



The Denstonian.

DECEMBER, 1917.

No. 249.

VOL. XLI. NO. 6.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN the moment arrives for writing these lines the Editor always longs for a fairy to grant him the usual three wishes. In the first place, she would be desired to produce the person who invented Editorials. Secondly, she would pour down the throat of this wretched mortal all the ink which had been expended on the fiendish invention. The last wish would be that the inventor should be condemned to spend his days walking to and fro on a large expanse, with a carpet of the pens (business end upmost) which have driven many a poor

innocent editor to distraction in unavailing efforts to produce that rare literary gem, an Editorial of charm and originality.

But, after all, the fairy now-a-days brings gifts unknown before the war. Unbidden, she drops letters from Baghdad in the Editorial post-bag. "Every day spent with the fairy Perie was a continued feast, for every day she provided new delicacies." True, Haroun Alraschid no longer rides through the streets in disguise, but do not Denstonians, curiously clad, march by the Euphrates, and scour the desert upon camels? Have we not in the making every hour material for a thousand and one numbers of the *Denstonian*? Of course, like *Punch*, the magazine is never as good as it used to be; each successive number has the mournful distinction of being the

worst which has sprung from beneath the magic hand of the compositor. And yet remember that the fairy does her best. She is at anyrate no witch, to fly away upon a bare and unsprouting literary broomstick.

LEAVES FROM AN EASTERN
NOTEBOOK.

By A. W. Huskinson.

I.

My journey East is proceeding slowly and uneventfully, as far as the excitement of war is concerned. Indeed, the whole thing is one huge pleasure-trip. Our original plans were all upset, and we started overland, and then made a dash across the Mediterranean. We had an exciting time then, in so far as we were always prepared for the worst—living with our life belts, which we carried to cabin, saloon, bed and bath. One night—the night—we all slept with them on. But the ways of the Navy are great, and we won through in the <ame of hare and hounds; we did not even see a hound—or a "tin fish," as it is usually called on board. The amusing thing was that the actual track we toon was kept quite secret, and consequently all kinds of speculation were rife amongst us. Suffice it to say, that I think our surmises were correct in the main, and some of the lands we saw were most historic ones.

Nobody was sorry when Port Said was reached safely ; since then we have left our life-belts in our cabins. I got shore leave for about five hours, and had a most interesting ramble in the town. We coaled ship there—a most amusing and business-like, but abominably dirty, proceeding. Then we dropped down the canal.

The fourteen hours we took to Suez were for me the most interesting of the trip, as I got my first view of the desert; on either hand it stretched out in all its forbidding vastness. My mind went back through the centuries to the times when the caravans of the Bible story wound their way down through the desert from Palestine to Egypt. In fact, as I looked, there was a camel train in the distance, and it might have been carrying spices and merchandise down into Goshen. But no! As we drew further along towards it, we saw that the camels were laden with the familiar ammunition boxes, both for rifle and for gun—and the magic letters A.S.C. stood out unmistakably. To shatter the illusion still more completely, there were three steam-rollers drawn up in line under the shade of the palm trees. Steam-rollers in the desert! At another point I saw two specks wending their way out into the sandy desert. Through the glasses, they proved to be W. D. 30 cwt. motor lorries.

The whole of the canal is an armed camp. At places there are huge depots, at others just small patrol parties. Plenty of barbed wire is everywhere—but I do not think the Turk will get near the canal again.

Since leaving Suez, we have been steaming day and night, with all lights blazing after dark. Yesterday we had the Sinai Peninsula on our left all day. As I was looking out in the evening for the Mount itself, I fell into conversation with a Doctor from Wigan who knew Denstone, the Shirlaws and Clarke quite well. He has proved a Good Samaritan to me by lending me *Carey's Sequel to Euclid*, which will amuse me somewhat during the long hours on board. There is nothing to do except read and censor the men's letters.

The great point about life in a troopship is that one can suit one's dress to climatic

conditions; and we are all living in the irreducible minimum, the temperature being already 125 degrees in the sun, and going up each day. Topees and sun-goggles are absolutely essential. We have a large refrigerating apparatus on board, and iced drinks are always obtainable—which just makes life bearable. At night I always sleep on the top boat-deck. My little astronomical knowledge is being enlarged, as we are already getting the southern constellations well up above the horizon; to-morrow night the Southern Cross itself should be visible.

11.

We had a rough time in the Arabian Sea—a combination of heat and tossing about—and, amongst others, we lost a Major.

We are now merely sitting down and existing—what is technically called "acclimatizing," but which out here is a frightful process of slow roasting. We parade at 5.30 a.m. and work till 7 a.m., after which it is too hot to be even outside one's tent for long, much less to work. We exist till 6 p.m. in our really excellent tents, and then put in another hour's parade before it is dark.

