



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

**A**S we go to press we are faced with both sorrow and joy. We have cause to congratulate ourselves that the health of the School has been good, as compared with that of the Spring Term of some years; and we have cause for grief in that the Rev. D. Edwardes, who was Headmaster of Denstone for twenty-five years, is seriously ill.

The weather has caused a change in the usual O.T.C. programme, and we have been faced with a series of nerve-racking examinations, which have taxed even the ingenuity of N.C.Os.

It is a popular superstition that the *Denstonian* makes fabulous profits, but as

a matter of fact it only just pays its way. Owing to the limited import of paper, the size of the present issue has been reduced to what is really the normal number of pages—a change from recent practice, but one which will probably be imposed upon us for the future. We notice that our enterprising little contemporary, *The Daily Mail*, is threatened with similar difficulties. What will happen to the Air Service now?

IN AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.

By K. B. Allan, O.D.

It is over thirteen years since I left Denstone. I have now been four and a half years in the West African Medical Staff, as I was appointed in May, 1911, to

the Gold Coast Colony. My first "tour" was spent at a place called Nsawam, about twenty-seven miles North of Accra, on the railway; my second tour was at a place called Zonaragu, in the Northern Territories; and this tour I am at Gambaga, forty miles to the S.E.—about  $10^{\circ}$  N, lat.

It is a fairly healthy station, situated about 1500 feet above sea-level. There are usually two European officials here—a Provincial Commissioner and a Medical Officer—but for nine months of this tour I was alone, and had to act as District Commissioner, a job which comprises multifarious duties, such as magistrate, post-master, political officer, transport officer, officer in command of the local detachment of Constabulary, officer in charge of the prison, and so on. The natives are still superstitious; in this district they are mostly pagans, but there are a large number of Mohammedans, who, to judge by the prayers they offer, are most anxious for British success in the war—and, I understand, also for my own. The people are a very peaceable farming and trading class, and do not care much for fighting. They subscribed admirably to the war funds, though wages are only sixpence a day.

The rains last usually from March to October, and the rest of the year is dry, water becoming a luxury. This year they have been exceptionally heavy. They have just finished, and the natives are now harvesting; the crops are excellent. It is November, and so the Harmattar wind, which blows across from the Sahara, has begun. It is very hot and dry during the day, but fairly cold at night. Horses are able to live here, so most of our travelling is done on horseback, although some of the roads are quite good in dry weather, so that bicycles can be used; in fact, motor-bicycles have been seen in these parts.

I am running two stations as Medical Officer just now. Smallpox has just broken out, so I am off on a vaccinating trip. In addition, I have been busy lately inspecting cattle, as we have had various diseases, and the French report more in French Sudan, which is to the north of us. On our eastern frontier is Togoland, recently captured, and now jointly administered by the French and ourselves.

This station is 350 miles north of Coomassie, the terminus of the railway, from which there are 167 miles of line to Secondee, which takes at least ten hours to accomplish; and then it is a fortnight to Plymouth. One walks and "hammocks" the road journey, which occupies about three weeks. There is a sixty-four-mile motor road into Coomassie.

We are allowed carriers, at the rate of three a month, to bring up stores; all baggage is conveyed by porters, as head-loads. We are allowed eighteen carriers and eight hammock-men to go from Coomassie to our station, and nearly as many to return. Our tours are supposed to last only twelve months from date of landing to date of sailing at Secondee; then we get four months' leave in England. For every month over-time ten extra days' leave are allowed. I have now done fifteen months; reliefs are scarce owing to the war.

One has to put up with a good many inconveniences out here, but on the whole the life is interesting, and one can live, with care, in this rather unhealthy climate, whilst the pay and leave are good. I have been doing a little soldiering, drilling our detachment of Constabulary, and have just lately assisted in putting them through their annual musketry course. But all of us officials have been strictly ordered not to resign or attempt to join either the Army or Navy without permission.

DEN STONE

REVISITED.

By an O.D.

A boisterous wind beats upon the ppane, driving before it an army of whirling flakes. Grey stone and red, and soft green tiles, are alike half-hidden as the storm surges triumphantly into the quadrangle, only to break upon high-pitched roof and tower. We are besieged, but we are well provisioned; for a fire glows warmly in the grate, and the heart is full of rich memories.

