



# The Cuthbertian

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## EDITORIAL.

*"Darkness there—and nothing more."*

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

**W**E live as under a cloud. Day and night we are over-shadowed by the fear of the All-Highest; at the name of Zeppelin we tremble. Our windows are all darkened, our lights all dimmed, our cloisters all plastered with Zepp. raid instructions. We chant our matin song while the lark is still a-bed; our vesper bell is the sparrows' lullaby; "sunset and the evening star" look down on our beauty sleep; at midnight we rise, and, with

solemn and stately tread, guided by the light of guttering candles, seek refuge and sanctuary amid tuck-boxes and stores of potatoes. Nor is this all. Never a prefect is there, so we learn, but he is between the sheets by twenty minutes past nine. Sure the Kaiser must gloat when he thinks of us cowering Cuthbertians.

But in such times as these what endless themes there are for the laureates-to-be. Awake, ye poets and ye who have cunning in writing! Awake! Now is the Spring-time, now calls the smooth voice of the turtle-dove. Write while the new life of Spring runs hot within you. In every room is inspiration. Up in the shadows of the cloisters hover the Muses. Court them. Catch the misty shadows of thought which float across your mind as you are dragged from dreamland by rude men with lights, and weave them into some fantastic ode. Let the mystic air of the cellars breathe witchery o'er you, then write, and as never before.

But of midnight vigils more anon. Other and more weighty matters demand our attention. The Corps, under Lieut. C. W. Norman, has been badly handicapped by the weather, but one field-day and two night-attacks have been worked in. They have done a great deal to maintain the keen spirit of the Corps. Night-attacks seem especially popular. The excitement is all the more intense when one has to lie low at the edge of a copse, or move stealthily through the night, whither and against what one knows not. There must be a certain subtle charm in walking right on top of a party of men and a machine-gun, the first intimation of whose presence is the explosion of half a dozen blanks under one's nose. There must be something peculiarly exhilarating in charging across a golf course against an enemy who is not there. Yes, night-attacks are deservedly

the most popular part of the O.T.C. programme, if only because of their grand uncertainty and of the arguments that uncertainty provokes.

Football and Running have both suffered this term from the weather, even the Shrove-Tuesday paper-chase had to be postponed. It is strange how cleverly the weather has always baulked paper-chases. One had only to decide to have a paper-chase on a certain day to assure that on that day it would snow. If we lived in other lands we might suspect that a sect of running-haters had arisen to propitiate the deity of snow-storms, and to invoke him to send down snow on the running days.

Shrove-Tuesday was marked by one event, however, the French play. Since the beginning of last term the French play had been talked of but had to be put off until this term. When it came, however, it exceeded all expectations—but that is another story. So also is the Choir Supper, that wonderful Elysium which has been the happy hunting-ground of choir-boys' imagination ever since we have known S. Cuthbert's.

The end of term draws on apace, and into these few short days remaining what a host of things are crammed! There are four Cups and a Sports Flag to be won in one last fortnight or less. Soon Cuthbertians, dusty—or will it be bespattered and mud-stained? We fear so, unless the sun pays us a visit or two before long—and tired, will plod up from Keeper's, some pleased that in a few minutes for them the Dormitory Run will be over until next year, some wondering if they are really glad that for them the end is in sight—for ever. "Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo."

## FOOTBALL.

## FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

*Mansfield Grammar School.*

Our first match, v. Mansfield Grammar School, was played at Mansfield, and resulted in our opponents' favour by 3 goals to 1.

The team, on the whole, was unlucky, but showed at intervals that understanding and dash which it is hoped will be its leading characteristic.

The defeat may have been due to some idea of reserving energy. The whole side seemed half asleep, and unable to rise to the occasion. Later on things improved vastly, but the damage was done, and our opponents kept us far more busy than they should have done, if they had not been all over us in the first twenty minutes.

The key to the situation lay in the bad start we made.

*Team.*—F. W. Bedford (goal), P. N. Linton and P. A. Bapty (backs), J. L. Livingstone, A. C. P. Stephenson, and W. E. Catton (half-backs), C. H. Steemson, P. A. Armstrong, H. Kendall, H. Towler, and P. H. Johnson (forwards).

*House of Sacred Mission, Kelham.*

Played at Kelham, on February 9th, and lost by four goals to one. This was our first visit to Kelham, and it proved a disaster. The opposing team were far superior in weight and size, and consequently were able to force their way through our defence. Although we were a beaten team, our ability for tackling was far superior to theirs; and had our forwards been a little smarter and a little heavier, we should undoubtedly have beaten them.

Johnson was the best in the forward line; he gave the insides ample chance to score, but partially owing to the greasy nature of the ground, and partially to the strong efforts of their defence we were unable to break through. Livingstone played a very good game at half-back, while Bapty and Linton several times saved us from a more severe defeat. Our only goal was scored by Steemson in the first four minutes of the game. This afforded a great deal of encouragement, but although our efforts were earnestly maintained we were unable successfully to bombard their goal during the remainder of the game.

*Team*—F. W. Bedford (goal), P. A. Bapty and P. N. Linton (backs), W. E. Catton, A. C. P. Stephenson, and J. L. Livingstone (half-backs), E. H. Barritt, P. A. Armstrong, C. H. Steemson, H. Towler, and P. H. Johnson (forwards).

## FOOTBALL NOTES.

There is very little to report in the football world this term, as we have had to scratch almost all our fixtures. However, there has been a general improvement in the quality of the play, for the boys are beginning to see that "brute force and blessed ignorance" are not the hall-mark of a perfect footballer, and that there are such fine points of the game to learn as passing, shooting, trapping, and making openings.

The chief faults noticeable in the general play are:

- I. The Forwards. Their shooting lacks sting, while they show a want of enterprise, and often pass the ball to a man who is marked, when they might with advantage go on themselves.
- II. The Halves. They are not smart enough in getting the ball to their forwards, too often forgetting their places on the field.

- III. The Backs. They tackle poorly, and are too fond of indulging in reckless or hard kicking without any idea of placing the ball.

### O.T.C. NOTES.

Promotions, dated Jan. 25th, 1916. To be Coy. Q.M.S., Sergeant A. C. P. Stephenson. To be Corporals, Lance-Corporals W. E. M. Lewis, D. G. C. Giffard, G. W. Palmer; Privates C. R. Macnamara, P. A. Bapty. To be Lance-Corporals, Privates W. E. Catton, J. L. Livingstone, P. N. Linton, L. E. Houghton, T. M. Revington-Jones, J. P. Monkhouse, A. S. Smith. Dated Feb. 23rd, 1916. To be Lance-Corporal, Private J. I. Wood.

Although, this term, an average of three parades a week has been kept up, the work of the Corps has been rather seriously hampered by the bad weather; in fact, it has been impossible to carry out the thorough progressive training that was hoped for. In one direction, however, one cannot fail to notice a marked improvement, namely—discipline off parade. On parade days, when uniform has been worn all day, the general smartness and soldierly bearing of both N.C.O.'s and men have been much in evidence. There has been a spirit of keenness about—surely the right spirit. But we want more and more keenness, more and more vigour. We want to be smarter than ever, both on and off parade. The day may not be far off when our N.C.O.'s will be called up for service, and it is, therefore, our business now to leave nothing undone that may help them to become strong and efficient soldiers.

Mr. Wilderspin has been appointed to a commission in the Corps, and from what we know of his energies in other directions, we have no doubt that he will prove a keen and capable officer.

Shooting has been started this term on our new covered-in range, but only in connection with the Country-Life Competition for the O.T.C. Trophy. The team which represented the Contingent had had very little practice, and consequently the results were not good. We look forward to much greater things next term when we shall be firing, not only in another big competition, but also on the open range in a match already arranged with Sedbergh School.

The Orderly-room, which was thoroughly cleaned during the Christmas holidays, has been a great boon this term in many ways. Occasionally, but very rarely, it serves its original purpose, that is, for the hearing of charges of disorderliness. One evening in the week, a lecture or an instruction is given to the N.C.O.'s by an Officer. At all times the orderly-room, containing a fair number of military manuals, is at the disposal of N.C.O.'s, and in this connection we have to thank the Vice-Provost, who has so kindly presented us this term with a number of valuable military books.