At night it is too hot to sleep, until—perhaps every third night—sheer exhaustion induces slumber. The mosquito-net does not keep out the small sand-fly, which is one's companion all night, and in time pulls one down with Five Day Fever. Two of my cooks in the officers' mess have gone down with it. This is rather a serious matter to me, as I am Mess Secretary; and it is difficult enough to keep the mess comfortable, even with all our servants fit. The canteen has an unfortunate way of running out of certain foods, and having to await the next consignment from England—which may or may not be sunk on the way.

Our camp at the base here is right in the

desert, and it is possible to "weep like anything to see such quantities of——" dust. The weeping, too, extends to every pore of the skin. Our weather report yesterday announced 116.5 degrees maximum and 85 degrees minimum, and it is heat like this with which we contend daily. Every morning I make an excursion into the thin belt of date palms and bring back a large bunch of dates for the mess.

The touches of Eastern life we see here are most interesting. The Arab, with his asses and sheep, wives and family, wanders along our newly-constructed roads, and stops to quench his thirst at the numerous drinking posts erected by us all along the roads up-country. Inside each drinking-post—which is a mud or palm mat booth—are two or three large, unglazed earthenware chatties, full of water (which cools as surely as it percolates through the jar and evaporates). There are separate drinking cups for Mohammedans, Hindus and British.

Our base is a truly colossal affair, and is indeed marvellous when one considers that everything has had to be brought either from India or from England. The place itself possesses no stone quarries at all, and every piece of stone for the roads has been sent from India. All wood, too, has been brought miles over the seas, as the only vegetation is the date-palm—and not much of that.

It is a hopeless place, from a white man's point of view, and our chief concern is to dodge disease till the hot weather breaks. Ice and soda-water are procurable, and in most of the mud houses punkas are incessantly agitated by a native squatting outside the hut and pulling at a rope.

East is meeting West in many noticeable ways out here. In the native bazaar, for instance, every provision booth sells Rose's Lime Juice Cordial, and Huntley and

Palmer's biscuits. The native pitcher, too, has been almost completely ousted by the Army biscuit tin, which makes an admirable receptacle for water. One tied on each end of a bamboo rod can be balanced over the native's shoulder.

Last Saturday I went to a neighbouring Supply Depot for eighteen bullock-carts. I had a very hot two mile walk in the heat of the afternoon. The cool inner room of the C.O.'s mud hut, with its sun blinds and large moving punka, was indeed a welcome sight—the more so when I saw, seated at the end of the table, W. F. Lutter, O.D. He has been out here about eighteen months, and runs a Camel Corps of his own, some miles out in the desert. We had much talk of Denstone and the cooling, leafy glades around it. What a longing comes over one on these occasions! Never again shall I revile the English climate; it may be variable, but it does know moderation. Here, in my tent, it is now nSdegs.

IN REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA.

[The following impressions are those of an O.D. who served with a British unit in Russia during the summer and autumn months.]

The situation in Russia is largely a matter of evolution. If the peasant can be taught to see matters in the proper light—and this is very doubtful—all will be well. But he is so liable to be swayed by any Tom, Dick or Harry who can command an audience. His ignorance is his besetting sin, and he bows to superior knowledge, be it accurate or inaccurate—as to which he is unable to discriminate. To him that which is rosiest is right.

Again, under the suzerainty of the Romanoffs he was certainly suppressed,

and dared not speak of his political opinions for fear of imprisonment for a term of months or years—which could, however, easily be commuted for the usual sum of money. Now, under the *regime* of the extreme Socialists, he dare not speak openly for fear of offending his next-door neighbour, who, instead of throwing him into prison, takes the law into his own hands, and promptly lets day-light through him in the manner which he finds most easy. The rule of the Romanoffs is superseded by the tyranny of the Socialists. The so-called freedom of speech is merely a catch-word: you express an opinion, your neighbour disagrees with you, and proceeds to add to the already large number of Revolutionary victims. Justice acts in a mysterious way in Russia.

Again, I am of opinion that the peasants—who comprise 180,000,000 of the 200,000,000 population of Russia—are in favour of Monarchy of the Constitutional and Democratic variety. An ignorant and uneducated mind must see its figure-head to obey. It is useless to talk of the freedom of a Republic to the peasant; he wants to see the power that exists, not the powers that be. For him there is one head only.

Russia is in the position of France in 1789; the population is ignorant, and a man of military ability, political foresight and administrative powers has a unique opportunity of pulling together a nation, and inspiring it with the idea of patriotism. Russia now needs her Napoleon. If she owns one, her future is assured; if she lacks a master-brain, her future is in the hands of red-hot Socialists, and men of mediocre ability.

To give one instance of the chaos here, the new Russian Treasury Notes are rejected by the peasants—rejected by the "free" peasants of the World's greatest

Republic—on the grounds that they have not a photo of the Czar upon them. What irony!

