



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

**I**T IS with a feeling of joy unhappily not unalloyed with sorrow that we send this issue to print. For in this same week of writing, in which four scholarships have been won at the Universities, we have heard also of the deaths in action of H. C. S. Walker and F. B. Burr. It is not three years since Walker left Denstone, and there are many here still who loved and admired him; while Burr, who left some four years earlier, was not less esteemed and left a name which is still remembered. Both were members of the same Dormitory, namely Head's i., and both were excellent cricketers.

In our recent issues we have published

many letters from CDs. in France, which we know have given great satisfaction, so we print more with this number. We include one which has already appeared in the *Times* of March 20th telling of an inspection of Territorials by no less famous a General than Sir H. Smith-Dorrien.

Nearly every post brings news of fresh Denstonians being at the Front. We are confident that they will give a good account of themselves. Altogether our list of those serving now exceeds 460. Here we are doing our best to make ourselves ready for the time when we must take our places and follow the lead which has so splendidly been given us. Every other day we drill, and the Officers' Class does much good work.

## NEUVE CHAPELLE.

*If they for us were hazarding their lives  
 To honour and to mourn alike were mean ;  
 Better the man who follows them and strives  
 To plant his feet, tho' late, where theirs have  
 been.*

*Nay, not for worthless creatures as are we :  
 A nobler cause demands such blood and tears:—  
 The hope for generations yet to be,  
 The prize of freedom for the coming years.*

## THE WAR IN N.W. CANADA,

*By B. G. Meyrick.*

I have drifted back to the Royal N.W. Mounted Police (Canada) which extended an offer to all ex-members to rejoin for the term of one year or the duration of the war.

I only spent eight days in the depot at Regina and was immediately sent here to Broadview to take charge of the detachment. I have a fairly large district to look after here, comprising 1260 square miles, including a large Indian Reserve. We have a shrewd suspicion that a squadron or two will be sent to Europe in the spring, because a " Reserve " division has been formed near Regina and we are told that the training of this division is confined almost entirely to cavalry work instead of police duties, a significant fact in this corps.

We on outpost duty have received volumes of special instructions in regard to coping with the possibility of a hostile demonstration on the part of the hundreds of settlers who are subjects of the enemy, and while nothing definite has yet transpired, we anticipate trouble if the Allies suffer many reverses in Europe, and we are acting on the Scouts' motto, " Be Prepared." To this end we have instructions to confiscate all arms and ammunition of

any sort which we find to be in the possession of " alien enemies " and the authorities are imposing as much as two hundred dollars for a fine for possession of a little .22 miniature rifle, while failing to surrender a military rifle entails a penalty of 500 dollars. We have many detectives and secret service men working among the foreign population and hundreds of prisoners of war have been sent to detention camps at Brandon and other points to be detained by the military authorities as a result of our operations. I have a number of these gentry in my jurisdiction, and while they are not showing any hostile banners at present, I hear of one man who refuses to pay an account because this time next year Canada will be under the German flag and then it will not be necessary to pay. Another man, a Lutheran minister, is preaching that the children of the foreign element *must* learn German now because it will be the ruling tongue in a year's time. This gentlemen is not going to get off without an investigation, and I am going to " pick him up " in a day or two and ask him what he means by it. The strength of the Force has been augmented from 500 to nearly 1300, and detachments have been established in many places where suspicious characters are said to exist. We have been notified that trouble is brewing in some towns only about a hundred miles north of us, and are advised to be on the look out in that district. Many of the existing detachments have been doubled in strength, namely, from one, two, three or four men upwards : you may say " What a drop in the ocean if a rising took place !" but I can assure you that there exists a very healthy dread of the " red-coats " and that the name of the Force is still kept up, although the " law-less days " are mostly a thing of the past.

A few days ago a very suspicious looking foreigner came to this town and immediately commenced to get into touch with "alien enemies." Now the German way of getting money for war purposes takes many forms. Sometimes it is obtained by pseudo-canvassers purporting to be insurance agents, booksellers, &c. My friend professed to be an agent for the Confederation Life Assurance Co., and sent round to *Germans and Ausirians only* on the plea that he himself was a German and spoke several languages. While he was doing some of his canvassing I went to his room at the hotel and searched his luggage, but could find nothing to show that he was an insurance man. I had my assistant constable out in plain clothes watching him in the meantime, and between us we kept him under almost constant observation for two days. I was obliged to ride out in the country to take a statement from a dying man on another matter and when I returned my assistant had arrested him when he was trying to leave the town. Then he professed to be one of the Pinkerton Detectives and also a C.P.R. detective in the employ of the R.N.W.M. Police. If this were true we had detained one of our own agents! However, I did not care to accept his statement without confirmation from headquarters, so I telephoned to Regina and was informed that he was genuinely employed by this Force but my action was approved.

#### LIFE ON A WESTERN TELEGRAPH STATION.

By H. T. Amps, O.D.

The Western Telegraph Company's station at Cape Verdes is probably the most important foreign station in the world.

It is on the main lines from England; Europe and North America, to South America, Australia and South and West Africa. Nine cables run here and we are in direct communication with the Azores, Madeira, Lisbon, S. Helena, Pernambuco, Sierra Leone, Ascension and our home station Porthcurnow.

At the commencement of the war many of us applied for permission to volunteer, and much to our disappointment we were refused: the Army Council had informed the Head office that all employees would best serve their country by remaining at their posts. So we had to resign ourselves to the very unexciting but most essential function of keeping going the communication between England and the various colonies.

We have had few excitements beyond repeated rumours of German raids on this island in order to smash our cables and station, but none have materialised. But during the *Emden's* raid on Cocos Island, one of the stations between here and Australia, we were kept informed of the progress of events by express messages to the Head office right to the last minute until the staff were turned out of the office.

I was fortunate enough to go on board the *Invincible*, the flagship of Admiral Sturdee, and saw the damage done: it was quite considerable, but marvellous to relate no one was hurt on board. The Chaplain's cabin was wrecked; the Chaplain the Rev. A. C. Moreton, was an old Hurst boy. The staff played a cricket match against the *Invincible* and we beat them quite easily, but it was the first time for about two months the officers had been ashore.

We have a staff here of a hundred and get plenty of games; our only grievance is we suffer from lack of teams to play against,

but we generally manage to beat any warship at all games. Rugby is by far the most popular game and we could turn out with a little practice a jolly good side.

We have an English Chaplain and small wooden church, which makes one think, by contrast, of the lovely chapel at school, but nevertheless we have a very hearty service indeed. We are lucky to have a Chaplain who joins in our games, and here we play games like Rugby and cricket on Sundays, for Sunday is the only day we can get off easily. Even on Sundays all day long we never have less than about twelve on duty. I have met no Denstonians since I have been in this Company, but we have several boys from Ardingly, Hurst and Ellesmere.

