



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.



DENSTONE Prussianised may seem a startling idea to mothers and others but—as far as the Government and our own limited powers of second-sight will permit us to foresee—it is not by any means without the bounds of possibility.

"Bread ticket" at present is reminiscent of Berlin, but in the near future "Sausage ticket" may be merely redolent of the Row, while one has visions of small fry scurrying up to the shop after dinner, there to present to the fierce-visaged and heavily-armed N.C.Os. their Tuck Tickets before gaining admittance.

Though perhaps things may never soar to this pitch, yet the food problem is none the less serious, and stringent measures may soon be taken. The Masters' Garden as a swede field would be a distinct innovation, and one can see the agonised spirits of departed Pros, hovering over the Cricket Pitch—a Cricket Pitch no longer, but a Potato Patch!

THE REV. DAVID EDWARDES.

(*Headmaster of Denstone, 1878-1903.*)

## IN MEMORIAM.

By the passing away of David Edwardes an important epoch in the history of Denstone closes. The three originators of the extension of the Woodard scheme in the

Midlands were Sir Percival Heywood, Henry Meynell and Dr. Lowe. But it is not too much to say that without the aid of Edwardes the formidable task of founding Denstone would have been attended with much greater difficulties. It would be hard to have found four men better adapted for the task before them. Sir Percival Heywood from his position in the county, his large means, and generous large-hearted Churchmanship naturally became the predominant factor in starting the work. Henry Meynell belonged to an old Derbyshire family and was endowed with a unique genius for interesting wealthy people in the scheme, and Dr. Lowe had a rough and ready experience gained in a large successful public school. To these was added the tact and statesman-like qualities of Edwardes, so successful in the spade work of carrying on the internal management of the school.

Edwardes was connected with the Woodard Schools from the time of his taking his degree at Jesus College, Cambridge. He used to relate how, when about to leave college and looking out for tutorial work, he was put into communication with Dr. Lowe by his college tutor and was instructed to go and be interviewed at All Saints', Margaret Street: this meeting became the precursor of a life-long companionship in work and a life-long friendship. Edwardes arrived at Denstone in 1873, after having served a very successful apprenticeship of eight years at Hurstpierpoint. Hurst was at that time at the zenith of its reputation and had no rival in the Southern counties. Eminent men, distinguished at the universities, were glad to serve under Dr. Lowe, and Edwardes had many stories to tell of Baring Gould, S. Phillpotts, Dr. Plummer and Bishop Awdry, his colleagues at Hurst.

To come from a school of an assured reputation and with a tradition of some twenty years behind it, to Denstone College, set down in the midst of a district if not actually hostile, at any rate not enthusiastic, when the buildings were far from completed, and where it was quite doubtful whether there would be boys to fill the vast buildings in process of erection for their accommodation, was hardly a change for the better. For some years Edwardes was content to occupy a subordinate position in the college. He served first under one of his old pupils, Alexander Chirol, who had secured a University Scholarship at Oxford. Next for three years or so he loyally supported Mr. W. B. Stanford during the most trying time that the college had to go through. But it was during this period that Edwardes did some of his best work. He was a born coach, and turned out many pupils who became distinguished men in after life. He had a perfect genius in foreseeing what kind of questions were likely to be asked in a scholarship examination. He inspired the most diffident pupils with confidence in themselves, and out of the most unpromising materials he produced astonishing results. He never despaired of anyone, and his good nature and cheery optimism created an enthusiasm for work in all his pupils. He was very active in all matters which might rouse the boys' interest outside their ordinary work. The founding of the *Denstonian*, the Debating Society and Natural History Society were largely owing to him. As Bursar, for years he steered the College through many a financial difficulty. He possessed the entire confidence of the Provost and Fellows, and when a vacancy occurred through the preferment of Mr. Stanford to an important position in Australia, he was unanimously

appointed Head Master; in fact, as Sir Percival remarked, he was appointed by the boys, as they would have no one else.

It is doubtful whether Edwardes considered his appointment as Head Master an unmixed blessing. For a man who loved the life of a recluse, and whose greatest pleasure was to shut himself up in his study and work out the problems of a Tripos Examination, and who was quite content to spend the whole of his summer vacation at the College in order to gratify his taste for study, to find himself suddenly put at the head of an institution in anything but a prosperous condition, to be responsible for its discipline, and to incur the responsibility of a possible failure, was not a very pleasing prospect.

Edwardes brought to his new post none of the stereotyped qualities which are supposed to belong to a successful headmaster. He had a great dislike for theories, and had no plan of campaign whatever. He utterly refused to fashion himself on or imitate any successful educationalist. He used to say that many headmasters had tried to be Arnolds and Thrings and ended by being neither, and at the same time had marred their own peculiar genius. The interest he excited in the masters and boys arose from the fact that he was himself and no one else. His cheery optimism and his intense humility, combined with a strong sense of humour, carried him through difficulties which would have overwhelmed many a man perhaps superior to himself in intellectual attainments. Edwardes was anxious that Denstone should take its place amongst the great schools of the country, and for this end entered candidates for the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Examination. This was criticized at the time as being rather too ambitious; but the result, which was highly successful, justified the