The peasants are of the most uncouth type imaginable. We are holding the line, whilst the Russians have meetings to decide whether they will fight or not. (Meanwhile, no news, of the war on other fronts reaches us.) After the Revolution Russian discipline, which had been the strictest and most arbitrary in Europe, seemed to evaporate. The officers failed to exact obedience from the men; no one was in control, nor was anyone obeyed. Scenes of revolting cruelty took place—as in the case of two Colonels of Police, who were, respectively, pelted to death and burned alive in the streets. It must, however, be added that they deserved their punishment to a certain extent; and the men soon got the bloodshed over, and refrained from further excesses.

A few months back, apparently the only man who had any hold on the people was Kerensky, who was unfortunately physically weak. The educated classes wanted to hustle on with the war, but the peasants wished to bring it to an end, and enjoy the so-called freedom that they imagined they had received with the Revolution. The Cossacks were of quite a different type, and were fearless to a man. Unfortunately, German prisoners in Russia were not in concentration camps, but roamed about as spies.

Rumour has it that, previous to the Revolution, 500,000 tons of flour were sent annually to Germany at the instigation of the Czarina, by pushing the Russians forward, and sending up enormous stores of food, guns—war material of any kind—just behind them; subsequently the troops were ordered to retire, leaving the stores behind them.

One of the worst traitors was a General.

At the beginning of the war he destroyed the flower of the Russian Army in the marshes of East Prussia; the same man—whose brother is Governor of Königsberg fortress—after discussing terms with Mackensen, purposely let the latter outflank him outside Warsaw. The General is now imprisoned with the rest of the Royal Family. On the other hand, the Grand Duke Nicholas was sent to the Caucasus because the Germans were afraid of him. Unfortunately, he is a Romanoff, and in the eyes of the Revolutionists this is the unforgivable sin.

A CHAPLAIN IN THE NEAR EAST.

By M. R. Smith, O.D.

It is a long time since I was at Denstone; but I have by no means forgotten the dear old school, where I spent the happiest days of my life. After joining up as a C.F. at Woolwich in December, 1916, I left England on January 4, 1917, and landed at Salonika on January 14.

For the first three months I was stationed at a most delightful spot, the reputed birth-place of Aristotle. I was afterwards sent up the line. Curiously enough, my predecessor as chaplain with my present Brigade was Basil Gedge. Poor Gedge! He died a heroic death in the forefront of the battle, refusing to allow the ambulance men to attend to his wounds until all the wounded men near him had been attended to first. He was a tremendous favourite with both officers and men, who all speak of him as one who knew no fear, and whose influence and example will long be remembered by all who knew him. The mere fact that he was an old schoolfellow and friend of mine was a great help to me when I first joined this Brigade, and if I can

only do half as much good as he did I shall feel that my feeble efforts have not been in vain.

I do not find this climate as trying as I expected it to be. Perhaps that is because I have not worked too hard! Still, I generally managed about half-a-dozen or more services on Sundays, as well as two or three during the week, which is not so bad when one has often to ride or walk three, four or even five miles from one unit to another.

The country up here is very beautiful, and there are some glorious bits of scenery; but it is very hilly, and the roads or tracks twist and turn like a sea-serpent, making travelling a slow and tedious business. The College Hill and the Weavers are mere pimples compared to the hills round here.

One holds services, of course, in all sorts of curious places—in the open air mostly, in some sheltered spot "under the green-wood tree," or in a ravine; or perhaps in a tent, shed, dug-out, or occasionally in an old house or barn. Whenever possible, we use the native churches, which, however, are often too dilapidated or too dirty to be fit for use. The decorations, consisting chiefly of mural paintings, or frescoes, and ikons are mostly very crude and primitive. S. Demetrius and S. Athanasius seem to be the most usual patrons. The Last Judgment seems to be a favourite subject for mural paintings, done somewhat in the style of the early Middle Ages. One really tine church dedicated to S. Demetrius was, I hear, badly damaged by the fire which occurred recently in Salonika.

I have met only three O.Ds. out here, namely, "Bill" Cooper, Chaplain in the 29th General Hospital, R. Crawford, a Lieutenant in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and C. Hobday, a 2nd Lieutenant in charge of the E.F.C's. depôts. *Floreat Denstona!*

TWO LETTERS FROM INDIA.

I.

By L. A. Loup, O.D.

I have trotted about the globe a great deal since I left the College, but I have come to the one and only conclusion—which is "Don't leave Denstone till you've got to." I wish I were back there now.

I left France in February, and went to report myself at the India Office. After the usual thousand and one boards, they thought they would send me to India—in the course of a fortnight, they said—and try me as a Regular Officer for the Indian Army. It was my intention to come and see everyone at Denstone before I left, and I started a little tour. So I travelled to Scotland the next day, and to Sunderland the next, in order to say goodbye to my old regiment, the Foresters. I fully intended coming to Denstone after that, but I was wired to return to London, and to embark within 48 hours a long way beyond that.

