

The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

*"If 'twere done when 'tis done then 'twere well
It were done quickly."*

THE remark is one which aptly applies to the task of writing an Editorial. Let us therefore undertake it in this spirit: it shall be done—if not well at any rate quickly. Thus we differ from ourselves of last term: for, as some of our readers may perhaps have noticed, in our last number the Editorial was omitted. It would be an act of vanity on our part to apologise for the omission, for we dare not venture to hope that the Editorial is so highly valued that its omission should call for an apology.

Nor do we embark on excuses. We remember the fact, if no one else does, and this number of the *Denstonian* has what is its usual opening.

The "rain is over and gone," we hope, and the wintry weather has reached its allotted end. At any rate May is with us and June, known to poets if not to ordinary folks as "sunny," will be here immediately. Summer at School is not a season of joys unalloyed, for it warns many that days of happiness are passing and that such delights as those we have experienced in the past months will, for some of us, be known no more. The winter, whose early part was brightened by the Play, whose onward course was cheered by an enjoyable Football season, and whose close was marked

by the Sports, has gone for ever. The whole year has been characterised by a health record little short of phenomenal. While schools on every hand have been devastated by plagues many and various, we have gone our way untouched: a happy fate for which our medical authorities deserve no small credit. And the improvements which have been made for our comfort and the additions which have been given us for our convenience during the year are in themselves sufficient to mark an *annus mirabilis*, while the Honours List is gratifying and encouraging.

Everyone heard with real regret of the death of our Visitor and Diocesan. Many had been confirmed by him, and all recognised in him an old friend and strong supporter of the College. But our good fortune in respect of Visitor has not failed us. We have the best grounds for hoping that our new Bishop will follow in the footsteps of Bishops Lonsdale, Selwyn, Maclagan and Legge, for already he has consented to honour our Speech Day by his presence. The Lord Lieutenant of the County, Lord Dartmouth, has also promised to come on that day, to formally open the Drill Hall, and the Countess of Dartmouth has graciously consented to distribute the prizes.

But even a Speech Day honoured thus will not bring the wonders of the year to an absolute end. Most of us discredited the rumours that electric lighting was to be installed: we had heard the cry of "wolf" before. But, when one has to pick one's way through workmen's ladders at every turn, and duck one's head to avoid strangulation by villainous wires at every corner, disbelief gives way to congratulation, and to a feeling of pardonable envy of those blessed Denstonians who will next term no longer have to submit to the odour and discomfort of what has hitherto been our system of rendering darkness less absolute.

CARMEN DENSTONENSIVM SECVLARE

- Olim hac in patria Ceadda fuit sanctus;
Tempora saevissima puerorum planctus
Testatur voce misera.
Argumentum floruit tantum baculinum,
5 Nec ieiunis defuit bellum intestinum;
Dixitque sanctus, Perdura!
Multos ilie pro suis annos laboravit,
Et in caelum flebilis tandem emigravit
In seculorum secula.
10 Hodie in melius tempora mutantur;
Placida cum fustibus verba saepe dantur;
Et sancti rident lumina.
Nunc in pace vivitur; sat est et pugnandi;
Doctis mediocriter spes est epulandi;
Cachinnat sanctus, Hahaha!
16 Quid reclamationem igitur, die o fortunate;
Nobili nos fruimur cives civitate;
Et inquit sanctus, Hanc orna!
20 Vivat ergo quod duplex magister et promus,
Vivat sanctus, vivat rex, floreatque domus,
In seculorum secula.

INTERPRETA 770.

Abhinc aliquot annos his penatibus usus est vir quidam pietate gravis, cui nomen Ceaddae; quo tempore multa fuisse incommoda frequens impuberum queriffionia satis docet. Nulla enim adhibita suasionem solis colaphis ad descendendum constringebantur; civili autem discordia in tantam egestatem reducta est civitas at omnes fame paene perirent; neque vir ille supra memoratus ullo modo concives adiuvere potuit nisi si res adversas fortiter sustinendas esse doceret. Qui post longam vitae spatium bonis operibus dicatum in aeternas Olympi sedes magno cum luctu suorum evectus est. Nunc autem ad res secundas ventum est, namque ludorum magistri pueros ad literarum disciplinam hortationibus lenissimis nonnunquam adliciunt, nec solis verberibus cogunt, quae res bono illi caehcolae maxime arridet. Discordia civilis insuper cessavit, quamvis pucili certamina non omnino desint, ita ut praesens exercitia scholastica non fallat expectatio cum moderamine sumendi. His gaudet caelicol noster Ergo tu puer, tanta felicitate pollens, fortissimum nati sumus inter penates admodum prospelym hic summo iure considerare. Quapropter heros noster dictionem istam Spartiatuin nominis referens, "Hanc quasi urbeni natus es: hanc exorna!" gratis animis salutamus tam archididascalum

oeconomum, seu ciborum dispensatorem, successoresque eorum quoticumque fuerint, necnon huiusmodi vitam defunctum, itemque eum qui patriae nostrae legitime praees; denique precamur ut penates nostri rebus secundis semper utantur.

NOTAE.

Denstonensium. Nomen est oppidi, quod Hutchinsonius ineptissime coniecit fuisse olim *Danorum castra*. Constat autem *Denstonum* barbarice idem sonare ac *Dionysopolim*, seu potius *Dionysiopolim*. Testis est *ἐπιγράμμα* quoddam ibidem repertum, cuius restant fragmenta duo hisce literis notata:

ΟΝΥΣΙ ΜΠΑΔΗΦ

Nemo autem non videt restituendum esse

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΩ: ΛΑΜΠΑΔΗΦΟΡΩ:

quem *ἥρωα ἐπόννημον* huius oppidi fuisse, victoremque in *λαμπαδηδρομία* evasisse, dubitari omnino non potest.

Seculare: i. q. *profanum*, sensu scilicet apud scriptt. eccl. inde a seculo ii^{do} usitatissimo. Putide igitur Ramshornius *Carmen Flacci Seculare* cum nostro comparari voluit.

1. *Patria. Regione*, ELMS. Melius Dodwellus *domo* subaudiendum putat. Cf. v. 20 infr.

2. *Saevissima.* Casu Abl. sumendum garrit Ramshornius, sc. ut *ὁμοσιέλευτον* perfectius sit. Mox *misera* cum *τῶ tempora* misere coniungit. Quae quam absurde fingantur lector vel incautus intellet.

4. *Baculinum.* Verbum infimae Latinitati proprium, nisi fortasse in *lingua*, quam vocant, *castrensi* viguisse putetur.

5. *Ieiunis.* Προληπτικῶς. Vide Interpr. Namque a Ramshornii rusticitate prorsus abhorrendum est, qui putat poetam *δυσεντερίαν* e ieiunio propter religionem servato ortam respicere.

