

The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is with a feeling of deep regret that we publish with this number a heavy casualty list of Old Denstonians; for within the last few weeks the War has been brought very near to us by the deaths in action of several O.Ds. who have only been privileged to the title for a very short time. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to their families and relations.

The War has also taken from us one of our masters who will be sorely missed both in the class-room and on parade. We hope to see Mr. Coleman again when

brighter days return, but for the present he holds a Captaincy in the 9th Service Battalion, N. Staffs.' Regt. Mr. Whitley has gone to Loretto. Our best wishes go with both of them.

Meanwhile the term is passing rapidly, as most summer terms do, but without many of its institutions which perforce have to be abandoned. The most serious of these are perhaps the prospect of no camp at the end, and the abandoning of the Public Schools' Bisley Meeting, which comes as a heavy blow to our marksmen after last year's success at the Gale and Polden competition.

However, the cricket fixture list shows a brighter side, for we have before us the prospect of twelve matches. The team,

young and inexperienced as it is, has already shown itself capable of doing great things, and we wish them every success for the rest of the season.

STRUMMINGS OF A LYRE.

By F. Bonham Burr.

The Lover's Prayer.

Lord, I am thine ; there is no tiling
That I can give ;
Thou canst demand my all for Thee,
And in a moment take from me
This life I live.

But, Lord, within this frame of mine
There dwells a soul :
And forth it wanders day by day
Along the rough uneven way
Towards the goal.

Lord, I am thine ; but next to Thee
There's one I love :
So beautiful in every sense,
As to approach the innocence
Of stars above.

Lord, there is longing in Thy heart,
And so in mine,*
Send down Thy blessings on our love,
And bring us to Thy Heaven above,
And make us Thine.

Cricket Tips.

Take a pair of cricket "specs,"
Mingled, ever and anon.
With an ordinary "duck."
Be most careful to annex
Bats belonging to a "don."—
Take an "Autograph" for luck.
Take your guard at middle peg,
Such as all the bloods advise
(Be particular in this) ;
Take a slog at those to leg ;
Let the wide ones go for byes ;
But the straight ones never miss.
Take my tips, if you're a man—
Act upon them, if you can!

MEXICO TO-DAY.

By Handle Ball, O.D.

If it were not for being so miserably out of the War, and feeling such a rabbit when everyone I know at home is in it, I should not regret being in this benighted country of revolution and counter-revolution. \y, have plenty of work, indeed we are one of the few foreign companies which have any work, or rather which are allowed to work just at present, and, what is more, I find it very interesting. Of course, apart from the work, every day brings forth something exciting. If it is not the glorious abandonment of the city by one party and the triumphant entry of another, or the appointment of a new President, and the flight of the old (with fifteen millions of pesos!) it is the publication of a decree such as the one which came out to-day. It decrees a general extraordinary tax on all capital, mortgages, lands, employments, patent rights, vehicles, etc., and applies both to natives and to foreigners. The tax has to be paid within three days, and the object is asserted to be "the assistance of the suffering poor."

Immediately this decree of General Alvaro Obregon, commander of the Army in the North-West appeared, all the foreign banks sealed up their safes and vaults, and handed their keys over to their respective Legations. We now await developments, but both they and every foreign company in the city are resolved to see this matter through as a body, and I imagine that the Government are very little likely to see any of their money. Things, are, indeed, rapidly approaching the limit. Last week, five days notice was given to all the Catholic clergy to stump up half-a-million pesos. Of course they could not do it, and since last Friday every Catholic priest in

the city has been in jail. No one knows from day to day what the morrow will bring forth.

Since I came out here twelve months ago, there have been five Presidents of this truly democratic country. Incidentally, Mexico City has been deposed from its position of capital, and Vera Cruz has been chosen as the place where the present "Presidente Interino" holds his court. The obvious explanation of the change is that from Vera Cruz the difficulty of embarkation is comparatively slight, and thus the spoils of his most righteous attempt to work out the salvation of his country (I use the language of the beloved President Wilson) may be more easily removed.

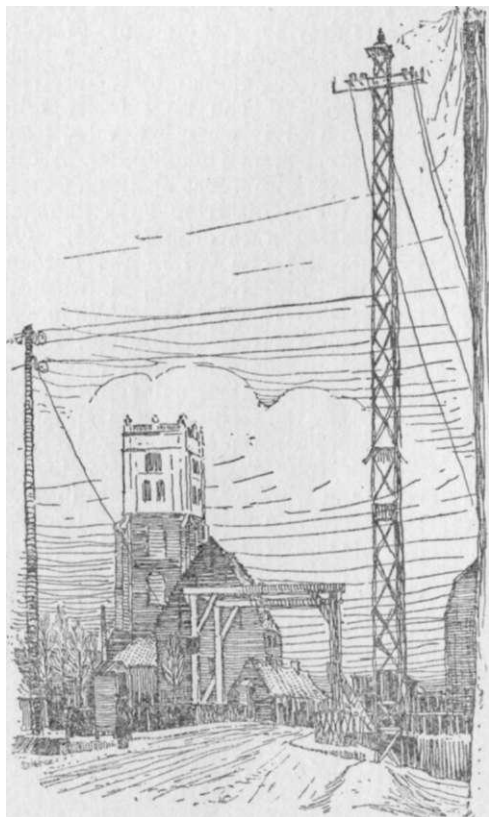
The most serious recent decree before the one I have mentioned, was to the effect that every oil well in the petroliferous region of Tampico must be shut down, and to-day, the only Company that is working there is the Aguila Oil Company, on which the British Admiralty depends to a very large extent. There are many stories that attempts have been made to shut down the wells of this Company also, but at any rate they failed. It is good to feel that these people, who have grown so accustomed to [saying and doing exactly what they please with Washington, still have a wholesome dread of the British Admiralty. How one longs for just a battalion of English Tommies to clear up the scum of the earth from this country, and to teach these unwashed "peons" (with rifles dating back to the year 1), the lesson of their lives!

In San Angel, a suburb some ten miles out of Mexico, where I attempt to live, we have a battle almost every day. One week the Government, or so-called Government, will hold the place, and the next

the Japatistas from the hills. Strange to say the Japatistas are the best of the lot. At any rate they have some sense of order and behave something like Christians. They are not strong enough by themselves, unfortunately, and can only really take the city and hold it when Mr. Villa, from the North, gives them a helping hand. But their battles are sometimes exciting, especially when the shells from such guns as they possess begin to drop around. On Sunday morning one fell in the garden, just outside my bedroom, but most obligingly failed to explode. Whenever fighting is more severe than usual, when, for instance, one side or the other evacuates the village, and the others came in, the cars to the city are cut off and the situation becomes more than a joke. Then you have to take your choice between staying in the city and working, or staying in San Angel and having a holiday. As I have an uneasy conscience, I have usually stayed in the city. The first time the situation arose, I did the tramp in and out for five days in succession, but then it began to pall, so for the rest of the time I stayed in the city.