Embark I did, and we moved off. We went to West Africa first, and during the few days we stopped there I managed to see all I wanted of the country. Then we stopped at Cape Town. Here I had about 48 hours ashore, and explored the town. I also went for a 60 mile car drive round Table Mountain, when I visited Rhodes' Monument, and from there saw about 50 miles clear ahead—the last 30 mountains.

Three days later we arrived at Durban. Here we spent seven weeks. We had a delightful time, and found out what fine people the South Africans are; they treated us extremely well, and we had a most enjoyable rest. We eventually re-embarked on a famous liner doing transport work.

When we were out at sea, the bunks caught fire, and we had to put into an

uninhabited bay. With half the men at one end of the ship and half the other, the engines flooded the bunkers. Of course, there was an even chance that the vessel might blow up, so we were not quite so happy as we might have been. We then went further up the coast, and dropped a famous Dutch soldier and his Staff, who were with us. We then cut straight across to Bombay.

When I arrived, I stayed a few days in this city, and then went across India to Calcutta—a 48 hours journey. After a short rest, I went on by sea to Rangoon. Whilst there I saw the Shwe Dagon pagoda, which is one of the seven wonders of the world; it is a huge building, absolutely covered with gold leaf. For three months I was in the hills, but then returned to Calcutta. Finally, after a railway journey of five days and five nights, I reached Cjuetta, 30 miles from the North West Frontier, and my battalion of Gurkha Rifles.

II.

By E. T. Greenwood, O.D.

Since I last wrote from Wellington we have moved about a good deal. In November, 1916, we went to S. Thomas' Mount, about 8 miles from Madras, where we were very comfortable, and did a great deal of hard work, as at that time we had an excessive number of men in the battalion, and had to get them trained as quickly as possible before sending them to Mesopotamia in drafts.

In March we moved to Fort S. George, and have been there ever since. This is the same place we were in for eight months in 1915.

Up till March we had to spend nearly all our time training men for the drafts, and altogether we have trained and sent off

about 700 men and 25 officers. I think now we should be given a chance to show what we can do as a battalion on our own; we have given of our best for other battalions, and never had a chance all together. At present we are fairly weak in numbers, as we have sent all our unfit men away to garrison battalions, or to do guard duty.

J. R. Birchall has left us now for good, and is Staff-Captain in a Brigade. He is doing very well; he was out in the last frontier snow at Warziristan during May and June last.

I once went up to the North West Frontier to go through a Mountain Warfare course of a month, and I met an O.D. named Leech. I was very sorry to hear that Lyn Harris had been killed; he was a really good fellow. As for the Hall twins, I don't think two better fellows have ever been at Denstone.

We are becoming very tired of India. We have been here nearly three years now. I never thought when I came out that we should be so long in the country, or that the war would last all this time. When I read of what great things other O.Ds. have done, I feel rather out of it all, having been doing simply garrison duty, and never seen a shot fired in anger. However, I suppose I am doing my duty, as I was ready to go anywhere I was ordered when Fate ordained India. If I have not actually killed any Turks or Germans myself, I have at any rate been the means of helping to send several hundred men to do so.

WAR NEWS.

N. H. Radford has added the D.S.O. to his other honours.

2nd Lt. Oscar Coudrey, M.G.C., has been awarded the Military Cross.

A. T. Williams writes from France:—" I have now added the Army to my other professions of Priest and Doctor. I have been sent over in charge of a Labour Company, enlisted in my district. Seventy-five *per cent*, of my men are Christians of either the S.P.G. or Roman missions, and the Bishop gave me leave to go so that I might be able to minister to them spiritually as well as command them. I did a good deal of the recruiting myself, but never hoped to get away with them. The recruiting was done entirely by the missions, and we enlisted and enrolled 2,000 men, and got them all to the depot, 450 miles away, in fourteen days. Eventually, I left my station at forty-eight hours notice, after being there five and a half years. We are now engaged on the salvage of a very famous battlefield and the men's work is just magnificent: we are doing *over 100 per cent*, more than the Government standard; we are getting out more than two tons from each man every week. I find it very heavy work being suddenly rooted up from a quiet life in the Indian jungle, pitchforked into the jaws of an Army machine, on active service, and given the command of 500 men, body and soul."

F. K. Ritchie's address is " 3rd South Africans, Offizier-gefangenenlager, Fiirstenberg, Mecklenburg."

R. W. Peel has received his " wings " in the R.N.A.S. and has gone to one of the fronts.

We regret to learn that C. W. Powell-Smith has been very seriously wounded, and is lying at a Base Hospital in France.