12. *Lumina.* Sc. *oculi*. Frigidius Altonensis lucernam ad herois delubrum suspensam fingit, cuius flamma scintillans cenatis ridere visa fuerit. Dubio de oculis mortui risum experimentibusposito Rushbrokiius fatue coniecit statuam fuisse inter effigies maiorum cuius oculi vitrei epulantibus aliquando refulgere viderentur. Equidem arbitror haec poetice dici potuisse.

14. *Doctis.* Absolute, pro *eis qui in schola docti fuerint*.

14. *Mediocriter.* Constr. cum *τῷ epulandi*. Contra Ramshornius, nescio quid nugarum cogitans, Statuta Collegii Omnium Animarum apud Oxonienses evocavit, ut haec de *mediocriter doctis* dicta esse monstraret. Sane remotius exquisitum!

15. *Hahaha!* Ὀνομασποίησις est. De his cachinnis quid ille Rushbrokiius? Nihil prorsus. Nec mirum.

18. *Hanc orna.* Ex notissimo illo dictamine desumptum, Σπάρτην Ἰλαχες ταύτην κόσμη. Argutissime ratiocinatus est Altonensis severitatem istam Spartanam potius cum antiquis et *saevissimis temporibus* congruere quam cum mitioribus huius aetatis conditionibus. Mibi autem poeta innuere voluisse videtur etiam nunc cives tam armatos, seu militiae paratos, quam togatos patriam suam humanioribus officiis exornare posse.

19. *Quotuplex.* Verbum scriptoribus optimis, ut videtur, ignotum, quod τοῦ ὁμοσιελεύτου ἕνεκα hic appositum esse suspicor.

BALLADE OF THE ANCIENTS.

*The heroes, folk tell us, of old,
No dainties or luxuries knew,
And scoffed at discomfort and cold;
If the stories that reach us are true
By manifold hardships they grew
To be great, and had never a care:
If even a tithe of it's true
What wonders they were!*

*It's plain that at least they were bold,
For altho' their numbers were few—
The fact is, they tell me, enrolled,—
No compulsory cricket they knew I
One wonders how they got through,
Left all to themselves as it were,
Doing each what he fancied to do;—
What wonders they were!*

*Strange stories and gruesome are told
Of the wierd and uncanny menu,
What things at the Tuck Shop were sold
Wouldn't meet with much welcome from
you.*

*How sad that not one of them knew
(The thought would have made them to
stare)*

*The deeds their successors would do,—
What wonders they were!*

L'Envoy.

*Prince, at any rate som ething they knew—
To endure, to do, and to dare ;
They sowed the good seed and it grew :
What wonders they were !*

A BELGIAN PILGRIMAGE.

By R. H. Coleman.

Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages

Andpahneres for to seken straunge strondes.

So sings Chaucer of the month of April. And it was a fine evening in April in the year of grace 1911, that, myself bent on pilgrimage, I landed at Ostend, whose Church towers rose up dark against the moon-lit sky. I found lodging within hearing of the ceaseless sighing of the sea, and by its soft music was lulled to sleep.

On the morrow I set forth like Chaucer's priest " upon my feet, and in my hand a staf," to visit some of the historical towns of Belgium. But first I hied me to the fine new Gothic Church, only to find that though it was yet early the High Mass of 'Coena Domini (Maundy Thursday), and the ceremonial stripping of the altars had already taken place, so that I was unable to begin my pilgrimage, as Mr. Belloc says it should be begun, by the hearing of a mass. I left the incense-laden air and glanced at the great gaunt fragment of the old church, sole relic of Ostend's past—a past not lacking in incident since the town was first founded by the good monks of the Abbey of St. Bertin at Saint-Omer, about a thousand years ago. From Ostend or near it Earl Godwin set forth in 1052 to return from exile and to drive out the Normans from the Confessor's court; Spaniards and Frenchmen have shed each other's blood within and without the walls which now no longer exist; and the ships of England more than once have bombarded the town from the sea. But now it plays the more peaceful and prosperous role of a popular holiday resort.

Wandering westward over the flat country covered with a net-work of canals, after losing my way and finding it again, I came early in the afternoon to the beautiful town of Bruges, called the Venice of the North, because it is intersected by countless waterways. It is full of gabled houses and grand old churches, and contains some of the most famous pictures in the world. I entered by the Porte Marechale, one of the old gates, crossing the double moat, and at length found the beautiful little cathedral whose old mediaeval walls shone silvery grey in the light of the westerling sun. I entered and saw the bishop with his cope and mitre laid aside, performing the Maundy or washing of the feet of twelve poor men, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon in white dalmatic and tunic, and surrounded by canons in their rochets and fur almuces, and singing men and acolytes. When the washing was finished the bishop's violet cope and white mitre were put upon him, and then he went by the great rood-screen of black and white marble of Renaissance date, into the choir where are hung a number of the shields of knights of the great Order of the Golden Fleece. I wandered round to the sound of the soul-soothing monotony of the psalms of *Tenebrae*, so called because all the lights are gradually put out as the office proceeds, though the dramatic effect is largely lost when it is said in the afternoon instead of at night as originally intended. Among several interesting things in the church that which most interests an Englishman is the leaden slab from the tomb of Gunhildis, sister of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

Leaving the Cathedral I wandered down a quiet cobbled street to the historic Grande Place, surrounded by gabled houses, in one of which Charles the Second spent part of his exile. While the uncrowned king reigned at Westminster, Charles himself

had to be content with the office of "King of the Crossbowmen of S. Sebastian," to which the citizens elected him. The princely wanderer was comforted no doubt by the music of the silver bells in the far-famed beautiful mediaeval belfry rising at one end of the square. These bells were now hushed for the sorrows of Good Friday, not to ring again till summoned by the bells of the Cathedral at the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the first Mass of Easter Day. Over against the belfry I found lodging in an old gabled inn, and after food and drink which air and exercise transformed into veritable ambrosia and nectar, food and drink of the gods, I went out again to wander down narrow quiet cobbled streets, beside the still waters of canals, over bridges adorned by statues of saints, along by the old brown walls, decked with ivy, above them rising tall dark trees, all in the golden evening sunshine breathing the sweet fragrance of romance.

At dinner I met an English journalist who was a contemporary of mine at Oxford, and afterwards we went to the Cathedral and heard an eloquent sermon in Flemish, the gist of which one could gather by the close likeness of several words to those corresponding in our own tongue. After the sermon all the lights were put out leaving the church in darkness. Suddenly far away to the East beyond the choir could be heard the strains of *Pange Lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium*, and there gradually approached a procession with a priest bearing the Host. The few flickering tapers but "made the darkness visible" in the dim vaults above the kneeling crowd. His, the odour of the incense, and the solemn age-old chant made a scene which was weirdly mediaeval and religiously romantic to a degree beyond the power of words to describe. Then by the light of the moon shining at the full, and lighting the roof and gable with its softer silvery

beams, we sauntered gently home to bed and sleep at our inn.