Beneath, in a classroom, struggles the Boy with the unsolved problem and the difficult prose; and to him sentiment is but sorry stuff when the dull monotony of school routine holds him fast. But some day he will learn another lesson. Let him make the most of the short years, for in a little while he will have turned the corner; and should happy chance take him back to the old scene, the faces will have changed, and he will be but the witness of a golden procession in which he can no longer take a part. Yet he will return with his heart stayed up by a great hope. As the train rolls through the familiar valley, as the milk-cans rattle on to wayside platforms, memory will tug at his heart-strings with unexpected insistence. For Denstone is the most beautiful place in the world. It is so even outwardly. Can one doubt it? Follow the way through Stubwood and the stiles. Watch the clouds in full and majestic sail, their shadows chasing one another across the Weavers and along that quiet valley in which even Rocester looks picturesque. Stand for a moment by the pond. Ridge upon ridge of wooded heights carries the eye towards the blue distance which is Cannock Chase. Uttoxeter spire

is but a short six miles away, and, far beyond, a little white cloud of smoke and steam is caught by the wind and splashed gaily across the remote hills.

There are some who consider that view the finest in England. Indeed it is as beautiful as Alton. But Alton is the land of mystery. Sometimes, on a clear day, it is the Moselle country. We turn a corner, and in a moment we are in a distant world. Beneath our feet the straggling village, with its grey stone cottages, ciambers up the hillside. Beyond, across the valley, the woods sweep upwards to the bare line of the moors. Hill and dale alike are full of happy life and changing colour, But sometimes the whole mood changes, and the place is sombre and even forbidding. Heavy mists cling sadly round the shaggy cliffs. We can believe that the Rhenish castle is no longer a convent, but the home of some robber baron of a by-gone age; that in this damp and silent valley lurks the spirit of a forgotten tragedy. And yet it is not silent, for there is always the song of the stream, as the black water splashes and foams over the boulders like some Highland torrent.

But Time is a witch, and casts a spell over nature and memory alike. The Boy will recall more clearly ten years, twenty years hence, the struggles on Big Side, the cold winter's day, the long-drawn cheer, and the line of muddy players seeking warm studies and a well-earned tea; he will recall with a pang of regret the smell of dirty shorts drying on the pipes; he will remember the successful Prize Day, and the paper which contained the news of his scholarship. But, oddly enough, he will not remember the games on Little Side when he was an ineffective novice, nor will he retain a vision of wearisome house runs and heavy impositions. Indeed, memory,

like the Venetian sundial, whispers :

" *Horas non numero nisi sereiias.*"

Some day the Boy will know the trembling excitement with which the old scenes are once more viewed. There is the " Rat Hole," with its strange, gloomy cellars ; the Fellows' Library, with the old green tablecloths; there is Hall, with its warm red bricks, and familiar faces looking out from the heavy frames. And here again is the dormitory, with the same fireplace round which he and others clustered whilst a prefect read half Dickens night by night for a long year. Here is, *mirabile dictu*, the very cup which was won so long ago, when the final try was scored by——. But he, poor fellow, was knocked over by a German bullet. His portrait hangs in Chapel—a beautiful thought, for where else could it make silent petition for the prayers of Denstonians, and at the same time set before them an example of self-sacrifice beyond compare ?

And what will the Boy say in the hereafter, when he stands once more in the chapel which is the centre of Denstone life ? That depends on many things, but chiefly upon the boy himself—perhaps even upon how he wrestles now with the unsolved problem and the difficult prose. But one thing most assuredly he will recall : the last service in which he took part as a boy—the familiar hymn, which others sang so cheerfully, yet which somehow he himself was unable even to read.

For only those find Denstone who have lost her.

OUR LATEST ALLY.

By *Viator*.

Germany has declared war on Portugal. At last, then, our oldest ally, hitherto out-

side the arena, has entered the lists. A year last August 6th, as our boat went alongside the quay at Lisbon, the news was shouted across to us that Germany had declared war on England. Along the quays and in the River Tagus there were lying thirty-six German boats, and some of their crews were idly leaning over the sides. Most of the boats had been seized, and some of the crews interned. Portugal did not hesitate long as to her ultimate course. Her neutrality was only half-hearted. She remembered with pride the old alliance with England, dating back 700 or 800 years, when she was a powerful maritime nation. There, down the river, we had just passed the Tower of Belem, from which many an adventurous Portuguese had set sail towards the West, to make new discoveries and to open up fresh territories for his homeland.

What changes these centuries have wrought! There stands the triumphal arch and the equestrian statue, proclaiming regal splendour and mighty conquests—which have now vanished. Doubtless the English flags flying in the port recalled to the more intelligent citizens of our southern ally how step by step England has built up her vast empire and has gained command of the seas ; and how, in contrast, Portugal has rapidly declined.

In 1911 the writer was dining in Lisbon at a house in the Avenida, one of the finest avenues in Europe. The room had been badly damaged, and the wall of it which faced the avenue was patched up with oil-cloth and thin plaster, which served to cover holes blown through it, not by foreign enemies, but by home revolutionaries. Truly Portugal was a house divided against itself. Filth, poverty and squalor reigned in this lovely city. Regiments of soldiers could be seen marching along—

filthy, unkempt, unpaid ; not a sou had these republican soldiers received for many months. Bomb-throwing, street battles, and assassinations, had been only too frequent. ..

