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VOLUME XXXIX

Edited by P. H. SYKES & H. D'A. CHAMPNEY

DENSTONE COLLEGE

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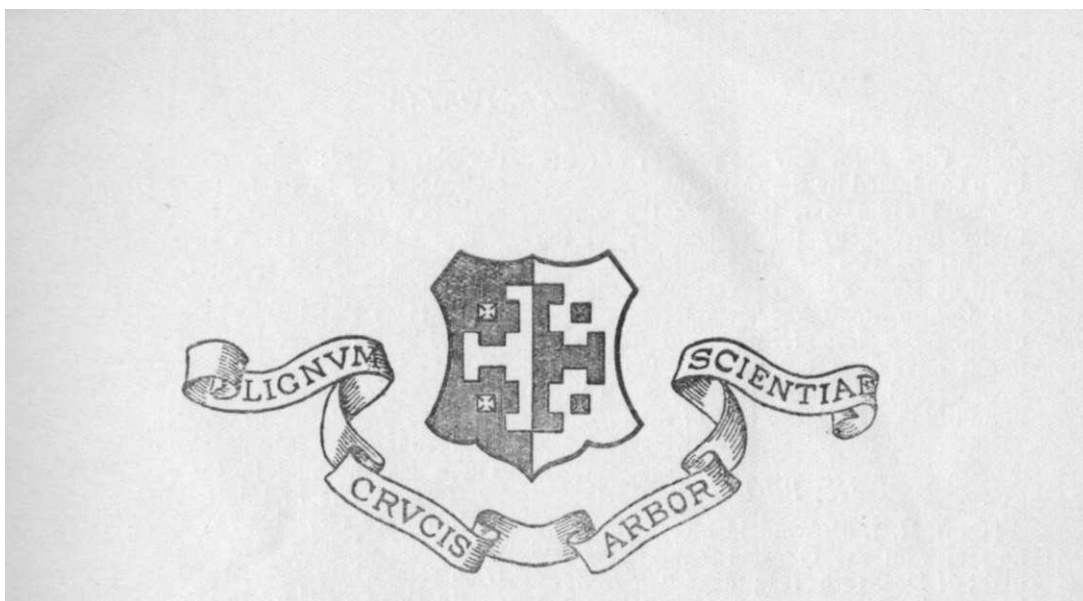
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EDITORIAL.

THERE is an old saying that it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, and indeed this may be well applied to the past half of this term. Truly, the weather has been such as would delight the heart of a literary research enthusiast, but it has not altogether fallen in with the requirements of the Sports Committee. For, in addition to rendering several days useless to them, it has not proved to be the best of its kind for the health of our little world at Denstone.

But the Literary and Scientific Society has proved itself equal to the situation, and has provided us with several interesting

lectures on afternoons when, otherwise, time would have hung heavily on our hands. The first of these lectures was given by Mr. Swift on "Some Famous Pictures," and was illustrated by some exquisite lantern slides. The attendance at this lecture was not so large as we could have wished, especially as the subject is one which we so very rarely have a chance of studying.

The second lecture was given by Mr. Coleman, and was entitled "The Fundamental Causes of the War." This discourse was all the more interesting after Dr. Cox's lectures of last term, providing, as it did, such a contrast, and leaving those who heard both speakers free to choose

either view of the way the present war has been conducted by the Germans.

The Headmaster, too, took the opportunity offered by the inclemency of the weather on two or three half-holidays to show us some slides of various places on the Continent. Hence we have suffered considerably less from *ennui* than we might have done, but we hope that better weather and better health may put a little more life into the latter half of the term.

IN FRONT.

[Capt. R. J. Brownfield was found after an attack on the German trenches on the night of Dec. 18th, 1914, dead "in front of his men." At Denstone in 1903 he headed both the batting and bowling averages, and was described as "the mainstay of the team in bowling, and if he had been properly backed up in the field, would have had a large number of victims. A keen and energetic cricketer all round."]

*We mind us how upon our playing-fields
In all attack he bore the brunt;
Well others wrought, and better for his lead.
His place we knew—in front.*

*When Honour call'd unto the greater game
No doughtier player could we send;
And still one only place was meet for him :
In front—unto the end.*

THE PLAY.

The experiment of producing a Miracle play which had much of the simplicity of a mediaeval performance was a venturesome one, and unless the mind of the audience could be perfectly attuned much of it would strike a jarring note. The measure of our success may perhaps be gauged by the unrehearsed effect at each performance when Epilogue said the Grace with which

the play ended: quite spontaneously the audience rose to its feet and stood reverently in silence.

Every care was taken that all should be in keeping with the spirit of the play. On the staircase was hung a beautiful picture of the Holy Family. The room itself was lighted by six great lanterns of ecclesiastical design. The stage was quite plain—dark green curtains, and, of course, there were no footlights or visible orchestra. Everything was absolutely untheatrical. There was nothing in the nature of an overture. The first intimation that the performance was about to begin was the soft sound of ecclesiastical music, issuing from somewhere behind the stage. Presently, this passed into a hymn sung by an unseen choir, the burden of which was contained in the lines—

*Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the Angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song that they bring—
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing !*

The theme of the play was the advent of "the Prince of Peace"; the pathos was that His reign began with war—the declaration of hostility by King Herod. This was foreshadowed somewhat earlier than it actually occurred by the comment of the Holy Mother—

*" Who seek an earthly Empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified ?"*

The hymn concluded, Prologue issued from the curtains and asked first that the actors should be forgotten in their play. Then he outlined the story—it was simply the Gospel narrative, and as he closed a shepherd's pipe and song was heard. The curtains opened on a snowy field with a

starlit sky, where some shepherds in smocks were grouped round a fire, singing, and presently discussing a star which they had noticed lately to be shining with exceptional brightness. It reminds them of the prophecy that such a star was to herald the reign of a new prince, and suddenly a heavenly messenger, who is seen to be Gabriel by the sheaf of lilies which he holds, tells them that the prince is actually come. A chorus of Angels singing "Peace on Earth to men of good will" ratifies his message and they go off joyfully to Bethlehem, to see the great sight, singing and joyful.

As the sound of their song died away a majestic company advanced down the room, bearing spears and lights and carrying a rich golden casket. Three kings headed the procession, Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar, describing in song the quest on which they are bent. Then too Gabriel directs to Bethlehem, and with their song dying away in the distance the curtains closed.

The second part showed a mediaeval Inn yard, such as one may still see at the New Inn, at Gloucester, built in the fifteenth century to accommodate the pilgrims who flocked to the tomb of Edward II. Again a dim moonlight filled the stage with a mysterious glow. A snow-covered gateway gave admittance, and under a penthouse was the crib with S. Mary and S. Joseph beside it. In the distance beyond stretched the gables of an old-time street. It was night, and the windows were lighted. The Holy Mother knelt beside the crib and the voices of many angels filled the air with *Ave Maria*. Presently the sound of the well-known "pastoral symphony" from the *Messiah* was heard approaching, and the shepherds arrived at their goal, each bearing simple gifts to the Holy Child, a

ewer of milk, a basket of wool; the small children brought nursery toys, as is shown in Selwyn Image's picture. The shepherd boy sang his song but broke down when he came to the sadness of its concluding lines. The Kings soon came, also with gifts; Melchior offered his crown and sword; Caspar a censer of smoking incense; Balthazar a jewelled casket of myrrh. Then all knelt to sing the well-known *Adeste Fideles* as the culminating act of worship of the play. It was a fine and picturesque spectacle. The stage was crowded with kneeling figures, some holding lighted tapers. In the middle were the three majestic figures bowed in adoration before the humble crib. Then the Holy Mother dismissed them with gracious words, and all passed silently forth into the dark street. The Holy Family sank to rest, and Gabriel told of Herod's declaration of war; the flight to Egypt followed. But by a quaint mediaeval touch the concluding note was one of joy. The Christmas bells pealed out as the day broke, and carol singers were heard going their rounds singing:

*Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may;
Because the King of Kings
Was born on Christmas Day.*

A brief epilogue pointed the moral: Christian folk are not to be dismayed, for the Prince of Peace has indeed come as was foretold "to men of goodwill:" and his last words were a hope that among such his hearers might be numbered.