The next day was Good Friday, and I and my new-found friend and fellow pilgrim assisted at the beautiful solemnities of the church in the Cathedral. This day's ceremonies are especially interesting for two reasons. On this day alone in all the year the church does not consecrate the Eucharist, but celebrates Mass with a Presanctified Host. And secondly part of the office is in Greek. This, like the *kyrie* at every Mass and elsewhere, and the singing of the Gospel in Greek at the enthronement of the Pope, is a relic of the days when the Church spoke Greek not Latin, even in Rome itself. The Bishop at the appointed time, wearing his white mitre and a black cope, came out of the choir with his canons and singing men and boys, and went to the Altar of Repose, where the Sacrament had been placed the day before, and his mitre being removed, returned carrying the Host while the choir sang the great battle-hymn of the Church *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*.

Then we went to see the people venerate the Relic of the Holy Blood which is preserved in a beautiful mediaeval chapel richly decorated with glass and paintings in modern times, but in the mediaeval spirit. It stands above a much older chapel of grim sturdy Romanesque. The authenticity of this famous relic may very well be questioned, as may that of many another. Even canonised theologians such as S. Thomas Aquinas have denied it. What we do know is that during the Crusades, one Dierick, of Alsace, set forth with many others filled with a fierce desire to break the skulls of paynims in "stubborn Jewry." Like many of the Crusaders, though strong in the arm and exceedingly devout, he was not particularly astute. And the less strong and less devout, but much more astute Greeks and Syrians did a splendid trade in the sale of relics of our Lord and the Saints.

Many of these, we know, were spurious, and though willing to admit that some may have been quite genuine, we can never be able to say which. Many were quite as absurd as Chaucer's Pardoner's "gobet of the seyl that Sainte Peter hadde," and "pigges bones" and "the feather from the wing of the Archangel Gabriel" and other more absurd and more blasphemous relics described by Boccacio.

Dierick considered himself not holy enough to bear the relic home, and so commissioned his chaplain to do so. To Bruges it was brought and soon became the centre of a splendid annual procession. During one of these processions a report spread that the men of Ghent were upon the city. Panic ensued. The precious relic was lost. But it was found later in its case in one of the canals. During the Reformation disturbances it was hidden. The French Revolution stopped the procession. The relic was again safely hidden by a faithful Catholic. But the Chapel was allowed to become ruinous, and the town proposed to pull it down, but were prevented from doing so by Napoleon. It was restored to its original use, and the procession, too, was also revived, and is now one of the most splendid religious pageants in the world, and could not take place in a more mediaeval or suitable setting than Bruges.

When we visited the chapel the Relic was exposed. At the top of a double flight of steps sat a priest in stole and surplice, and beside him a police official bedecked with gold lace. In front of them was the Relic, with lamps and countless candles burning before it. The people passed up one flight of steps, knelt once, kissed the crystal gold-mounted phial, knelt again, and passed down the other flight. After each person kissed it the priest wiped the phial. This, I suspect, was more an act of reverence to the Relic

than a concession to modern notions of hygiene. When there came a little child too small to reach the phial to kiss it, the priest with a smile lifted it down. This was the most human and most religious touch of all.

Whether really some of the Blood washed from the sacred Body by Joseph of Arimathea or not, whatever brings into the sordid lives of those whose lives are sordid, some gleam of sunshine, some hope of a life beyond and better than their own, whatever induces loving reverence from those not wont to bend the knee except for fear in its effects is not bad, but good. And as an *historical* memorial of the Crusades, the Relic is intensely interesting and undoubtedly authentic. We can follow with certainty its life from the twelfth century to our own day. Of its life, if it had any, before that we know nothing and knowing nothing cannot deny anything but can only approach it with the gentle scepticism of those old Greek words uttered centuries before Christ

ΩΚ l<p ois yap jit) tppova aiyav (pi\co

But the whole scene with here and there a few friars in their habits, white, grey and black, made me half-believe I was really asleep and dreaming of the fourteenth century instead of being awake in the twentieth.

Leaving the chapel we toilfully ascended the lofty belfry, in the top storey of which dwell two old hoary cobblers like personifications of the antiquity of their native town, plying their trade and looking after the mechanism of the carillon up there high above the town among the jackdaws and the starlings. We looked out towards the sea and thought of our great countrymen who found themselves forced to seek refuge in the spot beneath our feet, S. Dunstan, Earl Godwin, Edward IV, and Charles II, and then inland, with a shudder, over the broad flat plain, the "cockpit of Europe," which all along the ages has seen some of the

t blood in the world flow like water.

The rest of the day we spent wandering about the various churches and other monuments of Bruges' very full history, among them in the church of Notre Dame, first founded by our own Devonshire saint Boniface or Winfrid, before he went to be martyred by the barbarians further East; and in revelling among the wonderful far-famed pictures of Memling and the two Van Eycks, and the other Flemish painters, many of the greatest of which were in a certain sense old acquaintances by reason of copies and photographs seen elsewhere. It is one of the ironies of history, that of Memling little is known beyond his beautiful works, for long even his name was wrongly spelt. In this he is like the builders of our greatest cathedrals whose names are unknown. Men worked then for their Art and for their Faith, and not so much for self-advertisement as men work now.

In the evening along the old cobbled streets and beside quiet canals, lit by no light but that of the moon, we followed a procession led by two priests reciting the Rosary. They came to the chapel of the Saint Sang lit with a warm golden glow proceeding from numberless tapers, and here the priest let them depart with his blessing.

On Saturday we went to the cathedral again to see the Blessing of the New Fire, the Paschal Candle, and the Water, and to hear the Mass which is really the first of Easter Day, originally celebrated at night as the First Christmas Mass is still. The word "night" occurring from time to time clearly shews this. As the priest intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis* the organ, silent since Thursday, spoke again and the bells woke from their sleep and clanged out their signal to the carillon in the town Deity to send forth again over the town its

sweet mystical music. The morning sunshine filled the old choir with a silvery haze which mingled with the incense smoke about the dark mediaeval woodwork of the stalls, above the kneeling tonsured canons clad in surplices, almuces, and black copes, and the white-robed ministers before the altar, and the great altar-piece now once more unveiled, Janssen's Resurrection of Our Lord.

We left the cathedral and found the generally quiet and nearly empty Grande Place now the scene of a fair and filled with booths, whose owners, men and women, chatted together or loudly proclaimed the merits of their wares. The feature I remember best was the gaping and admiring crowd around a man with a tame Java sparrow, called in French a capucin, from its resemblance to a brown-hooded capucin friar. This poor little bird, accompanied by the gabbling nonsense of its owner, performed a few silly tricks such as feigning to be dead, with a wonderfully close resemblance to reality, with its little neck stretched out and its tiny feet sticking up in the air. The price demanded was twenty francs, but the gaping admiration of the rustic audience in no case would rise to such a sum, at least while we watched. Above the din of talk and laughter from time to time, there floated the music of the chimes from "the belfry old and brown, thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt," as if gently reminding men that there is something above and beyond the needs of this material life.

Soon after noon my friend and I parted company, he, alas! to go not as the saints went, but by what William Morris calls "a nasty brimstone noise-shrieking railway train," and I to fare forth, as the saints did go, to seek the old town of Ghent.

