

# The Denstonian

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## EDITORIAL.

**H**AVING marched and moaned our weary way for eighty perspiring miles through the fastnesses of the hill-country of Derby, we return to the College and the new term, happily uplifted by the prospect of complete emancipation from route marches for at least another eight months.

Still it is not ours to complain while so many of our brothers have travelled the long road and taken the crossing at the end in that spirit of patriotic devotion which is so characteristic of British public schools. Our Old Boys continue to gain honours both for themselves and the School in a

most whole-hearted manner; but the list grows sadly longer and longer of those who have laid down their lives in the service of our country.

At home, however, fortune has indeed favoured us. This term the School breaks all records in point of numbers and there is talk of a new wing.

We close, then, with a long sigh of relief and the firm conviction that in spite of the war, the Zeppelins, and the price of eggs the School year will be a prosperous one in every way.

It is with the profoundest regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. David Edwardes. What he did for Denstone it is almost impossible to realize, and it is equally

impossible to give expression at once to the esteem and love with which so many have learnt to regard him, The news only reaches us when a portion of the Magazine is already in type, and we, therefore, reserve till the December issue our tribute to the memory of one whose death all Denstonians must deplore as a personal loss. For the moment we beg to offer our most sincere and respectful sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John Edwardes in their bereavement.

### THE GREAT PUSH.

Some day a connected account of the great battles on the Somme may be written; but assuredly it will not be the account which any junior officer or man who took part in the struggle would write. His outlook is necessarily circumscribed, and he can deal only with events in his immediate vicinity. Yet it is just the vivid personal stories of such men which give romance even to the sordid and desolating warfare of to-day. Many such stories have reached us from Denstonians in France, and many others—generally those which redound to their credit—we have learnt indirectly. Thus one of our airmen wrote of the historic 1st July :-

"At last the great day arrived. There was a terrific intensive bombardment from 6.30 to 7.30, tons of metal being hurled over into the German lines. From above it was impossible to see anything owing to tremendous clouds of dust. Flashes came from all directions as the shells went hurtling on their errand of death.

"Finally at 7.30 two huge mines were sent up, and the first wave of infantry went over. The cloud of dust and debris became even denser. Our contact patrol machines could see nothing of the movements of our

troops. At ten o'clock or thereabouts we had good news through. The French had taken and consolidated all their objectives and we had advanced all along the line, but were held up on the Ovillers-La Boisselle salient. Elation ran high! We hear that the French have taken all their objectives and that we have made substantial advances all along the line.

"In the afternoon I was up from two to four, and never have I seen such a sight. The shell-pitted earth looked like some diseased monster all pocketed and holed, with two terrific holes where the two mines had gone up."

More detailed is the letter of an O.D. whose brother has been recently killed in France. "We have just been scrapping at La Boisselle. As to what really happened there it will always be hard to say, but our division—especially our brigade bombers—had a very large share in the capture of the place, and we have received various messages of congratulation from Sir Douglas Haig and downwards. Everyone seems very much pleased with himself, and we try to look as if we really did deserve to be congratulated. The men, as usual, were splendid, in spite of the fact that they never got any sleep owing to the "krumps" at night.

"We spent some time in our old front line—it wasn't a *trench* at all after the Huns had played with it: nearly all the dug-outs were blown in, and those that remained weren't safe; while in most of the line the parapet had been blown down, and though we built it up in places, the Germans usually shelled us out again.

"I myself was lucky enough to be up when we got through the village after the bombers had done their work, and we dug in just beyond. Luckily here the Huns did not shell us, and their snipers—if such they

were—were obviously out of practice. We only got twenty-five prisoners ourselves, but the brigade got many more."

Even more thrilling is the story sent us by the mother of one who left us comparatively recently. He was severely wounded by a piece of shell in an attempt to shield another Denstonian, who was suffering from shell-shock. "I think," writes the mother, "that he had rather a rough time from July 1st to 8th. He was said six times to be killed. For forty-eight hours he and his men were lying in a trench and dared not move. The Germans shelled them all that time with high explosive; then, thinking all in the trench were killed, they stopped. He had nothing to eat or drink all that time, as he had given his flask and water-bottle to his men, with all his tablets and most of his cigarettes. When all was quiet he crept up to where a dead German was lying and took a tin of—I forget the German name, but I think it would be 'hash' in English.

"When he was hit he was shielding——, lying on him, in fact, to keep him down, as he had a bad attack of nerves, though his only coherent thoughts were of his men. My son's right shoulder was above the trench and got hit, but——was unhurt. I am glad he was hit whilst saving another Denstonian, though he does not know I am telling you this.

"He got a German helmet belonging to an officer in the Prussian Guard. He and his men were going up the trench when they met this officer and about a hundred men, and for a wonder the officer was leading. He had a bomb in his hand ready to throw, but my son threw his first. The German dropped his own bomb and caught the other, meaning, I suppose, to throw it back again, only it exploded. That German officer was a brave man."

To this same Denstonian befel an adventure which, horrible as it is, is not without a certain ghastly humour. A bomb exploded in his trench with great violence, and the next thing he knew was that he was lying upon the parapet, half dazed but still conscious. With returning powers he became aware that upon his chest lay a head. For some time the horrible thought oppressed him that he was still alive, and, like some conventional spook, was holding in his hands his own head. At last he brought himself to feel gradually along his body, and was immensely relieved to find that he had after all not been decapitated, and that what he held was merely the ghastly remnant of one of his men. Frankly amusing, however, is another episode in his career at the front. A huge rat, for some time pursued along a trench, finally escaped into "No Man's Land." The O.D. in question, filled with excitement, leapt over the parapet also. Not a shot was fired, and the animal was finally destroyed, amidst the cheers of both the British and the Saxons opposite. The deed accomplished, he walked back to his trench quite unmolested.

Less pleasant was the experience of an O.D. wounded early on July 1st in "No Man's Land," who had to work his way on his back towards his own trenches. He was again wounded but at last reached a crater in safety and, making a dash, arrived at his own lines, alive, though covered with blood, at 6 p.m.

Another O.D. wrote home a fuller account than usual of the engagement in which he was wounded:—

"It was on October 1st that we took over part of the line on the Somme from another battalion, which had been in the trenches for four days. We managed to get up to the support line without much trouble, suffering few casualties. It was

extremely difficult to get along owing to the trenches being so narrow. When we arrived at the 'dump,' the Bosche started to shell us very heavily and we lost a few men. We then began to dig ourselves in for the night. This task was rather difficult, we having first to dispose of the dead, both friend and foe; the Germans were constantly sending up searchlight rockets to enable them to see what was going on on our side. Everything went smoothly after a time and we passed a fairly quiet night, having a few German whiz-bangs at us at intervals, they being perfectly aware that we had just come up.

"At sunrise the order came down the trench, 'Be in readiness for a charge.' We immediately divested ourselves of our equipment and fell in by platoons in the different sectors of the trenches which we had previously taken over. Then the order came to fix bayonets. At 4.30 was 'Stand-to,' and at 5 the order was given for two platoons to charge a certain point of the German line. I told the boys to keep their wits about them and follow me. We leapt over the parapet, but some of the poor fellows did not manage to clear it. Those who did were quite safe from the hurricane of shells which the Bosches had commenced to rain upon us. The distance we had to get across was about 150 yards. We got within about ten yards of the Bosche trench, when we were met by a fusilade of bullets which was so heavy that we could not get any further without sustaining more casualties. So I gave the order to retire in order that we might get reinforcements, which were in readiness in case of need. Again we tried and failed; then the Bosche counter-attacked behind the barrage formed by his artillery. This attempt at retaliation was hopelessly crushed and those who did survive our fusilade were taken prisoners.