WAR NEWS.

We are able to give a reproduction of the sketch which caused the arrest of C. F. W. Haseldine, as related in our last number. The church of which the tower remains, had been bombarded by the Germans, and the bridge which had just been repaired when the sketch was made, had been blown up by the Germans when they were driven out of the town. It was the scene of a fierce fight, at which a V.C. was won.



M. Spicer (Plymouth Batt. R.M. Special Service Force) says:

"I cannot tell you where we are or what we are doing, but I can assure you I shall have some thrilling stories to tell you when I get back to England. We lost 48 out of our 500 men, killed and wounded the other day, but have been fortunate enough not to lose an officer. We have had a great variety of weather, and at times it has been very

stormy indeed. Our old tub has rocked about so much that it was almost impossible to lie in one's bunk and every moment we thought the old thing would roll an inch too much, and not come up again. At other times it has been stiflingly hot. The men are very cheery, and seem to regard the whole show as part of a game got up for their special benefit, which I can assure you it is not, being perhaps one of the biggest undertakings of the war."

In the landing operations he was, we are sorry to say, wounded.

J. M. Benoy writes:

"I got hit on Monday in the attack on Festubert or Richebourg l'Avoue, or whatever they call it. Our battalion attacked on the Sunday at 3 a.m. My platoon was the leading platoon of the lot, so you can guess that I felt somewhat nervy before the start. With the help of some bomb throwers, we got into the German trenches with quite few losses; myself first over the parapet, untouched. After that, we worked along the length of the German trench, in which I captured with my platoon of 50 men, some 54 Bosches and two officers. Finally, our company gained possession of a further 600 yards of trench over and above the amount we were due to capture, and also a further 150 prisoners, including two machine guns. The remainder of Sunday we spent consolidating our position. My platoon, unfortunately, had been reduced to half its strength; two sergeants out of three placed hors de combat, but myself—ungrazed. No counter-attack came during the night. The next day we were ordered to continue our advance, and I was picked off by a maxim in trying to cross an open space between two lines of trenches.

"I lay out in the open for two hours

with a stretcher bearer, who, regardless of himself, tended my wound. I was carried out later, but stayed in our trenches till evening, as I wanted to see how successful we had been. At night I journeyed to Bethune, thence on here to a hospital which before the war was a training ground for young clergymen. I had X rays and a little operation on Friday to remove the bullet and some foreign matter, but no permanent injury has been done, and all I have to do now is to rest and get well again."

H. Jacks, W. Hall and H. W. Beck have also been wounded, and are in England.

The following are extracts from E. R. Wood's letter of April 30th :

" We have been moved about considerably just lately. Fighting has been taking place all around us, though we actually have not been in it yet, being in the centre, with scrapping on both sides. We were very abruptly called away from our four days rest on the third day, when the French were practically driven back by those beastly fumes. They even affected us, IA miles behind the firing line, as a strong wind blew them across ; even there tears came into our eyes, caused by the gas ; we could well imagine what it was like in front. We could see dense masses of greenish-yellow fumes coming across; it was the first day of the attack, when the Germans succeeded in pushing back the lines a little way. We moved further up and spent two nights in the open in support, with shells falling all around us, but none actually on the spot where we lay. I have a " souvenir," a piece of shell some two ins. long, which took a chunk out of my walking poles, which I use for feeling my way through the woods at night ; this shell

burst about 100 yds. off, so you can see how far the pieces fly on explosion. The fighting round here seems to be by no means over, our guns have been at it all day, and the Germans have been plonking a few more of their 17 in. into the town, which is now completely razed to the ground by shells or fire. Some of the fellows are very amusing in their attitude towards the war; it doesn't seem to worry them much. In the midst of a burst of rapid fire with maxims blazing away 360 to the minute, some chap remarks " Eh lad, there seems to be a war going on somewhere !" Our regiment so far has not been working as a battalion, but has been attached to the other regiments, one company to one, and one to another, to make up their strength till they get a draft out.

Some of our company were very highly complimented for their conduct by the CO. of the Leinsters, when a shrapnel burst in the trenches, and he even went so far as to recommend one for the D.C.M. There is some very good stuff amongst them. I shall be very glad when we do some work together as a battalion. Some have completely broken down with nerves, but the cases are few, people keep dwindling off to hospital; my platoon has been reduced by half, what with casualties and hospital cases."

Capt. Jacks was among those who were hit in the heavy fighting about April 26th. He wrote the following account of it to Monica Hibbert:

3°4-15-

" You will be sorry to hear that those nasty Germans have sent a piece of shell from a big gun into my foot. This happened last Monday. I had not even time to get a helmet with a spike on it. I saw one or two on dead Germans, but did

not touch them, as I thought you would prefer one taken from a real live German.

" Perhaps you would like a description of what it looks like to have shells flying about. Well, it's like this. Have you ever noticed on a windy day little clouds blown across the blue sky? The shell, when it bursts looks just like this. As soon as the cloud comes you hear something like a hailstorm -this is the pellets and pieces of shell coming down to the ground. When this is over you look round and see here and there men lying about some spread out like an eagle, and others bunched up like a sack of oats; this shows that some of the soldiers have been wounded. Then you see men with a white band with a red cross on it, running in and out, picking the wounded up. I hope to come over and see you when my foot is better."

As a matter of fact the real thing was very different, and his own men give the following account of his conduct. One of his Lance-Corporals said :

" Captain Jacks was wonderful; a shell landed close to him and blew off his cap and broke his glasses; he went on, and next a shrapnel bullet struck him in the leg; still he went on with the first line, until at last he had to give up exhausted. Oh ! the officers are fine."

Other men said that when Captain Jacks had to give in he called out " Go on, boys ! keep going on, don't mind me." Captain Mail, whom I met later, said that he saw Captain Jacks when the shell burst beside him. His cap flew one way, his glasses another, and he was simply smothered from head to foot with earth. His eyes, nose, mouth, eyebrows and hair were full of it, and he came tumbling into a " Jack Johnson" hole, where the others were lying, complaining that he could'nt find his

specs. Captain Mail saw him later passing by with the stretcher bearers, as cheerful as you like, his chief anxiety being how to get his valise home."

