Ruy Lopez and the

¹²⁹ *The Return of Tarzan*, chapter 6.

Queen's Gambit, and the comparable merits of Botvinnik and Alekhine.

The habitual chess player lives in a world of his own, more remote than the murky world of the inveterate gambler or the glary green world of the golf addict, for it is peopled by strange characters with curious attributes, and it is always the scene of a tense, titanic struggle. In no other game has the element of chance been so completely eliminated, so that the player must bring to the contest a fierce intensity of purpose and the purest concentration. It is understandable, then, that the loss of a game is a tragedy, since the inferiority of the vanquished is so nakedly exposed.

Acknowledged champion of the little circle at the Café des Échecs was Charles Marchand, a youngish man still in his thirties. As he lived on the income from a small inheritance, he had many leisure hours to devote to Chess and was a constant visitor.

ONE afternoon, surrounded by a knot of interested spectators, he was engaged in analyzing a game from the tournament for the championship of France, which was then in progress, when a small, elderly man pushed his way to the table. It was the old lawyer Laffitte, a well-known figure in the café.

“Marchand, Monsieur Marchand, I have someone here you must meet.” He pulled forward a young man who had followed a few paces behind him. “This is Pierre Dumont,” he announced proudly. “He is the nephew of my partner, on a visit here to see the tournament. He is the champion of Morbihan.”

Marchand looked up, smiling. He was very fond of the old man although he often wondered how a man could be a

successful lawyer and a queenodds player at Chess. He shook hands with the newcomer, making the appropriate remarks. Then, for politeness' sake, "Would you care for a game?"

Dumont assented readily and there was a buzz of excitement.

They sat down at a central table and the crowd closed around them. On the choice for first move, Marchand won and began to set up the white pieces.

Dumont said, "Would you care to make a wager?"

"Of course. Shall we say five hundred francs?"

"That is agreeable."

Marchand regarded his opponent curiously. The champion of Morbihan, eh? It might mean a great deal as far as playing strength was concerned, and it might mean nothing. The caliber of the players in any particular Department was extremely variable. The man was quite young — about twenty-three, he judged — blond, slim, shorter than average, with a lean, intelligent face decorated by an elegant, wispy mustache. A dangerous combination. The youngster must be aggressive, as most short men are, and too conceited, as the tiny mustache proclaimed, to admit defeat easily. Marchand sighed and opened his queen's pawn, a conservative choice, and was soon pleasurably immersed in the intricacies of a Gruenfeld Defense.

He played in his usual style, with deliberation but without undue delay. Dumont, on the other hand, seemed anxious to impress his audience. He moved quickly and energetically. He thumped the pieces on the board with an exaggerated flourish of the wrist, accompanied by an extra twist of the hand as if to screw them into place.

Your impulsiveness will cost you five hundred francs, my friend, thought Marchand.

A few minutes later, in reply to an apparently innocuous pawn move, Dumont scooped up one of his knights with characteristic speed. When he grasped the full implications of the maneuver, his hand froze in mid-air. To move the knight was to lose a piece — and the loss of the game would follow most certainly. His face flushed and he dropped the knight on its original square as though it had burned his fingers.

A HUM spread through the cluster of spectators.

“Pièce touchée,” said someone.

There was a general murmur of assent. The rule was specific on that point: “Should a Player, at his turn to move, touch any of his own pieces, that piece shall be moved if it can be moved legally. If a piece requires adjustment on the board, the Player shall announce, *‘J’adoube,’* or ‘I adjust,’ *before* touching said piece.”

The murmur increased in intensity.

Red-faced and silent, Dumont had his head bent over the board. Marchand regarded him sympathetically. What a way to lose a game! The young man’s embarrassment was projected across the table so acutely that Marchand could not bear it. Besides, he had an excellent position.

“Make any move you like,” he said expansively.

There was a chorus of approbation and applause.

FOR a time everything went well — very well indeed. Marchand’s prospects improved steadily and he had no reason to regret his generous gesture.