No programme gave the names of actors, &c, but among those who helped were the following:—The Headmaster and Mrs. Hibbert, the Chaplain, Miss Crum, Messrs. Cadman, Tisdall, Coleman, Whitmore, J. L. Smith, Pollard, Huskinson (Treasurer), Woods, Hayward, A. R. Wood

(Musical Director), Righton, Rigby, F. J. Mellor, S. H. Larkam, L. A. Loup, J. B. Winkler, J. S. Branscombe, P. E. Burrows, G. V. Knight, K. J. Lindop, R. A. Briggs, C. T. Hutchison, G. F. Mason, J. O. Mason, N. G. Whitfield, C. J. Atkinson, J. H. Auton, E. G. Chapman, H. C. Collis, R. W. Larkam, W. K. Shirlaw, H. Musker, C. C. Reynolds, H. Backhouse, N. D. Johnson, S. G. Fillingham, P. Hamblin Smith, P. J. Heslop, W. H. North Cox, R. B. Rawstorne, S. H. Brenan, E. A. Brock, W. Horsfield, H. C. Maister, P. H. Sykes, T. S. Andrew, F. C. Lockyer, A. W. Wilson, T. B. Elley, E. K. Farrow, J. N. Nason, L. Norbury, W. W. Hodges, G. D. Boothroyd, J. I. Boothroyd, G. L. F. Fleet, J. P. Fleet, E. H. Hulme, C. S. Kinder, J. E. Shirlaw, R. C. Muller, R. Seddon, G. E. Sharp, G. H. Spicer, T. E. Cawthorne, Dennis Hibbert and Monica Hibbert.

TO INDIA ON A TROOPSHIP.

*By Lieut. W. A. Harrison, O.D. (1900),
1st Batt., The Buffs.*

There are, day and night, **20** sentries posted (relieved every two hours), on different parts of the ship, for the maintenance of order and safety; and visited every hour by one of the three subalterns of the watch, who are on duty daily in turn for eight hours each. The sentries below see that there are no naked lights or smoking; close watertight doors and port holes with the spanner they carry, and connect fire-hoses if ordered; those above deck also maintain order and have lifebuoys in charge. If a man goes overboard it is the duty of the nearest sentry to throw the lifebuoy smartly overboard, and report to the officer on the bridge. One

sentry, whose first turn of duty it was, was asked if he knew his duties in the case of a man overboard; he promptly replied, 'Yes, sir, I throws myself smartly overboard and reports to the bloke on the balcony.'

The men are kept as fit as may be by physical drill, beginning at **6.15** under company officers; while at **10.0** there is parade, when our Colonel, who, being senior on board is O.C. Ship, makes his tour of inspection.

At Malta we went ashore. In the evening, I and one of the new subalterns again went ashore, having been invited to dinner by the Governor of Malta, His Excellency General Sir Leslie Rundle.

We duly found the palace, entered, took the salute from two sentries with fixed bayonets, ascended a beautiful marble staircase, and were finally ushered into the drawing room—a very fine apartment, richly furnished in slightly Eastern fashion, and with numerous beautiful tropical shrubs and tall bamboos. The Governor was most pleasant and jovial, treating us to none of the 'proud pro-consul' style of thing. His attaches too were very pleasant, and the dinner was most enjoyable, much of the conversation being of the very inside of things. We sailed the following morning.

Anchor was weighed at about **7.30** a.m. next morning, and after coasting all night, we began slowly to enter the Suez Canal. On the African side were vast shallow lakes or arms of the sea, alive with wild fowl of every description; and only separated from the Canal by an artificial embankment some **200** yards in breadth, covered with shrubs and trees, and carrying the Port Said-Cairo Railway. The stations, or controls, on the Canal side were generally very pretty and well built, standing amid gardens and groves of trees. The passage of our transports aroused great

interest. At frequent intervals along the banks were bivouacs of troops. The English officers, who were as brown as their men, conversed with us by arm semaphore all along the Canal, usually beginning with the question, 'Who are you?'

At first the shrubs and gardens and groves of trees that clothed the African bank relieved with their colour and suggestion of cool water the thirsty land towards Egypt; but soon vegetation disappeared, and the barren desert rolled away in sandhill and hollow, for miles and miles without a break, except where towards the south-east there could be seen the dim blue outline of lofty hills.

Late in the afternoon, after passing some quite narrow stretches of the Canal where dredgers were busily at work, we reached Ismailia and the Bitter Lakes. Sunset was wonderful, and the desert appeared in the most gorgeous colours.

At Suez the troops on board—some **1200** strong—went ashore in great lighters for a route march under a captain and junior subalterns, while the rest of us took the opportunity to go ashore.

The town of Suez lies some *i* miles distant; so myself, G—, and another accepted the vociferous invitation of a nigger to ride in his shandrydan drawn by two mules in the sere and yellow leaf. We got in, and the driver prepared to demonstrate that the mules were indeed alive, but I stayed him, and said that we must know the damage first. He replied '2s. each.' We straightway and with one accord rose up, and in dignified silence alighted. As we descended, so did the price to is. **6d.** We strolled slowly off—but at is. each relented, and told him to do his worst. We finally reached Suez, and found it a most inferior place, full of filth, flies and assorted smells. Some Soudanese recruits were being drilled

in the square by a very efficient Soudanese sergeant. We were interested. We took another carriage for the return, but were soon in difficulties, as some part of the scanty harness frequently failed to work, and the nigger's remedy was to smite the mules till they danced all over the road. However, the harness apparently recovered, as we were soon tearing along at a great pace, when, on a narrow part of the road, another vehicle approached us; we promptly charged it amidships at full speed; one of our mules was laid out, and the carriage subsided into pieces (theirs was broken up 'some'). No one was hurt.

The day passes very pleasantly with military routine, deck games, an occasional row or sail ashore and some military study, and usually a rubber of bridge at night; the latter impossible out of port, as since we left England no lights whatever have been allowed on board, except for dinner in the saloon, behind heavily covered port-holes. We dress for dinner earlier in the day, or in the dark, smoke in the dark, and turn-in in the dark. Nearly everyone sleeps on deck these nights, and has done so ever since Malta. Two prizes passed us into Suez in the morning, flying the German flag, with the Union Jack above! We could see the naval prize-crew aboard, and gave them a hearty cheer.

We were once dozing after lunch, when some smoke was sighted down the Gulf, and in a few minutes there began a spectacle such as few have ever seen before, or will ever see again; for within ten minutes of seeing the smoke it began literally to rain great liners, some with two funnels, some with one, but all steadily and without haste forging past us, their decks alive with troops, English and Native.

In the Red Sea we passed several light-houses perched on rocky islets, and flashing

away quite unconcernedly: Turkish they were—English they are!

We had to stand-by for some days at Aden, but at about midnight on the **26th** and throughout the early hours of the morning, mast-head lights began to appear in succession and when morning broke, lo and behold the roadstead was full of ships—the Australian and New Zealand fleet of transports for whom we had been waiting. Soon the sea was dotted with boats full of their troops—fine, big men, who got a hearty reception from our ships as they rowed round. We invited a boat-load of New Zealand officers aboard and were soon hitting it off in great style.

Suddenly from round a neighbouring point there swung into view a four-funnelled cruiser, which came along with the water just rippling up under her fore-foot, close past one of our ships—the *Royal George*. We were all looking at her with interest, when suddenly a delighted yell rose from the *Royal George*, to be taken up by all the neighbouring ships. We looked again with glasses, and the thing was plain—it was the *Sydney*, which had captured the *Etniden*—and didn't she get an ovation!!

We have had our first sight of India, and the Island of Bombay, once possessed by Catherine of Braganza and letting for **50s.** a year! Ashore can be seen white roofs, pinnacles, palm trees, and a high dome glistening in the sun.

We do not anchor in the harbour, but pass on into Princess Dock, where we make fast, the time being half-past six in the evening, and a lovely sunset.

Here ends the log of a voyage, pleasant, comfortable, instructive; and not without its dangers and excitements—and a new life opens up from now.

THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

By B. Girling, O.D. (1908).

Right at the beginning of the war, of course the Volunteers in the Falkland Islands were called out on active service, so I joined, and although we have been of very little military value, we have been ready to do what we could. Horses were had in from the camp, and most of us were made Mounted Infantry.