The Band, under Coy. Q.M.S. Stephenson, who is acting band-master, has taken a new lease of life, and its renewed energies deserve nothing but the highest praise. To parade three times a week after breakfast at 7-30 a.m., and march up and down the drive is a splendid effort.

FIELD OPERATIONS. On Friday, March 17th, the Headmaster gave us a special half for field-work. The scheme was briefly as follows: "A large German force was retiring on Newark, along the Worksop-Newark Road. The rear-guard of this force having been observed by British air-patrols to be holding high ground half a mile N. of Carburton, the advanced-guard of a pursuing British Force, with a view to seizing ground for artillery, was ordered to press on with all speed from Worksop and drive the Germans from the hills."

The O.C., with Sergt.-Major Steemson, the Lion Platoon and half the Fleur-de-Lys, represented the "Prussians." Lieuts. Tarver and Wilderspin attacked with the remainder of the Company. As the attack developed, the defenders, who had two machine-guns and a field-gun, retired in good order to successive fire-positions, eventually to Carburton village, not forgetting to blow up the two bridges on the way. On the part of the attacking force, there was a clear lack of co-operation, although, in one phase of the battle, the left flank of the defence was seriously threatened, good use being made of a British machine-gun.

The Company formed up in Carburton, and marched home merrily to the strains of the band.

On two occasions this term we have had night-attacks, but of these the lack of space forbids a detailed account.

Next term, with the fine weather, much more attention will be given to field work, and it is hoped that all ranks will benefit by their experiences, and appreciate the sole object of all field work, namely, the acquiring of some definite military knowledge of practical value.

## THE STEEPLECHASES.

The Steeplechases were run on March 27th, and in ideal weather. A fair field started on the Senior Course. After the first hedge at the bottom of the South Field Steemson max took the lead, followed by Livingstone. The course lay across to Clumber Drive and through the woods to Carburton Road. At Carburton Road the field had shaken out considerably. Across Carburton Road the course was through the wood to a pond by the side of the bridle-path leading to Whitwell. Steemson max was first through the water, with Livingstone a good second, followed by Haagensen, Stephenson max and Bapty. After the pond Bapty came



up to third place. The course now drew back to Carburton Road and across the fields to finish at the starting-point. The first five in were Steemson max, Livingstone, Bapty, Haagensen, and Stephenson max. The course was not a long one, but Mr. Griffith, the Games Master, had picked the hedges with a skill that none of the competitors failed to notice.

The Junior course lay with the Senior at the start and finish, but left it at Clumber Drive and joined it again just before it crossed Carburton Road on the homeward journey. First four in were Stennett, Ewing, Ely, and Clive-Smith.

### SCOUT NOTES.

It has been impossible to do very much this term in the way of actual scouting, on account of the weather. We have been patiently "marking time," and when scouting games have been out of the question, have worked hard at the routine of drill.

The highest points in the Inter-Patrol Competition this term have been gained by the "Ram" Patrol (403), the "Fox" Patrol being second with 393 points.

The "Otter" Patrol has been disbanded temporarily, as it seemed better to have six full patrols than seven incomplete ones. The new arrangement has made for better work.

Second Nunn has succeeded Best as Patrol Leader of the "Beaver."

P. L. Gyles max has done excellent work with his Patrol (the "Lion"), and P. L. Rawlin deserves special mention for his work with the Wolf Cubs.

The new Scouts were "sworn in" on Wednesday, March 29th.

## CHAPEL NOTES.

The admission of the new Prefects to their office was held after Evensong on the second day of Term. Before the actual admission, the Headmaster gave a short address, urging those who were called to this office of responsibility, to do their work "with both hands earnestly," after which the Prefects signed their names in the Roll as usual.

The Patronal Feast of S. Cuthbert was observed on March 20, with an early Eucharist at 7-30, and a sung Eucharist, Procession and Sermon at 9-45. The preacher was the Rev. Fr. Ommaney, of S. Matthew's, Sheffield, who took the life of S. Cuthbert as a great example of the fact Prayer was the only adequate basis of a really useful life.

The Choir Supper, an event which we hope will now take place with more regularity than in the past, was held in the evening.

The outstanding event of the term was the Confirmation by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, on March 25th (the Feast of the Annunciation), of which a full account will be found elsewhere. Those who were Confirmed made their first Communion at the 7-30 Eucharist on March 26th.

Since Septuagesima we have had a regular daily Eucharist, which we hope will remain a permanent custom in the future.

We are sincerely grateful to all who have helped so loyally "behind the scenes" this term, as bell-ringers and organ-blowers. This is not an easy nor attractive work; the more honour, therefore, to those who have volunteered to do it.

## THE MANCHESTER MISSION.

Workshop boys should be proud to support their Mission, which is being carried on so splendidly by the Rev. W. Edelman Kemp. In the midst of all the squalid surroundings of a Manchester slum parish lies our Mission. There are no striking buildings, just two homely houses thrown into one, and outside on a board stating that this is the Workshop Mission.

On entering the Club one is immediately struck with its pleasant appearance, cleanliness, and comfort. Within are four moderate sized rooms downstairs, and above them two larger ones. The members of the Kindergarten have their own room, where they amuse themselves with their games. The other rooms are divided between the Seniors and Juniors, and are used for such pastimes as wood-carving, billiards, and so forth. There is also a library for the Seniors and Juniors, and I believe that Father Kemp is earnestly asking for books. If you have any to spare I am sure he will be pleased to have them.

There is little indication of a slum parish in the Mission itself, except the rather blunt club rules which hang upon the walls; (i) No Smoking, (ii) No Swearing, (iii) No Gambling. Adequate precautions must of course be taken with regard to these things, or it would be little use to run the Club. I believe it is understood that if anyone breaks these rules he will not be allowed in the Club for several weeks. Of course the lads would make no spiritual advance if they were not held in check by some plain and strict rules. Occasionally one sees the paper torn off the walls, a thing probably unavoidable when very few of the lads have seen paper on a wall before and therefore can see no use for it. Apparently they do not believe in the ceiling being white, since they generally use it for chalking their cues. The

billiard table, however, would be quite the envy of "A" classroom. The only unusual sight was the wash-basins. The first thing every boy must do when he comes in is wash his hands; some of them come in to have their first wash for a week.

The work that is being carried on at the Club is indeed great. Here the lads, as it were, start their life afresh; they throw off to some extent their former ways, and press on to something higher. Here outcasts are received from ruin, and step by step are turned into new channels of life. Here they are cared for, advised, and helped in every possible way. Gradually, as the Club affects the atmosphere of their lives, they begin to get rid of their bad habits, and to become true and reverent members of the Church. I am sure that when we think of all the poverty in this district, we shall understand what a great work our Mission is doing; and those who have not seen the Mission can rest assured that money given towards it is well spent in a good cause.

## THE CONFIRMATION.

On March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, the Lord Bishop of Southwell held a Confirmation in the School Chapel. In a short address before the ceremony, the Bishop spoke of the need of preparation in our lives, and asked the candidates never to forget that their whole life was one long preparation for Eternity. Then he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and gave the candidates his benediction. After the Laying on of Hands he gave an excellent address on the responsibilities of the young people of to-day. He never spoke to Confirmation candidates in these times, he said, without feeling that he was talking to people on whose shoulders lay a great responsibility. They were the Young England on whom and by whom the nation would be remodelled. It would be theirs to say whether the

blood which is being shed to-day, had been shed in a vain cause, or whether it would give new life to the English nation. How terrible a thing it would be should history write that the sacrifice made by the England of to-day had been wasted because of the carelessness and inability of the England of to-morrow! So he asked those newly-confirmed to live their lives as men to whom one day would be entrusted the re-making of their fatherland. After the service the Bishop's Procession took its way to the Infirmary, where the Bishop held a private Confirmation.