It was a curiously small thing that forced the contest to an abrupt finish.

The crowd watching the game was three deep. Monsieur Brulet, the photographer, who had a studio nearby, was unwittingly the moving factor, for, as he craned forward to watch the action, a few drops of beer from his glass spilled upon the shoulder of Monsieur Rosenthal, the jeweler, who stood in front of him. The fastidious Monsieur Rosenthal jumped and turned with an exclamation of annoyance. His forearm hit Marchand’s head, and the chess player’s hand, poised to move his queen, upset his king instead.

“*Messieurs, messieurs*, control yourselves, please,” he chided as he raised the fallen monarch.

“The king moves,” said Dumont.

Marchand looked up, shocked for a fleeting instant. Then he relaxed. The man was joking, of course.

“*J’adoube*,” he said, smiling.

“*Pièce touchée* — the king moves.”

“But my friend — someone pushed my arm!”

“The king moves.”

“I merely picked it up...”

“The king moves.”

“It means the loss of my queen!”

Dumont shrugged. “It is the Law.”

“Law? Law! Were you concerned with the law when I gave you back your knight?”

“I am under no obligation.” The young man’s face was impassive.

“No — no obligation, of course,” said Marchand sarcastically. His anger was getting the ^{36|62} best of him. “Neither has a dog obligations! Neither has a pig obligations!”

The corners of Dumont’s mouth curled. His expression said plainly, “Who is the better man now? See — you have lost your temper, like a child.”

Marchand might have heard him, so instantaneous was his reaction.

“You insolent, conceited puppy!” he shouted. And he slapped wildly at the sneering face.

All the clamor ceased abruptly. Dumont rose slowly, a bright-red patch on his pale cheek.

“Monsieur is very brave,” he said in a small, tight voice. “I wonder, would he be quite as brave under other circumstances?”

“Any time!” shouted Marchand, beside himself. “Anywhere!”

“Let it be pistols, then. Monsieur Laffitte will act for me.” He extracted a white card from his breast pocket and dropped it on the table with a flourish.

“At your pleasure,” said Marchand with mock formality. He swept up the card and stormed out of the café. “Damned theatrics,” he muttered.

Seething, he walked without direction for five minutes. Then he stopped and looked clown at the crushed card in his palm with distaste. Pierre Dumont, it read, Auray, Morbihan. What an egotist! His face became thoughtful. I will need seconds, too. Now who — of course! Robert! And, for the first time in

many years, he turned his steps purposefully toward the neighborhood primary school.

The office of the *maître d'école* looked smaller than he remembered it. As a schoolboy, he had sat in the very same chair awaiting disciplinary action, shifting about uncomfortably, feet dangling, dwarfed physically and mentally by the magnitude of adult authority. To Charles Marchand now, the room seemed ordinary — the usual subdued business office, conservatively furnished in mahogany and brown leather. And the chair was now quite comfortable.

It was not long before the elderly spinster who was the typical civil-service secretary came out of the inner office.

“Monsieur Beaufort will see you now.”

Beaufort greeted him effusively.

“Charles,” he cried, “what are you doing here? Émile was asking after you only yesterday. It must be two weeks since we saw you last.”

Their handshake was not the perfunctory clasp of continental etiquette; it had a warmth that revealed a strong bond.

“Your charming wife must have someone for me to meet again.”

The other laughed. “No. After all these years, I’m afraid she has given you up as a confirmed bachelor. Now, come to the point. What brings you to my office, of all places?”

Marchand laid his hat and gloves on the massive desk.

“Sit down first, Robert,” he said. “I do not know whether the matter is comical or serious. I have been challenged to a duel. I want you to act for me.”

“A duel! In this day and age!” Beaufort leaned back in his chair. “Tell me what happened.”

Marchand recounted his experience.

“And here is the fool’s card,” he concluded, tossing it on the desk. “Pistols at dawn! What melodrama!”

