

THE
DENSTONIAN

VOLUME XL1.

Edited by E. C. BREWIS, E. A. CHAMPNEY,
& A. H. COWAN.

DENSTONE COLLEGE,

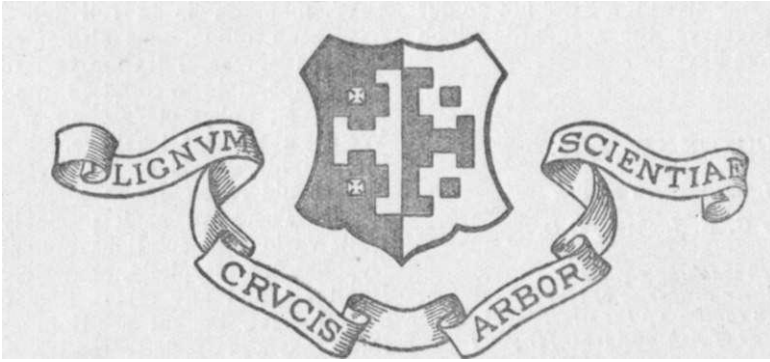
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The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

AN Old Denstonian, who was Captain of Cricket here, wrote recently from the Front: "Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent article on the late Head and on an original Editorial—the latter being in my opinion so difficult of composition. Quite recently I have seen copies of several other school magazines. Of course I am biassed, but other people agree with me in my opinion that our paper is far and away better than the others. The *Denstonian* is both readable and a chronicle of events—a combination which is sadly lacking in some school magazines."

We hope that the author of this little eulogy, although he may never have intended that it should come into print, will realize how very encouraging it is to receive even the suggestions and criticisms of Old Denstonians—let alone their praise. For here at Denstone, although the School Magazine is a part of the School itself, it is by no means an easy thing to make people understand that Editors are, like the rest of creation, in no wise infallible. And indeed the Editorial is about twice as hard to put together as the rest of the Magazine. Many times have we callously trespassed upon the originality of our illustrious predecessors, poring long over back numbers in the hope of culling ideas in the place of those which are so loth to spring into existence, however

long we may sit and think. And now that the *Denstonian* has just completed forty years of its existence, we should feel rather ashamed of ourselves if we did not do our utmost to preserve the standard which former Editors have set.

OCTOBER, 1916.

Lines written at Sea

By G. E. Jackson, O.D.

*Black women washing girdled feet
Beneath their draperies of blue ;
Black women coming up the street
With gourds of fish and fruit for you ;
Black men who carry sacks of maize,
And whistle still the " Marseillaise."*

*White inns on either side the lane,
Whre man may rest and drink his fill;
Red wine, and white, and red again,
And broken ice, sparkling and still,
That floats within the glass ; and light,
And laughter, in the purple night.*

*Wide avenues that lead away
Beyond the town, by clustered palms,
And lose themselves beyond the bay,
Mid the neglected native farms,
Where corn and cactus in the sand
Fight for possession of the land.*

*These things still linger in the mind,
The wayside joys of pilgrimage ;
A thousand miles are left behind
Of thirst and sweat; another stage
Is passed ; and in the burning heat
We tell ourselves life still is sweet.*

FROM BOMBAY TO EZRA'S TOMB.

By W. A. Harrison, O.D.

7th August.—Our transport is a 4,000-ton horse-boat, bought in days of yore, second-hand, and one cannot expect much of the floating hotel scheme. We

are carrying 650 horses, boxed above and below decks; hence one lives in and breathes the stable air. Of course the S.W. monsoon is in full blast, and we have been rolling, seas abeam, constantly, 41\—42 degrees. Till 3 p.m. yesterday it was quite impossible to stand on the decks, or even to sit unless one's chair was lashed. We are at present, I believe, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf, and should reach Basra about Tuesday night. There we shall probably remain while various inoculations are carried out (typhoid, para-typhoid, enteric, cholera, small-pox, and any others they can think of). I have bought at Bombay everything that was officially recommended for health, or that I myself could think of, including gum Wellingtons for when the floods arise, air pillow (a fancy of my own), carbolic soap (extra strong), and hosts of other things.

Tuesday, 15th Aug., 1.45 p.m.—We have just stopped and taken our pilot aboard. We cannot be very far now from Fao, where at the outset we reduced the Turkish fort commanding the entrance to the Shatt-el-Arab.

4.30 p.m.—We have just passed Fao, and have a good view of the Turkish fort. The whole show, you will remember, was a very pretty affair. We are now passing up the Shatt-el-Arab—very broad and most beautiful, with the dense palm-groves along the shore. Alas! it is deceptive, for the palms are after all but a fringe, and beyond them, in all its hideousness, lies the desert.

16th.—In our course up the river last night we passed a miniature Margate—rows of lights, power-house, twinkling furnaces, wharves and ships. But the most interesting sight was yet to come. What was it? Why, the masts and funnels of three sunken steamships, lying

athwart the river! A Turkish sapper officer was given these three ships, filled with concrete, to block the British advance. He failed, for the current swung the biggest—a German steamer—round, and left an opening of considerable size. The unfortunate Turkish officer was tried for his failure, and shot.

With us is a Flying Corps officer. He has been carrying out aerial work even to beyond Bagdad. He saw the Russian cavalry come in some time ago, wearing little astrakhan hats and thick tunics in an appalling temperature. They had come nearly three hundred miles, living as they could. We disembark this evening. Temperature in ship's surgery yesterday: 117 degrees.

*25th August.—Here I am at Sheikh Saad, and a long way up the river. I think the best thing is to hark back. As soon as we made fast to the river bank at Basra we were informed of our immediate destination. The horses were landed all through the night, and after an early *chota hazri* we embarked at 6 a.m. in a *belluin* (long Arab boat-canoë), and proceeded down stream, here about half a mile broad. At last we turned up in a kind of oriental Venice, and in due course landed. Proceeding on foot for a few hundred yards, we passed along narrow, winding streets, flanked by walls of sun-dried brick, with latticed windows projecting here and there, and often saw a deep-sunk doorway, with heavy studded door and foot-worn threshold; whilst we had an occasional glimpse of palm-trees swaying gently in the heat above the walls. These were Turkish houses, and are now used as officers' billets. We entered our quarters, expecting to occupy them for at least ten days, but the same evening received orders to proceed at 5.30 next morning for Sheikh Saad. We rose at four o'clock, and

marched ourselves aboard the paddle-boat. Four of us occupied the top deck for'ard under a roof of corrugated iron and canvas.

