

# THE DENSTONIAN MARCH 1916

Editorial	1
The Ballade of Night Defence	2
The U.S.A. and the War	2
Denstonians at the Italian Front	3
War News	5
War Obituary	14
Football	15
O.D. News	16
Notes	17

DENSTONE COLLEGE

STAFFS

THE  
DENSTONIAN

VOLUME XI

*Edited by H. D'A. CHAMPNEY, E. C. BREWIS,  
& F. IV. S. PODMORE*

DENSTONE COLLEGE

1916

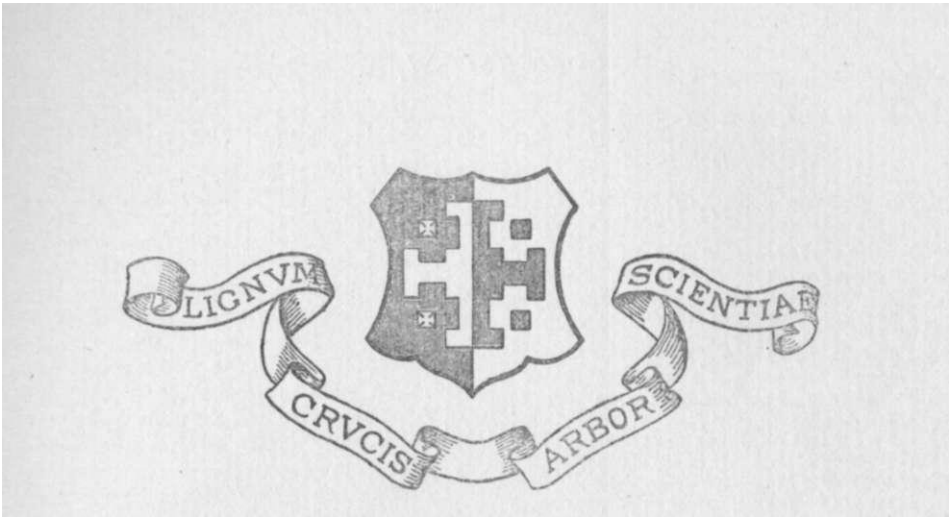
*CULL & SON, LONDON*

INDEX TO VOLUME XL.

	<i>Page</i>
Athletic Sports	49
Contributed Articles :—	
The U.S.A. and the War	2
Denstonians at the Italian Front	3
In an Outpost of Empire	21
Denstone Revisited	23
Our Latest Ally	24
In France : A Broken Village	36
A Denstonian in Dublin	37
Day by Day as a Signalling Officer	38
Kultur and Shakespeare	39
The Battle of Jutland	53
Shakespeare in the Dark Ages	55
The Great Push	72
On the Last Crusade	75
On Leave	96
By an African Shore	98
Cricket:—	
Averages of the XI., 1916	68
Critique of the XL, 1916	68
Matches	63, 68
Editorial . . . . .	<i>h « i 35- 53- 71. 93</i>
Football:—	
Critique of the XV., 1915-16	31
Matches and Dormitory Matches	15, 88, 105
Review of the Season, 1915-16	32
Mothers' Window, The	76
National Mission, The	87

Notes :—	Page
Boys Left	18, 51, 90, 108
Boys' Library	20, 108
Chapel	19
Confirmation	34
Contemporaries	20, 34, 52, 70, 92, 108
Cricket	90
Fire Brigade	20
Headmaster	18, 33, 107, 108
Lectures	18, 33, 108
Literary and Scientific Society	18, 33, 108
Lighting	19
Masters	17, 51, 89
Mistresses .	18, 51
Museum	34
Music Competition	19. 5'
New Boys	19. 5*1 9'
Obituary	8, 51, 7° . 9'
Prefects	51, 91, 108
Preparatory School	51. 92
Prizes and Exhibitions	17, 90
Swimming	70, 90
Volunteer Training Corps	33
O.D. News	16, 32, 50, 69, 89, 107
Officers' Training Corps .	33. 5'. 70, 86, 108
Poetry:—	
The Ballade of Night Defence	
Rev. David Edwardes, The	93
War News	5. 25. 4 <sup>3</sup> . 57. 77. 99
War Obituary	4» 3°. 47. 61, 82, 103

*Illustration* : Rev. D. Edwardes.



# The Denstonian.

MARCH, 1916.

No. 238.

VOL. XL. No 1.

## EDITORIAL.

**T**HE coming of 1916 still sees the country at war, and peace as far off as ever. The motto of "Wait and see" did not do much for 1915, and it is to be hoped that "Deeds" has been established as the motto for the future by the introduction of the Compulsory Service Bill. The love Old Denstonians have for their school is shown by the number of letters, mostly from the front, published in every issue, and we have cause to be proud of the way in which they have rallied to their country's call,

It is difficult at first to understand what it is which prompts such letters, to know

what fills the squalid dug-out with the vision of red roofs and grey walls, and the long sweep of our distant hills. Again and again come messages—from the great spaces of the seas, from the sodden plains of Flanders, from the sands of Egypt and the islands of Greece; but always there is the same tender affection for what they call with touching accord the "dear old place." /

Is not this love the very secret in the heart of the public-school man? At Denstone we learn to think first of the School and what we owe her; it does not matter about ourselves. The lesson is not forgotten; it bears its fruit as love of England amongst the slag-heaps of Artois and the pestilent swamps of the Tigris. The war has indeed been at once the apology and the glory of the public school system.

THE BALLADE OF NIGHT  
DEFENCE.

By Brodin Dclap, R.N., O.D.

*The shit> was steaming o'er the sea.  
Steaming witli all her might;  
They'd done their very best to make  
The headlights good and tight.  
And this was just because, you see,  
They mustn't show a light.*

*The Snotty and the young Marine  
Were sitting up in A,  
They wept like anything to think  
How long it ivas till day ;  
" If only this long night would pass,  
It would be grand," said they.*

*" If many a ship across the sea  
Should come, with many a gun,  
Do you suppose," the Snotty said,  
" That we should see some fun ?"  
" / doubt it," said the young Marine ;  
" / fear they'd turn and run."*

*" Oh, let us brew some cocoa, please,"  
The Snotty did beseech ;  
" A steaming jug, a roomy jug,  
That holds enough for each ;  
We'll put it here between us both,  
Nicely within our reach."*

*The Snotty and the young Marine  
Talked on an hour or so,  
Until their stock of topics now  
Was running very low,  
And all the able seamen sat  
And grumbled in a row.*

*" The time has come," the Snotty said,  
" To talk of many things ;  
Of why projectiles are not square,  
And whether cordite stings.  
And if we're really going straight,  
Or steaming round in rings."*

*"I wish I knew," the Snotty said,  
" The time for packing up,"  
The young Marine said nothing but  
" Give us another cup."  
An odd request, because, you see,  
They'd drunk the whole lot up.*

THE U.S.A. AND THE WAR.

By G. E. Jackson, O.D., late Lecturer on  
Political Economy in Toronto University.

" The people in Berlin," says an American of hyphenated sympathies,\* " believe that anyone who has once been in America knows the country and the people." It is to be hoped that those in Denstone do not makethesamemistake. Nostrangervisiting America sees more than a single stratum of American life and thought, and the truth about America can only be learned in a symposium.

There are nevertheless two considerations of which most Englishmen lose sight, which have at once determined the position and shaped the politics of the United States for many months. Forming as they do the keynote to British and foreign diplomacy, they do not depend on superlatives for their importance.