“Good heavens, Charles! You treat Chess as passionately as most men do their mistresses!”

“That is not so,” said Marchand defensively.

“If you would like me to show you a certain apartment in the Rue Victor Hugo —”

“Yes, yes — I know all about your charming Madame Courtois — to your surprise, no doubt.” Suddenly serious, Beaufort leaned across the desk and grasped Marchand’s arm. “Charled... my friend... my good friend... let me give you the best of all possible advice. Go to this young idiot, apologize. After all, you did strike him. Call off this nightmare. Charles... do it for me... for us... your friends.”

MARCHAND was moved. Such a display of emotion was rare between them. And what a relief it would be to be rid of the whole business. He could still see the shocked faces of the onlookers at the café — faces that he knew well, men with whom he had shared many a pleasant evening. He saw the faces turn questioning... incredulous... contemptuous.

“I cannot do it, Robert. I should like to — truly — but I cannot. Besicles,” he added drily, “Dumont is not the type of man to accept such an offer. It lacks drama.”

Beaufort sighed. “I did not think you would. So it is a duel then. I can remember thirty years ago — but that was another generation...” His manner became more brisk and businesslike. “Tell me one thing, Charles. How are you fixed financially?”

The other stared. “What a strange question! Has it any bearing?”

“Unfortunately, yes. This affair will cost you in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand francs.”

“Two hundred thousand francs! Why! That is fantastic! Where does it all go?”

“The expenses are many.” Beaufort came around the desk and began to speak as from a lecture platform. “First, there is the field to be selected. It must be fairly remote — well concealed from the authorities, yet within reasonable traveling distance. Its characteristics are most important. It must be perfectly level, without mist in the early morning. The light must be good, yet the sun must not disturb either participant, nor may either be favored by peculiarities of background. The selection of the field is the responsibility of the seconds and the referee. I have known such a party to spend as long as a week in one locality alone, exploring the possibilities, while lodged comfortably in a convenient inn. All, of course, at the expense of the duelists” — he bowed to his audience — “who become, ironically enough, partners.”

Marchand became aware that his mouth had fallen open. He ground his teeth in exasperation, but the lecture was not over.

THE referee must be a man of absolute probity, experienced in such affairs. His duty is to administer the Code without favor. He does not receive a fee, but it is customary to make him a handsome gift, the cost shared equally, to insure impartiality. Then there is the surgeon, an important figure, who may require an assistant. We shall also need two — no three — private cars, preferably hired, and an ambulance which I pray will not be used. There are also minor items such as the notary, pistols and so forth. Yes, I should consider two hundred thousand francs a conservative estimate.

“Perhaps,” he added hopefully, “it is more than you can afford?”

“Definitely. But I shall have to afford it. Having refused to withdraw on the basis of honor, I can hardly accede when it is a question of money. No wonder the duel was the prerogative of the rich!”

The schoolmaster nodded. “By the way — how good a marksman are you?”

“Not bad, with a rifle. That was one part of my military training I enjoyed.”

“A pistol is another story. For practice and instruction you will go to the Salle des Armes D’Andrea.” He wrote on a card. “Monsieur D’Andrea is an old comrade. He will train you-as well as possible in the time remaining.”

“And how long will that be?”

“Two weeks, three weeks... it is hard to say. I will require some additional information from you, Charles. You will need another second, some young friend who will take direction. And then it would be a good idea for you to start your training immediately.”

Marchand assented and prepared to leave. “Louis Massé. Here is his address.”

“Be of good spirit,” said Beaufort. “Get plenty of rest. Come to see me often. It would be advisable to stay away from your café for a while. Also from the championship tournament. If you were ⁶³ to meet young Dumont it would be most embarrassing — with possible unfortunate consequences.”

“Stay away from the Café des Échecs! Stay away from Chess! What in heaven’s name am I going to do with my time?”

The schoolmaster looked at him quietly for several long seconds.

“You might put your affairs in order.”