"Then I rallied what was left of my platoons, and this time the Bosche turned tail and ran for dear life. We bayoneted a few scores. We next got into the Bosche trench and routed him out of his underground passages; then we made a block a good way down his communication trench. It was here where I got a scalp wound from the Bosche who tried to finish me, but as luck would have it, he missed and fell a victim to my bayonet. When we had consolidated our position we were relieved feeling very fatigued. On going down the communication trench the Bosche again shelled us very heavily; consequently four men and myself got completely buried. One man was killed, two were unhurt, and the other and myself were unconscious for two hours. The only way we could be dug out was by the rest of the platoons using their bare hands, as we were on our last expedition for bringing up extra ammunition the reliefs."

Good fortune seems to have attended one Denstonian in quite an extraordinary degree. He says: "I have had two rather narrow escapes. On Friday morning I had just got up from my bed on the floor when a large shell landed in the front garden; the concussion opened the window and a huge column of dirt arose in the air; some of it came in and bespattered me, but I was not even scratched. My servant afterwards found in the crater a piece of metal eight or ten inches long by three across. The garden is only ten yards by fifteen, so you can see the shell came close enough to be exciting. The other occasion was a burst of shrapnel just above the trench. I felt myself struck as the explosion occurred, but the only results was a very small hole in my tunic, two scratches on my face, and a few very tiny cuts on my hands. I have also suffered from tear-shells, and a bullet

made a hole in my pack when I had taken it off and placed it on the ground. So you see life is not exactly monotonously tame."

Another O.D. j writing of a gas attack, speaks of the "barrage" of artillery fire, the trench mortars, and the darkness, all piling horror on horror. He himself had a man struck down on each side of him, and escaped, as it seemed, by a miracle. How many weary soldiers must echo his cry as he lay on another occasion beneath the stars and the tranquil moon, with the smell of the hawthorn floating through the darkness: "It was far too fine a night to waste at this silly game." Does not much of the tragedy of the war lie in this half-truthful comment on man's folly and ambition?

#### ON THE LAST CRUSADE.

*By an O.D. in Egypt.*

We had rather a strenuous time during the last battle with the Turks. We were carted off by train to get us well on the flank. On the first day we marched until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we ran up against what we found out afterwards was the covering force on the Turks' right flank. We were in the second line, and the mounted troops were on our right. Our left was safe. We didn't fire a shot, as a matter of fact; we just extended and pushed on, and the Turks either ran or came in. We chased them off, and as dusk was coming on threw outposts forward, lay down, and longed for water. I am always a lucky beggar, so I dropped in for outpost company; it was rather "nervy" for me, as we did not know how far the enemy had gone—it was awfully difficult ground—nor his strength.

However, about eleven, just as I was settling down, I heard yells and curses, and then some shots. In a few minutes two hostile cavalymen were brought in; a patrol had ridden straight into one of my sentry groups, who disposed of them most satisfactorily. This rather relieved me, as I argued that if they were sending out mounted patrols they were some way off. As a matter of fact, they were bolting all night, and though they opened fire on us next morning as we moved about, they were a very long way off, and did no damage.

It was a rotten night. There were lots of wounded lying around hoping for water, and we dare not give the poor fellows any. We had our water-bottles filled before we started, but we did not know how long it would be before we got any more. Luckily we got a fill before we moved off in the morning, so we could let the poor beggars have a little. We bagged a mountain battery here, the gunners being shot down round the guns, so you may guess we did not lose much time in the advance.

That day we marched all day, but after this the mounted troops took over the pursuit. We were too "done" to follow them, or I think we could have bagged their rear-guard. My company arrived 50 strong. I started with nearly 200, and the rest fell out from exhaustion, knowing that there was no ambulance or anything behind. The men were told that there was nobody to pick up stragglers, so they went until they dropped, and there they were left. They were all collected finally by a Camel Corps which scoured the desert for days. We started without our camel transport, and when it did arrive it could hardly keep up with us. I now know what it is to have a thirst. We arrived at a well on the last day, with three very dead camels draped round

the mouth, and I appreciated Kipling's " It was crawling and it stunk," for it was almost as brackish to taste as sea-water ; but it was good, and I drank two mess-tins-full without pausing for breath. Thirst is a fearful thing.

### THE MOTHERS' WINDOW.

We returned this term to find the Chapel enriched with one of the most beautiful of the many gifts it has received. The Mothers' Window, which stands before each of us every time the Chapel door is opened, is certainly a wonderful piece of work. The idea which underlies it is suggestive in the extreme, and the way it is carried out is most satisfactory. The drawing is strong and true, and the colouring glorious. Some of the colours are daring, or would be in the hands of a less skilful artist than Mr. Christopher Whall, but he has so deftly used even bright purples, crimsons, and greens, that they fall into place without a suspicion of offence.

Nothing is commonplace, and delicate details abound. The Holy Mother, who stands in the middle light as the type of motherhood—bereaved of her only Son, like so many mothers to day—walks on bright flowers, emblematical of the joys which are the lot of mothers; but there are also sharp thorns, for sorrows and anxieties also fall to every mother. Beside her are other children, whom she is leading to follow in the steps of her Son. They look forward, not without concern, to the path they must tread, but with determination also. One is in khaki.

Then, in one of the side-lights, we see her Son dead on the field of battle—the battlefield of the Cross. The idea has of

course been made familiar by the **great** Office Hymn for Passiontide, written by Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, in the **Sixth** Century:

*" Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis."*

He lies broken " in that tremendous strife," bereft even of His crown of thorns; but beautiful angels, with crimson and purple wings, tend Him gently; **one** lifts His wounded hand to kiss. In **the** other light we are shown the real outcome of His death. There He rides as **the** victorious soldier, King of Kings and **Lord** of Lords, going forth "conquering and to conquer." He is seated on a great white horse, sword in hand, and bearing the seven stars as described in *Revelation*. His face is strong and the expression determined even to sternness. Round **His** helmet is the crown of thorns, but **the** thorns have burst into blossoms, and behind are seen glimpses of the multitude **who** follow in His train. Above the whole, two angels hold the crown, symbolical of the reward of the Mother's sacrifice, and a scroll describes her as " blessed anion women." Beams of light reach down through all the tracery into each compartment of the window, giving unity and cohesion to the whole, and through them angel faces gaze down at the Mother **who** has been enabled to say, " Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

It should be placed on record that the window has been given by the mothers of Denstonians, and by Denstonians, through Mrs Hibbert. Mr. Whall did the whole work with his own hands, for he said the subject was too beautiful to be entrusted to any of his workmen. The cost has therefore been much (^200); but we think the general verdict will be that this is not **too**

much for a window in honour of mothers, and which is such a beautiful piece of work.

### WAR NEWS.

Since our last number was issued we have heard of many distinctions which have fallen to Denstonians for service in the war. They include the award of the D.S.O. to Lt.-Col. G. D. L. Chatterton, Lt.-Col. C. R. P. Winsor, and Capt. E. Fearenside; of the Military Cross to Second Lieut. K. J. H. Lindop, Capt. E. R. Wood (and bar), Capt. W. F. Richardson, and Lt. E. S. Rerrie; of the Military Medal to Cpl. R. A. Forester (A. E. Ermekiel, 1902); of the D.S.C. to Acting Lieut. A. G. Madan; of a knighthood to W. B. Hunter for financial services rendered in India.

We quote some of the official particulars from the *Gazette* :—

D.S.O.

Capt. (temp. Lt.-Col.) C. R. P. Winsor, Res. of Off., S. Lan. R.

For conspicuous gallantry during operations. He led his battalion with great dash and ability during several days of hard fighting, and showed remarkable coolness and resource.

Temp. Capt. E. Fearenside, Manch. R.