The first of them relates to Europe. Of the total production of iron and steel throughout the Continent, the Germanic allies are responsible for something like two-thirds. In other words, so far as war munitions made of steel—guns and shells, machine-guns and bullets, rails and rolling-stock and locomotives—are concerned, our own unaided efforts would avail but little against the great preponderance of Germany. We depend for our success upon America; and, in an opposite sense, so do the Germans,

We believe that American neutrality will give us victory, provided only that the trade in munitions continues.

The second great consideration relates to the problematical value of American intervention in the war. There are in the

\* Mr. George von Skäl, in the published correspondence of Captain von Papen, p. 13.

United States more than four millions of Germans and subjects of Austria-Hungary. The States of Wisconsin and Minnesota may be reckoned as German communities. The population of Chicago, the largest railway centre in the world, of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Buffalo, is also largely German. War between the United States and the Germanic powers might well absorb the munitions on which we depend, in a civil war of weeks or months.

We need not dwell either on the British or the German attitude to neutrals so situated. The difficulties of American diplomacy when a *Lusitania* sinks, or an *Arabic*, are very real.

For the President—who knows that by fighting the Germans he might give them real assistance—must speak for a dozen polyglot cities, each as large as Birmingham or Glasgow. He represents a million Jews, who live in New York, nursing bitter memories of Russia. Cheek by jowl with them, there are more Italians in New York than in Naples. There are Irish in Boston who wish he would fight England, others who wish he would fight Germany. There are Americans by thousands, in the South and in New England, who want war; there are as many to be found among the prairies, who want peace at any price.

Whatever Mr. Wilson does, he must make enemies, and he knows that opponents of social justice will exploit them. He has been deserted by his chief lieutenant, who was hailed forthwith as "the greatest man since Paul." In the face of troubles that might daunt an opportunist, he has stood for principles; and, to give weight to his demands, he has an Army of less than forty thousand soldiers. Allowing for a reasonable guard along the borders of Mexico, he has perhaps two brigades to spare.

In summing up his record, posterity will bear these things in mind. His own generation is in danger of forgetting them; but among his hasty critics, the best class of American—educated, travelled, and reflective—is not often found. From such men come regrets that the language of their President is strangely chosen. More than most men, Americans are sensitive to ridicule; and Mr. Wilson will go down to history as the man who, whatever his virtues, at a time when millions of half-educated workmen died gladly for their country, said he was "too proud to fight." But, as the record of George Washington outweighs remembrance of a pompous phrase, so that of Woodrow Wilson, if it is fair and manly, will in time receive full credit from a generous people.

#### DENSTONIANS AT THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Famous though the Englishman has always been for penetrating into all the corners of the earth, his excursions during the present war have broken every previous record. Italy, like all other respectable countries, has not escaped him, and "he" includes two Denstonians.

There was once a peaceful little village, lying in the sunshine, just on the eastern edge of the great northern plain of Italy, and in full view of the superb mountains to northward. The inhabitants were industrious people; they made chairs in the little village; they tended their vineyards in the country round.

Just outside the village there is a big yellow villa—a sleepy old mansion lying behind stone gates and sheltered by cypresses and poplars, its fountain splash-



ing lazily in the great wide court. Here the girls and womenfolk used to come, chatting and treading barefoot along the dusty roads, to fill their copper water-pots. One day, in the month of May, 1915—a day never to be forgotten in Italian history—the great guns began to boom over the Austrian frontier. That long dusty road stretching across the beautiful plain, became suddenly transformed. Regiments of soldiers in their grey-green uniforms, with their staffs and heavy knapsacks, plodded along it; convoys of laden mules went by; heavy cannons, buzzing away like giant aeroplanes, and leaving behind them clouds of dust; batteries of field-guns and "mitragliatrici."

The little village was overrun by soldiers. They pulled down the vines, trampled the meadow grass, pitched their tents in all directions, and quartered their cavalry in the cottages round about.

On a certain sweltering mid-day of early September, the old villa was invaded by a queer procession of automobiles and motor ambulances, which deposited a still queerer selection of hungry Britons on the green turf in front of the fountain. These individuals, who consisted of poets, historians, artists, archaeologists, doctors, and a small number of ordinary mortals, proceeded to produce each a large ham-sandwich from his haversack and to devour it, swilling it down with limejuice from a water-bottle. They were not merely gormandizing, however. They were taking stock of their new surroundings, and shortly afterwards they set to work with a will, and by dint of much sweeping and disinfecting and limewashing, and unpacking of stores from England, whacked that old villa into a very creditable "Ospedale da Campo"—a British Red Cross Field hospital.

In a remarkably short time this little British colony had made itself quite at home at the old villa. Up among the hills, where the fighting is, other little, tiny colonies were doing splendid work, their ambulances climbing along the shell-ploughed roads from one shattered village to another, and bringing loads of wounded from the field dressing-stations down to the clearing hospitals on the plain below.

The hospital too was steadily gaining a reputation, and we know now that many a soldier who has returned into Italy has taken with him a feeling of gratefulness towards England and the English; and to all of us who are working here, the knowledge of that fact is a very rich reward.

Now other bands of Englishmen are stationed in other parts of the Italian front. There will be rough work for the motor-ambulances in the spring up among the hills, just as it was in the autumn. Our nurses and doctors and orderlies have long hours of trying work before them, for work in the wards of an advance hospital is a test of endurance not far short of life in the trenches; but it will all be done with enthusiasm for the love of Italy. Our friendship with her is an enduring one, and our debt to her is one which will need generations of faithful service to repay.

The two Denstonians above referred to are working with the First British Ambulance Unit. They are doing their share, and they say: "If you know of anyone who is ineligible for the Army, who has a little money, and who wants to have a really sporting time in good company, tell him to join us." The "really sporting time" includes having to work along roads commanded by the enemy's guns, and under the eyes of hostile aeroplanes, so it sounds attractive.

## WAR NEWS.

So far in the present War the following Distinctions have been gained by Denstonians:—

D.S.O.—Major P. H. Dundas (wounded) and Capt. and Flight Commander C. W. Mapplebeck (since accidentally killed).

The Military Cross — Staff- Capt. E. Woolmer.

The French Military Medal. — H. S. Short.

Mentioned in Dispatches—Major P. H. Dundas, Rev. F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drew (twice), Lt.-Col. VV. L. Alexander (twice; since killed in action), Rev E. A. Fitch, Lt. R. A. Starbuck Williams, Capt. R. J. Brownfield (since killed in action), Staff Capt. E. Woolmer, Lt. P. C. Clayton, and 2nd Lt. C. E. Whitworth (missing).

Special Promotion for Distinguished Service in the Field—Capt. H. W. T. Smith, R.A., to be Brevet Major.

M.V.O.—Capt. G. S. T. Dawson.

C. S. Ridge was in British Columbia when war broke out, and came to England with the 2nd Canadian Contingent. He went out to France on May 1st in the 7th Bn. B.C. Regt.

W. H. Ridge held a commission in the old Stafford Volunteers as Lieut, and took out a Company to the Boer War. The members were presented with the honorary freedom of Stafford on their return. Later he served as Lieut, in the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and as soon as the present war broke out he was attached to the A.S. C. as Lieut. On June 14 he was gazetted Capt., and since then has been commanding officer of the 5th Bn. Manchester Regt.