Monsieur D'Andrea was a grizzled, stocky man. He listened to Marchand earnestly, nodding gravely. As the recital ended, he said there was no time to lose and immediately produced a pair of target pistols. He lifted one from the velvet-lined case and proceeded to name the various parts of the weapon:

“Good Lord!” said Marchand peevishly. “A lesson in nomenclature! I am not a cadet in training, Monsieur. I merely want to learn how to kill a clown!”

D'Andrea looked at him sternly. He said reprovingly. “This is not a game of Chess, with a few francs at stake, Monsieur Marchand. A false move here may cost you your life!”

Madame Denise Courtois was an attractive woman, warm and sympathetic. She listened to a highly humorous rendition of the episode with growing concern. That evening she was unusually tender and gentle. When they parted; her lovely face showed genuine distress. “Take care of yourself, Charles,” she said, and kissed him ardently.

EVERYONE is trying to make me miserable, thought Marchand uneasily as he made his way home. How can they take such a pessimistic attitude toward this wretched affair? He shrugged; there was certainly nothing to worry about.

Two days later, as he turned into the entrance of the building where he maintained his bachelor apartment, something happened to change his mind.

It was a shot, clear and unmistakable. It went over his head, ricocheted off the stone face of the building. Instinctively he dropped to a crouch, whirled around. The street was empty. On the sidewalk were a few innocent pedestrians. The house across the way slept calmly behind uniformly shuttered windows. An

elderly woman passed, eyeing him with casual curiosity. He straightened up self-consciously. His mouth was dry; there was extreme pressure at the pit of his stomach. He bent clown, ostensibly to brush off his knees; actually, he was trying to stop them from shaking.

“Tell me just one thing,” said Beaufort the next morning. “Did you find the impression of the bullet on the wall?”

“Nothing definite. It is an old house with many scars.”

“Had you done any practicing at D’Andrea’s?”

“Yes, that afternoon. There is a small range in the cellar. Adequate enough, but close quarters and not too airy. After two hours my head was ringing.”

“Now, Charles, isn’t it possible that you imagined the whole thing? Or rather that you translated some innocent noise — the backfire of a car, perhaps — into this alarming attack? I think this affair is too much on your mind.”

That touched off an explosion. “Listen to this man! Listen to him! For hours every day I try to hit an impossible target until I am weary and blind. And all the while a crazy perfectionist picks flaws in my posture, my grip, my *breathing!* He has even told me my fingernails are too long! All my friends speak to me in sad, hushed voices as if they were offering condolences! I am deprived of Chess — the only relaxation I truly enjoy! Then that young maniac attempts my murder — in broad daylight, you hear? — and you tell me, “Keep calm. This affair is *annoying* you too much!”

This time Beaufort waited for a moment of relative silence.

“The date for your duel with Dumont has been set.”

It was not the voice of doom, but it commanded respect. Marchand was suddenly quiet. When he spoke again his face was more composed, his tone was quite normal.

“When will it be?”

“A week from tomorrow. You have eight days.”

“Where?”

“That is not important to you. South of here about fifty kilometers — near Étampes. All of the arrangements have been made.”

“Ah, yes. Then I have quite a bill to settle with you.”

“Not yet, Charles. There are some invoices missing.”

“We need no formal accounting, you and I.”

“I would prefer it that way.”

“Tell me, about how much will it be?”

Beaufort named a figure. Marchand whistled.

“And my young chess player from Morbihan, it will cost him a like sum?”

“Of course.”

“What an expensive way to die!”

“Charles, before you go, there is one more thing. This supposed shot — do you still ...”

“Still believe it? I am not so sure now. It is difficult to dismiss it as imaginary — it seemed so real. But do not worry. I will pay it no more attention.” He grinned. “Not unless I smell the gunpowder.”