### CHOIR SUPPER.

At last there has really been a Choir Supper. On the evening of S. Cuthbert's Day the Choir and all who helped in the Chapel met in the Library at 6-0 p.m. When justice had been done to the fine supper the Matron had provided, D. G. C. Giffard rose to ask Mr. F. W. Harris, the Choir-master, to accept a conductor's baton in token of the gratitude of the Choir towards him for his work. For the last three and a half years Mr. Harris had worked hard to make the Choir a success, and the Choir work interesting. He had organized orchestras for special occasions, and had done everything to make the Chapel services as bright as possible; the Choir, therefore, felt that they owed him great thanks. In accepting the baton Mr. Harris said that the keenness of the Choir was a source of great pleasure to him. He thanked them very much for their gift and hoped that in the future he would have many an opportunity of wielding it in front of orchestras in the Chapel. He sat down amid great applause. After the presentation the company was entertained by the following programme:

Pianoforte Duet	. . .	F. G. Hancock and J. G. Sykes
Song	. . .	"My Old Shako" . . D. G. C. Giffard
Song	. . .	"Somewhere a Voice is Calling" . . T. Leefe

Musical Dialogue	Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth
Glee	"Come to the Fair" The Choir
Song	"The Yeoman of England" P. A. Bapty
Quartett	"There is Music by the river," T. Leefe, R.H. Strudwick, P. A. Bapty, D. G. C. Giffard
Song	"Clementine" Rev. R. V. Fenn
Song	"Argentine" D. Beswick
Song	"Glorious Devon" D. G. C. Giffard
Song	"Till the Boys come home" T. Leefe
National Anthem.	

## THE FRENCH PLAY.

The traditions at S. Cuthbert's for Shrove Tuesday are a Paper Chase and an Entertainment, which quite naturally follow one another. This year a heavy snowstorm rendered the paper chase impossible, but a most enjoyable evening was afforded us. A French Play marks an epoch in the progress of the School. We never realised till then that S. Cuthbert's prided itself on its French. Amusement was provided, and, at least for the actors, the play had a definite educational value. Though perhaps ambitious, it was a great success.

There was little to cavil at in the scenery. The stage had received every possible care and attention, no pains having been spared to make the performance as realistic as possible. We must congratulate the organizers of the station scene, the ticket office especially manifesting great inventive genius.

The action of the play centred round Monsieur Perrichon and his sweet young daughter; who must perforce have two devoted admirers in the bold and dashing Armand and the astute and wily Daniel, keen rivals but great sportsmen. The play contained several good creative parts and

we can safely say that each one was acted admirably ; the particular traits of each character were successfully portayed.

Monsieur Perrichon will not easily be forgotten. Here Wood was delightful and nearly inimitable. We had already heard of his capabilities and are now quite convinced of them. His apparent lack of humour, his expressive gestures and queer antics, not one of which was misplaced, and his pompous vanity kept the audience in roars of merriment. And we must not forget that no small part of his success was due to the way in which the others played up to him. Hancock made him an excellent wife, though we have an idea he should have looked nearly forty instead of twenty-two. As her daughter Henriette, Haagensen was a great success, with all the airs and graces of a sweet "flapper."

As to the lovers it is difficult to individualize. Next to Perrichon, we think Daniel had the most difficult part to play and in so doing Houghton acquitted himself admirably, his clever working upon Perrichon's vanity being much admired. Sykes was a gallant cavalier who won the ladies' hearts. The Commandant was ably personated by Livingstone, whose accent we liked very much. For the other minor characters, who can so often spoil a play, we have nothing but praise.

No play account would be just if some tribute were not paid to the silent workers, who do so much. Especially must we congratulate Miss Bennell, whose long and careful preparation and able coaching were more than repaid by the success that attended her efforts. The accent was the best we have heard for a long time. She received a very richly deserved ovation at the close.

Now that S. Cuthbert's has proved itself so rich in dramatic talent, let us hope that this will not be allowed to rust, especially during Shakspeare's tercentenary.

Appended is a list of the *Personnages* :

<i>Perrichon</i>	J. I. Wood
<i>Le Commandant Mathieu</i>	J. L. Livingstone
<i>Armand Desroches</i>	J. G. Sykes
<i>Daniel Savory</i>	L. E. Houghton
<i>Majorin</i>	G. C. Handcock
<i>Aubergiste, Facteur</i>	A. Hart
<i>Madame Perrichon</i>	F. G. Hancock
<i>Henriette (sa fille)</i>	F. G. Haagensen
<i>Jeanne</i>	H. E. Witham
<i>Employé</i>	G. St. V. Thackeray
<i>Voyageurs, Commissionaires, etc.</i>	

## DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the above Society this term was held in the Library, on Sunday, February 13th. The motion before the House was "That Britain is justified in taking reprisals against Germany for her inhuman methods of warfare." The proposer, L. E. Houghton, laid stress on the fact that Britain must win this war at all costs, and maintained that without taking reprisals she could not hope to do so. He gave as instance the use of poison-gas; if Britain had not retaliated in kind when the Germans began to use gas she would have been driven from France. The ends, he thought, justified the means. C. H. Steemson, opposing the motion, offered two results that would be obtained by the use of reprisals. He considered that Britain would gain no practical advantage, while the morals of her people would become depraved; and the war would end in a contest of frightfulness. The seconder of the Proposition, C. R. Macnamara, found much to deny in the speech of opposer. His main theme was the impossibility of Britain winning



the war without recourse having to reprisals. Seconding the Opposition, J. I. Wood said that, far from reprisals making the German populace petition their Government to stop air-raids on England, they would have the opposite effect. The Germans were told that their Zeppelins were attacking fortified towns and they would think that England was indulging in a lawless exhibition of temper. Other speakers were, for the Proposition, W. E. M. Lewis, H. E. Witham, A. Smith; for the Opposition, E. V. Lacey, J. L. Livingstone, R. Olsen. Upon a division the voting was equal. The President, Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth, gave his casting vote in favour of the Proposition. The motion was carried by 10 votes to 9.

On Sunday, February 27th, the motion before the House was "That Life in the Time of Elizabeth is preferable to Life at the Present Day." R. Olsen, proposing, dwelt upon the characteristics of Elizabeth as a queen, and the pleasure of living under her sway when England was well-governed and prosperous, and when Englishmen were making their country's name in thrilling exploits by land and sea. E. V. Lacey rising to oppose, showed that over against the freer and wilder life of the "spacious days," which, no doubt, appealed to the under elements in man, there was set the higher and nobler education of to-day which brought out the finer side of man. He held up improvements in prisons and poor laws, and in travelling, lighting, and amusements, as examples of the superiority of the modern age over the age of Elizabeth. J. L. Livingstone, seconder of the Proposition, spoke of the commercial prosperity of the country in Elizabeth's time. In those days, he held, ability and merit were the stepping stones to fame. J. G. Sykes, seconding the Opposition, said that life could not have been very pleasant amidst the bitter religious strife of that period. G. St. M. Parker in support of the Opposition recalled the risk one ran in the good old

days in venturing out alone or by night. A. W. Morrison for the proposition said that in Elizabeth's reign the spirit of politics was a national one, and political decisions were quickly made. J. W. E. Cochrane for the Opposition replied that our great men of these days were just as great as the leaders of the nation in the 16th century. Other speakers for the motion: W. L. Catton, L. V. Cross, and F. T. Lakin. Against: G. V. Thackeray, H. L. Witham, and G. Handcock. The motion was lost by 9 votes to 21.

On Sunday, March 12th, a literary meeting was held. W. E. M. Lewis read a critical paper on S. T. Coleridge. He briefly sketched the importance of Coleridge's work in the revival of English literature, how with Wordsworth he broke away from the stiff and formal style of writing. He pointed out the wonderful power of Coleridge in making the mind picture for itself the scene he wished to present. He did not describe, but rather held out suggestions, round which the imagination could cling and weave for itself wondrous fantasies. The paper ended with a few quotations as an example of the poet's work. J. L. Livingstone read a critical paper by A. S. Smith on Wordsworth. After a short account of Wordsworth's life and work, and the influence of the French Revolution upon it, he proceeded to show the extraordinary simplicity of the poet's writing; how in the most homely and lowly things he found inspiration and delight. The paper was cleverly sprinkled with quotations. J. G. Sykes, F. G. Haagensen, and H. E. Witham then read Wordsworth's "Three Brothers." J. W. E. Cochrane read a critical paper on Lord Byron. He emphasized the egoism of the man, an egoism which was reflected in every part of his work. All his heroes were pictures of himself. Born of a spendthrift father, from his early years he was given the cold shoulder by society. This drove him to sneering criticism of all he met. But he wrote magnificent verse, as

a stanza quoted from "Childe Harold" proved. To illustrate this paper, D. G. C. Giffard, P. A. Bapty, W. E. Catton, L. V. Cross, and T. Leefe, read a selection from Byron's *Manfred*, Act iii., Scenes ii.-iv. After the reading, C. H. Steemson rose to discuss the point raised about Byron's cynicism. He was sure that unless Byron had done something worthy the attitude of society, that attitude would never have been adopted. He gave "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" as an example of Byron's love of saying nasty things simply to hurt those discussed. H. E. Witham also spoke of Byron's cynicism. J. W. E. Cochrane rose to defend his statement. No one knew the exact circumstances of Byron's case, and it was quite possible for a man to be misjudged by his fellow-men and so be driven to hatred of all things. J. G. Sykes spoke a good word for Byron. Many were Byron's faults, he admitted, but a man who could write as he wrote, and die as he died, was not wholly abandoned. The Rev. the Headmaster rose to corroborate the remarks of of the last speaker, and to thank him for making them. The meeting then adjourned.