venture and was the means of attracting the attention of the scholastic world to Denstone, and secured for the College an important place amongst the Public Schools which it has never since forfeited. He always had a great distrust of public utterances and rarely addressed the school as a body, but his sermons were always looked forward to by the boys as more or less an event. He had no gifts of oratory, but his absolute sincerity and his earnest desire to be helpful to his hearers always produced their effect. He had peculiar ideas of sermons, and once remarked to me that to preach on the subject of the day was a sign of mediocrity. I knew what he meant but did not agree with him. Edwardes' methods of discipline have been somewhat criticized, and his extraordinary patience with boys was sometimes construed as undue leniency. But this criticism generally arose from the fact that it was his method and no one else's. He had a method of his own in managing boys which he absolutely refused to alter. He had a strong belief in moral persuasion, and many a culprit who entered his study with the prospect of a condign punishment was let off with a talking to, but such a talking to as caused the boy to go away thoroughly ashamed of himself, and with a resolution not to disgrace his school or repeat his offence. For some years his position as Head Master was rather a delicate one on account of the Provost residing in the College, and from the fact that the limitations of jurisdiction of Provost and Head Master were never clearly defined. But Dr. Lowe had such entire confidence in his Head Master, and Edwardes' affection for his old chief was so manifest, that a position became workable which otherwise might have been the cause of friction. It is needless to say that with the Provosts that succeeded Dr.

Lowe, Edwardes was on the best of terms,

Taking a general review of his 25 years of Head Mastership, one quality comes to the surface, and that was what we may call his extreme accessibility. Every boy in the school knew that the Head took a particular interest in him and that in case of any trouble, however slight it might be, he would always be ready to listen to him ; and the consequence was that he became the recipient of many school boy confidences, and had a much more intimate knowledge of the boy mind in the school than he was universally credited with. His method with his assistant masters was to leave them to do their work in their own way, and the confidence with which he inspired them is apparent from the fact of the long service which many of the masters gave to the College. If the measure of a master's success is gauged by the affection of his pupils, Edwardes should take a high place amongst the Head Masters of England. As the years of his office rolled by he became more and more endeared to masters, boys and officials of the College, and he had the satisfaction of knowing when he resigned that the work he had done for the College was fully recognised and appreciated not only by the Provost and Fellows but by the rank and file of the School. In years to come the fact that Edwardes raised the School from some 120 to 300 boys will be buried in oblivion, but the character and personality of the man himself will never be eradicated from the minds of those who came under his influence.

C.B.T.

### ON LEAVE.

By A. J. Wood, O.D.

A man may be fearless and as brave as a lion—but not always. Come with me

and let us follow the man over there, that fellow with one pip: a cooler man you could never find. I'm afraid you'll find it terribly muddy work, following him round the trenches, but if you get stuck, I'll pull you out; and when we get tired, we'll rest our legs and follow him in our imagination.

I told you he was a wonderful fellow. But did you see him duck when that shell came over? It burst quite 500 yards away, and he's been out far too long to get the wind up unnecessarily. The fact of the matter is he's going "on Leave" (capital L, please) in a day or two, and, strange as it may seem, nothing makes a man more nervous than the proximity of Leave. He thinks that every bullet, every shell, every trench mortar is for his special benefit; that some demon wishes to "lay him out" to deprive him of his promised bliss. Notice how he hurries everywhere ; what a state his nerves are in !

At last "the day" has arrived. There he is, just leaving the front line—almost running down the Communication Trench. Dire agony is his, though the morning is specially quiet. Let us leave the poor fellow till he gets out of range of shell-fire—which he does extraordinarily quickly.

He arrives at the rail-head, and asks the R.T.O., "What times does the train start?" "Well, it's due at 4.30, but it may be 5.30: last night it was 9.30." Now, how would you like to be told that in that respectable country of yours over the water? But, does *he* mind? Well, look at him. Thoughts of home, of his mother, of his sister, of somebody else's sister, of civilised meals, of theatres, and the like, occupy his mind. One little incident takes him away from his dream. His attention is arrested by a small party of Eosche prisoners, surrounded by Tommies in search

of souvenirs. He approaches the party and finds a little group busy cutting the buttons off a wretched Hun's tunic. "Don't muck him about so much," says one. "Garn wi' ye," is the retort. "Lend us your blooming jack-knife, and I'll cut his blinkin' ead off for ye!" Such is the passion for souvenirs!

At 10.30 the train appears, the R.T.O. assuring him that he'll be off *soon*: at 11.30, he starts. He falls into a fitful sleep, waking to full consciousness at about 7.30, to find the train at a standstill. He gets out on to the line. Don't be alarmed; he won't lose the train. In the very best circles we accompany the train on foot, but we must take our time or we shall find ourselves past the engine. Well, as I've said, he gets out, makes enquiries, and finds that he is no less than 15 miles from the place he started from—a distance which he has travelled in the period of 8 hours! You wouldn't believe it, if we weren't watching him, would you now? They won't believe it when you tell them at Denstone; but a lot of incredible things happen out here.

Presently he has arrived at Boulogne, dirty, tired, and hungry. Now, this is where you must watch him carefully. He's an old hand. Does he rush down the platform at break-neck speed for the boat? Not he; he leaves that to the inexperienced and callow, who get slips of paper thrust into their hands by attentive R.T.O.s., documents which bear orders to take such-and-such a party to such-and-such a billet, as there is no room for them on the boat—which also means that the unfortunate callow one will lose the boat himself.