FOR Marchand, the next week was a period of vague unrest. Neither food nor wine held their customary savor. The theater had lost its magic. A new Sartre drama, loudly acclaimed, left him bored. Even the blandishments of Madame Courtois were only briefly stimulating. He came away from her apartment, restless and depressed. Sunday, he visited the Beauforts at their home. The studied care with which they avoided any reference to the coming duel irritated him. That is strange, he thought, since previously their solicitude had had the same effect.

He heard no more shots, although a corner of his mind kept listening for them, and he had to fight an impulse to look behind him every few minutes. He jumped at sharp noises but always smiled immediately, and it bothered him very little. More disturbing was the recurrence every night of the same dream. The scene was a duel. He faced his antagonist across a long expanse of bright-green meadow. It was Dumont, as might be expected. But as they waited the signal to fire, the blond young man began to grow and grow. Before, he had been rather slight, now he was a giant. And he continued to expand. Now he was as big as a five-story house and his arms reached across the meadow and the pistol in his hand was enormous, its muzzle was as big around as a man's head and it came closer to Marchand, closer and closer until all he could see was its black, ugly throat and still they waited for the signal. And Marchand, engulfed in that black maw, cried weakly, "No, this is murder, no, no, no..." Then he awoke, his throat dry and his forehead beaded with sweat.

This dream he saw seven times. It was essentially the same each night: the realistic setting, the enormous weapon, the dread anticipation... and nothing.

On the morning of the eighth day the shot exploded in his face.

It lifted him to a sitting position in bed with his head ringing. The ringing persisted, grew louder, shriller, drifted to the table beside the bed. He lifted the telephone.

"Good morning, Charles. How are you?"

"Oh, Robert. I'm fine, fine. Is it morning already?" ⁶⁴

"Five o'clock. Black as coal outside. See you in exactly twenty minutes?"

"Yes, yes. I'll be ready."

He replaced the phone. Something teased at his nostrils. He sniffed. A peculiar pungency... familiar, but out of place.

“Incredible!” he burst out. “Absolutely incredible.” He smiled wryly. “I must tell Robert. Gunpowder! I can smell the gunpowder!”

THERE were four cars in the cavalcade that wound southward through the streets of Paris in the darkness of the early morning. Marchand relaxed on the rear seat and watched Beaufort pour a cup of steaming hot coffee from a vacuum bottle. He thanked his friends warmly. Such thoughtfulness! It was not his favorite drink, but at that bleak hour he found it excellent.

As he sipped, he related the story of his dreams and the final shot. He chuckled all through the recital.

“What do you find so funny?” asked Beaufort.

“It is common knowledge,” he replied, “the shot you hear cannot kill you.”

Next to the driver in the front seat sat a portly, red-faced man clutching a bulging portfolio. Beaufort introduced him as a notary but Marchand did not catch the name.

“Who is riding with Dumont?” he asked.

“Laffitte and the surgeon. They are in the car ahead. In the first car are Monsieur Leperc and the armorer, Monsieur Boucheron. With them, watching each other, no doubt, are your friend Louis Massé and Dumont’s other second, a youngster named Charette.”

“And the car behind?”

“That is the ambulance.”

For some time they rode in silence. They were out of the city now and making good speed. The road was entirely theirs except for an occasional truck going in the opposite direction.

Marchand was completely at ease; there was none of the excitement he had expected. Idly he wondered how long the trip would take.

“An hour on the highway, less than ten minutes after we leave it.”

“Did I ask that question aloud ?”

“Why, yes, you did.”

“Thanks. I wasn’t aware of it.”

Beaufort looked at him strangely.

Altogether, they made only three stops. Once for a hurried consultation before they turned into a dirt road, once to open an old, creaky gate. The third time the motors died and the headlights went out.

Beaufort announced, “This is the place,” and swung open the door.

“Charles,” he said, “you may sit in the car until everything is ready, if you like, but I believe it would be better for you to walk around a bit. It would be well to loosen your muscles.”

“I will get out, by all means.”