On October **6th**, H.M.S. *Good Hope* arrived and stayed in the port until the **22nd**. The *Canopus* arrived on the **18th** and sailed on the **23rd**. Admiral Cradock, on the *Good Hope*, knew before he left here that if he met the enemy with the force at his disposal—the *Good Hope*, *Canopus*, *Glasgow*, *Monmouth*, and an armed merchantman, *Otranto*—he would not be successful, and as he had been instructed to go and look for the enemy, he took all precautions. Before he left here he buried all his Orders and Medals, and advised the Governor to issue a public notice to the effect that owing to the naval situation he considered women and children would be safer out of Stanley. Accordingly the next week or ten days saw a general exodus from Stanley of most non-combatants. As all the Volunteers who were not on outpost duty at the Wireless Station and various outlooks round the coast, had to sleep in the Parish Hall, which had been converted into Barracks, most houses were empty, and a strong guard paraded the town at night to prevent houses being broken into. Round this time the Volunteers were busily engaged building a big rampart round the power house of the wireless station, as it was certain that if the

enemy passed this way they would at least put a shell there in passing.

On November 4th we had a wireless from Captain Luce of H.M.S. *Glasgow* to say that our Fleet had had an encounter with the German Fleet off the coast of Chile; that he was afraid the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had been sunk, and that he was returning to Stanley as quickly as possible, badly damaged, and probably being chased. She and the *Canopus* arrived on Sunday the 8th, coaled as quickly as possible—with the help of most of us Volunteers—and left again immediately for Monte Video. The *Glasgow* was hit in several places, one hole aft on the water line being 5ft. 6 in. long by 3 ft. qin. wide; the *Canopus*, as you know, was not near the engagement.

On the 9th we had a wireless from the Admiralty telling us to expect to be raided by the enemy and to destroy any stores that might be of use to the enemy. The following day we were told from home 'If the enemy land, Volunteers should fight, taking care however to do so out of range of the ships' guns: retiring tactics should be adopted.' All that week we were hourly expecting the enemy to be sighted, and practically lived with our horses geared up ready for action. This of course was a very anxious time which culminated on the 12th with the report that a cruiser was sighted and was steaming for the wireless. All the Volunteers were paraded and stood by ready to repel a landing. Presently the cruiser showed her broadside to the Wireless and then turned to come into the Harbour. It was then seen to be the *Canopus* after all, and as it turned out they had just had as anxious a time as we, as they had been trying to speak to our wireless all the time, but for some reason had been unable to, and thought the enemy

had been here and destroyed it and might still be here. She came into the harbour, and we thought if they did come now we were in a position to give them as much as they wanted, provided the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneiser.au* were not here. As there were still no signs of the enemy on the 17th we thought they were not coming, as had they been chasing the *Glasgow* they must have been here before then. So the women and children started coming back, thinking the danger was now all over. The *Canopus* during this time was making all preparation in case the enemy turned up, and as it turned out it was lucky they did so

On December 1st we had a dreadful accident. Eight Volunteers were helping the *Canopus* men to build observation huts, etc., and were coming back to dinner across the end of the harbour in a punt, when it capsized. All of them were drowned and were not missed for some time. The divers from the *Canopus* assisted our men in recovering the bodies, all but one, and the ship's men helped to give them military funerals.

On December 7th the British Fleet, consisting of H.M.S. *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Glasgow*, *Kent*, *Carnarvon*, *Bristol*, *Cornwall* and the armed merchantman *Macedonia*, arrived in the morning, under Vice-Admiral Sturdee. That day some of them came ashore and were discussing how they should find the enemy, and were afraid it would be a long job, but judge of everybody's tremendous surprise when, next morning, the Germans came and *looked for us*—or rather did not look, but to their great and shortlived disappointment *found* our fleet. This was *Tuesday, December 8th*.

Volunteer outposts reported about 7 a.m. that a fleet of five cruisers was approaching from the south, and at 7.30 a warning gun was fired from the *Bristol*. All the

crews were recalled and steam raised as quickly as possible on all ships. A tale is told of the gunlayer of the *Carnarvon*, who was on the *Invincible* at the time; he asked to be put on board his own ship, but was told there was no chance for that, so he dived overboard and swam, in the icy cold water we have down here too. At 9 a.m. two cruisers, the *Gneisenau* and *Nuremburg*, approached the wireless and trained their guns on the buildings, when the *Canopus* fired four rounds of 12-inch over the hill at them, the direction and range being given by the Observation hut on shore. One shell is believed to have struck the *Gneisenau*, and both ships immediately ported their helm, hoisted the German flag, and steamed quickly out of range in E.S.E. direction to meet the other three Germans (*Scharnhorst*, *Leipzig* and *Dresden*), which were about 9 miles to the S.W. steering N.E. (All this some of the more fortunate people who were on the hill at the time saw, but we Volunteers fell in, and just about then were marched up to the hill to watch; subsequent events we also saw). The first two ships steamed slowly after getting out of range, allowing the other three to join them. Meanwhile dense clouds of smoke appeared from all the British ships hastily getting up steam, especially from the Battle Cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, this being due to the use of oil fuel, and probably served the purpose of hiding from the enemy information as to the class of vessel. The British Fleet steamed out of Port William (the harbour at the entrance of Port Stanley) at regular intervals, H.M.S. *Kent* leading the way a few minutes before 10 a.m. followed by H.M.S. *Glasgow*. With the exception of H.M.S. *Bristol* all were well away before n. The German fleet were then steaming away in an E.S.E. direction,

the British fleet steaming an almost similar course, the enemy having from 15 to 20 miles start.

About this time a telephone message was received to the effect that a merchantman and two colliers were off Fitzroy (to the S.W. of Stanley) and acting on instructions, about 12.30 H.M.S. *Bristol* with the armed merchantman *Macedonia* altered their course in that direction. Soon, however, from a Volunteer outpost it was reported that the enemy ships had hastily left the neighbourhood of Fitzroy, steaming away to the South East. Within five minutes of this report reaching Stanley, H.M.S. *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* altered their courses accordingly.

Firing was heard about 130, and continued in a desultory manner until about 3, when it became much heavier and continuous: this was evidently the duel between H.M.S. *Invincible* and *Inflexible* and the German cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, for at 6.30 a wireless message was received stating that the two latter had been sunk. Later on in the evening a further message was picked up stating that the *Leipzig* was on fire fore and aft and that the *Glasgow* was standing by to give her the *coup de grace*. Later still we heard that the two colliers had been sunk and that the *Macedonia* was bringing the crews to Stanley.

On Wednesday, December 6th, at 7 a.m. the *Macedonia* arrived with the crews from the colliers. At 3.30 H.M. *Kent* arrived reporting that she had sunk the *Nuremburg* and had on board a few survivors. The *Cornwall* was the next to arrive, followed later by the *Glasgow*, both of which had on board officers and men picked up out of the water after the foundering of the *Leipzig*.

I think that is about all the interesting

news to tell you, but you will see from it that we have had a very exciting—not to mention anxious—time here.

To-day is the **14th** and as I write we hear rumours of another engagement round here. We can hear at times the booming of big guns, so I expect I shall have more to tell you later. This letter goes by a collier on her way back, having finished her job out here. The Port has never been so busy in its life—we had one day last week in the port at the same time **7** Men-o'-war, **2** armed merchantmen (*Macedonia* and *Orama*), **16** colliers and **2** Admiralty store ships, and now we have an oil tank steamer.

TO EAST AFRICA IN TIME
OF WAR.

By C. J. J. Barton, O.D. (1905).

I left England on **5th** August, not knowing when the boat was to be turned back, and after several interviews in the Channel the destroyers allowed us into Southampton where we were several days. Thence we went from Southampton to the Cape, as the Canal was unsafe by reason of the *Goebett* and the *Breslau*. We were stopped several times in the Bay by Frenchmen who could not make out our disguised appearance and a very lively time we had avoiding mines. Off the West Coast of Africa we were nearly taken by the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* the same night that she took the *Galician*—a sister ship—and was sunk by the *Highflyer*. The Captain of the *Galician* was asking for us continually, but we did not give him the information he desired. Then we were for making Pernambuco in S. America and eventually arrived at Cape Town on August **30th**. Here we stayed several days and I had a rather nice time, as Sir Abe Bailey was on

board and he has a fine place at the seaside resort Muizenberg. The scenery at the Cape is grand, but with the city and the people I was not so impressed. They have many beautiful houses in the Dutch style but the modern craze for cheapness has resulted in a House of Parliament which would disgrace Manchester! All the troops were mobilised and some troopships had gone to German South-West. Thence up the coast to Port Elizabeth—a pretty little town nearly ruined by the fall of the ostrich industry, East London—a collection of tin houses, and so to Durban. Durban is one of the most magnificent places I have ever been in and is of course the capital of the English Colony of Natal. It has a marvellous sea front, and some fine hotels. There is no glare and glitter, every building is in perfect taste. The sea is an exquisite blue and the bay dotted with yachts. In a semi-circle around the bay is the residential suburb, and this part contains magnificent houses and beautiful gardens. I think it is the most amazing place in the world.