(To be continued.)

THE SPORTS,

"Anna Virumque Cano."

Following upon the unfavourable days that always seem to be our lot on Sports Day, the clerk of the weather thought fit this year to grant us a glimpse of the sun ; for which we are truly grateful. In this sudden burst of generosity, however, he forgot the track, and its state was so bad that the times recorded for each event throws great credit upon the winning competitors.

The Open Mile, run on March 31st, was a good race, and an interesting one to watch, G. J. Mitchell being *facile princeps*, Taylor, who was 3rd, being disqualified, gave Menzies 3rd and Anderson 4th places. As in the Open Mile, so also in the Open Half and Open Quarter, Mitchell was deservedly 1st, Helder being 2nd in both and Taylor 3rd.

The Senior hundred also did not fail to bring with it its customary surprises. Whittles, running well, came in first, Williams 2nd, and Clark 3rd.

The Senior Throw was as it says 'open,' few passing the preliminary test; and although the eventual winners threw well considering their size and build, the distance thrown was hardly up to the average of the last three years.

In the Jumping events, as in the chief races, the first place was always engaged: this time the deserving winner was Tomkins in the Senior Hurdles, the second place going to B. Hall: in the Long Jump, Taylor and in the High Jump, Dunnicliffe, who showed good form.

The Senior Steeplechase was, of course, the event of the day. At the start the competitors looked clean and fit, and without prejudice one may say that the four places went to the four who are undoubtedly the best cross-country runners in the School.

The Juniors also battled hard in their

events, several of them showing exceptional promise. Hadfield and Collis should do well next and in succeeding years if their general improvement continues. The Steeplechase (under 16), an event which one can hardly call Junior on account of the age allowance, worked out curiously, and several "might have been winners" deliberately threw away chances and became "also rans" through disregarding the course.

Taken as a whole, therefore, the Sports may be said to have been a success. The *Victor Ludorum*, as one had been led to expect, was G. J. Mitchell, and the winning Dormitory in the Inter-Dormitory Sports Challenge Cup was Clark's.

Among the competitors themselves we were pleased to notice some who had improved very much on last year's form, consequent upon better training and physique, though modesty forbids us to specialise; and after expressing the pious wish that the Jupiter will not forget the track when feeling munificent next year, we deem it safe to end.

CRICKET.

1ST XI. MATCHES.

FENTON.

With very little practice, owing to the deplorable weather, we could scarcely expect to defeat so strong a team as Fenton, but a better fight could have been made than was the case. Winning the toss we started badly and the two Halls were dismissed for eight runs. Helder and Knight, however, withstood the bowling for some time, until the former was dismissed. Wickets fell frequently, and none showed great resistance with the exception of Hadfield, who made a successful first appearance. In the he we paid heavily for a missed catch, and toe game would have been much closer n ^ Dearing been caught at the beginning 0

.js innings—but he afterwards played good cricket for his century.

Our bowling was weak and lacked vigour. V. Hall bowled well, but on the whole the attack was feeble. The fielding was slack, and scarcely have we seen on the playing fields of Denstone such lifeless ground fielding. After the match had been won by Fenton, the fielding was bad. Surely it is high time we learnt to lose as well as win. The match was an object lesson in many ways, but it is hoped that the spirit exhibited by certain members of the XI. will not again be in evidence.

SCHOOL.

B. Hall b Deyes	0
W. Hall b Deyes	3
L. B. Helder c and b Brown	8
J. W. Knight b Skellern	23
W. S. Baker c Boyd b Deyes	3
G. L. Tomkins b Deyes	0
A. E. Barlow b Deyes	0
H. W. Hadfield b Deyes	7
E. P. Cross b Skellern	5
C. H. Finch, not out	2
C. W. Rowland b Skellern	0
Extras	10
	61

FENTON.

N. B. Baggaley c Baker b Knight	5
G. Brown c Cross b Hall	IX
G. Deyes c Cross b Knight	8
C. K. Dearing not out	121
H. Skellern run out	1
C. Willis b Knight	5
S. B. Ashworth c Rowland b Baker	26
H. P. Boyd b Rowland	7
J. F. Menzies not out	1
Extras	8

Total (for 7 wkts.) 193

J. Willis and J. Williams did not bat.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
Knight	10	0	56	3
Rowland	9	2	36	1
liaker	4	1	34	1
W. Hall	7	2	16	1
B. Hall	1	0	5	0
Tomkins	1	0	19	0
Barlow	2	1	19	0

STAFFORD.

After the severe defeat Stafford inflicted on us last year, we were very anxious to avenge ourselves. We batted first and fared badly, only scoring 97. W. Hall batted well, and Helder showed good defence. With W. Twigg well caught by Briggs for 13, the game was indeed an open one. After this our fielding reached a very high standard, and with every catch held, many difficult one's among them, we won by 14 runs; the first time we have beaten Stafford for some time.

It was gratifying to see the XI. field well after the deplorable display against Fenton; the bowling was also good and above all things, steady, Taylor doing well in this respect. The batting is very weak in parts, and there is a distinct suspicion of a "tail."

SCHOOL.

J. W. Knight b Bloor	38
L. B. Helder c Bloor b Twigg	11
B. Hall b Eaton-Shore	4
W. Hall c Visram b Twigg	23
A. E. Barlow c Visram b Twigg	0
G. L. Tomkins b Twigg	0
W. S. Baker b Twigg	2
E. P. Cross not out	9
N. G. Taylor b Twigg	3
R. G. Biigg c Eaton-Shore b Twigg	1
J. F. Menzies b Eaton-Shore	0
C. W. Rowland b Twigg	3
Extras	3

97

STAFFORD.

W. H. Twigg c Biigg b Taylor	13
V. H. Robins st Cross b Rowland	1
J. W. Eaton-Shore c KDight b Taylor	5
N. H. Visram c Menzies b Taylor	1
F. W. Twigg c Knight b Rowland	2
R. D. Birth c Cross b Knight	12
E. B. Boyd c and b Rowland	0
J. F. Richardson b Taylor	21
V. J. Robins c Rowland b Taylor	19
W. C. R. Ellsmoor b Knight	0
H. W. Bloor b Knight	6
R. J. Smith not out	3
Extras	3

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	O.	M.	R.	W.
Rowland	9	0	35	3
Taylor	15.4	7	24	5
Knight	12	5	20	3
W. Hall	3	1	4	0

" A " TEAM MATCH.

CAVERSWALL.

At Caverswall on May 13th Cross won the toss and decided to bat, but a very poor display was given. Barlow had a few good hits, and Hadfield batted steadily, but the whole side were out for the wretched total of 45. Our batting was followed by a still worse display in the field, 8 or 9 catches being dropped, and the ground fielding being slack and untidy. The redeeming feature of the game was a really good performance by Rowland, who in spite of shocking support in the field bowled 34 overs, without losing his length, and took six wickets for 72. Our highest scores were Barlow 16, Hadfield 9, and Beck 7 not out. Caverswall made 247. (W. A. Bowers 47, T. Smith 68, H. Brassington 33, H. Colclough 27, and A. Simeon 25 not out).