Marchand’s first impression was that it was too dark to see anything. I will need a flashlight to shoot the fellow, he thought. In a moment, though, he could see the change. The sky was a uniform dullish gray and even as he watched it grew a shade lighter. They were in a level field. Underfoot, what felt like short, springy grass. On three sides were black masses of trees; on the fourth, a hedgerow, with the gate through which they had entered at one end.

All around was bustling activity. Several folding tables and chairs were being set up alongside the parked automobiles. A group was gathered about a slender, erect man whose white

mustache and goatee gleamed in the half light, and who was probably Monsieur Leperc, to judge from his air of authority and the deference paid him.



Presently, two young men left this group to walk to the center of the field where they began to pace back and forth methodically along an imaginary line. One was Massé, the other Marchand took to be Charette. As far as he could see, Dumont was not in sight yet. Act One, Scene One; the stage is ready

and the star is waiting to make his entrance.

He felt a touch on his elbow. Beaufort beckoned him to the tables. Seated behind his seal and a mass of papers, the stout notary extended a pen for him to take.

“Your signature here, please, Monsieur Marchand, and here.”“ He indicated the spaces at the bottom of a pair of legal documents.

“They are releases,” explained Beaufort, “just in case anything should happen. You understand, affidavits absolving everyone of blame, just in case ...”

“Of course, of course,” said Marchand reassuringly. His friend’s face was so white, so strained, that to ease the tension he remarked jokingly as he signed, “We must make sure my young opponent completes his set legibly. There will be a need for them.”

AS HE straightened up he saw Dumont approaching with the old lawyer Laffitte. The young man’s coat hung capefashion

from his shoulders over a white silk shirt, unbuttoned at the neck. His eyes were on the ground, his jaws clamped tightly.

Marchand stepped aside. "The stage is getting crowded," he said under his breath.

At a neighboring table men were busy examining and loading the dueling pistols; further down the line, the surgeon was laying out his instruments. So much industry, such a fuss, thought Marchand. That so many men should leave their everyday affairs —some for friendship some for a fee — and turn out in the middle of the night to perform these services is something I shall marvel at for the rest of my life.

He looked again at the sky. It was light now without being bright. He breathed deeply. The air was raw but invigorating. It carried the odor of green, growing things, alive and full of promise. I must get away from the city more often, he told himself. This is delightful.

And now here was Beaufort again and in a moment he was standing face to face with Dumont. Between them stood the aristocratic Monsieur Leperc.

"*Messieurs*," said the referee with some disdain, "I am required by the Code to endeavor to effect a settlement of your differences with honor to both parties and without bloodshed. Monsieur Dumont" — he waved a hand gracefully at the young man — "as the aggrieved party, will you accept a complete and sincere apology in lieu of a duel which may end in tragedy?"

DUMONT shook his head stiffly, ignoring Laffitte's imploring face so close to his own. His eyes were still cast down. What is troubling him that he cannot meet my gaze? Marchand wondered. Is it hate of me? Is it perhaps shame? For

just so did he appear across the chess-board when he accidentally burned his fingers on his knight.

“We will continue, then,” said Monsieur Leperc, pursing his lips as if he had just sampled a vintage wine.

“Your instructions are simple: You will stand at your posts facing each other, your weapons at your sides. At my signal, you may fire when ready. You have but one shot each. You will not leave your post until you have delivered your fire and received that of your adversary. If neither man is injured in the first exchange it has been agreed that the demands of honor shall be deemed satisfied and no further exchanges shall take place. Is everything understood? Please remove your coats and shirts.”

Marchand slipped out of the garments and passed them on to Massé. He flexed his muscles. The cool air felt good against his skin. He inflated his chest; his body was well muscled and he was proud of it. When he saw Dumont stripped to the waist, he was shocked by the narrow shoulders, the thin arms. This is only a boy, he thought, a puny boy, an angry, harmless boy.

“Your weapons, *messieurs*.”