Later. — To-day is Thursday. We arrived at Es Sinn on Tuesday last, marching with convoy from Sheikh Saad in two stretches of ten and eight miles, starting at 3 a.m. each morning. We are living on the site of some largish town, now simply mounds; there is a part of a huge amphora, still inlaid, in the side of one of our trenches. Ezra's tomb—probably genuine—is a fine place down the river; while Hit and Ur are, or were, all in the area of operations.

15th October.—You can have no conception of the landscape and terrain up here. Imagine a limitless prairie, the product of the world's dustbins, with not a tree nor a blade of grass, and a brazen sun reducing all to a state of incandescence, and you've got a typical day in these parts. There is reported to be *one* tree at Sheikh Saad, but I never saw it. The belt of date palms on either bank, that makes the lower reaches of the Tigris so picturesque, gradually thins out as one proceeds up stream, and ends finally at Amara. Kut has trees, but is merely an oasis. Not far from here is what you would take to be a range of low hills, higher than a colliery "dump," and running in a straight line. It is the remnant of an enormous and ancient canal, the product of immense labour.

In my short account of the passage up the Tigris I neglected to mention "Pear-drop Bend," a very curious place, and eloquent of the vagaries of the river. At a certain point in the journey the skipper recommended us to note carefully a landmark ashore. We were doing about eight knots at the time, and thirty-five minutes later we passed the same landmark in the opposite direction, with a hundred yards of land between.

IN THE HANDS OF THE
GERMANS.

C. O. Andrews, O.D., was one of the U.M.C.A. missionaries for so long interned in German East Africa. He wrote to Denstone in November, saying that the first letter from England the Germans allowed him to have was the notice of Mr. Edwardes' *Reminiscences*, whilst his next news of Denstone was "the effective and interesting Christmas-card of last year, which reached me a few days ago."

From the beginning of the war until March, 1915, the missionaries were regarded as interned; then till August, 1916, as prisoners of war, without being allowed parole or being treated as officers. Andrews and his sister were ten months at Lindi; then they were allowed to return to Masori for a few months, and then had a 400-mile walk through the forest to Morogoro. They were in prison at Tabora and Kilimatinde till August this year. They were at Tabora when the Belgians took it on September 19th. At the beginning of October the Uganda Transport "walked into Mwanaga" and sent them across the lake. The Red Cross took them to Nairobi, where the residents entertained them for ten days, till a boat of the Sultan of Zanzibar was ready for them at Mombasa. Andrews thus saw a good deal of Central Africa.

He was told by a Roman Catholic missionary stationed near Tabora, that it was estimated that something like 200,000 natives had been done to death by the Germans. The brutality of the German soldiers towards their native porters was shocking. These porters were overburdened, and when one became exhausted he was shot in cold blood. When hostilities began the Germans seized all the native clergy and teachers. The native priest

was put in chains and compelled to work on the roads, while the clergy and teachers were pressed into service as porters, and many of them died from exhaustion and disease. The treatment of the Indian prisoners of war captured in the early months of the war was most disgraceful. Improper food was provided, and, when large numbers of them fell sick, a callous indifference was shown towards them, and the proportion of deaths was an alarming one. After being taken prisoners Andrews and his colleagues—a party of six men and six women—had to travel 400 miles on foot through the forest, and this occupied 40 days. At Tabora they were interned with other British, Belgian, and Italian civilians, and in some instances the overcrowding was so great that double-decker beds had to be used. The food was unwholesome and usually insufficient, and during the greater part of the time they were interned they were forbidden even to purchase food.

Andrews was surprised at the unwillingness of the Germans to fight. The soldiers tried all sorts of tricks to avoid being sent to the front. The Germans seemed to get very little news, and told their prisoners less. In any case, the latter soon found it impossible to credit the information given by their captors. The fall of Calais was celebrated by the German soldiery on three separate occasions, and the *Queen Mary* and the *Iron Duke* were "officially" reported sunk at least four times. In a newspaper it was stated that the Indian contingent and the first British Expeditionary Force were entirely wiped out, and that England was doomed to defeat. But many of the natives were not nearly as big fools or as gullible as the Germans; they asked why it was that ships could not come into the harbours. They knew of the British blockade and understood its significance.

FLOREBIT.

Three Letters from the Front.

By O.Ds.

[The following letters from O.Ds. have a two-fold interest—first, as giving some very interesting impressions of the war ; secondly, as showing how great is the hold of Denstone over all her sons.]

I. By E. A. FITCH.

Your letter arrived when we were in the thick of the fighting. It was a fight, too ! Our men did magnificently, but it is a big task. Progress is bound to be slow.

I have seen some of the heaviest fighting in the war, but somehow or another can neither talk nor write about it as I could during the first year.

I forget how many years it is since I was at Denstone. However, I never forget the old place, and in one way or another am in constant touch with it. Sometimes I come across an O.D., but never one of my own years, strange to say. It is good to think Denstone is so flourishing.

At present I am preparing for the National Mission. A Messenger comes to this Division for ten days on December 10th. I am glad to get a rest. My life seems one continual round of sermons. My voluntary evening services round H.-Q. are simply magnificent—the men all so keen and devout. Alas! we have no Denstone Chapel in which to hold services; yet I feel that, in spite of your facilities at home, the Church has very little hold on the young manhood of England. We need a National Mission and no mistake if the Church of England is to be any power in the country. The war will do us as a Church a tremendous amount of good if only by showing the 1300 "civilian" clergy who are now chap-

lains how little hold they have had in the past on the men of their parishes. I think when they return to parochial life there will be a tremendous upheaval in the present organisations. I can't quite imagine any man worth his salt, who has been through this, remaining content in the years to come with a church full of women, a Girls' Guild, and a Mothers' Meeting.

II. By W. A. GILLING.

Hart would most likely tell you that we "discovered each other" at a small French advance. He was hit during the big advance on the 15th September. I saw him go down, but there was no stopping that mad rush. The Bosche was in front, and our orders were to get to grips, and—well, we did. We went a mile and a half inside the enemy's lines. The Earl who raised the battalion was killed that day. The men went nearly mad when he fell, and went forward with a "Yorkshire roar"—the last sound many a Hun heard on this side of the Styx. I was quite close to him when he fell. My usual luck stood by me, and I got away with a mere scratch—a knuckle knocked off and fingers cut by a bit of shell—although I had my pack ripped off my back and was knocked down by the explosion.

