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EDITORIAL.

LOOKING through back numbers of the *Denstonian*, one realises well and truly that Father Time is none so weak about the knees as the old cartoons in *Punch* would wish us to believe.

The last six years have wrought greater changes here than anyone but an O.D. can well realise. If an Old Boy, all unaware of any metamorphosis, were to attempt an unaided tour of the premises, he would meet with many surprises.

Having safely circumvented the Drill Hall and Music Schools, and having arrived, with a gasp of relief, at the Lodge, he would feel himself safe in heading for

the old Probs' Row and the well-remembered study. He might gasp, again, however, on meeting the serene gaze of *Mona Lisa* from the very spot on the wall where hung once the picture of a tattered Derby winner, familiar to many generations, albeit the work of an artist less renowned than Leonardo.

Turning in dismay from this sacrilege, he would stagger broken-hearted into Classroom H—the dear old "Horse Box"—to beat a stupefied retreat on finding it changed into an orderly, if somewhat chill, apartment, dignified by the name of The Visitors' Waiting Room.

To follow his agonised course any further would be painful; but when O.Ds. return they will at any rate owe it to us that they are not altogether unprepared.

THE JACKALS SPEAK.

Mesopotamia, Feb. 2, 1911

By G. E. Jackson, O.D.

*The sun is set : the four red rays
 Are fading in the western shy ;
 The bullock-carts have gone their ways,
 The silly mules have all passed by ;
 Still watchers o'er the desert gaze,
 Nor heed the jackals' cry.*

*The carts that spoil our sleep by day,
 The roaring carts, at last are still.
 Nor ox nor mule, nor yoke nor stay,
 They need, but drive us as they will;
 Allah, to whom the jackals pray,
 Pray let them sleep their fill.*

*That moon, that hangs above the grove
 Expectant, is the jackal's lamp ;
 Good is it o'er the waste to rove,
 And good to skirt the sleeping camp ;
 To them that find is treasure-trove—
 Hark, how the watch-dogs ramp !*

*Aldebaran is out to-night ;
 His dart, across the shadows flung,
 Fail not. How swift their starry flight !
 The pack is out, the night is young.
 Praise to the hunter in the height!
 Jllrothers, give tongue! Give tongue !*

ALONG A BEDOUIN CARAVAN TRACK.

By C. W. Townsend, O.D.

You will have read about the battle of Rafa and the twenty-six miles night march to attack the Turks. It was quite the best, though the toughest, fight we have had yet. The German and Turkish prisoners told us they were never so much surprised in their lives: they never believed we could go that distance and strike effectively. And it was, indeed, a case of charging there and then or *tnafiche* (finish), as they say in Arabic.

I think the hostile raiding Arabs were worse than the Turk—or even the German, really—digging up our dead to rob them, and trying the old game of getting our wounded, when possible, to finish them off for the loot. If they get wind of any action, they all herd in from miles around like vultures, and wait. They were actually taken at Rafawith freshly sharpened swords for killing the wounded. At Rafa I did not see any real vultures, but at Katia last Easter they arrived over camp the *day before* the action, and were literally thronging over the battle, where there wasn't a bird of any description before. It is wonderful what instinct they must have.

The Rafa battle finished soon after dusk; there was a desert march most of the previous night, and we attacked from 6 a.m. till 7 p.m. In fact, from beginning to end we were twenty-two hours in the saddle. But though the battle was over, there was of course a great deal of "clearing up"—bringing in prisoners, clearing up arms and equipment and rounding up Arabs. So we did not get off again until about 9.30 p. m.