The island of S. Vincent is a most uninteresting place. It is very barren and very little green can be seen anywhere and then only for a short time after the rainy season. But what makes up for much is the splendid climate we have. There is very little rain during any part of the year, and the trade winds of which we get the full benefit makes the heat never excessive. Most of the inhabitants are niggers, and we have an English colony of about 150.

We see as a rule very few strangers, but of late we have met many naval officers, H.M.S. *Vengeance* has been in port here a month and is acting as port guardship, which says much for the neutrality of this port! Before I came here, I was stationed at Madeira. It was a great contrast to this place, for Madeira is considered one of the beauty spots of the world. In a way, and on a larger scale, the scenery reminded me very much of Dovedale.

But usually one is very happy here and fellows who go down to South America to the various towns Rio, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires, mostly wish they were back here. This, one cannot at first understand,

for the island is most uninteresting, the town of Mindello is a very dirty town and the niggers are certainly not liked, and one gets little change. There are no roads practically, but yet this place has a great fascination. Doubtless this is due to the fact that life is very free and easy. One wears clothes for comfort, collars and ties are an unknown thing in the daytime, and being in quarters makes one think of school life: a bell calls us on duty, only instead of masters we have a Supervisor in the office. Punishment is given by the imposition of extra duty.

Our hours are quite short, some six hours a day. The office of course is always open, but we manage to get one Sunday in two off. A little time ago we had the Bishop of the Falkland Islands here for a few days and he took the service and preached, so we belong to a fairly large diocese. Of course we are very lucky in having a Chaplain for such a comparatively small community.

A little while ago, our old Chaplain had to leave very suddenly with bad health and we were without one for three months and it was a great relief when our new Chaplain arrived. I must say I have never regretted coming abroad; the experience one learns is very great though one soon realises that there is no place like old England. I hope to be home in about two years, and I look forward to the pleasure of revisiting the school. I always look back on my days at Denstone as the happiest time of my life.

RUSSIA'S HOLY WAR.

By C. W. Townsend, O.D.

In Moscow there are twelve hundred and seventy-five churches including monasteries and smaller chapels. On the day after Russia declared war, judging from the

immense crowds—mostly peasants, who thronged outside the ancient cathedral churches of the Kremlin, and who almost blocked the traffic of Moscow's streets in front of the smaller churches,—it is probable that there was but little kneeling space left in all those twelve hundred and seventy-five of God's houses in Moscow. And a Russian church holds twice as many worshippers as a Western church of the same floor space; for in a Russian church there are no benches for us to half sit on when we think we are kneeling. The Russians are content to stand or kneel or prostrate themselves completely,—at different parts of the service according to their rites—on the plain, open floor.

And do you think that they went there for a special service, at a set time and in a given place, at the bidding of their priest or of their Little Father, the Tsar? Not so; but at the mention of a war to save a brother Slav, as if by vital instinct every peasant took himself to the nearest church (not many yards in Moscow), individually and of his own accord, for his own private devotions.

On the Sunday following it was to the Kremlin that they thronged; every peasant in Moscow and for miles and miles around, to the call of the great Tsar-bells,—Russian bells as big as houses. On that hot summer's day the Kremlin was like a gigantic beehive swarming: a continuous monotoned droning as of bees as big as elephants.

For the Kremlin is the heart and soul of Moscow, just as Moscow is the heart and the very soul of Russia. "There is nothing above Moscow," says the proverb, "except the Kremlin, and nothing above the Kremlin except Heaven." What Moscow does, Russia does. Though Petrograd is her political capital, Russia always did, ever since the Orthodox Church was brought to Moscow

from Kieff and Byzantium,—and always will, breathe through her Muscovite mouth.

So, on that Sunday morning on the high plateau (like a Roman citadel on the Athenian Acropolis), which is the Kremlin, in the burning sun of a Russian summer, it was the whole nation that was there incognito; it was not a meeting of Imperial Russians, gathered together to remind God of their greatness, but of simple folk in need. The Russians, unlike other people, have not taken God's help for granted, they ask for it naturally and simply—almost as a matter of course.

One of the causes of this attitude of Russia in the war, rests with the peasants; and the peasants are by far the most numerous body of people in Russia. At all times, in times of peace or of war, the Russian peasant's life is a religion in itself. His work and his play go hand in hand with his religion.

Every one of his traditional customs has a religious meaning in it. God enters into every little act of his daily life, whether he is sowing corn on the parched steppe, or whether he is going to war; the God of Peace, the God of Battles, the God of the Steppe, the God of the Kremlin, it is all the same.

In Russia an ikon hangs in every peasant's hut and in every shop, in the Railway Stations, the Theatres, the Post Offices, and the Traktirs (Vodka—now Tea—houses).

When a regiment of soldiers is leaving for the front, as they march through the streets of Moscow the people do not cheer, neither have the soldiers a band of music. The soldiers are singing, and singing as one never hears singing except in Russia,—that long mysterious muffled monotone, which is yet not monotone, but the very reverse,—sadly, but hopefully, the long insistent chant, "Save, O God, Thy people."

And the people do not cheer . . . ; they stand still on the pavement as their brothers in arms pass by, uncovered and head bowed, and devoutly crossing themselves.

The first time I saw this I was in a tram car: I had not noticed a passing detachment of troops, and was astonished to find nearly all my fellow passengers in the car taking their hats off and making the sign of the cross, and one old peasant woman fell down on her knees near my feet, on the floor of a tram car, because " It is a Holy War." The call of Holy Russia and the call of the Slav.

#### WAR NEWS.

P. H. Dundas, who gained the D.S.O., writes from 20, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth :—

" Many thanks for your card and congratulations.

" I have been an awful time answering the former. The fact is I have lost the use of my hand temporarily, and I was notable to keep up with my correspondence till I got out of 'hospital and commandeered a niece for letter-writing purposes.

" I was wounded on 23rd November, near Festubert, in an attack to recapture some trenches that the Germans had taken from the British that morning. There were three attacks altogether. I got through the first, which was made in daylight, unhurt, and was wounded during the second, shortly after dusk. The bullet got me in the right arm, just above the elbow, turned on a bone without breaking it, and damaged a nerve. The wounds healed in about three weeks, but the damaged nerve has caused my wrist to drop, and has affected the forearm and hand. It is being treated with electricity

and massage every day, and is gradually recovering power. I have been before two Medical Boards, and am now on sick leave but still undergoing treatment until 12th April.

" They seem to be having a pretty hot time in France now. I can't make out whether my regiment is in it or not."