On Sunday, March 19th, C. H. Steemson rose to propose "That Sport ought not to involve loss of Life." The Proposition, he said, he did not deny that vermin and creatures necessary for food ought to be killed, but he did protest against the wholesale slaughter of wild life solely to provide amusement. The sort of sport he would have abolished was pigeon-shooting, deer-driving, and fox-hunting. He thought that if landlords devoted the money they spent on their stables and coverts to the welfare of their tenants, there would be less social trouble. J. I. Wood, the opposer, failed to see why sport should not be derived from the killing of vermin. With regard to fox-hunting, he thought, that without the stables of the various hunts to fall back on the

British Army would be hard put to it for horses and horse-men. L. E. Houghton, seconding the Proposition, said that he could not see what pleasure could be found in slaughtering defenceless creatures. He wondered if the hon. members of the Opposition would like to change places with a hare and be hunted by dogs to provide amusement for a half-holiday crowd of miners. J. W. E. Cochrane, for the Opposition, said that in the tropics lions and tigers took an enormous toll of human life, and had to be kept down by sportsmen who risked their lives to protect defenceless natives. Other speakers were, for the motion: A. Hart, R. Haines, who made a promising maiden speech, H. E. Witham, A. S. Smith. Against: A. W. Morrison, J. G. Sykes. The motion was carried by 17 votes to 13.

## LECTURES

On Sunday, December 5th, the Rev. W. V. Lucas gave a very interesting lecture on the work of the Universities' Mission in Central East Africa. He showed a splendid collection of slides, typical of the people and scenery of this district. He said that the natives were very good natured, and picked up the manners of civilization very quickly indeed. His parish extended over many miles, and teemed with every species of wild game. He was positive that the Universities' Mission had done splendid work; the natives would even march thirty miles to enjoy the blessings of the church services. This work was, however, being spoilt by the Germans, for, on the out-break of hostilities, they had taken all British prisoners, and thus left the country without priests of any sort; and therefore the Universities' Mission had great need of volunteers and of money to carry on its work.

On Sunday, December 12th, 1915, we were treated to a very interesting lecture by the Chaplain, on South Africa, which was illustrated by a number of very interesting and instructive slides. The Chaplain took us on a journey through Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal, starting from Cape Town, and going by way of Johannesburg, Lorenzo Marquez, East London, and so back to Cape Town. First, we took a trip round Cape Town, seeing many notable buildings, and also some interesting studies of natives. From thence we journeyed through the Orange Free State, into the Transvaal, to Johannesburg, where, amongst other interesting features, we saw a typical gold mine, one of the many which have caused the growth of this city within the last fifty years. We then crossed into Portuguese East Africa, calling at Lorenzo Marquez. After seeing the sights there, we passed on to East London, in Natal, and so back to our starting point. Thus ended a very interesting lecture.

On Sunday, January 30th, a lecture on "The Catholic Revival," was given by Mr. Clifton Kelway. The first slides showed us in how terrible a state Church affairs stood about the middle of last century. Churches were in a shocking state of disrepair, services were scamped, altars were desecrated, and the Sacraments were administered in a most slovenly and irreverent fashion. Boys and girls were brought to Confirmation with no other preparation than a few words from a lazy clergyman; sometimes without even so much as that. Then came first new life of the Catholic Revival. At Oxford two or three devout men, foremost of whom were Newman and Keble, banded themselves together. They saw how much better things might be and ought to be. They began. With faith and prayer they toiled. The movement grew and embraced such men as Pusey and Neal—but there was great persecution. Men were forbidden to preach,

deprived of their livings, cast into a gaol, all for practising such things as to-day are common in every church. But through their trials they came out triumphant. The beautiful coloured slides of modern day churches and services, with which the Lecture closed, bore wonderful witness to the change these men have wrought. In conclusion three cheers were given for the Lecturer.

NAVY LEAGUE LECTURE.—On Sunday, February 6th, Mr. Knapmann delivered a lecture on the "Navy League," which was greatly appreciated by everyone present. Although he apologised for the absence of any very recent slides, explaining that under the new regulations they were unobtainable, he showed us some excellent photographs, depicting different types of battleships, and the sailors who man them. He told us some very amusing anecdotes overheard on board ship, and, more than once, expressed a desire that the "Kiel Canal" fleet would give our men a chance to prove their worth. At the end of the lecture, three rousing cheers were given for Mr. Knapmann, and everyone went away feeling sure that he could give a crushing answer to the next "What-is-the-Navy-doing" pessimist, who might pass his way.

On Sunday, Feb. 13th, Mr. Arthur Burrell entertained the School with an illustrated recital. Mr. Burrell began by explaining that he had not come to lecture but to tell stories. His stories were such as one might find in the pages of the best magazines; but they excelled the ordinary story in that they were declaimed, not written. The different incidents, characters, moods, were all brought out till one could see quite clearly the vivid picture the author intended to portray, but with more life, more intensity than words on paper could express. During the second half of his programme, Mr. Burrell was in lighter vein. His stories were accompanied

by weird and wonderful pictures. His slides of the eastern tales were really fine. The mysterious fantasy of the Orient seemed to live in the pictures and to invade the room. And when the prince had married the princess, and everything was right for the future, the School showed its appreciation in three hearty cheers.

On Sunday, March 5th, the Rev. the Headmaster entertained us with an informal lantern lecture on the British Navy. He had some very good slides, showing the different classes of vessel which go to make our Navy, and of various engagements which have taken place since the war began. He showed pictures of life aboard the ships and incidents in the routine. He gave a very interesting account of the experiences of people he knew, and so whiled away a pleasant hour.

On Sunday, March 19th, Mr. Cox Meech entertained the School with a lecture on "Parliament; whence it came, and what it does." He traced the growth of Parliament from the Saxon times to the present day. He showed us important scenes in the history of Parliament, and occasionally heightened the effect of the more conventional slides, by throwing on the screen drawings by an artist whose imagination pictured Queen Boadicea, in bonnet and skirts, driving a broken-kneed nag after the fleeing Romans, whom she smote with an umbrella. Next he showed us Parliament sitting. He explained the position in the House of the various parties and gave a brief account of the procedure during a session. He described the duties of the Speaker and explained curious points of order. Lastly he gave us impersonations of notable public speakers. We saw Mr. Gladstone as an old man addressing an audience in Lanarkshire. Asquith, O'Brien, Churchill, Lloyd-George, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Carson, discoursed on the subject of "Three Blind

Mice" or "Old Mother Hubbard." All the mannerisms of speech and delivery were very cleverly brought out. Winston Churchill's slight lisp, Sir Edward Carson's brogue, Mr. Lloyd-George's clear Welsh tenor were all wonderfully done. But best of all in the opinion of many was the defence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain against the charges brought against him at the time of the Boer War. The eye-glass, the slow, deliberate utterance, the carefully balanced sentences, and the depth of feeling in the words all combined to touch the hearts of those who listened. Finally Mr. Meech told us his idea of correct public speaking. Since it was not what a speaker said, but how he said it, that really mattered now-a-days, the speaker suggested that public speakers should declaim the alphabet, and showed us how he would do it. His rendering brought down the house. The School showed its appreciation in the usual way.