2ND XI. MATCHES.

Burton Grammar School defeated our 2nd XI. at Burton by 27 runs. Bad batting and feeble bowling were the features of the game.

A game with Uttoxeter at Uttoxeter resulted in a draw in our favour, as when stumps were drawn we had four wickets to fall and only 18 runs to get. An error in tactics robbed us of victory. White and Baners bowled well. The fielding was a distinct improvement.

DORMITORY MUSIC COMPETITION.

The Final Dormitory Music Competition was held on Friday, March 28th,

1913. We had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Cadman, the music master of Trent College, who judged the various classes. Class A, Junior. Piano was won by C. J. [SI] Atkinson, Preparatory School. (Songs without words, No. 14 Mendelssohn, and Minuet in C, Hummel): the whole of the junior pianists reached a most satisfactory standard which augurs well for the music in the school for the future. In Class B L. B. Helder (Mr. Hornby's), was placed first, playing on the organ the Prelude and Fugue in G by Bach and *Chant sans Paroles* by Tschaikowsky. E. C. Bladen (cello) was second. We are sorry to have lost Bladen, who has been of great help to us in our orchestra. In Class C Senior Piano, E. J. Anderson (Mr. Gausson's), was placed first, playing Prelude in D flat No. 15 by Chopin and *Noveletta* in B minor by Schumann. In Class D Mr. Airy's Choir was placed first. They sang "O, who will o'er the downs," by D. E. Pearsall and an English Folk Song, "Early one morning," arranged for 4 voices. The new trophy which has been given by Mrs. Greenwood was won by Mr. Airy's Dormitory with 185 marks. The representatives M. Y. Townsend, V. S. Sullivan, and A. B. Jameson being placed 2nd, 3rd and 3rd in their respective classes, and their choir gaining first place in Part Song. Mrs. Hibbert very kindly presented the trophy, and she was accorded a great reception, this being her first school appearance after her long illness. In the unavoidable absence of the Headmaster Mrs. Hibbert asked Mr. Coleman to express her appreciation of the kind welcome she had received and her great pleasure at being once more among them. She also heartily congratulated the winners, the more so as they had a very difficult task to beat such strong competitors, who had given so much excellent music during the evening.

O.D. NEWS.

by canoes 250 miles down the river to the oil fields. My brother and myself are interested in the oil wells which we have been developing for nearly two years. We placed our present showing at about six million dollars. It will not be marketable for about a year or eighteen months, until the railway gets in. In the meantime we are going to corral some more oil land and if possible fix up a town site. We have ninety-six miles of bad rapids from Athabasca Landing, some of which they tell me are worse than the White Horse rapids in the Yukon. However we shall find all that out. The rest will be fairly easy except for the ever present flies and mosquitoes."

W.C.M. Dundas, (May, 1887), Superintendent of Police, Assam, was appointed Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire in the Honorary list published on the King's Birthday.

Veterinary Major (Reserve of Officers) in the 1st Life Guards, and is at present the administrative veterinary officer of the Welsh Division of the Territorial Force with the temporary rank of Lieut.-Colonel. His address is Bron Vyrnwy, Llanfechain S.O., Montgomeryshire.

J. Richards (July, 1877), Llynelys, near Oswestry, is J.P. for Shropshire.

A. C. Brett (Sept., 1893), contributes to the April number of *The Modern Languages Review* "Notes on Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," discussing four difficult passages.

H. Gandy (Sept., 1904), has passed the final examination for Fellowship of the Surveyors' Institute, but has to wait for admission till he is of age.

N. R. Boyd (Jan. 1902) was Gospeller at the Bishop of London's Ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral on Trinity Sunday. G. J. Gurnhill was also ordained Deacon and H. E. G. Aldridge, Priest, on the same day.

W. H. Cook, (Sept. 1878) has been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral to be Perpetual Curate of Stratford-sub Castle.

B- D. C. Morgan (Sept. 1903) was gazetted to the Reserve of Officers as Second Lieutenant, Cavalry, on May 2nd.

Alfred Sykes (May 1884) writing from 218 Eleventh Avenue East, Vancouver B. C. says "I start in a few days on a six months trip north, about 300 miles north Edmonton, Alberta. I train to Edmonton and thence to Athabasca landings at the head of the Athabasca river. There are

L. M. White, (Sept. 1895), is now on his way home and his address here is Waltaire, Manor Court Road, Elthorne, London, W.

Central Africa for May contains an excellent portrait of C. O. Andrews.

R. H. Wilson (Sept. 1881), writes from St. Anne's Vicarage, Parksville P.O., Vancouver Island, that he had a breakdown from Neuritis and Rheumatism last year and has had to leave the Prairie.

R. H. Merryweather (May, 1905) writing from Rabbit Hills, Strathcona, Alberta, says:—

"I have been here now for nearly a month, and I think I like it. Of course there is some very rough and hard work to be done, such as hauling lumber from the bush and making new buildings for the animals during the winter. During the summer it is very hot indeed, far hotter than any English summer, and only salt pork is eaten, as no other meat can be kept. At present it is very hot, the average temperature being about 80 deg. in the shade. All our grain is now cut and ready to be hauled. Men for the harvest are

very difficult to get, and my uncle cannot get one at all, although he is offering 45 dollars a month. I enjoyed the voyage very much after the first two or three days. The train journey took me five days, and was very uninteresting, the only thing you could do was to smoke, sleep and eat, the latter being the most expensive item, as you are unable to get a decent meal under 1 dollar, *i.e.*, 4s. When I arrived at Strathcona, my uncle was waiting for me, and I was intensely astonished because there are no stones in the streets, and as there had been much rain, we drove 15 miles home with the mud up to the axle. We do not expect any more rain for another six months, and in another month we shall be frozen in, with the temperature as low as 50 deg. below zero, and at zero there is 32 deg. of frost and perhaps you can imagine how cold it is when I tell you that the ground freezes to a depth of five or six feet. You would laugh to see me now in a dirty pair of overalls and unshaven, in a stuffy log room, writing this letter on a rough table.