Amongst many O.Ds. ordered to Italy is Major G. B. Fyldes.

S. H. Larkam has been severely wounded, but we are glad to learn that he is making steady progress towards recovery.

R. Larkam is a 2nd Lieut, in the Sherwood Foresters.

P. W. A. Wood is a 2nd Lieut, in the R.F.A.

G. S. C. Weigall is now on the French front. Volunteers were called for Indian cavalry, to be selected for the best riding and knowledge of horses. 100 volunteered and 30 were chosen, Weigall, the youngest, being 10th. Earlier he wrote a cheerful letter from India: " We have just been inspected by the Chief of the General Staff and the I. G. Infantry, and at the end of October the Viceroy is going to see us do our tricks. We have just got back from camp—a very poor affair. In spite of having a servant, a tin box for clothes, a mattress, and a special bath tent, none of us enjoyed it as much as the old Public Schools camp. On Sundays, being miles from anywhere, I generally went out after chikor, a kind of partridge."

L. A. Loup has met G. S. C. Weigall, C. C. R. Reynolds, W. S. Baker, and "Squeaker" Leech in India. Loup is in charge of the company Treasure Chest. He is, in spite of this honour, very Denstone-sick.

H. D. Ainger was to be an observer in the R.F.C., as he was not able to qualify medically as a pilot. He still has time to think of Denstone and the " happiest five years of his life " there. He is now in the R.F.A.

C. G. Piggford has been gazetted 2nd Lieut.

Major E. Fearenside, D.S.O., has been promoted to be Lieut-Colonel.

E. H. Glaisby wrote recently: "After spending day after day in beastly French trains, I've arrived at a jolly fine battery of London Terriers, though one of the officers is a Stoke man. (I don't mean that he spoils the battery!) R. P. Pollard is Doctor at our dressing-station." Still later he wrote: " I have been transferred to a

'french Mortar Battery, and happened to meet T. S. Andrew, who has also joined this battery. Up to now, I have had no miraculous escapes as I have been in a rest-camp, and expect to go to Italy soon, j^ook^outfor the *Daily Mirror* photo of me, punting down the Grand Canal of Venice !"

Cecil Hobday is a 2nd Lieut, with the jixpeditionary Force Canteens — Mediterranean.

An O.D. writes :—" I shall never forget how some used to grouse at Denstone before the war, saying that it was 'allo.T.C. and Chapel' Anyhow, the old school gave us what we wanted, in addition to her other gifts."

S. V. Gosling is a 2nd Lieut, in the ft.F.A. He wrote, asking for R. H. F. Coleman's address: "I met him out in France and he invited me to dinner, but as I was hit in the meantime I couldn't appear, though I told him I should come." (josling is now fit for light duty.)

A. L. Baker writes from Ma'ta : " We have recently had a new chaplain in this hospital, but neither of us recognized the other until one day, during a discussion on hymns, he quoted a verse from ' Jerusalem, my happy home,' saying it was used at his school. Of course I recognized it, and he turned out to be W. H. Johnson, a contemporary. I had previously met Morris, of the Middlesex Regiment. I went to France in 1915 with the Public Schools Battalion, Royal Fusiliers. In March of last year I was sent home to an Officers' Cadet Battalion, and later received a Special Preserve Commission in the Suffolk Regiment. They then sent me out to Salonika. I saw a certain amount of fighting, but had to go to hospital with injuries on the 2nd January this year. I am now making a slow recovery from my third operation. Unfortunately, the last

hospital ship to start struck a mine and had to return. I am afraid it may make the date of our departure a little uncertain."

H. W. Beck writes : "Did you see Haig's report on the 1st November ? The battalion is awfully pleased—it was such a fine show. We have had two big concerts since I came back from leave, and they have both been successes. The G.O.C. Division came to both."

J. T. Davies writes: "The Riding School provides much sport, as our present riding-master does his level best to get as many thrown as possible. I've managed to stick on so far. Yesterday we were inspected by a Brigadier-General at half-an-hour's notice. He was quite a good old sport, and came up and spoke to me, and asked where I came from." Davies is with an R.F.A. Cadet Unit in Exeter.

R. Bassett writes : " I am back with the Battery—in the fighting, of course; we never seem to miss it! The thought of leave, hot bottles, &c, makes me feel quite queer. Isn't our new Censor stamp chic ?"

J. Barnes writes: "The whole trouble is that there is not an inch of cover in the whole country, and as the battery gets shelled for at least three hours every day you just take pot-luck. Until the other week, Hutchison and I were the only really cheery ones in the battery, and we used to argue ail day long to buck things up a bit. Unfortunately, Hutch got a small piece in his hand, so he is not quite so rowdy now. Our present abode is absolutely like Bairnsfather's picture of a dug-out with , gas and water laid on': we get gassed at least twice a week, and for water there is never less than four inches on the floor; it is pumped out daily, but quickly returns. As all your belongings have to be kept on a stretcher, it is an absolute impossibility to prevent half your kit spending the night in the water."