H. T. Valentine mentions that in France he has met L. N. H. Rutledge ("we were in the Fifth Form together"), and mentions that W. H. Kelly is in the same battalion as he is himself. "We are having a very bad time out here at present (he wrote on Dec. 19), for the trenches are in a terrible condition. Luckily, we have been out of them for a month, for our Brigade, the 12th, is well behind the line, training with a new Division."

Roy Wilson left for France early in November, and was almost immediately sent into the trenches. Early in December he was in a party which was preparing the trench for the battalion next day when the Germans sent up a flare which revealed them. Immediately all sorts of shells followed, and Wilson received a fragment through his right wrist.

J. P. Ward is back home from the Dardanelles. His Division took part in the new landing at Suvla Bay, and at the beginning had some pretty fierce fighting, in which losses were heavy. After the first three days, except for constant shelling (to which everybody, whether in the first-line trenches or in the reserve trenches, was equally exposed), things toned down a bit. The country was very difficult, and the supply of water, ammunition, and rations to the firing line a very difficult matter.

B. K. Bond wrote on Dec. 16th:—

"I reached Alexandria on May 13th. I had orders to join the 29th Division when I left home, but as so many of them were there in hospital my orders were changed and I was sent for duty to 15 General Hospital, Alexandria. Here one had a wonderful experience, for we had 1,500 patients—English and Australians, and so many bad septic cases—we lost dozens of men daily in those early days. Then on

June 3rd I received orders to embark for duty on a transport to carry wounded down from Mudros. We had only a small staff of Doctors, Sisters, and orderlies, so one's duties were various. Gradually the ship—the *Devanha*, a P & O. boat—was fitted out as a hospital ship, more being done each time we went to the base. We were then registered as a hospital ship, and painted as such. We had many journeys up and down on her—from Alexandria to Mudros, on to Anzac (once to Suvla)—sometimes back to Alexandria, and sometimes to Malta. We were lying off Anzac for nearly all the big stunts. We had a wonderful bird's-eye view of all the fighting in August at Anzac and Suvla Bay. It was a very busy life and very strenuous. We had many bad cases, and I often buried 18—20 men per day at sea. It was quite a common thing to bury 40—50 in a day's trip. It was trying work—day after day and week after week. Of our Service for the *Royal Edward* you have had the account. Eventually the *Devanha* was ordered home for final refitting before the winter. We reached Southampton on Sept. 12th, with a load of wounded—mostly Australians and New Zealanders. There I left her, and after ten days at home I returned to Mudros on a troopship. Since the beginning of October I have been in the trenches with the Essex Territorial Brigade. We left Anzac, our position, two weeks ago, and had one week's rest at Mudros, and here we are on our way to Egypt, for permanent work there, I believe. We are due to reach Alexandria to day. I cannot tell you how one feels, now that we are away from shot and shell, and we have had plenty."

J. A. Bockett, writing on Dec. 20 from Flanders, mentions that O'Meara, in his battalion, was recently hit, but not badly.

"We had rather a rough time when we were in the trenches: I used to think the playing fields at Denstone were muddy, but I have changed my opinion now! But as long as you could keep on the boards, which was no easy matter, as they are greasy and slippery, you were all right, but alas! if you slipped off you went up to the waist in mud and water. Several men got stuck so fast in that we had to go to their assistance and pull them out; in some cases the waders were left behind!"

R. G. Bennett served three years in the Boer War, and came back from Rhodesia after war was declared and joined a Rhodesian Platoon in the 3rd Batt. K.R.R. as a private. He soon rose to be sergeant, and has since been gazetted 2nd Lieut, in the 6th Batt. He was wounded in the second battle of Ypres.

The following is a letter from C. O. Andrews (a member of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa), who is interned in G.E. Africa. The letter was dated June nth, 1915, and was received on August 18th. It is the only letter which has come from him since the war began. Address and postmark were both censored out:—

"We have just been told that we may write short letters to England. After the war began we were sent off to Lindi, the nearest port, at twelve hours' notice, and were kept there, living at the hotel, for ten weeks. Then we were suddenly sent back to Masasi. I collected all the Kiungani boys, who had just missed returning to Zanzibar, and had them combined with the Masasi and Chimata Central Schools, for three and a half months. In the middle of February we had orders to go to Morogoro, inland a little from Daresalem. We started on Feb. 20th, and got there on March 31st, thirteen of us, and 200 porters, with a

German and two soldiers. At Morogoro we found ourselves prisoners, and were guarded with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. The next day we entrained, and had a twenty-four hours' journey           , leaving the ladies at           . At            we were, in the military prison, treated just as the soldiers and sailors who had been captured. On May nth we came here; it is far the best of the prisons. . . . I have been quite well all the time, and have plenty of work to do. But we were able to bring very few books."

C. G. Carson is at present at that part of the line where Bruce Hall lies buried by the Germans. The cross they put up to him and the other heroes of the S. Staffs, is plainly visible in front of the trenches. Writing just after Christmas, he said:— " We were very lucky in being withdrawn to a town about twice the size of Uttoxeter, where we are in good billets. In the trenches the mud is up to our waists, without exaggeration, in some places; when we were there, our left rested on a canal. After arriving there at night, on looking over my parapet in the morning, on the extreme left I saw Bruce Hall's cross; it appeared to be just in front of the German wire. There is a railway line on our side of the canal, and the embankment runs down the canal towing path. The cross slopes backward, and the inscription is as was given in the *Times* obituary notice. If opportunity had offered I should have gone out to the grave, but when we were there the moon was full, so it was impossible. I enclose a rough sketch of the cross, but I am no artist. There is a mound of earth in front, and the surrounding ground is very rough, chiefly covered with coarse grass and heather and the usual debris. I heard that Bruce was 'missing' just

before I came out, and felt it very much, as he was a great friend of mine, and it was a curious coincidence that I should have been sent straight to his grave. The British officers put up a large notice thanking the Germans for putting up the cross."

The following account of the attack on Burnt Hill, in Gallipoli, on August 21st, when C. E. Hart was wounded, is from *The Daily Malta Garrison*:—

"It was about half-past seven when our Yeomanry gained the position, on the edge of the Scimitar, whence the attack was to be launched. Dark was falling fast, but watching through our glasses from Chocolate Hill, we suddenly saw a stir and a move among our men in the scrub on Burnt Hill. Then before one realized that the last charge had begun, our men were swarming across the Scimitar as if running for a prize. In an incredibly short time they had swept across the bare gully, against which, even in the dusk, their figures showed out plainly, and then they vanished into smoke and darkness, on the top of the hill. Obviously they had taken the first trench. The last seen of the Turks was a few isolated figures standing up to fire or clambering over the trench to bolt. No one doubted that the hill was taken. To our profound disappointment we learned later that, through insufficiency of numbers, after having held it all night, the troops were withdrawn in the early following morning. The hill was swept by the cross-fire of a Turkish battery, as well as raked by machine-guns from behind, and during the evening it was decided that the position was untenable, and that it was not safe to leave troops there during the night, commanded as they were by higher enemy positions on all sides. The troops who

had fought so gallantly, and had come so near success, were withdrawn during the next night to their old positions, and a portion of the enemy's front trench in the plain was all that remained to us the day after."