Staff-Surgeon Cooper writes from the Royal Naval Hospital, Malo, Dunkerque, France:—

" I have had a great treat; the *O.D. Chronicle* arrived, and has given me a most welcome breath of the dear old place, with news of many old friends. I can picture the thrill of excitement and keen feeling which must have been breathing in the College since war broke out, and can almost see the rush for the daily papers in the Library.

" I am delighted that Lowe's old dorm. is still to be Lowe's ; it keeps one's memory fresher.

" Denstone becomes more ' Denstone ' to me every year, I think, and I have a great longing to see the old place again.

" For myself, I have only met one O. D., to know him as such, since I came out here, and that was F. M. Jackson, the chaplain of the hospital ship *Magic*, but I live in hopes of meeting more. There is, alas ! no Masonic sign by which one can spot them if they were not of one's own date at school, but I am always hoping to meet other children of S. Chad as I go along. When war was declared I was at the Devonport Naval Barracks, with my wife and daughter, comfortably installed in a cottage at Saltash, where we had hoped to have two years ashore together. However, it was not to be; the War came, and though I was not moved at once my turn came too, on November 8th. I was ordered to report

to the Admiralty for special service on the Continent, and on reporting myself was sent straight here.

" My job is quite an interesting one. I have a small hospital, which forms the sick bay for all the Flying Corps (Naval) here, the armoured cars, motor boats, etc., and of which I am in medical charge. We have also a small but most perfectly fitted hospital ship—the yacht *Liberty*, belonging to Lord Tredegar, which stands by to take urgent cases from the port, and also to evacuate patients to England when necessary. We have had a very cold, wet winter, and are looking forward with great hopes to the possibilities of the spring.

" Here's luck, honour, and success to Denstone!"

F. B. Perkins writes from the 49th Battery, R.F.A., 40th Brigade, 3rd Infantry Brigade :—

" Just a short line that may interest you about the life out here. I joined this battery from the base on Sunday, February 14th, in the pouring rain. As things are absolutely at a standstill here at present, the gunners have their guns placed behind hedges and quite covered with small trees and surrounded by them, so that the position of the battery is not visible from above in case of any German 'plane coming overlooking for us. This order is very strict, and we are most careful to renew this cover. It is interesting, because we cannot see what we are firing at. The Major is in the observing station, which is some two miles away, and he is joined up to us by duplicate wires. We get at the guns all orders as to firing and any alteration in our range angles straight from him. Our wagon line, where we sleep when not at the guns, is about nine hundred yards away. It is quite a comfortable farm, kept by a

quaint old Belgian who talks the most dreadful Flemish. A few days ago it was very fine, and a 'plane had been over and spotted our horses, so just after lunch we heard a wail and a crash, and we knew we in for trouble. They had the range beautifully, and before we could get the horses away they had bagged eleven. Four of them had to be shot almost immediately, but luckily we had no casualties among the men. The gun we dislike is one called the 'Old Man,' who fires 'krumps.' He is deadly accurate, and his shells are high explosive, and ten-inch at that, and they make the most awful din. He has been walking about on our right, as he is very much annoyed at one of our heavies that he can't find. So he krumps about that hill in the most persistent way, but doesn't hit anything. The heavies we call " Pooh Bah," from the noise they make. Some sappers have just finished making a concrete bed for a gun that we call " Mother." She is a stately old dame, who fires and all the world stops to listen. Then they put her to bed again. It's a good life out here. Best of wishes to Denstone."

B. Hall writes from 1st South Stafford Regt., No. 14 Camp, No. 7 Base Depot, Havre:—

" We arrived here last Saturday after a fairly decent voyage. On the way over from Jersey to Southampton we were fired at by a submarine; the torpedo passed about forty feet astern. I did not see the beastly thing, as I was on the other side of the ship, but some of the people on the other side saw it. Twelve subalterns from Jersey came here, so we had quite a jolly time. I hope everything at Denstone is going strong. I received the *O.D. Chronicle* yesterday; it is awfully interesting. I am writing this in our hut; Warwick and three

others are playing auction bridge on the floor behind me. There is absolutely nothing to do in this camp. If one is unlucky one gets a fatigue to superintend, which bores one to tears. The officers' mess is a tin hut, and as cold as the North Pole. I bought a sheepskin, to keep me warm, at the Ordnance Stores yesterday. It is a topping thing. I also got a pair of waders. They are ripping things in the morning to slip on for breakfast instead of puttees." Both he and his brother have since moved up to the Front.

*The Times* of March 20th contained the following :—

"Yesterday we were inspected by General Smith-Dorrien, practically the next man to French in the British Army. He asked how many years' service I had had. "Six months," I replied. "Any other experience?" said he. "Five years in the O.T.C." "Which O.T.C.?" said he. "Denstone," said I, and he passed on. Afterwards he spoke very nicely to all us officers, and said how everybody appreciated Terriers giving up businesses, &c. He said he had been a great supporter of the Terriers, and had been one of the generals who said at the start that after six months' training it would be a fine fighting force. He said he had been right, as the Terriers had done splendidly in the present war, and generals were constantly asking him for Terrier battalions for their brigades.

"We had a pretty exciting time last Thursday. The Germans replied to our big gun, which they had been getting into their trenches. About 2.15 p.m. they started, and the Jack Johnsons, &c, dropped all round here. One woman was killed, and a man in my platoon was hurt, and houses were ruined and ten windows were smashed in the house where I was. Afte^the storm

I went to see the damage, and in one house the shell had gone right through the wall, burst inside the room, blown staircase and all to smithereens, and the unfortunate owner was removing things from the next room by means of a ladder propped up against the outside of the house. One could not help seeing the funny side of it, although it was very sad. The man brought out a canary in a cage, which had not been touched and was alive. I can tell you it was a lively half-hour. My company was out digging again on Thursday night, but we did not see so many bullets this time, though every now and then they kept whistling past.

"The other day a man here had both hands shot off. As he passed his captain on his way to the dressing station he raised one stump in an attempt to salute, and just called out in a laughing way, 'Both hands gone, Captain.' His captain told me this. Our general was very much impressed with the story. The men are splendid."

L. A. Cumin writes on March 1st:—

"I have been very pleased to hear that many O.D.s had joined the British Army, and very sorry to know that some of them are already killed or wounded. I am always keeping in good health, and my brother too. We have had snow and frost, but before that we had incessant rain for two months. I know it is not allowed to let you know where I am; that is why I do not tell it. It is the same for French soldiers too. Is the School open now? I do not think so."

J. W. Maughan writes :—

"I have made inquiries about 'Wee Wee,' and all I can get to know is that he was admitted to No. 16 Hospital (I don't know whether it is a 'General' or



'Stationary'), *Boulogne*, on 1st January, 1915, suffering from a shell wound in the back.