And so we slipped past Lorenijo Marques and Beira, two squalid feverish towns, to our great adventure outside Zanzibar. We were proceeding right around the Island according to Admiralty orders and were just a mile or so from the town, when some natives put out in a catamaran jabbering a bastard Hindostani which one man alone could understand. I thought that they had come to dive for pennies, but they had come to tell us to face right about and to make for Mombasa as soon as we could because the *Pegasus* had been sunk by the *Koenigsberg* an hour before. So we arrived at Mombasa on **20th** Sept. and found all the women had been sent up to Mazeras, while the men were entrenched expecting every hour to be shelled. We anchored in a creek and on the **21st** I went

up to Nairobi, taking nearly two days. The journey up is wonderful. Herds of game of all descriptions brouse near the railway, we saw giraffe, cheetah, rhino, and all kinds of buck. Nairobi is really a marvellous growth for a town in its teens, and at any rate one hotel is better than most English ones. I suppose the main street is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world—Grand Dukes and their suites on shooting tours, Somalis from the north, Indians, naked savages, Goanese, Germans, French, Austrians, Egyptians, Sudanese. It really is more than extraordinary. The town seems always full. Personally I did not like the place as I got so frightfully "pumped" walking about. You see the altitude is somewhere about **6000** ft. I was in the town a few days getting things together and was first appointed to Wakamba, some **10** miles out, but was transferred to Machakos some fifty or sixty miles down the line in the same Province.

I arrived at Kapiti Plains on the **25th** Sept., and camped for the night and then rode on to Machakos the following day across the plains.

Machakos is situated in what I may call, for lack of a better word, a land bay. To the S.E. lie the plains and with this exception all around are what you would call mountains at home. It is comparatively cool and what heat there is one does not feel to anything like the degree one feels the heat of England. The station possesses an Indian bazaar of about **200—300** beastly Indians; a Swahili Bazaar—the Swahilis are an admixture of natives and Arabs who inhabit for the most part the coast region :—a few Somalis as beautiful as Greek gods; two white traders from whom one can buy most things made; a telegraph office and post office; a jail;

some **40—50** Askaris—K.A.R.—and very fine fellows they are; a white policeman—Dudley Skinner's brother—Dudley Skinner is in the Rhodesian police,—an Oxford man who shares the oldest house in the Protectorate with myself, and who is laid up at present, a S. John's Oxford man and his newly married wife. We have gardens, and grow English produce, we have a tennis court of murrum, and upon the hill-side is a school for the sons of chiefs, which is to be opened in January and is at present "Headmastered" by an Ex-Sergt.-Major of the Engineers. Scattered around and about are a hundred odd farmers who grow anything from rubber, coffee, and oranges to wheat and sugar. The district is about the size of Yorkshire and we are responsible for some **150,000** adult male Wakamba, a rather wonderful and very clever race who are pastoralists and who possess many thousands of herds of cattle and sheep; some **600** Indians, some **800** Swahilis. The district stretches from **30** miles E. of Nairobi to Tsaro on the German border and is roughly included in nearly two degrees of longitude and in two of latitude. The game is abundant, Grant-Thompson's gazelle, giraffe, eland, bushbuck, kongoni, waterbuck, impala, wildebeeste, rhino, zebra, lion and leopard, cheetah, hippo, buffalo—the most dangerous of all—and elephant, besides guinea-fowl, partridge, spur fowl, and bustard. So far I have shot some half dozen buck, two good heads, and I hope to send you a photo sometime of myself nicely balanced upon a hippo, I use a **.375** Mauser and though it killed a huge beast like a hippo with one shot I must admit the shot was in the only vulnerable place, and I dare not take on an elephant or any more dangerous game without a **.450**, which will cost me **^30** to **^40** to buy.

I do not think I have ever done so much work in my somewhat harassed life! I start at 7-30 a.m. and am in the office until 12. Then in the station, then from 1 to 4, and then one is never finished. We have about 6 office boys, 4 clerks and 30 odd messengers and are under-staffed.

I have "persuaded" natives for the portorage occasioned by the war, I have inspected sanitary arrangements, I have written windy reports about nothing, I have made roads, I have acted as an Intelligence Officer, I have commandeered waggons and oxen, I have built bridges—and such bridges—I have inspected jails, and I have run military transport. I expect soon at this rate to be conducting mission services. You see we are an important district and are about in the centre of *res militariae* and I can tell you that there is far more work looking after the wretched troops than anything else. The latest job, and one I have just come in from, is buying slaughtered cattle in the Reserve. Things are not so bad here. When one travels one has 20—30 porters, escort, interpreter, clerk, cook, boy, sice, and mule or pony, but of course I may be transferred to the back of beyond any day. It is not at all a bad place, and has a good reputation for health.

WAR OBITUARY.

Warren Addison Ash came in May, 1898, and left in April, 1903. Six years ago he obtained an electrical appointment in Vancouver, after being apprenticed in the Cambrian Railway Works at Oswestry. On the outbreak of war he came to England with the first contingent of the Canadian troops, and was stationed on Salisbury Plain, where he died. He was buried at Oswestry with full military honours.

Reginald John Brownfield came in Jan., 1901, and left in July, 1902. He was a Prefect and a Member of the XI. He was Lieutenant in the 3rd Battn. of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and on the outbreak of war was appointed Captain in the 4th Battalion. He was killed in action on Dec. 18th, 1914. His Commanding Officer gives the following account of his death:—"Captain Brownfield met his death in an attempt to capture the German trenches, on the night of the 18th of December. He was found the next morning in front of 4 officers and 32 men, who were also killed. His great effort is deserving of all praise, for he died, as one always knew him to be, a brave and gallant soldier. He is buried on the ground where he fell leading his company. He was much esteemed by all ranks, and the loss of such a brilliant officer is a great blow to the regiment."

Harold Alfred John Ryder Widdowson was only here for a short time in 1907. He joined the Special Reserve of Officers and went out to the Front as 2nd Lieutenant in the South Lancashire Regiment. He was killed in Action on Sept. 19th, 1914.

Cecil George Sandbrook Rawlings came in 1909. He was killed in action on Feb. 15th, being Lance-Corporal in the 12th Battalion of the London Regiment. All who remember him here will recognise the truth of what his Commanding Officer says of him.

After leaving School he went into business in London and joined the Rangers. At the outbreak of the war he was with Messrs. Waring and Gillow, whom he left on the mobilisation of the regiment and was sent to the front on Christmas Eve. Captain Arbuthnot, in sending news of his death, writes:—"Just as it was getting

light in the morning of the **15th**, two platoons under the Major were sent out to obtain information for the Brigadier-General and to act as supports to some troops in front. It was not an easy task to move across the open in daylight, but the Major's leading was skilful, and he found the way into the shelter of a trench. When he had got about three-quarters of the men in a shell burst right in the trench, and I most deeply regret to say killed the Major and three men, and wounded two men. One of those killed was Rawlings. He was killed in action doing his duty, and I am thankful to say his death was absolutely instantaneous. When darkness came on in the evening we buried him with his comrades about **30** yards behind the trench. A captain of the K.R.R. in whose trench the shell burst read the burial service by the light of an electric torch, while we stood round in a half-circle to prevent the Germans seeing the light and firing on us. I can assure you that his death is a real loss to the Company: he always did his work so calmly and efficiently, and at the same time he was a great favourite with the whole platoon."

R.I.P.

WAR NEWS.