But, in 1914, what a transformation! There was excitement in the air. For the moment Portugal had forgotten its own troubles. The fortunes of Europe were in the melting-pot. There was a feeling that, in the face of the common foe, local differences should be sunk. " What can poor Portugal do ? " was the question of some of the more pessimistic Portuguese. Portugal had done something ; she had been putting her house in order, and it was apparent everywhere. Houses, people, streets—all looked more prosperous, and certainly cleaner. The city of Lisbon was beginning to be more in keeping with its incomparable situation. The soldiers who guarded the quays and boats had full uniform, and instead of being unkempt and unshaven, the *poilus* were finely set up and well-drilled men. The writer was assured by more than one well-informed citizen that a new era had begun—a time of prosperity, new hopes, new ideals.

Is it too much to think that these new aspirations were inspired partly by the presence of a large fleet of English ships in the Tagus ? Were not the more thoughtful roused by the sight of the ships, which brought back to them the remembrance of their long-standing alliance, and of Portugal's former glory ? Had not Portugal roused itself just at the right moment to take a worthy part side by side with its English ally ? Were its people not reminded that they too had a vast colony in the South and a powerful sister-republic in the West ?

Eighteen months later than the declaration of war, Portugal has thrown down the

gauntlet to Germany, urged on by promises received, and pledges given by England that she would stand by her to the last. Portugal had already shown her hand—in Africa, in November, 1914—against Germany, with some success, thus demonstrating that she had not been altogether unprepared.

Are there not some points of comparison between Portugal and ourselves ? Did we not too find it necessary to put our house in order ? Were there not those who justly feared, as recently as 1914, that should we go to war, all would not be well ? At the critical moment, did not sections of Britons use against a common foe the weapons they had forged to use against their own countrymen ? The ex-King Manoel, refugee in England, recently issued a proclamation to his Royalist followers in Portugal, begging them to do nothing which should prevent the forwarding of Portugal's common cause. Germany, with her usual psychological blundering, is whining about the servility of Portugal. Little does the German mind grasp the meaning of alliance. It is disappointed, because it thought Portugal effete and lacking in courage. Portugal has been biding her time and cleaning her Augean stable. Possibly the gallant defence of Verdun by our other Latin ally has been Portugal's turning-point, though she was always willing to help us, even though internal trouble tore her. " What can poor Portugal do ? " said the pessimists. She has given her answer. *Qui vivra, verra.*

#### WAR NEWS.

L. E. Myers writes from Norfolk : " I came down here a short while ago to try to frighten away the Zeppelins. I thought

our aeroplanes had a difficult task, but anyone on the ground has less chance still!"

A. J. Wood wrote at Christmas: "I expect you will have seen the papers before you get this, and will be worrying very much, so I am writing to tell you I am all right at this earliest possible moment. About 6.30 yesterday we were awakened by our orderlies, who said there was a gas attack. Our dug-out was full of the fumes at the time, but we got on our smoke-helmets and dressed. I simply can't talk of what followed. The sight of the poor men in agony cannot be described. We have been subjected to a terrific bombardment since, *but there has been no attack*. We expected one immediately after the gas attack; but the front line sent back the S.O.S. signal to the artillery, and in less than five minutes all our guns were going hard. I think it was the quick work of our artillery which upset them. The gas attack, of course, took place in the dark, and was confined to our Division. The French on our left had a little dose shortly afterwards. The gas is white in colour, and is not the green chlorine formerly used. For myself, I determined to keep a cool h'ad from the start, and that saved me a lot. I got nothing worse than a very sore and dry throat, but was beginning to get stilled when the cloud passed by us.

"My tube-helmet saved my life again the same day. While we were in the trenches we had our helmets in readiness, wearing them on top of the head. The eye-pieces of the helmet have a glass piece circled with a ring of metal. A piece of shell hit the eye-pieces, which were on top of the head. I felt stunned for a time, but when they examined the helmet the metal was dented badly and the glass smashed.

It gave me a shock, but it only raised a lump and filled my hair with glass. As regards casualties, we were lucky ourselves, and the men were just fine; I never expected them to behave so well."

Later he wrote: "At last and at length! We have been on the go since the 29th, and have at last reached our destination. We are back a few miles over the border, in a scattered little village. Last night we had a fine billet; I wish we could have stayed. We had plenty of eggs and fresh butter and new milk. I have never appreciated anything more in my life. One really forgets what such things as fresh milk taste like.