## OUR ZEPPELIN RAID.

'Twas night, thick darkness brooded o'er a sleeping S. Cuthbert's, and all was peace. But suddenly, from that wonderful confluence where the stream of Reality merges in the broad river of Dreams, one heard the far-away tinkle of a bell, and wondered vaguely what it meant; but the tide of dreamland bore one away and the bell rang no more. Then another sound reached to the sleep-lulled brain, a sharp voice and a hurried tread along the landing. This time one swung in the eddy twixt dreamland and waking for several seconds, and then the backward glide began once more. But heavy feet, a loud voice, and a flashlight burst in upon the sleeping dormitory, and one was hauled back with a start to an England of Zeppelin raids. In an instant all was life. A few of the alertest members of the dormitory jumped from the sheets at the first bidding, the majority, with ideas rather muddled, began steadily to dress, still half asleep, one or two



had to be jerked out of bed to collect their scattered wits, while they threw on their clothes as best they could. In a very short space of time everyone was ready to troop cellar-wards. By this all had realized that Zepps. were abroad, and all were determined to get as much amusement from their visit as possible. Swathed in blankets they steadily took their way to the cellars, sought out their assigned dormitory stations, answered the roll-call, and then made ready to spend a pleasant mid-night. At first everyone wanted to tell just what he did, saw, and thought as soon as the alarm was given. This topic exhausted, someone remembered saying that it was a fine night for an air raid. In some corners great plans were discussed for the wholesale slaughter of Germans; in others, tactics were evolved against the event of a Zeppelin falling in the North Field. But soon Zeppelins were forgotten. Could the Kaiser have seen S. Cuthbert's then, he would have died of a broken heart. Reports of bombs on Nottingham, Derby, and Newark, with knowledge that Sheffield was expecting an attack, ought by all the canons of Hunnish warfare, to have driven Worksop to panic and rebellion; but the most serious result it accomplished was the driving of two Knights of the Chequered Field to three games of Chess. In an hour and a half things had quietened down. A few people still sat and talked, a few had dropped off to sleep, the rest lay and wondered how long it would be before they got back to bed. But everyone had decided that a lot of amusement could be got out of an air-raid. And so the night wore on, and after a three hours stay in the cellars the school returned to bed, and were soon floating once more through the magic fantasy of Dreamland.

## THE GREAT PUSH.

Notes from the Diary of Captain Harold De Buriatte (O.C.), 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, who went out to the Front originally with the Artists' Rifles, in October, 1914.

"On the 16th September, 1915, the Battalion took over the Trenches—about 200 yards north of the Vermelles-Hulloch Road from the "Queens," the right of my Company resting on the road, with C Company on the left and B and D in support.

We held these trenches for 8 days, during which time everyone was working night and day for the great effort which we knew was to be made very soon. For several weeks cylinders of gas had been and were still being carried up to the front line into specially made positions. No one who has not walked along trenches can have any idea of the great difficulties that had to be faced and overcome in connection with this work. These cylinders (which require two men to carry each one) had to be taken along miles of trenches, many of the corners that had to be negotiated being so sharp that it was quite a serious business to get the cylinders round, and when you consider that there were several miles of Front to be supplied with these, it speaks volumes for those whose duty it was to get the cylinders up. There were also the ladders to be fixed in the trenches every few yards to enable the men to get out quickly and easily when the time came. We had four lines to do, so you can see there was "some" work done during those eight days.

On the fifth day our guns started shelling the German lines, and for four days and nights they never ceased. It was a wonderful sight to see the 9 in. shells when they exploded, sending fragments of Bosche dug-out and earth

from 20 to 30 ft. into the air. Personally, and I know many others felt the same, it gave me great satisfaction to know that at last we were giving them a taste of what they had so often given us.

On the night of the 23rd, we were relieved and marched some ten miles to billets, arriving at 6-30 next morning. What a treat it was to get a wash, what a joy to get a sleep! But they did not leave us in peace for long. At 12 o'clock that night we were moved off again and occupied some reserve trenches on the Sailly-la-bourse-Noyelles Road about 3-30 a.m. The march was a slow one, much interrupted and impeded by other troops on the move. It was raining hard now, but we managed, or rather some of us did, to get a couple of hours' sleep. Most of us were busy getting tools and bombs from a store which was some little way off. The time was slipping past and we expected to move at any minute.

At 6-5 a.m. the order came and I moved off with No. 1 Platoon of my Company, followed by the others at 200 yards' interval. Just as we started, dense clouds of white smoke began to rise all along what I knew to be the Front, some four miles away. This was used at the same time as the gas in order to conceal the movements of our Troops. Unfortunately the wind was not strong enough to carry these clouds right over the German lines, so that the smoke and gas hung about in the air drifting about between the lines.

We passed through Noyelles and then took a track to what used to be the town of Vermelles. It had taken the French over a month to win this place in the earlier days of the War, so that, as you may imagine, there is hardly one stone left upon another. It is a typical scene such as can be met with anywhere near the firing line. The town was full of troops, all marching to their allotted places beyond, and

nearer the Bosches. From this point we had to use the communication trenches as the bullets were flying about, consequently our pace became appallingly slow, and there was still a good mile to go before we reached our position. About half-way there, I came across the General commanding the — Brigade who was observing the operations from a ruined house by the side of the trench. He told me things were going well, and said it was safe for us to travel over land, so we scrambled out and proceeded to dodge the bullets which were "pinging" all round us. There was not much shelling, and those shells which were coming over were bursting about 100 yards to our right. As soon as we got out of the trench we could distinguish, about 2 miles away, a sky-line ridge running parallel to the trenches, what *had* been the German line, being well on this side of the ridge, and we could clearly see lines of our Infantry advancing over the ridge. There were parties of men everywhere, some re-forming under cover of the "dead" ground for a further effort, others attending to wounded or escorting prisoners to the rear. My orders were to occupy the trench known as Bay 4, and this we did about 9-30 a.m., and there we awaited further developments. All signs of the gas and smoke had by this time disappeared. After waiting about two hours, orders came that we were to go to the support of — Brigade who had advanced some considerable distance, and were in need of assistance.

We scrambled out of Bay 4 and went to the nearside of the Bosches' second line, where our Battalion had already started forming up for the advance, under cover of the "dead" ground provided by the Ridge I have already mentioned.

At this point we saw a fine sight, one not often met with in connection with Trench Warfare. Our guns came up at the gallop, crossed the trenches over temporary bridges

placed there for them, unlimbered, and within a remarkably short time were "letting 'em have it" again from these new positions, but in the open and just behind the old German line. This gave us a glimpse of the kind of fighting for which the British Army has always been trained.

Our right was on the Vermelles-Hulloch Road and we extended for 250 yards. The Companies were lying down, one behind the other, in the following order, D, B, C, A. Then we waited. D was soon on the move, advancing by Platoons, and in what seemed a very short time I gave the order for the right Platoon of my Company to move, the next one going forward as soon as the one immediately in front of it had "got to earth."

As soon as we got over the Ridge we were met by a hot fire, which I could see was coming from a village half right called Cité St. Elie. This was, however, a long way ahead, and as our orders were to get as far as it was possible, we pushed on. After going about a mile we came across an old German trench, which previous to the advance had been named by our men "Gun Trench," into which we tumbled. This trench was already held by a handful of men, part of the — Brigade which we were sent to support. I found one of their officers, senior to me, who told me it was impossible to get any further so long as the village was held by the enemy, and we were now only about 300 yards from the village.

It seemed to me from the general surroundings that we should probably have to hold this trench through the night at least, if not for longer, so we set to work at once to convert it into a fire trench. Apparently it had been used by the Germans as a communication trench only, consequently it was quite impossible to fire from it owing to its depth.

I have forgotten to mention previously that the Brigade we were supporting had taken eight field guns from the enemy when they took this trench, and this made it all the more certain that the Bosches would try a counter-attack in order to re-take the guns. It was therefore imperative to make ourselves as secure as possible if we were going to hold what we had got. The rest of that day passed quietly.