Roger Wain wrote at Easter :

" Thank you very much for your delightful letter and the card. They were very welcome, as I often look back, especially from here, to the glorious days I had at Denstone, and your letter bucked me up quite " some lump " as our Canadian^ friends say out here. We are really **having** quite a good time out here, compared with what people have suffered during the **winter** and the weather seems to have decided to be more or less permanently settled.

" Our work is very iiiieresting as we do get about and see things, and we feel **more** or less free when we are out. **Of course** the roads here are positively **awful**, owing to the heavy motor transport, and they cannot be repaired as that would impede the transport, which, although very **much** retarded by the narrowness and **condition** of the roads, is extraordinarily **efficient**^ The pave with which all main roads are done, is very treacherous when wet, and the only thing to do is to go fairly fast, and trust to luck. We, the motor **cyclists**, have a deal more to fear from road accidents, than from rifle or gun fire, although the snipers at night are a little troublesome.

• It seems hardly credible that a **lot** of the civil population out here are positively hostile to us, and these are the people who do the sniping. I hear of an old **woman**, who had a rifle and a plentiful supply of ammunition in a milk churn, who accounted for at least fifteen so-diers on **various** occasions before she was detected. **She** was about sixty years old, and fired **on** troops passing. When her house was searched the poor thing sat rocking herself

before the fire, saying 'me tres malade, tres malade.' She was eventually "L^ht by someone hiding in her house.

«The food here is quite good really, but of course there are many people who grouse all day about everything, and hence the harrowing stories you hear in England. It is a privilege in the army to be able to grouse on every occasion, but one should not let the O.C. hear, except when he is in an exceptionally good temper.

"I am getting quite a useful hand at cooking, but of course everyone thinks that he can cook, but if you saw some of the samples, you would, I am sure, be very amused. It is a bit of a limit when one cannot differentiate between the bacon and the eggs at breakfast time. Do not think we always have eggs, as they are such a terrific price. On the aforesaid occasion the 'chef' was most annoyed when someone suggested he was not exactly Mrs. Beeton.

"The people are very mean. When the Germans were here they were apparently very well behaved, and did not in a good many cases even turn the people out of their beds, but slept on the floors,—but, add the people, 'they never paid us.' Our landlord, the owner of the loft we sleep in, was purple with rage the other day because each man took a bucket of water to wash in. Preposterous! But, having since seen him make his ablutions, I quite understand his attitude.

"The great joy out here, if one is asked to do or refrain from doing something, by the natives, is to feign complete ignorance of the language. This we have caught from the people, who can be very thick-headed, except where money is concerned, at which times they are very sharp and exceedingly polite. When our men are resting after a spell in the trenches, they

spend their time cleaning and straightening up the roads, and I assure you that the war has been a positive Godsend to the sanitary arrangements in this part of France.

"I was very very sorry to hear of Walker's death, as he was a great friend of mine at school. We however, cannot realize it out here, to the same extent as you do. I met F. C. White the other day: he has been out here since October, and was looking very well, clean and happy. His hair was most beautifully parted, in fact he was quite 'it.'"

C. Riley Watson writes as follows from H.M.S. *Myugs*:—

"I have fallen in with a splendid lot of men and am very happy here. Of course at first everything was very new and I felt rather like a "new boy" at school—sure I was doing the wrong thing and saluting the wrong people—but I have quite settled down now.

As you can imagine, very little room is wasted on board a destroyer—I have no cabin—I sleep on a somewhat lumpy couch in the ward room where the stern gun's crew also sleep when we are at sea. These boats are very thin plated and have very powerful engines, so the vibration is pretty awful. It is that more than the rolling which makes you rush to the taffrail every now and then to be violently ill. My great consolation is that even gold-braided Commanders, who have been to sea all their lives, very often feel even worse than I do. 471 is really a jolly good number, I was sure that the College would be well represented—I only hope that they will all be lucky and come safely back. Up to now I have not seen a German, but I hope we shall get a cut in at them soon."

F. B. Perkins wrote at the end of March:

" A few days ago I rode over to Ypres, and if I go there again will send you some p.c.s. of the ruins. Its simply too terrible for words. The wreck is so universal that after a few hours in Ypres a ruined house ceases to interest one, there are so many. The Cloth Hall and Cathedral are both chaotic heaps of masonry, out of which the shell of their original walls rise. No roofs, the little towers of the Cloth Hall now irregular and scarred needles, windows denuded of glass. The rose window in the Cathedral is simply a circular hole, such as a shell might make. In the midst of the Cathedral, where the arms branch, there is a huge heap of debris, some 40 feet high. The monuments are either scarred or lying in atoms on the ground; the altar is simply a marble base surrounded by the dust of its former beauty. The windows in the western part are fairly well preserved, but this is quite the exception. I went up to the top of a tower where some workmen are repairing some of the ruins, I suppose to render them safer, and saw two shells drop in.

Apart from the ruin Ypres is a most cheerful spot, crowded with our own and French troops, shops selling all kinds of things, and everybody as if it were on holiday. The inhabitants do not worry at all about shells. You see them scuttling out of a farm that's being shelled, but when the shelling is over they go back again. It's all very sad ; one poor old woman was gathering the remains of a bed of onions, a shell had plumped in the middle and she just had a few square feet left. I think it is a stoic indifference born of their utter destitution that keeps them in the danger area. They are an unmitigated nuisance and an extremely filthy people, and not too obliging. You see they are so fussy about grazing and the use of their lands.

Well, we have got to keep our horses fit, and we have got to have battery positions. If a battery has to come into action in the middle of a corn field and dig itself in they have got to lump it. This may sound very callous, but one gets callous here. Feelings and imaginations are superfluous, and have to be suppressed."

W. Gilling wrote on 22nd March,

" Very many thanks to all for your Christmas Greeting Card received some little while ago. It came as a very pleasant surprise. Verily, from the list of names contained therein, the old College is playing no small part in the greatest drama the world has yet witnessed. I am not allowed to tell you where I am, but my address is C Coy., 14th Batt. Rifle Brigade, 80th Infantry Brigade. 27th Division, British Expeditionary Force. I think I may toll you that we are where the fighting has been hottest for the last fortnight or so, and you must guess the remainder. This must be a lovely bit of country in time of peace, and primroses, etc., give indication that Spring is at hand.

" If I last through, then I intend giving myself the pleasure of a look at the 'old place,' when the war is o'er. Remember, I had eleven years in the East till this picnic got in the way.

" One thing I must say, we are well fed and clothed, and everything that ingenuity and forethought can do to alleviate the inevitable hardships of a winter campaign is done.

" Well, I will close now, by wishing all O.D.s (and the present edition) a happy Eastertide, and may say, that if all are as fit as I am they will be more trouble to the butcher and baker than to the doctor. Good luck to all."