He led up two companies of reinforcements, over some 1,800 yards of open ground swept by machine-gun fire, into a village. Here he rallied his men and organised a further attack. He displayed the greatest coolness and courage.

### MILITARY CROSS.

Temp. Capt. Wilfrid Frank Richardson, Bord. R.

For conspicuous gallantry in action. With half his company he reached a point 500 yards ahead of the remainder

of the attacking troops. Though outnumbered and almost surrounded by the enemy, he held his own till reinforcements arrived. The position was ultimately consolidated.

Sec. Lt. (temp. Capt.) Eric Rawlinson Wood, Cambridge R.

For conspicuous gallantry during a raid on the enemy's trenches. He set a fine example under difficult circumstances, (He has since been awarded a Bar).

Lt. (temp. Capt.) E. S. Rerrie, E. York. R., Spec. Res.

He twice led most daring reconnaissances, lying out on the enemy's parapet in order to gain information. On the second occasion he shot two of the enemy with his revolver, and in trying to bring a body back he was seen and subjected to heavy rifle and bomb fire.

Sec. Lt. K. J. H. Lindop, Shrops. L.I., Spec. Res. (att. 6th Bn.).

For conspicuous gallantry. During a raid he saw the enemy working round to cut off his party, and attacked them at once, driving some far up their trench and heading off others with bombs and rifle fire. By his promptness and resource he ensured the safe withdrawal of his party.

D.S.C.

Acting Lt. A. G. Madan, R.N.R., in recognition of his services in submarines in enemy waters.

Corporal R. A. Forester was with a party of bombers and scouts which one night raided the German trenches. With the officer and a private, he went ahead of the others and cut a path through the wire entanglements. The men then entered the German first trench and pushed on towards the second line, but were held up there. By this time they were discovered, and a

bombing encounter took place. Forester has three times been wounded.

F. T. Blumberg (1888) served with the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles in the South African War, from December, 1901, until demobilization in August, 1902. He has been living in Vancouver, and, after other service, was transferred in March, 1915, to the 1st Canadian Pioneers, in which he is now Lance-Corporal.

F. C. Stocks has seen a good deal of service, first as a corporal and later as an officer. He wrote recently from Egypt:—"The Senussihad just been crushed before we got out. Everything was trenches, barbed wire, and sandbags, but we saw no fighting. Drove of refugee Senussi and Bedouin people came through, and were interesting to study. I also got some very fine bracelets, earrings, and necklaces from these people. Of course, being attached to the Staff, I dwelt apart from the battalion. The heat was trying, but only when the hot wind blew from off the desert. A vast number of fleas and every conceivable kind of biting and stinging insect somewhat worried me, but by emptying nearly a tin of Keating's I escaped quite unbitten.

"I had time for many long walks into the desert, with a stick and revolver as companions. The place was dotted with mounds, roughly edged with stones, which I learned were graves. It seemed to me terribly sad—just that mound in the huge expanse of sand and scrub, and not a living soul in sight, nor a word or sign of any kind. In almost every case, *inside* the bare wall of stones, were numbers of desert flowers, chiefly scarlet poppies or yellow daisy plants. Anywhere near a well the flowers were amazing." Later he moved elsewhere, and he became Military Landing Officer. The first man he saw when he detrained in Egypt was S. W.

Bird. Recently he has been captain of the battalion cricket team.

H. W. Barrett was some time ago in a gas attack made by the Germans near Hulluch.

V. Westwood is in hospital in England suffering from gas.

O. S. Roper spent last winter in the Ypres salient.

W. F. Greenwood, who was wounded in the "Great Push," writes:—"We were in two attacks in five days, and on both occasions we took our objectives, and many prisoners and machine-guns. No troops in the world could have done better, and their behaviour is beyond all praise."

W. Horsfield writes:—"I did not go into action until Easter Sunday. We were in quite a hot corner, too, on the Vimy Ridge, just behind Neuville S. Vaast. All the time we were there we only had one gun smashed by a direct hit, and another gun-pit set on fire. Of course all the ammunition exploded, but we had no casualties. Five minutes before there were several men in the pit, but they were saved by being called to get their rum issue."

F. A. Woods was one of the many who saw the destruction, on September 3rd, of a raiding Zeppelin. He tells an amusing, if also pathetic, story of the sale of a canary—sole remnant of a home near London, none of whose walls stood five feet high after the raid.

R. H. F. Coleman writes to say that his wound was only a scratch, though the medical officer seems to have regarded it in a different light. He adds:—"We have not had yet the trial which the ordinary infantry battalions have—namely, to stand waiting for the word to go over the parapet and then charge against rifles and machine-guns."

N. Wooler was very seriously wounded



last year at "Hill 63, just at the left of Plug Street Wood." "It was a very dark and wet night, and I was on a listening-post out in No Man's Land. Four of the enemy crept up quite near me in the long grass; they all fired at once, but luckily only one of them hit me." He has been nearly a year in hospitals.

Amongst many others who have come through the great advance are C. W. Shelton, O. F. Forrest, G. W. Ashforth, G. B. Fyldes, P. Burrows, R. O'Brien (all wounded), O. S. Roper, N. R. Eadford. G. D. Collis, who was reported killed, is a prisoner in Germany.

T. H. Averill writes:—"The night I left Calais I met an O.D.—Merryweather—in the train. It was, I thought, a good omen. On coming here I met Wooliscroft. This afternoon we had a 'Soccer' match 500 yards behind the lines. It was extremely funny, as the field is full of shell-holes, and these in turn are full of water, in which men often found themselves. 'Fritz' kept sending shells over us, searching for one of our batteries."

H. Jacks was for a time Intelligence Officer at a Command Headquarters.

W. Jacks is in the R.F.C.

G. V. Knight had very thrilling experiences during the Jutland battle, his vessel sinking one German cruiser and completely disabling a second.

K. J. H. Lindop writes most warmly of the help which Mr. Cadman's instruction in the O.T.C. has been to him in France. He says that he feels his men should have been rewarded rather than himself when he won the Military Cross, though we cannot agree with this modest view. "All last month," he adds, "we have been marching and fighting all over France, and now we are on the flank of the push. It is a pretty fair strain, especially so here, as the

trenches are not very sweet, owing to there being a lot of dead from a recent attack lying out in No Man's Land. How I should love to wander down to the Bathing Place in flannels, with a towel round my neck, as I did this time last year."

P. H. Sykes has been wounded rather severely in the arm.

F. J. Mellor, when he first went out, met Helder, Musker, and Lindop almost at once.

T. Newton writes:—"One week lately we—my Company—had the honour to be the escort to two batteries of light guns. This was not at all pleasant, as the guns were in very exposed positions and very far forward. It is not easy to move guns in these hills, and we often had to get all hands on to the wheels to get them up a mountain side or to lift them out of a nullah. We were of course shelled most of the way with shrapnel, and the second night the Bulgars attacked in force. It was very exciting, and the guns must have done fearful damage at that range." He is in hospital with malaria.

I. F. Menzies writes:—"For every trench mortar the Hun sends, we send about ten back. We also blow many more mines than he does. We hardly ever see a German aeroplane, but ours are up all day long."

W. Cooper, in sending some gifts for the Museum from Salonika, writes:—"Round about the mouth of the Vardar River there are many signs of a decayed civilization—old wells, Turkish or older, and deeply-laid irrigation works, long fallen into ruin, and exposed by the falling away of the sides of the dongas."

A. E. Barlow writes:—"The real desert is clean, and seems much cooler than the towns and plains by the Canal. There are four oases in sight from here, with plenty of palms, but no water at present. There

is a well-defined belt of oases right away to Palestine. Life is generally rather monotonous. With a little practice one can sleep all day quite easily."