"I am very thankful to have got out of that hot shop with a whole skin, I can tell you. We had the very worst of luck when we came away. I don't know whether the Huns got wind of our departure, but we had a good send-off in the shape of three seventeen-inch shells. Well, it was the first one that did the damage; it was rotten luck, and of course we lost our best men. My company suffered most. A lot died of concussion, and had no wounds, but others had awful wounds, and others were literally blown to pieces."

F. B. Bickerstaffe Drew has given an interesting glimpse of the "great retreat" from Mons. He describes how parties were sent out "to scour the ways, especially the by-ways, in search of men lost or separated from their units—little groups of three men or thirty, or solitary single wanderers—to find them, range them up, and bring them back to the main bodies of our troops. Their plight was pitiable, for they were strange: s in a land whose speech was unknown, fugitives, penniless, often wounded or sick, at best dog-weary, hungry, almost starving. In many cases,

...y many, they had flung themselves down, worn out, body and spirit, all force spent, in that last terrible exhaustion, to which any rest, even the last of all, seems luxury.

"They had to be roused and often driven on. In the circumstances, it would have been natural if they had shown resentment against this action on the part of their rescuers, who, well mounted, had to bid them do what they felt past doing—force their swollen, exhausted feet to carry their worn-out bodies still on, perhaps **Aery** far. But not once was there a sour word or a sulky look; *always* there was the same unlimited, ineffable patience, the same courage of endurance, the same cheerful obedience. Never did I overhear grumbling in the hardest times. Whenever singing was permitted—sometimes *no* sound could be permitted, and the inarch was as silent as the nights that seemed to engulf it—whenver they might sing, they sang. And that is why, to me, such songs as 'Tipperary' and 'Mississippi' can never be common songs, but must for ever, wherever heard, fly at my throat with a clutch of memories in which I hear the echoes of the brave marching feet, and see the kindly, smiling faces of those who are the best friends I ever had. 'Eh, how they go, and whither?' the dear French would say of them. '*Quels braves!* Always singing, and such songs, to so gay and careless a music' "

W. F. Greenwood has met several O.Ds. in France. "The old Hun," he writes, "is getting quite lively on this front, so we are waiting for an opportunity to show what reception Denstone will give him."

H. W. Edwards writes from Egypt. All around him is the desert. Washing in a teacup is a fine art, but once or twice he

has been driven to this extremity. "I think the two things which surprise you most here are the weather—which is extremely cold, with occasionally very hot days stuck in sandwich-like—and also the enormous appetites we develop. This is accentuated by the fact that, being right away from all shops and civilization, we have no means of adding to the rations the Army gives us."

G.G. Goode was invaded from Gallipoli, but has now rejoined.

J. Pogmore is still with H. Bowman. "We are still stuck in the same old spot," he writes; "but a yard has been found for the cars, where the mud is only three inches deep instead of being up to the axle. Last week a strafe commenced when I was in A——. Fronts fell out of houses, and there was a superfluity of scrap-iron, brickbats, and broken glass in the air. It is an extraordinary thing that all the time the streets were crowded with civilians watching the fireworks, and yet not one of them was touched. They crowded round my ambulance just like Londoners-round a fallen horse. I know a football field in daily use which has a row of fresh shell-holes along one touch-line, and one or two actually on the playing pitch."

E. T. Greenwood sends a long letter from the Nilgiris, in India, where he finds that the nights are extremely cold. J. R. Birchall has been moved down to Malappu, so they have lost touch. On the other hand, Tomkins and Clark are both in the Cadet College at Wellington—Tomkins has been made a platoon-sergeant—and have met him on the football field, as they are "stalwarts in their respective platoons." Greenwood was engaged, when he wrote,

on the annual musketry course, and was in charge from 7.15 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. every day. "It begins to get a bit monotonous after lunch." He fears that he will be in India till the end of the war.

F. J. Mellor shared rooms with R. H. F. Coleman during a range-finding course near York. "He seemed just the same as ever, and very keen on long walks."

G. B. Fyldes says that his billets are near a church which the Huns always shell, so that big holes are dug in the back garden. If he obtains leave, he says that he will brave the Zeppelins in England.

C. Rawstorne writes from Alexandria: "For some time I have been working on light duty in the cook-house here; not a very congenial occupation, but one soon gets to expect jobs of the kind when one is plain T. Atkins, Esq. But I am now in one of the wards as an orderly." He says that, though he is very comfortable, he is anxious to get back to the Hawke Battalion. Unfortunately the bullet in his leg still gives him trouble, and it cannot be extracted.

Until he can join a cadet unit, W. G. Schofield is working in a recruiting office.