He has been through the fighting at Neuve Chapelle, S. Eloi, Hill 60, and the second battle of Ypres. It was at the last-named on May 8th, that he got put out of action. He says: "A shell shattered my rifle and cut my hand open, and while I was having the wound dressed, another shell burst near, blowing me some yards, cutting my forehead open and just missing my eyes, and knocking me unconscious. A poor chap just on my left was blown to bits by the same shell. It was simply a deluge of shells and how any of us lived through it is a marvel. It was a near thing. They simply poured column after column of troops at us, supported by a hellish artillery fire, but our boys stuck it and—well, they didn't get through. We got to grips with them with the steel several times, a proceeding which friend Hans doesn't altogether approve of, judging by the way he remembers he has an important engagement elsewhere when he hears our boys yelling." His letter is full of reminiscences of Denstone, and he asks: "Do you still have a Play?" I am still a lover of Shakespeare, and those last lines of Henry V's speech before Agincourt seem to apply to a lot of stay-at-home youths to-day:—

*" And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were 'not
here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any
speaks*

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day "

C. Venables says:—

"Until just recently, an O.D. has been Chaplain to our Brigade. I am referring to B. K. Bond, who, I am sorry to say, has left us to go to the Dardanelles. We all miss him much as he was absolutely beloved by officers and men alike. I am sure he will be very successful in the fighting line."

The following was received on May 2nd,

1915-

"Thank you and Mrs. Hibbert very much for your kind Easter wishes. We greatly appreciate such wishes out here, especially coming from our old School.

"I am afraid I have been somewhat long in answering your last letter, but just lately we have been working against time in preparing for the heavy fighting which we expect to get very soon. The last two or three days the artillery on our left has been firing incessantly, but up to the present we have received no news as to what has been taking place.

"Up to the present we have been working in four day "shifts,"—that is to say, we go up to the trenches for four days and on being relieved we go down to a village about three miles behind the line. There we indulge in what is called four days rest. I am afraid that for the last few weeks the four days at the village have been days of rest only by name—instead, we have been doing fatigues up to the firing line practically every night.

"My health record has been very good indeed all through the campaign and I must put this down to the healthy open-air life I lived at Denstone the two years I was there! Of course, no end of our fellows "went down" with frost bite and other customary winter complaints, but I personally have not had to attend "sick parade" since mobilization.

"I saw E. R. Wood and H. S. Bates about a fortnight ago—they, as I expect you already know, both have commissions in the Cambridgeshire Territorials. I did not know them well enough to speak to, but Sergeant Atkins told me that he spoke to Wood.

"The Germans have brought up one of their huge seventeen inch guns to bombard

a certain large town, and, although we are quite four miles distant, we can hear the roar of the shell as it whistles through the air, and the noise it makes in bursting is something indescribable. We are all hoping it will not pay any attentions to our rest village or our trenches!

"I expect term will just be beginning when my letter reaches you, and it is quite unnecessary to say how I wish I was still at Denstone.

"I am sending this home to pater in my weekly letter. He said he wished to write and thank you as well.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

F. E. CLARK."

C. G. Salmon in a letter dated May 22nd writes:—

"I was very bucked to receive your letter last night about 9.30 p.m., just as we, another officer and myself, had finished our evening meal of eggs, buttered toast, and cocoa.

"The only thing to do now-a-days is to get well underground until its time to rush and then rush with a vengeance; when you've captured the German first, second, or third line, get under as soon as possible, or the Bogie man will have you sure as fate. In the Foresters and in other regiments now well-seasoned, we have a perfectly flat parapet, and a very thick one too; here and there we have iron spy-hole plates let in at almost ground level, and any sniping is done through them. We use nothing but box periscopes for observation, up to 150 yards.

"Sitting now in a little palatial dug-out, I am 800 yards away from the nearest Hun, which is quite a comfortable distance; in our last trenches my platoon held a railway foot 15 yards away.

"The 1st Battalion have had another go and all the officers left are Capt. Waits and two Subalterns: 3 killed, 10 wounded, 1 missing and 500 casualties! We are short enough of officers in all conscience; I am second in command of 'D' Company.

"The weather to-day is extraordinarily hot; far too hot to fight. Our neighbour opposite seem to think the same, as the is hardly any noise going, not even the inevitable artillery duel.

"With regard to the above Railway **Poot** the first day everything was quiet till the evening; in the morning I registered 'wi some bombs which all landed nicely on their parapet. In the evening (Oh! M Aunt!) over came trench mortar missile rifle and hand grenades, and other infern-machines; of these the 'cigar-box' (trench mortar missile) was the worst; you could see it coming; it would bounce and the fizz away for six seconds, and then—crunch, the whole place would rock.

"The next day they started shelling, shrapnel, etc., rifle and hand grenades bombs and cigar-boxes, and last, but not least, machine guns and rifle fire, course we all stood to and retaliated, and then all of a sudden up she went, *i.e.* a Gei nine, and for the next minute **down** "came railway lines, lumps of earth as big as elephants, etc. Luckily it was slightly short, but it completely buried four of our fellows and wounded lots more.

"The next day they attacked in small force with bomb-throwers, but were beaten off. The day after that we blew up their galleries and had some more frightfulness, knocking their forward position **all** sideways. The total result in our company of those five happy days was two officers wounded and 30 or 40 other casualties; I was one of the lucky, or shall we say unlucky, ones."

The following letter was written by L. G. Harris the day before he was killed:—

" I am glad all is going so well with the old Coll. I had a letter from Jameson the ether day; I am awfully glad to see that Mr. Swift has been doing such jolly good work in the schol- line again. I was sorry to hear about Walker. I had the *O.D. Chronicle* sent out here and perused it with great interest for many hours. As for coming across O.Ds, the only two I have met, except Atkins and Clark, who are in our regiment, have been Eric Wood and H. S. Bates. I came across them about five weeks ago and had a few minutes conversation with them as we were passing through the village where they were billeted on our way up to the trenches. They both looked jolly fit. Atkins is now a Platoon Sergt. He has had pretty rapid promotion as he had only just been made a Lance-Corporal when I joined the regiment. As far as news goes it is rather difficult to give you any except that we have been doing trench work now for nearly six months and are pretty well fed up. In the winter we had to contend chiefly with floods and cold in the trenches and we saw mighty little of the Hun. We fire at him a certain amount at nights just to let him know we are there, and in the daytime, if we have loop-holes, we do a little sniping.