It had been raining hard since mid-day and had turned very cold. Everybody was wet through to the skin and feeling rather "fed up;" when night came upon us, we were, however, quite prepared. It was impossible to allow the men to sleep, although they were tired out. There was no moon and the night was very black. We had long grass in front of us and no wire, so that we wanted every eye we had to gaze into the darkness to try to discover any movement on the part of the enemy. It is a nerve-trying business this waiting, but we did not have to wait very long. Unbeknown to us the enemy had crawled up in the long grass and were already waiting for the signal to go. About 12 midnight the quietness of this part of the Front was broken. Suddenly forms showed up in the darkness, roughly 30 yards away, coming for us. Now it was our turn. The Maxims were "spitting" for all they were worth. Every man was letting off his ten or fifteen rounds a minute into the line of advancing Germans. This was too much for them. I doubt if any troops could have stood it, and the attack died away as suddenly as it had begun.

A few of the enemy got into our line, including the Officer who led the attack, but he was badly wounded, poor fellow; yet in spite of this his pluck was as firm as ever. He spoke English, and all he said was "Anyhow I got into your trench." We found out afterwards that the guns we had

taken the previous day were his guns, and he had organized this effort with the object of getting them back. He was a brave man, but he did not get his guns.

At last the dawn broke and found us still holding the same lines, and apart from shelling the day passed quietly. That night we were relieved and went back to the old German second line as supports. We were there for two nights and two days, but we did not get much rest, as each night every man who could be spared was sent to dig in other parts of the new lines. It was most urgent work and it had to be done. The men worked each night in the drenching rain and bitter cold. Poor fellows! They had nothing but a waterproof sheet to protect them. I had a coat which was, however, absolutely useless for keeping out the rain. I could feel it running down my back into my boots, and I am certain that I have never been so wet before in all my life.

Each hour we expected to hear that we should be relieved, and once the word passed down the line that we were going to be relieved that night. This certainly bucked us up, but it was a false hope. We were *not* relieved. Very much the reverse.

On the night of the 30th September, we had orders to relieve the — Camerons who were holding a portion of the "Gun" Trench somewhat to the left of the position we had already held. This move was finally carried out about midnight. The whole of the Battalion, or rather what was left of it, was in the firing line, with my Company on the extreme right, and I was in touch with another Regiment of our Brigade.

During the first night nothing of importance occurred, although of course everybody was on the *qui vive* until daylight. We spent the hours of darkness in strengthening the lines we had taken over.

October 1st passed with a certain amount of shelling by the German heavy guns. I think they were 9 in.—quite big enough when they are not your own. Dusk was soon with us, and in a very short time we had started another black night, one by the way, which I shall always remember. About ten that night I heard a lot of bombing going on on the right of my Company. I went down the Trench to find out what it was all about. It did not take me long to find that the Bosches had forced their way into our trench. This was nasty—something had to be done and done quickly. I must explain here that the Germans got in on the right of my Company unbeknown to my men, and before they knew what was happening, they were being bombed heavily and had to give ground, as a rifle and bayonet are quite useless in a case of this kind. My bombers were out in a sap and were now fighting their way back to our main trench against heavy odds.

The German is, however, no fool, and he showed his cunning well on this occasion. He had dug in just on the other side of the parapet and was able to drop bombs on us from above. There was nothing for it, therefore, but for us to go back, which we very reluctantly did. Time was slipping by and it would very shortly be daylight. It was imperative that something should be done before then, so the C.O. decided to fill in about 30 yards of trench. It was beginning to get light, so everyone, including the C.O., worked like mad. It was, however, slow work, as the ground was very sodden, and only a certain number of men could work in the confined space at one time. Dawn was breaking long before the trench was level with the ground, still we stuck at it, and the Germans who were only about 60 yards away, could see us fairly well. They gave it us hot, and it was about this time that the C.O., Major Monteith (the Colonel had been wounded some time previously) was killed. The



work was almost finished when he was shot through the head. He was a brave man and a splendid soldier, and I am greatly indebted to him for his advice and personal help during this trying night.

The following day and night passed quietly, and at last we were relieved on the 3rd October, by the H.L.I. We had a trying march to billets, but we got there somehow about 5 o'clock in the morning.

We had lost heavily in officers and men. A quarter of the former and less than half of the latter came out of action, but it was a good fight, and what is more important, we "took over" from the Germans more than a mile of France.

As I lay in my bed that morning just before going to sleep, the experiences of these days and their trials seemed only like a horrible nightmare.

I must not forget to record how splendid the N.C.O.'s and men behaved under most trying conditions, both as regards the fighting and the weather, which was abominable. They upheld once again the prestige and reputation which the Second Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment has made for itself during the Great War."

The following boys deserve honourable mention for good work in Form :

FORM	DIVINITY	ENGLISH	HISTORY	GEOGRAPHY	MATHEMATICS
VI L	Thackeray Hudson	Olsen Sykes	Olsen Dixon	Olsen Morrison	(i) Olsen (ii) Lisle max
V A	Cochrane Sharp	Haines Sharp	Sharp Hawkins	Lakin Sharp	Armstrong Parker ma
V B	Parker ma Cross	Cowen max Leefe max	Brown Leefe max	Parker Brown	Hawkins Cowen max
V C	Stennett Revington-Jones ma	Churton Penchoen	Oates Revington-Jones ma	Walker Churton	Yates max Stennett
IV A	Steemson ma Share	Steemson ma McCleery max	Steemson ma Hall ma	Steemson ma Taylor	Banner Machen
IV B	Banner Coutts	Banner Kirkbride	Banner Ridsdale	Ridsdale Kirkbride	Ridsdale Steemson ma
III A	Dodd Cowen ma	Wilkinson Dodd	Dodd Tozer ma	Tozer Cowen ma	Leefe ma Batty
III B	Keenan max Yates ma	Keenan max Yates ma	Keenan max Neville	Tomlinson Yates ma	Cowen ma Yates ma
II	Young Brook ma	Young Charlton	Young Hopewell	Young Hopewell	Charlton Young

FORM	SCIENCE	LATIN	FRENCH	DRAWING	GREEK SETS :
VI L	Monkhouse Williamson max	Sykes Parker max	Sykes Thackeray	Monkhouse Williamson max	B Sykes Thackeray
V A	Armstrong Catton max	Corlett Henry	Corlett Cross	Catton max Cochrane	C Witham Hall max
V B	Ely Parker ma	Cross Cowen max	Cowen max Parker ma	Parker ma Ely	D Olsen
V C	Nunn Gyles max	Brown Macturk	Towler Oxley	Chamberlain Walker	NON-LATIN ENGLISH SETS :
IV A	Steemson ma Wood mi	Share Steemson ma	Steemson ma Proctor	McCleery max Taylor max	(i) Williamson max Monkhouse
IV B	Banner Kirkbride	Kirkbride Machen	Kirkbride Share	Machen Whiteley max	(ii) Parker ma Ely
III A		Cowen ma Dodd	Dodd Cowen ma	Catton ma Leefe ma	
III B		Wilkinson Garthwaite max	Keenan max Crampton	Escombe max Rollin	NON-LATIN HISTORY :
II			Charlton McCleery ma	McCleery ma Young	IV A & B Banner Spalton max

## O.C. NOTES.

We hope, by the kindness of the O.T.C., to send round to our subscribers a revised copy of the Roll of Honour with this issue, and consequently the latest additions and corrections will be found in it. We should like once more to ask those who have useful information for this Roll, to send it either to the Editor of the *Cuthbertian* or Mr. C. W. Norman (O.C., O.T.C.). We are also always pleased to hear from Old Boys, especially if they are serving at the Front.

We offer our sympathy to P. E. Cuckow (10th Sherwoods) who was wounded last January in France, and to J. B. Clarke, who was sniped in the head. The latter has now recovered, and rejoins his regiment shortly.

Congratulations to Capt. E. Buckley (York and Lanc. Regt.) on being mentioned in despatches. We were pleased to have a visit from him this term, and trust that his wound, which is now much better, will soon permit his return to active life.

Congratulations also to J. Tasker, J. Lindsell and R. A. Ker on their Captaincies, and to C. A. S. Bean on his commission in the Canadians.

We receive as we go to press a letter from E. W. Stiles (7th Northumberland Fusiliers) who has been at the Front for three weeks; he has had bad luck with influenza, but hoped, at the time of writing, soon to rejoin his battalion.

Mr. Whitley recently joined the 11th Royal Scots in France.