G. V. Knight writes from H.M.S. *Monarch*, complaining that life in the Grand Fleet is monotonous: "I am very happy and comfortable in this ship, and I do not think we could have struck a better. It is a great theatrical ship, too; in fact, it is practically the pioneer in that way. They've written and produced three *revues* already, and a fourth is in progress. I've seen N. R. Boyd twice since I came back. He is in the squadron now—in fact, next door to me. I took my promotion exam, early in September, and unfortunately one of the other 'Vanguards' and I just failed in one part of one subject. Everybody thought this very hard lines, as, owing to the explosion, we had had no instruction for six weeks. The Captain took the matter up, and eventually it reached the Commander-in-Chief, with the very happy result that we were promoted last week without further examination. So I am now a full-blown Sub-Lieutenant." Knight says that he realises more and more the value of Mr. Cadman's training in the O.T.C.

T. F. Forth was unable, owing to defective eye-sight, to pass as an Army Chaplain, but he is in France with the Church Army—"feeding the Tommies; and when the opportunity offers, helping in their spiritual life. We have an enormous hut, close to one of the busiest of stations, and in two days we had about 4,000 men pass through, each clamouring for food or tobacco. We have three early Eucharists each Sunday, and one at 7 a.m. every day."

J. F. Forth is in Egypt, and had an interesting journey across Europe.

G. Griffin is gazetted. He wrote from India in October.

W. Griffin is on H.M.S. *Princess*.

J. L. Hardy is in training at Luton.

Randle Evans is now with the Inns of Court O.T.C.

F. Baylay is a 2nd Lieut., R.E.

R. Lacey has gone to India. He wished to be at the front, but was somewhat consoled by taking out a draft of a famous regiment for Mesopotamia.

J. K. Summers. M.C., recently flew over the College in a British Scout machine, but the weather was too rough for him to make a landing. However, he descended very low, and waved to those who turned out to watch the aeroplane. He has had two years of active service, and has been a Flight Commander for a considerable time. He was in the Somme operations, and on the strength of this had a few days leave to visit French aerodromes. "It was very interesting when the Huns retired early this year: I did a lot of contact patrol work (low-flying co-operation with infantry; and low-flying reconnaissance—for instance, in the first battle of Bullecourt."

G. H. Walker was also recently forced to descend near Combridge, and was able to visit the College for an hour.

H. Holland is in hospital with wounds and "trench foot," but is rapidly recovering. He was in the fighting on Passchendaele Ridge.

R. P. Holland is in the same neighbourhood.

C. T. Hutchison has been slightly wounded and gassed.

C. S. Little writes from "Somewhere in Palestine": "Out here I have met B. K. Bond. W. J. Crick and Green—all padres. Mrs. Roberts is indeed a brick; she is kindness and motherliness personified to all O.Ds. If we are ever in Alexandria we never miss going to see her, and hearing all the news from the old school. I have wandered for hundreds of miles over the Desert of Sinai on a camel. For nearly a year now I have gone about on one, as I have been attached to the Imperial Camel Corps.

Camels are the most amazing creatures on this earth : haughty and supercilious to an extent unknown in any other animal, they growl and show their teeth when touched, and yet possess some of the habits of the domestic cow, such as chewing the cud—docile occupation ! This is a very waterless land, and a camel can go five days without water, and at the same time carry for his rider sufficient water and food, as well as food for himself. Hence the usefulness of the beast. Camels are sometimes stupid and often stubborn, but under shell-fire they behave in a wonderfully cool way. My own camel—'Rameses II.'—has had several close shaves, from shrapnel mostly, but has just carried me along, as haughty and indifferent as ever. And it was on the back of a camel that I entered the Holy Land. Of the fierce fighting we have had I must not say much, except that at one time I was one of the few who got round to the other side of Gaza.—Little wrote in early October—"I have often been on the road or track on which Our Lord and Our Lady went into Egypt, and also the track by which Abraham and Jacob travelled. Of part of it I know every inch. It is all an immense help in understanding many things in the Bible."

E. C. Keble wrote in October:—"I am very much enjoying life out here, taking things all round. It is very jolly being in the open air the whole time, and the men are wonderful. I have not seen serious fighting yet; it is very fortunate being broken in gradually to the other side. I had a top hole game of Rigger here the other day—Brigade H.Q. v. the Rest. I played forward, and in that capacity I can say that I have sat on a Brigadier, who was playing three-quarter for the other side ! Our padre is a very good chap—J. C. Davies, O.D. ; he is very much liked by the other officers."