No, you see him fairly well in the rear. He gains the quay unchallenged; and after a wash, brush-up, and a meal, he makes for the boat. Note again the work of experi-

ence. He goes on board fairly late—late enough to escape the plentiful jobs on board—seeing that every man has a life-belt and so on. He steers round all these pit-falls for the unwary, or if perchance he sees the hard eye of the M.L.O. (Military Landing Officer) upon him, he walks boldly up the gangway, murmuring the magic words "Field Officer," though, as I've told you, he has only one pip. From this you may imagine the M.L.O. to be a fool, but it is rather our happy "permissionaire" who is a knave. He's experienced, you see, and wears over his tunic a mackintosh with no rank badge thereon!

Well, the boat has started. He's a bad sailor and wonders whether he'll spend the journey standing bolt upright in the very centre of the boat, or whether he'll sit down and pretend he is enjoying himself. He eventually decides on the latter course, gazes steadfastly at the sky and pretends he's on *terra firma*. All are compelled to wear life-belts as a matter of course. Any thoughts of Hun submarines? Why, it's laughable—and besides, look at those two destroyers which are escorting us.

A thrill goes through him as the white cliffs of Dover come into sight a little way to the right. He arrives at Folkestone. No need for cunning here. A mad rush for the gangway, a dart down the platform, a dash into the train, and he makes himself comfortable in a Pullman Car. He thinks again of many things as he is disturbed by the frequent ministrations of stalwart attendants during the journey up to Town. He marvels at the fact that these men are still allowed to do "work" which women could do so much better. He has to endure the scaly vultures who hover round nightly asking for tips—tips from those who are fighting for such as these! Having risked his life for them, he is expected to

tip them for slacking at home. One of them comes along with a demand for 2s. 6d. for the seat. Our hero is a sensitive man, and this fairly makes him boil. He's "stuck it" for months on end out there for the sake of the Motherland, and comes home to her for an all-too-brief period. Does she receive him with open arms? Yes, the very first thing she does is to charge him for a seat in a railway carriage, as though to ask him, "Why didn't you stay here in comfort? You might even have been tipped yourself!"

However, he hasn't come on Leave to indulge in unpleasant thoughts, and dismisses the subject with half-a-crown. London at last! How dark it is! The home people ought to see the ground behind the lines on the Somme, with its mass of fire-lights. Lights everywhere there—but here, nothing but pitch darkness and danger of instant death at the hands of a taxi. "Safer in the trenches," thinks he.

The journey from London to his home seems interminable. At last he arrives, and there is a reunion which has a sacred happiness all its own—a happiness too deep for you who have never had the opportunity to appreciate it. It is not for our prying eyes to witness: we will steal away and leave them to their bliss.

BY AN AFRICAN SHORE.

By E. J. Boyd, O.D.

On August 1st, 1914, seeing that war was inevitable, and expecting it to be of a purely naval nature, I and my particular friend joined the Navy, being appointed to sister ships in the same battle squadron, and going to sea the day after war was declared. Then we parted company. He

went to the Mediterranean in the *Majestic* which was sunk, and then proceeded to a monitor, while I went in the ancient battleship *Illustrious* to the North of Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and many other bleak spots, ending up at a North Sea base. Later I was appointed to my present ship for foreign service. Since then I have seen a very large slice of the world—North-West Africa, the Cape, India, and elsewhere. Of my time in East Africa I can give you some account.

We were flag-ship on the station, taking out a rear-admiral—one of the finest men I have met, and beloved by all. Having arrived and had a look round, we proceeded to make things lively up and down the whole coast, and caused a vast amount of hatred on the part of the Huns and some joy on the part of the natives, who do not love their present tyrants. The Huns called us "those cursed Beefs." Then we proceeded to take all their coast towns, one after another, from the sea. We seldom met with any opposition; all but two places surrendered at once.

I was in one "show," and spent a very exciting week ashore in a shell-broken house, using a whitewashed outhouse as a sick-bay and hospital. We were attacked on the second day in this place; but it was a half-hearted affair, and we soon stopped the enemy. The only casualties were caused by snipers, who killed two of our men and wounded three or four others. I for one was much relieved by the arrival of the military, after holding the place for a week, for it was not over comfortable—blazing heat, little water, and I myself terribly susceptible to insect life.

No one knows till he has been there what bush-fighting in tropical Africa is like. How our troops, fresh out from home,

have stood months and months of it, is extraordinary. To begin with, everyone gets malaria as a matter of course, and it completely wrecks very many; and that is only one of the many diseases prevalent, and almost unavoidable in a campaign in such a land. And yet it is a most beautiful country, with wonderful scenery—dense jungle, as yet unspoilt by the hand of man, and full of wild beasts of every living species.

The natives are very fine too—savage in the interior, and always inclined to be treacherous if not carefully watched. Personally I got very fond of the Swahilis. They are really excellent fellows, very fine of stature, and handsome in face, in spite of their flat noses and enormous lips, and they are always cheery and have a keen sense of humour.