L. B. Helder wrote in July :—" I have had one crash during a forced landing. My pilot switched off his engine to dive under a cloud, and never regained it, so down we had to come. We were at the time over the lines, but we were able to plane to about 5,000 yards before landing. When we drew near to the field we had selected, we discovered a line of wire entanglements and trenches in our way, and moreover we could see that it was very hilly and nearly all corn-fields. What happened exactly I don't know. We described a circle on one wing, and everything crumpled; but neither of us was touched by anything." Later he described an " air scrap " :—" I have never enjoyed half-an-hour so much in my life. Four of us went over on an offensive patrol, just behind the 'strafe' area, and ran into a Hun reconnaissance of odds of five to one. We at once dived in amongst them, and, as usual, they made off and dived down and away towards Boscheland, with us on top of them. I, unluckily, did not get at very close range, as they kept going down as fast as they could ; but it was great fun chasing first one, then another. Two of our machines brought one each to the ground, and together we drove the lot off." We much regret that Helder has since been reported "prisoner of war."

G. E. Jackson wrote, on the eve of sailing for Mesopotamia: — " We have sun-helmets, smoked glasses, spine - pads, mosquito nets, and cholera belts, and enough advice to fill a fair-sized pharmacopeia. By the time I get to the front I shall have travelled 12,000 miles from Toronto to get there."

H. E. Baness has been placed in the

same hut with Mr. Huskinson. Both are in the Artists' Rifles.

F. and G. Schultz have changed **their** name to Page, and both, having come **over** from the Argentine, are in the Army. As they point out, the first Schultz came to England as long ago as 1730.

A. Winkler has been at the front **for** three months.

E. P. Cross writes :—" I left Rouen with another officer of the 2nd Batt. on Friday afternoon, both of us being in charge of a draft of men, about 200 in all. We spent **the** night in the train, and arrived at the rail-head on Saturday evening. Our orders were to hand the draft to the Division, but we were wrongly directed, and found ourselves **in** pitch darkness seven miles away from Division Headquarters, when I discovered my mistake. As it was very late and **the** men were fagged, I did the only possible thing, and turned them down for the night in a field. We had only our waterproof sheets and greatcoats. It was bitterly cold.

Next morning I discovered a signal station and got on the 'phone with **the** Division. They told me I must take **them** to their Brigade, and gave me the name of the place. Off we went, breakfastless, **for** a ten-mile march. When near their destination I gave them the order to eat their iron rations, as we had had no **food** for twenty-four hours. I was thankful to hand them over. I myself existed on biscuits and chocolate from Friday morning to Sunday night, and did not have a drink for twenty-four hours. The latter part of the march was, however, most interesting, as we went through all the captured country. Everywhere is a desolate waste, covered with shell-holes. In three villages, all famous in the Push, there was not a brick standing. There was a terrific **bombardment** going on; we were simply pouring shells over. The prisoners who are being

continually sent back look as though they had had enough. One has only to stand in the old British positions and see where the Germans have been pushed back past the second ridge over the horizon, to realise what has been done."

E. J. Boyd is in a battleship off the East African coast. On one occasion, when he was in a picquet boat up a river mouth, a heavy fire was opened at almost point-blank range; but the Huns have apparently reserved their best gunners for the North Sea, as the picquet boat made her escape. In a later engagement, when he was tending a wounded man in a fort, he chanced to look up at the clock just as a shot came through the wall and smashed it to pieces.

H. W. Downward is in the R.N;

We have received letters from very many on service, amongst them: W. Fielding, R. W. Laugler, A. D. Sykes, F. H. T. Joscelyne, D. F. Dakeyne, C. Girling, A. W. Wilson, L. A. Cumin, R. E. Perrin, G. D. Thorp, A. Hill, E. W. Passmore, H. M. Chapman, L. R. Oakes, V. Westwood, H. Gandy, L. W. Heygate, B. J. S. Coverley, G. J. St. C. Harries, P. Cooper, R. Lacey, R. J. Sedgwick.

W. White is a despatch rider.

R. B. Hamer was wounded near Trones Wood, but is recovering "finely."

R. R. S. Bowker was in the thick of the Jutland battle, but his ship was quite untouched. "Once, during the night part of the action, we sighted what we thought to be one of our battle cruisers, but it turned out to be one of the enemy's. It switched its searchlights on to us, but we were making a smoke-screen at the time, and so it turned it off us on to the ship which was astern of us."

K. B. Allan has managed to get home

from West Africa, and has now a commission in the R.A.M.C.

A. A; Compton has been wounded.

We rejoice to learn that C. O. Andrews was released, together with other U.M.C.A. missionaries, when the British force occupied Tabora.

C. D. L. Turner has passed into Woolwich, J. S. G. Branscombe into Sandhurst, and A. W. Bates, by special entry, into the Navy.

As we go to Press we have definite news of L. B. Helder. He writes that his machine was brought down by a Fokker, the control wires being cut. After a perilous descent, during which he and his enemy both continued to fire, he landed in safety—though his machine burst into flames—and was immediately surrounded by a number of Germans. He says that he has been, and is, well treated, though he is naturally sorry to be a prisoner.

Eric Wood, who has been wounded, writes:—"Just a few lines to tell you that I am getting along very well. I was slightly wounded in the head by a piece of shell through the steel helmet, which must certainly have saved me. We did a small attack on October 14th in conjunction with another regiment of our brigade; we took our objectives fairly easily together with about 250 prisoners. I got a hit in the head after we had been in about two hours. I was able to walk down to the dressing station, and am feeling well, all things considered. I am now in the train on the way to the base. You need not worry about me as I am feeling quite all right. We had a fair number of officer casualties, but every one was in great form and they did jolly well. I only hope they will get a bit of a rest now. Jack cannot be more than about a mile from our regiment, but that is a very long way under these conditions. I wish we could meet."

## WAR OBITUARY.

*2nd Lieut. C. B. Dodds*, 1904, was in Head's i. He was in the 9th Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, and at Loos, on September 25th, 1915, he led his men into action with the utmost gallantry, "like a soldier and a gentleman." After that, he was seen no more. Officers and men alike speak of him in the highest terms.

*Noel Intnan* came here from Worksop in 1913 (Lowe), leaving in a year to join the Lincolnshire Regiment in which his brother, also a Cuthbertian, held a commission. Noel was a quiet boy with considerable force of character. It was just like him to ask, on the day he left (at the half term), to be allowed to stay till a late train as he had some music which he wished to finish. He was then only sixteen and a half, and was eighteen last Christmas Day. On July 1st his regiment took part in the opening of the Somme offensive, and he must be added to the list of Denstonians who fell that day. His only brother is still "missing" since the same date, but Noel was found a fortnight later, dead in the German trenches which had been captured. One of the officers in his company wrote as follows.— "I could say thousands of good things about dear Noel, but his greatest virtue was that he feared his Maker and loved Him: he has a clean sheet."

*Captain and Adjutant Lyn A. P. Harris* was in Lowe from 1906 until 1910. He had abilities above the average and did very well in work. He will be remembered too as an actor of refinement and skill. He was studying engineering at Cardiff University when war broke out, and joined the 4th Public Schools' Battalion, Royal Fusiliers. Then in December (1914), he received a commission in the 16th Battalion Welsh Regiment, and quickly rose to be

Captain and Adjutant. In December, 1915, he went to France, and was killed at Mametz Wood on July nth last. He was only twenty-three years of age.

