



The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

TWO things strike us at the beginning of term: one is that the number of boys at Denstone is far larger than at any previous time in our history—a most satisfactory, if also a little surprising, state of affairs. The other is that this increase has led to the calling in of several more ladies to supplement the staff. We have long been conscious of the untiring zeal which all the ladies connected with the School have invariably shown in the past; and this, if nothing else, should lead us to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune. But we seem to be growing not only in numbers,

but also in fame as a military centre. A neighbouring rustic recently asserted that he knew why the Zeppelins came to Staffordshire last term; they were looking for Denstone.

Occasional complaints reach us of the policy which we have pursued during the war of publishing much news from the front connected with Old Boys. As a matter of fact, all school news is recorded, if more shortly, yet as faithfully as ever. Somewhat naturally, Jones minor resents the way in which his astonishing performances on Little Side go unrecorded, but we think that some day he will feel differently. Many people keep their *Denstonians*, and when he looks through old numbers in the years to come, he will surely change his point of view. After all,

the times are exceptional, and the war is so immensely the most important interest in life to us all. We are all Denstonians, past or present, and what the Old Boys feel is well summed up by one of the many who have written to express their delight with recent numbers: "Fellows used to grumble in the old days at the Magazine being dull. They can't say that now."

IN FRANCE: A BROKEN
VILLAGE.
By C. J. Gumhill, O.D.

From the gentle slope which rises two kilometres away it has a curious and eerie effect: it has the appearance of an untidy little cemetery, with all the headstones awry and disarranged. It is a village which has, in the course of the war, undergone a fair amount of bombardment from both sides, so that long ago its inhabitants have fled: it is still, at no time of the day or night, a particularly healthy locality.

As one rounds the last curve of the road which leads to it, one sees it is a village no longer. There is, connected with houses all the world over, a real though indefinable feeling of home. Here this feeling has utterly vanished. Instinctively one knows that no home life will ever again be possible here; that no children will play in these streets. . . . And, curiously enough, there is a sense of shock that this should be so. A village without inhabitants, without children, is a body without life. Here is a village which retains its personality but which has lost its life. It silently suffers.

Round it is drawn the steel-blue belt of barbed wire: it is the circle of blue smoke surrounding the victim of a witch's curse. From somewhere near, a field gun fires spasmodically, two or three soldiers pass, otherwise there is no sign of life. We are in a dead island in a rich land.

Within the magic circle of the barbed wire, one finds it difficult to judge things by ordinary standards; for there is an "air" about the place—an oppressive yet indefinable atmosphere of pressure and expectancy; it would seem there is a Presence here, behind the things of sense. And as one tries to analyse this sensation it is borne in upon one strongly that this curious place is wholly wrapped up in itself, as though it were brooding too deeply to be aroused and dreaming too deeply for any awakening.

This sense of isolation and preoccupation seemed very strong, indeed, to the writer: I wonder if this is the experience of others.

The result of all this is the feeling that one has never been in so utterly strange a place. It is strange with the strangeness of a very deep sea or an impenetrable forest.

Then, suddenly, and as it were by intuition, the character and quality of war is revealed: its innate recklessness and animal passion; its superb God-given courage, and its fundamental pathos. Down the street, which lies so silent, men with soft bodies have dashed against machine guns pouring terrible death, and have gained their meed of suffering and of glory.

On dark winter's evenings, when the blind rain has long ago made everything sodden, then do these shattered and abandoned houses come to their own. At such times the scene is chaotic and grotesque; the silhouettes of the buildings remind one of prehistoric beasts and of their skeleton forms. The stark rafters of this building have the contour of ribs, and the small shell hole in that great mass forms the eye of some mammoth which lived when the world was young.

When the world was young! Is the world so old now as to have forgotten what it was to be young?

A DENSTONIAN IN DUBLIN.

By F. G. Wynne.

On Easter Monday, when I heard of the rising in Dublin, my natural desire was to go into town and see what was happening—but that was easier said than done, as every road was held by armed sentries who would not let anyone pass who had not a permit. However, by good fortune I was at last able to achieve my purpose.

When I arrived in the outlying suburbs there was nothing very noticeable except that all the windows were broken; some had just small round bullet holes in them, others had their window frames and parts of the wall blown out too, and through the great gaps beds and sofas and chairs were hanging out, all riddled with bullet holes. The streets were quite deserted except for soldiers. I cycled on into the heart of the city, seeing so far only broken windows and burning houses. I was passed by three armoured motors, with machine-guns and rifles sticking through the loopholes. I then cycled into one of the main streets of the city, and found it much quieter than I had expected, as there were only occasional shots fired from the windows by rebel snipers. In this street I saw the first sight that showed me how terrible the rebellion really was: two figures in khaki lying huddled up in the gutter. The Red Cross men could not come out, as the Sinn Feiners fired on all ambulances and Red Cross workers; indeed, some of the wounded soldiers were out in the streets for two days before attendance could come to them.

I cycled on as quickly as I could through this street into the heart of the city, where all the big buildings are, such as the banks and the General Post Office. Nearly all these famous buildings had been levelled to

the ground by fire and shells. Some of them were still smouldering, and others, that had not been completely ruined, were so riddled with shell holes that there was danger of their falling and killing some of the occupants of the streets; so the soldiers were busy pulling them down and using the stones to strengthen the numerous barricades that they had thrown across the streets.

I went down to the docks where a destroyer, having finished her work of destruction, was just sailing out. I looked at Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Sinn Feiners and Larkinists; it had shell holes all through it, and half the row of houses next to it had been blown away by bombardment directed against Liberty Hall, leaving just a bare wall with remains of pictures and ornaments still hanging on it. On this same wall there was a chimney-piece about half way up, on which a clock was standing, still intact, although the rest of the house had been blown away.

From here I went on to Stephen's Green. In order to get to it I had to ride up the main shopping thoroughfare. This street was almost entirely deserted, as one side of it was held by soldiers and the other side by Sinn Feiners, who were firing across at one another; so I cycled as quickly as I could. A great deal of looting had also taken place here; some shops had their whole fronts torn away, and everything of value had been taken out. When I arrived at Stephen's Green I saw the trenches which the Sinn Feiners had recently evacuated, owing to the fact that machine-guns had been mounted in the top storey of a hotel which stood on the edge of the Green, and from which the soldiers could fire on the rebels. The trenches were of the usual type, and in them were a large number of used cartridges of every description.