We landed one day in a beautiful little bay in German East Africa, where a native village comes right down to the water's edge. Our picket boat, with a couple of guns mounted, stood a short way off, ready for emergencies. As we waded ashore we saw groups of frightened Swahilis whispering together, and wondering how much longer they had to live. To their astonishment, we produced from our skiff a large seining net and ran it out to sea, bringing in a good haul of fish; while the rest of us played cricket on the beach with a cocoanut and a native club. Very soon the natives came to help, and we soon had a large number of them hauling on our seine, and singing their quaint Swahili chants as they hauled like a lot of school-boys. Had the Germans landed there, they would immediately have rounded up the natives, numbered them, and dug trenches all round the village. But had we been attacked there suddenly, I knew—and we all knew—that, German subjects

though they were, every native in that village would have joined in and fought for the "mad Englishmen." And that proclaims just the difference between the two races of white men—a difference brought home to one unexpectedly by such a trivial incident.

#### WAR NEWS.

Several O.Ds. have gained distinctions in the war since our last issue.

Temp. Capt. Charles Graham Carson (since killed in action) gained the Military Cross. "He handled his company under intense fire and most trying conditions with great courage and determination. Later, although wounded, he remained at his post, setting a splendid example to his men."

Lieut. (temp. Capt.) Frederick Howard Jenkins, R.F.C., has been awarded the Military Cross. "He flew 150 miles at night and bombed a military aerodrome, descending to 500 feet under heavy fire. He has throughout done excellent work in reconnaissance."

Temp. Lieut. Hugh Bowman, Yorks L.I., has been awarded the Military Cross for "conspicuous gallantry in action. He led his men with great courage and determination. Later he assisted in repulsing several counter-attacks, and himself led several daring bombing attacks. He set a fine example."

Particulars of the gaining by Captain E. R. Wood, Camb. Regt., of a bar to his Military Cross, are as follows:—"He commanded his Company with great determination under heavy shell fire, collecting and organising stragglers under his own officers and N.C.Os. Throughout the day his cheerfulness and pluck gained him the complete confidence of his Company."

Captain H. J. S. Laverack, Australian Imperial Force, has been awarded the Military Medal.

Since June the *Denstonian* has recorded the gaining by O. Ds. of three D.S.Os., eleven Military Crosses, two Military Medals and one D.S.C.

Lieut. (temp. Capt.) F. H. Jenkins has been "mentioned in despatches,"

T. H. Averill writes:—"The Somme front is quite exciting, and we have already spent about a month here. The other day we took over a trench captured the day before. Going in by a communication trench, we were given rather a bad time; one high explosive dropped right in the trench, killing two men and wounding four, including my servant, who was behind me. There were quite a number of Boche souvenirs in the trench—helmets, bayonets, and so on—but, alas! they were too heavy and cumbersome to carry away. In the section of trench occupied by my Company were two very deep German dug-outs. They were about forty feet deep, and most wonderfully constructed. One was occupied by a wounded German private. Poor fellow! he had been bombed, and was quite blind. We got him away on a stretcher after 'stand-to' the next morning. When our predecessors captured the trench they were not quite 400 strong, and they took 378 prisoners! The Germans have a tendency to 'Kamerad' here. The other morning they came into 'No Man's Land' under cover of the Red Cross. Why is it that Fritz has apparently no sense of honour or fair play?"

S. Rudder writes:—"One thing that has struck me is the remarkable way in which crucifixes have come through bombardments. At Arras the Cathedral is one huge mass of ruins, but there, as in many other cases, the altar has escaped untouched."

He has been for two years in the ranks and is now applying for a commission.

One of the first to go into action on a "Tank" was J. Bagshaw, who is now home recuperating after a wound in the right arm.

C. F. W. Haseldine is at the 2nd Army Signals in France. He recently obtained an average of 82 per cent, in six examinations in signal work; in one he obtained 97.

We are sorry to hear that A. R. H. Biggs has lately been wounded in the head; but he writes very cheerfully and makes light of his "mishap."

E. R. Wood is at home with a similar wound.

R. H. Merryweather is also wounded.

T. H. Averill has been wounded again but hopes soon to be able to rejoin.

J. A. Bockett is in hospital in London, suffering from trench fever.

B. Girling is very comfortable, after the Big Push, in a quiet part of the line.

C. Girling says:—"We flatter ourselves that the Hun stands in awe of our H.T.M. gun. It throws a bomb of huge weight, nearly a foot in diameter; but of course its range is only about half a mile. It makes a crater 35 feet wide and 27 feet deep, and the bombs cost next to nothing to fire. I am very sorry to see the news of Mellor's death. Our Roll of Honour is increasing; it will be greater yet by a long way, but it is worth it ten times over."

R. Piatt is attached to the Signallers, and finds it very interesting.

Dudley Moore is on an ammunition transport, and has lately brought "some mighty big shells" from abroad. "It is pretty exciting coming up Channel nowadays, and although we are armed it is risky work. Last Tuesday we received no less than three S.O.S. calls in an hour. One ship, a barque, was sunk in sight of



us and then the submarine came round and dived without attacking us. Another ship quite close to us had two torpedoes fired at her, and then, when the crew took to the boats, she was shelled for two hours without being once hit. Then two destroyers came up, and the submarine dived. It was lucky she wasn't hit, as she was carrying a full cargo of extremely high explosive material."

E. L. Walton is in the B.I. & H. Cables Company, Ltd., in Melbourne, but has obtained the firm's permission to enlist. He is trying to get into the Engineers.

L. Cumin writes sympathetically about Mellor's death, remembering him in Head's ii. "He is one of the many who have died to free us for ever from the Germans."