The pistol felt comfortable in his grip. It was of a type similar to the one he had been using in practice. He inspected the sights, drew a head on a distant tree, nodded with satisfaction. Dumont reached for his weapon awkwardly. A bright patch flashed on his right wrist. Whiter than the white skin, a new bandage covered half the forearm. The weight of the firearm made him wince perceptibly and he let his arm fall down rigidly to his side.

This is the first time I have seen his features distorted by any emotion whatever, Marchand reflected.

Monsieur Leperc's eyes flicked to the bandage and away instantly. ⁶⁵

"You will fire when I lower this handkerchief in my left hand," he said. "Before you take your places, there is one more thing. I must warn you: the rules will be followed implicitly. Since any deviation can have tragic consequences, the penalty is severe, extremely severe."

From the pocket of his coat he drew a French Army automatic; it lay in his palm, black and deadly. "Needless to say, I am an expert shot. Are there any questions?"

No one spoke.

This man, thought Marchand with a shiver — this polite, elegant man — would kill me with as little hesitation, as I would step on an ant.

"Very good then. Take your posts."

Marchand gave his hand to Massé who clasped it warmly in both of his. It was the left hand, as Monsieur D'Andrea had instructed: "Your friends will kill you with their parting handshakes. They will leave your fingers crushed and cramped, your grip unsteady. Give them the left hand — you have a job to do."

Marchand smiled as he recalled the words. He patted young Louis' cheek. "At ease," he said.

Beaufort was leading him into the field to stand beside a square of white cloth that had been placed as a marker. The schoolmaster embraced him.

"Take care of yourself, Charles." The words were choked.

Marchand looked at the older man fondly. “I have been a great bother to you, Robert. A thousand thanks, and do not worry.”

Some forty meters away stood young Dumont, equal halves of black trousers and white skin. Midway between them, just out of the line of fire, Monsieur Leperc held the handkerchief over his head and looked from one to the other.

“Act Two is about to start,” said Marchand, and at his words the morning blossomed like an opening bud. The heavens changed from a dead white to a pale blue. The trees dropped their black cloaks; the grass came alive. It was as if a master electrician had pulled a switch and bathed the world in color. What a splendid day! Such vigor, such life!

It came upon him suddenly in a cold chill. On this fair day, underneath this blue sky, he was to kill a man, drop him bleeding on this plush-green carpet. His eyes grew moist and Monsieur Leperc’s signal was only a faint blur.

His vision cleared almost at once. Dumont appeared to be in difficulties. He was supporting the bandaged wrist with the left hand and the muzzle of his pistol wavered in a wide arc.

Marchand’s first reaction was indignation: his wrist must be broken. What a farce! At forty meters, in his condition, the boy could not hit the Eiffel Tower!

Even at that distance the strain was becoming very evident in his face. Now I know what his eyes were trying to conceal, thought Marchand. It was fear! Then what compelled him to go through with this affair? What fierce obstinacy? What idiotic and magnificent pride? Oh blond and foolish young man! To

die so young! It is hard to kill a man without anger. Especially a good chess player. There are so few good chess players. And you are so young — there is time for improvement. But you cannot offer me again the first move and the odds of a broken arm, for such odds I will take from no man!

But there is the Law, thought Marchand. He had already suffered in disregarding it. *“Should the Player decline to enforce a legal penalty, he may not claim it later in the game, nor is he entitled by reason of this declination to a similar concession at any time.”*

He inhaled deeply. Such a glorious day! Surely the laws of Humanity took precedence over the laws of Chess!

“Morbihan!” he cried aloud, “I give you back your champion!”

And he fired above his head into the blue heavens.

“Come, my friend,” he said conversationally, “let us finish this comedy and have ourselves a game of Chess.” He smiled benignly at his young opponent.

At the sound of the shot, Dumont straightened. His face was impassive as he raised his pistol. His outstretched arm was steady; his aim was perfect.

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ISSN 2272-0685

Publication du *Corpus Étampois*

Directeur de publication : Bernard Gineste

12 rue des Glycines, 91150 Étampes

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