My homeward journey was uneventful; I passed several batteries going to reinforce the artillery which was already in action in Dublin, and a fair number of armoured motors were dashing about.

My cycle was punctured just outside Dublin, and as Martial Law had been proclaimed throughout the country, and I had no repair outfit, I stopped a civilian and told him to mend it as quickly as he could. He evidently thought from my military appearance that I was the bearer of some important message, and mended it for me in a few minutes. It was an amusing episode.

DAY BY DAY AS A SIGNALLING
OFFICER.

By C. F. W. Haseldine, O.D.

My dug-out is a building which I constructed practically by myself, and it is a dwelling of which I am justly proud. Three wooden steps lead down to the floor, which is also of wood, properly nailed on to floor joists. Outside the door, in the trench, is brick paving made with bricks taken from a ruined farm. This gives the water a chance to drain away when it rains, instead of rushing down the wooden steps! In front of the doorway is a table, and above the table is a curtain made of empty sandbags, strung on telephone cable, which is secured to wooden pegs driven into the wall. Behind this curtain, built into the "wall," is a ration-box, a large wooden box in which the day's rations are sent up to the trenches. This, placed upon its side, having the lid hinged on to it with leather hinges, makes an unobtrusive and very useful pantry. On the right is another box without lid or bottom, built into the wall; this serves as a window. There is also a curtain across this, which can be drawn at

night. . . . On the left is the bed, and a truly wonderful affair it is! It is made of wire stretched upon a framework of timber. This wire is very strong, and is similar to the wire one uses for making rabbit-hutches, but of much closer mesh. The "spring-mattress" is covered by empty sandbags nailed on to the wooden framework. This framework rests at either end on a small bench of sandbags filled with earth, and a curtain of empty sandbags hangs down from the frame to the floor. When I have put my blanket and air-pillow on the bed it is really very comfortable indeed. Above the bed is a large beam, which supports the corrugated iron and sandbags which go to make the roof of the dug-out. Along it runs a "pukka" curtain which once adorned a house in a neighbouring village. This enables me to sleep in the day time in comparative darkness. It is curious, too, how one comes to look upon a hole dug in the earth as home, and to take a very real pride in its appearance.

Dinner is quite an elaborate affair—soup, ration meat, and potatoes, dug-up from an adjacent field which is in "dead ground," a boiled pudding from home, chocolate biscuits and *cafu-au-lait*. Dinner over, we go outside and smoke a cigarette, in an armchair constructed of poles and empty sandbags nailed thereto—a very comfortable seat too, even though it is in the open air. A huge harvest moon has made its appearance, and it is a delightful sight. It seems incredible, sitting there, thinking of "Blighty," that one is really only a hundred yards or so from the British firing line, and yet it is so, undeniably so, sometimes. . . . Having had a tiring day, we part and turn in.

I am awakened in the small hours by an electric bell. I enquire through the telephone what is required of me, and am informed that the wire between X trench

and Y wood has been broken by heavy shelling- I telephone to the Headquarter linesmen and instruct them to report at my (juc-out in a few minutes, and to bring their instruments and a drum of wire. I get out of bed and gird on my equipment, revolver and respirator, and am ready. On the arrival of the linesmen we all sally forth into the night.

We are soon in the front trenches, and the flares sent up both by the enemy and by ourselves light up our way. Suddenly a "something" whizzes by and buries itself in the ground. We throw ourselves flat, and in a second or two a deafening explosion takes place. The something is a particular kind of bomb, thrown by a catapult, known as the "sausage." Luckily for us it explodes the other side of the "parados," but even so, it is decidedly unpleasant. We go on, and presently turn down a communication-trench, which leads us to our broken wire. We have had much rain recently, and there is considerable water in this trench we are approaching, and has been for a long time; consequently the wire has been laid along the top of the ground, behind the trench. Soon we are above the knee in mud, and then the wire leaves the trench and goes overground, so we have to walk on the top. When a flare goes up we have to stand dead still until it has died out, and then we can proceed. At last we locate the break, and mend it satisfactorily, and test by means of a telephone. We can, however, only speak to Headquarters, where we have come from, so we know that there must be another break further on, so on we go and in time find it. This second break mended, we find that we can speak through everywhere, so we are at liberty to return. It is approaching the dawn, and it is remarkably cold as we wend our way back. By the time we reach Headquarters it is growing

light, and there is the usual desultory rifle fire in the front line.

These various duties keep one busy, and the work is very interesting, especially if it is very rainy, as it sometimes is. In summer it is very much better work than in winter, and I think I shall always be able to picture to myself the fields ablaze with yellow mustard flower, and to hear the drone of the bees, and afar off the buzz of an aeroplane, broken now and again by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the sigh of the bullet as it speeds away to bury itself a mile away or more in the earth, or in some tree perhaps.

KULTUR AND SHAKESPEARE.

By F. A. Hibbert.

No Shakespearean student would undervalue the debt we owe to German criticism or fail to admire the popularity which Shakespeare enjoys on the German stage. Every Englishman with a spark of patriotism, not to say appreciation for literature, must feel the deepest shame in the reflection that whereas in English theatres Shakespeare still "spells bankruptcy," save in exceptional circumstances, in those of Germany his plays are a staple commodity, regularly acted and universally appreciated. To be quite honest we must own that the Germans do not speak of "unser Shakespeare" without reason.

Yet we may recall that the version of *Hamlet* which was presented in Germany in the 18th Century began with a prologue, in which the speakers were Night and the Furies, while in the play itself Hamlet's soliloquies were entirely omitted and instead of them a court jester was substituted, who relieved the tedium of such incidents as the scene of Ophelia's madness. How far have the popular representations advanced

beyond this? We know that the apostles of Kultur are everywhere holding elaborate commemorations of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. In England such celebrations will be few, but we may be sure they will be worthy; here we should not have failed to pay our tribute but that we are occupied in helping to save civilisation first—even Shakespeare must take second place, for the whole is greater than the part.