The fight warmed the hearts of us who had had the training of them, when we saw the Tykes sprinting across the open to get at Fritz ;and it made the same hearts bleed to see the number of bright lads rolled over. We had to pay a big price for that victory. By the way, I am now in Sergeant Dyke's old regiment, and as an old Rifle Brigade man I did my best to shape those lads into Riflemen. If you tell him that, he will understand. And I think I may fairly say that, after that smash we gave the Huns on September 15th, the new lads I had the privilege of

helping to train and lead did not disgrace the old corps. Most of the old hands "went out" at Ypres. Still it was a fine fight for the poor old regiment.

I am glad to hear the old College is going strong. I should dearly love to get the chance to have a look at it again. I had an experience about two months ago which will interest you. I was passing a group of Canadian officers who were sitting chatting and smoking. As I passed I overheard one saying to the others, "Well, I don't know much about great scholars, but I do know that Denstone turns out men—with a capital M." What they were talking about, or who they were, I haven't the faintest idea. I just heard that—I couldn't help hearing it—as I passed.

Tell "present" Denstonians that the "past" are still helping to keep the flag flying. Tell them to remember "*Lignum Cruris Arbor Scientice*." No real soldier is ashamed to ask help and to commit himself to the keeping of his God in the hour of battle.

III. By C. L. ROBERTS.

I feel ashamed of myself, really. I don't believe I've written to you since the outbreak of war. Rather disgraceful, isn't it? Fact is, I'm a rotten letter-writer.

Well, of course you know that my brother "Tertius" and I joined the K.O.L.Rs. when war broke out. Denstone Cadet Corps training in my own case, and the O.T.C. in that of Tertius, was a huge success, and we each got another pip by Christmas, 1914. Tertius eventually took up bombing, and I filled what brains I have with machine-guns; but neither of us came out herewith the battalion. Tertius was one day handed a home-made bomb. In those days they used to teach us how to make bombs, but now of course the

female population of the old country do it for us, or so we are led to suppose. However, he nearly lost his hand, and could not come across at the time. In my case, it was bad horsemanship. I was never a good horseman, and one day the Machine-gun officer's horse had me off. I did not come out either.

We were both transferred to a reserve battalion, from which Tertius became A.D.C. to the General, and I was sent off to be Adjutant to a Young Officers' Training Company. Then Tertius got married, like a young ass. He soon got bored as an A.D.C., as he said he objected to being a sort of coat-rack. I believe he told the General, too, so that high official got him a captaincy and a transfer to the 2nd West Indian Regiment. He went abroad about last March, and according to his letters has had quite a good time.

After about six months as a Y.O.C. Adjutant, I thought it was high time I got some adjutant's pay. The War Office didn't bite. Always having been a Machine Gunner, I thought the M.G. Corps might spell promotion, so I applied for a transfer, and got it. That was in January of last year, and I came out here as second in command of No. 45 Company in February. Unfortunately — or fortunately — my skipper, a Major, sprained his ankle soon after we got here, so I was temporarily in command. I had the Company from June to September, when they sent along a Captain chap to take command. I was then transferred to No. 48 Company, M.G. Corps, and am now the proud possessor of three pips and a jolly fine Company. It was rather hard leaving the old Company, especially as I had been through some really hard bits of this summer's fighting with them. However, I suppose they have practically, if not completely, forgotten me by now.

Leave—to be thoroughly Denstonian—is

"allright." I remember you used to say that never had you heard from an Old Boy who didn't at some point in his scribble use the expression. I have always meant to walk in on Denstone without a soul knowing I was coming. I have met very few O.Ds. out here, but I found three in one Tunnelling Company—Clayton, Menzies, and Conolly. I met Titley, who was a private in the R.A.M.C.—"and a jolly good fellow too," so the M.O. told me. I *should* like to hear from Denstone! Do please give the whole place my love;

I hope that my letter has not been too long and boring. I always wish I'd taken the advice you used to give us, to practise writing. My pen is indeed like Mowbray's tongue—"a cunning instrument cased up."

EAST OF SUEZ.

By A. E. Barlow, O.D.

I.

We have just finished one of our favourite three-day "treks"—this time a pretty hard one. We were marching across salt-pans, and the salt rose in clouds and gave us a magnificent thirst, which we had to quench with a pint of water a day—warm, and containing anything from a dead snake downwards. Since I left Alexandria I have been living with my 30-lb. kit, and cannot remember when I last slept like a Christian in pyjamas.

I sent a man down the line the other day for some stores from a canteen we heard of. He brought back an appalling brand of cigars. These we retailed, and it was a magnificent sight to see a man with a few rags of shirt—we are fearful ragamuffins—smoking his "weed"—with such an air, too!

We are getting into touch with our

friend the enemy, and I expect before long we shall have a knock at each other. I suppose I cannot tell you where we are, but we are considerably nearer Jerusalem than I ever expected to be. The men have a very fine spirit, and would welcome a "scrap" after the monotony of last year. The nearer we get, the more cheerful do they become.

I have, however, been in the desert too long. I am getting a septic wound from the tiniest little scratch. It is most annoying, but really I suppose it is our mode of living that is to blame. We eat the most extraordinary things out of tins—tinned kidney for breakfast, tinned tongue for lunch, tinned spaghetti, and the inevitable tinned sardine as savoury. As for tea, I really believe one battalion of H.M. Army drinks more tea in one day than all the old women in the world do in a fortnight.

To day I have to render an explanation. One of my subalterns nearly blighted my career this afternoon, cleaning his revolver. Explanations are my strong point. I lost some papers a day or two ago, and "explained" to such good effect that when I found them I did not know whether to send in the papers or the explanation. The latter might have been put in the textbooks as a model.

II.

Another Christmas over—my third on service. It is all getting rather monotonous. I hope in England you had a very jolly Christmas. We did our best, but it rained. People think we never have rain in Egypt, but it has rained steadily ever since Christmas Day. Every night has been wet, and most of every day. It is the sort of rain that comes down in bucketfuls. We are in the open, and my valise, having seen service, is tired too, and shows

it. Lately I have been going to bed fully clothed, with a greatcoat and a waterproof sheet wrapped round me, and then my wet blankets over all; and the extraordinary thing is that I haven't even a sniff.

The Turks spoiled our Christmas for us. They left hurriedly just as we were prepared to smite them, and of course all our arrangements had to be cancelled. They bagged absolutely everything of use in El Arish, including every scrap of food, so now we are feeding 6,000 people daily; and the uncomplaining British soldiery is apt to get bully beef often enough without straining the resources of the A.S.C. to that extent.