" I was going to write to the O.C. at Boulogne to-day, but we have just received word to prepare to receive a convoy of wounded this afternoon, so I shall not have time, I am afraid. I will do so as soon as I can, and ask them to forward reply direct to you if they will. It is sometimes very difficult to trace the wounded, as they are transferred to various hospitals; but if you hear of any more Old Boys who are unfortunate, if you let me know their regimental number (if you can) and regiment, I will try and trace them if I can. I was awfully sorry to hear of Mr. Denny and Mr. Brownfield. I read about the latter in a paper which was sent me.

" I was very pleased with the Christmas Card Booklet you so kindly sent me, and I think it is extremely well done. I am keeping a lookout for the R.A.M.C. contingent, and I know most of them.

" I read a letter in the *Daily Mail* the other day, which I happened to pick up, about the engagement off the Falklands, and I take it that the letter was written by Mrs. Girling to Chris." Since then he has been moved up to the front.

H. E. L. Fisher (2672, D Company, 1st Batt. Ryl. Warwickshire Regt.), writes very cheerfully from the front. He says:—

" I have been out five months, and as you may guess, I have seen something during that time. The weather has been awful and the trenches miniature canals. I heard of a scheme for training the finest of the eels, which abounded in them, to carry bombs over to the enemy! We are very near a town which has figured largely in the papers, and where some terrific fighting has taken place. My word! I

would like to be back at the old school again! When I do get back I shall have to get Sergt. Dyke to box me round the Drill Hall again. I am not half as strong as I used to be, as the trench work which we have been doing for some months is terribly weakening. But I am not done yet. I often thank Sergt. Dyke for giving me such a good constitution. I hope I shall be lucky enough to come back. I should dearly like to tell you of what has been happening."

C. W. Townsend writes:—

" Bawdrip Rectory, Bridgwater.

" It is a long time since I have written to you, and now I ought to be writing to you from the front. However at Easter I am taking up work under Colonel Bellamy in the War Office (Censorship of Letters Department), so hope to have a commission very soon now. My application was accepted for French, Russian, German and Italian. My work at first will consist of deciphering letters and translating articles from foreign newspapers, but I hope to get sent to Russia eventually.

" I came back from Russia at Christmas-time after an adventurous passage of 13 days, through Finland (Torneas), Sweden and Norway. From Bergen to Newcastle took over 3 days instead of 36 hours, as we were in the North Sea the day after the Hartlepoons raids, and so spent half the time looking for mines, which were supposed to have been left by the raiders, according to wireless messages which we received.

" I enlisted in a Russian Cavalry Regiment in October, through a Russian General (Lipehart), a friend of people I met in Moscow. I had given up my tutoring job and had started manoeuvres, and was promised a commission in Feb-

ruary, but suddenly had to get pulled out of it, as my former employers refused to allow me to go to the front straight from their family (without going home first). And I suppose it was only natural that they should feel a kind of responsibility, as I had been with them for 2<sup>^</sup> years and had not been home."

Noel Inman writes from Brocklesby, Lines.:—

"We have been doing a good deal of trench-digging lately. It is very hard work, especially when you have a whole day of it. I do not think you can imagine how much I should like to be at Denstone now, but then it is no use wishing when I have joined the Army. Nevertheless I shall be coming over one fine week end."

J. M. Benoy writes from "somewhere in France":—

"You have no idea how absolutely ripping it is to get the mail out here. I have been out here for about a month and a half, and I am getting fairly seasoned to things. We had good sport last time we were in the trenches sniping the sniper. I have been appointed bomb officer for this regiment, and it is no sinecure I can assure you—first in attack, last in defence. I have twice been nearly captured on night patrols; once a bullet went through the lapelle of my coat; once a telescope was smashed while I was looking through; and a German shrapnel cut the toe of my boot, but did not touch me. A German shell landed 30 yards in front of me, but did not explode; on examination it was found to be full of green paint and hobnails. Twice I have had my eye filled with bullets when sniping over the top of the parapet. The Germans love me not. I leave them an English newspaper—sometimes a *Daily Mail*, sometimes a *Chronicle*—about 30

yards from their trench every night, and still they do not love me; they fire at me, and surprisingly bad shots they are, but they take the newspaper and the next night wait for me in the hope that I may come to the same spot. Last time I went I left the envelope of a letter from Denstone with the paper, to show whom it was from, so probably they are now treasuring it as a souvenir."

E. R. Wood writes from S. Eloi, three miles from Ypres, on March 17:—

"I doubt if Jack will be so anxious to be in the trenches when he is actually here. Things have moved a bit since I wrote last. My platoon was the first in the battalion to occupy a trench by itself for a whole day. A few officers and N.C.O.s had gone in previously for a few hours during the night, but no one had gone in for a whole day. We relieved the French during the night; worked all night repairing and improving it as best we could. Most of the work consists in filling sandbags and building up the parapets with them, and also in draining the floor. We had a fairly quiet time on the whole, when suddenly, just before dusk, we were shelled terrifically for three quarters of an hour. They flew round all over the place, and fairly shook the ground. Fortunately ours was a good trench, so that they did little damage other than knocking the parapet about a bit. I realised after a time what was really happening: it was a German attack, and they were shelling us in the support trenches to keep us occupied, so to speak. The row made was colossal. We were close on a village—some fifty yards from it—which had previously been completely shattered by shell-fire. Some of these villages and houses round here are appalling sights. There is not a single roof intact. Shells kept pouring into the village

and knocking it about, and eventually we had to evacuate our trench and retire about fifty yards. There we held on until we were withdrawn into another trench. The next day I was in another part of the support trench, which had now become the firing line. It was not as good as the other of which I first had charge, but nothing happened beyond occasional bursts of rapid fire. We were shelled occasionally during the day, but had no casualties. Our artillery did magnificent work, and kept them back; they were shelling them the whole day long. The only unfortunate part as regards myself was that I had got wet through up to the waist the previous night, and so continued during the next day, having no rations either. However, I had fed well before, and we were relieved at 4 p.m. the following evening, so that instead of going for twenty-four hours for instructional purposes I found myself in for forty-eight hours with a vengeance. I learnt a good deal in that time, and I had a sergeant-major of one of the regular battalions who had managed to get back from the firing line to my trench. It was an exciting time, especially as it all took place in the dark, and one had a very hazy idea as to whether they were one's own men retiring or the Germans advancing. Our brigade counter-attacked next morning, and took back part of the trenches, and the artillery seemed to have smashed the others which the Germans took. As we stand the Germans seem to have taken about 100 yards. Our battalion seems to have done well, though it only came up in support. We unfortunately lost two officers and several men. My platoon seems to have suffered most; this was natural, because we were in a support trench at the time. Some of the regular battalions seem to have lost very heavily, but I am certain the Germans lost

tons more. They said they came on in dense masses, in thousands, hurling bombs and hand-grenades. We are now some eight miles back for a rest for six days. It is rather marvellous to think how one came off unscathed. I am as fit as anything now. The most awful experience, I think, was the shelling—all sorts, sizes, and descriptions. The rifle fire I do not much mind, though of course I do not pretend to like it. Really we were not supposed to be put in a position of danger for some time; but these little things will happen."