N. Fi Humphreys wrote on Oct. 20th :— "As all the papers have been proclaiming, there has been a push on this bit of front, and for a few days I had a 'tummy' full of war. On the morning of the attack we got orders to go and reinforce some of our men who had been held up by the Bosches'barbed wire in front of the trench. It was too thick for them to get through, so they sat down outside and proceeded to dig themselves 'hiding-holes.' I arrived at our front-line trench with my guns, to find practically none there. I inquired of a stray engineer where the people were I was supposed to reinforce. Then for the first time I learned what had exactly happened. The distance to the Bosche trenches was about 250 yards, and the wire was thirty yards in front of their trench. By a lightning calculation I found that I had to go forward about 200 yards, and it was quite daylight and the ground was quite level, with hardly any cover. Frankly, I wasn't quite happy about it. I had heard, however, that the Bosche would issue forth and slay the poor people unless someone helped them, so I wandered out of our trench and did quite a red Indian 'stunt' on my 'tummy' to whereabouts I thought our men must have got. I took one man with me in case of happenings, and left the guns behind for the moment, because it wasn't good enough taking them forward till I knew exactly where I was to take them. After about seven 'years' V I found myself looking into a cavity which contained a Tommy. He intimated that he was glad to see me,

and I asked him where his officer was, but he answered that he didn't think he'd got any left, and did I think the Bosche would counter - attack before or after dark? Eventually I found a second lieutenant, who 'believed he was left in command.' He'd be charmed to have the guns immediately, and would I be good enough to find the best places for them? The only thing he would like more than a biscuit was a drink. After this there arose a mighty shouting from the German trenches about sixty yards away, and they came forth in clouds. I did feel an ass, being without my guns, 200 yards away. After I had made quite certain that my revolver was loaded, I had another look at the advancing foe, and discovered to my intense relief that they were proceeding 'hands up.' There were over 700 of them, and we weren't much over 200. I was senior officer present, but at Bisley we were not instructed in the etiquette of accepting surrender, so I beat a hasty retreat. I don't know what the other wretched 'sub.' did, but all the prisoners arrived back in due course, so I suppose his education was more complete than mine. It transpired later that, owing to a very vague idea of the situation, we had advanced over the open ground in a most awe-inspiring manner, and had frightened the Bosches out of their lives. They thought that the guns were some new form of 'frightfulness' with which they weren't acquainted, and thought that discretion was the better part."

W. A. and E. G. Harrison were in India from November, 1914, till July. They were then sent on active service to Arabia (Aden), and were in the successful action against the Turks and Arabs on September 25th. The Brigade Order afterwards issued said:—"The feat of marching to

Waht, turning out its garrison of four guns, 700 Turks, and 100 Arabs, holding it against reinforcements from La Hej, and returning the same day to Sheikh Othman, was a magnificent test of the endurance, dash, and spirit of all engaged. A distance of at least twenty miles was covered, and troops had to march across a waterless and shadeless desert, with deep sand, on an exceptionally hot day." Next day the General warmly complimented "The Buffs."

F. H. Jenkins is now in Egypt, having left England on November 7th. After his stay in Florida, he is glad to be in a warm country again. "I got command of my Flight just before leaving England, and this gave me my third Star in just under a year. Thank goodness it's raining just at present; we need it to keep the dust down. Yesterday I had to go about 100 miles out in the desert by train to look for landing grounds, and the dust was awful, as there was quite a strong wind blowing. This part of the desert was as hard as a rock, with about two inches of very fine sand on the top, which picks up with the slightest breeze and forms clouds through which one cannot see two telegraph poles ahead. I am writing this in bed in camp, as I refuse to get up in the rain. Here's the best of luck, in lukewarm tea, to all at the College."

J. V. White says that when they come out of the trenches in Flanders they look for all the world as if they had been having a game on the Big Side ground on one of its worst days. He has the elder Kemp and Laithwaite in his battalion—the latter is Machine gun Officer, "and a very good man he is too; Kemp is in command of a platoon. We fed together yesterday and talked Denstone."

C. R. Norman left for Flanders on

October 19th, 1914, and was through Neuve Chapelle, where he met Canon Tyrwhitt.

T. Newton wrote, on November 9th, a letter which did not arrive until December 22nd. He has left France. Three weeks before he wrote they were in the trenches in France, feeling very wet and cold, when suddenly they were relieved and sent on a march to the rail-head near Amiens. There they spent two days fitting themselves out, and they were packed into cattle-trucks and sent off to an unknown destination, which proved to be, after a two-days' journey, Marseilles. "I don't think I shall ever forget that journey. About six of us officers travelled in an open truck with the bully-beef tins and biscuits and some oranges. The scenery all the way was magnificent, but I don't think there was anything to touch the Rhine Valley for beauty. We had a rousing reception at the port; in fact, all along the route we were cheered to the echo. We immediately embarked, and set sail the following morning. The voyage was just like ten days' leave, and several times I wondered when I was going to wake up and find myself getting in my dug-out, eating stewed bully-beef and tinned fruit. We arrived at our destination on a Sunday afternoon, and words utterly fail to describe adequately the grandeur and beauty of the view as we entered the harbour. It was a gorgeous day; on the hill-side lay the city with its numerous mosques and ancient ruins and wall glittering in the sinking sun, and still standing as relics of ancient times when the place was in the hands of the infidel. Behind the city towered enormous mountains, while on the left was the stately Olympus. At the foot of the city was the harbour, full of British warships, French and English transports and hospital ships, and several Greek vessels. I had often

longed to see this country, but never thought I should do so while on the Last Crusade. We disembarked almost at once, and set off through the city to our camp, ten miles away. It was a very interesting march, and we must have created some impression as we swung through the crowded streets singing "The Boys of the Old Brigade." We arrived about 11.30 p.m., and found absolutely nothing but the inevitable bully-beef and biscuits. However, we were all tired, and were soon fast asleep, and we slept until the rain came. About breakfast-time I was wondering how to make a meal off the inevitable *when your parcel was brought to me I* (The letter was to Mrs. Hibbert). It was awfully good of you to send it, and I thank you all very much indeed for it."

Later he wrote : " We were suddenly pushed up to Serbia to reinforce the British already there, and immediately took up our position in the line—a line which consisted of rough barricades on the top of a mountain about four miles north of Lake Doiran. There was a thick mist during almost the whole of our operation, which enabled the enemy to creep quite close to our positions unseen. About midnight we retired, and took up a position at dawn with our right resting on the lake. About mid-day the fog lifted, and we saw about the prettiest bit of shelling we have yet seen—French 75's and some of our field guns." Later they retired again, this time on to Greek territory. "As we marched through Doiran the town was shorn of everything, as we had left nothing behind us, even driving herds of cattle in front of us, and innumerable donkeys, who seemed to wander about aimlessly. It was an extraordinary contrast to the day, only a week before, when we marched

through crowded streets and cheering people. The whole night we marched along, footsore and half asleep."

A. Sykes is a Corporal in the 1st Canadian Pioneers.

H. Kerr-Fox, in the 6th Regt. S.A. Infantry, writes that a fair number of Dutchmen have enlisted for service in East Africa.

G. E. Jackson has returned to England, in order to enlist.

G. W. Reid is instructor in a grenade school. His pupils include French and Belgians. Grenades were used, he writes, first by Chinese pirates in the 11th Century, and by our Navy in the 18th. They reappeared at Port Arthur in 1904.