G. F. Mason has met one or two O.Ds. Going out he met Hutchison, who has grown "longer and thinner." "At the base I had a tent to myself for two or three days, until a 'stranger' came and made his home with me; it was Mr. Webb, and we had many a talk about Denstone. We are now having quite an exciting time. Our trenches are knocked in once every day, and rebuilt ready for the Hun to do the same thing again. My section has been in for sixteen days without a rest, so we are getting a little bit bored."

R. Gray is in Mesopotamia, where he was moved from India last August.

J. A. Bockett, after serving eighteen months in the ranks, obtained a commission in the North Staffords. He joined them at Kemmel, and was then a fortnight at "Plug Street," where it was very quiet. "After that we moved right down to the Aisne, where we had a pretty rough time."

W.J.Crick has been appointed Chaplain to the Forces, and is now in Egypt with four different camps under his charge. He

hopes to get attached to a Brigade and moved right into the desert. He has met Basil Gedge. He manages to get a Celebration every day.

R. G. Hart says:—"During the summer we had nearly three months in Flanders. We started in Plugstreet Wood, and about the end of August moved down to the Somme. On Thursday night, September 14th, we left Montauban about six o'clock; it then took us the whole night to get through Delville Wood and take up our position outside it, just opposite Flers. We were in the first wave, and the first of the Tanks were just in front of us. We advanced at 6.20 in the morning of September 15th, and I had not gone more than two yards when I was hit in the chest with a machine-gun bullet. I lay in a shell-hole about two hours. Then another wave was advancing, and one of the Royal Fusiliers saw me and stopped and assisted me to take off my equipment. I then crawled a short way to a small trench, where I lay about three hours. There were no men about, nor any R.A.M.C. people—it was too hot. Then a few of the "Queen's" came along, and one of them bandaged me up, so I decided to get away as best I could. I went through the end of Delville Wood and Longueval, and so got to the advanced dressing station. After this I was in hospital at Rouen for a day, and then was sent on here (Cosham, Portsmouth). Mr. Hibbert will remember Gilling, who was at Denstone when Mr. Hibbert was a master: we were both in the same section, and went over the top together. In Flanders I was on the H.Q., Staff, and when we moved down to the Somme I took a course of aeroplane signalling. I am getting along splendidly."

R. A. Briggs says:—"We are now back for a few weeks' rest, for which I am

thankful, although I have had nothing compared to the others. It is grand to be back after the racket of the last few days. I am looking forward to twelve hours' sleep to night, to make up for lost time." He has since been wounded.

H. W. Beck has a Company, and therefore a horse. He has called the latter "Snowdon"—"because it is a great big beast, and in this weather rather chilly to be perched on its back."

N. H. Mathews was in the Inns of Court O.T.C. for ten months prior to being gazetted in June to the 12th Suffolk Regiment. In July he was sent to France, and was wounded in the left shoulder on September 28th. He met several O.Ds. in France.

H. Hamer writes of an air raid in which he took part:—"We started out early, and crossed the lines at 7,000 feet, and then had the worst bit of 'Archie' that it has ever been my misfortune to come across. They directed a concentrated hail of shrapnel, high explosive, and incendiary shells on us for fifteen minutes. Then we saw the objective, which was a station and railway. The usual height for dropping bombs is anything over 6,500 feet; I dropped mine from 3,800 feet, and some pilots from under 1,000 feet. The station and a train, sidings, and railway were simply wiped out. I blew up some trucks on a siding and a big bit of the main line. We were attacked by Huns, and our Flight Commander, who was leading, was wounded slightly in both arms; so another of our pilots killed the Hun observer with his machine gun. Three Hun machines were brought down by us and our escort. I crossed the lines coming back at just under 3,000 feet. We all got home safely." Later a very important General congratulated the airmen on their bravery and

daring. It was in this same raid that Helder was shot down and taken prisoner.

C. A. Kestin is now serving on the N.W. Frontier of India. In Bombay he met W. F. Liitter and J. S. Sloper.

H. O. Waller is in the Inns of Court O.T.C. For seven years he has been either in Spain or South America.

C. W. Shelton is now a (temp.) Capt.

Amongst many who have recently been wounded are B. Banks and S. Larkam.

W. F. Richardson writes:—"We came up here in June, and saw the preliminary bombardment from a front seat in the stalls—quite a cheering performance after having been Receiver-General for nearly a year. Then we had our little turn, and came through all right; went back for a couple of days, and had another go, which was not quite so pleasant; and then went back again for three weeks to fettle up. Next time up was disgusting: we had to occupy one of the numerous savoury woods; and for sheer, unadulterated horror that will live in my memory. The sights and smells in the middle of August even penetrated my tough skin, and made me feel I am not so young as I was. The only bit of pleasure I got in my hundred hours of abomination was the news of my having been given a Military Cross for our last stunt in July. What struck me at once about it was that the colours were my old dormitory ones."

C. W. Rowland was studying Chemistry at Finsbury Technical College when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers, and, after training at Epsom, went at the end of 1914 to Malta. After some months he proceeded to Egypt, where his battalion encamped on the borders of the Lybian Desert. Later he was in Gallipoli, close under the famous Achi Baba. He saw severe fighting, but

just after the flood he was invalided to Malta with dysentery and para-typhoid. Later he was sent home, and after periods spent in various hospitals, applied for a commission. He wrote recently a letter full of affection for Denstone, and mention- in " a meeting with 2nd Lieut. Makinson (Meynell) on his way to the Dardanelles.