Later, he tells of a remarkable adventure when they were temporarily driven out of their trenches. Two of their men failed to get out before the Germans arrived, but they actually managed to hide in "dug-outs," and when their friends finally drove out the Germans they reappeared, safe and well.

C. G. Salmon writes.—

"The Germans are 350 yards away in their "dug-outs," feeling about as bored as we are I expect. Personally I usually spend my morning smoking; afternoon, sleeping; nighttime, prowling about in search of German prowlers. The Tommies keep me roaring with laughter the whole day with their stories and jokes. The snipers are fairly active. My servant has rudely interrupted this scrawl by bringing me some boiled bacon, tea, bread and jam."

C. G. Salmon writes on March 18 :—

"The trenches have dried wonderfully, and now they are not much worse than Denstone's football ground at its worst. We have up to the present had quite a quiet time. Occasionally a few 'Black Marias' pop over, and often the sniping is quite hot; but it is harmless unless you

incautiously put your head too high over the parapet. They have a mania for rifle grenades too at odd moments ; these are discreetly dodged by our men. During the day, therefore, we while away the time by building up sandbag parapets, traverses, &c, and *trying* to drain the trench ; bttt in my half company there is a constant trickling stream which defies all human efforts. During the night we get more chance of stretching our limbs by putting up wire, digging new trenches, or patrolling in the hope of meeting Germans similarly engaged. One has, of course, to keep on the *qui vive* for their flares, which often land right in the middle of a group of men putting up wire or digging. Then we flop down, regardless of wire or mud-pools, and try our best to look like sandbags ! As you will see in the papers, the Sherwoods have had rather a bad time at Neuve Chapelle. I was very sorry to see that H. C. Walker was killed. Weigall, too, was killed. He was the brother of Weigall in my dormitory, and was an awfully nice fellow who will be a great loss to the regiment. This first battalion had already had two bad "doses," and I expect our third turn will not be long in coming."

C.F.W. Haseldine writes on March 19 :—  
 "I was in camp with Notts Univ.O.T.C. at Ludgersall when war was declared. We all immediately applied for commissions, and in time got them. I got mine among the first six. After a time those in authority realised that I knew something about signalling, and I was appointed signalling officer. I still hold this post, and the work is very interesting. We suddenly were sent to Southampton and across to France. During the sea voyage I was made Assistant Military Landing Officer, so felt quite important. After a week we

moved out by rail to the front, a journey of twenty-two hours.

Since then we have been moved about, and have been in five different towns, each of which has been in the hands of the Germans, but is now held by British or French troops. I am billeted with the colonel and adjutant—headquarters officers—as, being signal officer, I am a H.-Q. officer myself. Our equipment includes numerous telephones, an exchange, over fifteen miles of wire, powerful electric signalling lamps, and, of course, flags and discs for signalling under cover. The telephones are most useful, and when we are in the country scattered about our headquarters are connected by phone with the various company commanders. I am pleased to say that the signalling which I learnt at Denstone, now seven years ago, has not been forgotten, and is standing me in good stead, and I am especially glad I learnt the Morse code and semaphore. Recently I was sketching a bridge which was being repaired after being blown up by the Huns, and an old church in the background, which had been shelled. A Canadian sergeant arrested me, and took me to his headquarters as a spy. Of course when I saw the Staff major I was released; but after that I obtained a permit to sketch, for I don't want to take up a position in front of a wall at dawn. We are five miles behind the firing line, and go into the trenches to-morrow. Good-bye, and may I soon visit Denstone again and see you all! "

M. H. Spicer has been at Malta, undergoing a course of training in submarine work, on the way to the Dardanelles. He has taken part in the bombardment.

Mrs. Roberts, whose son is with us, writes from Egypt that she has looked up

as many Denstonians who have been there „ she could discover. It is exceedingly good of her, and is a kindness which we much appreciate. She says : " Warburton is in the Choir at Parade Service—it is nice to have a Denstone boy in the Alexandria Choir."

F. H. Stephenson, SS. *Ellington*, Transport 389, has sailed under sealed orders.

L. H. Carson is at Lucknow.

The number of Denstonians who have recently gone out to France makes our Tuesday Celebration more than ever intimate and valuable. The photographs of those who have fallen are being hung in the Ante-Chapel, and it is sincerely hoped that *all* Denstonians on active service who have not yet sent their photographs will be good enough to let us have them. It is earnestly to be wished that a complete photographic record may be obtained.

Our list of Denstonians O.H.M.S. now reaches over 460. We are more than proud of them.

We are glad that some Old Denstonians who are serving manage to get here for a Sunday occasionally. We are always glad to welcome khaki.

From some of the films sent home from the trenches by C. G. Salmon, the Headmaster has made some lantern slides, which he showed at the end of his lecture on the Rhine. Of course, as personal records by a Denstonian, they were especially interesting, and we are much indebted to Mrs. Salmon for letting them be so used, as well as for their use in the present number.

H. W. Beck went first to Havre, and five miles out they were encamped until March 10, when they were moved up to the front. He speaks of " an inspiring service in a barn—it was simply glorious." The same barn had previously been occupied by Grenadier Guards, then Germans, then Canadians, and finally the North Staffords; but the vermin were persistent through all the changes and chances of war ! He is kept very busy censoring the letters of his men. His prayer for himself is that he may be found worthy of the cause for which he is in arms.

H.A.J. R. Widdowson, who was reported "killed in action on September 19," was, it appears from two unofficial sources, wounded and captured between Le Cateau and Rommies, together with another officer who has since been reported prisoner of war, and living. It is therefore possible that Widdowson may still be alive. We earnestly hope this may be the case.

We have been very glad to welcome G. H. Hayward who was wounded and has been invalided home. He has been forbidden to go back to the front, but intends still to make himself useful for home defence.

J. B. Hardinge has been out, and for some time acted as Interpreter, in which capacity he was the means of unmasking several German spies. He now holds a commission in the Sherwood Foresters.

Among those who have recently gone to France and Flanders are the following :—  
2nd Lieutenant H. W. Beck, 6th Batt., N. Staffs Regt.

2nd Lieutenant J. M. Benoy, 1st Batt., S. Staffs Regt.