G. L. Tomkins and W. V. Clark have had a strenuous course at Wellington College, Southern India, cramming a two-years course into six months. They finish in April. Clarke has been made a Corporal, and has been placed in charge of a platoon. He describes a fougass, which is used against the N.W. Frontier tribes : " A hole six feet deep is dug in the side of a hill, and in it is placed about fifty pounds of gunpowder, and the hole is then filled with big stones. When the charge is exploded the stones fly out and down to the valley below on to the road."

B. Delap sends from H.M.S. *Vanguard* a copy of the second number of *Strafe*, published on board ship and plentifully illustrated. A S. Mason and P. Burrows have each sent us a copy of *The Dump*, published at Christmas by the 22nd Division.

The Germans are still punishing people who helped Mapplebeck to escape last March. On September 22nd they shot the following, whose names should be remembered with honour by Denstonians :—

Eugene Jacquet, merchant.

Georges Maertens, merchant.

Ernest de Coniach, Sub-Lieut.  
Sylvere Verluetst, workman.

The manner in which the first-named died we know from a notice posted by General Joffre, and which says : " He died like a hero, his hands free, without any bandage over his eyes, and on his lips the words 'Vive la France! Vive la Republique !' " R.I.P.

H. Sutton writes :—" We left Suvla Bay on December 15th. I suppose you will know all about the evacuation now. They took us to the base, and I had quite an exciting experience coming from the base to liubros. I was in charge of 200 men sent to reinforce us from the base, and we were not on the same boat as the rest of the battalion. We were on the boat belonging to the Khedivial Mail Line, quite a nice little boat. We had been going for about half an hour when we ran tilt into another boat, smashed our bows, and tore off a lot of the plates. She then swung round and hit the other boat again with her stern and smashed her stern in and also her rudder. The crew and a few stewards on board, being Greeks, all rushed at once for the lifeboats, and of course our men, seeing the crew doing this, followed them, and at once an awful scene followed. Some of the crew got the life-belts and some didn't, and then they started dragging them off each other and tearing them to bits. After a time we managed to restore some sort of order and calm the men down a little. Of course, to make things worse, it was quite dark when it all happened. I am quite certain that if I had had my revolver with me I would have shot some of the crew. They managed to get the boat back into port, and tied it up to a steam trawler on each side, and we remained on board all night, and the next day we got on another boat. I lost three

of my men when the collision happened ; one or two men were flying overboard, and one or two jumped overboard. One of their bodies was found the next morning, but it could not be identified. I don't know what happened to my three men who are missing.

" At present we are in tents, which are a little better than dug-outs. When we left Suvla we had to send all our kit away beforehand, with the result that of course we have not yet seen them. I arrived here without a blanket or anything, but I managed to get some things from the Ordnance when I got here, and I also got some new underclothing. The things I had on were just about walking, and I had to have them buried very deep down when I got them off."

Roy B. Mitchell sends a booklet of pictures from Blackboy Camp, W.A.

H. C. Fenwick writes feelingly of the mud. " The first time we went into the trenches we got a good dose of shell-fire, but I think we were paying more attention to the mud than the shells. It was mud for meals, mud for mattresses, and mud on clothes. It took our company over three hours to pass through a trench about four hundred yards long. I was stuck in one place myself for three-quarters of an hour, and had to be dug out in the end by two men from a Pioneer Battalion. What a wonderful home a leaky dug-out becomes, with a biscuit-box fire, a few nails and waterproof sheets, and one or two flickering candles." He is a bombing officer.

L. A. Cumin has left the wood " where we lived for several months without seeing houses, horses, women, children, or animals." He adds : " C'est avec plaisir que je vois qu'il va grossir le nombre de la ' meprisable petite armee anglaise.' " With regard to the Zeppelin attacks on



London and Paris, he regrets the IOES of innocent lives caused by a war against "un peuple d'assassins."

H. Jacks was on duty at Northern Command Headquarters during the Zeppelin raid early in February.

G. D. Gurnhill, who is in the British Red Cross Mission to Italy, writes from San Giovanni di Manzano, Italy:—"Here I have been a week. I am at present a kind of assistant at the garage, but I hope to be promoted to driving. Payton is a hospital orderly here, and we often talk of Denstone."

J. B. Hardinge is in the British Mediterranean Force. In describing an expedition on New Year's Day, he writes:—"The distance from camp is five miles. I hired a pony, and it took me two hours to get there. I had a Greek driver with a huge stick behind urging the brute on. We went along tortuous mountain paths, through the most rocky, desolate, forsaken-looking country I have ever seen—a place fit only for brigands, or the Kaiser. The only road is a mule-track along the side of steep cliffs and bottomless abysses. My heart was in my mouth the greater part of the time. Finally I arrived. The place turned out to be only a dirty hole, inhabited by dirtier Greeks. I was charged 8s. 4d. for dinner, consisting of a leg of chicken—mostly leg—one omelette, and a little so called wine; it tasted more like vinegar. After returning in a pouring rain over the same country at the same pace, I finally reached camp in the sweetest of tempers."

G. C. W. Westbrooke writes from Flanders:—"We have a rotten piece of line here, but we are just beginning to make it possible. I am writing in a cellar, about a thousand yards behind the firing line. It is quite comfy, as things go here.

I was relieved from the trenches last night for forty-eight hours. The strain is great in this line. There are only fifteen yards in one place between us, but in others it varies from 50 to 100 yards."

B. Girling had a long talk about Denstone with H. J. Amps at St. Vincent, on his way home to enlist. He is now in the R.H.A.

B. Webb is a machine gun officer, but has lately been unwell and in hospital.

F. G. Dobson is a Major in the R.A.M.C.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Averill is at home on sick leave; also E. S. Rerrie.

J. C. Parker has been invalidated out of the Navy. He says that his vessel before he left her had steamed 85,000 miles, and burned 49,000 tons of coal, in two years. The *Monmouth* had only taken the *Berwick's* place off the Amazon two months before the Coronel battle; and a year after the action a special service of thanksgiving was held at Portsmouth by the survivors of Admiral Cradock's original West Indies Squadron.

L. Eardley-Wilmot, who is Adjutant of his Squadron, was attacked from behind at a height of 9,000 feet by a Fokker monoplane. "We were quite alone, and waiting for a couple of bombing machines. We were only thirty yards away, and he circled round, but I got about fifty to sixty shots at him, and got him. He nose-dived about 3,000 feet, when I lost sight of him, as Archies got much too numerous and close."

D. E. Smallwood and R. E. Kimbell have passed into Sandhurst.

G. D. M. Abbotts has been wounded in the hand in Flanders.

C. W. Townsend writes from Egypt:—"Ancient Greek has been a great help in the Greek islands. Lemnos was exceptionally interesting."

F. M. C. Houghton writes of an alarm, "Somewhere in the distance was a voice yellin', 'Stand to! Stand to! Stand to!' coming nearer and nearer. And machine-guns—the noise was indescribable. Then began an irregular boom, boom, boom—bombs. By this time we were dressed and anxiously waiting for a message on the 'phone; but all was silent as far as that was concerned. Never knew what it was. By and by we crawled into bed once more, and as the noise abated we fell asleep." He gives a striking account of a Christmas celebration. "Our church was the barn in which my platoon was billeted. It lacked all the beautiful vestments and music which make our Denstone service what it is, but none the less we felt awed as of yore. You can perhaps imagine the scene—the altar, composed of the little oaken table from my 'bedroom,' raised on top of some boxes, and some spotless napery, and on each side of the Cross a candle, in sticks brought specially by the Padre. Around stood men in khaki—rough men, some, but strangely silent. The only sounds were the dull murmurs of the guns and the rustling of our feet in the straw, and occasionally the squeak of a rat. There was no 'Gloria' at the end—we just crept quietly out."