" We are at present below our strength, and yesterday a draft of men from England reached us. This draft was afforded rather a warm welcome. They got here about five o'clock; at about 5.30 we got two bursts of shrapnel overhead quite close to our billets. In accordance with instructions we all caught hold of rifle and equipment (I had not time to find my hat), cleared out of billets as quietly as possible, and made our way composedly but swiftly across the fields opposite, away from the direction of

the German lines. The fields provided practically no cover, so when the shells came over we did a jolly quick " flop," getting up again as soon as they had done their worst and moving on before the next two came. We only had eight shells altogether, but they did a good deal of damage, killing . (deleted by the Censor). One of our draft, having been here half-an-hour, got one in the hand, and another through his shoulder; both quite comfortable wounds. Lucky man! I hear Salmon is out here, also Benoy. I wonder if I shall see them. I shall be very glad to have a line from you if you have time later."

H. Wolferstan Beck wrote:—

" The *Dcnstonian* was a great treat, and arrived when I was in the trenches; also Mrs. Hibbert's Easter Card, which adorned the back wall of my " dug-out" and was read by me daily.

" The last trenches were so different from the others I wrote about. To begin with the line ran through the resting places of the dead, and in parts it was impossible to dig further for fear of disturbing some corpse. Chloride of lime had to be used in great quantities to suppress the foul smells of decaying matter. • The enemy's trenches were only 60 yards in front, and in between lay the dead. Here, the fire was fairly constant, and I was only able to sleep on an average three hours in every 24. At this part of the line the snipers seemed especially cunning and were up to all kinds of tricks. They were responsible for four casualties in our company, two killed and two wounded; the two latter being in my platoon.

" I should very much like to write a series of articles now that I am in the thick of things, only I'm so afraid that they would be of so little interest. The cheap English

papers are one of the things I should like to expose. They are so obviously unfair in their criticisms. If only I had a larger vocabulary and a little more skill!

" I think the four days in the trenches were well worth it, for it makes one appreciate the four days out. We go in again to-night, and then I will try and think out something.

" Please give my love to Mrs. Hibbert and thank her for the Easter Card. I shall visit Denstone as soon as I get back, as I'm longing to see the old place.

H. E. L. Fisher says :—

" I enjoyed myself immensely, two nights before we were relieved, with some of our officers in a little movement of our own, which had a spice of adventure in it. We bombed some Germans out of a farmhouse in front of our position. However, an advance party of theirs saw us coming and fired on us. If they had kept their heads, instead of blindly loosing off, and then doing a bunk, they would have knocked us over. As it was they only scored a miss. We drove them out—but the blighters only waited for us to finish our bombs, and then advanced on us in force and bombed us back to our lines, Am in splendid health and happy as a lark."

R. L. Goldsmith, who is a Dispatch Rider, R.E., (1st Indian Cavalry Division Signals, c/o India Office, London, S.W.), writes on March 28th :—

" I will endeavour to record below some of my experiences on my way to the front as a dispatch rider. Leaving my volunteer corps, the S.P.M.R., I joined the Madras Motor Cyclists Corps and was stationed in the Fort at Madras during the latter months of 1914. Ten of us sailed from Bombay early in the New Year on board the trans-

port *Caledonia*, Allan line. We changed boats at Suez, and, before joining another boat, spent four days in camp on shore, with the New Zealanders and the Ceylon Planters Rifle Corps. Amongst the latter I met H. A. Carlisle. Being entrenched on the Suez Canal is *not* very exciting I fancy, and he wished very much he was coming to France with me. Our stay on board our next ship was very short—only one day ; we were put ashore at Port Said, and after being billeted there for five days, left for England on the P. and O. mail boat *Kaiseri-Hind*. We were granted two days leave in England, and then crossed to France on the Southampton packet, and at last, after some nine weeks of travelling, started work as dispatch riders. Just after landing in France, I met W. Hall; I was very glad to see him and believe that he has since gone up to the trenches. Dispatch riding is very tame just now, but should liven up later on, at any rate I hope it will. With salaams."

L. Cumin writes a letter of which the following is a translation :—

" Your letter arrived on the morrow of a big engagement by our battalion, but we had few losses. It was for me a great pleasure as we had in front of us the Prussian Guard, and we gave them a good dressing-down. I am very sorry to hear of the death of F. Bonham Burr who was at Denstone in my time. He was a good sportsman and there can be no doubt that he was a valiant and brave soldier. I cannot tell you where I am because it is against rules, but some time ago I had the pleasure of seeing my regiment fighting shoulder to shoulder with the brave English soldiers, men who are " aimables " and courteous, and with whom I have had some pleasant times. I have very often

had the opportunity of speaking English with them, and have been able to make myself useful to some who did not know our language. One evening as we were entering B., where the English were guarding the entrances to the town, my commandant, knowing that I spoke English, asked me to find out from them the password. I went up to them and they said, you have only to say "friends." The brave Scots sentinel let me pass with that single word. Another day before Y. I was on horseback with an English sergeant of the Engineers, riding and chatting together. We were between the commandant of my battalion and the 1st company, when suddenly a French soldier in front of us began to shout "The English are *behind* us, and we are cut off!" You may imagine our amusement. Besides pleasant times I have had some sad ones which will, I hope, not happen again. All that I see of the English Army recalls with pleasure my delightful time at the great school of Denstone—a time of which I shall always cherish a memory which could not be happier, for if till now we have been united by letters, arts, sciences, and work, we are doubly united now by the blood shed in the common cause—a dark bond which will not be effaced, and which will keep us united forever. My brother Henry keeps well, like myself."

E. R. Almond (1904) is a Gunner in the 5th Battery of the Motor Machine Gun Service and is at the Front.

J. C. Gurnhill is an Army Chaplain.

G. Llewelyn Jones (Feb., 1887) is Lieut. in the R.A.M.C., and for the present is Medical Officer in charge of the Western Section Hospital at Cawsand for the Plymouth Garrison.

D. R. Carpenter is reported a Prisoner of War in Germany.

WAR OBITUARY.

In the late fighting round Ypres, Rifleman J. H. Goodyear, 6th Batt. Liverpool Regt., was severely wounded on April 11th and succumbed on April 13th at Poperinghe. He entered Denstone in 1891 and on leaving was apprenticed with Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. For some years he held a Commission in the 4th V.B. King's Liverpool Regt., but resigned on taking up his residence for a time abroad. On the outbreak of war he hastened to rejoin his old regiment, and did not disdain to do so as a Rifleman. The *Liverpool Echo* says "to all who knew him he endeared himself by his sincere and unselfish disposition, and as a true English Christian gentleman." One who knew him as a boy here says that such a description is exactly what he should have expected him to deserve.