Since the Turkish evacuation we have been training hard. It is pretty annoying. We had been doing outpost and seeing their fires come nearer and nearer and their patrols pushed further away. Finally we had concentrated, and had our orders to move at dawn and attack that day—and they evacuated their positions during the night. Then we began sloping arms by numbers! But we go forward in a day or two.

THE PLAY AND SALE OF WORK.

The Christmas term ended in an unusual and very enjoyable way. Of course the Shakespearean play has been suspended during the war; but, two years ago, it will be remembered, a miracle play was given as a sort of appropriate substitute. This year again a substitute, though on a very small scale, was given. It was as appropriate as *The Prince of Peace*, and not less religious in feeling, though in quite a different way. It was a Morality, and was called *The Fool and the Sword*.

The Morality told of a teacher who was

so clever that he convinced his countrymen of the folly as well of Faith as of War, so that they rested well content and looked no further than their own shop-fronts. But it came to pass one Christmas Day that two things chanced which his wisdom had not foreseen—an angel told him it was to be the day of his death, and the neighbour folk made war on his town. From the angel he obtained for himself the boon that his soul should not utterly be lost if someone could pray for him. But of course his countrymen—and his own wife and children—had forgotten how to pray even as they had forgotten how to fight. At the last, however, he alighted upon a very ignorant person who was so foolish that he had not profited by the wise teaching; and through him the town was saved, and also the soul of the clever man.

The setting was unconventional and appropriate. In front of grey curtains rose a high grey arch, on the typanum of which Mr. Rigby had painted three allegorical figures—a majestic figure of Christ, with a soldier and a student kneeling on one side and the other. There was nothing in the way of scenery, and nothing to suggest a theatrical performance. Even the opening curtains were the same pale tint of grey, and the whole was played in a dim, subdued light. The costumes were equally subdued in colour, and artistically the "picture" was very beautiful. The only real touch of bright colour was the dress of the Angel, and this was a gorgeous Dalmatic lent by Fr. Murray: but through all the action of the Morality the red lamp of the crucifix shone, and though the scholar in his supposed wisdom had veiled the crucifix, and had used its lamp to light him in his studies, the terror and trial of war restored in the end the lamp to its proper place, and the silver crucifix once more stood out unveiled. It

was an exceedingly sad but very beautiful play, and quite unlike anything we have ever attempted before. It was a venture, but the general opinion was that it justified itself.

Before the Morality, a short war scene was played. This was in striking and effective contrast in every way. It was thoroughly "up to date," and was played with ordinary scenery and the usual stage accessories. It therefore proved an admirable foil to the unconventional, poetic, mystical piece which followed.

Only an afternoon performance was given, and it was hoped that a fair audience would have been attracted who might also have been induced to make purchases at the Sale of Work in the Armoury, which Mrs. Hibbert and the ladies, with enterprise and daring, had planned in aid of the Red Cross. As a matter of fact, a fair number of tickets had been applied for, but the day made it impossible for most to come; there was a thick snow. The Sale of work seemed, therefore, doomed to failure. It was saved by public spirit. About ££>0 had come in by way of money gifts, and Mrs. Hibbert had suggested to College residents, masters, boys, etc., that they should buy their Christmas presents at the Sale of Work. They responded splendidly, and actually over £?>0 was taken at the stalls, nearly all, of course, from our own members. Next day a "Rummage Sale" produced about ,£13, and as the expenses were practically nothing, there was a profit of the very large sum of £152 2s. 6d. This was allotted as follows: The Public Schools Hospital, £100; Ellastone Red Cross Hospital, £25; the Red Cross General Local Fund, £27 2s. 6d.

WAR NEWS.

Since the issue of the December *Denstonian* we have heard of the following distinctions gained by Old Denstonians at the Front:

D.S.O.

Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Milvvard and Major H. W. T. Smith.

MILITARY CROSS.

2nd Lieut. J. K. Swallow, Captain E. J. Anderson, Lieut. P. E. Burrows, Lieut. (Acting Captain) N. Y. Lyle, Captain J. F. Menzies, 2nd Lieut. T. Newton, Captain (now Major) B. M. R. Sharp, Captain G. C. W. Westbrooke, Captain K. de Jong, Lieut. J. B. G. Taylor, Captain (now Major) G. F. Ashton.

MENTIONED IN DESPACHES,

Rev. E. A. Fitch, Divl. C. F. (again), Lieut.-Colonel C. R. P. Winsler, D.S.O. (again), Major H. W. T. Smith, D.S.O., 2nd Lieut. B. H. Whitley (killed in action), Lieut. G. F. W. Reed, Lieut.-Colonel LI. M. Milward, D.S.O., Captain G. B. Fyldes, Captain E. Fearenside, D.S.O., 2nd Lieut. T. Newton, M.C., Canon R. D. Ninis. C.F., Temp.-Lieut. F. N. Cross, Temp.-Lieut. C. S. Dodson

J. K. Swallow was severely wounded in the action which gained him the Military Cross—the release of a wounded soldier who was entangled in some barbed wire. At first he was reported "missing," as it was some time before he was found in a shell-hole. A brother officer wrote:—"Everyone is proud of Jack, and he is the talk of the battalion."

We have received letters from H. W. Beck, who, by chance, met llamer at the Front; D. B. Chappie, who travelled to

France with C. Venables ; T. Newton, who is invalided home; N. H. Matthews, who has been wounded ; R. A. Bracewell; R. F. Sedgwick, who has gone into the Nottingham O.T.C.; J. W. Maughan (in G. E. Africa); H. E. L. Fisher, and others.

C. D. L. Turner was on the *City of Birmingham* when she was torpedoed.

K. B. Penny writes :—" When I joined we were in trenches in Loos direction, where it was very quiet. However, they soon had us in a more active spot and the last five days which we have spent in the trenches have been exciting enough for anyone. The Bosche landed a shell right into our B.H.Q. messroom. Fortunately no one was in at the time, but his next shell blew up the cook-house, with the cook and all his utensils. Our casualties were marvellously small: a lot of men were buried by shells knocking in the parapet, but nearly all were dug out unharmed."

G. Harries finds camp life in Denbighshire very cold after Ceylon:—" Last night, to make things a bit more uncomfortable, the stove would not work, and refused to boil the water to make the coffee with till we had disjointed a length of chimney-pipe and cleared the soot out."