The writer has recently chanced upon a little paper-covered German edition of *Julius Caesar* which he had when a boy at Denstone. It is the Acting Version of the Court Theatre at Meiningen, and it occurred to him that it would be interesting to see what light it throws upon the much-vaunted German productions, especially as this play was chosen for the State performance in London. We know what German scholars have done: in what form has their work reached the masses? Is the German stage really so scholarly and superior to ours as we are told it is? Is it really directed with perfect taste and a proper reverence for the great master? Or are the German productions glitter and tinsel after all?

Heine foretold that the time would come when the Hammer of Thor would batter down the Catholic Cathedrals: he might not less confidently have foreseen that even before that day German Kultur would play havoc with masterpieces of literature.

A re-reading of the Meiningen Acting Edition of *Julius Caesar* shows that no great claims to scholarship and taste can be substantiated. The rendering where it is literal derives its attractiveness from the original, and where it varies it is commonplace and sometimes worse. It is often "cheap" and at times sinks into positive bathos. Altogether it is a useful antidote to depression, for it shows that after all the German Shakespeare, as he is known to the

masses, is not much superior to the caricature which the 17th and 18th centuries in England knew.

On the whole, the "great" speeches are adequately translated and some of the renderings of famous passages are quite happy. Of course the kinship of the English and German languages facilitates such translations as the following:—

Lasst Opferer uns sein, nicht Scthdchter, Cajus!
(*Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius!*)

and

Der Grosse Misbrauch ist, wenn von der Alacht Sie das Gexwissen trennt.

(*The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power.*)

The puns in the first scene are as well managed as is possible in the transference from one language to another, but Cassius's play on the words "Rome" and "room" is lost. As is, perhaps, to be expected in an acting edition many fine passages are omitted—the incident of Ligarius, the beautiful episode of Portia's anxiety on the morning of the murder, and a good deal of the fifth act. But the valuable scene of the mobbing of Cinna the poet is retained.

There are many other signs of the theatrical editor, and these do not show the German taste in a very favourable light. There are stupid and unnecessary interpolations, presumably with the object of introducing stage "business" which is supposed to be effective. For instance, Brutus's fine passage beginning "No, not an oath" is badly bungled. It is more or less closely paraphrased down to "what other bond than secret Romans" etc. Then it continues, "Are we such? say, are we such?" and the German conspirators all cry "Ja!" Brutus continues his speech to the end, but then asks, "Ists also?" and the conspirators shout "Also—sei's!" But the worst instance of this sort of thing is at the

supreme moment of the murder. Shakespeare's splendid restraint confines the utterances of the murderers to one single muttered exclamation which, with fine artistic perception, he puts into the mouth of the surly Casca—"Speak, hands, for me!" At such a crisis Shakespeare recognises that men are not themselves. Brutus and Cassius, eloquent enough at other times, can only *act*—their thoughts are too deep for words, and the silence which enwraps the deed adds to its grimness and significance. On the English stage this silence has often proved more effective than any words could be, but such fine restraint is too subtle for the Hun. According to him, Caesar cries, when Casca stabs him, "Accursed Casca! what are you doing?" and the taciturn Casca breaks out again with "Brutus, help!" Thus the magnificent effect of Caesar's "Et tu, Brute!" is ruined, and Antony's subsequent description of the scene becomes meaningless, if not a mis-representation:

*"But when the noble Caesar saw him stab
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty
heart."*

All scholars will have appreciated Professor Dowden's fine stage hint in his remarks on the scene where the conspirators meet in the orchard: "While Brutus and Cassius converse apart, and the others are turned in the direction of the East, the fresh grey lines of morning begin doubtfully to fret the clouds. Nature, with her ministries of twilight and day-dawn, suffers no interruption of her calm, beneficent operancy, and, after tempest, another morning is broadening for all Rome. Casca points his sword towards the Capitol, and at the same moment the sun arises. Is there not . . . some allusion, which the look and tone of the speaker might express more clearly than his words, to the

great act about to be performed in the Capitol, and the change as of a new day that was expected to follow it?" Many of us have seen how Mr. Benson acts upon this hint with fine dramatic effect. Casca points to the East from whence comes the new day for Rome, *and also, for he advances at the moment, to Brutus.* But for the German actor this is not possible, for

*"the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here"*
becomes "behind the Capitol stands the high East," the inversion of the words effectively prohibiting Mr. Benson's illuminative action.

The subtlety of Cassius's appeal to Brutus's pride of ancestry dissolves into commonplace—"Once there was a Brutus who thought differently, very differently." Similarly

*"And after that let Caesar scat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure,"*
becomes "when Brutus is enkindled let Caesar think upon his end, for we shall soon overturn him or put up with anything:"

When Brutus asks—

*"Where wilt thou [conspiracy] find a cavern
dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?"*

he is constrained to make the point clear to his intellectual audience, and supplies the answer "Nowhere! nowhere!" At the end of the great scene in the Capitol Anthony must have a tag with which to bring down the curtain, so to Shakespeare's simple "Lend me your hand" is added a melodramatic apostrophe to the corpse—"Here lies our heart." There are other characteristic amendments. It would never do for a slight to be shown to kingship, for are there not kings in Germany? Above all is there not the King of Prussia, all-highest, and all-best? So Tarquin's

offence was not that he became king but that he proved to be tyrannical. Strangely enough, Ate, the goddess of vengeance in Greek tragic writers, appears to be thought an unfamiliar figure to the theatre goers of "gentlest Germany," so the splendid line—
"With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,"

has been weakly watered down. Shakespeare's anachronisms cannot be tolerated, so Lucius prepares a lamp, not a taper, and the conspirators have not their hats pluck'd about their ears. When Caesar expresses the desire to have "men about him that are *fat*" the particular word chosen is "wohlbeliebte," which the Dictionary renders "corpulent, stout, fleshy, flat, thick": Caesar, like a good German, evidently desired to be surrounded by typical Germans, even the Germans of caricature.