Geoffry Green was wounded during the Dardanelles operations.

R. H. Merryweather has been in France since November. He is a sniper—"which is good fun, so long as they don't lob a trench mortar over." Of New Year's Day he writes: "At twelve o'clock a single gun was fired by our artillery, which seemed to be the signal for a general cannonade all along the line."

A. F. Cross writes: "My most exciting few minutes was on December 30th. Another officer and myself walked right to

the Hun wire, as we lost count of some willows we were going along. They saw us, and we lay flat in the mud for three or four minutes while they gave us rapid fire—luckily all just over us."

E. Woolmer, who was awarded the Military Cross, wrote to the Headmaster: "I think I was more pleased with your postcard than with all the other kind messages I received. The men out here are in wonderful spirits, and a good deal more cheerful than people seem to be at home!"

R. S. Bowker writes from H.M.S. *Beaver*:—"We patrol the seas at the rate of thirty-two knots per hour, and the vibration is at first apt to be rather startling. Everything loose—such as chairs, books, gramophone records, &c.—meanders across the room aimlessly. Very often the room is full of ocean, which, although a grand sight outside, is quite undesirable inside. When out on patrol we get no sleep, having to be dressed in uniform and ready. On Christmas Day we expected the Germans to come out and exchange greetings, and were not a little disappointed at their lack of good breeding."

F. F. R. Hartley writes:—"We took part in the great strafe of September 25th. Firing started just before dawn. The effect was very curious, the sky being lit up with flame from horizon to horizon. After three days of continuous firing, my head was aching somewhat. On one occasion a German 5.9 high explosive fell in the house next to me, where my office was. I think I had rather a narrow escape."

W. F. Richardson spent Christmas Day in marching up to the trenches. He hopes, like so many O.D.s at the front, for a te-union at the College after the war, in order to "swap" yarns. "There is little

news to give. Lots of mud and noise, lots of rats and other small deer, lots of hope and a minimum of comfort, but excellent health."

P. S. L. Sutcliffe writes in a strain of affection for Daastone: "Having arrived in England from Petrograd almost at the exact hour of Germany's declaration of war on Russia, and incidentally having had a rather narrow escape of internment, as I travelled through the Baltic and across the North Sea in a ship carrying the Russian flag, I offered my services to the War Office on the 6th of August (being too old for the first batch of the New Army), and was given a commission in the Interpreters' Corps." He has been at the front since October 3rd, 1914, and has fought through the battles of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, F'estubert and Loos. "Optimism reigns supreme at the front," he says; "and Tommy Atkins is serenely confident, because he *knows*"

G. H. Preston's squadron has been constantly moved from place to place, and he is growing quite expert at building stables for horses.

Harold Ridge writes an account of his meeting in the trenches with O. S. Roper, who came up in charge of a working party. At first neither was sure of the identity of the other, but when they realized that they were both O.Ds. they had a long talk about the School. Ridge feels that Roper should have recognised his nose.

W. Turner had a rough voyage out to Salonika, and was glad that they did not disembark at once, as it was very cold everywhere except in the engine-rooms, and the idea of canvas was most unpleasant. His hospital is four and a half miles out on the Monastir road, and commands a magnificent view across the delta of the Vardar to Mount Olympus. W.

Cooper is the Church of England padre an O.D. whom he has not seen since 1894. "It is a great piece of good fortune."

K. C. Beatty was in the attack at Ypres on December 19th. He was badly gassed early in the morning, but stuck to it and led his platoon for twenty-three hours, when he collapsed and was taken to hospital.

Our Vice-Provost, Canon the Hon. L. Tyrwhitt, mentions in his parish magazine that he has "met Denstone College boys in Flanders grown out of all recognition; and at least one officer of the N. Staffords has told him of their gallant deeds at Loos."

#### WAR OBITUARY.

The following details of Lieut. Denny's last hours, after his mortal wound in the Battle of Ypres, are from a letter written by the sergeant in charge of the stretcher-bearers who attended him:—"We had made in the dark a little dressing-station at a little farm to the rear of the firing line, and the medical officer inspected his wounds and dressed them with my assistance. We placed him on a bed which we found in a house. Captain Quarry, of the Royal Berks, was already in another room, and when he heard that Lieut. Denny was wounded he asked me to carry a message to him, to tell him how proud he was to have been fighting by the side of so brave an officer. 'You were indeed splendid,' were Captain Quarry's words. I myself shall never forget those words, which mean so much to a soldier. I took the message to Lieut. Denny, and he answered: 'Thank him, please, for those kind words; I did what I could.' Neither shall I forget those words, spoken by one mortally wounded; so soft, so calm, and yet so firm. When I had no wounded to dress or attend, I went

his room, so peaceful after the other rooms of awful groaning from men in pain.

talked to me of his brothers who were serving their country. Next he asked me if it were possible for him to be taken away in a motor ambulance, as it did not jolt so, and I had to say 'Yes,' knowing well that no ambulance could be brought near our little farm. Then he fell asleep. When he awoke I went to see him again, and a huge shell burst just outside, smashing the window; then another on the other side, wounding a servant. Still Lieut. Denny was as calm and undisturbed as if in peaceful England. To be with him gave me strength to go through the ordeal, wondering 'Would the next shell make our little dressing station a mass of ruins?' But not one hit our place. In the afternoon he was taken by the R.A.M.C. to the nearest ambulance, but in my memory I still see him on his bed of suffering. He is the one man I think of when in danger; he will be my soldier example for my life."

Captain L. F. Cass was educated at Warwick School, where he was a pupil of E. A. Gaussen (O.D.), and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was a Master here, 1901-5, and during his last term was in charge of Shrewsbury Dormitory. After some years he became Science Master at S. Edward's School, Oxford, and took a commission in the O.T.C. He passed his Captain's examination in 1914, and was in command of the O.T.C. when (in April) he received the offer of a captaincy in the 7th Royal Sussex Regiment.

Striking testimony has been received of the respect and regard that his men felt for him; nor is this surprising, for he was a born soldier. Here he was a lieutenant in the old Cadet Corps. A good all-round athlete, of fine physique, he had also the necessary qualities of character—a great

zeal for work, a clear view of what was wanted, and no mean powers of discrimination. With a great sense of humour, and being a keen reader and judge of men and affairs, he was a most delightful companion and a staunch and loyal friend.

He was killed in Flanders on December 13th, 1915—shot through the head while observing in a dangerous part of the trench. He died instantly, and was buried the same night behind the firing line in the cemetery at Festubert.

Eric Arthur Walker was here, in Head's L, from September, 1908, until April, 1911. Of course he was in the O.T.C., and on leaving School joined the Warwickshire Yeomanry. Last February he received a commission as 2nd Lieut in the 9th Batt. of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and went out to France in October attached to the 6th Batt. His commanding officer bears testimony to his efficiency, which was what we are sure would be the case, and also to the esteem in which he was held by all with whom he served; the promise of his school days was fulfilled in his later days. On December 29th, while engaged in the hazardous work of endeavouring to locate a German sniper, he was shot through the head and instantly killed.

R.I.P.