S. H. Larkam writes of his wound and the circumstances attending it:—" The machine-gun bullet went in at one side of my field boots, was stopped a bit by the leather, was deflected from my shin by the merest chance, and then left in rather a hurry from the left side of the boot. Nett result: a very comfortable week or two away from the wretched mud. As an example of the mud with which we have to contend, this fact takes a lot of beating. In relieving trenches, about a week ago, we had several instances of men getting so deep in the mud of the communication trench that we had to send a fatigue party with shovels to dig them out. One fellow in my platoon got stuck one night when carrying up rations. They succeeded in pulling him out, but without his boots, so the poor fellow had to finish his journey in his socks. Now, as to how the wound occurred. My Company was on its way to relieve another in the front-line trench. It was raining—which, by the way, is the usual state out here just now. I had gone about fifty yards over the open with my platoon, when a spent machine-gun bullet hit my field-boot with a thud. I sent my platoon on under a Sergeant, picked up a stretcher-bearer and made my way back to the dug-out which we had just left. By the way, these dug-outs—dug by the Bosche in days gone by—are extraordinarily deep, and are practically impervious to shells. When we got to the dug-out, the excellent gentleman

with S.B. emblazoned on his arm put a first field-dressing on my leg for me. Then began a perfect orgy of dressing-stations. We walked, the S.B. helping me, down to the advanced dressing-station, where I was put on a trolley on a light railway, and the fun began. When I arrived in hospital I had been through five " stations "—three dressing and two clearing—been in one horse ambulance, three motor ambulances, and one hospital train, and been carried on numberless stretchers. The hospital is the absolute acme of comfort. There are two very cheery stoves, electric light, beds covered with coloured coverlets, and—clean sheets ! "

S. Fillingham writes :—" My own bat- talion has left its old position. I don't know whether I shall get to it or not, and I really do not worry; except that if I don't get to it I shall never be promoted. Such are the joys of a regular commission ! My previous experiences out here will be, and are, of great value to me. Also, the fact that I have a sniping and scouting certificate helps me not a little."

A. Barrett, who is being posted to a Cadet School, writes with enthusiasm of the distinctions gained for Denstone by the older brigade—" Pat Dundas, Winsor, White, Fitch, H. W. T. Smith—the latter a good actor, if I remember rightly, who played Antony in *Julius Cæsar* (1891)."

## WAR OBITUARY.

We have had further news of the death of *ind Lieut. A. Comrie*, who died of wounds accidentally received in France. His cap- tain wrote of him :—"The erection of the cross was a small thing for us to do, in comparison with what we feel about the loss of such a universal favourite as your

son was. We had no braver nor more conscientious officer when on duty, and none cheerier when in the mess or at play."

*Captain C. Graham Carson* was here from 1906 to 1911, in Meynell Dormitory. He was a boy of ability above the average. When war broke out he joined the 5th Battalion of the N. Staffordshire Regiment. In January of last year he was commissioned to the Essex Regiment. He saw much service in France, and rose to be Captain. Last summer he visited us, just before his return to the front. Early in August he was wounded, but soon returned to duty, and has been in the thick of most of the recent fighting. He was a very efficient officer, and was recommended for the Military Cross for good service in the early days of November. Soon afterwards he was very severely wounded, and on November 19th died in hospital at Rouen. His elder brother is also serving.

*Lieut. F. H. T. Joscelyne* came in 1901, in Head's i., and left in 1903, when he went to Cardiff, and later became Assistant Secretary to the General Manager of the Taff Vale Railway. At school he very soon became conspicuous; he was made a prefect in 1902, and was in both teams before he left. In the critique of the XV. we find that he was "plucky in stopping rushes," and "scored several times with a clever dash from the throw in." It is these qualities of pluck and dash, together with an unflinching cheerfulness, that we remember best, and doubtless these same qualities helped to make him a good officer. He joined the nth Welsh Regiment soon after the outbreak of war, and obtained a commission in the 9th Bn. Somerset L.I. (attached 8th), at the beginning of 1915. In November, 1916, he was killed in action in France.

It should be placed on record, because it was a characteristic action on his part, that *G. J. Mitchell* was killed while trying to help a wounded officer. He had left the shelter of the trench to go to the succour of the officer, when a shell burst close by and killed him instantly. Readiness to be of service, and a cheerful disregard of self marked him here, and the same sterling qualities evidently marked him to the end.

*Lieutenant F. J. Mellor*, whose death was reported in our last number, was killed while recovering the wounded after the attack on Guinchy. His Colonel, who was himself killed soon after, reported that: "he was a splendid young officer, and I considered him one of my best subalterns." One of his fellow officers says: "One of his charms was that, however trying the times were, and the often vexatious 'calls out' at all times of the night, he never was anything but willing and ready for whatever he was asked to do, and never suggested, as so many do, that someone else might do the job as he had already done his turn. It will always be a loving memory to have lived, as I did, from June, 1915, until he went to the front, with such a clean, straightforward and unspoilt character. In giving up his life as he has done he has given lustre to his family, his regiment, his school, his town, and his country, which all owe a debt to his memory. All of the officers speak of his loss with great regret, for he was a universal favourite. Major Wise (now our Colonel) spoke to me about him so nicely. With the men and the N.C.Os. he was also always popular; and it was not a popularity born of slackness. He won it by consideration for their comfort, and his entire disregard for his own when theirs was concerned." Another describes him as "a charming and a model chap in every sense of the word." He would

soon have been given his Company. He was killed fifty yards north of the junction of the Guinchy Combles Railway with the road running east of Guinchy, and west of the trench running north of the junction. It is quite close to the strong point which had given a good deal of trouble in the taking, and was called the Quadrilateral. He is buried in Grove Town British Cemetery, near MiSaulte.