But a gratuitous and most characteristic anachronism is introduced which provides the cream of the play. Caesar is greeted by the citizens of Rome not only with "Hail, Caesar," but also as "Vater des Vaterlands!" We almost expect them to add "Gott strafe England!" After all we need not be unduly depressed: at any rate we do not make Shakespeare's characters sing "Rule, Britannia!"

WAR NEWS.

G. E. Jackson, who was a Royal Commissioner in Canada, is now a private in the Royal West Kents. He writes: "A point in which the soldier of to-day differs from him of the time of Shakespeare which is not generally appreciated, quite apart from the King's Regulations concerning shaving, is that his terms of abuse are most monotonous. When I get bored with being a private—which is very seldom—it is because I want to hear a more varied

vocabulary; or else because I have been wet through for about two days, and my bed, and everything that I have, and the tent is leaking like a sieve. But the hard life is a perfect God-send. I get about a pound a week, steadily (weight of bone and muscle I mean, not cash), and am very grateful to K. for the gift. I have also learnt how to scrub floors, whitewash walls, wash dishes, peel potatoes, sew buttons on, and, in short, do the work of an efficient housewife. In addition, I can eat anything, and am sufficiently handy with a pencil or a penholder to feel little dependence on my knife and fork. I am not without a certain distinction among my fellow men. Because I wear glasses, I am accredited with more than average intelligence: I believe, if I only had got a bald head, they would make me a corporal one day." Meanwhile his report of his Commission's work has been issued.

Lt.-Col. G. D. L. Chatterton (66th Punjabis) has been "Mentioned in Despatches" in connection with the operations at Kharajiyah extending from the latter part of April to June 19, 1915. The Brigade was at Ahwaz containing a Turkish force of 8 battalions assisted by 10,000 Arabs advancing eastwards from Amara. This hostile force was defeated at Barjisiyah and Basrah, and pursued across the Kharkeh to the Turkish stronghold Kharijiyah, which was stormed, "in extremely hot weather, when the temperature in the tents was 120 degrees," with "dogged gallantry." The enemy's subsequent retreat was so precipitate that we were able to enter Amara unopposed. The net result was that "Persian Arabistan had been cleared of the enemy and the Arab tribes forced to submit, thus enabling the pipe line to be repaired and normal conditions to be resumed at the oil-fields."

Lieut.-Col. E. Codrington (120th Rajputana Infantry) has been "mentioned in despatches" in connection with the operations at Kut-el-Amara, September, 1915. Advancing from Ali-al-Gharbi along the Tigris, our forces came to the strong Turkish force astride the river at Kut, which was in a very formidable position. « The sight of the enemy, and the prospect of getting at him with the bayonet, put new life into our infantry, who were suffering from weariness and exhaustion after their long and trying exertions under the tropical sun. For the time thirst and fatigue were forgotten. The attack was made in a most o-allant manner, with great dash. The enemy were routed with one magnificent rush, and were only saved from complete destruction by the approach of night."

Temp. Captain H. V. White, R.A.M.C., has been awarded the Military Cross for "conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during operations, when tending the wounded. His dressing-station was repeatedly hit by shells, and he himself was severely knocked about several times, but for thirty-six hours he stuck to his work."

P. H. Sykes sends a whole series of interesting letters. First, from an English town: "I have escaped the three months' training with a Young Officers' Company. It may interest you to know that the whole of what I required for the exam.—with the exception of trench warfare and military law—I had learnt in the O.T.C. at School, and a great deal of it I had never touched since. When I faced the examining General, I did bless Mr. Cadman for the way in which he drilled into us the theory of out-posts, advanced guards, and so forth."

Later he was at the base in France: "The other day I met a S. Stafford who had been in Twin i.'s platoon. He spoke very finely of Bruce, and said he wished he

could have been bowled over instead of • Mr. Hall, B.' Last Sunday I served at the early celebration at the Military Church here, and later at the Church Parade in one of the big cinema huts. I acted as organist on a miserable tin-pot sort of piano—rather a poor instrument to steer 1.400 men. However, they are only too ready to sing. Last year I served and played at exactly the same times at Denstone, which struck me as strange. I did so want to come over to Denstone" [before he crossed.] "Not that any memories needed refreshing. They are all as clear as if I left yesterday."

Again he wrote, from "Outside a Cathedral": "It seems peculiarly fitting that I should be writing to you from here. I have been looking round the town, and there is so much to remind one of Briggs in the last Shakespeare play we did. (I don't think the Censor will object to that, and in any case I do not suppose he is a particularly brilliant historian.) When I came to the place I'm afraid I had forgotten all its associations with *Henry VI., part i.*, but as I passed one shop window I noticed an engraving which seemed somehow to be very familiar. I thought for a minute, and then remembered the frontispiece to the *Denstouian* in the Christmas number after the play in question. Really, the likeness was astounding. Of course, afterwards I saw several small statues, paintings and sketches, and they were all the same. The banner especially I noticed; it might have been an absolute copy. I could almost smell the incense of the first act, and see Mr. Coleman blessing Monica as he moved up in that great procession. Also, the city walls reminded me very much of Mellor standing on a very flimsy 'city wall,' and looking most uncomfortable. If we could only have it all again I am sure we would all stand still for hours on the

most rickety device that ever came out of Dick's workshop.

"Curiously enough, my right hand man is a very young sergeant-major from Larkam's battalion, of whom he speaks very well indeed."

J. A. Bockett has been very ill with trench fever.

F. A. Woods is working as a Paymaster at Woolwich. "We employ 2,000 clerks, mostly feminine, and about 40 acting paymasters, like myself—though, as far as I have discovered, I am the only unmarried one! There are more men in the A.S.C. now than there were in the Regular Army when the war broke out. This will give you the best idea of the stupendous task which we set ourselves daily. Not only do we keep ledger accounts for 250,000 men, but also for their wives, parents, aunts, &c. There are under me two sergeants, a corporal, three lance-corporals, two privates, nineteen clerks and a lady superior, so you see I am quite as one in authority."

E. G. H. Bates during his first night in the trenches came in for the most severe bombardment his battalion had yet experienced.