2nd Lieut. Bernard Craig Keble Job came in 1897 as a very small boy and did not stay long. After some years elsewhere he went to Radley. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Liverpool Scottish as private, and on Nov. 1st was gazetted 2nd Lieut. in the 3rd Batt. West Kent Regiment. He went out to France on Good Friday and joined the 1st Batt. of his regiment. On April 18th he was killed in action in the fighting at Hill 60.

F. E. Clark of the Honorable Artillery Company will be remembered as a good shot while he was here and as having enjoyed his time at the Front in an exceptional way. His letters which we have printed showed that his one object was

to enjoy life, and to him in the circumstances the supreme joy seemed to be to engage in set encounters with enemy snipers. True they scored an ear once, but Clark's skill probably gave him many more significant successes. From September, when he went out, he has been hard at it; they were in the trenches in October. But nothing could daunt his cheerfulness; one of his last letters described a football match under fire in which he took part. He was only 17. On the last Sunday of the holidays Mrs. Hibbert heard from him; it was on that day that he was mortally wounded. In the serious fighting which took place then, he was struck in the side by shrapnel, and died in hospital on May 4th. His company officer wrote to his father, "I can tell you very truthfully that all who knew him, especially his platoon, feel that they have lost a really brave comrade and one who kept his spirits up through all the time he has been in the trenches."

Lieut. Colonel Walter Lorenzo Alexander came here in 1887, and quickly reached the Sixth, for he was a clever boy. He was in the Head's House, and became a Prefect in 1889, in which year he won the French Prize. He played for his Dormitory, but did not shine particularly in Sports. On leaving in December, 1889 he went to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, from whence he passed out 16th with Honours. He joined the 2nd Batt. of the Yorkshire Regiment, the "Princess of Wales's Own" in 1892. He served with his regiment in the Tirah campaign of 1897-8, and took part in the capture of the Sampaghaand Arhanga passes, and he also took part in the reconnaissance of the Saran Sar and the action of Nov. 9, 1897, in the operations round Dwatol, against

Khani Kel Chamkunis and in the Bazar Valley, gaining the medal with two clasps. It is characteristic of his modesty that in the particulars he supplied for *The Denstone Register* he said nothing about his distinguished services or his medal. In 1900 he became Captain and in 1901 Major. When war broke out last August the Commandant and the Second in Command were both ill, and he was sent to command in Guernsey. When his regiment went to France he was with it until he was wounded in the first battle of Ypres last October, but as soon as he recovered went back to the Front, and led his regiment with great gallantry in the hard fighting of Neuve Chapelle in March. Sir Douglas Haig thought so highly of him as a leader, that he gave him temporary command of the 21st Brigade, 7th Division. He was killed in the recent fighting round the position where he was previously wounded on May 14.

Frank Cuthbert White, who was killed on May 13th, was a singularly attractive boy who only recently left. He came in 1908, and showed excellence in all departments. He was more than ordinarily clever, and excelled in all sports. As an actor, few who saw his rendering of *Hermia*, will forget his awakening:

*Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.*

It is easy to overpraise a boy's efforts. But *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was played so long ago as 1911, and the writer still remembers how he stood in the wings entranced by this piece of acting. It was the same with everything he took in hand. He put his best into everything and therefore he did excellently in all. Of his affectionate and winsome character one must not speak much; we can only re-

member with profound thankfulness that again and again in his letters from the front he spoke of his gratitude to Denstone ; how lie "tried to remember what he had seen taught here"—few words of much meaning. He went out with the Leicester Yeomanry long ago, and almost immediately came the great German first onslaught on Ypres. Quite unexpectedly they were rushed up to support the Guards, and had been with them ever since. / It was in the second battle of Ypres that he was killed, on Ascension Day. The Leicesters' trenches were bombarded for three hours with the utmost fury, and then the Germans made an attack in force. The Diggs were going badly when Major Martin called for volunteers to hold a trench. Frank White was one who responded, and he faced the German rush as cool and steady as if on parade. Some of them got into the trench, and Frank White, though he fought a splendid fight, was killed. His Sergeant-Major said it was "*a glorious death*" : that is how Frank White died—it was a fitting end to a good life.

It is very difficult to write of the death of Lancelot Graham Harris. His loss alone would justify the Head's remark that the war had already claimed our best. He came here in 1908 and from then until he left in 1913 it is not too much to say that we all admired his ability in work and sports; and we all rejoiced in his cheerfulness. He was certainly one of the cleverest boys we have had in recent years, and, of course, he won a History Scholarship at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Before entering into residence he went to Berlin for the Summer to perfect his German. His one year at Cambridge was sufficient to impress everybody there; work and sports again

proved congenial outlets for his ability and cheerfulness; again he was a general favourite. Then came the Declaration of War and immediately he joined the Honorable Artillery Company. On Sept. 19th he sailed for S. Nazaire. In October he went to the Front. Of course his linguistic abilities—for he knew both French and German thoroughly—proved most useful, and he could not be anything but the joy of the company wherever he might be. But he was something more. The following has come into our hands. It was written by one of the men of his company to his own friends, and with no intention that friends of Harris should see it. "I am very sorry to say they killed a young fellow named Harris, one of the old stagers of S. Nazaire. He was frail-looking and slim and quite a boy with an almost girlish face, but he had the spirit of a bulldog and the soul of a saint. The grit with which he stuck the hardships of the winter and his continual cheeriness and helping of others, when he was almost done up himself, used to make me proud to be in the regiment with him. When a spirit of such temper as that of young Harris is lost from among us, I tell you it leaves a very big gap indeed."

His own Platoon Commander said "his bravery was absolutely magnificent; he was perfectly splendid all the way through—thoroughly keen, and willing to do anything."

It was in the big fighting at Ypres that he was killed. On the evening of April 27 he was brought in unconscious, with both legs broken. He died the next day. In his pocket was found a letter to his father and mother, written many weeks before, full of affectionate gratitude for all they had done for him, especially mentioning Denstone and Cambridge, and looking forward to the meeting in the next life.

2nd Lieut. Dudley Charles James Copland, Sherwood Foresters, is a good example of the fine way in which young business men nourish the true spirit of patriotism. He left here in Dec. 1912, for business in London. But he did not neglect his duty to the country, and he joined the Artists' Rifles. Here he had been a keen shot, and at Bisley made a famous score in the Cadet Pair, and after leaving school he was remarkably successful in shooting: the number of shooting cups and trophies which he won was very large. He was out for several months before he obtained a commission, and when the honour came it was in the fine regiment to which so many Denstonians have belonged, and still belong. He was killed on May 9 at Aubers.