F. B. D. Bickerstaffe Drew and P. H. Dundas have been "Mentioned in Despatches," the former for the second time.

P. H. Dundas and G. W. Mapplebeck have been awarded the D.S.O.

Captain G. T. S. Dawson (**1899**) **2nd** Batt. Royal Irish Regt., was in attendance on the King during his visit to the troops at the Front and was awarded the M.V.O. on the conclusion of the Royal visit, being one of only three who received the honour. He was in personal attendance on the King during the whole visit and slept each night

in the room adjoining that occupied by His Majesty.

The College—Masters, boys, and servants—subscribed to send a "Christmas Card" to all O.Ds. on Service and a most interesting booklet was produced. On the front page was the School Arms with Shields of all the Dormitories in their proper colours. Beneath a suitable greeting was the verse from one of our own hymns—

*The Faith of Christ shall hold us,
The Faith Saint Chad upbore;
The Faith of Christ shall bind us
For brothers evermore."*

The booklet contained a full list of Old Boys on service and six appropriate illustrations.

W. L. Alexander (**1887**) has been promoted Lieut.-Col. of the 1st Batt. of the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire) Regt.

C. R. P. Winser (**1890**) has been promoted Major and Adjutant to the **7th** Batt. of the Prince of Wales's South Lancashire Regt.

F. G. Saunders (**1898**) has been promoted Captain of the **3rd** Batt. of the Leinster Regiment.

All the accounts of the young officers we have supplied are uniformly satisfactory: nothing but good has been heard of them, and some have already been advanced a stage. Many who enlisted as privates have been given commissions. Among the former are E. Fearenside (to Captain), G. B. Fyldes (to Lieut.), E. J. Anderson (to Lieut.), G. B. Sayce (to Capt), G. W. Haws (to Capt.), G. A. Howe (to Capt.), A. E. B. Dixon (to Lieut.), A. J. Crews (to Lieut.), S. O'R. Surridge (to Lieut.)

Among the latter are B. S. Atkinson, E. C. Bladen, C. G. Carson, C. Cartwright, N. F. Humphreys, F. H. T. Jocelyne, A. S. Mason, R. Morton, R. D. Taylor,

C. E. Whitworth, E. A. Walker, F. H. Jenkins (Flying Corps), R. 13. Hamer, H. Makinson, A. B. Taylor, G. Keeling, etc.

The following left last Term in order to join the Forces: G. D. McL. Abbotts (1913), 2nd Lieut. 3rd Batt. Notts and Derbyshire Re[^]t.; C. T. Hutchison (1910) 2nd Lieut. 6th " B " Reserve Brigade, R.F.A.; L. A. Loup (1907) Artists Rifles; A. B. R. Leech (1911) 2nd Lieut. nth Batt. Worcestershire Regt. Fillingham and Boyd are preparing for Sandhurst, and Brock is also taking a Commission.

G. H. Hayward (1906) has received a nasty wound and has been invalided home. A piece of shrapnel has lodged in so delicate a part that the doctors dare not operate. We have the following very gratifying account of him:—

" During the period of training, before coming out here, I was in command of the Platoon he was in (now I have a separate Vv'ork), and of course, knew him and others, and the sad affair in which practically the whole of my Platoon were killed or wounded has very deeply grieved me. News of how he is getting on will be most welcome. It is a matter of great regret to me that I did not see him, but on the first opportunity I got back to our Dressing Station where, of course, all the wounded were taken, and found all gone from there to the Field Ambulance. The Field Ambulance I was not able to visit until relieved from the trenches, and by that time they had all gone to the Clearing Hospital some miles further away and yesterday afternoon was the first opportunity I had of going there, which I did, and found most, including your son, had been taken to the base by railway, and probably home from there. This I take as good news, for in several cases they were unable to be sent any further and accord-

ingly were kept at this hospital. May I take this opportunity of expressing my admiration for your son. All during our hard training before coming over here he worked exceedingly well, never grumbled or grouched though I know sometimes he felt tired and weary. He is a good soldier and whenever I have seen him during these arduous times out here he always had a cheery smiling face in spite of numerous hardships. He does, indeed, deserve well of his country, and I do trust is making a speedy recovery."

Lieut. H. C. S. Walker, 1st Batt. Sherwood Foresters, wrote:—" Many thanks for the most excellent Xmas Card which I have received from the College: I see that 'we' are doing our 'bit' at any rate.

The events of Xmas Day and the following day here were remarkable and appealed to me greatly as an O.D. As you know there was no official armistice fixed, but on Christmas Day everyone mutually ceased fire and we met parties of the Germans half way and exchanged cigarettes and cigars and discussed matters generally, so after all we were not entirely neglected by the 'spirit of goodwill of Xmas.' Mr. Cadman will no doubt say " C'est nmgnifique mais . . . guerre." The Germans said they were 'fed up' with the show; and throughout the armistice, which of course was all local, they played the game and on one occasion, when our men were all exposed they signalled us under cover and then opened fire—apparently some senior officer had arrived on the scene. The dead lying between the trenches were all buried and some bad laid there for months. I have not encountered any other O.Ds. out here yet. Thomas I saw was wounded: we always when possible get yesterday's London papers, which is refreshing."

lie was at home for a short leave at the beginning of February but could not manage to come over to see us, much to our regret.

Excepting for a cold and a little hoarseness and slight congestion of the toes, which did not hamper his movements, and a little nerve tiredness, he was very fit and well. In spite of the miserable discomfort of the trenches, and the unusual war experiences he was quite ready to return to duty. His trenches are near a small village called Estaires, and they are about five miles west of La Basse. He has only two men left out of his platoon he went out with, and the two have been away on sick leave. The cold and damp has been fearfully trying to the men, more so than the German firing. He says there has been no real fighting where he is, only occasional casualties through shell fire, or incautious men showing themselves. They have not moved a yard forward since Nov. 5th. Before his Regiment can attack and move forward they will have to have a month's rest, and be considerably reinforced. At present, through their feet, they can only march two miles and they are done up. He has an idea that Kitchener's Army will relieve many parts of the line and have the honour of pushing the Germans on. He says the Germans are quite as good soldiers as ours, but they lack our dogged pertinacity. They are plied with quantities of intoxicants to give them courage with the result that they are very boisterous and noisy. Our men who are accustomed to stimulants are given a little rum occasionally under an officer's supervision. They are well fed and clothed. The warfare now is monotonous and tries the men's nerves. Three days in the trenches and three in reserve and resting, has been the programme ever since he

went out. The trenches in the firing line are water-logged, and the communicating trenches are full of water and quite unusable. The country round is rather flat agricultural land, all the houses and farms are in ruins or damaged, but the inhabitants are coming back and living in the rooms which have escaped damage. They seem quite indifferent to shot and shell, have commenced to plough, and cultivate the fields only a mile from the firing line: and even the children play about quite unconscious of danger: the soldiers constantly warn them.

He says most of the men are most devout, and older officers have told him there never was a war when so many men remembered their prayers. They have a service occasionally at their resting billet. The Chaplains are not allowed in the firing line. One of the officers reads the burial service over any soldier buried in or near the trenches.

F. C. White (1908) was in the Contingent of the North Hants Imperial Yeomanry which was sent to France. Almost immediately they were pushed up to the Front to support the Life Guards in their resistance to the great German attack round Ypres.

He writes:—"We left England on Nov. 2 and landed at Havre, and within ten days were under a heavy shell fire in the third line of defence close to Ypres where one of the largest battles of the war took place. This was a great surprise to us as we expected to do several months' training before seeing any fighting. We remained under this terrific shell fire for ten days. It is impossible to realise the terrible effects which these shells have unless you see for yourself. On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22, we were shelled out of a wood which we were holding with the

Life Guards and had to cross an open field which was over the tops of our boots in ^{mud}—with the shells bursting all round. The Guards had two wounded but we all escaped. We finished up the ten days by going up to the first line of trenches. Before this we had been in 'dug-outs,' and now the Germans were only **150** yards away from a small wood we were holding. The cold was the worst part of the business as there was snow on the ground at the time. We fired a few shots but the Germans kept pretty low and we should really have liked to see more of them so that we could have given them a peppering. A piece of shrapnel dropped in my trench right at my feet. We came back from the firing line about Nov. **27**, and since then have been billeted in farms, the horses being under cover. Our Regiment is brigaded with the Life Guards and together we form the Household Cavalry, being in the **7th** Cavalry Brigade of the **3rd** Division. We have been most lucky, only having had one officer killed and a few slight casualties. I often think of the happy times which I had, and the lessons which I learnt, at Denstone. I feel very proud to have my name on the List, and am glad to see there are so many, whom I remember, serving."