A. S. Mason met and dined with Ian Menzies at the front. He was till recently orderly officer—though to a different colonel. Unfortunately he has now been wounded—left eye and left shoulder. "The shoulder is healing up wonderfully well, but the eye is still useless—though they tell me in confident tones it will clear up in time."

R. H. F. Coleman writes: "I am at last in France, but so far the trenches I have seen are only instructional ones, and the bombs I have thrown have been at dummies. When censoring the men's letters the other day I came across the following vivid passage: 'Here we are in the thick of it. We expect to be ordered

over the parapet every hour. Shells and bullets roar and whizz over our heads constantly, but for every one they send we are able to send back ten.' This statement, though mendacious in every detail, is as true as much of the rotten nonsense purveyed by the journalistic lurkers of Fleet Street, many of them of military age, who think to slaughter Germans with their pens."

H. Rudgard writes: "Where we are now is about four miles behind the line. The village is absolutely demolished, and we have to find accommodation in the best windowless and roofless houses we can—generally taking care that there is a cellar, as the Huns switch their guns on here at odd times."

R. Morton writes from "Bosche View": "After fourteen days in waterlogged trenches, my feet decided that a short stay in hospital would be beneficial to my health. But to day the sun is blazing down from a cloudless sky. Yesterday one of the Bosche aeroplanes came across and dropped four bombs—without, happily, doing any damage. The Hun is certainly waking up rapidly on this portion of the front. A fortnight ago he pounded this sector with 'oil-cans,' 'minnies,' and rifle-grenades. Yesterday we strafed with artillery, and pounded their front line rather heavily, only to receive an equally disconcerting retaliation, which, however, did not wound a single man.

"Last Sunday I was billeted in a small, shell-stricken village less than a mile behind the line—a most unhealthy spot. My own billet received two 'whizzbangs' through the roof, which fortunately exploded in the attic, only the nose-cap coming through the ceiling and quietly falling on the bed. In the evening, at 8 p.m., we had a little service in a dilapidated estaminet. It was—as are all—an

impressive service; three-fourths of the room full of men and officers, in one corner an ancient and much-abused piano, from which nevertheless the pianist marvellously produced the stirring hymn tunes of "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "The day Thou gavest"; in the corner, the padre in a white surplice, with an old coke stove as a lectern. How I thought of dear old Denstone, whilst there sounded the whistle of the shells passing overhead, and a rumble of guns and transport outside!"

C. T. Hutchison adds a laconic post-script to a letter: "At present the Bosche has begun to shell the church with some heavy howitzers"

¥ W. Hall writes: "We have just had a revolver competition at a champagne bottle. I managed to win, as I was the only one lucky enough to hit it." We are sorry to hear he has been wounded.

T. Newton wrote some time back from Salonika:—"We are now on the second line. Naturally we were a little fed-up at having to handover to another regiment all our handiwork, which included, besides trenches, a very fine mess dug-out. Our new camp was not exactly clean nor comfortable, but a week's hard work has done wonders. We have now a simply palatial mess, dug out of the hillside, and lined with light tin and boarding. The walls are decorated with all kinds of pictures; Captain Bairnsfather's sketches are much in evidence. We are doing a great deal of work, our only day off being Sunday. In the afternoon there is nearly always a football match between the French and ourselves, followed by boxing competitions and concerts. The French here are of a really splendid type, and most friendly."

Later he wrote: "In my last mail was a letter from Warwick Hall, naturally a cheery one—he had apparently just had a good dinner—and full of reminiscences

of Denstone. This letter is going to be mainly Denstone, I'm afraid, but it is only natural when one looks back at the beautiful Easters spent there. To-morrow is Easter Sunday. There are going to be two Holy Communion services, one before breakfast and one later. I intend to be present at the earlier one, which is being held in a ruined barn in a Macedonian village." He speaks of the pleasure of reunion at the College after the war. One day on outpost duty, whilst picqueting a large hill, he came upon "what looked like the ruins of a large house. On closer examination I found that they were grave-stones, laid out in good order, and were the result of some former Balkan war. Probably some picquet like mine was sent to the hill, but was surprised and annihilated. I found that out here they bury their dead standing up and facing the East."

A. Menzies met Keeling at the front, which recalled the tickling of trout in the College stream in happier days. "I always thought of Keeling as quite young, yet I met him out here as a veteran."

N. H. Radford writes: "I have met several more old boys—C. P. Tebbitt, A. Menzies and C. L. Roberts. I am now Intelligence and Scout Officer."

H. W. Beck writes from Alexandria, where he has been in hospital: "Yesterday we had a sand-storm. A tremendous gale carried the sand everywhere; the sky and sea looked yellow."

Mrs. Roberts is unceasing in her kindness to O.Ds. who are in Alexandria. Many have spoken gratefully of her goodness.

G. D. Collis writes: "It is extraordinary the strange places where one meets O.Ds. There were two in the second line at home, and Beck is in this battn. W. Hall I met while in rest in December. Norman and Haseldine I met at Rouen. Gurnhill,

who is a Chaplain in our Division, and I travelled home on leave together, and I made the return journey with Keeling, whom I met on Victoria station,"

B. H. Whitley writes : " This company has a separate billet, and the officers—four of us— are a very happy party. The men are just splendid, and rise to the occasion in a really wonderful way. I have had three experiences of being under fire, and am becoming accustomed to it."

The father of a Denstonian writes : " It is much consolation to know that he is remembered in your masses at the College, and that you will continue to pray for him whether he lives or dies."

G. D. Thorp, C. F. Newman, and A. T. Wicks are in the Inns of Court O.T.C.

R. Lacey has passed into Sandhurst.

R. M. Fulton is Assistant Superintendent at a Remount Depot.

L. A. Cumin writes from " a district of which the despatches speak daily." He was wounded on March 30th, in the course of an attack. " If I had not had my helmet I should certainly have been killed, whilst I got out of it with a big cut above the left eye, broad enough, but not deep, which has to-day nearly healed up. I had no wish to be sent down to the base for that, and I am continuously at my post with the brave Alpines. We made some Bosche prisoners. I had the opportunity to speak to one of these last who knew French. He expressed to me his esteem for the French and his hatred of England. « Never in my life,' I said, ' have I been more anxious to be in England in order to see once more my many friends there.' This Bosche, seeing my way of thinking of England, changed the subject. It is quite certain that if the Boschies had believed that England would enter the struggle they would never have declared war."