2nd Lieutenant B. Hail, 1st Batt.,  
S. Staffs Regt.

2nd Lieutenant W. Hall, 1st Batt.,  
S. Staffs Regt.

Lieutenant C.F.W. Haseldine, 5th Batt.,  
Lincolnshire Regt.

2nd Lieutenant F. B. Perkins, R.F.A.

2nd Lieutenant C. T. Hutchison, R.F.A.

2nd Lieutenant C.G.Salmon, 2nd Batt.,  
Sherwood Foresters.

2nd Lieutenant H. S. Bates, 1st Batt.,  
Cambridgeshire Regt.

2nd Lieutenant E. R. Wood, 1st Batt.,  
Cambridgeshire Regt.

Despatch Rider R. C. Wain, R.E.

Lieutenant H. T. Valentine, 5th Batt.,  
S. Lanes Regt.

Lieut-Colonel C. Averill, M.D., D.P.H.,  
V.D., has been promoted from Sanitary  
Service to be Deputy Assistant Director  
of Medical Services, Welsh Division. He  
is at present stationed at Cambridge.

We regret to see that Lieutenant G. W.  
Mapplebeck, of the King's Liverpool  
Regt., and the Royal Flying Corps, appears  
in the list of "Missing." He has already  
done splendid service, and at least one of  
his aerial exploits against hostile aircraft  
has been described in the official reports.  
He was "Mentioned in Despatches" and  
awarded the D.S.O. Last Autumn he was  
badly wounded in an air-fight and was  
invalided home; but he made a good  
recovery, and promptly went back to the  
Front.

#### WAR OBITUARY.

We very deeply regret that among the  
officers killed in the attack on Neuve  
Chapelle on March 12th was 2nd Lieut.  
H. C. S. Walker, Sherwood Foresters.

His commanding officer gave the following  
account of his death:—"The Germans  
attacked us early in the morning, and  
succeeded for a time in driving us back  
but, rallying, we drove them away  
disorganized and in flight. It was in this  
advance that your son was killed. I was  
quite close to him: so peaceful was his  
death that I thought at first that he was  
simply waiting his time to rush on. Later,  
I found he was dead. He was a very  
gallant boy. He had borne himself with  
great gallantry on one or two previous  
occasions, and his loss is a great blow  
to us all, to whom he had endeared  
himself."

He left in 1912 and joined the Reserve  
of Officers. He had been a very efficient  
member in the O.T.C. and made a good  
officer, going out most early in the war.  
Some of his most interesting letters have  
appeared in the *Denstonian*. We had a  
special Service of Holy Communion for  
him, and the O.T.C. attended in uniform.  
Lance-Corporal R.A. Briggs, as senior  
representative of his dormitory, served, and  
the Headmaster celebrated.

Preaching on the Sunday following the  
receipt of the news, the Headmaster said,  
"Which of us does not feel prouder to day,  
better, uplifted somewhat to higher aims:  
by the thought that he knew Harry  
Walker so short a time ago? We all  
admired him—that undemonstrative  
resoluteness which snatched victory out  
of defeat more than once on the cricket  
field, that quiet persistence in  
whatever lay to do at the moment on  
which I, for one, so often rallied him.  
I suppose none of us thought it  
strange when he told us how he did not  
in the trenches forget Christmas Day  
and all that it meant—that is what  
underlies his remark in the last  
*Denstonian*, is it not?—and when he  
told us his men said their prayers  
regularly, we were sure their

Lieutenant set the example. We will thank God for him and his fine example, and we will pray for rest and recompense for his pure soul." A peculiar pathos attaches to the last letter received at Denstone from him. It runs as follows:—

"Field: 23.2.15.

I'm sorry to be unable to get over to Denstone during my short leave, but my engagements were, of course, numerous, and I believe I have offended many people even now—also my brother told me of the errand reception I was to have, which made me quite nervous. I returned safely, however, and am once again in the trenches. The weather is certainly dryer and the nights are shorter, which makes it much pleasanter—when the sun is shining it is quite like a picnic. An old Brewery comes in the line of our trenches—the Germans removed all the liquid during their short occupation—and we dug up a 9-inch shell there, unexploded: it was about 18 inches high. They sent about 50 small shrapnel shells into our trenches the other day, and we replied with high explosives, large shells, which seemed to shake the whole earth, though they fell 200 yards away. Houses went into the air bodily, accompanied by their wire entanglements and probably arms and legs—however its all in the game."

2nd Lieut. Frederick Bonham Burr, Worcester Regt., killed in action on the same day, will perhaps be best remembered at Denstone as a great athlete. He was captain of Tennis, Fives, and Cricket, and he was a member of the XV. His last cricket average here was 41, and that in a singularly wet season. This promise was not unfulfilled when he went up to Keble. He played Rugby for the University and cricket for Worcestershire, while he also repre-

sented Oxford in water-polo, and for one year rowed in the Keble boat. Side by side with all this—perhaps an unusual combination—he read and wrote verse constantly. He did both in Flanders up to the end. Indeed, a vein of romance showed itself in many ways. Here the *Denstonian* thanked him for his work in improving the cricket not only of the 1st XI. but of the School generally. He went to Cuddesdon, and was shortly to have been ordained.

Everyone knew "Bonham" to be of a singularly bright and happy disposition, but few, I think, realised what a depth of religion underlay his life. All he did was done with prayer. I remember how, when we were prefects together, he used to ask for my prayers in everything which he undertook, and this constant trust in our Lord continued till his death. To me, who was privileged more than most to know his tender, loving heart, his letters from the front were a revelation. Again and again he spoke of the joy of suffering with his Master. "We are able to bear, to endure, to do *something* in return for all the horrors He continually knew for us." So he wrote. And again: "I pray for patience and resignation and more unselfishness. Then there is no room for pride or self-consciousness. It is a great comfort, too, to be telling ourselves that while we pray everything we do is God's will, and therefore for the best, 'Thy will be done,' is the best prayer. If we live we go home, and if we die we go Home too." His last requests to me were to send him a copy of the *Dream of Gerontius* and to pray for a brother officer.

He died as he had lived—a brave, simple, loving-hearted child of God. *Dominus dedit; Dominus abstulit: sit Nomen Domini benedictum.* May he rest in peace.—H. M. B.

The mother of a present Denstonian sent us the following cutting from a Birmingham paper with the remark that Burr's kindly action and the "beautiful thought" he expressed were "so like what I should have expected from a Denstonian."

"Private C. Adams, of the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, was writing a letter to a Birmingham friend when he was killed. The last sentence of the unfinished letter ran:—"I have, no doubt, been very lucky to go through the war thus far and hope I shall continue to do so in the future." The letter has reached the friend to whom it was addressed with the following postscript by Lieutenant F. B. Burr, the dead soldier's platoon commander:—"Almost immediately after writing these words your friend was killed. The 'future' that he spoke of has brought him its best gift—a lasting peace." It is stated that Lieutenant Burr has himself been killed."—R.I.P.