He wrote again on Saturday, **30th** January, **1915**.

"I am just writing these few lines to say how much I appreciate the post card which you so kindly sent me: it brings back pleasant recollections of Denstone and the happy times which I had. I often think of you all at the old school when I am on night guard and wish I were back at school once more instead of being out here in this terrible war. We are at present billeted in farms but expect to move to the trenches on Wednesday for ten days or so—it will

be terribly cold I expect—but there is always the consolation that you are relieving some poor fellows and giving them a rest and that at least the Germans have to face the same hardships.

We were inspected by General French on Monday last. He told us how highly he appreciated the great patriotism which the Yeomanry have shown in coming out here voluntarily, and also said that the sacrifice which many of us have made must be wonderful.

I will try and write you again when we get back from the trenches to let you know I am safe and what we have been doing."

L. G. Harris (**1908**) writes on February **2nd**;—

"I hope you will excuse my late thanks for the Denstone Xmas card and greetings. For some reason it wandered about a good deal before reaching me, so that I only got it about a fortnight ago. It was very interesting indeed to see the list of O.D.s. who have taken commissions or enlisted. There seems to be a very good number, and I expect a good many are either out here or in Egypt now.

We were moved up here at the beginning of November, so we have done pretty nearly three months of trench work now. It has been rather unpleasant at times on account of the very bad weather, but the worst of the rainy season seems to be over now, and so much is being done to improve the trenches, that with regular bailing after rain it is generally possible to keep them moderately dry. Two drafts from home have reached us in the last fortnight, so we are now pretty well up to original strength. We were very much reduced in numbers at one time, chiefly owing to sickness.

I come across Atkins from time to time, but as he is in a different company, and

consequently always in different billets, we don't see a great deal of one another. I have met F. E. Clark here too. Apparently there is another O D. (G. H. Davies) in the Regiment, but I have not seen him yet.

I hope you are having a successful term. I should like to be able to come down and enjoy the usual snow and wind on Sports Day, but I am afraid as far as we can see that will be impossible."

H. Cooper is in the R.N. Hospital, Belle Vue, Malo les Bains, Dunkerque. He says :—"We have had quite an interesting time, especially when the air raiders have come over and drop their eggs on us. I have met another O D. here, Francis Menteith Jackson, who is Chaplain on board the R.N. Hospital Ship *Magic*, which is at present stationed here. He has not altered much, and I should, I think, have known him anywhere."

The scene is the Orderly Room of one of the Ammunition Columns of the R.F.A., not a thousand miles from the North Midland^ . A Corporal reports to Lieutenant C——s O.D. that one of his men refuses to get out of bed. Lieut. C——s remarks that he will quickly settle a matter like that: and is conducted to the defaulter's billet. He calls from the foot of the stairs. No reply is forthcoming and he ascends in a few angry strides, to find a motionless figure warmly tucked up in bed, reminding him of Dormitory in distant days of Peace when the "getting-up" Bell was the most dangerous enemy. But duty is duty and again the defaulter is hailed. Again there is no response. The only thing to do is to "turn him out," but before that can be accomplished a sleepy head is turned round and speech is heard at last—"Hullo, C——s old man, you surely won't turn *me* out." It is

A——1, erstwhile C——s' prefect in Dorm.! He was noted "sick" that day and allowed to remain.

J. L.I. Powell (1899-02) writes :—" I have served as follows : three years in the O IJ. V.B. 1903—1906, O.T.C. 2nd Lieut. T.F. 1911—1913. I am now 1st Lieut, attached to No. 1 Railway Company, Lines of Communication, 5th Res. Bn. Roy. War. Regt. I have also been O.C. in charge of the detachment provided by the Warwicks to protect the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock, Sept. 3—Oct. 22."

The following letter from H. Cumin (1906) may well be printed in full:

"Jeviens de recevoir les Xmas Cards que vous 'avez envoyes aussi qu' a mon frere. Je suis profondtment touche de cette nouvelle marque de sympathie que vous nous temoignez et de la delicate attention que vous avez eue de faire figurer nos noms parmi ceux des anciens eleves de Denstone qui combattent contre l'ennemi commun.

Mon frere se bat en Belgique en ce moment pros de Nieuport et il a eu plusieurs fois deja d'occasion de voir les braves troupes anglaises a l'oeuvre. Je vais lui envoyer votre charmant souvenir et je suis sur qu'il en sera ravi.

Nous avons du reste tous deux conserve de bonnes relations avec quelques comatades de Denstone et deux d'entre eux ont eu la delicatesses, en voyant notre pays envahi de nous inviter avec notre famille a attendre chez eux en Angleterre des temps meilleurs. Dieu merci, notre villa de Lyon n'a pas etc envahie, mais nous avons prejugo par la quelle generosite existait parmi nos amis Anglais.

Je suis a peu pres guerie de ma blessure et je viens de demander a repartir au feu. Mon officier a fait droit a ma demande et j' espere rejoindre mon regiment dans la premiere quinzaine de Janvier.

Permettez moi cher Monsieur Hibbert de vous presenter aussi qu'a Mrs. Hibbert et 4 tous les maitres de Denstone mes meilleurs vceux pour l'annee qui commence. Elle vera surement le triomphe des armees allies et l'aneantissement de nos ennemis.

De retour au front, je me permettrai de vous envoyer de mes nouvelles de temps en temps et peutetre aurons nous l'annee prochaine, mon frere et moi, l'occasion d'aller vous serrer la main a Denstone et vous remercier de toutes vos bontes pour nous.

Veuillex presenter mes respectueux hommages a Mrs. Hibbert et agreeet cher Monsieur Hibbert l'expression de mes sentiments reconnaissants et devoues.

HENRY CUMIN.

"Marechal des Logis au 2 Dragons, Lyon."

Capt. A. W. C. Richardson (1900) was married on Dec. 14th. 1914. He is at present Commandant of the Musketry School at Dublin for the whole of the Irish Command.

C. Cartwright (1897) wrote as follows from Mandora Barracks, Aldershot: "Two years ago I took a post in a Preparatory School at Johannesburg—the life was interesting and I had a good time, but only signed on for a year and in spite of an offer to take over the school, came home. Whilst out there I met three Old Denstonians, O. Victor, "Duke" Wellington, and "Titch" Holden. Victor preached in S. George's Church one Sunday when I was there and I went and spoke to him after Service; 'Duke' I met in a train and Holden in a tea shop—it was good to meet people like that so far from home. The first I had lunch with at the Parsonage, the second I'm afraid I did not find time to visit again and the third had dinner with me at the Boarding House where I was staying. I expect you have news

from them otherwise I would tell you more of them.

I was in Johannesburg during the Strike and carried a rifle about as a special Constable—it was exciting but by our "force" only two shots were fired and both by accident!

I came home a year ago in October to get engaged to be married, then went to tutor Lord Leslie, the son of Lord Rothes, for Eton; then I went to Windsor S. George's Choir School to take a temporary post. The music was very fine of course. On the school honour board was the name of Morgan as having won an Exhibition at Denstone College.

When the war broke out I got restless and got permission from "someone" to join and joined the Bedfords on Aug. 27th, since when I have been through the ranks and am now a full Sergeant and a Platoon Sergeant. We have hard work and are kept busy; for instance, I found Orderly Sergt. and Platoon Sergt. hard work at one and the same time. We don't have too much time for writing, but I thought I ought to write to the old School and hope after the war to get back, it is such a tremendous time since I saw the old school—not since I left. We expect to move to the Front about the end of January or the beginning of February and have been working hard at digging, &c. I did well with my platoon in shooting, and was 10th in the Company; the drill has changed and I found at first I had forgotten a lot too.

I remember the Chapel with joy and it is good to think that we all have your prayers.

With kindest remembrances to all and best of luck to the old school."

Since then he has received a Commission.

J. C. Parker (1902) who is Chaplain in the Royal Navy was on H.M.S. *Berwick* when she captured the German Naval Reserve Ship *Spreewald* in the West Indies. He sent other news but it was eliminated by the Censor.