*2nd Lieut. A. B. Taylor* was in Meynell Dormitory. A boy of considerable ability and in the O.T.C., he was doing well in business when the war claimed his services. He obtained a commission in the Leicestershire Regiment (9th Battalion) in January, 1915, from the 4th Public Schools Battalion Royal Fusiliers and went to the front in February last. He was killed in action on July nth last, aged 22. His father is the well-known bell founder. It will be remembered that he gave us the Chapel bell, which bears upon it the inscription, "A. B. Taylor, 1907-1910." Since then he has given us also the Sacring bell. Another brother has been killed, another is serving, and a sister who has been nursing in France, is very ill with blood-poisoning.

*2nd Lieut. B. H. Whitley* (Meynell, 1892) was B.A. Dublin University. He was for a long time master at Worksop, and then here for a little while, going to Loretto as Modern Languages master; He was thorough and conscientious in all that he did, and was a very keen and efficient officer in the O.T.C. He threw up his school work and joined the Royal Scots, being sent to France last April to the 1st Battalion. On July 17th he was killed while leading a night attack.

*Lieut. R. R. Lewer* was here from 1898 to 1906 in Lowe Dormitory, and was one of the first members of the old Qadet Corps. As a practical geologist, he had done good work in connexion with oil exploration in Burmah, Russia, Asia, and Western Canada, and he was a Fellow of the Geological Society. On the outbreak of war he was at Calgary, but returned at once to England, and obtained his commission in September,

1014, in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was so seriously wounded in action on July 15th that he died on July 21st.

2nd Lieut. A. B. Jameson was in Meynell Dormitory from 1907 until he went to Cambridge in 1913, with an Exhibition in Theology at Sidney Sussex College, preparatory to being ordained. Here he was a prefect and a server and a good musician. He obtained a commission in July, '95 and went to France last February. On July 21st he was killed while leading his men in action. His age was 22.

J. H. Taylor came in 1911, in Woodard Dormitory. He was later for two years in Manchester University O.T.C., and was articled to a firm of architects. He joined the Manchester Regiment, and on July 31st last was accidentally drowned at a bathing parade at Godalming.

2nd Lieut. J. W. Musker came in 1910, in Lowe Dormitory, and was a very clever boy. When war broke out he was with the Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co., but joined the "Pals" Battalion of the Liverpool Regiment immediately following its formation. He had been at the front for a considerable time, and went through practically the whole of the Big Push. He met his death while giving directions for the organisation of a position which had been taken after an exceptionally severe engagement. He was shot through the heart on July 30th. "Always brave and exceptionally cool," wrote his colonel, "on this day he displayed conspicuous gallantry and ability, and his conduct would have been brought to notice had he survived. He was beloved by all ranks, officers and men alike." His brother is a lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Lieut. Bernard Bond was here from 1898 to 1900, in Meynell Dormitory. He was one of the many Denstonians in the

Sherwood Foresters and was in the 11th Battalion. He was wounded in the fighting on July 31st last and died on August 2nd. His brother, B. K. Bond, is a chaplain in the Navy.

2nd Lieut. M. Hood Rowan was here from 1904 until 1909. He was doing well in business in Liverpool when war was declared, but immediately enlisted in the 6th Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment. In February, 1915, he went out to Flanders and was there for twelve months. Last February he came back to take up a commission in the 9th Battalion, and returned to France in May. The sterling qualities he showed here he displayed also in his military service—"his platoon would go anywhere or do anything with him." His Colonel reported his death in the following words: "He was killed in action on August 12th while gallantly leading his platoon in an attack on the German trenches. I had formed a very high opinion of him as an excellent officer. He was well liked by his brother officers and had the confidence of his men, and he would have made a name for himself."

2nd Lieut. A. Comrie was here from 1902 until 1905, when he went to the Mining Department of Armstrong College. At the outbreak of war he was employed at the collieries near Doncaster, and joined the Royal Field Artillery. He was given a commission in the Royal Engineers, and was wounded in October, 1915. He returned to service, and on August 14th last was unfortunately accidentally wounded, very seriously. He died on August 15th.

2nd Lieut. Eric G. H. Bates was here from 1909 until 1915, in Selwyn Dormitory. He was a prefect and a server, a good sportsman, good in work, and a good actor. His "Ophelia" and "The Countess of Auvergne" (in *Henry VI.*, pt. i.) will be

still remembered. In January, 1915, he obtained a Modern History Exhibition at Selwyn College and was also nominated to one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Missionary Exhibitions. But he gave up both to take a commission in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, and went straight from School, in July, 1915, to his regiment. Early in 1916 he went to France, and there on the night of August 22-3 he was killed in action. He was 20 years of age.

*2nd Lieut. A. L. Forrest* was here from 1906 to 1912, in Woodard Dormitory. He was a prefect, a server, very good in school work, and thoroughly sound in every way. He had been at Keble College two years when the war came, and he obtained a commission in the K.R.R.C. at once. After obtaining a "Distinguished" certificate in musketry at Hythe, he was Musketry Officer to his battalion before going to France in March last. He was killed on September 3rd while leading his platoon in the attack. "A most conscientious officer," his Colonel calls him. We can be sure he was. He was 23 years of age. His two brothers are serving.

*Capt. S. Thompson* was here from 1901 till 1903, in Lowe Dormitory. He was a prefect, and was a master for some time at Worksop. When war broke out he held a good position in Jamaica, but gave it up and joined the Sportsman's Battalion in England. Presently he was given a commission in the 15th Batt. Hampshire Regiment, and rose to the rank of Captain. On September 15th he was shot by machine-gun fire through both thighs while leading his men to the attack, and the Colonel describes him as "one of the most gallant and devoted officers I have come in contact with in my sixteen years' experience; he was *sans peur et sans reproche*."

*Lieut. F.J. Mellor* was here, in **Head's ii**, from 1906 until 1915. He was always good all round, and reached the dignity of Senior Prefect and Prefect of Hall. **H** was a Server. He was in the XV., and an efficient Cadet in the O.T.C. He was an admirable musician, a good singer, and an actor of real ability; his "Queen" in *Hatn4 let*, and Caspar in the Miracle Play of 1914 will probably be especially remembered as noteworthy. Few boys have been more popular, and less "spoilt." He was always bright, modest, keen to do his duty, ever ready with kindness and courtesy. He obtained a commission in the Sherwood Foresters, 3rd Batt., and was sent to France early this year. On September 18th last he went out to try to bring in some wounded. He found a Chaplain wounded and was tending him when the enemy began to shell them. In the shell-hole where he and his stretcher-bearers were with the wounded priest, a shell burst in the midst of them. The other two were killed outright, and Mellor was hurt so badly that he did not long survive. But it was characteristic of him that he was able to get a message sent to his mother that he was "going on well." He died early on the 19th, brave to the last, and telling the nurse that he was "not afraid to go." No boy had less cause to be "afraid to go." He was 20 years of age.

*Major F. R. Collis* was here from 1907 until 1910, in Lowe Dormitory. He was a boy of many attractions and much ability. After leaving School he was articled as a solicitor to his father, and had just passed his final examination when war came. He was then Lieut. in the 2nd Midland Brigade R.F.A. Before proceeding to France he was promoted Captain, and was given the command of the Ammunition Column, 2nd Brigade, 46th Division.

Last March he was promoted Major. In May he was wounded, but refused to come home on leave, and soon after resuming his duties he was in charge of an Irish Brigade. On September 27th, he was killed in action. He was 24 years of age.

*G. J. Mitchell* was in Lowe Dormitory from 1911 until 1914, an excellent, steady, dependable boy. He joined the reserve squadron of the 11th Hussars when war was declared, and saw much hard service in France. In September last he was killed in action.