G. Collier, our engineer, was on the *Prince George* during the withdrawal from the Dardanelles.

C. T. Hutchinson writes: "We have had two gas alarms lately. One came about 7.30 p.m., but as the wind was from the South-West we went on with dinner. It caused great excitement; indeed, it is reported that the alarm went as far as the sea, and that the Base wired up two hours

later to know how many gas helmets were required to replace those damaged by gas. There was great alarm in the villages near by; church bells were ringing; infantry battalions paraded in gas helmets. In one village there were two casualties; one man fainted in his helmet because he tried to breathe in through the tube instead of out; another put his helmet 'wrong ways on,' and was run over by a man on a motor-bicycle. The other alarm was caused by the Bosches chucking some stink-shells about."

I. F. Menzies writes from twenty miles behind the firing line: "The country here is so different from the flats we have been accustomed to. We appreciate it very much, and even don't mind marching up hills. The farms and houses all look so fresh and pretty. There are no signs of war here at all except for the occasional rumbling of gun-fire."

A. B. Jameson travelled to Rouen with "Glow" Bates—"as breezy and absurd as ever. It makes a large difference, trotting about with somebody one knows really well. His French makes one almost wish that one had specialised in this exceedingly picturesque tongue. France is hardly what I expected it to be. I imagined blue skies and innumerable flowers; in fact, everything lovely. What a sad disillusionment! Drabness seems to be the keynote, and as for dirt——!"

P. H. Sykes laments that he has recently been transferred to a company of recruits. "It is simply a case of shout, shout, shout, all day. Almost all the drill has to take place on a disused excursion railway platform; and drilling and instructing to the perpetual accompaniment of moving trains



and screaming engines is apt to become somewhat tedious."

L. B. Helder wrote in February to say that three shells recently went right through his room. "I lived in a little house" tucked away in a sunken road, but the Hun must have seen the smoke from the broken chimney." Later, after he had been home on leave, he said: '-I was rather glad that I didn't visit you, if I should have had to get up at 3.54 a.m.'" (A gross exaggeration!) "Even we do not stand to 'till 5 a.m."

A. E. Barlow writes from Egypt: 'After many vicissitudes, we have arrived at a fearful hole, very nearly as far from anywhere as we were at Helles. I have been applying for a month's leave for some time; my applications have been sent back for 'Insufficient reasons,' so next time I am putting in enough to get the whole battalion home. We do six hours' training a day here; we also do outpost duty at night, and at times we go out into the desert ten miles; so that, together with fatigues, we are, as Mr. Tennant aptly described in the House, *resting*. Our recreations are watching the boats on the Canal and riding miles through the desert. Rhodes has joined us; he saw all sorts of people in Alexandria, including 'Vivvy' Harris and Moore. Spicer contracted fever during convalescence in Cyprus; I was there three months, and how anyone could contract fever, or anything — except perhaps marriage — I don't know. I have been out all day riding round the outposts, and have just had a hot bath—in my daily gallon!"

G. J. St. C. Harries has been invalided from Ceylon.

B. H. Whitley is in a machine-gun section and has just gone out.

H. M. Milward has been promoted

Major; he is second in command of the 16th Batt. Sherwood Foresters.

The *Daily Chronicle* recently published a good story about G. W. Mapplebeck, dealing with the time, over a year ago, when he had been shot down in Lille:— "Five hours after his descent, Lieutenant Mapplebeck was dining comfortably at the house of a prominent citizen of Lille (subsequently shot by the Germans), who continued to hide him for a fortnight. Plans for the Englishman's escape were made during this time, and on March 28th Lieutenant Mapplebeck safely reached the frontier.

"I owe a return visit,' declared the young aviator when leaving.

"And, faithful to his promise, on April 22nd Lieutenant Mapplebeck flew once more over Lille, circling over the Place de la Republique, and dropped three huge streamers bearing the following message:

" 'To the Commander of the German Forces at Lille.

" 'Lieutenant Mapplebeck presents his compliments to the Commander of the German Forces, and regrets that he was unable to make his acquaintance during his last pleasant sojourn in the city.'

The Governor nearly had a fit of apoplexy when he read this.

"Every day for the next month, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and four o'clock in the morning, Lieutenant Mapplebeck visited Lille in the same aeroplane, whose regular appearance was a never-failing source of delight to the population and of rage to the Germans."

An O. D. in France writes:—"There are times when the responsibility for the well-being and the lives of one's men weighs heavily; then one says one's prayers very fervently. At other times we try to forget

the horrors and ravages of war, and are like schoolboys again ; it is the only way to 'carry on.' I can honestly say, for one, that the thought of those at home praying for us is a great stand-by."

L. S. R. Scott was wounded in the taking of the "International Trench."

J.K.Summers has returned from France, and has been flying in various machines, once to a height of 10,100 feet. He hopes to go to the Central Flying School later. He has obtained his Graduation Certificate, and is now an instructor in the art of flying "Shorthorns."

C. Cartwright is in France—"a very warm place in the line."

G. S. Provis left his work in the Archbishop's Mission to Canada in order to offer himself to the Military authorities as a Chaplain to the Forces. Having so many qualifications, he has been characteristically side tracked to a remount depot at Romsey, Hants.

