

THE
DENSTONIAN

VOLUME XXXVIII

Edited by G. B. FYLDES & P. H. SYKES

DENSTONE COLLEGE

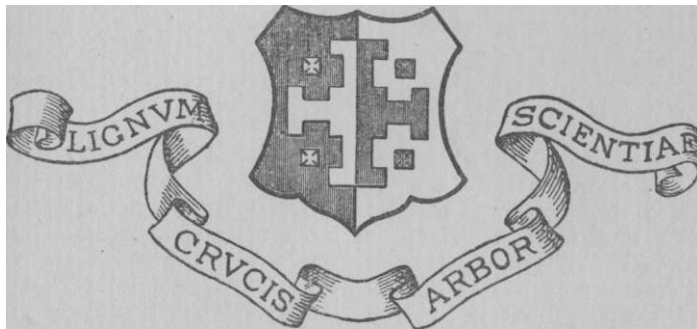
1914.

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With the November number a Supplement was issued containing a list of Old Denstonians engaged O.H.M.S.



The Denstonian.

MARCH, 1914.

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EDITORIAL.

THE following thought asserted itself in the unmathematical mind of the Editor while he was spending an hour and a half at a small wayside station on the L. & Y. Railway, on an evening when the thermometer stood at several degrees below freezing point. If we add together the figures in the group of numbers, 1913, we obtain as our answer—provided that we do the sum correctly—fourteen : may we not in this see the bestowal of a good wish by the gods on the new year ? However much you

our readers may ridicule this fancy, we, ourselves, at anyrate see it so : and if any excuse is needed, may we say that this thought reminded us of the duty which we owe to our readers, of wishing that in 1914 everything may happen for the best for them.

Now, surely, is the time to take a retrospective view of the year which has gone: not in order that, even if we do find that it has been a successful year, we may rest on our laurels, but that we may be filled with a desire and a determination to make the year which has dawned an even greater success than the last; while if we find that the past year has seen shortcomings, we must, of course, make every effort to wipe

such a stain from our escutcheon. In work—success in which is not, as some people think, the sole aim of a public school—we gained direct from the school six open scholarships and exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge, besides various distinctions won by Old Denstonians at the same Universities : thus well maintaining the high standard of scholarship set for us by the members of older generations.

In games also the year was marked by both cricket and football teams of more than average ability. Last term the football XV. was only beaten on two occasions, while altogether in twelve matches they scored 348 points to 89. Our success in games however, must, we cannot but believe, be an instance of pride coming before a fall, when we notice the alarmingly increased number of people who are possessed of such delicate constitutions that they are unable to do anything which entails the slightest physical exertion: the great marvel to us is how they managed to walk up from the station. It is however "An ill wind that blows nobody any good," and in this we see the well-earned recognition of the excellent services rendered by the medical authorities of the College. The great event, however, which will make 1913 a landmark in the history of our School was, of course, the celebration in July of the fortieth anniversary of the Dedication of the College by Bishop Selwyn; while in October the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the School was fittingly observed.

After a stay here of twelve years, Mr. Airy has left. His dormitory were, of course, especially sorry to lose so genial a dormitory master, and showed their appreciation of his services by giving him a suitable token of their esteem.

The chief features of interest this term

are the Musical Competition, the Cross Country Run, and the Sports. All, we are sorry to say, are responsible for uncomfortable results: the inharmonious noise which is produced by dormitory choirs in the early stages of their training would never lead one to suspect that the same choirs are capable of producing the wonderfully good results that are eventually obtained. The days on which the Cross Country Run and the Sports are held are ones for which weather forecasts can be made with absolute certainty. In the former case it will be "heavy rain," while for Sports day, "easterly wind with some snow," recurs year after year with unfailing regularity.

On the last night of last term a very attractive programme was carried into effect for the amusement of the School: the chief events in which were the presentation in a most realistic manner of *A Pair of Lunatics*, by the Chaplain and AIR Whitmore ; and a farce, entitled *A False Alarm*. Both were most entertaining—the title of the first speaks for itself—while the second centred round the involuntary, but highly momentous, wanderings of a hat, the happy termination of which concluded both the farce and a very pleasant term.

A BELGIAN PILGRIMAGE.

By R. H. F. COLEMAN.

II.—Bruges to Ghent.

Readers of the *Denstonian* who have good memories may recall that some time ago an article appeared under the above title in these columns. It concluded with the mystic formula "To be continued."

This was not an idle threat. But the editor has since had so much "copy" that he was able to dispense with my services for a time. Now, having room
o n e more, he allows me to continue my tale.

I left Bruges by the old gray Ghent Gate early on a very sunny afternoon and set forth eastwards along a road over country flatter even than the flattest bits of East Anglia, and possessing far fewer trees. Very carelessly I had omitted to supply myself with a good road-map, and did not select the best route. The peasants not being able to speak French could not understand me well. A few words of German, from the close similarity of that tongue to Flemish, were more useful.

About half way to Ghent a polite police official overtook me and requested me to come to his office, where he inspected my passport and asked me questions in French, the official and educated language of the country. Discovering from my answers that I was but an innocent idiot, and had no designs against the welfare of the Belgian kingdom, or any plans of soliciting alms without due authorization, he politely bade me "farewell."

I plodded on my way again. Coming early in the evening to a wood, an unusual feature, and an equally unusual rise in the road of about five feet above the sea-level, I celebrated the occasion by removing my tucksack and my boots, and lying down, with the former as a pillow, beneath the trees to doze, blinking at the Western sky, red and gold with the sinking sun.

After an hour's rest, I rose somewhat unwillingly, resumed my boots and my rucksack and took to the long flat road again. The sun sank gorgeously behind
" > e, and I turned from time to time to gaze

upon it. About dusk I crossed one of those canals which are such a feature of this part of Belgium and of Holland, its surface dashed with gold from the last lingering rays of the sun, placid and silent at most times, but specially so at eventide, symbolical of the stolid temperament of the Flemings and the Dutch. At a cottage on the other side I enquired the distance and the way of a man who could not speak French, but called his daughter who could. She told me what I wanted. I was a little shocked to find Ghent much further than I had thought, but braced myself in mind and body to reach it that night.

Down an old road, once a broad highway, now scarcely used, I went, between two rows of mighty trees, among which flitted mysterious shadows in the gathering gloom, out again on to the modern road at last, over more quiet canals. Now it was dark, and I had to choose my turnings at cross-roads with the guidance of the stars to keep my direction. Then the moon rose resplendent to help me further, and at last, very weary, I reached the outskirts of Ghent, and saw its massed twinkling lights in the distance. I took one short rest, and then nerved myself for the final effort, and very shortly passing down a long avenue, entered the famous old city, crossing first one bridge, then another over the moonlit canals. Its paved streets were deserted, for it was nearly midnight, and my heavy footfalls echoed eerily as I trudged onward, very very tired, but filled with pleasant thoughts of the romantic history of the town, and I am not ashamed to confess it, of the prospects of a well-earned supper and bed.

I met a solitary individual and asked him the way. He replied, and then said: "Are you English?" I said, "Yes, are you?" He replied that he was; but as he

pronounced it as printed and not "English" as we do, I surmised that he came from that part of "England" which lies north of the river Tweed. My suspicions were still further confirmed, when in answer to my statement that I had walked from Bruges he said, "You must be a good *trayveller*," which in Scotland means "walker." When I stated that pleasure was my reason for doing so, he insisted that I must be doing *some* business in connection with it, a truly Scottish or Hebraic sentiment. Any lingering doubts I might still have entertained were entirely dispelled when he commented on the hotel I had selected, with the words "Mon ! its a large hoose." I said, "You are a Scot." He replied, "How did you guess that ? I have been so much abroad that I have no ahccent." I said, "Of course not. It's a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht, isn't it ? Guid nicht." Has he seen the joke yet ? For all I know, he is standing there still, wondering how I "guessed."

I passed along the high grey timeworn south wall of an old church dedicated to S. Michael, and, near where the Black Friars once abode, crossed yet another of the 270 bridges which connect Ghent's twenty-six islands, and passing a small crowd of people returning from the theatre, found my way to the Place d'Armes, where was the hotel in which I had chosen to abide during my stay. The hall porter was a kindly-faced, fair-haired Dutchman, assisted by an amusing little nigger. After a well-earned supper, over which I nearly fell asleep, I went to the best place in all the wide world—bed.

I awoke next morning, Easter Day, to hear the merry jangling of the cathedral bells celebrating the Resurrection, as they have done for centuries, at the *Gloria in Excelsis* of some early mass. I rose

leisurely a little later and looked out on to the beautiful Place d'Armes decked with lime-trees, and then masses and masses of flowers of all kinds and colours, for it was the Sunday flower fair, and the folk were gathered there—some to sell, others to buy.

The kindly fair-haired Dutch porter confessed to being a Protestant, and to a consequent complete ignorance of the hour of High Mass at the Cathedral or in any other church in the town. What jungle-born cult of Africa the diminutive negro cherished in the depths of his heart I did not discover. Probably, like a wise man of the world, by this time he has got rid of such a piece of mediaeval lumber as a religion, and soon he will have shaken himself free of some other rubbish so highly prized in those dark, superstitious days—such as romance, morals, poetry, conscience and brains, if, indeed, he has ever yet been encumbered with any of them. Envyng them both, I set out for High Mass in the Cathedral, for I am a mediaevalist. I have tried hard to cure myself. I have tried hard to be modern, but I have failed.

Emerging from a narrow lane, I came out upon the grey Cathedral, close to a grim old castle at its east end, while from its west one can see the tall belfry crowned with the golden dragon said to have been brought from Constantinople, recalling at once one's own Dragon of Bow. In that belfry hung Roland, the great bell, which was wont to boom forth the summons for battle to the citizens beneath. Charles V. had it removed. Perhaps he did this to make it less easy for anyone else to gather together these turbulent subjects of his in the city of his birth, of which he said, playfully, in reference to his great rival Francis I., of France, "I could hold Paris in my *Gatidd*, which means both "Ghent" and "glove." Further away

one could see two other grey medieval piles, the church of S. Nicholas and that of S. Michael, which I had passed the preceding night.

I entered the Cathedral and found a large congregation hearing Mass sung by the lord bishop. Before the altar stood, holding burning tapers, the four great candlesticks once owned by Charles I., made, it is said, for the unfinished tomb of Henry VIII. at Windsor, and once used in S. Paul's Cathedral, London, where there are modern copies now. The stern Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, had no use for such trinkets of prelacy, but his business instincts saw no harm in realizing profit from their sale, and so he sold them to the canons of Ghent.

The fiddles and the organ and the singers discoursed merry music. And as the clouds of sweet incense rolled upwards, one could easily imagine that perhaps the spirit of S. Amand, whom Dagobert, king of the Franks, sent to preach Christ to the barbarians here, just after Augustine had landed among their kinsmen in England; of James Van Artevelde, the "Brewer of Ghent," Edward III.'s "good gossip," whom the Weavers slew for jealousy; of Charles V., Emperor and rival of "bluff King Hal" of England; of Alva, slayer of Protestants, who was at least as stern to his own body as he was to heretics; and perhaps, too, that fat old schoolmaster-king whom his friends called "Pater Patriae," but his enemies styled punningly, from his love of good living, "*Louis des huitres*," "Oyster Louis," instead of "*Louis dix huit*," a fool mayhap, but a good Catholic withal, who waited here for the news of Waterloo; had all come back on this sunny Easter day to hear in those old holy mediasval walls the *Dominus vobiscum* and *Sursum corda* they knew so well in the old, old

tongue, the most heroic ever moulded by the lips of men.

When Mass was sung I hied me to see that for which chiefly I had wended my way hither, "The Adoration of the Lamb" by the brothers Van Eyck, hanging in a side chapel. I paid my little offering as Erasmus tells us he himself did four centuries ago, and then I saw what I would never try to describe. The greatest writers on art have essayed to represent it in words. The best have failed. It is a miraculous revelation of the potentialities of pigment when laid on by the brush of genius. Such ecstatic saintly faces, such jewelled mitres, such gorgeous copes, such green grass, such glorious flowers of different hues are nowhere else. I had approached it half fearful, half expectant, as a lover approaches his lady for the first meeting after that in which he has received the longed-for answer to his declaration of love. He wonders whether it can all be true, whether it is not only a pleasant dream, only some invention of his imagination. He wonders and hopes, but fears; and then he finds it all true—and more than true. So I wondered whether what I had read, what I had seen in reproductions, what those who had seen it had said, were after all more than the original deserved, and I found them less—far less—than true. The half was not told me. It is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

In the afternoon I returned again for Vespers, and both then and in the morning, when not in the cathedral, I spent my time wandering about looking into old churches, visiting the old castles and the ruined abbey, strolling along by quiet canals, among old houses with quaint ornate stepped gables, down narrow paved streets in which one still sees the black cloak of the sons of S. Dominic, the brown habit

and white cord of the Franciscan, and the white cloak of the Carmelite, as one did long centuries ago in Oxford and London.

As the evening shadows fell, when at length I had "satisfied my eyes with the memorials and things of fame that do renown this city," tired, but happy, I turned my weary steps once more to the Place d'Armes, to dinner and to bed.

(To be continued).

INFERNO!

The interesting afternoon's entertainment, given to us by the members of the modern side at the tail end of last term, left us with a very good impression of the capabilities and aims of the versatile scientist of to-day—and a profound respect for his capabilities, amongst other things, as a smell-producer. But, to be serious, we all left the lab.—pardon!—Science School, wiser than we entered it, and the things shown to us were most edifying.

At the fateful hour we entered in some trepidation and found ourselves in a sort of ante-chamber, where—like *Alice in Wonderland*—we were confronted with divers doors leading to unknown regions. From everywhere came muffled splutterings, bangs, and crackles (not to mention the afore-mentioned effluvium), and the difficulty confronting us was to decide which way to turn. The general consensus of opinion seemed to indicate the left-hand door, so ambling cautiously thither, we entered.

To detail all the novelties displayed before our wondering eyes would be laborious and unnecessary, so the writer will content himself with a brief *resumi* of what we saw. The two telegraph instal-

lations attracted most people, and the wireless was very interesting to those who have never before seen a working model. How we may obtain electricity from heat was another attractive display, suggesting a future use for old Sol, and the little automatic water-pump was fascinating. The enormous power of a small electric motor was amply demonstrated by the lilliputian giant which lifted 28 lbs. with ease and mastery. Another illustration of the wonderful capabilities of this versatile force was given by the electro-magnet. Nor must we forget the jumping spiral and the silver-plating department, where we obtained more than 9d. for 4d., indeed a shilling (apparently) for a halfpenny.

Peeping into the next room we were greeted by a miniature rainbow and an embryo oculist. The latter gentleman was talking learnedly about astigmatism, and seemed able to prove that everyone had it, so, as it sounded unpleasant, we passed on, and yielded to the frantic beckonings of someone on a stage. All we got for our pains was a rude shock, so we retired in high dudgeon, and divided our attention between the rainbow—which was doing its best to be a cinematograph—and the greenhouse, or whatever it was, adjoining.

Being surfeited, we entered the next room, and were greeted by a loud report and a mournful whistling noise, which at once called to mind the uncanny ulla-lulations of H. G. Wells' Martians. But here nothing alarming seemed to be going on, and, as we were seized with a craving for a change of air, we entered the last room—and got it. As a child in such matters the writer was once given some good advice—When you are with your aunt you should say, "a noxious odour," in the company of elderly gentlemen you may say "a smell," here it was politely termed H₂S, or some

thing like that, which seemed to be carrying brevity too far. Contenting ourself therefor with a cursory inspection of all that was visible in the turgid atmosphere, we made for a curtain which bore the legend, ("Chamber of Horrors," thinking that nothing could be worse than our present quarters.

Here a fearsome spectre gave us pause, but taking the direction indicated by a skinny band we found ourselves surrounded with microscopes and a very active rabbit. We were initiated into the complex mysteries of college cheese, and shewn the "heating apparatus of a frog in full working order. *Quantum suff;* with a gasp of relief we made for the outer air.

Assuredly if the modern side had lived five hundred years ago they would one and all have been burnt as wizards. As it is, they occupy the place of pride, and glory in their well-furnished Inferno.

FOOTBALL.

NORTH STAFFORD.

This match was played here on December 13th. Stafford arrived five short, and with excessive generosity we gave them six substitutes, so that they played 16 men until half-time, when the mistake was rectified. The first half was very even. The Stafford forwards got the ball, and their backs often looked dangerous, but we also made several promising efforts, and were very unlucky in not scoring at least once. Stafford, however, got the only try of the first half, thanks to good running by their three-quarters, and to the fact that our defence bunched overmuch. The try was unconverted. In the second half we had the benefit of the slope, and started

attacking seriously. We scored through Tomkins three times and Hall. The first try was the result of a brilliant piece of play by the pack. Dribbling well together, and at a great pace, they rushed the ball from their own "25" to within five yards of our opponents goal line, where they formed a scrum and heeled the ball out and let Tomkins in without difficulty. The second and last tries were the result of brilliant individual runs by Tomkins and Hall. As Salmon converted three of the tries we won by 18 to 3.

The pack started shakily, but after the first ten minutes played a really good game. White was good at scrum-half, except that he was slow on his man, while Larkam again showed improvement. The pick of the three-quarters was Hall, who showed better form than ever before; Tomkins also played a fine game. Brown and Kestin were extremely bad in attack; but Taylor played a sound game at full-back. Of the substitutes, Wilson on the wing, and Marsh and Dunncliffe in the pack were quite good.

BURTON.

At Burton, on Wednesday, December 17th. We were practically at full strength, while Burton, though without several prominent forwards, had a better balanced three-quarter line than for some time. Burton pressed at the start, but we gradually pressed them back and opened the scoring with a fine try by Tomkins, which Salmon converted by a magnificent place kick. We continued to press, and scored through Hall, after a really good piece of play between that player and Tomkins. Salmon again converted, and soon afterwards the School scored through Tomkins again, this try not being converted. Burton now re-arranged their back division with startling results, as they quickly put on three

unconverted tries, the score at half-time being 13—9 in our favour.

We again took up the scoring after the re start, and scored through Rerrie and Tomkins, who made a magnificent individual effort; one of these tries being converted. We led by the apparently comfortable margin of 21—9; but the Burton outsiders got really going, and using their pace with fine effect scored repeatedly. We, however, did some excellent saving work, but were not fast enough; and Burton eventually ran out winners by 3 goals 6 tries (33) to 3 goals 2 tries (21).

The predominant figure on the winner's side was Newton, who continually made the most promising openings for his side, while Beasley and Robinson also ran with fine effect. On our side the pack put up a show worthy of their past performances—a display of which they may be justly proud. All played creditably, but perhaps especial mention should be made of Salmon's kicking and Helder's and Sullivan's dribbling.

White played a plucky game at scrum-half, and Larkam, though outplayed by Newton, did much excellent attacking work. Of the three-quarters Tomkins may fairly be said to have excelled himself, and Hall well maintained his improved form, both in defence and attack. Though fair in defence Kestin and Brown were literally useless in attack. Taylor played cleverly and pluckily at full-back.

SENIOR DORMITORY MATCHES.

Head's i. v. Hornby's.—In this match Head's i. easily defeated Hornby's, who were unfortunately unable to take the field at full strength. Hall did most of the scoring for Head's i., though Venables on one occasion succeeded in brushing aside the opposition of Rowan, and scored

between the posts, while on another occasion he was only prevented from scoring again by being pulled over the dead ball line. For Hornby's Helder seemed to be in every place at once, and did more than could have been expected of him.

Clark's v. Head's iii.—This match resulted in a win for Clark's by 25—0. Whatever this score may imply, Head's iii. stuck to their much heavier opponents with the greatest determination, and turned into an honourable defeat what had promised to be a *debacle*. Salmon was of course the most conspicuous player for Head's iii., but he was very pluckily backed up by even the smallest member of the team, while for Clark's Tomkins was the chief scorer, but Dunningcliffé did a large amount of good work.

Whitmore's v. Head's ii.—This was won by Whitmore's by 33 to 0. The forwards were fairly evenly matched, but the secret of Whitmore's success lay in the fact that their three-quarters combined much better than those of Head's ii., added to which the tackling of the latter was, with a few exceptions, weak in the extreme.

Airy's v. Smiths.—The former had things their own way all through the game—being much the bigger team. Sullivan and Boyd were easily the pick of Airy's, though Knight also played a good game. For Smith's Hope and Clark were the most conspicuous; the latter however had only very few chances, as Airy's almost invariably gained possession in the scrums, with the result that they were leading by 20 to 0 at half-time, a lead which they had increased to one of 35 to 0 when "no side" was called.

In the Semi-final round, Head's i- v- Clark's, had to be played twice before any result was obtained. On the first occasion^{on} a draw of five points all was the resul

this however conveys an entirely wrong idea of the game, for Head's i. were attacking nearly all the time, and the mistaken tactics of playing a close game in every part of the field was the cause of their not leaving the field the winners. At the second meeting Head's i. again adopted the same tactics, but were, on this occasion, unable to score even once, although they had numerous opportunities of doing so, while Tomkins managed to secure a try and to convert it, which was the only score of the day.

Airy's v. Whitmore's.—The conspicuous feature of this match was the absence of any tackling, with the result that both sides scored many times. All the same, it provided an interesting game to watch. Airy's were really much the weaker team but, fired by the excellent example of Sullivan, they attacked again and again, and kept the supporters of Whitmore's on tenter-hooks for three-quarters of the game. Then however they seemed to tire, and Whitmore's increased the lead they had just managed to maintain to one of 33 to 18 by the end of the game.

The final was between *Clark's and Whitmore's*. In the interval between this and their previous match Whitmore's greatly improved their tackling, with the result that a hard and fast game ensued, which eventually resulted in a win for Clark's by 15 points to 3. Clark's victory did not come as a surprise to anyone, but everyone, we think, regarded the success of the dormitory, of which the Captain of Football is the head, as eminently satisfactory, and the just reward of the heavy work which is attached to the post.

K O.D. NEWS.

C. Zorian has been licensed as a lay reader to All Saints' Church, Manchester.

G. A. Howe represented Cambridge University in the half-mile against the L.A.C.

The Rev. H. G. Barber was, we are glad to say, unable to resist the temptation of visiting his old school at the beginning of this term.

At the beginning of this term the Editor received a copy of *King Edward VI.'s Grammar School Magazine* (Lichfield), in which a note was enclosed saying it was sent on the suggestion of *John Ayscough*. Denstonians, we think, will be gratified to know that *John Ayscough* is the *notn-deplume* of F. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drewe, who was a member of the school from February, 1875, to December, 1877, and was the first editor of *The Denstonian*.

F. B. Burr received his B.A. degree at Oxford last term.

T. B. Allworthy, M.A., 1894-5, Warden of S. Anselm's Hostel, Manchester, has been presented by the Bishop of Lincoln to the living of Martin-by-Timberland.

W. F. Liitter has been called to the Bar.

We are sorry to hear from Cambridge that H. 3. Bates broke his arm early in the term, and so has been unable to take part in any athletics. Howe has scored many successes in the longer races.

L. V. Marsh began work with the Eastern Telegraph Company on February 2.

C. G. Piggford was for two months Assistant Superintendent of the Police School at Colombo. As the Superintendent was ill, he had sole charge, and says he "earned his extra pay during those months entirely on the knowledge he acquired in the O.T.C. at Denstone."

Baliol Holloway is playing with Granville Barker in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He is Theseus; and he is also active in many other directions in things theatrical,

A. W. Brown, (21, Caithness Drive, Liscard) passed the Intermediate L.L.B., Victoria University, Liverpool.

S. Luhrs, (Caixa 1000, Sao Paulo, Brazil), Importer and Commission Agent, is engaged to be married.

W. N. Greenwell writes from Piggs Peak Development Company, Ltd., that he is now Secretary to the above mining company and doing well. He says "It's a good billet and I am doing well and hope some day now to get a trip to the Old Country. This is a beautiful country though we are quite in the wilds: nearly sixty miles from the Railway. I suppose you know I am married and have one kiddie—a little girl, nineteen months old. Remember me to anybody I know at Denstone I am getting £4.0 a month here and a free home and native servant and there are distinct possibilities, so hope to do well at last."

C. E. Burgess writes as follows from S. Francis College, Nundah, Brisbane.

27th November, 1913.

My Dear Headmaster,—Thank you very much for the circular letter to Old Denstonians, it is awfully good of you to remember us in this way. It keeps a man from getting down in the mouth if he hears from the place which has for him so many of the most sacred associations in life. I think that Denstone, Durham Cathedral, and York Minster are places which I shall have to visit on solemn pilgrimage one of these days, if God wills that I shall ever see the Old Country, as we call it out here, again. I am lent to this Diocese by the Archbishop of York for five years, which expire in 1916 or thereabouts: but I think that there will be no difficulty in persuading him that there is good reason for leaving me to do what little I can in this new land, rather than come home to England,

although there is great need of men there too.

We are terribly short out here. The Archbishop and his Chaplain have just gone home on furlough, and there are two or three priests whose time of service had just expired, and we are losing them, as well as one or two men who are invalided home or who have had to go south. You know this is a killing climate for men who do real hard work as the bush priests do. The labouring classes have succeeded in getting an eight hour day, and I do not blame them as long as they do eight hours work. But the men who ride or drive, or sit a kicking motor bicycle for thirty or forty miles every Sunday, with four or five services in between, and then have to set off on long tours visiting the flock on the Monday morning, are doing a jolly hard work, and I am not surprised if when they have done five years of it their wives want to be off to England again. This is emphatically a country for bachelor priests. £200 a year and a house is the usual stipend for a parish priest in Queensland. How they manage to live I do not know, as living is dearer here than at home, and is continually rising, thanks to our reckless experiments in practical socialism.

I am still finding the work most interesting, and rush about the Diocese from end to end with the utmost cheerfulness. The other day the Archdeacon rang me up and said, "They want a priest at Bundaberg for next Sunday, you had better go." So off I set at 8.30 on Saturday morn., and got there, 217 miles, at about 8 at night. Back again on the Monday morning, and hard at work at the College that evening: 43° miles to take three services, and that because there was no other priest nearer than fifty miles. Fancy going from London to York because there was no other priest

in the North Riding. And the population is gaining on us all the time, and we cannot minister to the people. Men come in to see the Archbishop and say, "Can't you let us have a man, we will build the Church and guarantee his stipend? If you cannot they will all go over to the Methodists." And we simply have to let them go, through lack of men to take them the Sacraments. We have seven men to be ordained deacon this Advent, but they will just be like half an inch of rain in the middle of a drought. The native-born Churchmen are not coming forward to take up the work, and those who are doing so are not of the best quality. But we are sticking to it, and looking for the great wave of enthusiasm that will one day visit Australia. There is hope for a country when the very Socialists introduce and carry through a splendid scheme for compulsory military service, as they have done out here. It is doing all the good in the world.

By the way, if you do not mind a suggestion, it would be well worth your while to get our Archbishop to preach at the College while he is in England. He arrives in three or four weeks from now, and would, I think, be willing to do so. He is a splendid fellow, and you would all enjoy having him. We all of us love him out here.

On Monday this week there was a cricket match between the College and the Brisbane clergy. I umpired, and old E. M. Baker played a jolly good game for the parsons. He was keeping wicket, and got a nasty smack on the hand from a man who was hitting to leg. The parsons won, but only just. My brother has got another station up in Central Queensland, and has just arrived with 5,000 sheep. He is doing jolly well. I was visiting in the General

Hospital the other day, and found an old Lancing man. He and some others foregathered and the chief of the college went in and said Mass for them. It is wonderful what a grand influence the Woodard system has on men, and how it lasts.

It is fearfully hot just now. We had a day last week with the thermometer at no most of the time, and down by the coast, that is *hot*. With all good wishes for the old School."

C. H. Phelps writes from Sydenham, Durban, Natal:—

"With the coming season arrives my yearly effusion to you. Not that I have a great deal of news to give you; but I feel always that I must wish the old place and those I know therein the best of luck, both for Christmas and the New Year. I think as one grows older the attachment and spell that the School has worked upon one in one's earlier days becomes more and more powerful, and one's love for it certainly never grows colder. One's school days are very ancient history as far as time goes, but to me not a day passes without my remembering some one who was there with me, or some incident connected therewith. I am always on the look out for Old Denstonians, and as I told Hignett, whom I met the other day, although one's ties out here, and the friends one has in this country ought to be, by association and propinquity, dearer than those of older days, yet it does not seem so to me. The sight of one I knew at school is very dear to me, and a visit from an O.D. is indeed welcome.

I have mentioned Hignett. Some time ago I saw that Oscar Asche was coming here, and I thought there was a chance that Hignett would be with him. I determined to look out, but one day—the day

after they arrived from Australia—I was having my auburn locks shorn, when he walked into the same shop. Of course he was more surprised than I was, and was glad to meet me. He is married as you doubtless know, and during their stay here of a month we saw a good deal of one another. They spent a Sunday with us in the country, and we, my wife and I, came into town several times to see them. I was sorry not to have been able to see *Kismet* or *Othello*; but since I last wrote I have changed my quarters, and we are some way out of town, and cannot get in in the evening. I have not started a motor yet. Of course I am still at this school, and do not wish for any change, I am thankful to say. We are progressing as Durban is progressing, and our numbers have increased prodigiously during the last few years. Did you notice that we had won the Prince of Wales' Cup for the Empire shoot twice in succession. My chief—Langley—is leaving at the end of this term for a trip home. I think he would like to see the place and meet you, so I shall put him on to you if he asks about the place. He will probably bring back my boy with him, for I have thought that it is about time that he got to know his father, and I am getting to want him too. As far as I can see there is little chance of my coming home for some little while yet.

Of course you heard about poor E. V. Fitz-Herbert. While he was down here I saw a good deal of him, and he wrote to me just before he left for Johannesburg. The climate up there is very trying for anyone who has been any length of time on the coast, and the men were pretty roughly handled and looked after up there. I wish I could have been nearer to see him. I heard from Oliver Harrison (jingle mi), who is at Boksburg and doing well,

but he knew nothing about his being up there until it was all over. Harrison was forced to leave his work to look after his wife and kiddies, and was badly treated by the company as a striker, and deprived of leave, which he was going to spend down here. I met Ross Gilfillan the other day, who is on the halls, and gives a piano exhibition. He is doing well, and seemed very pleased to see me."

NOTES.

L. B. Helder played in the Public Schools match held at Richmond on January 7th.

A system of lay precentorship has been established in the Chapel services.

On January 21st a very interesting demonstration of the working of wireless telegraphy and the X-ray was given.

The following football colours were awarded at the end of last term :—1st XV., G. J. Mitchell, M. H. Spicer, E. S. Rerrie, M. G. Taylor, H. P. Boyd, S. H. Larkam. 2nd XV., C. A. Kestin, J. H. Brown, C. M. White, O. F. Forrest, G. F. Mason.

Information regarding the preliminary details of the scheme for awarding the British Olympic Proficiency Badges and Diplomas to persons between the ages of 17 and 20 may be obtained from Mr. Merrick and the Editor. | I

This term we welcome, as new members of the staff, Mr. Ogle, B.Sc., of London University, and Mr. Postance, M.A., of Downing College, Cambridge.

B. Hall, who suddenly left us in the middle of last term to take up an appointment in India has, we are glad to say, cancelled his engagement; and so is, tw term, once more a member of the school.

L. B. Helder has, we have great pleasure in saying, gained a Choral Exhibition at S. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

On January 22nd the Headmaster delivered a most interesting lecture, in which he confuted the generally accepted theory that King John's heart was buried at Croxden Abbey. On the following Saturday the Headmaster again lectured to us, this time on the S. Gothard and Great S. Bernard Passes. The slides on both occasions were excellent. On February 17th he showed some slides in explanation of the stage arrangements of Shakespeare's time.

Two electric light standards have been placed on the banisters on the Hall steps.

On December 15th William Herbert Turner died of septic poisoning. He was a boy of considerable promise, and we offer our sincere sympathy to his parents in their great loss. R.I.P.

The General Medical Council has "approved" of our laboratories, so that boys reading for the medical profession may now count the time here as all or part of the first year of the medical curriculum.

E. C. Keble has gained an Essay prize awarded by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Fr. Bull visited us from February 14th to 16th. On Saturday evening he very kindly gave us a most interesting address on Mission Work in South Africa, and on Sunday he preached.

The List of New Boys is as follows :

Thomas Bazley	Chocolate & White
Alexander Stuart Millward Beith	Head's ii.
George Caiger	Head's ii.
Roy Dearnaley	Purple & White
John Reginald Hassell	Head's iii.
Alan Hignett	Chocolate & White
Gerald Sykes Hirst	Chocolate & White
Howard Deighton Lay	Head's i.

Michael Howard William Michell

	Chocolate & White
Alfred Lawrence Munton	Chocolate & White
Ernest William Passmore	Head's iii.
Gerald Ernest Sharp	Green & White
Herbert Arnold Smith	Head's ii.
James Southerton	Head's i.
Jack Hewitt Whittles	Blue & White
James Butler Smith	Prep. Sch.

During 1913 some 25 volumes were added to the Boys' library. The subjoined interesting report on the novel-reading of the school has been compiled by C. Venables.

During the Autumn Term of 1913, 675 issues of books passed through the Librarian's hands—a very extraordinary number. In 1907 Henty was a prime favourite, and was closely followed by Guy Boothby in popularity; while the works of Ballantyne, Fenn, and Rider Haggard were by no means neglected. But, during the last six years, a great change has taken place, and Conan Doyle is now by far the most popular author in the library: during the last Autumn Term one of his books, *A Study in Scarlet*, has been issued ten times; while *Sherlock Holmes*, *Baskervilles* and *The Sign of Four* have each been out seven times. From these statistics it may be safely said that Doyle is *nulli secundus* in popularity.

Next on the list comes Guy Boothby, whose books, about Nikola, are the most popular, having been issued six and seven times respectively; while others of his novels have been out four times during the term. Haggard, Hill, and Orczy follow in close pursuit.

But, one of the most noticeable things of this and recent terms is the comparative unpopularity of Henty—even with the Juniors—though even now fifty issues of his books were made last term. Only one

of his novels, however—*At Agincourt*—has reached five issues, a great contrast with 1907. Dickens and Scott still take insignificant places in the "entry book" and share the same "literary grave" as in former years. The humorous authors—Twain, Jacobs and Jerome—are very little patronized, as was the case in 1907.

Turning to more scholarly books, it is remarkable what little interest is displayed in the works of Dickens and Thackeray. No book among the former's works has been issued more than three times; and six have only been out once! Only one of Thackeray's novels has been issued, and that one—*Vanity Fair*—has also been out only once.

The account for *Forty Years of Denstone* stands thus: Sale of 109 copies at 5s. 6d., £29 19s. 6d.; 17 copies at 5s., £\ 5s.; 1 at 6s. 6d.; sold through office, £\ 0 5s. Total received in payment, £\ 16s. The cost of printing, postage, etc., was £\ 3s., so that there is a profit of 13s. It is proposed to give this to the fund for placing armorial panels in the windows of the Dining Hall, which is £2, 10s. 6d. in debt to the Headmaster.

Twenty-two copies of the book have not yet been paid for, and as two requests for payment have been sent out it is probable that most of this amount (some £6) will have to be written off as a "bad debt."

A sanctuary lamp has been hung in the Chapel of the Holy Family.

Privates Clark, W.V., Hope, Horsfield, and Hutchison have passed the theoretical part of the Certificate "A" Examination.

Mrs. Frere's Greek Testament prize awarded on the result of the Higher Certificate Examination, will in future be of the value of £5.

Mrs. Talbot offers a Classical Prize of the value of five guineas.

The English Essay Prize has been won by H. W. Beck. The subject was "The History and Constitution of the East India Company from 1600 to 1833."

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

Alleynian, Aluredian, Olavian, Geelong G.S. Quarterly, Marlburian, Armidalian, S. Edward's School Chronicle, Elstonian, Eastbournian, Federal Magazine, Lancing College Magazine, K. E. VI. Grammar School Magazine, Cottonian, Bloxhamist, Berkhamstedian, Reptonian, Blue, Felstedian, Liverpool College Magazine, Brighton College Magazine.

All M.S. offered for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor, G. B. Fyldes, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The yearly subscription 39. 4d. (or 10s. for three years), should be forwarded to the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire. Any change in a subscriber's address should be notified immediately.

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