*Edward Cartwright* came in 1897, in Lowe Dormitory. He became a Prefect in 1899, and left in 1900. He went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and then did some teaching for a few years, but was fruit-farming in British Columbia when war broke out. He left his wife and three little children and joined the Canadian Force. He became a Corporal, but reverted to Private when he went to France. Early in October he was terribly wounded, and lingered in great pain, with a broken spine, until October 11th, when he died in hospital in England. It will be remembered that his twin brother Charles was killed in action on April 19th last. His age was 34.

*A. G. St. J. Toms* came in 1907, also in Lowe Dormitory. On leaving School he received an appointment in the Bank of Montreal, Canada. In September, 1914, he joined the Canadian Force, and was sent to France in September, 1915. He was in the Canadian machine-gun section, and was killed on September 15th. His last request was that he might be remembered as having died for his king and country and for his home. His age was 20.

*and Lieut. C. G. Loveday* was in Meynell Dormitory, and was here from 1911 until he left last year to take a commission in the Sherwood Foresters. He was a clever,

serious boy, **and** one who could be depended **on** to carry out what he had learnt at Denstone. He went to France so lately as last August, and on October 10th was killed, hit through the heart by a piece of shell. He had won the respect of his fellow-officers and men, and from others we know that he went out ready, in the best sense, for his death. He was 19 years of age. His Colonel wrote: "He had been up to the front line trenches reconnoitring and was killed by a shell coming back. Although he had only been a short time with the Battalion he had proved himself a good officer on several occasions. He was a gallant boy and died a soldier's death, doing his duty bravely: no man can do more. He is buried behind our lines, between Gueudecourt and Les Bœufs." The Colonel himself was killed a few days later.

*J. E. S. Gall*, whose death in action we reported in our last issue, rose from a private to be Sergeant, and was offered a commission, but preferred to go to the front with the men with whom he had been so long associated. The following particulars of his death are given by one of the other Sergeants:—"I was with him some little time before we made our counter-attack, on the afternoon of July 30th, 1915. We were subjected to a fearful fire, and he never came back. When I saw him before all this happened he was smiling and quite happy, and we both knew that the chances were very much against our ever coming back alive. He went out into that awful inferno like a gallant gentleman. I dare not ask you to hope that he is still alive. The Germans—and as a matter of fact our own people—took no prisoners that day. We were too much mixed up, and the fighting was of too fierce a nature, to allow that. I was so fond of

him, and have felt his loss dreadfully. He was most popular with the officers and men, and though we are used perhaps to seeing our own men go one after the other, his death cast a gloom over all who were left. He did his duty well. He was always cheerful, no matter how hard the work, and set many of us a good example. When my time comes I hope I may go in the way he did."

R.I.P.

O.T.C.

During most of the closing weeks of last term conversation turned incessantly on the long-meditated route march. The whole undertaking was of so unique a character in the annals of the Denstone O.T.C. that there was scope for much speculation. First a camp oven, and later on, the 24th of July eventually arrived; the lorry was packed, and the Company marched out to the strains of the College bugle band: on every side there was a feeling of doubt and expectancy, each individual subconsciously weighed his own powers of endurance, and perhaps calculated those of others. Ashbourne was reached without any occurrence of note, and the people all turned out to see the contingent march through. This interest on the part of the population was noticeable in all the towns through which we passed, and everywhere we were most kindly received. The first halt for lunch was ordered at a farm three miles beyond Ashbourne, and then we proceeded to our first camping ground at Idridgehay. The Company then pitched its tents, and bathed.

At this point a short resume of each day's orders may perhaps be interesting. Reveille

sounded at 6.30 a.m., and was followed by parade for prayers at 7; the camp was then struck before breakfast at 7.30, and the morning march—from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.—began. One and a half hours were allowed at mid-day for lunch and rest, and then the march was continued from 2.30 to 5 p.m. On arrival at the camping ground the contingent immediately pitched tents. Tea followed, and after this work was virtually over—except for those on guard—and everyone had his time at his own disposal until 9.30, when "Lights Out" was sounded.

The second day's march brought the Company to Baslow, where camp was pitched in a large meadow on the banks of the Derwent, which afforded excellent bathing. The special feature of the day was the march through Chatsworth Park, which led us under the walls of Chatsworth House, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire.

From Baslow the march was continued to Hulme End, which was our last camping ground. This stretch proved the most trying of all, owing to the hilly and barren nature of the country. On one occasion we marched for several miles without encountering a single person on the road. The monotony of this district was further accentuated by the excessive heat, which continued practically without intermission during all the four days.

On Thursday morning, July 27th, the Company began its last march of about eighteen miles, and reached Denstone at 6.30 p.m. We experienced the only fall of rain during the march, which necessitated our finding indoor accommodation for lunch at Okeover; thanks to the kindness of the village schoolmaster, No. 1 Platoon was billeted in the Elementary Schools, and No. 2 Platoon found shelter in the tea room



of the Temperance Hotel. The *morale* of the Company throughout the march was excellent, but on the last day the men were naturally more cheerful than usual—indeed the march from Denstone Village to the College assumed the proportions of a triumphal procession.

Our progress was not unmarked by certain touches of humour. Just outside Ashbourne a "rest halt" was enlivened by the antics of a bright youth: his chief characteristic was a total absence of self-consciousness, and his smart repartees left in our minds no doubt as to his future profession—either that of a lawyer or a publican. One benignant member of a passing Mothers' Meeting evidently thought we should enjoy a mixture of acid drops and Derbyshire Roads, the result being an enfilade of these projectiles, which ricocheted on to us with great precision. An old and bibulous man attempted to share with us his Bacchanalian repast, but his pressing attentions were cut short by our ever watchful adjutant pronouncing death and destruction on all offenders against the Defence of the Realm Act. The enemy then retired in disorder.

The distance covered was in all about eighty miles. Great credit is due to the officers, for, thanks to their preparation, the whole undertaking worked without a hitch. The cooks also deserve much praise for their very useful work, not only in connection with the food—which was excellent—but also as regards the work connected with the loading of the lorry. The marching of the younger cadets exceeded all expectations, and the number of those who fell out was—until the last day—a negligible quantity. The march was a great enterprise, and it was successful.

This year the Kirkpatrick Shield, for proficiency in O.T.C., was carried off by Lowe, under Company Sergeant Major Baness and Sergeant Colli s.

The following O.T.C. promotions have been made:—

Sergeant Collis to Company Sergt.-Major.  
Corporal Beith to Sergeant.

#### THE NATIONAL MISSION.

The Mission held here (October 7-17) marks an epoch in the religious history of public schools. Such a thing had never been attempted before, as far as we know, and we must confess that we were not a little anxious when the Bishop, at the invitation of the School authorities, announced his intention of sending two messengers here for a period of ten days. But any anxiety we may have felt was immediately banished on the arrival of Frs. Murray and Browett. They at once found their way to the heart of the School, as was shown by the reception they were given, on their first Sunday afternoon, in the School-room. Only the hearts of individuals can tell of the spiritual work that was done, but we can say without hesitation that an impression was made which is bound to be for the permanent good of the School. The messengers toiled all day and every day on our behalf; never sparing themselves they gave of their best to each and all. We thank them: we thank God who sent them.

It has long been the dream of Fr. Murray that Denstone should take a close interest in the Parish of SS. Mary and Chad, Longton, where he, an old Woodard School boy, has worked for more than twenty-five years. On Sunday, October 15th, the School unanimously decided to start a School Mission in the Potteries, and Fr. Murray was asked if we might be allowed to attach ourselves to his parish. Thus his dream, we hope, approaches realization.

## CRICKET.

## OFFICERS OF THE FIRST SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, LICHFIELD.

We batted first, and did not made a good start, Barnes being run out with the score at 15. Five runs later Baness was dismissed. Waghorn made some good strokes, but did not stay long. Glaisby, after making a careful start, played his best innings of the season, and, with Liitter, added over 30 runs for the fifth wicket. He was also largely responsible for the score reaching 151, being undefeated at the close. With the exception of Miiller's, the last wickets fell easily.