E. S. Smith has met Eardley-Wilmot and Rerrie ; the latter is unfortunately ill. On January 12th he left England for Alexandria, and later on went on to Salonika.

J. B. Hardinge has been promoted Lieutenant, lie is now in the 33rd Brigade, Machine Gun Company.

#### WAR OBITUARY.

John Laithwaite came in January, 1907, and left in December, 1909, to become a mining engineer. He was a boy of good abilities, and did excellently all round. He was a prefect, a good back and three-quarter, a good fives player, an exceptionally good wicket-keeper, and a stubborn bat. In the O.T.C. he was a member of the band and a bugler. When war began he joined the 20th Batt. Manchester Regi-

ment, and soon received a commission. In France his sterling character and engineering skill were soon recognised, and he was made Machine-gun officer; and our readers will remember that in our last number J. V. White, O.D., who is Captain in the same battalion, wrote highly of his efficiency. The Major pays a similar tribute to him, and we can easily understand this, for whatever he took in hand he did thoroughly. On February 22nd the section of the line in which he was received a heavy bombardment, and Laithwaite "stood by" with his machine-guns in the front-line trench in case of an attack. He was hit in the head by a rifle grenade, and died almost immediately. His own machine-gunners asked to be allowed to dig his grave, and he was buried just behind the lines. He was twenty-two years of age.

Wilfrid Herbert Marshall North Cox only left us in April last year, having come in September, 1911. He was in Head's i., and became a Prefect. He was one of the finest swimmers we have known; he was a proficient member of the O.T.C., and he was a useful three-quarter in the Fifteen, where his splendid physique stood him in good steael in spite of his youth. The *Denstonian* spoke, exactly a year ago, of his soundness in tackling, his value in defence, and his powerful kicking. The words used in the review of the XV. were eminently appropriate to all his activities. He was "powerful" and "sound" of body—of that there seemed no doubt, for he was splendidly built, and full of the joy of physical strength: But he was also "sound" in a better way, in spite of a waywardness which sometimes gave a different impression. Those who knew him intimately learnt that there was a glorious manliness in him, and it was on

that that we who had been privileged to touch the hidden springs of his affectionate nature counted to carry him onwards and upwards. He did not disappoint us, and he has left a memory which we cherish, of real upward striving. As soon as possible he obtained a commission in the ord Batt. Sherwood Foresters, and did well. He was in training in the North of England with other Denstonians, his contemporaries, and they were a happy band. At the end of February he was attacked suddenly with a serious illness, and in little more than a week he died, on S. Chad's Day, not yet nineteen. He was accorded the honour of a military funeral, and though Newcastle was too far away for any to go from the College, as we should have liked, Denstone was well represented among his brother officers.

R.I.P.

#### FOOTBALL.

Selwyn won the Final in the Little Side Dormitory Matches.

The following Football Colours have been awarded:—1st XV.: C. A. Wilson, R. Lutter, K. W. H. Austin, G. S. C. Weigall; 2nd XV.: J. B. P. Winkler, I. D. R. McDonald, D. J. Fergusson, T. S. Andrew, C. J. N. McCracken, W. G. Hall, R. Bassett, C. C. R. Reynolds, F. B. Jeffries.

#### CRITIQUE OF THE XV., 1915-1916.

\**H. E. Baness*.—Has made an excellent captain. Has been conspicuous for his ceaseless energy on and off the field. As a forward he is always on the ball, and uses his feet with considerable skill. He must learn not to "wing."

\**E. H. Glaisby*.—Good inside three-quarter, rather on the slow side. Has shown brilliancy on several occasions, and takes full advantage of his opportunities.

\**W. G. Scholeld*.—Fast wing three-quarter, with plenty of dash; reliable tackle; he goes down on the ball well. Has left.

\**W. Ewen*.—Slow but hard-working forward; indispensable in the scrum, where he uses his weight to the best advantage; good goal kick. Has left.

\**J. Barnes*.—Dashing inside three-quarter, who gets off the mark well; a good kick: might improve in defence.

\**A. Beith*.—Rather light but energetic forward. Brilliant in the loose.

\**R. M. Williams*.—Small but heavy forward, always on the ball.

\**A. G. Tobias*.—Stand-off half; individually brilliant, but must learn to pass when he has made the openings; a good kick.

\**J. H. Anton*.—Plucky and intelligent scrum half; goes on the ball very well, and works well with his stand-off.

\**H. C. Collis*.—Fast and hard-working forward; energetic tackle; might learn to dribble better.

\**C. A. Wilson*.—A much-improved outside three-quarter; shows brilliance at times in attack; inclined to be rather lazy.