#### FOOTBALL.

##### 11TH BATT. NORTH STAFFS REGT.

This match gave us the pleasure of a visit to the great camp at Cannock Chase. The North Staffs kicked off against a hurricane, and for the first few minutes the ball was kicked wildly from one side of the field to the other. Soon, however, the players became a little more settled to the

conditions, although good passing was almost impossible. The North Staffs scored by a long dribble, followed almost immediately afterwards by a score by ourselves, through a good run by Tobias.

In the second half the play was mostly in mid-field, although on two or three occasions our three-quarters got going. As a result of one of these, Wilson scored far out, and Lutter had hard luck in a fine kick at goal, which just missed. The whistle went with no more additions to the score.

The team was :—Back, Weigall; three-quarters, Wilson, Glaisby, Barnes, Winkler; halves, Tobias, Auton; forwards, Baness, Beith, Williams, Collis, Lutter, Austin, Fergusson, Macdonald i.

In the Big Side Dormitory Matches the results were as follows :—

First Round: — Shrewsbury beat H.M.H. iii.; Meynell beat H.M.H. i.; Lowe beat Woodard; H.M.H. ii. beat Selwyn.

Semi-Finals :—Shrewsbury beat Lowe, and Meynell beat H.M.H. ii.

Final:—Meynell beat Shrewsbury.

The Middle Side Matches resulted in the victory of Shrewsbury, who met H.M.H. ii. in the Final, after having previously beaten Meynell and H.M.H. iii.

The following colours were awarded last term: — 1st XV.: W. G. Schofield, W. Ewen, J. Barnes, A. Beith, R. M. Williams, A. G. Tobias, J. H. Auton, H. C. Collis, 2nd XI.: C. A. Wilson.

#### U.D. NEWS.

We regret to note the death, on February 19th, of Arthur Henry Wardle in his 53rd year. He came in September, 1875, and was in H.M.H. He left a name as a cricketer and was in the XI. in 1880,

1881 and 1882, and he was a prefect. T. July 1882, he left for Yorkshire College Leeds, and has been in business in his native town of Leek since then. He used to play cricket for Staffordshire.—R.I.P.

J. L. Hardy (1913) is engineer student with Messrs. Darracq & Co., Ltd., automobile manufacturers, Suresnes, Seine, France.

T. H. Briggs was invalided out of the Army after the South African War, and is now at Edmonton, Canada, in business.

I. Girard de Menon is a chemical manufacturer at Lyons.

E. A. Oldham was in the Amalgamated Rhodesian Mines until war broke out.

R. F. Power was Second Officer in the Royal Mail S.P. Co. before the war.

E. K. Middleton has been engaged for the last twelve months in the construction of high-explosive factories.

J. B. Gurnhill before the war was in the drawing offices of Messrs. Newell & Co., Misterton, Gainsborough.

F. W. M. Dain is an architect and surveyor at Burslem.

J. W. Knight, after spending from March to September in Shorncliffe Military Hospital, has been invalided out of the service.

E. E. Tipper is an assistant to the Chief Technical Officer in the Telegraph Department of the Midland Railway at Derby.

H. M. Milward was "Mentioned in Dispatches" during the South African War for bravery and good example in saving the guns at Vlakfontein in 1901. He has been orderly officer to General Goringe, and latterly Adjutant to Volunteers at Bangalore (India). He is now serving with the First Batt. Sherwood Foresters.

J. B. Storer has lately composed a new song in aid of Red Cross Funds, called "Who'll Follow?" Lie has been organist at Watlington Parish Church since 1902.

K. B. Allan is Acting District Commissioner at Gambago, *via* Coomassie, Gold Coast, West Africa.

He writes a long letter describing his duties, which seem as numerous as those of Pooh Bah. "As a medical officer one does not meet with a great deal of medical work, as the natives still trust more to their fetishes than to European medical skill. At the Ramadan last August, at a Moslem service, prayers were offered up for the success of the British Nation, and also, I was informed, for myself." The natives, though unwilling to enlist, subscribed £bo to the Imperial War Fund. "The natives here loathe the Germans," he adds, with regard to the neighbouring Togoland, "and they do not regard them as white men. 'Kultur' was enforced in the German colonies."

W. H. Johnson has returned to England after over six years in Algoma. He is now a curate at Saltburn.

P. J. K. Law is rector of Huntville, Canada.

A. W. Stablefortb is farming in America. He was lately married.

R. G. Webb is at the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, not at Primrose Hill, as was stated in the November issue.

S. P. B. Mais had an article in the January *Nineteenth Century* on the attitude towards their profession of public school masters who have served in the war.

T. A. Sparks, 130, East 67th Street, New York, is Chairman of the Patriotic League of Britons Overseas, New York Branch.

A recent number of *Punch* contained "The Golden Valley," by P. Haselden Evans,

L. V. Marsh is in the Eastern Telegraph Company at Marseilles, and as Conscriptio is of course the rule in force, all the

members of the staff wear brassards and are considered to be employed on Government work.

B. Holloway played the Duke of Guise in Mr. Fred Terry's production of *Henry of Navarre*, and was the Bassanio in the recent production of *The Merchant of Venice* at S. James's Theatre.

H. R. Hignett played S. George in *Where the Rainbois Ends*.

#### NOTES.

At the end of last Term a Patriotic Entertainment was given, consisting of a capital little play called *Brothers in Arms*. This is excellently written, and it conveys an admirable lesson. It was very well presented by Mrs. Hibbert and Messrs. Whitmore, Butler and Huskinson. Preceding it, Miss Lloyd Williams and Messrs. Whitmore, Butler and Lawton gave an amusing farce called *A First Experiment*, and Mr. Wood played a selection of patriotic songs, in which everybody joined with considerable gusto. Next evening the programme was repeated for the enjoyment of the local Volunteer Corps from Denstone, Rochester, Uttoxeter, Norbury, etc.

The following obtained Commercial Certificates at the end of last term:—Fifty words-a-minute Pitman's Shorthand Speed Certificate, C. D. L. Turner; Association of Book-keeping Teachers' Elementary Certificate, P. J. Newbery; Gregg Shorthand Complete Theory Certificate, R. Hilton.

We returned this Term to find the necessities of the war had deprived us of Mr. F. A. Woods, Mr. F. Ogle, and Mr. Crompton, but we trust our loss is only a temporary one. Meanwhile we have well-comely substitutes in Mr. H. R. Simpson,

B.A., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, the Rev. W. Smith, M.A., of S. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Mr. C. Averill, B.A., of S. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Averill "is an O.D., and Mr. Simpson taught in the Preparatory School for a time a few Terms ago.

Continued increase in numbers has caused a further increase in the staff, and we welcome Miss M. Fyldes. Certainly the truth of the proverb about the "ill wind" has been proved. Miss Fyldes was at the University of Geneva when war broke out, and then was at S. Mary's College, Paddington. She holds the Cambridge Teachers' Diploma, and if anything were needed to commend her to us, she is sister to Captain G. B. Fyldes, O.D., whom many who are still here will well remember.

When the Zeppelins showed that their range was longer than had been anticipated, it behoved us to set an example to our neighbours in the way of darkening our lights, and that was done at once, thus anticipating the somewhat belated "lighting order" of the Government by a week. By the very simple plan of putting the clock forward we solved all difficulties. The new arrangements cause no difficulty, and we hardly even notice that it is strange to be going to bed at 7 o'clock!