Lieut. Arthur Temple Railton, 4th (T.) Seaforth Highlanders, was killed in action in Northern France, on May 9th, aged 24. He came here in May, 1903, but left in 1906 to go to Oundle with a scholarship. Later he passed to Glasgow University, where he obtained the B.Sc. degree in naval architecture. He was reported "wounded and missing" on May 9th, and "killed" on the 14th. His commanding officer writes:—"He laid down his life gallantly, leading his men in a charge for the enemy's trenches, and has died as a soldier's death. He has been laid to rest in the Military Cemetery at Vielle Chapelle." His promotion to temporary lieutenant on November 1st, 1914, was announced only the day before he died.

It seems that he was first wounded in the leg, and sent word by another wounded man that he was all right. The fire was so terrific that it was impossible to reach him. Later on he was mortally wounded by shrapnel in the neck. His body could not be found for some time, but was brought in several days afterwards.

O.T.C.

Lieut. B. H. Whitley was kind enough to act as Judge in the Dormitory Section Competition and all gratitude is due to him for the unflinching care he showed in carrying out the work.

The first part was taken on March 24th and 26th, and resulted in Meynell being placed first with 81 marks. In the turnout, points were lost by most dormitories for dirty boots and badly wrapped puttees. Rifle exercises were smartly done, but there was general weakness in the detail of the 'port' and 'present.' The firing positions were disappointing. They are of first importance and should have been more carefully prepared. A high standard was reached in platoon drill. Dormitory commanders should insist on steadiness; only one platoon, Selwyn, was really steady.

The second part of the competition—tactical handling—was taken on Saturday, March 27th. A short trench was sited under the clump of beech trees on the way to Wooton Lodge and each dormitory had to attack this from a distance of 800 yards. The attack was very well carried out by Selwyn, Meynell and Head's i.

In order to make the best possible use of the ground in an attack, a commander should always make as complete a reconnaissance as possible before deciding on his dispositions. As soon as each dormitory commander heard the scheme of the attack, he should have sent out scouts *with definite instructions*. For this work the most intelligent men should be chosen. A careful reconnaissance would have shewn that it was possible to advance to within 100 yards of the trench in dead ground.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of mutual support in an attack over open ground. Sections can advance only when they are supported by rapid fire from the sections on their flanks and before an attack begins adjacent section com-

manders should always arrange signals with each other for supporting fire. This was very well done by Selwyn. Most dormitories made the serious mistake of firing when they were in dead ground and could not see the target. This was a sheer waste of ammunition. In short rushes, cadets must get up and go down together and must make the best use of any cover the ground may offer. There was room for improvement here but the faults were probably due to the large number of recruits in the various platoons. The most pleasing and promising feature in the series of attacks was the great keenness of platoon and section commanders.

The final order was Meynell, 162; Head's i. and Selwyn, 161; Head's ii., 151; Lowe, 145; Head's iii., 142; Woodard, 133; Shrewsbury, 130.

The following appointments have been made:—Platoon Sergeants Webb and Hayward to be Second Lieutenants; Sergeants Wilson and Hope to be Platoon Sergeants.

Promotions.—Corporals Sykes, Horsfield and Lance-Corporal Briggs to be Sergeants; Privates Weigall, Collis, Laithwaite and Lindop to be Lance-Corporals.

There are twenty recruits this term who are making steady progress under Second Lieutenant Webb and Company Sergeant-Major Knight.

THE SPORTS.

This year there were two things which tended to make Sports Day a little unlike its real self: firstly, the weather was fine; secondly, owing to the war, winners received certificates instead of prizes. The winners of the events were as follows.

Kicking Competition (open).—ist, W. H. M. North-Cox; 2nd, W. V. Clark.

Kicking Competition (under 15).—ist, J. H. Whittles; 2nd, W. E. Wilson.

One Mile "Age" Handicap.—ist, J. J. Boothroyd; 2nd, A. G. Tobias; 3rd, C. K. Hope.

One Mile (open).—ist, C. K. Hope; 2nd, A. G. Tobias; 3rd, S. H. Larkam; 4th, R. W. Peel. *Time*—5 mins. 22f sees.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open).—ist, H. E. Baness; 2nd, H. Collis. 81 yds. 2 ft.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 15).—ist, F. Stott; 2nd, D. F. Ferguson. 66 yds. 2 ft.

120 Yards Hurdle Race (under 15).—ist, G. E. Sharp; 2nd, F. B. Jeffries.

Half-Mile (open).—ist, C. K. Hope; and, A. G. Tobias and H. A. Peacock.

100 Yards (open).—ist, A. W. Wilson; 2nd, W. M. North-Cox; 3rd, H. Collis. *Time*—1 if sees.

100 Yards (under 15).—ist, J. Whittles; 2nd, E. Finney; 3rd, F. B. Jeffries.

Long Jump.—ist, H. Collis; 2nd, C. Reynolds. 16 ft. 6f ins.

Long Jump (under 15).—ist, G. E. Sharp; 2nd, E. C. Warren.

Choir Race.—ist, R. Seddon; 2nd, J. N. Nason.

120 Yards Hurdle Race (open).—ist, A. W. Wilson; 2nd, W. M. North-Cox. *Time*—21 sees.

Quarter-Mile Handicap (under 15).—ist, C. J. Buckley; 2nd, P. H. Davies; 3rd, F. E. Davies and J. Shirlaw.

High Jump (open).—ist, C. Loveday; 2nd, H. E. Baness. 4 ft. 6f ins.

High Jump (under 15).—ist, G. Sharp; 2nd, F. Jeffries.

Quarter-Mile (open).—ist, A. G. Tobias; 2nd, H. Collis; 3rd, H. A. Peacock. *Time*—6½ sees.

One Mile Steeplechase (under 16).—ist, R. Coverdale; 2nd, J. Padmore; 3rd, N. Pattison; 4th, W. Hall.

Two Mile Steeplechase (open).—1st, C. K. Hope; 2nd, R. W. Peel; 3rd, C. Loveday; 4th, W. M. North-Cox.

The Challenge Cup was won by C. K. Hope and the Dormitory Challenge Cup was won by Meynell with 180 points. We are very much indebted to Mrs. Huskinson for her kindness in presenting the certificates to the winners. The heartiness with which she was cheered showed how her action was appreciated.

O.D. NEWS.

G. L. Marriott has gained the Ellerton Essay Prize at Oxford, and has received the *fi.D.* degree.

G. L. Marriott has gone to Cuddesden.

B. Holloway is playing the Duke of Guise in Mr. Fred Terry's new production of *Henry of Navarre*.

J. W. Cheshire was ordained deacon in the Diocese of Southwell on Trinity Sunday.

C. a. B. Williams has written and had performed two trios for piano, violin and cello, which have been very well spoken of. He is now, in the midst of his military duties, writing a series of "Impressions" for the pianoforte for a London publishing house. His method is to try to express the "mood" of certain places in music, and Wootten Lodge is one of the places he has chosen.