Our opponents never looked at home to the bowling of Bassett and Baness, and were easily dismissed for the meagre score of 60.

## SCHOOL.

|                             |    |
|-----------------------------|----|
| J. Barnes run out           | 9  |
| H. Baness b Dales           | 10 |
| M. S. Waghorn l.b.w. Hiley  | 24 |
| J. S. G. Branscombe b Dales | 0  |
| E. H. Glaisby not out       | 51 |
| R. B. Liitter l.b.w Dales   | 19 |
| G. S. C. Weigall run out    | 0  |
| J. H. Auton c Grice b Claye | 0  |
| A. Beith b Claye            | 5  |
| A. Muller l.b.w. Dales      | 13 |
| R. Bassett c Dales b Hiley  | 8  |
| Extras                      | 12 |

## OFFICERS.

Dales l.b.w. Bassett 9; Salaman b Baness 3; Brook not out 15; Boss b Bassett 1; Burrell b Bassett 2; Hiley b Baness 11; Claye b Baness 0; Tomkin b Bassett 1; Grice b Glaisby 8; Smith b Glaisby 2; Rapp b Weigall 0; Extras 8; Total 60.

Bassett took four wickets for 28; Baness three wickets for 20; Glaisby two wickets for 5; Weigall one wicket for 1.

## SENIOR DORMITORY MATCHES.

*First Round.*—Lowe easily defeated Head's ii. Head's iii., after a hard

struggle, gained the victory over Selwyn mainly through the efforts of Weigall. After an exciting match between Meynell and Shrewsbury, the scores proved to be equal. In the re-play Meynell just managed to defeat their opponents. Head's i., handicapped by the rain, were unable to defeat Woodard, losing the match by a few runs.

*Second Round.*—Contrary to expectation, Woodard beat Head's iii. with great ease. Meynell beat Lowe without the loss of a wicket.

*Final.*—Meynell v. Woodard.—After putting up a good score, Fergusson unfortunately strained his knee, thereby greatly handicapping Woodard. In spite of their loss, they put up a very good fight, and Meynell only beat them after a hard game. Meynell keep the flag which they won in 1915.

## FOOTBALL.

## CADET OFFICERS, LICHFIELD.

This match was played on October 7th, on a wet ground, which made passing difficult with a slippery ball. For the first match of the season the School did remarkably well, and thoroughly earned their victory of 6 points to 0, after a strenuous and evenly contested game. The visitors were a heavier team all through, but did not seem to take full advantage of their superiority in this respect. The School owed their victory to a great degree of combination among both forwards and backs, Winkler being responsible for their two tries, which remained unconverted. The forwards played well, but must remember to tackle low on all occasions. Glaisby and Tobias were conspicuous among the outsiders.

*Team.* — C. McCracken (back); J. Winkler, E. H. Glaisby, S. Jenkins, I. N. N. Walker (three-quarters); A. G. Tobias, J. H. Auton (halves); A. S. Beith, H. C. Collis, K. Austin, R. Bassett, D. J. Fergusson, R. E. McDonald, T. S. Andrew, C. C. R. Reynolds (forwards).

#### K.E.S., BIRMINGHAM.

The game, won by 12 points to 8, was fairly open all through, we trusting mainly to our three-quarters, while Birmingham relied almost wholly on their forwards. The visiting team kicked off and pressed till Fife, their scrum half, scored, and the try was converted by Benson. After a free kick and a five yards' scrum, Tobias scored after a characteristic piece of play. From this time we pressed hard and Winkler scored, but the try was not converted. There was no further score until half-time was called.

In the second half, in which the home team played down, we did most of the pressing, and Winkler soon succeeded in getting over the line, after a good run by Walker. Soon after this, Whitehouse got well away for Birmingham, and scored between the posts. After another free kick, Bassett followed well up, and McDonald scored, but the try remained unconverted. From then till time was called Birmingham pressed hard, but McCracken's good tackling prevented any further score.

*Team.*—C. McCracken (back) ; J.J.N. Walker, E. H. Glaisby, F. Parker, J. Winkler (three-quarters); J. H. Auton, A. G. Tobias (halves); A. Beith, H. C. Collis, K. Austin, D. J. Fergusson, R. Bassett, R. E. McDonald, T. S. Andrew, J. T. Davies (forwards).

#### O.D. NEWS.

L. F. Ward has been appointed Vicar of All Saints, Jersey.

V. Westwood, now in the Canadian forces, last year made over 1000 runs and took 121 wickets in British Columbia.

R. L. Greaves is now Vicar of Huncote, near Leicester.

G. L. Marriott has been ordained priest.

H. Rudgard has been married to the sister of J. Sutton, O.D.

J. G. Warr has passed the Durham Matriculation and is now in residence at S. John's Hall.

G. R. Gilfillan writes a most interesting letter with regard to his profession. He is an actor, playing under the name of "George Ross." He has travelled all over the world, and has met several Denstonians during recent visits to South Africa—Greenwell and Phelps of the older brigade, and a younger O.D. who was acting with Oscar Asche in *Kismet* at Johannesburg.

A. E. Ermekiel was employed before the war broke out in some Canadian engineering works. Prior to this he had fought in the Mexican war on behalf of the President, being very seriously wounded.

E. W. Morrison has been appointed to a responsible position in Nottingham City Gas Company.

#### NOTES.

We have lost this term the services of Mr. Huskinson, who has joined the Artists' Rifles O.T.C. ; Mr. Postance, who has been appointed to a mastership at Eton ; and the Rev. W. Smith. They have all done good work here and we wish them every success in their new spheres.

We have much pleasure in welcoming the Rev. E. W. Edminson, M.A., who was

for a long time Chaplain at Taunton, the Rev. W. Lockton, M.A., Vice-Principal of Winchester Training College, and the Rev. J. Drummond Robertson, F.C.S., who has been on the staff of Ardingly and Taunton.

On August 26th the North Staffordshire Field Club visited the Club. They were entertained to tea by Mrs. Hibbert, and were shown over the College by the Headmaster. They were particularly interested in the Chapel, the books in the Fellows Library, and the Meynell Museum. Mr. C. A. Brett, with the Rev. W. B. Smith, the Curators of the Museum, had made great preparations for the visit, and were untiring in showing the treasures they have in charge. The members of the Club, about sixty in number, were very much interested in all they saw.

At the beginning of September the College was given over for a week to the Bishop of Lichfield for Retreats for his Clergy. Over 220 came. The Bishop, with the Bishop of Stafford, stayed the whole time. Very great preparations were made for the comfort of our visitors, who came as the guests of the College. The Schoolroom and the Class Rooms on the South Wing were converted into Reading Rooms, and the two libraries were much used. The Headmaster, the Chaplain, and Mr. Cadman were indefatigable in attending to the wants of the visitors, and Mr. Wood played at all the services. The Matron and the Servants did their important parts admirably, and the Bishop's expression of appreciation and thanks was cordially seconded by all.

Meynell again won the Swimming Cup, beating Head's ii. after an exciting struggle. Seventy-nine boys swam the required

distance (eighty yards) last term; thirty-one of these were learners.

The Junior Cricket League resulted in a tie between Woodard, Head's ii., Selwyn and Meynell.

The Junior Knock Out was won by Meynell.

We should like to take the opportunity of congratulating our sister school at Work-sop on the gaining of a V.C. by one of its old boys. He was in S. Cuthbert's under its two O.D. headmasters.

Last term the following prizes were awarded:—English Essay, J. R. Hassell; The Vice-Provost's Prayer-Book Prizes, H. Grace and T. Backhouse; Navy League, H. Grace and H. Backhouse.