\**R. Lutter*.—Has picked up the game remarkably quickly; dribbles exceedingly well; his weight has been of great use in the scrum.

\**K> W. H. Austin*.—A bustling forward; shows to the best advantage in the loose.

\**G. C. S. Weigall*.—Disappointing at first; picks up well; a fair tackle.

t/. *B. P. Winkler*.—A fast wing three-quarter; might improve in defence, and should take the ball with him when running through.

f/. *D. R. McDonald*.—A light but hard-working forward; good tackle.

†V>. *J. Fergusson*.—A good and heavy forward, always on the ball; did not play often, owing to an accident received in the earlier part of the season.

†J. *S. Andrew*. — A useful forward; rather disappointing in the middle of the season, but has improved considerably lately.

†C. *J. N. McCracken*.—Promising back in the earlier stages; must learn to pick up and kick the ball; fair tackle.

†W. *G. Hall*.—A young and energetic forward; fair tackle; should be very useful in the future.

†it. *Bassett*.—A fair forward, who has improved considerably: a good kick.

†C. *C. R. Reynolds*.—Heavy forward; played well at first, but has failed to maintain his form.

†F. *B. Jeffries*.—A bulky forward, who should improve with more energy.

\* Indicates 1st XV. Colourman.

† 2nd XV.

first time for some years we have had a three-quarter line without some disastrously weak spot in it. The passing has at times been brilliant in the extreme. The forwards, though much lighter than in previous seasons, have played with the usual energy, and may fairly say that they have never come off the field "a beaten pack."

The matches played, with results, were as follows:—

Mr. Pollard's XV	Won	33-3
Liverpool College	Won	84-0
10th N. Staffs Regt.	Won	11-10
Birkenhead School	Won	28-5
14th Manchester Regt.	Won	31-6
Trent College	Won	13-0
K.E.S., Birmingham	Lost	0-12
10th N. Staffs Regt.	Won	22-11
Birkenhead School	Won	24-5
10th N. Staffs Regt.	Won	8-3

Played, 10; won, 9; lost, 1; points for, 259; points against, 55.

#### O.D. NEWS.

#### REVIEW OF THE SEASON, 1915-16.

The football this term has been quite disappointing. We were fortunate enough to arrange a number of matches with various regiments stationed in the district; but only one of these was played—against the 10th North Staffs, at Penkridge, when the School won by eight points to three, after a keen and hard-fought game. All other matches—including those against Trent and K.E.S.—had to be scratched from one cause or another.

Looking back, however, on the season 1915-16 as a whole, the players are to be congratulated on their play and its results. Out of ten matches played, only one has been lost. Most of the games were against considerably heavier sides, and were fiercely contested throughout. For the

G. J. St. C. Harries writes: "I met Piggford, of the Ceylon Police, just before I sailed. He seemed well pleased with life and full of it. I have also come across G. F. Walton at various times, who looks the picture of health in spite of the hard time he is having on duty with the Colombo Town Guard Artillery. This war is very little felt in far-off Ceylon, except that everyone is doing double the ordinary work, owing to the large number of men who have left for service. Money is pretty plentiful, so prosperity is not yet lacking. We had a fairly anxious voyage home; possibly the very rough weather had something to do with it."

W. H. Johnson was one of the speakers at the annual meeting of the Algoma Association in London last month.

W. H. Ratcliffe (January, 1889) is now assistant engineer to the Fylde Water Board (near Garstang), and is engaged in carrying out a new construction scheme. When he left school he became articled pupil to the Borough Engineer and Surveyor of Accrington, and was then Deputy Borough and Water Engineer to Darwen Corporation. Three years in Canada followed as Resident Engineer at Bassani, Alberta, in the Canadian Pacific Railway's Department of Irrigation.

G. H. Lawton (May, 1899), who was a solicitor, is now an actor.

We are sorry to hear that C. E. Burgess has been for some time in hospital.

W. C. Averill is in the Hereford Branch of Lloyd's Bank.

K. F. Thompson is still in the Clergy Homes of S. Barnabas, but writes most cheerfully to wish the School all prosperity.

Messrs. Bell have just published the eighteenth volume of their School Edition of Shakespeare, edited by S. P. B. Mais—*Henry V.*

J. T. T. Barton writes from E. Africa, lamenting that he may not enlist. "Another transfer; sand, dust, camels, thirst, dirt and desert. Yes, this is the real thing. Anyhow, I had the military out last night, which is a good start. The Somali is clever, lazy, rich, hot-headed, a linguist, a thief, a liar, a rogue, and a cruel brute. His only redeeming feature is his personal cleanliness; he goes seven days on a jug of water. I had the chiefs in to-day, and laughed them out of face. I wish I were back with my savages in Kitui. I loved them; they were ripping children, who would do anything if you were kind, and never presumed if you asked after the pet cow. I have a good house on a living sand-storm, which will drop into the River Tuba in the next few days. You've never

ridden a camel. Don't. I am having leather stays made, as my backbone was nearly broken the other day."