L. A. Cumin writes with great regret of the death of Mellor—" One more killed in order to reach the end which will free us from the Germans." Cumin has returned to the *Alpins*.

A. F. Cross writes from France:—" Things are going on much the same as ever out here; the principal difference being that our esteemed foe, the Hun, gets a lot more heavy stuff than before, and we all hope it will do him a lot of good."

W. H. Statham came to England with the Fiji contingent.

W. S. Baker is with a Goorkha regiment in Mesopotamia.

L. J. Cater was wounded in a charge at Flers.

A. A. Crompton has been invalided home.

R. S. White has gone to the R.F.C. Cadet School.

H. E. Baness was recently in a Cadet Unit at Gidea Park.

A. W. Huskinson is at an Artillery Cadet School.

S.G. Fillingham writes:—" Jack Woods' ' Home on Leave ' article is one of the best of that type I have read. However, it is evident that I was more cunning than he, for I slept the crossing in a third or fourth (or some kind of) mate's berth (*prix 10/rs.*), and, moreover, I got in the first boat train. You will not be surprised when I tell you that I prefer a quiet rest and change to the orgy of theatres, restaurants and what-nots. To a large minority at home the war is still a distant fact. The excuse is ' must keep the place jolly for you boys home on leave.' But one is tempted to ask if the real business of winning the war is not out of sight."

An O.D. on Active Service writes:—" Do you still pray for us all in the Eucharist? There is a lot of consolation in that thought."

J. Pogmore wrote in July:—" Our lot ' went over the top ' on the first day of the Big Push at a point where they had from four to seven hundred yards of No Man's Land to get across—most of the ground commanded from several enemy positions. Naturally enough, they had a very stiff task. We were able to get an excellent view of the preparatory bombardment from a ridge well behind the lines, whence the German fortified lines were quite clearly visible. As the bombardment proceeded, what had appeared to be a strip of wood

slowly faded away and revealed a village ; then in a couple of days the village faded away, leaving a few shattered walls and the mere shell of a church. We do not hold quite all that village now. Who says Fritz cannot fight ? I used to watch also a network of trenches which showed up very plainly when the evening sun lighted the parapet and cast deep shadows in the trench. They hung in a continuous haze of dirty yellow smoke for four days, under an unceasing rain of big shells. Often one could see the explosion of an extra big one right in a trench."

C. D. Lucas has been relegated to base work owing to shell-shock, which has—we hope only temporarily—greatly injured his power of hearing. He writes an interesting letter, expressing an Australian view of the war, and dealing with the Gallipoli expedition and the Conscriptio Referredum :—" We Australians have a strong regard for the staying powers of the New Army. We know that power comes from such schools as Denstone, and if ever a nation had cause to be thankful for its schools, England should be to-day."

F. G. Taylor writes :—" The trenches are in a disgusting state after all the rain, and on arrival at billets we present an appearance similar to that of a XV. coming off the Upper Middle ground when at its best—or worst! From July 1st to October 12th we were in the thick of it at a place where the Big Push started. One of the Marshs is a sergeant with us, as also is Hopkinson."

B. Girling writes :—" We have now moved to a quieter part of the line. When I first came out I went straight into the hardest fighting, but after I had been there for about ten days they pulled us out for a rest. We marched most of last week, and arrived in this (comparative) haven of rest. It does not seem like war to see green

fields and trees with branches and leaves. However, someone has to hold this part of the line, and we hope we shall be left here for the winter. Chris, I believe, has been up further North. He, poor beggar, is in a Trench Mortar Battery—a fate I hope to continue to escape. My thoughts are rather disconnected, as my two signallers are sitting near me, alternately singing comic songs and arguing about where they were last year. Life out here is very wet and muddy and uncomfortable now-a-days, but we have plenty of excitement to look forward to: the war is going to be most awfully interesting later on, and my only hope is that I may keep a whole skin long enough to see it all. It would be dreadful to get even a ' Blighty ' at the commencement of all this fun. The Bosche doesn't know all we have in store for him—nor do we. Chris thoroughly enjoyed himself while on leave. The journey back again rather takes the gilt off the gingerbread. It's usually the best part of a week's travelling—very uncomfortable, and with practically no chance of getting food or a wash."

J. N. Knight writes :—" I have seen heaps of O.Ds. since I came out—Briggs, Burrows and Houghton, for instance. I am commanding a company now and have done four tours of the trenches since I arrived back with my old battalion. We go up again on Thursday. We are not looking forward to it, as we are taking over a new part of the line which is noted to be particularly hot and is only 40 yards from the Bosche."

Hugh Bowman, M.C., has been wounded.

G. Griffin writes from Benares a letter which, in its affection for Denstone, is typical of all letters from O.Ds :—" India," he writes, "is everything I had pictured it to be in every way. I think R. C. Wain, should he ever see the country, would be

dumbfounded at the quantity and quality of the moths and butterflies which inhabit the hill stations. One butterfly caught a few days ago measured \), inches from tip to tip. I have met numerous O.Ds. since the commencement of the war; G. A. Anderson I found was stationed with the 7th Rajputs, and I met him at a regimental polo match. I never realized until the war started how truly the saying 'Once a Denstonian, always a Denstonian,' applied to every old boy. Every time I met a Denstonian it was like meeting a long-lost brother."

G. L. Littler is 2nd Lieut. in the 2nd Garrison Battalion, Yorkshire Regiment.

Arthur Mason is still attached to a Territorial Howitzer Brigade at Bordon for signalling. Gerald Mason, after being run down, is convalescing at Mentone, together with E. J. Anderson. They are having an excellent time, being billeted in a first-class hotel.

A. J. Wood writes from " a room slightly bigger than the one belonging to the Captain of School. It is shared by four of us, in addition to which all cooking has to be done in it. We are 'resting' in a district where billets are scarce and troops very numerous."

R. A. Briggs writes:—" This is a particularly nasty part of the line, the shelling at times being terrific. I wonder if you heard that I had been slightly wounded? We were going up to take over some trenches on the North of the river which had recently been captured by the R.N.D. The Huns were very jumpy and were chucking over a perfect tornado of ' iron rations.' We had reached the trench we were to take over and there was a scrum of about four deep in it. I was trying to find the dug-out which had been allotted to my Signal Section and my servant was following on behind. Suddenly I felt

myself lifted up, and a sensation as if I had been turned inside out. They had dropped one right in the middle of us! How I escaped I don't know: one man who was standing next to me had two feet blown off, and another his arm. It was an awful experience, as all the wounded men fell on top of me. A large bit of shell smote me on the tin hat, and a very small bit hit my right hand. It was rather funny my being in hospital in Rouen, wasn't it? I thought of myself being choked with sulphur fumes in the market place! I would give anything to be playing that part again."

F. T. Blumberg writes:—" On the outbreak of the war I was a sergeant in one of the volunteer Militia regiments (31st British Columbia Horse). Later I joined the nth Canadian Mounted Rifles, but as they were so long in getting away I transferred to the 1st Canadian Pioneers as an engineer electrician and signaller. We spent about two months in England, and came out here about Christmas time. We now do all the skilled work in the front line, and in every place in the Canadian area you will find some of our men running jobs; nearly every place is not only under shell fire, but under machine-gun fire too. At present I am engaged on a cable burying job, and every night experience a few thrills which are more exciting than pleasant. I would sooner be in a scrap where a fellow has a chance to hit back."

T. S. Andrew, M. Y. Townsend and C. McCracken have been in a Cadet Unit stationed near Exeter.

R. M. Williams has gone into a Heavy Artillery Unit, J. Barnes into a Light. Barnes writes:—" We are all billsted in hiits, miles from everywhere, and I think they have chosen the most miserable part of the Plain. The Big Side ground in its worst condition is like a first-class road compared with our parade grounds."

G. S. C. Weigall is to belong to a Cavalry Company at Quetta; he sailed in February with C. C. R. Reynolds.

H. M. Chapman has been studying Persian with a view to service in the Middle East, but has been declared by the M.O. not strong enough to stand the climate.

F. H. Jenkins writes:—"I got back to Blighty two days before Christmas, and then came up here to take over a squadron. At present I am Acting Squadron Commander, which means I remain Captain till I am confirmed in my rank. I should be able to stick on to the job now I've got it. One blessing is that I have some really nice machines, as this is a school for 'higher' instruction. I ought be able to get to Denstone in 30 minutes, but I have never been so busy in my life."

Major G. F. Ashton (1879) 's ' ' ' Northumberland Fusiliers, and fought in the Somme battles.

C. F. W. Haseldine writes :—"Recently I was dashing about the country side collecting old cables, and I asked some men to lead me to their Adjutant. I dived down underground and found myself in a species of cellar, and, seated in state, looking very impressive, at a table littered with papers, sat G. B. Fyldes, O.D. Of course we celebrated the occasion. I then moved to another part of this mud-caked country, and encountered R. L. Goldsmith, who had met C. C. F. Lochner, who is wrestling with matters concerning the purchase of supplies. Fyldes meanwhile had come across R. R. Sapcote, so we arranged to have a little O.D. reunion dinner in an adjacent town. Goldsmith enquired if Lochner would call for us at the chosen eating-house. However, he was unable to be present—rather unusual for Lochner, wasn't it? I shouldn't have thought a little matter like the war would have prevented him from coming. However, the party—

except Sapcote—finally met, I drew the menus and sent Denstone a spare one. We drank the health of the old School, and had a very jolly evening. The finishing touch was provided by Fyldes, who gracefully stepped into an ancient and decrepit species of goat-carriage and drove off amidst applause."

Lieut.-Colonel H. Molineux, who came to Denstone in 1873, when the School first opened, is now stationed at Pochetstroom, Transvaal. He was the first Captain of School and left in December 1874. Lie saw service in the war in South Africa in 1879.

Lieut. Colonel C. R. P. Winsor, D.S.O. and Licut.-Colonel H. M. Milward, D.S.O., are reported wounded.

H. M. Fenwick joined the Cameron Highlanders in September, 1914, and went to France a year later. A bullet passed through his kilt on one occasion, and he was nearly gassed at Loos.

Captain J. O. Widdows, M.C. is applying for a permanent commission in the Indian Army. He was wounded at Guillemont on August 8th after a "pretty hot fortnight." He expects to rejoin his battalion almost at once.

WAR OBITUARY.

We have only now heard of the death of *E. J. O. Richards*. He was here in 1904 and 1905 in Shrewsbury Dormitory. He went out to France with the Leinster Regiment and rose to be sergeant. He saw hard fighting in the same battalion as that in which F. G. Saunders was captain, and on October 20th, 1914, he was killed at Presmesque with many others in the battalion.

John Margraves Holland (1905-9, Woodard) was in the O.T.C. and gained his 2nd XL Colours. At the beginning of

the war he joined the 7th Battalion Manchester Regiment and was sent first to Egypt. From there they went to Gallipoli where, on June, 1915, he was reported "missing." He has since been reported "believed killed."

Thomas Wentworth Hughes (1889-93, Head's i.) also joined at the outbreak of war, and was in the 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment and went to Gallipoli. On August 10th, 1915, he was in the fighting at Sulva Bay and has not since been heard of.

Harold Hall Hodkinson (1908-10, Lowe) was a boy of good abilities and steady character. He left to go into business and when war was declared enlisted in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry (4th Battalion). He was killed in the battle of the Somme on August 8th last.

Lance-Corporal *Stukely Marmaduke Gresley* (1904-7, Lowe) was in the service of the London City and South Midland Bank when war broke out. He joined the Royal Fusiliers and soon obtained promotion. He was killed in action at Flers on September 15th last.

Eric Charles Dunicliffe (1912-14, Lowe) was a good runner and football player, and was in camp with the O.T.C. when war was declared. He at once joined the Royal Naval Division in the Hawke Battalion. He fought in Gallipoli and spent some time in hospital at Lemnos suffering with jaundice. He accompanied his battalion when they were sent to France, and on November 13th last was killed in the fighting near Beaumont Hamel.

Sergt.-Major *Colin Robinson* (1884-5) was a solicitor. He joined the Black Watch and did much service in the training of men in Scotland. He died of pneumonia

at Perth last November. He had been twelve years in the Black Watch and had done much service in India in his youth, afterwards passing his Final Law Examination and practising in Hanley until, on the outbreak of war, he rejoined his old regiment. He was 46 years of age.

Lance-Corporal *Gilbert Hugh Peter Toms* (1907-9, Lowe) after leaving school went with his brother to Canada where they obtained good positions. When the word came for men they joined the Canadian contingent. Peter survived his brother only a month. He was killed in action while carrying a message, on November 18th last.

Lieut. *Howard Glynn Williams* (1904-13, Selwyn) had a distinguished career here and one of promise lay before him. Here he was in the O.T.C., a prefect, a good singer and captain of the XV. He showed great ability as an actor and played important parts in several of our plays. His last part was Laertes in *Hamlet*, and he rendered it with unusual skill, giving it a touch of romance which was quite admirable. He possessed abilities indeed above the ordinary and went to Cambridge with a Modern History Exhibition. He won two, one at Selwyn and one at S. Catherine's, and chose the latter. He played in the Cambridge XV. and then came the outbreak of war, when he "joined up" with the rest of our university representatives. His commission was in the K.R.R.C. He spent six months in the trenches in France and seven at Salonika. He had been injured in France while playing football, and underwent an operation at Salonika which was not successful. He was sent to London for a further operation, but this too proved useless and he went to his home to die. He died on January 15th, 1917, aged 22 years.

FOOTBALL.

No. 2 RESERVE BRIGADE ARTILLERY.

Our opponents won the toss and began downhill. For the first ten minutes the play was in the Denstone twenty-five, but Artillery failed to score and Parker broke away. Thereupon the three-quarter line shifted play to our opponents' twenty-five, where we carried on a vigorous offensive for some time, failing, however, to break through. Still we continued to press, and there ensued a series of long kicks for touch by the backs. The whistle blew for half-time with no score for either side.

At the opening of the second half, the play was fairly even in mid-field. Then came a fine try by Walker, but Tobias failed to convert. Soon after Walker again got away but was well collared by the enemy's back within a few yards of the line. The play then moved into our twenty-five and Artillery scored a try, which was converted. After the centre kick we pressed most vigorously in a last desperate effort for victory. The effort was successful; Tobias broke away with his usual dash and made a fine opening for Walker, who scored a brilliant try close to the corner flag. It was, however, unconverted, and the whistle blew for time, leaving us victorious, the score being 2 tries to 1 goal (6-5). The match was undoubtedly the most brilliant of the whole season. The team has seldom shown better dash and combination.

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

The following have gained football colours:—1st XV. R. E. McDonald, T. S.

Andrew, J. T. Davies. 2nd XV. N. G. Whitfield, J. J. N. Walker, F. Parker, S. E. Jenkins.

FINAL DORMITORY MATCH.

This Senior match was between Woodard and Lowe. Both teams were strong in the forward line, but Lowe had the slightly heavier pack, which told in their favour on the unspeakably slippery and muddy ground. The game started with a tremendous rush by Woodard, followed by a great deal of loose work among the forwards. Finally Davies dashed through, and scored the first try for Lowe. Woodard again pressed, but another try for Lowe was obtained by Pearce before half-time.

The game re-opened in a desultory fashion, until Jenkins managed to break through and nearly scored for Woodard. Hence forward Lowe pressed without cessation. Rimmer got over after a good dash, as did Booth a few minutes later. The whistle blew, leaving Lowe victorious by 12-0. Thus the flag passes from Meynell to Lowe.

O.D. NEWS.

The Rev. B. S. Cockin has been appointed Vicar of Fridaythorpe, near Maiden.

The Rev. E. E. B. Jupp has been appointed Vicar of Bishopsworth, Bristol.

H. J. Amps is at Rio de Janeiro with the Eastern Telegraph Company. The Government will not allow him to enlist.

J. Dimpault has gone to a public school near Paris.

T. W. S. Garraway has been appointed Police Magistrate of the Windward and Leeward District, and Coroner of nearly all the Colony.

The Rev. A. M. Ramsay-Murray has been appointed first Incumbent of the District Church of All Saints, Queen's Park, Bedford.

The Rev. G. Tidy has been appointed Vicar of Ditteridge, Wilts.

The Rev. R. W. Goodr.U has been appointed by the Bishop of Gloucester Hon. Assistant Diocesan Missioner. He has resigned the benefice of Kempsey. He suggests the formation after the war of a West of England O.D. Club.

F. T. Blumberg has had a varied career since leaving Denstone. Originally he passed 13th into the Navy at fifteen, but loss of money compelled him to seek his fortune in Canada. He tried farming, but was ruined by frost, and turned for a living to the C.P.R. He worked on railway construction for six years, and was for a time driver of an engine—at greater pay than that of a Colonel in the British Army! Subsequently he saw service "in South Africa. On his return from the war he worked as an engineer in several mines, and rose to be master mechanic at the B.C. Copper Company, Phoenix. After the panic of 1908 and the "big shut down," he went to a technical school in the United States. He was with the Granby Company at their "smelter" at Grand Forks for a time. Later he made a fortune in Vancouver—and lost it owing to the collapse of the "boom," leaving him with thousands of uncleared acres in inaccessible parts of British Columbia.

C. H. Phelps writes:—"Years and years and years ago there was a little place called Denstone with which I was intimately acquainted, and I have been wondering, in the words of the great Steger, 'Stands Scotland where it did?' I have called each house I have occupied in Durban 'Denstone,' a name with which is associated some of the happiest hours of my life. I am still at the Durban High School; still living out on my little farm, where once we received a visit from Harry Hignett and his wife. Steger has retired into the fastnesses of the Swaziland mountains—to wit, Pigge's Peak. He is the proud father of another daughter. Oliver Harrison is Battery Manager on the E.R.P.M.; W. O. Wellington is at Pietersburg; and Roland Harrison is farming in the Free State."

S. P. B. Mais has had recently published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall a volume entitled *Interlude*. *Punch* recently gave this a most favourable review. He is contributing a series of papers called "A Schoolmaster in Khaki" to the *Evening News*.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Edmund Brooks. He was here from 1890 until 1895, in Lowe. He went out to the United States—first to Clyde, Illinois, and later to West Path Beach, Florida, where he became well known as a surveyor. He died there on December 20th, 1916. R.I.P.

H. S. Sly writes from an English estate in the Argentine, near the Bolivian frontier, to express his regret that he is still unable to pass the doctor for service in the Army. He is an accountant and auditor, and finds that his work necessitates a great deal of rough travelling. "The place I am

at now is a huge estate of a sugar, cattle, banana, coffee, and timber company, all in one. Earlier in the year I was travelling for eight days in the other extremity—Patagonia—where I was engaged on sheep *estancias*. When I tell you that the temperature was generally ranging from zero to—10 degrees—or even as low as—20 degrees—you will understand it was not exactly warm. Here, on the other hand, for several days the thermometer has registered over 100 degrees."

NOTES.

When 2nd Lieut. B. H. Whitley, O.D., went to France he told the Headmaster that he had bequeathed to the Library, in case he was killed, his collection of books on Arctic and Antarctic Exploration. The subject was a particular hobby of his, and a most interesting lecture which he gave on it will be remembered by many. The books have come, and number twenty-three volumes. They include: Scott's *Voyage of the Discovery* (2 vols.), Amundsen's *The South Pole* (2 vols.) and *The N.W. Passage* (2 vols.), Peary's *The North Pole*, Nansen's *Farthest North* (2 vols.), Fricker's *Antarctic Regions*, Markham's *Life of McClintock*, McClintock's *Voyage of the 'Fox,'* Markham's *Great Frozen Sea*, Jackson's *Great Frozen Land*, and Shackleton's *Heart of the Antarctic*. They are being placed opposite the Boys' Library door, in a special case bearing a suitable inscription.

• G. S. C. Weigall and C. C. R. Reynolds have passed into the Indian Army; S. E. Jenkins into Sandhurst.

E. C. Brewis has passed the Durham Matriculation Examination.

The following have been made Prefects :—R. W. Larkam, J. O. L. Mason D. J.

Fergusson, J. G. H. Vidler, N. H. Pattison, J. T. Davies.

A. G. Tobias has been elected to the Sports Committee.

H. C. C. Collis succeeds E. H. Glaisby as Captain of the School.

G. Barker is Prefect of Hall.

R. E. McDonald is Prefect of Chapel.

A. G. Tobias has been elected Captain of Football, and M. S. Waghorn Captain of Fives, with his Fives Colours.

Another loss has been brought upon us by the war. Mr. Pollard has joined the North Staffordshire Regiment, and we are temporarily deprived of his services. To anyone who knows his many-sided activities it will be obvious how hard it is to fill his place, even for a time.

Mr. Averill has taken over the Chairmanship of the Sports Committee.

Mr. Lawton is in charge of Selwyn Dormitory.

We welcome Mr. S. G. Hewlett, B.A., of Keble College, Oxford.

Miss Statham's place on the musical staff has been filled by Miss M. E. Jarvis, A.R.M.C.M.

The following O.T.C. promotions have been made :—Corporals Barker, Waghorn, McDonald, to be Sergeants; Lance-Corporal Tobias to be Sergeant; Lance-Corporals Walker and Wood, to be Corporals; Privates Pearce, Austen, Auton, Cowan, and Fergusson, to be Lance-Corporals.

The following gained Commercial Certificates at the end of last term :—For Gregg Shorthand: H. C. Ainger and R. Hilton. For Pitman's Shorthand: R. Larkam and W. E. Wilson. For Book-keeping: L. G. Burr, H. R. Cadman, G. W. Chatterlon, S. B. Harrison, G. H. Slack, R. Thorpe, H. Whitehurst, J. H. Whittles, and G. Wildsmith.

Mr. Swift has been elected President of

the Literary and Scientific Society in place of Mr. Butler, who has resigned after his year of office.

Lectures were given last term by the following :—C. C. R. Reynolds, "From East to West by Sea (Calcutta—London)"; P. Simpson, M.A., O.D. (Lecturer in English at the University of Oxford), "The Acting of Shakespeare's Plays." And this term: The Rev. the Chaplain, "A Tramp Abroad."

Last term we had no fewer than three Captains of School. J. Barnes was called to his Cadet Unit on the second day of term, and M. Y. Townsend left us in December. E. H. Glaisby succeeded him for the last few weeks.

Considerable alterations have been made during the holidays in the College buildings. A room for the use of visitors has been constructed opposite the Sergeant's Lodge, on the site of what was once Classroom H. The old vestry has been transformed into another classroom, with its floor at the level of the cloisters. The steps between this and the Chapel have been removed bodily, making way for a vestry, lighted by a large gothic window, with which previous generations were familiar as a doorway. Another small vestry has been made adjoining the steps leading to the Organ Loft and the South Wing Dormitories. Finally, workmen are even now engaged in the dim recesses of the "Rat-hole" pulling down old walls in order to build new ones. This under world will, it is hoped, be transformed into bathrooms—a change which, whilst it may not make for mystery, will yet promote cleanliness.

The following amongst others left last term:—

Andrew, T. S. (Selwyn). — Prefect of Hall, 1st XV., Sergt. O.T.C.

Glaisby, E. H. (Selwyn).—Captain of School, December, 1916, Captain of Foot-

ball, Captain of Fives, Sergt. O.T.C.
 Jenkins, S. E. (Woodard).—2nd XV., Corporal O.T.C. Passed into Sandhurst.
 Keble, E. C. (Lowe).—Prefect of Chapel, Corporal O.T.C.
 Reynolds, C. C. R. (Meynell).— Prefect, 2nd XV. Indian Army Cadet.
 Sharp, G. E. (Meynell).—2nd XV.
 Townsend, M. Y. (Meynell).. -Captain of School, October, 1916; Sergeant O.T.C.

The following is the list of new boys this term :—

Berry, Reginald Louis-	Selwyn
Bowden, Cyril Salter	H.M.H. i.
Brayshay, Darrell Thomas.	Meynell
Cocks, Kenneth Neil	Prep.
Cowx, Tom Eaton	Shrewsbury
Crofts, Arthur Gardiner	Meynell
De Lattre, Alfred Denis	H.M.H. ii.
Henson, John Gordon	Shrewsbury
Hulme, Thomas	Meynell
Horner, Stephen Ellerton .	Woodard
Keble, Edward	Lowe
Kirkham, John Harper	Selwyn
Kirkham, Ralph William .	
Marshall, Cecil R.	H.M.H. iii.
Miners, Roland N.	H.M.H. ii.
O'Hara, Fred.	H.M.H. ii.
Pick, Maurice Edward	Selwyn
Place, Charles Edward	Lowe
Place, Thomas Henrici	
Quack, Reginald Emile	H.M.H. ii.
Quack, Brian Murray	
Richardson, Frank Herbert	Woodard
Scarratt, Hugo Ferryhough	Selwyn
Shirlaw, Herbert Eustace .	Woodard
Short, John Leslie .	Shrewsbury
Smith, Francis Dibb	
Stanton, Norman West	Meynell
Tomlinson, George Chris-	
topher	H.M.H. i.
Whitehurst, William	H.M.H. iii.
Wilson, Edward Mclvor .	
Munro, Allaster Ross	Prep.