M. J. W. Hick (Jan. 1906), is in charge of a wireless station at Vigo, Spain.

C. R. Smith who is a 1st Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment and stationed for the year in Mauritius writes:—"This island would be quite delightful if there were more means of getting about and we were not so cut off from the civilized world. It takes five weeks for letters to come from England. There are not many English people, most of the white population are French and the natives French extraction. You get some excellent scenery in places. We went for a tour on Easter Monday and had lunch in a funny little bay. The inhabitants of the village were negroes descended from former slaves. We took a photo of some little boys which made

quite a picturesque group. The spot looked just like one of those spots described in story books, where a shipwrecked party lands on an island, the shores of which are covered with palm trees and tropical foliage of various descriptions, and are then met by some natives who triumphantly escort them to their village, etc., etc. We had a great day not long ago. The whole regiment had to be vaccinated as smallpox had broken out. So far we have only got smallpox, plague, malaria, diphtheria, and enteric working their wicked way on the inhabitants. Fortunately we have not been attacked yet, as very careful sanitary precautions are taken. I believe the last regiment here had a very bad time with malaria, but we lost a soldier from drowning. For some unknown reason he went outside a reef and soon was in difficulties with the current. A very plucky attempt was made by a comrade to save him, but to no avail. He was dashed to pieces on the rocks, which being chiefly of coral, are very sharp and jagged. The sea at the same time swarms with sharks, so this added to the risks of the would be rescuer. The sunsets are very fine, the sun sinks down with a blaze of all the colours, and a picture of it to anyone always living in England would appear exaggerated. We have all kinds of games, and the nigger boys are very amusing. Mine seems unable to think things out for himself, except on rare occasions when his brain works like lightning; as a rule they say "Yes Master and get no further, and as soon as your back is turned they are like monkeys, and get up to all kinds of apish tricks.

Our hot weather is just coming to an end, its not been so hot as in India, and I now quite chilly at times, though I don't suppose you would call it cold.


I hope Denstone is flourishing."

C. O. Andrews writes from "Masasi

March 2nd, 1913 (Coke and S. Chad):—

I hope you will have had a better day than this for your Celebration of S. Chad. We are having wind and rain, and my thermometer has gone down to 72 Fahr.

I had a big interruption in August and September, which has congested my work ever since. I got "tick" fever, a recurring fever for which no cure has yet been discovered, except a stay of some months in a cold country, to freeze all the germs. I had four goes at it in August, without time enough between to properly recover, and felt the effects for another month. Now I am supposed to be immune for a few years. Some authorities say it is much the same as the old gaol fever. The beast itself gets into the floors of buildings unless they are kept quite firm and unbroken. We had to have all our rest-houses refloored last year to get rid of ticks.

In January I had to pay a visit to Zanzibar to make a deposit of ivory, as our nurses here could only pull the tops off my teeth. So I had a journey of 23 days for two hours in Zanzibar! The return boat turned up before its time, but I managed to leave three teeth behind and do some other business. It was delightful to get a few days at sea, and after the bright greens of the forest during the beginning of the rains, the blue of the Indian Ocean was a wonderful change. When I went to Lindi we had heavy rain every afternoon, and could walk in the mornings only. Sometimes we had a mile or two like Muddy Lane at its muddiest in the old days, and when you get a shaky bamboo bridge at about this angle  plastered with slimy mud, over a deep river at express speed—there are exciting moments. Bare feet often score.

Many thanks for Play Book, etc. It is most interesting, as you must have produced some good material, as I know you could be trusted not to attempt *Hamlet* without

good justification. We have a book in Swahili containing the story of four of Shakespeare's plays, and one of the four is *Timon*, under the title of "Eating Water!"

It was quite a shock when I noted the entry of two friends of mine into the Prep.! I ran to the looking-glass to look for grey hairs. I suppose I shall soon be hearing from my sister at Scarborough of the arrival of H.M.M.H. If you are going to put in all the Chapel windows now, what will future generations be able to do? The towers, perhaps. I have just heard of Dean Lane's death. He was one of my compurgators at Ordination, as well as introducing me and many other Denstonians to Church History. Our Bishop arrived last week, so we shall have plenty to do for the next month or two, and with this crop of confirmations we ought to get quite close to 2,000 Communicants at Easter in this district—which means a fairly busy time for seven priests and two deacons.

We have now to make a great change in the diocese, as we can no longer have our Teachers' Training School and our Theological College in Zanzibar. The Germans have objected, and will refuse to "recognise" teachers trained in a foreign country. It will be difficult to find a place that will fulfil all the necessary requirements, but it will be a great gain in many ways to keep our youths away from Zanzibar. It has long been one of the burning questions in the diocese whether our boys get more good than harm by going to Zanzibar. On the other hand the hope of going to Zanzibar has always been a great incentive, which no other place will be. The worst of dividing a place like that into two, is that each half will need a staff. Webb is going strong and keeps well. As his Vicar has a bad leg—more or less chronic—and cannot walk, Webb has to do the visiting the distant parts of the parish. He has a big

black beard, and gets along very well with the languages. My elder sister came to these parts last May after being in Zanzibar Island for nearly fourteen years, and went to start women's work at Luwatala, our one other white station in this district, 28 miles from here. It is near the Rovurna, only 700 feet high, compared with Masasi's 1,500, and Rewala's 2,300. It is much hotter than Masasi, and much drier. She has great games with the old women and a looking-glass. At first they cannot recognise themselves as they have never seen their reflections. When they understand it they dance round the room clapping their hands and singing.

As there is no water in the place for the the greater part of the year large tanks have been made, and the ladies' house roofed with corrugated iron. The tanks were finished ready for the first rain. As usual it was accompanied by a thunderstorm, and the tanks got struck, one side falling in. But it left plenty of time to repair it and get it full. Parts of the forest are now very brilliant, the new grass a very bright green, and in places there are a great many dwarf canna lilies of two kinds, mauve and yellow, and scarlet gladiolas, and gloriosa lilies. Other parts are quite flowerless.

We have plenty of scope for extension if only we could get the necessary African and European staff. A few months ago the club of all the German planters in this part of G.E.A. passed a unanimous resolution, to build schools on their plantations if we would supply teachers, and to give us every facility for teaching children and adults. As almost all their Africans in positions of responsibility have come from us they want more, and they have found that Christians make better labourers than heathens. The Germans themselves seem a very decent set.

It is very doubtful if we shall be able to

take it on at present, as we have no teacher to spare, and no European to travel about to supervise them, and of course we cannot risk letting things get too much under the management of the colonists. If we decline they will make the offer to the German Roman Mission in the country but I don't think they would be able to undertake it. Their teachers are a most ignorant lot. It is very complimentary to us foreigners to get the offer first, especially as we are always ready to report to the Government any unfair treatment of natives."

A. L. E. F. Coleman (Jan. 1897), who is on his way to a practice in Hong Kong, writes from Aden :—" We are now at the south of the Red Sea. It is so hot that one cannot keep one's hands dry, and instead of sliding along the paper my hand goes in jerks. We saw nothing from Marseilles to Port Said, as we passed Stromboli and the Straits of Messina at night. I am glad to have seen Port Said and have no wish to see it again. It is a pretty place, and contained the approved number of beggars. We went round the town and visited the Arab quarters, which stank so that we came away at once. The canal is worth seeing certainly. At the start there is a certain amount of green showing on the right hand side. Where the land has been reclaimed for the railway, but the left hand side from start to finish is nothing but desert. The Arab camps and dress look very well and interesting from the ship, and of course at different places there were gangs of workmen repairing and maintaining the canal. At one place we had to tie up to the bank and let four ships pass — ships are not allowed to pass without one lying up, the wash would soon destroy the bank. After nothing but sea all round for days

felt rather comfortable at one place and for about a mile or two where the sides of the canal are two great banks of sand, too high to be seen over. We felt rather shut in, but, as I say, this was rather a pleasure after so much open. The heat in the Red Sea is real heat. Most people pour with perspiration even when merely sitting still and under cover. We had a dance last night—only six dances, but everybody found that quite enough."