B. Delap is now on board H.M.S. *Vanguard* in the First Battle Squadron.

R. B. Hamer is stationed at Morecambe, where we have heard of him doing the work of a Company Commander owing to the scarcity of senior officers, lecturing to a thousand men in the Winter Gardens Theatre, and generally adapting himself to circumstances in true Denstonian fashion.

W. O. Wellington writes from Roodepoort, Transvaal:—

"Great excitement out here at present over our 'five bob' rebellion. Beyers and his lot were about 25 miles off at one time, but Botha came along and Beyers cleared. An excellent movement called the Civilian Voluntary Training Association has been started and there are over 13,000 members on the Reef alone. It is simply an idea to get a little drill and discipline into men in case they are wanted. For the last ten days the civilians have taken over the night Police work all along the Reef so as to relieve the Police who are left—a number of the Police are after the Rebels and a few after the Germans. I have done many things but have never been a 'Peeler' before but have now signed on for three months. The 'Civic Guard'—sounds very great doesn't it—boss up the show from 10 p.m to 6 a.m. As far as we are concerned here we go out in pairs for two hours and are on shift twice a week. So I have a personal grudge now against Beyers, de Wet, and Co. for making it necessary for me to turn out of bed for two hours. However, it looks as though the rebellion will soon be a thing of the past.

T. D. Kenion spent the Christmas Holidays at Harrogate, attached to the nth Batt. of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

During the Christmas Holidays Mr. J. L. Smith was temporarily attached to the 14th Batt. Sherwood Foresters at Whittington Barracks, and Mr. Whitley was at Halifax with the nth Batt. of the West Riding Regiment.

The boys of the Preparatory School were among those from the College who sent papers, &c, to the men on H.M.S. *Centurion* (the ship on which the Vicar's son is Commander). They received the following letter at Christmas time:—"Will you kindly accept these photographs of the ship and distribute them among the boys who so kindly think of the sailors? It is a great pleasure to us to be able to read all the papers, etc., that are so kindly sent and I can assure you they are greatly appreciated. We are all looking forward now to the Christmas festivities and hoping to have a good time. Even Germany's "/ see You " fleet is not going to worry us."

B. Rider (Sept 1897) is with Messrs. Armstrong as Analytical Chemist, and is at present engaged in conducting the heating tests in connection with the 16in. guns.

W. A. Briggs (1885) is a fruit farmer at the Pleasington Fruit Farm, McNab, near S. Catharine's, Ontario, (in the Niagara Peninsula). On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the 2nd Canadian Contingent and is now Sergeant in the 14th Battery, stationed at the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto.

H. S. Short (1908) who was in business in Paris at the outbreak of the war, joined the English volunteers. He wrote:—"We formed a volunteer corps in Paris to offer its services to France to which about 650

affixed their signatures ;we hired a hall for drill and drilled for two weeks before passing before the War Minister for enlistment in the French army. Only **150** of us turned up on that day and on the **24th** of August we left Paris with about **3,000** volunteers of all nations for Rouen. On arriving there we learnt to our surprise we were drafted into the foreign legion. Several of our fellows then got transferred back to Paris through influential friends and our corps at last dwindled down to about **85** who decided to stick it. From Rouen we were transferred to Toulouse (the journey taking **75** hours in cattle wagons) where we joined the legion from Morocco and after two months training we left for Mailly camp where our regiment was formed, the journey taking **56** hours in cattle trucks and very cold. From Mailly we marched with full equipment about **120** kilometers in **4** days *via* La Frere, Vertus, Epernay and Verzy in each of which places we were billeted in the farmyards. At the last named place we were *ij* miles from the Germans. From there we were taken by motor transport to Cimey near to Laon where we have been fighting ever since. The life in the trenches in the wind, rain and snow is not one to be envied and we have had some very warm times. Also we never get anything warm in the trenches and as we spend six nights and seven days at a time we have had quite enough when we come out for **60** hours rest which we spend in little huts in the forest about one mile behind the lines. As far as I know out of our English fellows we have one killed and **15** wounded, that was on Nov. **20th**, but since then I do not know as I am in the infirmary through exhaustion and they have given me **12** days' rest: it was on account of a shell that burst in the middle of us killing two and wounding three and

by a miracle I was only burnt on the face and momentarily deafened. I am going back to my company to-morrow, and am very pleased. Our life here is extremely hard: we have to do every single thing for ourselves and we know what it is to be hungry, but it is good for us. I don't think there are any other Denstone fellows here but I expect there are plenty of them with the English fellows out here. Denstone was always in the front."

C. P. Tebbitt (1906; wrote:—"We landed in France on Nov. **4th** and after three days in the train we have been practically in the same place ever since. We have had our turn of trenches which were absolutely awful—mud up to one's knees the whole time. The last two nights we have been digging trenches—and it rained nearly the whole time. I am glad to see Denstone has answered to the call so well and I hope we shall all be able to meet once again at the dear old place called Denstone."

F. E. Clark is a member of the Honourable Artillery Company and has had several exciting experiences. In one letter dated November, he wrote:—"We have had a very rough time this last week. We left———last Sunday and had to bivouac under a haystack for five days. We used to march to the firing line (get up at **3** a.m.), and dig trenches under fire. Our casualties have not been heavy at all so far. Our Colonel was alone with our section when we were under a terrific cannonade—the remainder were unable to reach us, and everybody marvels at the fact that we had no losses. The Colonel was very pleased indeed with the way we five behaved, and mentioned us to our Company Commander. During the last five days we have marched no less than ninety-two miles and my feet are still in

perfect condition. We are looking terrible wretches—nobody has had time to wash or shave. We have just returned to—• and expect to be sent into the trenches for good. I believe my number is lucky, so do not worry much." A letter dated Nov. **26th** described the excitement of guarding the trenches, **48** hours on duty and **48** hours off:—" We got a very hot time the other morning. About fifty 'coal-boxes' fell round our particular trench inside five minutes. They are terrible things and make a hole big enough to put a railway wagon in." Writing on Dec. **2**, he said:—" We are at present enjoying a well-earned rest. Our march from the trenches to our new billets was terrible. Between the trenches and the road was a mile of rotten, clammy, clay soil, all ploughed up by 'Jack Johnsons' and various smaller shells. To make matters worse I slipped down one of the biggest holes and was hardly able to drag myself out. After this fatiguing piece had been traversed we had four miles to march up hill and another six after that—eleven miles in all. In addition to our ordinary equipment, which weighs quite *go* lbs. with our little extra, we had to carry blankets. We are billeted, twenty of us in the straw loft of a little farm house. We are cooking and doing everything for ourselves and thoroughly enjoying it too." Under date Dec. **13th** he says:—" Tailing my appearance on Christmas Day let me wish you all a very Merry Christmas. We have just survived a terrible three days in the trenches. We were up to our knees (without the slightest exaggeration) in mud and water. In fact when we first got in three men sank in the mud up to their waists and had to be dug out. We were less than **200** yards from the Germans. Originally we were only intended to be in

the trenches **48** hours. After having been soaked through (we are having rotten weather) just as we were expecting our relief, we were told we had to remain for another twenty-four hours. Personally I am as fit as a fiddle . . . I had a very narrow escape and am more convinced than ever that my number is an exceedingly lucky one. I was on the look out all day for a sniper who was making me a practice target, and that night I was on picket duty in a ruined cottage on the extreme right of our trench. I expect my 'friend' had been watching my manoeuvres because I had not been on more than ten minutes when a bullet clipped the top edge of my ear. It bled most of the night, but it was not at all serious; it would have been had it come a quarter of an inch to the right. We were all absolutely done when we were relieved, but the officers treated us rippingly."

G. F. Mason (**1910**) is with his Battalion at Fort Cromer, Gosport, in large huts as there are not sleeping quarters for all officers. They are working hard from **8.30** till **6** with one hour's respite, but he says the recruits are very keen. They are even heard drilling among themselves at night after work is supposed to be over. Bad weather has not been allowed to interfere with any parades.

F. H. Jenkins (**1900**), has spent most of his time since leaving School (in **1905**) in Florida. On the outbreak of war he returned to England and joined the Royal Field Artillery. In November he joined the Flying Corps.

O.D. NEWS.

C. J. J. Barton (**1905**) was appointed to a Government post in the East African Protectorate just as war broke out. He is

stationed at Machakos, Wakamba Province, E.A.P.