The following have left:—

Baness, H. E. R. (Lowe). — Prefect; Captain of Football, 1915-16; Captain. Cricket, 1916; Coy.-Sgt.-Major, O.T.C.

Barnes, J. (Meynell). — Captain of School; ist XV.; ist XL; Sgt., O.T.C.

Bates, A. W. (Shrewsbury). — Fives Colours; Royal Navy, special entry.

Branscombe, J. S. G. (Meynell).—Prefect; 2nd XL; Passed into Sandhurst.

Champney, H. D'A. (H. M. H. iii.)—Prefect; Editor of the *Denstonian*; Corpl., O.T.C.

Kasbarian, Z.N. (H. M. H. ii.)—Prefect; Corpl., O.T.C.

Lutter, R. B. (H. M. H. i.)—ist XV.; ist XI.; Lce.-Corpl., O.T.C.

McDonald, I. (Shrewsbury).—Prefect; 2nd XV.; 2nd XI.; Lce.-Corpl., O.T.C.

Weigall, G. S. C. (H. M. H. iii.)—Prefect; ist XV.; ist XI; Sgt., O.T.C.

Williams, R. M. (Meynell).—Prefect; ist XV.; Sgt., O.T.C.

Wilson, C. A. (Meynell).—ist XV.

The following have been made Prefects this term:—K. W. H. Austin, J. J. N. Walker, E. C. Brewis, H. L. Pearce, A. H. Cowan, H. G. Newton, F. W. S. Podmore.

M. Y. Townsend succeeds J. Barnes as Captain of School.

E. H. Glaisby is Prefect of Hall and Captain of Footjail.

F. W. S. Podmore and E. C. Brewis are Editors of the *Denstonian*.

Last term D. Musker gained First Class Honours in the Oxford Senior Local Examination.

M. S. Waghorn, H. G. Cross, and H. D. Ainger (Honours) have obtained Book-keeping Certificates.

G. R. Brook-Jackson has been awarded the Gregg Shorthand Complete Certificate.

The following have been elected to the Sports Committee:—H. C. C. Collis, A. Beith, J. J. N. Walker.

The Tennis Cup was won for Head's i. by Waghorn and R. B. Lutter, who defeated Lowe (Collis and Baness) in the final.

H. L. Pearce succeeds M. Y. Townsend as Secretary to the Literary and Scientific Society, with J. Cornes as Assistant Secretary.

New boys this term :—  
 Heywood, Wilfred Rothwell H.M.H. i.  
 Tomlinson, John Hides Summers „  
 McGregor, Colin Malcolm „  
 Stewart, Donald „

Briddon, Frederick Herbert  
 Martin . . . . . H.M.H. ii.  
 Carmichael, John . . . . . „  
 Clayton, Richard Catterall . . . . . „  
 De Lattre, Maurice . . . . . „  
 McMichael, Ronald King . . . . . „  
 Tolfree, Robert William Akrill „  
 Wood, John Cedric Whewell „  
 Brewer, Edward Claridge . . . . . H.M.H. iii.  
 Casewell, Richard William  
 Ward . . . . . „  
 Duckworth, Lawrence Sidney „  
 Millward, Geoffrey Thomas  
 Burton . . . . . „  
 Whitehurst, Henry . . . . . „  
 Wood, Ronald Alfred . . . . . „  
 Beesley, Ivo Blyton . . . . . Shrewsbury  
 Grace, Geoffrey . . . . . „  
 Hall, Vincent . . . . . „  
 Johnson, Herbert Carrington „  
 Jones, Arthur Longueville . . . . . „  
 Tate, Charles Henry . . . . . „  
 Thompson, John Henry . . . . . „  
 Watts, Leslie Charles . . . . . „  
 Hales, Thomas Wayman . . . . . Lowe  
 Harger, John Robert . . . . . „  
 Jones, Basil Edward Gilbert „  
 Nevill, Henry Algernon  
 Brierly . . . . . „  
 Rimmer, Philip . . . . . „  
 Thompson, Cyril George Kay „  
 Garman, Douglas Marvin . . . . . Meynell  
 Howard, Frederick Charles  
 Ivor . . . . . „  
 London, Reginald Kent  
 Stanley . . . . . „  
 Ostrehan, Philip George Lord „  
 Robinson, Cyril George . . . . . „  
 Silva-White, Raymond St.  
 Martin . . . . . „  
 Summers, Alexander George „  
 Cusack, John Ralph . . . . . Selwyn  
 Evans, Griffith Iven Victor „  
 Holden, Ernest Owen  
 Longbottom, Edward Barwick „

|                             |             |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Williams, Edward Frederick  | Selwyn      |
| Withers, Stanley Frederick. | „           |
| Fielding, Robert Ashton .   | Woodard     |
| Peate, Clement Cecil .      | „           |
| Wall, Geoffrey Dunbar .     | „           |
| Wilson, John Dove McLeod    | „           |
| Legh, Frank Cecil .         | Preparatory |
| Rees, Reginald Thomas .     | „           |
| Robinson, Evelyn Charles .  | „           |
| Robinson, Francis George .  | „           |

glad to have present a number of those parents who have so bravely given of their best—and our own—during the last two sad years.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to one of the Editors, F. W. S. Podmore or E. C. Brewis, or to the Censor Mr. H. M. Butler, Denstone College, Staffordshire.

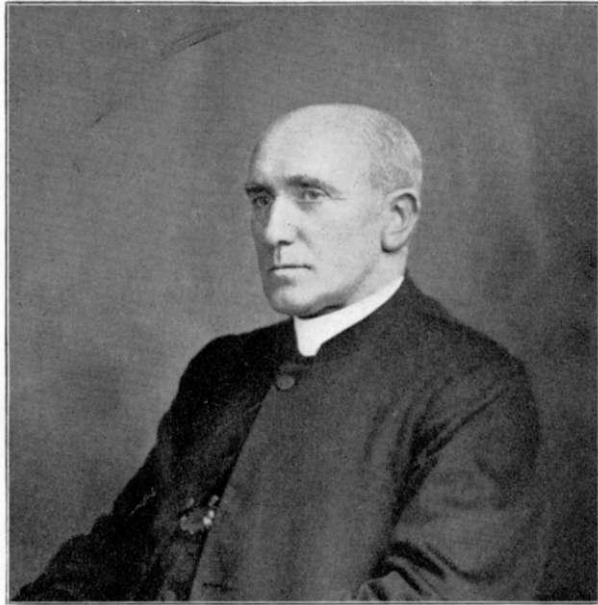
P. Sutton (Head's ii.), A. G. Underwood (Head's i.), J. C. Collis (Head's i.), J. M. Shaw (Meynell), J. M. Hunter and T. A. Hunter (Woodard), have been transferred from the Preparatory School.

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

On All Souls' Day there was a solemn requiem for those Denstonians who have fallen in the war. Before the service the Mothers' Window was dedicated by the Provost, at the request of Mrs. Hibbert, on behalf of all those who had contributed towards its erection. The service was impressive, the singing of the choir being exceptionally beautiful. One of the servers was an O.D., recently wounded in France, whose brother, also a Denstonian, was killed as recently as September. We were

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries :—*Ardingly Annals, Blue, Brighton College Magazine, Cadet, Corian, Felstedian, Framlinghamiau, Giggleswick Chronicle, Hurst Johnian, King Edward's School Magazine, Lancing College Magazine, Liverpool College Magazine, Marlburian, Merchistouian, Olavian, Reptonian, St. Edward's School Chronicle, Stonyhurst Magazine.*

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**THE REV. DAVID EDWARDES,**  
*(Headmaster of Denstone, 1878-1903.)*