W. A. Ash (May, 1898) is in Chilliwack, British Columbia. He has had a roughish time but is now "getting on his feet" he says.

C. E. Burgess, who is at S. Francis College, Nandah, Queensland, recently saw H. R. Hignett at Brisbane, acting with Oscar Asche's Company: "he made an excellent Cassio."

NOTES.

Our new Bishop, the Right Rev. J. A. Kempthorne, late Bishop of Hull, has been one of the Fellows of SS. Mary and Aidan. He is to be installed as Visitor on Speech Day, July 28th.

The number of new boys this term, namely 36, is unusually large for the Summer Term: indeed it appears to be the largest on record.

Mr. Coleman has placed a board in the Cloisters for the purpose of exhibiting documents and papers of historical interest. The idea is a good one.

In the window of the Dining Hall by High Table the arms of the Heywood family have been placed in commemoration the fortieth year of the work which Sir Erual Heywood started. The design is by Mr. G. R. Rigby, and it would be very

acceptable if the arms of others who have played an important part in our history could also be placed in the windows.

Mr. Merrick succeeds Mr. Gausson as Chairman of the Sports Committee.

As temporary masters we welcome Mr. Nash, B.Sc., Mr. Barton, and Mr. Gould. At the Preparatory School Messrs. A. B. Jameson and W. A. Edwardes are teaching this term.

Motor Cycling for May contains an excellent article on "Practical Hints for Rudge Riders," written and illustrated by F. Houghton.

The English Essay Prize, open to the School, has been gained by H. W. Beck.

The Prayer Book Prize, open to the School below the Sixth, has been gained by H. W. Beck, with C. Venables' accessit.

The Fifth Sets Essay Prizes have been gained by Venables and Myers, and that for the Fourths by R. S. White.

The Church History Prize and the Navy League Prize have been gained by S. O'R. Surridge.

Last term was Mr. Gausson's last, and everybody vied in giving him tangible tokens of the respect in which he was held and the regret which his departure occasioned. He has been here a long time and has filled many offices, all with efficiency and zeal. The following "appreciation" is by a member of the school:

"To begin an appreciation with the assertion that one always welcomes a change would be absurdly paradoxical in the case of Mr Gausson. The amount of work, energy, and indeed we might say manual labour expended by him on the School teams will never be fully felt until the time comes when it will be impossible for us to have him by our side. Denstone has always been renowned for having respectable teams, both in football and cricket, and for many years this distinction

has been won for us through the unflinching efforts of Mr. Gaussen. As a master "eminently successful" is a poor phrase when applied to him. He was always dignified, collected, and above all most scrupulously fair, imbuing in due measure all those whose fortune it was to come in contact with him with a like sense of punctiliousness. As a man, an onlooker might well depict him as the mainstay of the staff, amongst whom his loss will be irreparable. Always cheery, and with an abundant sense of humour, even the most doleful could not fail to be impressed by him. As a sportsman his personal records are too long to be here recorded. In conclusion we hope he will forgive us when we say that we are extremely jealous of his success, though we wish him the very best of luck at Merchiston."

The following is the Term's list of new boys:—

Allen, Charles Wilberforce	H.M.H. i.
Arnott, Sydney Thomas	H. M.H. 3.
Baness, Horace Edward	
O'Roke	Rev. R. M. Clark's
Barker, Henry Lyons	Rev. W. B. Smith's
Bates, Eric	Prep. School
Boothroyd, George	
Donald	Rev. W. B. Smith's
Boothroyd, Jack Irvine	" "
Bradley, Dennis Sumner	Rev. W. S. Airy's
Emmett, Cyril Charles	" "
Evered, Edwin Charles	
Hamilton	Rev. R. M. Clark's
Fleet, George Laurence	
Foulds	Mr. Hornby's
Fleet, John Poulson	" "
Godfrey, Walter Leonard	Rev. W. S. Airy's
Haddelsey, Charles	
Vincent Bernard	H.M.H. 3.
Hargreaves, Allen Bennet	Prep. School
Hulme, Edward Henry	Rev. W. S. Airy's
Ingledeu, Robert	Mr. Hornby's
Jones, John Frederick	H.M.H. 3.
Keatinge, Gerald Fitzmaurice	H.M.H. 2.

Kimbell, Richard Evison	Mr. Whitmore's
Kinder, Claude Steele	Rev. W. S. Airy's
Laithwaite, Gerald	
Richard	Mr. Whitmore's
Leach, George Brown	Rev. W. B. Smith's
Leys, James Farquarson	H.M.H.
Lomas, Alfred William	
Herbert	Prep. School
Lynam, George Henry	
Halsted	Prep. School
Mechan, Harold Ruan	Mr. Hornby's
McCracken, Clement John	
Neilson	Rev. W. B. Smith's
Shirlaw, John Eric	
Thompson	Mr. Whitmore's
Stennett, Godfrey	
Whittaker	Rev. R. M. Clark's
Sturgess, George	Rev. W. S. Airy's
Tew, William	H.M.H. 3.
Thompstone, Philip	H.M.H. 3.
Whitehead, Humphrey Pride	H.M.H. 2.
Whittle, Herbert	
Henry	Rev. W. B. Smith's
Young, Harold Farquhar	Mr. Whitmore's

The beautiful Ikon which has been presented to the Chapel by Mr. Swift cannot fail to call forth our unbounded admiration. We offer him our grateful thanks for this generous gift.

The following have been raised to the office and dignity of Prefects this term:— Spicer and Kestin.

The new buildings, the annexe of the Tuck Shop, although admitting of a still greater crowd than ever, will be, when finished, a great boon to all.

Last term we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Coleman deliver a panegyric on Julius Caesar; and on the evening of May 5th we had another similar pleasure, that date being the anniversary of the death of Napoleon Buonaparte.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Mayne for her kindness in giving away the Prizes on Sports Day.

The following have been awarded "Certificate A" by the War Office:—Salmon, Musker, Venables.

The following promotions are announced in the O.T.C.:—Lance-Corporal Salmon to be Sergeant; Lance-Corporal Knight to be Corporal. Privates B. Hall, W. Hall, Helder, Fyldes, Spicer, Cross, Newton, to be Lance-Corporals. Dating from May 4th.

The School had the pleasure of listening to Father Bull at Mattins on Trinity Sunday.