H. M. Sing (Sept. **1888**), has been appointed to a mastership at Mr. Hake's Preparatory School, Bournemouth.

O. G. Misquith (May, **1904**), was married on Nov. **7th** at All Saints' Church, Cambridge.

W. W. Watts (Oct. **1873**), has been awarded the Murchiston Medal by the Council of the Geological Society.

C. S. Milford (May, **1906**) has gained a Classical Scholarship at Brasenose College, Oxford.

At a recent meeting of the Simplified Spelling Society, Mr. William Archer, who presided, read a paper by Professor J. M. S. Hunter, who had been recalled to Madras, in which he gave reasons why reform of spelling would be an especial boon to India, where education of the native children was imparted through the medium of English. Among all interested in teaching in India the reform would be welcomed, and possibly the Government of India would be willing to sanction an experiment in that direction.

J. R. Sedgwick (May, **1912**), has passed—in all subjects—the Preliminary Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. He has been articled to the firm of Messrs. Harrison & Sedgwick, Derby.

E. Featherstonhaugh (Sept. **1890**), is living at Waitehuna, Raglan, New Zealand, with his brother H. Featherstonhaugh (Sept. **1891**). They are in the "back blocks" and are **16** miles from the nearest town.

Lyndon Harjvvel Grier (May, **1875**), lives at Railway House, Germiston, Transvaal. Throughout the Boer War he served in Rimington's Guides, receiving Queen Victoria's Medal, with four clasps, and also King Edward VII.'s.

G. C. Cheshire (Sept. **1901**), Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was married lately at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

At the Advent Ordinations R. J. Northcott was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Liverpool, and W. J. Crick, Priest, by the Bishop of Lincoln.

The Rev. J. L. I. Dove has been appointed Rector of North Crawley.

C. E. Burgess has returned from Australia, and is a Master at Bloxham.

R. M. Grier has left Worksop, having been appointed to the Headmastership of All Saints, Bloxham.

H. Stanley Sly (**1905-7**), writes from British Hospital, Buenos Ayres, Nov. **30th, 1914**:—"I am unfortunately laid up in bed and have now been off work for three months with water on the knee. As soon as I get out I shall submit myself to examination with a view to volunteering, but at present must remain idle."

The Rev. Cecil Chambers (Chaplain **1891-7**), writes, as usual, most interestingly from Corea:—"This is probably one of the few countries in which no Old Denstonian exists—perhaps that's rather an exaggeration, though I imagine they are to be found in a good many. The nearest that I know of are the Brothers Donnelly, one of whom (D. E.) is at Hong Kong, and the other at Shanghai, neither of which places are very near to Corea, though, as it happens, travellers from this country who go by sea, will almost always call at both places on their way to England. Three of us, on the Mission Staff, are from Lancing; the Bishop, Father Drake, and I. The Bishop, by the way, once came to Denstone, and spent a night there, during my Chaplaincy (in **1894**, I think) and brought D. E. Donnelly to School, having picked him up in Chefoo. I don't know if he is remembered by any at Denstone. He was then plain Mr. Trollope (Vicar of

S. Saviour's, Poplar, where he succeeded the never-to-be-forgotten Father Dolling, who also paid a visit to Denstone in my time). We have an old Denstone Master on the Staff; he was only there for one term I believe, the Rev. Cecil Hodges. He was a boy at Haileybury and knew Mr. Dove. Mr Hodges now occupies a most important place in the Mission, being Principal of the newly-formed training college.

H. R. McClelland (1906-11), writes from "Rhone, Groot Drackenstein," S. Africa:—"I am at present working for The Rhodes Fruit Farms, Ltd., Groot Drackenstein, founded by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes. I came here in December, 1911, to learn Fruit Farming, and I am learning all that there is of the industry. Farming is a fine life and there are very few others that can come up with it. One is out from sunrise to sunset, winter and summer, and it keeps one very strong and healthy."

V. H. Kitcat (1880), sends the following characteristic and interesting letter from The Vicarage, Marton, N.Z.:—"I have just received your two circulars regarding the O.D.C. and the Military List. In regard to the former I am enclosing 35s. as a life payment, for though far distant I should certainly never like to feel that one's connection with Denstone was broken; it never has been in thought and feeling. This link will give it material expression. Gifford (Wellington, N.Z.) shewed me a year or so ago a red covered Book of Denstone, some photos, details of Old Boys, etc., which I should like to have—a new issue would be better, if such a thing is contemplated. In regard to the War: I am not on Active Service out of N.Z., though I hold the rank of Chaplain Major in the 7th (Wellington West Coast) Regiment. In what it is possible to do at home

I am deeply interested. We have a recruiting meeting this evening. Though not realising probably so immediately as you do at home what war means, N.Z. is all alive. The War is the absorbing topic. Men are promoting various funds—the women are knitting and collecting clothes, etc., etc., and our Expeditionary Force must be getting well on its way now to England. We read a further instalment of General French's report in the Ypres struggle the day before yesterday. It is all too wonderful. Our men are heroes. How it makes one tingle to be off. Would it were possible!

F. C. Parry is Manager of one of the Nigel Gold Mines, near Heidelberg, Transvaal, and R. and O. Harrison are also in the neighbourhood. One is on the Cason Section of the E.R.P.M. and the other is managing a farm somewhere west of Krugersdorp."

A. N. Hare (Sept. 1895), has been appointed Curate-in charge of S. Michael's, Fenton.

O.T.C.

The following promotions have taken place:—

Lance-Corpls. S. H. M. Larkam, F. J. Mellor, A. W. Wilson, W. V. Clark and C. K. Hope to be Sergeants

Lance-Corpls. W. Horsfield, P. E. Burrows and Cadet P. H. Sykes to be Corporals.

Cadets R. A. Briggs, W. G. Schofield, W. H. M. North-Cox, M. Y. Townsend and H. Baness to be Lance-Corporals.

Owing to the War, the Camp is cancelled, but the Annual Inspection will take place as usual—probably early in July.

NOTES.

The Secretary of the Literary and Scientific Society is G. V. Knight and M. Y. Townsend is Treasurer.

The following have been promoted to the office and dignity of Prefects:—K. J. H. Lindop, M. Y. Townsend, E. H. Glaisby and R. Bassett.

The Annual Dormitory Music Competition will take place on Lady Day.

On Feb. **9th** the Rev. Peter Green, Canon of Manchester, very kindly came and preached.

On the Sundays in Lent the Headmaster will preach on "Some Soldier-Saints," and on Fridays the Chaplain will give Addresses on "Jesus our Example—in Temptation, in Prayer, in Work, in Friendship, in Suffering."

The arrangements for Lent are much the same as usual.

J. R. Hassell has won a prize in the Public Schools Essay Competition of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

We most heartily congratulate the Old Denstonians' Club and its energetic Secretary. During last year the membership of the Club increased by no less than **153**. Mr. W. O. Wilding, the Secretary, deserves the warmest thanks of Denstonians for his work: what it means may be estimated from a chance statement in the *O.D. Chronicle* that one week brought him **140** letters. The *Chronicle* is this year made particularly interesting by the large number of photographs of O.D.s who are on service.

The Diocesan Committee for the Training of the Ministry has again co-opted the Headmaster to be a member.

On a good many of the bad afternoons of this Term the Headmaster has shown

Cooper, *Memorials of Cambridge*, 3 vols
(from R. S. White, O.D.).

The last book named is a very generous present, as it is one of the most sumptuously bound and illustrated works in the Library.

The late Mr. W. R. Holland, of Barton-under-Needwood, who died on Jan. 28th, at the age of 79, showed his good feelings for Dijnstone so lately as last Christmas, when he sent the Headmaster the following Christmas greeting:—

*Sit Denstonensis schola rebus citicta secundis,
Florcat, et pracstet, semper alente Deo.*

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

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

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following :—

*Bloxhamist, Giggleswick Chronicle,
Hurst Johnian, Marlburian, Lancing Col-
lege Magazine, Olavian, Framlinghamian,
Armidalian, K.E.S. Chronicle, Blue, St.
Edward's School Chronicle, Eastbourniau,
Reptonian, Felstedian. Ctithbertian, Cot-
tenian, Liverpool College Magazine,
Corian, Ardingly Annals, Elstonian,
Merchistonian, Ellesmerian.*