Some further particulars are available of *C. G. Loveday's* death. One of his brother officers writes: "He joined us soon after the Battalion had come out of a gruelling and terrible ordeal. He was in the company over which I then had charge. It was no easy task for him, as he was new to this country, and 90 per cent, of his platoon were also untried. But he took to his task bravely and cheerfully, and showed himself a very capable leader and—which means so much out here—one who knew well how to get on with his men. His cheerfulness was a great asset. I was with him at the end. We had been up to the front line—a mile and a half—to reconnoitre the route for night work. The enemy could not observe us, but two or three points near which we were bound to pass were shelled spasmodically. We had a good deal of ill luck going up. I was rather nervous about it for him, as it was the boy's first taste of shell-fire, and it had been bad enough to shake up many a one more accustomed to things out here. But I couldn't repress his laughter at one or two narrow misses. Coming back things promised well, when half-way began a sudden cyclone of heavy shells. We were near a danger spot, and there was nothing for it but to get along. We were moving pretty quickly and half-a-dozen shells fell short, when three others came, of longer range. The first two missed us,

when the third whistled down just as the second was bursting. I was only two paces behind and dropped into a shell-hole, but unfortunately there was no such cover for him. I saw he was badly hit and unconscious, so I ran to a trench just ahead, where I got an officer and stretcher-bearers of another regiment to bring him in. He died in a very few minutes without regaining consciousness. Few of the young officers showed greater promise or were of a more loveable disposition than he was." Another who had been with him also in England, recalls many details of interest while out in France—how in the Entrenching Battalion, Loveday "made a point of going up to the service at 7.30 a.m."; how keen he was in "keeping fit," taking his men out for runs, etc. ("I can see him now playing football with his medley of Scotsmen and Irishmen"): "his life was certainly one of the cleanest and straightest I have ever known."

R.I.P.

### FOOTBALL.

#### LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

Played at Liverpool.—We won the toss, and from the moment of the kick off pressed hard, Tobias scoring a try in the first five minutes which was converted by Bassett. Another try by Tobias seemed to put some life into the home team, but in spite of all their efforts, Jenkins and McDonald scored another two tries in quick succession. At this, Liverpool again took heart of grace, and a third try by Tobias did not prevent them from continuing to press the visitors until half-time.

After half-time, play was even for a while until Austin and Tobias both succeeded in scoring. From this time the

Liverpool defence entirely crumpled up and scoring became more or less general. "When time was called the score stood at 66 for us to nil. Tries were scored by the following—Fergusson (2), Tobias (2), Jenkins, Andrew, Beith, Davies and Winkler.

*Team.*—McCracken (back), Parker, Glaisby, Jenkins, Winkler (three-quarters), Auton, Tobias (halves), Beith, Collis, Austin, Fergusson, Bassett, McDonald, Davies, Andrew (forwards).

#### CADET OFFICERS, LICHFIELD.

Lichfield kicked off and for a few minutes pressed hard. After a considerable amount of good work by the School forwards, notably Austin, Lichfield made a tremendous rush, which ended in a brilliant try scored by Bracey. They failed, however, to convert. Then after a great deal of hard play, in which neither side seemed to gain the advantage, the whistle blew for half-time.

The game began again with great vigour, and with remarkable energy the School forwards pressed their opponents hard for nearly the whole of the second half. Owing to the mud, the ball was handled very little indeed, but Bassett, Beith and Fergusson showed great dash in dribbling, Beith almost scoring on two occasions. Our three-quarters, however, were by no means idle, and Winkler had hard luck in failing to score. Parker was also active on the left wing. Towards the end of the half, the struggle became very keen indeed, but we failed to break through the enemy's defence and the whistle blew for time, leaving us defeated (3—0) for the first time in the season.

*Team.*—As against Liverpool College.

#### TRENT COLLEGE.

At Trent.—We won the toss and began play in the face of the wind and snow. Jenkins secured the ball from the kick off, and scored a clean try which was converted by Fergusson. This was followed by tries by Tobias and Walker, the latter remaining unconverted. In the success of the moment we rather neglected our defence, with the result that Trent scored two tries before half-time, which were both converted.

After half-time, with the wind and snow behind them, we never gave Trent another chance to score, while we piled up our own total steadily, Parker, Tobias and Glaisby all scoring. When time was called the score stood at 43—10 in our favour.

*Team.*—Whitfield (back), Parker, Glaisby, Jenkins, Walker (three quarters), Auton, Tobias (halves), Collis, Austin, Fergusson, Bassett, McDonald, Andrew, Davies, Jeffries (forwards).

#### NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

From the kick-off till time, rain fell in torrents, and fast play was impossible. For the first five minutes play was loose and scrappy, but our team soon warmed up to their work, and we scored steadily till half-time.

Tobias reopened the game by a neat try, which he converted. We continued to press heavily, and scoring soon became general in the home team. As the game progressed, the forward play improved considerably. Points were added steadily till time was called, and the game ended 59—0 in our favour.