T. Newton writes: "France is very different from what it was the last time I was out here ; some of the villages—in fact, most of those in the area of operations—are absolutely non-existent. I am at present commanding a company."

M. Y. Townsend is with the British forces in Italy. So is O. Couldrey.

Fraser Sutton and S. O'R. Surridge have both been wounded—the former very severely.

P. T. Huband was the first to secure a hit in a recent Zeppelin raid. His third shell crippled the engines of a raider.

WAR OBITUARY.

Captain Charles Frederick Butterfield came in June, 1879, and was here until 1882. He was in Meynell, and was a boy of good ability, gaining one of the Divinity Prizes. He left to join the *Conway*, and spent most of his life in the merchant service. Since war broke out he has done much valuable transport work, and had many thrilling adventures. He was on board the *Pelliam* when it was torpedoed two years ago, and was in an open boat from Sunday till Wednesday when he was picked up off Cornwall. He was afterwards on the *Syndic* when it was heavily shelled last April, but he beat off the submarine and escaped. On recovering from shell-shock he joined another steamship. On September 24 last his ship was sunk by a torpedo and all hands were lost except one fireman, who was picked up by a fishing boat.

John Reginald Griffin was in the Preparatory School from September, 1907 until April, 1917. His ship has been posted at Lloyd's as "missing, believed lost." She

was last heard of so long ago as the early part of 1916.

Charles Bayley was in Meynell from October, 1885, until April, 1887, when he migrated to Leatherhead. He gained a Mathematical Scholarship at S. John's College, Oxford, and obtained 2nd Class in Moderations, taking his degree in 1899. He was Captain of the Boats. He became a Civil Engineer, and went to France as a Private in "the Buffs." He was posted as "missing" on May 3 last, and very small hopes are entertained of his being alive.

Stephen Leonard Dawson (Head's ii.) was herefrom September, 1906, until April, 1911, when his father went to Canada to take charge of a mission station there. Dawson was always a keen Denstonian and did not lose his affection for Denstone in British Columbia. There he did good work in S. George's Industrial School for Indian boys at Lytton. He returned with the Canadian troops to take part in the war, and we have heard with much regret that he must be numbered among those who have been killed.

William Rimmer was in Woodard from September, 1907, until December, 1909, and he saw a good deal of the war before he was killed on October 26. He was sent first to Egypt with the Medical Corps and was in the first contingent to attempt the capture of Gallipoli. There he fell a victim to enteric and was invalided to Alexandria, where he experienced much kindness from Mrs. Roberts, who often wrote of him and his attractiveness. After returning for a time to England he received a commission in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and went to France for the recent fighting. There, very soon, he was wounded at Langemarcke, and, while being attended to in the dressing station, was killed by a shell which killed all who were there except one.

Lieut. H. J. G. S. Miller Stirling was a master here in 1909-10. He left to become Assistant Commissioner in the Political Service in Northern Nigeria. In 1915 he became Lieutenant in the W. African Field Force, attached to the Nigerian Regiment, and served in operations in French West Africa and, later, in East Africa. He was killed in action on October 16.

FOOTBALL.

13TH BATT. TRAINING RESERVE.

Playing up, we pressed from the beginning of the match. Several times we were within an ace of scoring, but each time our opponents managed to prevent it. At length, however, the combination of our halves and three-quarters enabled Waghorn to take the ball over the line. The try was not converted, and "13th," roused by our success, began to press; but they were unable to get past Whitfield, whose picking up and kicking were very good. The scrum had the ball out well on every occasion, and eventually Miller scored our second try, which was converted by Fergusson. The score at half-time was 8—0.

In the second half, "13th" only just failed to score two or three times, but then we began to press, and continued to do so for the rest of the game, Waghorn scoring two tries, neither of which was converted. Finally, Miller managed to get a good try between the posts, which was converted by Jeffries. Result: Won, 19—0.

Team. — Whitfield (back); Whittles, Miller, Hall, Waghorn (three quarters), H. J. Davies, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Vidhr, Carmichael, Rimmer, Jones-Parry (forwards).

5TH BATT. TRAINING RESERVE.

We won the toss, and played up for the first half, attacking from the start. Pattison and Waghorn each just failed to score, but from a free kick Fergusson managed to get a goal. "5th" began to play harder, but our combination, and especially that of the three-quarters, was too much for their "Soccer" tactics. Corbishley scored twice, and Fergusson converted the first try. Our opponents then began to play harder than ever, and eventually succeeded in crossing our line, but the try was not converted.

Wildsmith appeared to advantage in the line-out, Austin, Fergusson and Jeffries were up to their usual form, and indeed all the forwards did good work. Patlison and Miller each scored tries, which were converted by Fergusson. The game ended with the score at 21-3.

Team. — Whitfield (back); Whittles, Miller, Newton, Waghorn (three quarters); Davies, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Rimmer, Carmichael, Vidler, Woodham (forwards).