At a meeting of the Staffordshire Field Club in January, the Headmaster read a paper on Ronton Priory.

On February 13th Mr. Pollard gave a most interesting lecture on "Ancient Legends in the Light of Modern Discoveries," dealing especially with recent excavations in Crete and Asia Minor. On February 17th the Rev. G. Preston Tonge came to tell us about the work of the Missions to Seamen, and his lecture and slides threw many interesting sidelights on the War. On February 20th the Head-

master showed some slides also dealing with the War. They included twenty made from films showing aeroplanes and various effects of shell fire, and several gave excellent views of trenches.

Last year's volume of the *Denstonian* (1915) will be of permanent interest as a record of the part Deustonians played in the war. A complete set of the six numbers, with title-page and index, may be had for 5s., post free.

By the death of Colonel Bill, Denstone loses one of its oldest, as well as one of its most practical friends. From the beginning of the movement which resulted in the building of the School, down to the very last months of his life, he was always ready to give practical proof of his interest in us. He was one of the original Building Committee. In the early days of struggle he often provided our Cricket professional. He gave us the handsome Challenge Cup which is the "Blue Ribbon" on Sports Day, and very few Sports Days were without his presence.

The following Prefects have been made this Term:—J. B. P. Winkler, A. G. Tobias, C.J. N. McCracken, A. Beith.

The new School Officers are: M. Y. Townsend. Prefect of Hall, and R. Bassett, Prefect of Chapel.

H. E. Baness is Company-Sergeant-Major.

In spite of the bad weather, we have been able this Term to experience some of the delights of trench digging, an operation which seems—though not by design—to involve the drainage of the Tuckshop pond. Many, too, have exchanged impolite messages across the quadrangle by means of a "buzzer."

The following Prefects left last Term: W. G. Schofield (Meynell), 1st XV. Col. 1915; Company-Sergeant-Major/1915.

C. Girling (H.M.H. i.), VIII. Bisley,  
 'W.' G. Ewen (H.M.H. i.), L.-Corp  
 O.T.C., 1st XV. Col. 1915.

The following is the list of new boys :—  
 Barker, John Jervis Yeoman Prep.  
 Bickley, Norman Cyril H.M.H. iii.  
 Boden, Edward H.M.H. ii.  
 Corbishley, John Selwyn  
 Cutter, Harry Gordon Selwyn  
 Elliot, Gerald Augustus Meynell  
 Fletcher, Francis Leonard H.M.H. iii.  
 Graham, Edwin Christopher Carr Meynell  
 Green, Geoffrey Lindop Woodard  
 Griffiths, Vincent Llewellyn Lowe  
 Harrison, Sydney Brewster H.M.H. i.  
 Hibbert, Francis Dennis  
 (day boy).  
 Hobday, Millward Guy Selwyn  
 Chevallier Woodard  
 Johnstone, William Rodger Prep.  
 Kay, Richard  
 Llewellyn, George Cecil H.M.H. lii.  
 Protheroe  
 Matthews, David Keneth Meynell  
 Fingland Selwyn  
 Morgan, Robert Arthur  
 Penney, Guy Evelyn  
 Roulstone Prep.  
 Price, Edwin Plenry Meynell  
 Scampton, Raymond Taylor Shrewsbury  
 Smartt, Brian Charles  
 Urquhart Percy Selwyn  
 Whitehead, Norman Pride H.M.H. ii.  
 Wildsmith, George Hector H.M.H. i.  
 Wood, David Francis Lowe  
 Wood, Keneth Campbell Woodard

them in the Chapel of the Holy Family. As it was felt that no work but the very best could suffice under the circumstances, the scheme has been submitted to the well-known artist, Mr. Christopher Whall, who is enthusiastic about what he calls this "noble work." We hope to print later full particulars of the design of the Mothers' Window—a window which is intended to express the anguish of all suffering motherhood in the person of Our Lady. At present, although many have already most generously subscribed, we appeal for any further offering which others may care to make. Such subscriptions should be addressed to Mrs. Hibbert, whose interest was largely responsible for the inauguration of the scheme.

Mr. Bernard Johnson, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., was kind enough to come to act as judge in the first round of the Dormitory Musical Competition.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Salmon for so kindly arranging for our refreshment on S. Chad's Day.

Everyone seems to be very much interested in our new lighting arrangements. Scottish evening papers and sedate London journals both write with enthusiasm of our scheme of outwitting the Zeppelins. We quote the following from the *Guardian* :—

"The *Pall Mall Gazette* had an entertaining little account of the way in which Denstone College has sheltered itself from Zeppelin attacks. From being a prominent landmark at night it has now apparently ceased to exist after dark. This remarkable result has been achieved by beginning and ending the day nearly two hours earlier. So far from the boys resenting the change, they seem to enjoy it.

In response to the request of many mothers and friends of those Denstonians who have fallen in the war, it has been decided to place a memorial window to



' Jones minor rises at 5.30, just as if he were at Tidworth or Aldershot in those happy summers before the war; he breakfasts at 6.30, after chapel; with shining morning face he tackles Thucydides at 7.30, and his dinner at half-past eleven. And so the day wears on, past games or parade at 12.30, and meals at three and six, till 7.15 sees our hero in bed, with the last dormitory light turned off. It is true that for some the day is not yet ended. Even the young prefects of 1916 may sit up till nearly eight in darkened studies, and Masters, feeling secretly a little dissipated, sometimes burn the midnight oil of ten o'clock, correcting the crimes of the Modern IV., perpetrated long ago in the pearly light of dawn.' "

The School Fire Brigade has been re-organized by the Rev. W. B. Smith, and displays great vigour. Unexpected faces constantly peer through ladder-rungs into rooms on upper floors.

*Boys' Library.*—The Librarian acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following:—F. A. Woods, Esq., *Burning of Rome* (Church), and *Illustrated London News*, 3 vols.; A. W. Shelton, Esq., *Wisden's Almanac*, 1916.

During 1915 some 70 volumes have been added to the library including Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints* in 16 volumes. There is now practically no room for any fresh accessions; indeed on some shelves the books are standing two deep already—a most unsatisfactory arrangement.

The Librarian appeals to all who use the room to assist him in keeping it as tidy as possible. Considering that the room is

practically surrounded by glass, the small amount of damage done is really very remarkable—boys being, moreover, very good in reporting it at once when it does occur

The preacher on S. Chad's Day was Rev. J. H. Hamilton, of S. George's, Wolverhampton. We hope later to have with us Fr. Murray from Longton, as well as Fr. Lancaster.

It was very nice of Mr. and Mrs. Huskinson to desire that their baby should be christened in our Chapel. The Service was beautiful, and we wish Enid Felicity Orme Huskinson a happy life.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following:—

*Blue, Marlburian, Reptonian, Elstonian, Cadet, Lancing College Magazine, Berkhamstedian, King Edward's School Chronicle, Cuthbertian, Felstedian, East-bourniau, Framlinghamian, Olavian. Cottonian, Corian, Liverpool College Magazine, Bloxhamist, Armidalian, Ardingly Annals, Hurst Johnian, Merchistonian, Stouyhurst Magazine.*

All MS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to the Editor, H. D'A. Champney, or to the Censor, Mr. H. M. Butler, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The yearly subscription of 4s. 6d. (or ios.6d. for three years), post-free, should be sent to the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

*Cull & Son, Houghton St., Strand; and at Chiswick.*