E. C. Bailey (September, 1880) is now in medical practice at Crewe.

#### NOTES.

On March 18th and 19th the Headmaster gave an interesting lecture on the Journeys of S. Paul, with maps and seventy slides.

Other lectures have been delivered by Barker (on Munitions) and by Reynolds (on Ceylon).

M. Y. Townsend has done admirable work as Secretary of the Literary and Scientific Society.

On Shrove Tuesday, Mrs. Hibbert was kind enough to give a dance, to which the Senior Prefects as well as the staff were invited. The sincerest thanks of all who were present are due to Mrs. Hibbert for an entirely delightful evening. Earlier in the day the Choir Treat reflected Mrs. Salmon's invariable consideration and thoroughness.

The Headmaster has been asked to contribute an article on "The Acting of Shakespeare's Plays in Schools" to the Encyclopaedia of Education which Messrs. Pitman are to issue, also one on the Woodard Schools.

On March 20th the local Volunteer Training Corps were reviewed in the Drill Hall by Colonel Wright. He spoke warmly of Mr. Wood's hard work in the organisation of the body. The O.T.C. band played very well.

In spite of the terrible weather of the past term, some progress has been made with the erection of a new miniature range adjoining the Drill Hall.

Denstonians of many generations will hear with deep regret of the serious illness

of the Rev. D. Edvardes. For some days his life was despaired of, but at the time of writing great hopes are entertained of at any rate a partial recovery.

The following were confirmed on March 15th by the Lord Bishop of Stafford:— J. Adamson, K. Arnott, LI. Atkinson, N. Bickley, A. Birch, F. Booth, R. Brigg, E. Brighton, N. Broadbent, E. Brown, R. Bruce, C. Buckley, G. Burr, G. Caiger, T. Cawthorne, V. Clayton - Morris, D. Coates, J. Corbishley, A. Cowan, H. Cross, P. Davies, J. Dicker, E. Eardley, G. Elliot, R. Fairbairn, W. Favell, G. Fish, C. Fisher, A. Forsyth, J. Garson, G. Green, N. Gregory, W. Hall, I. Hamilton, R. Hamilton, P. Heslop, C. Horner, M. Hobday, G. Hunter, T. Keble, R. Kimbell, J. Kirsten, A. Lancaster, C. Llewellyn, S. Lloyd, C. Lowndes, G. Lutter, F. Lutter, K. Matthews, F. McClelland, G. Megson, D. Musker, F. Parker, G. Poulson, R. Seddon, J. Shaw, P. Smartt, B. Smartt, G. Smith, L. Stevens, P. Sutton, R. Thorpe, W. Walker, J. Wallace, O. Warner, N. Whitehead, E. Wilkinson, D. Wood.

The Dormitory Chess Competition was won by Selwyn.

The Dormitory Run resulted in the success of Lowe. Weigall was first home.

The Museum has received many interesting additions. These include a set of silver medals struck in Germany to commemorate Von Kluck's march on Paris; the sinking of the *Aboitkir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*; the bombardment of Hartlepool, and other "victories." There are specimens of British hand-grenades, fuses and shell parts; war stamps; a glass float used on submarine-catching nets; and other objects of warlike interest. But we have not yet secured a German helmet. Several Old Denstonians have made collections of curios at one or other of the fronts, but have lost them through being wounded.

A fine collection of mica has been given by Messrs. F. Wiggins & Co., of London, increasing materially the size and interest of the mineral section. A selection of minerals has been transferred to the Science School for teaching purposes together with some of the industrial exhibits. The alteration has made a little more room in the Museum for the numerous additions that are constantly being made to all the sections.

C. Brett, O.D., has again spent much time in arranging and cataloguing, and has given many specimens, especially coins; of these we have now nearly two thousand varieties. The Rev. T. L. Murray has given us several interesting objects, and W. W. White, O.D., is presenting a collection to illustrate the dyeing industry.

We have been obliged, for want of space, to begin again to crowd together the exhibits, or temporarily to remove those of least interest. The Curators, however, do not on this account refuse any additions (in fact, the list of these since September last occupies six pages of the Additions Book), but hope that the new Science buildings, when they come, will have a new museum attached to them.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries:— *Felstedian*, *Lancing College Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Blue*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Birkouian*, *Keptonian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Firefly*, *Marlbttrian*.

All MS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to the Editor, H. DA. Champney, or to the Censor, Mr. H. M. Butler, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

The yearly subscription of 4s. 6d. (or ios.6d. for three years), post-free, should be sent to the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

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