The following left last term :—

W. F. P. Thomas. O.T.C. Chocolate and White.

H. A. Carlisle. VI. Form. Prefect, 1st XV. Colours, 1913. Lce.-Corpl. O.T.C. H.M.H. 1.

A. B. Jameson. VIth Form, Prefect, 2nd XV. Lce.-Corpl. O.T.C. Green and White.

A. B. Smith O.T.C. Blue and White.

W. R. Merrall. O.T.C. H.M.H. 1.

S. H. Clark. O.T.C. 1st XV. Colours, 1913. H.M.H. 2.

L. G. Harris. VIth Form, Prefect, 2nd XV., Colour Sergt., O.T.C. "A" Certif. Shooting VIII. H.M.H. 3.

H. L. Foxwell. O.T.C. Green and White.

R. Wilson. O.T.C. H.M.H. 3.

J. M. Benoy. O.T.C. H.M.H. 3.

E. C. Bladen. O.T.C. Violet and White.

N. G. F. Rudd. Violet and White.

G. P. Rawstorne. O.T.C. Pink and Black.

The Librarian of the Boys' Library acknowledges with thanks :—£\ from G. L. Marriott, O.D., *Wisden's Almanac*, 1913- from A. W. Shelton, Esq.; *Ruskin*, BY A. C. Benson, from S. O'R. Surridge; *lassie Myths* (Moncreiff), from G. D. ^Urnhill, O D.

During 1912 there were added to the Library 85 Volumes.

The Treasurer of the Athletic Sports acknowledges with thanks the gift of special prizes from the following:—The Headmaster and Mrs. Hibbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwardes, Mrs. Mayne, Dr. Hall and Dr. Robinson, F. Darwin Swift, Esq., C. Knight, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Loup, E. Inman, Esq., F. V. Parker, Esq., A. E. Jones, Esq., Rev. J. W. Greenstreet, A. Rawlinson Wood, Esq., Rev. C. E. Burgess and A. Burgess, Esq. (O.Ds.), O. F. Smith, Esq. (O.D.), and Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Also subscriptions from the following:—The Rev. the Provost, Sir A. Percival Heywood, Bart., J. W. Philips, Esq., G. Percival Heywood, Esq., M. Hamblin-Smith, Esq., M.D., T. Mellor, Esq., Rev. G. Williams, Rev. Canon C. A. Mason, E. Inman, Esq., F. H. Lockyer, Esq., Mrs. Bruce, W. M. Coggill, Esq., H. Butcher, Esq., R. Evans, Esq., J. G. Fairbairn, Esq., Mrs. Waller, Mrs. S. H. Evershed, Rev. W. B. Wright, W. O. Wilding, Esq., G. Farr, Esq., Mrs. Hall, H. E. Whittle, Esq., Dr. Garson, T. E. Dunicliffe, Esq., J. W. Newsholme, Esq., H. Beck, Esq., W. W. Davy, Esq., Rev. J. Benoy, Miss Gausson, F. Robinson, Esq., J. Bamford, Esq., H. Jeffries, Esq., Rev. J. Heslop, A. o. Thomas, Esq., A. F. Norbury, Esq., Mrs. Brown, A. Briggs, Esq., A. H. Brock, Esq., A. B. Martin, Esq., Rev. B. N. Atkinson, Miss Rodway, J. Hornby, Esq., R. Parker Smith, Esq., Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Briggs, H. F. C. Whitehead, Esq., W. G. Bugg, Esq., H. Sykes, Esq., G. F. Bird, Esq., A. B. Barnes, Esq., W. J. Boyd, Esq., R. Meakin, Esq., H. Backhouse, Esq., T. P. Barker, Esq., E. C. Farrow, Esq., J. C. Rogers, Esq., J. S. Marsh, Esq., P. A. Waller, Esq., E. T. Greenwood, Esq., Mrs. Rudder, S. Keeling,

Esq., G. H. Walker, Esq., A. E. Jones, Esq., W. S. Whitfield, Esq., Mrs. Darby, G. Harrison, Esq., Rev. Canon the Hon. L. F. Tyrwhitt, T. Boden, Esq., J. H. Grace, Esq., A. G. Wood, Esq., Rev. W. B. Smith, F. J. S. Whitmore, Esq., A. W. Huskinson, Esq., J. L. Smith, Esq., Rev. R. M. Clarke, H. Merrick, Esq., A. Tindall, Esq., H. S. Cadman, Esq., R. H. F. Coleman, Esq., W. M. N. Pollard, Esq., F. A. Woods, Esq., and E. A. Gaussen, Esq.

The Treasurer also sends the following Balance Sheet:—

Receipts.—Subscriptions from Masters and Visitors, £\ 5s. 6d.; Subscriptions from boys, 12s. id.; Subscriptions from Preparatory School, 14s.; total, ^57 os. 6d.

Expenditure.—Messrs. Mappin and Webb, ^32 4s. 2d.; Mr. L. Kelly, printing, £6 3s. 8d.; Mr J. W. Lister, 8s. 6d.; Mr. T. Forrester, painting, ^2 9s. 8d.; Policeman, 5s.; Postage and sundries, £1 17s. 5d.; balance paid in to Sports Account, 12s. id.; total, ^57 os. 6d.

A set of the *Denstonian* from the beginning in 1877, complete except for vol. i, has been made up for the Fellows' Library. The Boys' Library possesses a complete set and now a duplicate set has been provided, complete except for a few odd numbers. The Headmaster has also made up a complete set since 1890, when the present *format* was adopted, which he proposes to appropriate for the Headmaster, for the time being, of Denstone. If he could obtain the following, he could make an absolutely complete set from the beginning for this purpose: 1877 (1, 2, 3, 8, 9); 1879 (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); 1880; 1881(3); 1882(2); 1887(1); 1888(1, 6). Are there any of the older Old Boys who could contribute any of the missing numbers?

We have had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. A. E. Dudley, our late Chaplain.

At the end of Term there are to be great doings in celebration of our fortieth birthday. • On Saturday evening, July 26th there is to be a Concert in the Drill Hall. On Sunday the Bishop is most kindly coming to preach at the Choral Eucharist in the evening an Organ Recital is contemplated. On Monday, Speech Day, the Bishop's installation as Visitor will precede the Commemoration Service, and afterwards he will preach. The day is the 26th anniversary of the dedication of the Chapel. After Luncheon the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire will formally open the new Drill Hall, and the Countess of Dartmouth will present the prizes. Mrs. Hibbert's Garden Party will follow.

Tuesday, July 29th, is the actual anniversary of the dedication of the College by Bishop Selwyn. On July 29th, also, in 1879, the foundation stone of the Chapel was laid by Sir Percival Heywood, Bart.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following; apologising for any unintentional omissions:

The Marlburian, Merchistonian, Stonyhurst Magazine, Blue, Olavian, Berkhairstedian, Johnian, Cuthbertian, Giggleswick Chronicle, Old Bigbian, Ardingly Annals, Lancastrian, S. Andrew's, Grahamstoxon Magazine, S. Edward's School Chronicle, Geelong Quarterly, Armidale School Magazine, Cadet, League of Empire, Lancing College Magazine, Arena.

All M.S. offered for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor, R. A. E. Barton, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

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