### MARCH 12.

*They ask not tears  
Who gave themselves to-day,  
Tho' such a gift the more endears.  
They ask not tears;  
And thro' the unforgetting years  
Let love and honour proudly say  
They ask not tears  
Who gave themselves to-day.*

### O.D. NEWS.

The examiners at Oxford have awarded the Junior Denyer and Johnson Scholarship, 1915, to G. L. Marriott, B.A., Exeter College.

W. Westwood is in the British Columbia Electric Company at Goldstream, Vancouver Island.

Dennis Victor is on his way home from S. Michael's College, Likoma, on furlough. He says:—"The College is now completed and we have accommodation for 90 boys. I hope to come to look you up sometime in the Summer Term. We have been very little disturbed by the war: what little fighting there has been took place a good distance off—on the other side of the lake at Karonga. All sorts of rumours, of course, are continually about, but so far nothing has happened."

R. R. S. Bowker has passed his first M.B. at Glasgow University, with First Class Certificates in Physiology and Anatomy.

### FOOTBALL.

#### TRENT COLLEGE.

We won the toss and elected to play down the hill. Trent pressed hard from the kick-off and the game remained for a long time very near our line.

At length a good opening by Larkam gave North-Cox a run, but he was well brought down within ten yards of our opponent's line. At half time there was no score. On the resumption of play we pressed very hard and Burrows made several good openings, North-Cox finally getting over and Knight added a further two points. After a ten yards' scrum Briggs scored, but the kick failed. In weight they were rather superior to us as also in kicking. The final score was 8—0 in our favour after an excellent game.

#### DORMITORY MATCHES.

The Middle Side Competition resulted in an easy win for Woodard over Head's i. by 35 points to nothing.



The Bi-Side Matches saw an exciting final. Head's iii. were the favourites among the spectators, not because it was generally thought that they would win, but rather because they were regarded as the weaker team, and it was held that they deserved to win for their previous success, which had brought them as far as the Final, contrary to the general expectation. Head's iii. won the toss and chose to play down. They were hard pressed by the heavier team of Head's i., and for a long time the latter were able to keep the play near their opponent's goal. At last, however, Wilson succeeded in intercepting a pass, and with a brilliant run crossed Head's i line. The try he himself converted. Head's i. again pressed a great deal and Leech would have scored but for a successful tackle by Hadfield. However, before long Wilson got away again and scored another try which he failed to convert. The persistent efforts of Head's i. were at length rewarded. Hutchison got the ball, and with a good run got over. This try was unconverted. Half-time found the score 8 points to 3 in favour of Head's iii.

In the second half the superior size and weight of Head's i. began to tell. North-Cox who up to now had had little opportunity of distinguishing himself, managed to get the ball, broke through the Head's iii. defence and scored. The try was not converted. Hutchison later was successful a second time. The kick here also failed. Head's iii. were beginning to show signs of failing strength in the stubbornness of their resistance. The play was nearer and nearer their goal-Hue. In spite of occasional desperate efforts partly successful for a moment, in spite of the excellent play of Wilson and Jones, in attack and defence, and of Hadfield in the defence, Leech succeeded in scoring an un-

converted try, and North-Cox yet another, and when time was called the score stood at 15 points to 8 in favour of Head's i.

It was an exceedingly interesting match to watch. Head's iii. were lucky in keeping the ball from North-Cox as much as they did, or the score might have been heavier than it was. The heavier team won. But Head's iii. played an excellent game all round, and with a little more luck, might have reversed their fate.

#### REVIEW OF THE SEASON, 1914-15.

For the Season 1914-15, seventeen matches had been arranged for the 1st XV., two for the "A," and nine for the 2nd; but those with clubs were cancelled. Return matches were arranged with Trent and K.E.S. Birmingham, but neither match against K.E.S. was played.

After the general exodus of last year's team, the prospects for this season seemed somewhat doubtful, as only two of the old 1st colourmen was left. But those who played in last year's 2nd XV. proved of great use to the 1st this year, with the result that of the six matches played, five were won—the sixth being lost against Birkenhead by one point.

It would have been interesting to see what the side would have done in the games against clubs.

Apart from the difficulty of finding an inside three-quarter, the team was quite good, and played well together, and, though far from perfect, never lost its dash and keenness, both in and behind the scrum.

It is interesting to note, that of the four members of the Team who left at Christmas, three did so in consequence of the war, and now hold Commissions. One is already in France.

W. M. N. POLLARD.

## CRITIQUE OF THE XV.

(Communicated by the Captain of Football).

fS. H. M. LARKAM.—Having changed from half to inside three-quarter, adapted himself well to his new place, and proved of very great value to the side especially in defence. As captain he has been most successful, and has been largely responsible for keeping up interest and keenness.

|C. T. HUTCHISON.—A heavy and extremely useful forward, who makes full use of his weight. A powerful and accurate place kick, (has left).

|M. G. TAYLOR.—A moderately fast wing three-quarter who has lacked opportunities of using his pace to the best advantage. A consistent scorer if given an opening. Indefatigable in defence, and an extremely strong kick, (has left).

fC. K. HOPE.—An energetic and untiring forward. Exceptionally hard working and useful with his feet, uses his head and latterly has done much to keep the pack together.

fW. V. CLARK.—An exceptionally smart scrum half. Keeps the forwards excellently informed and can always be relied upon to get the ball away. Especially sound in defence and rarely fails to go down successfully before a rush. A useful kick.

fA. B. R. LEECH.—A fast stand off half whose pace and often brilliant openings have done much to brighten up the attack. A keen and reliable tackle, (has left).

fW. H. M. NORTH-COX.—An outside three-quarter who might make more use of his pace. A sound tackle, and is always 'there' in defence, but he shows rather a tendency to over-do the latter. A powerful kick.

fG. MASON.—A consistently hard working forward, but lacks dash, and might

use his height to better advantage, (has left).

\*fA. W. WILSON.—A very fast and extraordinarily keen inside three-quarter, who has latterly considerably improved. Often uses his pace to the best advantage, but should learn to play up to the man outside him. A good tackle.