C. H. Turkington fought through the Dardanelles campaign till he was invalided to Egypt. Subsequently he joined General Goringe's force for the relief of Kut. He was wounded severely in the leg, and now lies in a Bombay hospital, where he is making good progress.

P. Humphreys writes cheerfully of his artillery work at the front.

F. H. Belton has strained his heart, and so is doing administrative work at present. " The good old days at Denstone are an inspiring thought—especially at this time."

G. J. V. Haddock writes: " We have got a very dirty zone—mines going up and bad battery position; Our only salvation has been in digging; we dig day and night and now have got good gun pits and splendid strong dug-outs, the latter having electric light. We get shelled pretty badly at times. I was in the trenches to-day, and a shell burst over my head; I thought I was going to be hit as the splinters whizzed all round me. We've got the upper hand of the Hun both in guns and mining; in the latter we've got him beaten altogether. The fights for craters entail the loss of a lot of men, and they take some holding, so that when you see ' we hold the lip of the crater' it generally means the guns have been pounding away all night; the infantry rush the crater and there is a great deal of bombing; then we dig ourselves in and sandbag the saps— The next day all the work may be smashed to bits by trench mortars. And so it goes on. I was up all last night, as the Huns blew up a mine and we had to place ' barrage ' fire on their front line. One does get so tired of living under the ground week after week, with an ear constantly lifting for a von Bissing—a 5.9 inch howitzer which is a visitor of ours."

D. G. Smith is in the R. N. A. S.

V. D. Sedcole got dysentery and rheumatic fever in the Dardanelles, but is

C. H. Kenfree is working very hard on munitions; so is F. E. Chivers, who is engineer in charge of the Elba Steel Works, Gowerton.

F. Laverack was wounded when the *Mercian* was shelled in the Mediterranean.

An Old Denstonian who is fighting in France has given a very beautifully framed Medici print of Giorgione's "Madonna Enthroned" to the Chapel.

WAR OBITUARY.

Second Lieutenant Charles Edward Whitworth came in January, 1907, to Selwyn Dormitory. He was a talented boy and a very clever actor. He left rather prematurely in consequence of his father's ill-health and was articled, as a solicitor, to his father. He held a commission in the 6th Batt. Yorkshire Regiment, and in due course was sent to the Dardanelles, being in the landing at Suvla Bay. In the advance on August 21st he was so badly wounded that he could not get back, and it was impossible to fetch him. For his services he was "Mentioned in Despatches," but all hope of his life has now, reluctantly, been abandoned. A sergeant in his battalion has written the following, from which we see that Whitworth's solid qualities, of which he gave abundant evidence here, gained for him the honour and admiration of his men to the last.

"On the night of August 6th, 1915 we made the landing at Suvla Bay. We had a very rough time of it in pitch darkness. Capt. Morgan and Capt. Chapman, both of the 'A' Company, were killed, leaving your son in command. We were under heavy

shell fire throughout the three following days; On the 9th I saw your son running along a trench behind Chocolate Hill collecting all the men he could that he saw were lost from other companies and other regiments, under continuous rapid rifle fire and snipers. When the men saw him running up and down giving orders, almost as calm as it was possible to be, for fear never seemed to strike your son, that gave the men encouragement, and they were seen at their best, and your son was able to hold the enemy off until getting reinforcements. Had it not been for his coolness and words of encouragement to the men while they were heavily engaged, no doubt the position could not have been held. It was with my seeing him acting as he did on that day that made me several times ask about him when I was away engaged in other positions with the guns.

"From August 10th there was nothing much doing until the 21st. Then everything was prepared for the big advance. Company Commanders were instructed as to the direction and position they should take and hold, and the bombardment started about 12.30 and lasted until about 2.15. Our battalion had to attack on the right of Chocolate Hill. Our artillery ceased fire and the attack commenced. We were using covering fire for our regiment, and were sweeping the enemy's trenches with our machine guns, keeping them under cover while our men were advancing on them. Our boys did marvellous work and took three trenches, but had to retire because they came under a terrible cross fire by the Turkish machine-guns, and shrapnel fire from the Turkish artillery, and our men were mown down. All our wounded were within 300 yards from our trenches, but we could not get them. From one of the men who got back I

made enquiries about your son; he was the last man who saw him. He told me he was wounded in legs, arm and chest, and his face was bleeding, and he had not the power to crawl back. We did not get the wounded in until the 23rd. Hundreds of our men must have died for the want of assistance and medical aid. They were lying out in the blazing sun for two clear days and some of them must have died from thirst. When all the wounded were brought in your son was not among them."

George Anthony Greig (1902) was in the Selwyn Dormitory and was a good all-round athlete, winning his colours at both football and cricket. As a golfer his skill was above the average. From here he went to Coates Hall Theological College and Durham University, where he graduated B.A. In 1911 he was ordained to Christ Church, Glasgow. On the outbreak of war he obtained a chaplaincy in the Navy, and served first on H.M.S. *Indus*. He was Acting-Chaplain on the Admiral's flagship H.M.S. *Russell* when it was mined in the Mediterranean on July 23rd, and was among those who were saved. He and the Captain were picked up by the same trawler and were able to walk ashore. Greig at once set about seeing the wounded and rescued men, visiting the hospitals etc. While so engaged he became violently sick from the gas after the explosion, and died the following night. He was 28 years of age.

Lieutenant Charles Hugh Pearson came in 1896, in Lowe Dormitory, and was an excellent cricketer and a Prefect. He gained the South African medal in the Boer War, and was in business in the Transvaal; later, he returned to England,

where he became one of the best-known cricketers in South Staffordshire. When war began he joined the ranks and was sent to France in due course with the 6th Batt. South Staffordshire Regiment. He was soon promoted in the field to Second Lieutenant, and last July was severely wounded, being shot through the right lung. He made a good recovery and again went out, this time to the East. Presently he was sent back to France and there, in March last, he was killed in action.

Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Codrington came in 1877 in the Headmaster's Dormitory. As a boy he took no prominent place in work or games, but he was a good actor. In *Henry IV. pt. i.* he was to have played Francis, but was prevented by illness. In *Julius Casar* (1881) he was Lucius, and in farces he was always in request. He was a Prefect. He left in 1883 and entered Sandhurst. He obtained his first appointment in the Wiltshire Regt. in Sept. 1887, and in 1891 joined the Indian Staff Corps. He became Captain in the Indian Army in 1898, Major in 1905, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1913, in command of the 120th Rajputana Infantry. He was reported wounded last October in the battle of Nazirizeh but refused to leave the field, and was "Mentioned in Despatches" for the operations recorded elsewhere in this issue. With the exception of a brief period during which he was invalided to India with dysentery he went through all the fighting on the Tigris. He was among those who were shut up in Kut, and died there on April 20th from beri-beri. It is quite probable that the privations of the long siege, after the wounds he had received, caused his death.

Lieutenant Charles Cartwright (1897,

Lowe Dormitory) was a leader in all departments—Prefect, captain of Cricket (1902), Fifteen, Shooting Eight. For a couple of years he was on the staff here, and later went to Canada. The war brought him back and he soon obtained a commission. Our readers will recall extracts from his letters which have been printed, and they show that his love of penstone and his firm hold on what he had learnt there, were his abiding possessions. In his very last, written on March 10th, he told how he was in "a warm place, with plenty of hard work and our share of casualties. The weather has been truly awful, but the men manage to 'stick it' wonderfully. . . . There are times when the responsibility for the well-being 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 ; it is the only way to 'carry on.' I hope the old school is flourishing. I can honestly say, for one, that the thought of those at home praying for us is a great 'stand by.' I look forward to the day when (D.V.) I shall come and say my thanksgiving in the Chapel." And he adds an affectionate note about his wife he recently married. He was killed in action on April 29th. One of his brother officers describes him as "the best man I ever knew, and he was loved by all;" another says "he was one of the whitest men God ever made, and I am proud to have been counted as one of his friends." Many Denstonians share those sentiments.

R.I.P.

THE SPORTS.

The Sports this year were held on April 5th—one of the few days during the Lent term on which no snow fell. There were no results of unusual excellence, but the closeness of the competition for the Bill Cup added interest to all the Senior events. Tobias was in the end fairly easily Victor Ludorum, but in many races he was very hard pressed. In the Mile, for instance, there were only four yards separating the four leading men, and he had all he could do to get home first in the Half-Mile and the Quarter. He thus deserves all the more credit for his success. The High Jump reached a fairly high standard, all the competitors being pretty jumpers; Branscombe finally won with 5 ft. 1 in.

In the Kicking Competition, A. G. Tobias was 1st, R. Bassett 2nd ; whilst in the Junior event J. F. Leys was 1st, and H. H. J. Davies second. The One Mile "Age" Handicap saw J. T. Boothroyd 1st, followed by G. S. C. Weigall and N. H. Pattison. The Open Mile was run, as usual, on the Saturday previous to Sports Day, A. G. Tobias coming in 1st, closely followed by J. I. Boothroyd, G. S. C. Weigall, and J. Winkler. The Long Jump resulted in a tie for first place between C. C. R. Reynolds and H. C. Collis. Competitors must learn to jump higher. In the Junior, J. F. Leys was 1st, and T. E. Davis 2nd.

H. E. Baness won the Throw—a very satisfactory effort of 96 yards. R. Lutter was 2nd. Leys was again successful among the Juniors, L. Atkinson being 2nd. Tobias won the Half-Mile, being closely pressed by Weigall and Winkler. Another close finish was seen in the Hundred Yards, H. C. Collis just scraping home, and being followed by Tobias and Reynolds. For the Junior, S. B. Harri-

son was 1st, T. C. Booth 2nd, C. J. Buckley 3rd. In the Choir Race, F. Lutter won, C. Puntan being 2nd; while in the Junior Quarter, M. Hobday was 1st, R. Brigg 2nd, and R. E. Smith 3rd. In the Under Twelve Race, D. Lutter was 1st, and F. N. Cowley 2nd.

In the Hurdle Race R. Bassett won, after rather a disappointing race, Branscombe being 2nd. S. B. Harrison and T. C. Booth were winners in the Junior. In the High Jump. Branscombe was followed by J. J. N. Walker. In the Junior, Harrison and Booth were once more successful. The Quarter-Mile fell to Tobias, who maintained his lead throughout. Winkler was 2nd, and Collis 3rd.

The Senior Steeplechase saw Weigall an easy winner, with N. H. Pattison 2nd, S. Jenkins 3rd, and R. E. McDonald 4th. L. Atkinson was first home in the Under Sixteen Steeplechase, followed by F. G. Armson, R. Scarratt and C. Puntan.

Meynell won the Dormitory Challenge Cup with 225 points.

Mrs. Metcalfe was kind enough to be present and to give away the prizes.

O.D. NEWS.

T. H. T. Wright is now an M.D. of Harvard, and is in Ontario, California. Since he left Denstone he has been in many places; he was with Amundsen when he made his North-West passage; he has been in France; he went through the Spanish-American war. "Still," he writes, "the British authorities won't have me in any capacity, though they took my son, who was born in North Carolina. I wish I could express how well I wish Denstone, dear old School." He asks that his son's name may be added to our list for the requiem on Saturdays. R.I.P.

G. A. Till has been appointed rector of Bradley, Ashbourne.

B. G. Burgess is in J. Brown's works at Sheffield.

C. F. Lallemand is at present teaching in S. George's Indian Industrial School Lytton, British Columbia.

Messrs. Grant Richards are publishing a volume by J. F. Harris on Samuel Butler. Harris deals fully with "Erewhon" and his works, seeking to show the unity in all that he did, classical, philosophical, scientific and artistic. His controversies with Charles Darwin are reviewed, and so is a curious theory he held that the "Odyssey" had a female authorship.

P. Simpson has contributed the chapter on "Actors"—Shakespeare as dramatic critic, rehearsals, stage arrangements, &c.—to the two volumes on *Shakespeare's England*, published by the Clarendon Press.