We regret to hear of the death of William James Crampton, at the age of 38. He came in Sept., 1887, and was in

the Meynell Dormitory. He left in Dec. 1892, and went into business in Sheffield. He died on April 6.—R.I.P.

G. E. Jackson is Secretary to the Ontario Commission on Unemployment. He writes :—

The delivery of the O.D. Chronicle **this** morning has inspired me to write you. I am glad our fellows are doing so well. **The** death of Brownfield is a sad loss. I **well** remember his innings in the O.D. match, his last speech day at Denstone, **when** Lodge and Gooch ran together to catch **his** ball, and collided in a Catherine-wheel, each getting a slight concussion of the brain. Gedge was drowned on the *Amphion*, **but** I do not see any record of this in **the** Chronicle,

So far as I know there are **no** Old Denstonians in Toronto. I think it would be a good idea if somewhere you **kept** a record of the senior O.D. in each Canadian city, so that we could get in touch with one another. Haycock is the only Canadian O.D. across whose tracks I run, since I know the man who lives on the fruit-farm next to his.

Our students are responding well **to the** call for men. I suppose we have **sent** 500 to the war by now. Twenty went off **two** days ago with a single battery of field artillery. I think another 300 will **go as** soon as our academic year is finished. The professional courses—law and medicine—volunteer badly, but the others are as **keen** as mustard.

Here, we blather a great deal about our part in the war, rather more than we should do. Of the first 60,000 troops recruited, at least 40,000 were English. The Canadian shop-keeper and artisan does not as yet **feel** called on to enlist. It is only the better class who jumped to arms right away. I

know very few young unmarried Canadians who are fit, and do not intend to go. But for the plebs., the war is just a spectacle.

However, it is circenses without the bread which once accompanied the games. Business here is very bad, and all the winter we have had 20,000—30,000 unemployed in this city. The Council has temporised and bungled in the most criminal fashion. The Provincial Government has appointed the body, whose names grace this letter head, to report on the situation and devise a remedy. As I am still holding my job at the University, you may gather that the last three months have been busy. All the Commissioners are old enough to be my fathers, but for the most part they are magnificent men, and treat me with far more consideration than my youth demands.

My impression is, that more than half of the destitute cases in Toronto are English—which is a melancholy fact. It is a most difficult situation, complicated of course, by the uncertainties of peace and war. I wish my eye-sight were better, and I could have gone over and done my share in Belgium, but meanwhile, we may do something useful in our way."

NOTES.

The following left last term for Commissions in the Sherwood Foresters:—F. J. Mellor, W. H. M. North-Cox, P. E. Burrows and R. F. Young.

E. G. H. Bates has been awarded one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Missionary Exhibitions at Cambridge.

Robinson, Weigall and Williams have been made Prefects.

Barnes and Glaisby have gained their 1st XI. Colours.

The Dormitory Musical Competition last term ended in favour of Meynell.

The list of new boys is as follows :

Atkinson, Theodore St. Barbe	Meynell
Brighton, Eric James	Shrewsbury
Brown, Eric Pelham	Woodard
Burr, Lawrence Geoffrey	Woodard
Christian, John	Woodard
Clappen, Archibald Jack	Shrewsbury
Dicker, John Hamilton	Preparatory
Dicker, Ernest George	
Hamilton	Preparatory
Favell, William	Head's ii.
Forsyth, Albert Alexander	Woodard
Garman, Bernard Anchitel	Preparatory
Garman, Reginald Curtis	Preparatory
Haddock, Frederick Thorpe	Preparatory
Hamilton, Ian Moffatt	Head's ii.
Holton, Leo	Preparatory
Holloway, Geoffrey Norman	Lowe
Jackson, Wilfrid Hall	Selwyn
Jackson, Edmund Hall	Selwyn
James, Richard Houghton	Preparatory
Kimbell, Eaton Robert	Woodard
Knowles, Charles Lionel	Head's iii.
Lasbury, Percival Albert	Head's i.
Lenton, William Henry	Preparatory
Liitter, Richard Bernard	Head's i.
Liitter, George Henry	Head's i.
Liitter, Frank Theobald	Head's i.
Liitter, Denis Patrick	Head's i.
Porritt, Norman Bird	Head's iii.
Pym, Richard Geoffrey	Lowe
Smith, Eric Charlton	Head's ii.
Thomas, Cecil James	Woodard
Walker, William Pinckney	Selwyn
Wallace, William John Arthur	Selwyn
Wilkinson, Eric Frank	Lowe
Wynne, Frederick Gordon	Shrewsbury

F. Parker who left in July has returned,

The latest volume of the *Cambridge County Geographies* has a special interest for us, in that it is not only on our own County of Staffordshire, but is by the Rev. W. B. Smith. He has effectively proved his competency for the work, and we shall be surprised if the volume is not reckoned one of the best of the series. It is written without any pretence at learning, which is a good assurance that learning is there. It is full of local details, and there has been no attempt to adapt generalities to the particular county. The illustrations are admirably chosen. Of course we at Denstone know that Staffordshire abounds in beautiful scenery so we are not surprised to find some exquisite rural scenes; but we are not so ready to acknowledge the picturesqueness of the "Black Country." But Mr. Smith has managed to find really artistic photographs even in those unpromising districts, e.g., those of Blast Furnaces (p. 54), and a canal (p. 101), and several pottery interiors. We are proud to see that our own Museum, of which Mr. Smith is curator, has furnished some admirable illustrations. Altogether it is a book which reflects credit on Mr. Smith and through him on Denstone, and we congratulate him heartily on a scholarly and complete book.

We are glad to welcome Mr. A. A. Crompton this term.

The Treasurer of the Sports Committee wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—Rev. the Provost, £1; Rev. W. B. Wright, 5s.; H. E. Whittles, Esq., 5s.; S. Keeling, Esq., 5s.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of:—*Felstedian, Marlburian, Brighton College Magazine, S.S.M. Quarterly, Reptonian, Framlinghamian, Giggleswick Chronicle, Liverpool College Magazine, King Edward VI. Grammar School Magazine, Lancing College Magazine, Merchistonian, Hurst Johnian, S. Edward's School Chronicle, Eastbournian, Blue, Elstonian, Ardingly Annals, Cuthbertian, Cottonian, Olavian, S. Joint's College Magazine (Johannesburg), Armidalian.*

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

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.