NEW ZEALAND M.G. CORPS.

The team had eagerly looked forward to this match, and they were not disappointed.

The New Zealanders almost scored in the first minute, by means of lightning kicking and running. This put our team on its mettle, and for some time the play was in our opponents' half. Our scrum was remarkably good, although the 2-3-2 formation of the opposing scrum was somewhat confusing. Still, the ball came out and went down the three quarter line very well, and the New Zealanders found themselves marked most carefully. Their kicking was exceptionally good; one man knelt down and kicked the ball over his head. Our kicking was good, and this was

especially noticeable in Fergusson, Whitfield, Wildsmith, and Rimmer. Jeffries broke away well several times with the ball at his feet, and Austin and Fergusson were continually to be seen with half-a-dozen men on them.

At last the New Zealanders scored a very good try, which they did not convert, and soon afterwards a very tricky run-through gained them another, which was also unconverted. Pattison and Davies, our halves, did some very good work, as a result of which we came very near to scoring on several occasions. Once Corbishley almost crossed the line, but was collared when he tried to side-step and cut through in another direction.

The New Zealanders on the defensive were extraordinarily good, and in spite of the labours of the team, who put all they knew into their play, we did not succeed in scoring.

Thus ended a splendid game, the New Zealanders winning by a score of 6-0.

Team. — Whitfield (back); Whittles, Miller, Newton, Corbishley (three-quarters); Davies, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Rimmer, Carmichael, Vidler, Woodham (forwards).

We have received the following letter from Grantham:—

6th (Reserve) Coy.,
New Zealand M.G. Corps,
Grantham.

Dear Sir,

The Depot Rugby Football Club have requested me to write to you, thanking yourself and all concerned for the splendid time and fine game our team had at your College on Saturday. Our men are very enthusiastic in their appreciation of both the game and the hospitality shown them.

also the sportsmanship shown by all your boys.

Yours sincerely,
J. S. HICKEY (Sgt),
Hon. Sec.

The following have been awarded Football Colours:—

1st XV.: F. B. Jeffries. 2nd XV.: G. H. R. Wildsmith, N. H. Pattison, P. Rimmer, J. Carmichael, H. H. J. Davies, J. Whittles, R. C. A. Miller, J. G. H. Vidler, I. H. Jones-Parry.

The Middle Side Football Cup was won by Lowe, after an excellent game with Head's iii.

O.D. NEWS.

We regret to learn of the death of R. W. Middleton, which took place in California on 29th May, 1917. R.I.P.

Randle Evans was articled as a Solicitor in 1911.

J. L. Hardy was in the Darracq Co's motor works near Paris until he joined up.

C. P. Walsh is employed in the Forest Department, of the Rangoon Service.

W. W. Watts represented South Kensington Museum of Science and Art at the Memorial Service for M. Rodin.

R. L. N. Bulkeley is on the Staff at S. Martin's Church, Scarborough, and is teaching at Orleton School.

H. G. Bushe is Acting Assistant Legal Adviser to the Colonial Office.

NOTES.

The Headmaster preached at SS. Mary and Chad, Longton, on November 11, the Feast of the Dedication.

The Headmaster has read a paper at a meeting of the North Staffordshire Field Club on "Croxden Abbey and Musden Grange." It is to be printed in the Club's *Transactions*.

In the notice of Mr. Edwardes in our last issue, the date of his appointment to the Preparatory School should have been 1905, not 1903.

A little hockey has been played here this term. A team of the Staff has beaten S. Mary's, Abbots Bromley by 7—1.

A most enjoyable concert was given on November 6, in the musical portion of which the following took part: Miss Browning, Miss Jarvis, Miss Wood, Mr. Lawton, Mr. Green, Jeffries, Whitfield, Farrow, Coates and Hales. A short play was presented, *The Bishop's Candlesticks*. Mr. Andrews took the part of the Bishop, Mr. Whitmore of Convict 15,729, Mr. J. L. Smith was a Gendarme, Miss Wood played Persome, and Miss Fyldes, Marie. There was an orchestra of four violins, conducted by Miss Browning—Cowan, F. Lutter, Birch and C. Wood.

Lieut. A. J. Wood, O.D., has been sent to assist in the training of our O.T.C. contingent.

Two lectures have been given this term in connexion with the Literary and Scientific Society; "Mendelism," by the Rev. W. B. Smith, and "My Experiences as a Prisoner in German East Africa," by the Rev. C. O. Andrews.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—

Hurst Johnian, Blue, Marlburian, Lancing College Magazine, King Edicard's School Chronicle, Felstedian, Merchiston-ii, Birkonian, Stonyhurst Magazine.

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

The yearly subscription of 4s. 6d. (or 10s. 6d. for three years) should be sent to the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire.