



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

IT is with the hope "that the pen is mightier than the sword" kept foremost in our minds, that we publish our first number of a School year which bids fair to be the most eventful that the *Denstonian* has ever seen.

"Mobilise" was a word of which the true meaning was unknown to many of us until a few weeks ago, when it was explained to us with extremely vivid severity. Camp was struck three days earlier than it should have been, and it was not long before one began to look for the names of Denstonians in the gazettes. No less than 270 Denstonians are now

under arms, and it is interesting to notice that all the Prefects who left last July now hold Commissions in some branch of His Majesty's Forces. We ourselves mobilised fully up to strength in spite of the fact that the Army claimed some who would otherwise have returned.

The customary programme of the term has had to be changed considerably. On Tuesday afternoons there is an extra parade for the O.T.C., of which all who are old enough are now members. To the general dismay of all the Shakespearean play has been abandoned, though a most appropriate substitute is to be provided.

The war has also struck a heavy blow at our football matches. Mr. Merrick's place in the football sphere will be difficult to fill; on the field he was ever energetic and full of words of encouragement, and his work in the preparation of the fixture

list was invaluable. During the course of last term he had arranged an excellent list of twenty-eight matches, but owing to the fact that most clubs have very properly disbanded, the fruits of his labour cannot be realised to their full extent. The fixture list has been reduced to eight school matches, which is especially unfortunate as the team shows promise of being as good as in previous years. We take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy with all those concerned, and in particular with Mr. Pollard who has succeeded Mr. Merrick in charge of games.

We publish with this number a first list of Denstonians who are engaged "On His Majesty's Service." It is a good list and we congratulate those whose names appear on it. In their differing spheres they are all alike giving their services to their country. But it is sure to be incomplete and we earnestly beg all who know of omissions or errors to let us know at once.

Already two have been "mentioned in despatches," one a member of the Flying Corps and the other the first Editor of the *Denstonian*. And one has already fallen. Lieut. Denny was not an O.D. but will be remembered here as a most efficient master, and we mourn his memory. To die doing his duty was the death he would himself have chosen. The *Requiem* for him was well attended. R.I.P.

#### SPEECH DAY.

A year ago, we celebrated our 40th Anniversary with great festivities extending over several days. This year the end of term celebrations were less important but were again extensive. They began on Sunday with a fine service which struck

the keynote of the festivities: a dignified rendering of the Holy Communion service. On Monday the celebration was intended as a service of farewell for those leaving, especially the Captain of the School and the Prefects, whom the Headmaster described on Speech Day as "unexcelled among all he had ever known for common sense, considerateness, and public spirit." This was really the boys' service, and their singing of their school hymns and *Carmen Denstonense* was a thing to be remembered. The Headmaster preached, showing how past and present and future generations of Denstonians were bound together, and urging the value of prayer as the great abiding bond of brotherhood. Tuesday was Speech Day. It began, of course, with a sung Eucharist, which specially commemorated the dedication of the chapel in 1887.

At the Commemoration Service later, the Bishop of Worcester preached. The text was Psalm xix. 8. The Bishop pointed out that the history of Denstone coincided with the period of struggle to maintain Christian education in English schools, a period which he thought future ages would consider one of the most famous in the annals of the Church of England. That success had crowned the efforts of Churchpeople was seen in the general levelling up of public opinion in favour of some form of religious teaching; and in bringing about this desirable end the earlier pioneers of Denstone, men like Sir Percival Heywood and Mr. Meynell, did no small service by shewing they had the courage of their convictions in difficult times. Denstone had indeed stood like a rallying flag on a battlefield while the warring hosts surged to and fro. The Bishop then went on to point out how even in details the history of the School had

synchronized with successive phases of the struggle ; and now that brighter prospects are dawning it was only meet that Denstone, and friends of Denstone, should rejoice for the share it had borne in bringing about the victory. The School would still go on in its valuable work of influencing public opinion by giving to the new generations the teaching which would be necessary in the ever-varying combat which the Church has to wage for the maintenance of the Catholic Faith. A glance at current Church difficulties concluded an interesting and encouraging address.

The company then went to the Armoury for the prize distribution, and Provost Talbot presided. The Headmaster said the process of improving and transforming the College buildings and equipment, for increased efficiency and comfort, which had been going on for some time, had not ceased during the past year, and few schools could have made greater strides in this direction than Denstone had made. Among the latest improvements had been the bringing of the Science School up to the requirements of the General Medical Council, and the equipment of a biological laboratory, but greatest of all perhaps had been the installation of electric lighting. He desired, however, to see the erection of a block of buildings, comprising further class-rooms, and science and art rooms, and he could imagine no more suitable object for the generosity of Churchmen than the building of such a block. Passing to the life and work of the School, he said the year had been a very successful one, marked by happiness and good health. Numbers had been kept up, and all school opponents had been beaten at both football and cricket. The Officers Training Corps had received a very complimentary report, and was larger than ever. A feature of the honours'

list was the gaining of the Asiatic Society's Public Schools Gold Medal, on the first occasion on which the competition had been thrown open to all schools represented at the Head Masters' Conference. A University Prize and two appointments to University Lectureships had gone to Denstonians at Oxford, a First Class at Cambridge, three Exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge had been gained, and an Organ Scholarship at Trinity College of Music, London. Lady Mountgarret then distributed the prizes. The O.T.C. Camp Contingent, 120 strong, then paraded and marched off to the station, headed by its band *en route* for Aldershot, and the visitors were afterwards entertained at luncheon in the dining-hall.

#### MOBILIZATION IN RUSSIA.

*From a letter by C. W. Townsend (1903).*

Moscow, 20 August, (7 Aug. O.S.)

At Issaev, when war was declared, an Austrian was staying with us, a violinist, for the purpose partly of giving lessons to one of the boys, who, you have heard me say, has great talent and already plays beautifully. It dawns upon us that Herr

—may be in a rather dangerous position in Russia. We impress upon him that he ought to go as soon as possible. He is rather a funk and doesn't want to go. Eventually (about the 5th day after war was declared between Austria and Serbia), things became so serious that we decided that he must go or it will be too late. He is in a terrible funk, and proposes that I should go with him to Roukoffka, the station for Odessa, as he must drive by night 37 miles. I jump at it—propose to ask Madame if I may at once. Anything

for a midnight drive across the Steppe, moon as light as day. Then I notice he is really afraid of going to Odessa even, where there are hostile manifestations for war, etc. And he was right. Austrians and Germans were not at all popular in Russia at that moment. An idea strikes me. I want to see Odessa very badly, and may not have another chance. I propose to come to Odessa with him, Madame allowing. He jumps at it. It is arranged. Superb five hours drive by moonlight to the station, to meet the train leaving at 2 a.m. We arrive there at 1.45 and find that the train has been suspended (War!) only to-day. The next is 8 a.m. next morning. We try to sleep on benches in the station, not very pleasant after the cramp of a five hours drive. We arrive in Odessa and Herr———'s difficulties and my amusements begin. Odessa is fine, I am very glad I have seen it. We find, as we anticipated, that all land routes for Western Europe are cut off, no trains going as far as the frontier. Herr———'s idea was to get anywhere out of Russia, so we started enquiry about boats. Boats do not go to Constantinople because of mines. One boat is actually leaving, an Italian one, risking the mines, but mem Herr was in too much of a funk to try that. So only one way remains, Galatz and the Danube (Roumania), Bucharest, Austria. There is a boat sailing for Galatz at 6 o'clock that evening. We book a good berth for the Herr, and he actually has his violin (insured for 15,000 francs) and luggage on board, and I am on board saying good-bye to him, after nearly deciding to go to Galetz with him and to telegraph Madame. Then at the last moment the Gendarmes arrive, three of them, and inspect passports. All Germans and Austrians are held back, passports

taken from them—except those of women and children. Poor Herr———! The boat goes without him, only just missing taking away with it his precious violin, such was the commotion. Then these poor hopeless Germans and Austrians are questioned, and taken prisoners, and led through the town to the Commissariat de Police. Herr——— is put in prison, and I very nearly too. Luckily I *had* my passport. It was returned to me. It's a wonder I was not arrested as an accomplice. So I had to leave him to the police, questioning all sorts of unearthly details about whether he has done military service, when, where, how, etc., etc. leading him from one room to another, from one official to another; now alone, now with others. Meanwhile we make signs to Herr——— (we were three, one being a Geneva pupil of his living at Odessa) and eventually leave him. I got to the hotel with his luggage, thanking Heaven I am not German or Austrian. We had read in the paper the same morning that Austrians and Germans would be sent to Siberia if they did not leave the country at once. Herr——— had first been questioned by the police at about 6 p.m. At midnight he arrived at the hotel—*without his passport!* They had let him go without his passport! And you are as good as dead in Russia without a passport! He is a prisoner of war ordered not to leave the hotel, to await further orders. He was in an awful state. I had to go to a far off Cafe with him after midnight: he was afraid they were after him to the hotel to send him to Siberia. He thought they had let him go by mistake. All night he was afraid they would come to his bedroom for him. I left Odessa the next day, being obliged to, as I knew I was wanted in Issaev. We hear Herr——— is still

in Odessa. He is lucky. The German and Austrian Consuls were in prison when he arrived. He is not sent to the other side of the Volga, as nearly all the Germans and Austrians have been, through the influence of the——(the people I am with). He is likely to be able to stay in Odessa, giving lessons; and they are glad of his talent at concerts.

Odessa was very interesting. Am very glad I went. The Black Sea was superb.

Now about our journey to Moscow. Issaev, for Russia, not being far from the frontier, Birsula comparatively near where trenches were already being made, it was becoming more and more dangerous. Escape might be cut off altogether, or at any rate the journey to Moscow was likely to become more and more difficult owing to troop trains, communications cut, mines ready to blow up bridges. So Madame decided to make the journey to Moscow as soon as possible. We left Issaev in four carriages on Friday morning, 14 August (your style), some of us on post horses. Nothing was known about trains; we had to take our chance, not knowing whether we should arrive in Moscow in six days or six weeks. The officials thought the latter more likely. We went by Znamenka, Kharkov, Kursk, Tula, etc., changing and waiting our chance for another train. Impossible to go by Kiev, the ordinary and quicker route. Cut off altogether, as it is nearer the frontier. No passenger trains running; nothing but troop trains, troop trains, troop trains, everywhere. We saw dozens and dozens waiting in the stations where we stopped—most interesting; and the number we were told passed us during the night was incredible. To Znamenka, as you can see in the map, the line goes E.—N.E., the trains which crossed us going W. were bringing troops from the E.

to the frontier on the W. From Kharkov (a big place with fine churches) the line goes due North. As you can see, it is the direct line almost due N, from Crimea to Moscow. So from Kharkov we only saw troop trains waiting in the stations—crossing us at right angles from E. to W. It was splendid to see all these strong men, good-hearted, cheerful, some of them, poor chaps, leaving wives and children. All in top boots and Russian shirts (Khaki), not tucked in, but gathered in a belt. We crossed two rivers, very wide, the Bug and then the Dnieper. Before the approach to these bridges, the train stopped, and officials came through all the carriages, ordering all windows to be shut, at least shutting all windows and ordering them not to be opened under pain of I don't know what. At first we did not understand why. But it appeared that mines are prepared ready to blow up these bridges at any moment, so there is a risk in trains passing over, and they were afraid that someone might throw a match or something out of the window which might put the train in danger. Russia is ready for everything. Fancy preparing mines to blow up bridges as far East as that! It was astonishing how quickly they mobilized. The first day we heard that Austria had declared war against Serbia; the next day our men servants taken to serve left us for Avaniev; the third day there was the inspection of all the horses to see which were to be taken for the war. We had three or four only taken. But that morning I had never seen so many horses before in my life. They were all crowded in front of the gates, all the horses of all the peasants in the district were assembled at 4 a.m. to be examined. Each horse is measured, and if considered good enough, taken either for a saddle horse

or to pull carts or guns. Each horse taken is paid for. This happened all over Russia in three days!! It was wonderful.

We were lucky in getting to Moscow so quickly, arriving on Monday, the fourth day. At the stations where we changed, we nowhere had to wait more than eight or ten hours. I can't write about Moscow. Words fail me. It goes beyond all my expectations. Naturally, it is the finest city I have ever been in; only having passed through Paris, and having spent a day or two in Berlin and Warsaw. The bells, the animated streets, the churches (hundreds of them), the superb buildings, the interesting place the Kremlin, the history, the Russians and Cossacks—it is Russia! Moscow is a *Russian* town; Odessa and Warsaw are not quite. Moscow is oriental. Yesterday was a great fete in Russia; the Transfiguration. I went to church. What a church! And how many thousands of people in it! It was one of the finest churches I've been in from an architectural point of view. The plan absolutely symmetrical in both directions—a Greek cross.

We are at present staying at Hotel National, as our house is not quite ready. We came sooner, as I mentioned, because of the war. The Royal family is in Moscow. The hotel is situated near the Kremlin, the centre of things. I had a fine view from my window of the Tsar, Tsarina, Tsarevitch, and his four beautiful sisters, three times to-day. Once I was in the street quite close to them. I never saw any girls so pretty, especially Olga, the eldest. Every time the Tsar passes, the streets are lined with the most enthusiastic crowds. He has a beautiful face—a little like our King.

" COMMISSIONED."

By F. M. C. Houghton,

" You have been posted to the 7th Service Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and should join that unit for duty at Codford, Salisbury, at once."

This is what greeted my sleepy and astonished eyes at 7.30 a.m. a short week ago. No previous warning had been given me, and I didn't know in the least what to do. However, it seemed fairly obvious that prompt action was necessary, so after breakfast a hurried dash was made to see an officer friend in Shrewsbury. " Order your uniform and wire your O.C. whether you ought to await it or come at once," was the gist of his advice, which was put into practice.

Followed a hurried skirmish round the town, ordering uniform, boots, shirts and all other *impedimenta*. Now prancing into an oculists for binoculars and now hurtling into an ironmongers for a knife. Money flung about with a positively startling reckless abandon, inspired by knowledge of a government grant, and soon all that could be was done.

As quickly as possible I got to Codford, only to be posted off to London at once for a camp kit. I rushed off, despatched frantic wires, and after a lucky lift in a Red Cross wagon got to the station just in the nick of time.

Saturday morning was spent getting kit and on Sunday I came here to camp as my orders were to return by Monday.

It amuses me now when I think of how we used to growl at Friday's parades, and grumble because they took up so much time, and so on. Now I'm only too glad I was in the Corps, especially as it aided me to get Certificate A. I should

like to have some of the grumblers down here a bit and see what they thought of it. This is our daily routine :—*Reveille* 5.45. 1st parade 6.30—8. Breakfast. Then parade 9—12.30 perhaps a route march, as it is the first. Again we are on from 2—4, for more squad drill, and then again from 5—6. We are jolly glad to turn in at night. It is just a week since we began, and already as a result of the drill I feel "deuced smart." We subalterns are put on to a platoon and called out in turn to drill it and each other. We have done this all the first week and as a result benefit greatly from each others mistakes and the drill.

There were two nights frost a few days ago, and the water in our little canvas buckets was frozen. Getting up was a great effort, but a brisk march soon set the blood pulsing warmly through our veins.

Some of the men are very insubordinate, and inclined to answer back, but the majority are a good sort, though one is sometimes reminded of a Bank Holiday crowd. The greater part have the old red tunics which smartens them up considerably, and it is very noticeable that those who are troublesome and slack are those who as yet have no uniform. But by degrees they are getting licked into shape.

A few nights ago we were at tea when a rumbling growl was heard outside the marquee. Inspection revealed the fact that a whole company were there, grousing because their tea bread rations had been pinched by some other company. They were getting very unruly, but a few tactful words dispersed them and after tea we held a parade to enquire into the matter. We could not find out who had done the deed so the remaining three had to have short rations at breakfast next morning to allow the deprived desperadoes to have their tea. There has been no trouble since.

One thing strikes one very forcibly here. There is never any talk about the war, beyond a casual and matter-of-fact "What's the news" each morning. I am sure most of us have even forgotten why we enlisted! That sounds "tall" but were you here you would understand.

The Officers' Mess is not quite up to scratch yet, but the food is excellent. No butter or milk is yet obtainable, but what we do get is very good and well cooked.

Such is the news after a week in Camp.

#### HOW WE ESCAPED THE GERMANS.

On a beautifully bright afternoon, we were sitting on the deck of the S.S. *Ardeola* bound for Lisbon, Madeira, and the Canaries. The conditions in the "Bay" were perfect; the sun shone brilliantly, and everyone was filled with that *joie de vivre* peculiar to a sea voyage. There were no gloomy thoughts of war, no suspicion of the terrible events which were soon to darken the Continent of Europe, and to call the Empire's fighting forces from the four quarters of the globe. On August 5th Lisbon was sighted. Who can forget his first glimpse of it—"Lisbon the Majestic," towering above the lovely Tagus in tier upon tier of stately white houses, while its wide squares (Praças) extend right to the water's edge? It is not however the object of this article to describe to any extent countries or cities. As we moored at the quay, an excited figure rushed along; what he shouted to us on deck thrilled our passengers with varied emotions: "England has declared war on Germany!" "At last then!" we said, "they have a very nice day for it too."

"Why were we not told by wireless?" "Sparks" the Marconi-boy was besieged in his cabin. He knew the previous day, having picked up the message from Poldhu in Cornwall, but he was forbidden to spread the news.

"Shall we continue our voyage?" was the next question. Doubtful answers were the only satisfaction we received. Never had we seen before so many ships on the Tagus. The majority (42) were flying the German flag. These boats were "bottled up" to put it nautically: for them the high seas and the Channel were alike unsafe. We had a feeling akin to pity when two days later we sailed down stream and saw the crews of these out-of-work boats looking wistfully at us, envying no doubt our lot at being able to sail freely where they dare not venture.

What was Lisbon's attitude to the march of events? If one could judge from the Cafes and Hotels, the city was overwhelmingly in our favour. "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King" were hummed and whistled on all sides and shouts of "Viva Inglaterra!" greeted us everywhere. Courtesy and good-fellowship were shown us wherever we went. But the Portuguese press excelled itself. One paper came out with the headline "Urra for ole England." It told how our fleet had sunk the German fleet, the Kaiser had shot himself at——— and, to crown all, the most terrifying announcement, which must have made William's hair to stand on end, "Portugal sends a twelve hours ultimatum to Germany." Tremble tyrant! Portugal with three small cruisers hurls defiance at you! Thus were European affairs planned out hourly at the Fleet Street of Lisbon.

Finally we decided to continue our voyage to Madeira. Here, as at Lisbon,

we were compelled to lower our wireless • we anchored in the lovely Bay of Funchal—surely one of the most beautiful in the world—and from our "floating home" again beheld 'more "bottled Germans" under arrest. Two of these ships had been guilty of creeping away in the night from this neutral port, with large supplies of coal and returning not long afterwards with bunkers nearly empty. The Portuguese authorities, with remarkable insight, saw that possibly they had not consumed all the coal themselves in so short a time, and they immediately put the boats under arrest with threats of bombardment should they attempt any more to creep away like thieves in the night. Having seen the fort at Funchal, we were surprised that the escapade was not attempted nightly.

During an afternoon siesta in a mild temperature of 96 degrees we were roused from our lethargy by cries of "Man-of-war at the mouth of the harbour!" What a scurrying from all parts of the ship up to the top recreation deck. "She's an Englishman," said the Captain, and we all breathed again. Our German neighbours were all out on their decks looking anxiously seaward, no doubt resolving not to make any more attempts to come out. The warship was the now famous *Highflyer*, though our Denstonian middy had, we subsequently learned, recently been transferred to H.M.S. *Gibraltar*.

At Las Palmas, on the Sunday, we saw from our deck a most impressive sight, on a Spanish Man-of-war moored quite close to us. After a long series of bugle-calls, the Admirals and Captains paraded the deck, following a Spanish priest who had on his vestments for Mass.

Then came the sailors headed by the band. At a temporarily erected altar, covered with the Spanish flag, Mass was



celebrated, the band supplying the music. It was a most impressive ceremony, which concluded with the saluting of the colours with musical honours. In the afternoon, the *Highflyer* was again seen at the mouth of Las Palmas harbour signalling to the Spanish warship.

That night, as we were sailing out of harbour the Captain announced at dinner that he had received a message from the Admiralty that we must sail with as few lights as possible exposed. One light in the dining-saloon, very carefully shaded so as to be practically useless, and similar lights in the smoke-room and drawing-room were all we were allowed. There were to be no deck lights, so that the after dinner promenade became a matter of difficulty, and no lights in the cabins. The most dire penalties were threatened if these laws were broken. The bulbs would be removed. Six disappeared owing to the fact that the Captain on his rounds had espied lights appearing under doors, the precautions people had taken of covering over the portholes not having been entirely successful. Thus we went on for many nights. The talented members of the company kept up our spirits with song, but it is not a pleasant experience undressing in a rolling ship in the dark: collar studs and tempers were freely lost.

Santa Cruz and Oratava were the next calls, the latter being a charming port from which we had a picnic under ideal conditions in a banana plantation. I fear that wars and rumours of wars had not dimmed our faculty of enjoying the beauties of this enchanting island. We loaded from boats 16,000 crates of bananas: I never wish to see another banana. For eighteen hours this loading went on with intervals of four hours at night, and it was

a relief to go ashore during the day, though landing in surf boats and getting on board out of them is a matter of extraordinary difficulty. You stand on the bottom platform of the companion ladder which is let down the ship's side and just as you think of stepping gracefully into the boat, a huge trough in the Atlantic rollers has suddenly taken the boat away six or seven feet from under you. To wait for the next big wave is the only course and as you step into the boat down it goes again and high walls of water close you in on every side. On leaving Oratava for Las Palmas again we experienced a sirocco—a terrific gale of very hot, stifling air, blowing from the African coast. It resembles a furnace, and you gasp for breath and sit lightly clad until you reach the open sea. How little we suspected then, especially those who thought the Captain's ban on light superfluous, that, just over the other side of that lovely island, at a spot we had just visited and were to visit again, at a distance of only twelve miles, the now famous *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* had captured and had sunk a British liner which we had admired a short time before at Santa Cruz. Happily we were not told, although "Sparks" knew all about it.

Our gallant Captain told us he had had serious news and that further restrictions of lights were necessary. No lights of any kind, not even mast lights and lights necessary to navigation were allowed, not even a match was to be struck above decks. Dark, silent, and mysterious, we ploughed our way home. Many times we saw on the horizon: searchlights, but no hostile boats came within our range. We often wondered whether bananas were a serious part of the German navy's food: if they were, they were quite welcome to ours if they left the ship unscathed. Our

confidence increased as we reached England. We knew nothing of mines scattered broadcast by the enemy. A Dance was organised in the Bay, but many felt that it was hardly the time or occasion for such revellings. But not until we reached the mouth of the Mersey did we fully realize that we were at war: we were met by Navy Patrol boats who piloted us round mines, asked us where we came from, and demanded that our Wireless should be dismantled. Once on shore we had so much to learn of new conditions—the declaration of nationality on landing, the moratorium, restricted hours for refreshments, and the new paper money, all the changed conditions of England now one vast camp—that one might have been away four years instead of only four weeks. We almost heard the clang of "busy hammers closing rivets up." With what thankfulness did we reach our homes, when we realised the truth.

This account may have to meet the charge that it has not much to do with escaping from the Germans. Perhaps it has not:—but to think that we should have travelled 4,000 miles in safety and should have seen all those "bottled ships" made us realise the living reality of the glory of our wonderful Navy and its brave personnel. This account of our safety and experiences is in no way exaggerated, and our safe voyage made us proud of our nationality.

VIATOR.

*MOBILIZING IN FRANCE,*

*by S. G. Fillingham.*

On July 30th we boarded the Dieppe boat at Newhaven *en route* for a fortnight's tour in France. The boat was crowded

with English people bent on holiday making. When we arrived at Diepoe we found that the majority of the French people regarded the crisis in a far more serious light than did we Britishers.

Friday's *Paris Daily Mail* informed us that Russia was mobilizing, and we saw an official bill-poster parading round the town with a drummer in attendance, posting notices of mobilization.

Many English visitors quickly left, and still more went on Saturday morning. We decided to stay on as long as possible, and that morning we called at the English Consulate. On our way back we saw a large notice in front of the Casino announcing that it was to be closed for use as a provision depot: France apparently meant business.

That night more English people went; the one o'clock boat was very crowded. At about eleven o'clock a rumour spread that France had actually declared war on Germany. The excitement of the Saturday night crowd knew no bounds. We saw men already in their uniforms on their way to the Caserne, being toasted by their friends at one of the cafes, when someone seized a tricolor from the Hotel de la Paix next door, and began singing the Marseillaise. This start was sufficient; the impulsive French temperament was thoroughly aroused, and a procession was formed which marched down to the Quai side. At a cafe the crowd adjourned for refreshments and more speeches.

This was quite a novel experience for us English, who as a nation do not often give way to demonstrations of this sort, and so a small party of us followed the crowd. Its thirst was soon satiated, and a Union Jack was produced, efforts being made to sing "God save the King." The procession re-formed and progressed up the Rue

de la Barre, stopping at every cafe where they indulged in more speeches; at the Cafe de Rouen a Russian flag was obtained. It was quite thrilling to see this crowd of men, most of them conscripts, who would "go" on the "later days of mobilization," roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm as this. We, ourselves, went to the British Consulate to ask whether it was necessary to leave France. As we were being reassured and told that there was no *danger*, though, the Channel boats might be stopped for some days, we heard the voices of the crowd approaching. They soon arrived, and proceeded to cheer England and sing "God save the King," and after several speeches, which we found difficult to understand, they again cheered us and left to parade round the town. We did not get back to the Hotel until 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, and they had not finished even then. On Sunday morning we got up to find the waiters gone and their wives with tearful faces attending us. After breakfast we strolled along the Plage to find soldiers on duty at the Casino, while loads of hay and provisions passed in. In the principal streets small parties of conscripts in the quaint blue and red uniforms were going up to barracks. We now went to the Quai where the SS. *Arundel* lay. The captain strongly recommended us to cross that day, and told us that his was the last regular sailing, and although there would be other boats crossing there would be no regular service. We then enquired at the railway station as to the possibility of getting further on our journey. Here we were politely but firmly told that no regular passenger service could be considered as the railways were now entirely in the hands of the military. We then reluctantly came to the conclusion that we must return. So we packed our bags, and made for the

Quai. It was crowded with motor cars, which the boat could not carry, and which were duly commandeered. All those above military age had to give their full name and nationality, and we were fortunate to be almost first on board.

Soon the Paris train came in. It was crowded. The boat was already almost full, but when half of the passengers came on from the Paris train there were 300 passengers in excess of the proper load. The line was drawn there, and the boat left at 1 p.m. flying the Union Jack. Once outside the harbour we realized that we were in for a rough crossing, and exactly five-and-a-quarter hours later we arrived at Newhaven wet through to the skin. There were sentries on the breakwater and guns posted on the cliffs. We arrived at Victoria station at 9 p.m. to find our luggage lost. But that did not trouble us; we were thankful to be back in England. Even then the Marseillaise did not leave us, for some French conscripts leaving for Newhaven were making one of the busiest and noisiest of London's stations resound with their national hymn.

#### WAR NEWS.

With this number we issue as a supplement a list of Old Denstonians who are known to be "On His Majesty's Service." But it is necessarily very incomplete and fresh names come in daily. Those who are known to be actually on active service are the following:—P. C. Atkins, F. E. Clark, H. F. Cumin, L. A. Cumin, B. Delap, W. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drewe, S. W. Griffin, L. G. Harris, Le Gay Hayward, G. W. Mapplebeck, H. C. S. Walker, F. G. Saunders, J. E. Richards, G. H. Hayward.

We have special intercessions daily at the celebration of the Holy Communion and after Evensong; and the celebration on Tuesday morning has for its special intention the welfare of our own members who are under arms. The names of those who are known to be on active service abroad are read out from the Altar.

G. W. Mapplebeck and W. B. D. Bickerstaffe-Drewe have been "mentioned in despatches."

Tuesday afternoon's school has been given up to O.T.C. work.

A weekly collection for War Funds is being made throughout the College. On the first Sunday of Term a collection was made in Chapel for the Belgian Refugees and amounted to £10. Mrs. Hibbert has had a Sale of Work in the Village and made £15 for the same object.

Two days after war was declared our wireless installation was dismantled by Government engineers and some time later the apparatus was entirely removed. The grey mare was requisitioned at an early date. Sergeant-Instructor Rowlinson has been taken from us and Sergeant Dyke has offered his services.

On the first Sunday evening of Term the Headmaster showed us a large number of slides which he had made of places in Belgium and Germany which the war has brought into prominence. Those of Belgian and German soldiers and of our own O.T.C. were of peculiar interest.

A very enjoyable Patriotic Concert was held on the evening of Michaelmas Day.

From our French members of the Old Denstonians' Club we are glad to have received news, P. Gerard de Menon has been engaged in Staff work at Lyons but has had a brother killed. The two Cumins are at the Front. Post cards have been received from both, full of affection for

Denstone and of appreciation of the large number of Denstonians who are under arms. L. A. Cumin regrets that up to October 20th, although he had been under fire many times, he had only killed two Germans. We wish him better luck in future.

Naturally from our German members, R. L. V. Gunther (Sept., 1908) and G. R. O. Gunther (May, 1907) we have received no news.

L. G. Harris sailed for S. Nazaire on September 28th. From the photograph which has been received he appears to be in good spirits; he still smiles.

G. S. W. Reed came home from Hamburg a few days before war was declared on ten days leave. He promptly obtained a commission.

It is very pleasant to hear that at least four of our Canadian representatives, G. O. D. C. Jackson, H. A. L. C. Jackson, L. S. Mould, and O. Martin, are in the Canadian contingents.

The following extract from the official despatch published on September 29th, refers to G. W. Mapplebeck, of No. 4 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps

"Wednesday, the 23rd, was a perfect autumn day. The welcome absence of wind gave our airmen a chance of which they took full advantage, gathering much information.

"Unfortunately, one of our aviators, who has been particularly active in annoying the enemy by dropping bombs, was wounded in a duel in the air. Being alone on a single-seater monoplane, he was not able to use a rifle, and whilst circling above a German two-seater in an endeavour to get within pistol shot, was hit by the observer of the latter, who was armed with a rifle. He managed to fly back over our lines, and by great good luck descended close to a

motor ambulance, which at once conveyed him to hospital."

He was hit in the trouser pocket by a bullet, which carried pieces of several French coins into his body, inflicting a very nasty wound, but one which is not considered dangerous. The reference made in the official dispatch to his previous good service will be welcomed by Denstonians, and we hope that ere long he will have further opportunity of distinguishing himself. Meanwhile we wish him a quick recovery.

W. P. Bleakley, J. C. Warburton, W. Rimmer, J. H. Holland and H. Holland have been sent to Egypt. On their way the twelve transports were convoyed by a battleship and a cruiser. They saw many English warships in the Bay of Biscay, which they crossed without lights at night as there were reports of German cruisers in the neighbourhood.

H. E. L. Fisher describes some of his experiences as follows :

" We left Warwick at 10.45 a.m. and reached Portsmouth at 1.10 a.m., being locked in the carriages all the way. We were marched from the station to a field where we were billeted. My chum and myself found a covered ammunition wagon, which was fortunate as it rained in torrents all night, to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning. *Reveille* went at 4 a.m., and we were taken to Cowes and from there to Parkhurst. All the railway line to Portsmouth was very strongly guarded as a number of Germans had been found attempting to do damage. One was shot. We have a number of these foul gentry here : two of them attempted to poison our water. Five were marched up yesterday, and they did look frightened as we all rushed up to look at them. We have strong

detachments at strategical points all over the island and there are about eight thousand of us Regulars here—all under Active Service conditions."

C. Le Gay Hayward who was an officer in the P. and O., managed to get back from India safely in spite of the ubiquitous *Emden*. He promptly entered the Royal Naval Reserve, and has been appointed Fourth Officer on the Hospital Ship No. 6.

When the news came of the sinking of the first German cruiser by *H.M.S. High-flyer*, we were very much elated as we knew that B. Delap had been lately on board that vessel. Unfortunately, so we hear, he had been transferred to *H.M.S. Gibraltar* just before the exploit. However, the *Gibraltar* has done its share in making captures.

C. Venables writes :—

" Our battalion was mobilized on August 4, and I have been hard at it ever since, having the time of my life. We remained in town for nearly a fortnight and then suddenly got orders to go to our war station at Abbots Langley, near S. Albans. We marched all the way—thirty miles, spending one night by the roadside, at Edgware. I have done marches innumerable now, but I never want to do one like that again ; it was absolutely awful and the heat was terrific. Men were falling down all the way on the second day, and at one stage of the proceedings. I was carrying two rifles, as well as all my own equipment. I spent three weeks at Abbots Langley and then returned to this—the 2nd Battalion of the Kensington Regiment, where I have been ever since. I have gained my promotion to Lieutenant. I have had some very funny experiences, the most ludicrous being at the beginning of mobilization, when I was inspecting the

equipment of all the men in my company to see that they had everything complete. The thing that many lacked was a tooth-brush! Some of them said they had never used them, while others said they "just rinsed their mouths out"!! One man said he occasionally rubbed them over with a piece of rag, whereupon he proceeded to extricate a filthy piece of linen from among his "button-cleaning apparatus"!

G. B. Fyldes writes from the Officers' Mess, 70th Brigade, Frensham, Farnham.

"This is a delightful place on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, about eight miles from Aldershot and four from Hindhead, where I went last Sunday. It is a charming spot, amidst what must be some of the finest scenery in England. Sunday afternoon is the only time we have to ourselves, as on week-days there are eight hours of parade besides an hour-and-a-half lecture every day, and in what spare time we have we are expected to play football—Association—with the men—a most uninteresting way of spending one's time when one knows nothing about the game, as is the case with a good many of the officers.

The Adjutant here is Captain Swinhoe-Phelan, who has often been over to Denstone to inspect the O.T.C.

The Bishop of Winchester preached at the Church Parade this morning. However I had, most unfortunately, to take the Non-conformists to their service where we were preached at in a most theatrical and I am afraid, to me, amusing manner. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if he strayed into the College on a Sunday, I think we should all be condemned right off! So far we have not had a drop of rain down here, so we have been jolly lucky and quite comfortable, although it is very

cold having a cold bath outside one's tent at six in the morning. First Parade is at 6.15, and with the exception of an hour each for breakfast and lunch, we are at it until four in the afternoon. A good many of the men are old soldiers, but on the other hand there are many who have never seen a rifle before in their lives. We are sending back dozens of men every day. All the same there are about 1,200 in the Battalion while altogether there are about 9,000 here."

R. W. Abbotts writes :—

"As you will see from the address, I am with the University and old Public School Men's Corps at Epsom. The weather has been all that could have been desired, and we are having a jolly good time. We have three parades a day : at 7 o'clock, 10 o'clock and 3.30. The first is for physical drill and the other two for Platoon, Company or Battalion Drill. At present we are billeted in the town. When tin sheds are erected in Woodcote Park we shall go on there, but we do not expect they will be ready for about four weeks. As you will know there are a great many O.D.s in the Brigade. I am a private at present, but am expecting to be an N.C.O. when they are officially appointed. If the war lasts we are expecting to be out in France, or somewhere on the Continent, in four months. We have been up here nearly three weeks now. We had a little skirmishing yesterday and to-day, and are going for a 'Route March'to morrow. I expect you have read of our doings in the papers. The accounts are not very exact, but, as a rule, quite amusing."

Harold Jacks writes from 7th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, Ravensworth Castle, Gateshead :—

"We have had a most exciting time since war was declared. We went to Conway in N. Wales to camp on July 26th, and on 2nd August we were suddenly called home. It was a Saturday night when about midnight the Adjutant received a note from the Brigade Office, informing him that we must be ready to board the train at 8 a.m. next day. You can scarcely imagine the amount of work to be done, but by 8 a.m. we were ready, and we arrived at our Headquarters at 4 p.m. We were then told we would have to stand ready, and we made arrangements as to billeting, etc., when about 9 p.m. we were told to disband but hold ourselves in readiness. On Tuesday at 11 p.m. I received a mobilization notice, and at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, August 4th, we were actually in active service. Every man was medically examined, and we (i.e., the South Shields Detachment) marched to Sunderland Docks our war station. The original sealed orders were that we remain at Sunderland five days and proceed to Gateshead. When we got to the Docks we cleared the public out and proceeded to mount a guard—each man loaded and with fixed bayonets. I can assure you it was very dangerous for the "Visiting Rounds" and "Grand Rounds," as many of the men became nervous, and any number let off their rifles by accident. As I have said our original orders were to proceed from Sunderland to Gateshead, but as a matter of fact we actually went to a place called Boldon four miles from Sunderland, and the reason was said to be (I cannot speak as to the truth, officially at any rate) as follows :—

The Sunderland Police arrested the local German Consul—he is now awaiting trial on a charge of high treason, and amongst his papers was found a map

indicating the position from which a ship could fire so as to hit the Elswick Works of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., who build most of our battleships, and construct guns, etc. A place called Whitburn was also marked as being the place at which troops could most easily land on the N.E. Coast, and with a note added that it was undefended. When this was discovered we were sent to dig trenches.

We were moved from Sunderland to East Boldon, East Boldon to Gateshead, Gateshead to Scott's House, and Scott's House to this address, and we move shortly into Brents at Elswick, so you will see by this time we are quite experienced in moving quickly, especially as we have never had more than about one hour's notice of intention to move. We are now under canvas and each company is doing Field Training (Capt. Cadman will explain the meaning of this). I have of course volunteered to go to the front, and we are now daily hoping to have our sailing orders. We have almost completely recruited a reserve battalion to take our place, and amongst the officers of the latter is my brother."

R. Morton writes from 12th Reserve Cavalry, nth Hussars, Warburg Barracks, Aldershot:—

"As you will see by the address I am now stationed at Aldershot where I am in training as a common or garden private. I applied for a commission, but after waiting for two weeks, my impatience broke bounds and I enlisted in the Hussars as a 'Tommy.' I have been here for a fortnight now, and am beginning to like the life which is rather hard and unfamiliar.

Fortunately, I am in the best of health and quite happy. The work is very hard and the food crude but wholesome. Re-

veille sounds at 4.45 a.m., and I have not a spare moment until 7.0 p.m., at which time I generally write for two hours, and at 9.0 p.m. I am quite ready for my mattress on the barrack-room floor. For four nights I had to sleep on a bale of straw outside 'en plein air,' but it was an experience! The day is filled with physical drill, musketry and sword practice, semaphore signalling, distance judging, grooming horses and cleaning saddles (a very thorough business and lengthy), lectures, and last but by no means least riding practice, which I enjoy immensely. This afternoon we went for a gallop along the 'Long Valley' on the plains, and I can tell you it was really fine! Some of the men here are very respectable chaps, but the majority are rather a low crowd. It is quite as I expected, and I can assure you that I am not associating myself with such men. Happily several of my home friends enlisted with me, and thus we keep together always. I have very little idea when I shall get to the front, but if I progress as rapidly as I have done so far, I shall be away in three months at the least. There are 100,000 men in Aldershot, and I can assure you I have never seen such a marvellous sight before. There are all kinds of Units, Infantry, Hussars, Dragoons, Highlanders, R.A.M.C., Flying Corps, etc., etc. Aircraft are so common now that I never even look at them as there are always several aeroplanes circling overhead. I have to be vaccinated to-morrow—mal chance!"

F. G. Saunders writes: "I am out here at the front with my regiment. We are right up in the firing line. We have had some pretty stiff marches since we got out here. I can't tell you about the military situation as we are not allowed to do so.

There is a J. E. Richards in this Regiment who was at Denstone in 1903-4. He says Pollard would remember him, and wishes to be remembered to him. We had five days on board a boat and two days in the train and a week's marching to get up here. Everything is satisfactory for us at present here. I suppose term is in full swing now. I am always expecting to come across some Denstone people out here, as there are sure to be some in the forefront of the battle, but I have not met any others yet. We have been in the trenches for some time now. This is not the most pleasant sort of life, but it is not nearly as bad as I expected. Did the boys at Denstone belonging to the O.T.C. all have to turn out on mobilization? Let me have a line sometime to say how things are at Denstone. It bucks us up wonderfully to receive letters out here with news from England. I wish I could tell you all about the war, but it is impossible. If you write, address to 41, Westminster Palace Gardens Victoria, London, and my wife will forward it, as I cannot tell you my regiment. I had a letter from one of the Shillitoes the other day, do you remember them?"

The *Daily Graphic* has acknowledged a gift of knitted articles from some of the College Maids. Every one of the women servants helped Mrs. Hibbert in providing garments for her Sale of Work.

When the 4th Batt. of the South Staffordshire Regiment left their Barracks at Lichfield to go elsewhere on active service, their colours were deposited at the Cathedral, and one of the 2nd Lieutenants who bore them was W. F. P. Thomas (who has since been promoted to Lieutenant). They were received at the Altar by Canon Bodington, so altogether it was quite a Denstonian function.

We are sorry to hear that H. Cumin has



a transmitting station. The Hon. Secretary of the Club is Mr. S. G. Fillingham."

We are sorry to say Mr. Postance has not yet sufficiently recovered from his accident last Term to be able to return.

The following have obtained certificates for book-keeping :—F. J. Mellor, honours, A. Hood-Rowan and H. H. Whittle. E. D. S. Robinson has obtained a Pitman's Shorthand Certificate.

We congratulate Mr. Huskinson on his marriage, which took place during the holidays; and we accord Mrs. Huskinson a hearty welcome.

This year's Prize List is as follows :—  
University Leaving Exhibitioner, L. B. Helder.

The Provost's Modern Languages Prize (£5), H. Musker.

Divinity. The Provost's Prizes (a) Open, G. W. Wood, (b) below Sixth Forms, W. G. Schofield; The Late Mrs. Freer's Greek Testament Prize, S. H. M. Larkam; Canon the Hon. L. Tyrwhitt's Prayer Book Prize (below Sixth Form) H. W. Beck.

Classics. Mrs. Talbot's Prize (5 gns.), P. H. Sykes; Mrs. Boyd's Latin Prose Prize, S. H. M. Larkam; Fifth and Fourth Form Prizes, H. d'A. Champney and E. C. Keble.

History. Lord Dartmouth's Prize for Military History (5 gns.), H. W. Beck; The Lane Church History Prize, H. W. Beck; The Senior Chaplain's Church History Prize (below Sixth Form), R. A. Briggs and A. Hood Rowan; The late Mr. J. W. Philips' History Prize, E. G. H. Bates.

English. Navy League Essays (a) Open

1, G. B. Fyldes, 2, H. W. Beck, (b) below Sixth Form, L. A. Loup; Special Prize to winner of Royal Asiatic Society's Public Schools Gold Medal. H. W. Beck; The Rev. D. Edwardes's Essay, H. W. Beck; Sir Arthur Heywood, Bart.'s English Verse, H. W. Beck.

Mathematics. Prize for all subjects, W. Horsfield. Arithmetic (below Sixth Form), C. D. L. Turner.

Science. Mr. A. G. Wood's Prize, S. G. Fillingham.

Music. Piano and Theory, P. H. Sykes, C. J. N. Atkinson. Organ, L. B. Helder. Violin, A. W. Bates.

Commercial. Shorthand (Mr. Whilock's), G. Barker and C. D. L. Turner. Book-keeping, (Mr. Whilock's Prize), G. J. Mitchell.

Declamation G. B. Fyldes, R. A. Briggs, F. J. Mellor, L. B. Forrest, F. J. Keble, C. J. N. Atkinson, H. C. L. Maister, F. W. Jones, F. D. Gahan, J. N. M. Nason.

Preparatory School Prizes. The Rev. the Headmaster's Latin, F. B. Jeffries; Mr. Edwardes's General Work, F. B. Jeffries; Mr. Hibbert's Divinity, H. H. J. Davies; French, E. K. Farrow; Mathematics, H. P. Rerrie; Drawing, F. B. Jeffries; Music, F. B. Jeffries; Mrs. Edwardes's Declamation, E. K. Farrow, E. R. S. Bates.

The Shelton Dormitory Trophy was presented at the conclusion of the Prize-giving, and was won by the Blue and White Dormitory (Shrewsbury).

The following are the new school officers appointed this term :

S. H. M. Larkam—Capt. of School, and Capt. of Football.

F. J. Mellor—Prefect of Hall.

G. V. Knight—Capt. of Fives, Capt. of Shooting, Coy. Sergt.-Major O.T.C.

P. H. Sykes—Prefect of Chapel, Editor of the *Denstonian*.

New Prefects—E. G. H. Bates, R. Piatt, W. Horsfield, S. G. Fillingham, W. V. Clarke, R. A. Briggs, G. Mason, C. Hope, W. G. Schofield, J. Barnes, A. B. R. Leech.

We have been favoured with a visit from Father Webb, O.D., of the U.M.C.A., who is invalided home. He preached in Chapel on Sunday, nth October. We wish him a speedy recovery.

We regret to have to record the departure of two of our Masters, Mr. Hornby and Mr. Merrick. Mr. Hornby came in 1904 and was Master of the Blue and White dormitory from 1905 onwards. He was also a most keen worker as Treasurer of the Play Committee. Mr. J. L. Smith succeeds him to his dormitory.

Mr. Merrick came in 1910 and became Master of Head's iii. dormitory in 1913 in succession to the Rev. H. S. Barber. He succeeded Mr. Gaussen as Games master in 1913. Mr. Coleman succeeds to his dormitory.

Mr. Hornby is now Second Master at Wellington School, Somerset, and Mr. Merrick has enlisted in the Gloucester Regt. Our best wishes go with both of them in their new life.

We regret to have to announce the death of Colonel Bertram Heywood, which took place in Manchester, on 29th October, as the result of pneumonia. He took a special interest in the O.T.C. and was always willing to act as umpire on Field Days or as judge in competitions. His

grounds were always at our service for manoeuvres. The funeral took place at Denstone, full military honours having previously been performed on Manchester station. The College contingent of the O.T.C. lined the road from Denstone station to the Church, and we were thus able to show in a small way the gratitude we felt for him and the honour in which we held him. R.I.P.

The New Boys this Term are :—

Jones-Parry, Ian Herbert	Head's i.
Ware, Stephen Lloyd	„
Hyde, Charles Frederick	„
Brigg, Robinson	„
Backhouse, Thomas	Head's ii.
Daish, Eric	,>
Hall, Wilfrid	„
Higson, Geoffrey Firth	„
Osbourne, Eric George Allpress	„
Kirsten, Hane McGregor	„
Newbery, Philip John	„
Wright, Frederick Edward	„
Hanman, John Lionel	„
Hodgson, John Reed	Head's iii.
Jarvis, Reginald Eric	„
Kilbourn, Samuel Leslie	„
Hargrave, Edwin Brooks	„
Hargrave, Geoffrey	„
Hills, Philip Nigel	„
Woodham, Kingston Francis	„
Davies, Henry Hugh Joynson	Shrewsbury
Bates, Eric Redvers Scott	„
Cornes, Jim	>>
Hilton, Robert	,>
Cawthorne, Terence Edward	„
Hampson, Donald Chisnall	Meynell
Beamish, Alan Herbert	Lowe
Scaratt, Richard James Hope	„
Booth, Thomas Calvert	„
Hind, Clifford	„
Finney, Edward	„
Hogg, Arthur Cyril	„

Worthington, Frank Jeffrey	Woodard
Chatterton, George Wright	"
Wood, John Frederick	"
Hazlewood, Albert Evelyn	"
Moore, Percy Battye	Selwyn
Poulson, Arthur Gilbert Bertram	"
Kay, Christopher Herbert	Prep. School
Barker, Maurice Stapleton	"
Hunter, Thomas Archbold	"
Richardson, Henry	"
Rhodes, Francis Albert	"

F. B. Jeffries, J. B. Hughes, T. J. Hughes, H. P. Rerrie, E. K. Farrow, H. A. Champney, E. G. Chapman, and G. A. Hunter have come up from the Preparatory School, and Smith has gone into it.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, Mr. Huskinson was unanimously elected President of the Society for the Session 1914-5, a vote of thanks having been previously passed to the retiring President, Mr. Swift. The Society is fairly strong in numbers and a very good programme of papers has been arranged by the Secretary, S. G. Fillingham.

The Session was opened on Thursday, 15th October, by an Honorary Member of the Society, Dr. Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S., Secretary of the Research Defence Society, who read an extremely interesting paper on "The uses in warfare of recent medical discoveries." The paper was suitably illustrated by lantern slides.

On Thursday, 22nd October, the Rev. W. B. Smith read a paper on "Silicia," with illustrations by experiments and by specimens from the Museum.

Mr. Huskinson lectured on November 1st, on "Evolution," and the Headmaster on November 5th, on the "Bayeux Tapestry."

Mr. H. C. Beasley recently read before the Liverpool Geological Society, a paper on "Some Fossils from the Keuper Sandstone of Alton, Staffordshire," illustrated by photographs and diagrams of specimens in our Museum. The fossils are "ctenoid markings" on slabs of hard red sandstone. Mr. Beasley thinks they are connected *Equisetites Keuperina*.

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

*Berkhampstedian, Marlburian, Clayes-  
torman, S. Edward's School Chronicle,  
Firefly, Reptonian, Elstonian, Corian,  
King Edward VI. Grammar School  
Lichfield Magazine, Stonyhurst Magazine,  
Blue, Hurst Johnian, Lancing Chronicle,  
Felstedian, Eastbournian, Olavian,  
Birkonian, Bloxhamist, K.E.S. Birming-  
ham Magazine, Durham High School  
Magazine, Brighton College Magazine,  
Merchistonian.*

All MS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to the Editor, P. H. Sykes, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The yearly subscription of 3s. 4d. (or 10s. for three years), should be forwarded to the Treasurer, the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

*Charles Cull & Son, Houghton Street, Aldwych,  
and at Chiswick.*