+W. HORSHELD.—An energetic forward who has immensely improved since the beginning of the season. Always on the ball, and especially resourceful in the loose.

fR. A. BRIGGS.—One of the hardest working forwards in the team, but is at times inclined to become erratic. Tackles well, and is always ready to go down on the ball.

tG. V. KNIGHT.—A heavy forward who has done much useful work in the scrum. Latterly has overcome a tendency to kick too hard when dribbling. Very smart in the loose, and an excellent place kick.

fH. E. BANESS.—A fast and dashing forward. Extremely useful in getting the three-quarter line on the move.

fF. J. MELLOR.—A forward who has worked consistently well in the scrum. On occasions shows a tendency to kick too hard in the loose. Has greatly improved, but might make more use of his height.

fE. H. GLAISBY.—A full-back who has rarely done more than approach mediocrity; mainly through lack of confidence. A safe tackle and invariably finds touch. Might be neater in picking up. Should be extremely useful next year.

\*W. G. SCHOFIELD.—An outside three-quarter possessing considerable pace. Latterly has show great improvement. Should learn to keep his head up, and to rely more on his pace than on his hands.

\*K. J. LINDOP.—A forward who follows well, but is somewhat handicapped through lack of weight.

\*W. M. EWEN.—Has considerably improved, and should be quite useful another season.' Might make more use of his

k<sup>u</sup>\*j'. F. JONES.—A heavily built, but very promising outside three-quarter, whose tackling and defence work generally, have much improved. Should learn to get on the move sooner.

\*P. E. BURROWS.—Possesses a useful pace, but often spoils a useful opening through faulty passing. Should be of considerable value next season.

\*J. BARNES.—Has at times shown great promise of making an inside three-quarter.

\*E. G. H. BATES.—A light but energetic forward, but has shown few signs of improvement.

A. G. TOBIAS.—A useful drop-kick ; but through inability to find his place has been disappointing.

{ 1st XV. colours. \* 2nd XV. colours.

NOTES.

W. Horsfield has gained an open Mathematical Exhibition at S. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

S. H. Larkam has gained an open Modern History Exhibition at S. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

P. H. Sykes has gained the Holroyd Musical Scholarship at Keble College, Oxford.

E. G. H. Bates has gained an open Modern History Exhibition at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

We have again to record Miss Moorsom's generous and thoughtful gift of Mid-Lent cakes.

We regret to record the death at home of James Arnold Eustace Hall, at the early age of 15, on S. Chad's Day. He had been in failing health for some time, and had not been able to return to school for several terms. He was a boy with abilities distinctly above the average, and was a general favourite. R.I.P.

On Sunday, March 21, the Uttoxeter Volunteer Corps accepted our invitation to march out here for evensong. Our band met them at Rochester and played them to the College, where we had the pleasure of their company at tea. After chapel, the two senior platoons marched with them back to Uttoxeter, headed by the band.

Mr. Coleman has lectured this term at Cheadle (on Germany) and at Manchester (on Egypt).

There have been several interesting lectures here—Lindop, on Woodcraft; Chapman, on Scott; and Weigall, on Coast Defence. G. W. Wood, O.D., was good enough to come to speak about Gas, on which subject he is becoming an expert.

On March 20 the Headmaster gave a lecture on "The Rhine," a subject with which he is personally familiar, having traversed it over nearly all its length. He showed over a hundred slides, mostly of his own making, from his own negatives. They illustrated the river during its whole length, right from its sources to its delta. He touched but lightly on the scenic and literary interest of the river, his chief object being to discuss its military interest. He did this historically, showing how it had never been a frontier since the days of the Romans, but arguing that both political and military reasons tended to make it a desirable and effective frontier again.

The Dormitory Run has been abandoned this year.

On S. Chad's Day we had the pleasure of welcoming the Rev. G. A. Till, O.D., as preacher. The day was observed as a whole holiday, and was delightfully fine. In the evening the Masters, calling in a few boys, gave a most enjoyable performance of *Vice Versa*. Mr. Whitmore was the moving spirit, and deserves our warm thanks for a most enjoyable evening.

The annual Confirmation by the Bishop of Lichfield was on March 19. The following boys were confirmed:—C. Allen, C. Averill, H. Barber, E. Bates, T. Bazley, T. Bell, H. Blick, T. Booth, S. Brennan, G. Brook - Jackson, H. Brooksbank, M. Butcher, G. Carver, G. Chatterton, H. Cross, E. Davies, H. Drury, E. Farrow, E. Finney, W. Godfrey, T. Greenwood, G. Hall, D. Hampson, J. Hanman, E. Hargreave, G. Hargreave, N. Hills, C. Hind, G. Hirst, C. Hogg, T. Hughes, H. Hutton, F. Hyde, L. Ingledew, E. Jarvis, H. Johnson, I. Jones-Parry, C. Kinder, L. Knight, H. Lay, J. Leys, W. Lindley, P. Lloyd, N. Lockyer, J. Martin, P. Moore, C. Morton, A. Muller, W. Nadin, J. Nason, P. Newbery, K. Padmore, N. Pattison, H. Potts, C. Puntan, R. Rawstorne, C. Renfree, G. Sharp, J. Shaw, E. Shirlaw, G. Spicer, P. H. Smith, P. Thomas, J. Whittles, C. Wilson, J. Wood, K. Woodham, F. Wright.

On the eve of Lady Day we had a lecture from Father Pearse, U.M.C.A, and on the Festival he preached at the Holy Communion.

The following have been awarded football colours: -1st XV., W. Horsfield, R. A. Briggs, G. V. Knight, H. E. Baness" F. J. Mellor, E. H. Glaisby; 2nd XV., Schofield, Lindop, Ewen, Jones, Burrows Barnes, Bates.

The Sports are fixed for Easter Tuesday, and of course there will be no prizes. The Certificates which will be given instead will be much prized by fortunate winners in years to come.

A gift of Communion desks, of handsome design, has been made to the Chapel of the Holy Family by the senior Chaplain. We beg to tender to him our grateful thanks.

All MS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to the Editor, P. H. Sykes, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The yearly subscription of 3s. 4d. (or 10s. for three years), should be sent to the Treasurer, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of :—*Berkhamstedian*, *Fire Fly*, *Marlburian*, *K.E.S. Chronicle*, *Lancing College Magazine*, *Cnthbertian*, *Felstedian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Olavian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*.



LIEUT. G. W. MAPPLEBECK, D.S.O.

We announced in our last issue that G. W. Mapplebeck had been reported "missing" and then "prisoner of war." So he was according to all rules of probability. During the fighting at Neuve Chapelle he was shot down, and was compelled to land in the neighbourhood of Lille. He landed unhurt, and found the district was one covered by streets of small artisans' dwellings. In one of these which was empty he hid until the search was abandoned. Then he procured a suit of workman's clothes and set out to tramp across Belgium, reading *en route* with a personal interest the ferocious posters offering a reward for his betrayal and threatening death to anyone who aided his escape. Actually he managed to get across the frontier into Holland, where it was comparatively easy to get a ship to England. It is related that he flew back to the Base in France without troubling to get a new uniform.