Considering the nature of the ground, which was little less than a morass, the home three-quarters did very well; while Auton deserves full praise for the manner

which he got the ball out to his "fly-half." The forwards played well on the whole, especially in the second half, but might have pushed in the scrum with more consistency and effect.

Tries were scored by Walker (2), Muller(2), Tobias (4), Glaisby, Townsend, Andrew, Parker, Davies. Tobias' goal-kicking was consistently good throughout the game.

*Team.*—Whitfield (back); Parker, Glaisby, Müller, Walker (three-quarters); Auton, Tobias (halves) ; Collis, Austin, Fergusson, McDonald, Andrew, Davies, Jeffries, Townsend (forwards).

*Senior Dormitory Matches.*—In the first round Lowe defeated Head's i., Shrewsbury beat Head's in., Selwyn were beaten by Woodard, and Meynell won against Head's ii., chiefly through the efforts of Tobias. In the second round, Meynell succumbed before Woodard, whose strength lay in their forwards, led by Fergusson. After a very hard fight, Lowe managed to beat Shrewsbury. The Final, between Woodard and Lowe, has yet to be played.

The Middle Sides Dormitory Football Cup was again won by Shrewsbury, who defeated Selwyn in the Final.

Football Colours have been awarded to the following:—First XV. :—D. J. Fergusson, R. Bassett, J. B. P. Winkler, Second XV.:—R. E. McDonald.

#### O.D. NEWS.

G. N. Hyam has been in business in Melbourne about six years and is doing well.

H. Gray is single-handed in his parish,

both his curates having gone as chaplains with our Forces. He himself cannot obtain the Bishop's permission to follow them.

W. F. Liitter has been married for some years. A. J. Wood is also married.

Before the war C. W. Rowland played for Ealing 1st XI. He once took 9 wickets for 21 runs against Hornsey.

E. J. Boyd was for some time House Physician at the Victoria Children's Hospital in London.

P. Ball has passed into the Eastern Telegraph, and is now at Carcarvellos, Lisbon.

W. H. R. Lloyds has been for some time with Messrs. H. and T. Avery, of Birmingham. Since he left school he has been in the Birmingham University O.T.C., and is now applying for a commission.

Messrs. Heffer, of Cambridge, have in the press a book entitled *Women in the Apostolic Church*, by the Rev. T. B. Allworthy, of Christ's College. Its purpose is to show that in the earliest days of Christianity, before informal and spontaneous "ministries" had given place to definite Offices, women occupied a prominent position in the local communities, sharing with men both the privileges and responsibilities of Church membership.

H. G. Bushe has been appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission to enquire into the terms made by the War Office with Sir John Jackson, Ltd., for the erection of huts.

#### NOTES.

The Headmaster and Mrs. Hibbert, as well as the Captain of the School and the Prefect of Hall, attended the Memorial Service at Stoke-on-Trent, on November

227&, for Major F. R. Collis. The service was taken by Canon Tyrwhitt, C.F.

R. Hilton has gained the certificate of the Order of Gregg Artists.

The report on the annual inspection of the Officers' Training Corps is as follows : Drill—The officers drilled the company well; non-commissioned officers were able to take the company and drill it, and knew their work; cadets handled their rifles well and were steady, and fell in on parade without noise or talking. Manoeuvre—The company attacked a position, commencing in artillery formations and then extending against rifle fire; fire control by section commanders was good; sights were properly adjusted; training seems to have been carefully carried out; attack and bringing up supports was well done. Discipline, good. Turn-out, very good. Arms and equipment in good condition. General remarks—The inspecting officer considers that the Commanding Officer and his officers have done very well in the training of the contingent.

The following have left for their respective Cadet Units :—

McCracken, C. (Selwyn), Prefect, 2nd XV., Lance.-Corpl. O.T.C..

Beith, A. (Head's III.), Prefect, 1st XV., 1st XI. 1915-16, Sergt. O.T.C.

Bassett, R. (Shrewsbury), Prefect, 1st XV., 1st XI. 1915-6, Prefect of Chapel, Sergt. O.T.C.

Winkler, J. B. P. (Head's II.), Prefect, 1st XV., Lance.-Corpl. O.T.C.

F. B. Jeffries and J. Cornes have been made Prefects.

D. J. Fergusson and K. W. H. Austin have been elected to the Sports Committee,

E. C. Keble succeeds R. Bassett as Prefect of Chapel.

Literary and Scientific Lectures have been given this term by the following:—Mr. F. Darwin Swift, M.A., "Gothic Architecture"; F. W. S. Podmore, "Homeric Civilisation"; Rev. W. Qj. Smith, B.Sc., "The Lake District"; The Headmaster, "Social Life in Shakespeare's Times"; Mr. H. M. Butler, M.A., "Samuel Johnson."

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

The Very Rev. the Dean of Lichfield—*Voyage of St. Paul* (J. Smith).

Rev. P. Bull—*The Atonement* (Bull).

H. M. Chapman, O.D.—Two Novels (Kingston).

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

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries—*Ardingly Anials, Birkonian, Bloxhaniist, Blue, Felstedian, Fire Fly, Framlinghamian, King Edward's School Magazine, Lancing College Magazine, Liverpool College Magazine, Marlburian, Merchistonian, Olavian, Reptonian, St. Edward's School Magazine.*

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