We have received the following letter from S. W. Curtis (R.F.A.) in Salonika. "We have moved from France, and after a very easy time at Marseilles we crossed, amid fear of submarines, the Mediterranean to Salonika. Now

Salonica is an extraordinary place. The quay is infested with thousands of outcasts, Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, and refugee Serbs. I may say that a Bulgarian or a Turk would kill you for a drachma. We were not long in the town, and commenced a trek up a most lovely country. The English occupation of Salonica, I should say, has made the place. Our engineers have made roads to every village, which is saying a great deal. We employ thousands of Greeks at roadmaking, and by the time you get this we shall have some really good roads. The passes down the mountains for transport are rather difficult. At present we are all sitting still and there is nothing doing, except air raids, and Zeppelins bombed Salonica the other night (Jan. 31). The battleships fired on one and she escaped. I unfortunately slept through it all. I don't think the Germans could ever get through here. The biggest army in the world couldn't, in my humble opinion. I think if you saw our defences you would say the same. So I suppose we shall sit here till the end of the war comes. I don't mind. How is the Old School? One often thinks of the days—THE Days. They were the best I ever had. I suppose by the time you get this letter they will be all in training for the Sports. I should just like to be there again. And the Fleur-de-Lys—is she still “top dog” in sports, etc.? I hope so. Please wish them luck for me in the coming Sports.

We have received the following from J. W. Lissett (7th West Yorks.): “. . . Poor old Cuckow has been having rather a rotten time lately. I have seen Charlie Bott. I met him coming out of the trenches one night. He is very happy indeed. Mr. Chesterman is still knocking about with the Divisional A.S.C. I don't believe this corps ever gets within range of the enemy's guns. Of course they might be eaten by the horses. I am supposed to be a bomber. At present I am looking after the batter bombers while the real

bombing officer is away on a course. I suppose you see in the papers that bombing attacks have been made by our men with success, and that we have repulsed the enemy's attack. The press seem to think it an awful joke, but we don't out here. It is very funny indeed to make a bombing attack. It only means about half the squad come back without their bombs. There is one thing about it; we are better than the Germans because we have more guts. The rats at Wareham are nothing to what they are out here. They (rats out here) are very big, and every night they pay a visit to the dug-outs and carry away what they can, chiefly paper. The mice are the animals for the food. We often sit and watch them tackle the food. Their actions are so pretty, especially their short cuts when one of us makes a move."

For the following account of P. C. W. Bosworth, whose death we greatly regret to announce we are indebted to a relation: "I do not know if you have a Roll of Honour at Worksop College, but if you have, no doubt you would like to add the name of Lieut. Philip Charles Worthington Bosworth, age 31, of the 8th Lincolnshire Regt. He and his twin brother, Second-Lieut. A. W. Bosworth (the latter was not at Worksop) were killed in action on Sept. 26th, in the great advance at Loos. When war broke out P. C. W. was in the extreme north of Canada with Dr. Bosworth, exploring. As soon as possible he came home and was given a commission. In the summer he was made a First-Lieutenant. He was at Worksop for several years. His eldest brother, Dr. T. O. Bosworth was the first boy to go to Worksop College, and his second brother, H. W. Bosworth, was also there for some time. If there is any other detail you would care to know, if you will write to me I shall be pleased to give you particulars."

We greatly regret to announce also the death of A. M. Thompson, who fell while gallantly leading his men into action. We are indebted for the following account to the *Nottingham Daily Express*: "Another gallant young Nottingham officer has made the complete sacrifice for King and Country. He is Lieut. Albert Martin Thompson, of the 14th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, whose home was 'The Pines,' Patrick Road, West Bridgford. Lieut. Thompson was the younger son of the late Mr. Albert Thompson, for many years the general manager of Messrs. Boots, Ltd. He was educated at Worksop College, and subsequently studied with a view to becoming a qualified chemist. At the outbreak of war, he enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers as a private, but he was early marked out for promotion, and was eventually gazetted second-lieutenant. The young officer went out to the Expeditionary Force in France with his regiment, and the courage he displayed in the severe conflicts through which he passed, won for him the esteem and admiration of his brother officers and men. Lieut. Thompson died fighting in the truest sense of the word. During the night of December 20th and 21st, his company ("D") were engaged in a severe conflict with the enemy. Early in the attack he was wounded in the leg; but disregarding this hurt he fought on and had actually reached the parapet of a German trench when he was fatally hit by a bullet. Mrs. Thompson, the dead officer's mother, has received a touching message from a brother officer of her son. "I regret to inform you," says the officer in question, "that your son—and my great chum—was wounded in a local attack on the night of December 20th-21st. He was wounded in the leg but he pluckily went forward, and, rallying his men, he got to the German parapet. Then he was again hit, this time fatally. Mr. Thompson has made himself highly respected by his men, and greatly loved by his brother officers."

We greatly regret to have to record the death of L. Dawson, which took place during the battle of June 4th, last year, in Gallipoli. In the Roll of Honour he had been incorrectly reported as 9th Lincs., instead of 9th W. Yorks. We have received the following letter from his father, describing his last fight: "He obtained his commission, 2nd Lieutenant in the 13th W. Yorks., and was sent to the Dardanelles in the middle of May, landing at Gallipoli, June 1st—he had been attached to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers (a line regiment). On June 4th he was reported "missing" by the War Office, and it is only recently that we have official intimation of his death on that day. This battle of June 4th was a terrible affair: three companies of the Lancashires were practically wiped out, twenty-five officers killed, including *every* company commander. From officers in reserve trenches, who saw everything through their periscopes, and also from the chaplain, who was most kind in giving full details of the fight, we know that Leonard led his men up to the Turkish trenches, when he was shot twice. He tried to crawl back to his own lines and was shot again, this time fatally. Shortly after the Turks set fire to the low scrub and our men had to retire (the few who were left). It was well into August before a proper search could be made for bodies, and of course all that was found was blackened and quite unrecognisable, or in some cases a few charred bones was all that remained. My son was one of the very first Harrogate boys to respond to his country's call, coming from his holidays on the Wednesday of Bank Holiday week, and enlisting at once. He had very rapid promotion, and whilst his death is a very great blow to us, we feel proud that he had such a gallant end."

A correspondent sends us the following news of the Baldocks, with a cutting from the *Northampton Independent*, giving details of a gallant rescue by Hugh Baldock ma,



which we are very pleased to be able to insert. Henry Baldock (5th East Surreys) volunteered for the Persian Gulf, but before he reached the fighting, he unfortunately had to be invalided back to India with dysentery. M. Baldock is still with H.M.S. Emperor of India as midshipman.

"Many a Victoria Cross is earned which is never awarded. Every soldier from the front will tell you that. Another instance is the heroic act of Trooper Hugh Baldock, nephew of the Rev. W. H. Baldock, Rector of Ashton, concerning whom the following letter from a soldier in the 2nd King Edward's Horse, appears in the *Buenos Ayres Herald*: "I write you knowing how keen you are to hear of any Argentine Volunteer in France. As you know, many acts of heroism performed by individual soldiers are not observed by any officer, and consequently never set down among the great deeds of the war. What I am about to relate was done by one of our boys, who may or may not be known to you, but there are many who know and are fond of him. It occurred at the action of Festubert. On May 24th, C Squadron of 2nd King Edward's Horse was in the first line of trenches. At 4 p.m. the enemy opened a severe and violent shell fire against our trenches. It was our baptism of fire, and seemed truly awful. The men in general showed wonderful pluck, no fear at all, and stood the ordeal well—and an ordeal it is too, for however lion-hearted a man may be, he is not human if being heavily shelled in a trench for the first time and unable to reply does not try his nerve. One of the first casualties was a trooper named Douty. He was wounded, and had a poor chance of life unless immediately removed to the dressing station. None of the wounded had been moved however, and it seemed certain death to anyone who would dare to venture out of the trench shelter. Seeing, however, that Douty's condition was desperate, and fast becoming worse, and that immediate