J. A. Howe is with the Booth Line, of Liverpool.

Messrs. Erskine MacDonald are publishing a volume of poems by P. Haselden Evans, under the title of "In the Wake of the Sword," in which one of his contributions to the *Denstonian* is included. He still writes fairly often for *Punch*. He laments that, despite seven attempts, he cannot pass the medical officer for the Army.

H. R. Hignett took part in the Shakespeare Tercentenary performance of *Julius Cæsar* at Drury Lane on May 2nd.

NOTES.

During our holidays we heard to our very great regret of the death of Sir Arthur Heywood, Bart., one of the most valuable of our Fellows. His esteemed father was virtually our Founder, and he himself showed at all times his very practical interest in our well-being. None of us who have heard him speak on Speech Days or other occasions, will have failed to realise how strong this interest was; some of us know more of his unfailing readiness to help; we all mourn his loss. R.I.P.

On May 16th died the Rev. Prebendary G. E. Welby, another of our Fellows, aged 94. R.I.P-

This term we are without Mr. G. L. Gould and Mr. G. Harris, who have been on the musical staff for several years. The former intends to take up clerical work preparatory to ordination, and the latter has gone to Oxford. Mr. Simpson was called up by the military authorities.

In their places we are glad to welcome the following: Miss C. M. Haslam, Froebel Institute, South Kensington; Miss G. Jacob, B.A., Durham University; Miss E. M. Pruden, B.A., London University (Honours in French and English); Miss E. I. Browning, Berlin Conservatoire of Music, and Miss M. Davis, A.R.C.M.

Our numbers this term are 290 in College, and 38 in Preparatory School; we total 328, being very considerably more than at any previous period in our history.

The Fives Flag was won by Woodard, and the Junior by Shrewsbury; Fergusson and Hirst played for the former, and Davies and Lloyd for the latter.

The Musical Competition was this year won by Head's I. The judge was Mr. Bernard Johnson, City Organist of Notting-ham, and the trophy was kindly presented to the winners by Mrs. Knights Smith.

The following Prefects left last term :- H. M. Chapman and C. D. L. Turner. Turner was a Lance-Corporal in the O.T.C. and Chapman a private.

The following are the new Prefects :- J. H. Auton, C. C. R. Reynolds and I. McDonald.

J. R. Hassell has been awarded the Royal Asiatic Society's Gold Medal for an essay on the Emperor Baber. It was won only two years ago by H. W. Beck with an essay on the East India Company.

Last term Capt. Warner and Lieut. Wallis were kind enough to come over from Trent to judge in the O.T.C. Dormitory Competition, which included field work and platoon drill. Meynell and Woodard were placed first by a narrow margin.

The following have recently passed commercial examinations :- R. Hilton, E. B. Hargreave (honours), J. Kirsten, C. Fisher, G. R. Brook Jackson, W. Gundry, W. L. Godfrey—chiefly in Shorthand and Book-keeping.

The list of new boys this Term is as follows :-

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Alker, Leslie Ward | Meynell |
| Allenby, Melville Waldegrave | Selwyn |
| Armson, John Charles Edward | Head's iii. |
| Bailey, Gerald Castleigh | Head's iii. |
| Clark, Harold Dixon | Head's ii. |
| Chrystal, Herbert Thomas | |
| Norton | Preparatory |

Coleman, Frank Oswald Woodard
 Cubitt, Cyril Ralph Head's i.
 Davis, John Trevelyan Lowe
 Dixon, Robert William Selwyn
 Dodds, Kenneth Duncan Nelson Shrewsbury
 Falconer, John Alan Head's ii
 Forsyth, Andrew Percy Woodard
 Hicks, Harold Falconer Woodard
 Holton, Basil Preparatory
 Jarratt, John Shrewsbury
 Jenkins, Thomas Livesey Meynell
 Johnson, Norman Woodard
 Johnson, Frank Stafford Selwyn
 Jones, Arthur Longueville Woodard
 Joyce, James Bernard Head's ii.
 Kench, Alfred John Russell Lowe
 Kench, Philip Lowe
 Lindley, George Victor Head's i.
 MacGregor, Colin Malcolm Head's i,
 Mitcheson, Maurice Arundel Head's ii.
 Mordaunt, Godfrey Lowe
 Oliver, Hugh Bryan Shrewsbury
 Pleasance, Edwin George Meynell
 Reece, Cyril Joseph Shrewsbury
 Reirie, Richard Joscelyn Preparatory
 Roy, Robert Forbes Selwyn
 Shrubbs, Edward Frank Preparatory
 Simpson, Stanley Crees Head's ii.
 Stewart, Donald Edward Head's i.
 Smailes, Gordon Palliser Woodard
 Smailes, Wilfrid Andrew Woodard
 Teesdale, Joseph Henry Woodard
 Thacker, Harry Derwas Head's iii.
 Turnay, Frank King Meynell
 Venn, Charles Benjamin Meynell
 Walker, Philip Mosley Shrewsbury
 Ware, John Michael Preparatory
 Whyte, Bernard Mark Meynell
 Wilson, Harry Wilfrid Shrewsbury

At Half Term :—
 Brownlow, James Henry Selwyn
 Stanton, Guy Manning Selwyn
 From the Preparatory School:—
 Booth, William Lowe
 Hargreaves, Alan Bennett Meynell

To the pictures in the North Cloisters have been added coloured reproductions of the frescoes in the Royal Exchange and in the Houses of Parliament.

The Editor desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries ;—
Hymesian, Bloxhamist, Marlburian, S. Edward's School Chronicle, Eastbourneian, Reptonian, Felstedian, Lancing College Magazine, Hurst Johnian, Ellesmerian, Merchistonian, Blue, Berkhamstedian, Framlinghamian, Cottonian, Giggleswick Chronicle, Liverpool College Magazine, Cadet, Cuthbertian, S. Bees' School Magazine. *

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

The yearly subscription of 4s. 6d. (or 10s. 6d. for three years), should be sent to the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

Cull & Son, Houghton Street, W.C. & Chiswick, W.