medical assistance was essential, Trooper Baldock went to his Troop Commander and asked permission to attempt to get the man away. The officer shook hands with him and wished him luck (I was told this afterwards). He got the man out of the trench, and managed to convey him half a mile when he reached further assistance and got Douty put on a stretcher. From the moment he left the trench to the time he got help, about an hour, he was continually under not only heavy shell fire from field guns, but machine-gun fire as well, and how he got through alive is a marvel to me. There was no communication trench, and he had to cross the open in full view of the enemy trenches and snipers. The bullets kicked the dirt up all round him. At one time when the shelling was most terrible, explosions, flashes, and flying earth, he put his man down in the shelter of a shell hole and went to a ruined cottage for some water for him. The saddest thing was that he could not get Douty to the dressing station alive after all. He died at 'Suicides' Corner.' There were four of them carrying him, and they left the poor fellow with the doctor. By the time Baldock got back to the trench it was dark. The shelling had diminished, and the wounded could be removed more safely. Later Baldock helped Sergt. Armstrong to the dressing station. He had a shrapnel wound in the leg, and could not walk without assistance. Baldock helped him into safety, risking his life a second time. Nobody seems to have noticed these heroic acts, and Baldock himself never mentioned them. If you wonder how I know all this, I was in the reserve trenches at the time, and saw the whole thing through glasses. Besides, Armstrong told me afterwards how splendidly Baldock stuck to him through all danger. Baldock gave a very meagre outline afterwards; he didn't know I had seen most of it. Again I would say that many men have deserved praise and distinction, but are not lucky enough to be seen by someone of importance. I say Baldock deserves reward, and I should like Argentines to

know that they may be proud of their sons and brothers who are fighting, and especially Baldock's relatives. I believe he was wounded since."—(Signed) F. G. Crue (an Argentine). Trooper Hugh Baldock was born in the Argentine, and came to England in the spring of 1909, and was sent to school with the Rector of Ashton's two younger sons at S. Cuthbert's School, Worksop. He returned to the Argentine in the autumn of 1913, spent Christmas of that year with his parents, and in the early part of January, 1914, went to assist a relative on a ranch. When war broke out he returned to England in the early autumn of 1914, without being able to visit his parents owing to distance, and on arriving at Liverpool enlisted in King Edward's Horse. He has been wounded, and was sent to England to Edmonton Hospital in August, where he remained till the early part of September. He is now back at the front."

## ANNALS.

We welcome this term Mr. C. J. Griffith as a member of the Staff; also Miss M. Pierce as School Nurse.

Lieut. C. W. Norman is in command of the O.T.C.

We congratulate Lieut. C. W. Norman on his promotion, and also Mr. B. C. Wilderspin on being gazetted 2nd Lieut. in the O.T.C.

Mr. C. J. Griffith is Games Master, and in charge of Running, and Mr. Wilderspin has undertaken the management of the Tuck Shop.

Mr. J. E. Tarver is Dormitory Master of the Lion.

During Christmas holidays the Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth was ordained Deacon at Southwell.

We congratulate L. Ll. M. Evans on winning an Exhibition in History at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

The following promotions have been made this term: A. C. P. Stephenson to be Captain of School; D. G. C. Gifford, W. E. M. Lewis, L. E. Houghton, and P. A. Bapty to be Prefects.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Vice-Provost, Canon L. Tyrwhitt, has presented the G.P.C. with two cups, which are to be used as Dormitory Challenge Cups for Junior Cricket and Football respectively. Our best thanks are due to him for his generosity.

A. C. P. Stephenson has been elected Captain of Boxing, and C. H. Steemson, Captain of Running.

The following Football Colours have been awarded: First XI., P. A. Bapty, J. L. Livingstone, C. H. Steemson, and P. H. Johnson. Second XI., P. N. Linton, W. E. Catton, H. Kendall, and P. A. Armstrong.

Three weeks of almost incessant bad weather have prevented much Cross-Country Running. Only one Senior Paperchase has been held on March 4th. The hares were F. G. Haagensen and C. H. Steemson. The course was Bull-dog Lodge, Manor Hills, Sparken Hill, Home. First four in were, H. Towler, J. L. Livingstone, W. E. Catton, A. S. Smith. The Running Match with King Edward's School, Sheffield, has had to be scratched.

FIVES.—The Fives this year was played off on the knock-out system, the Seniors only competing for the Cup.

In the Semi-finals the Crown (Stephenson max and Bedford) beat the Cross (Hall max and Oates), and the Lion (Haagensen and Banner) beat the Fleur-de-Lys (Palmer and Linton). In the Final the Crown were easy winners.

The following is a brief record of the result of the events of the end of term : *Mile* : 1st, C. H. Steemson ; 2nd, J. L. Livingstone ; 3rd, F. G. Haagensen ; 4th, P. A. Bapty. *Boxing* : The Cross carried off both Junior and Senior Cups. *Dormitory Run* : The Fleur-de-Lys won the Dormitory Run by 8 points from the Crown. 1st, C. H. Steemson ; 2nd, F. G. Haagensen ; 3rd, J. L. Livingstone ; 4th, H. Towler. *Gymnastic Competition* : Crown. *Sports* : The Crown won the Flag from the Fleur-de-Lys by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  marks. *Senior and Junior Victores Ludorum* : C. H. Steemson and T. G. S. Hall.

The following Running Colours have been awarded : F. G. Haagensen.

The Chess Club flourishes. Two tournaments have been held, and the Chess Championship has been won by A. Hart, the Draughts Championship by H. Kendall.

This is the only issue of the *Cuthbertian* published this term. The term is so short that this was considered advisable. We hope to resume our normal rate next term.

#### VALETE.

*L. Ll. M. Evans.* 1910<sup>3</sup>. Cross ; Upper VI. ; Captain of School 1915<sup>3</sup>.

*F. G. Sinkinson.* 1912<sup>1</sup>. Crown ; Lower VI. ; Prefect ; First XI. Football, 1915<sup>1</sup> ; First XI. Football Colours, 1915<sup>3</sup>.

*H. P. Lee.* 1914<sup>1</sup>. Cross ; Upper VI. ; Dormitory Prefect ; Boxing Colours, 1915<sup>1</sup>.

## AVETE.

Barker, Albert Allen	Preparatory
Bruce, Richard Kenneth	Lion
Clayphan, Lionel Murray	Fleur-de-Lys
Dixon, Kenneth Raby	Cross
Haines, Reginald Joseph	Lion
Hawkins, Cedric Caesar	Lion
Hopewell, Grant Anthony	Preparatory
Huby, John William Murray	Preparatory
Hyde, Charles Clement	Cross
Moss, Francis Noel	Cross
Penchoen, Henry Dodridge	Cross
Ridsdale, John Eric	Fleur-de-Lys

THE LIBRARY.—The following books have been added to the Reference Department :

The Students' Modern Europe, *Lodge* ;  
 Lectures on Modern History, *Lord Acton* ;  
 Oliver Cromwell, *Harrison* ;  
*Times'* History of the War, Vols. iv.-vi. ;

The O.T.C. and the Great War (2 copies) presented by the Officers' Training Corps.

We should like to see the Reference Department more freely used by members of the upper Forms. In this connection it will perhaps be a convenience to have a complete catalogue, which it is proposed shortly to issue. It is also proposed to develop more fully both the Classical and the Scientific sides, and contributions to this end will be warmly welcomed, as will also additions to the Reference Department in general and the Fiction shelves.

## Statement of Accounts. Christmas Term, 1915.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENSES.	£	s.	d.
Balance from Summer Term	15	9	9½	To Truslove & Hanson	0	18	0
Capitation Grant	.	9	18 3	„ J. F. Watson	.	0	5 0
Boys' Subscriptions	.	2	15 3	„ White & Co.	.	0	5 6
				„ W. H. Smith & Son	4	2	8
				„ Eyre & Sons	.	0	2 9
				„ School Office(repairs)	0	8	0
				„ Petty Cash a/c	.	0	10 9
				„ Balance in hand	.	21	10 7½
	£28	3	3½		£28	3	3½

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries, with apologies for any omissions: *The Ardingly Annals*, *The Peterite* (2), *The S.S.M Quarterly*, *The Alleynian* (2), *The Olavian*, *The Bloxhamist*, *The Cadet*, *The Lancing College Magazine* (3), *The Hurst Johnian*, *The Magazine of S. Benedict's*, *Ardwick*, *The Laurentian*.

All MSS. for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor, C. H. Steemson. Contributions, especially from Old Boys, are always welcome, but should not be too long.

The Subscription to the *Cuthbertian* (3/6 a year, or 10/6 for three years) should be sent to J. C. Cowgill, S. Cuthbert's School, Worksop, Notts., to whom also any change in a subscriber's address should be notified.