The column (in different parties at different times) moved first to a big village called Sheikh Zowaiid, about 17 miles back west, along the inland caravan track from Rafa. It was a calm moonlight night, but very weird after the battle. Sheikh Zowaiid is a very picturesque village, full of tamarisk, cedar and palm. There is an old dome-shaped Sheikh's tomb there, and the houses a'e square, mud-brick, flat-topped huts, with patches of cultivation surrounded by high cactus hedges. The place is full of Bedouins, men of ninety wearing skins, wee mites driving herds of black goats, or thin, scraggy sheep with long, lopping ears. West of the village there is a long stretch of *Sabkhat* (salt lake—very shallow); along the edge of this, and between it and the sea, are high ranges of sand-dunes. Slender

palms, thinly dotted about, grow on the sand-dunes right down to the water's edge of the *Sabhkat*. It had an extraordinary effect by moonlight; all the long, slender palms reflected in the seemingly deep lake, which was quite blue with the moon on it. I shall never forget riding back through this village, half asleep, and the weird effect it had on one in the moonlight. For all the world it was like some chapter in the Bible, or some Eastern place of hundreds of years ago out of Edmund Dulac's or Kay Neilson's pictures: some Persian palace out of the *Arabian Nights*, or the *Rubaiyat*.

We watered here, a few horses at a time. When we arrived there were scores of Australians and New Zealanders waiting on their horses. I hardly knew that they were there till I got up to them, they were so still. The horses were standing like statues, absolutely still, their heads down: the men were too sleepy and dazed to think of getting off, fast asleep, their heads thrown forward over the pommel of the saddle and the horse's neck.

Weirdest of all, and what curiously enough affected us all in the same way, was "the things we saw," riding back from Sheikh Zowaiid to El Arish. We halted about three hours at Sheikh Zowaiid, off-saddled the horses, and had some food—the first I had touched since 3 a.m., before dawn, on the day of the battle, nearly 24 hours before.

We moved off from Sheikh Zowaiid about 2 a.m., and I went asleep on my little mare about six times. I kept waking up, and finding that she had taken me right away from our column, or probably into some other regiment's, and I would have a considerable job getting back to my place. I tried talking to the doctor as we rode along to try and keep awake; but first, in

the middle of a conversation, I would doze and begin talking rubbish, and making absurdly irrelevant answers to the doctor's questions; but then the doctor would do the same, and I would get my laugh back on him, if I was sufficiently awake. We rode along, sitting bolt upright, our eyes wide open, determined to keep awake; but I know that I went to sleep, although my eyes were open. Then it was that I had an extraordinary hallucination. (Next day we found out everybody had seen the same thing; but all alike were afraid to own up to it at first). We had long ranges of sand hills on our right, absolutely bare, but that night I saw huge Oriental cities of innumerable domes and minarets, with the moon and stars shining on them; great spangled masses of Persian palaces with dark olive-green cypresses intermingled with them; great tall bow-windows in towers, with long-haired Arabian princesses leaning out of them. . . . regular Edmund Dulac pictures all along the white sand hills. Some of us kept thinking we had come to our out-post line; but, in reality, we were miles away, and we never arrived at El Arish until 8 a.m. next morning, well after daylight. Also we kept seeing immense cemeteries in our line of march away in front, with scattered Arab tombs, and the next minute we found ourselves riding through those very tombs, which were non-existent. It is the most extraordinary sort of hallucination I have ever experienced, and the curious part of it was that we all experienced the same thing. We asked the doctor what it was, and he said it was a sort of *delirium tremens*, brought on by sleeplessness instead of drink.

There is nothing much to say about the battle itself, except that it was the longest continuous battle (13 hours—without a pause) anybody had ever been in. Our

brigade suffered rather heavier casualties than any other, as our job was to *bump the enemy in front*, whereas the Australians, New Zealanders, and Imperial Camel Corps all advanced from different directions on the enemy's flanks and rear. The cover was just as non-existent on all fronts. The curious range of rolling sand hills containing the central Turkish keep, and the series of almost impregnable redoubts, with long lines of trenches, first and second lines, with zig-zag communication trenches, was completely surrounded by a stretch, on our front two miles across, of bare flat heath, as flat as a billiard table or a lawn, and covered with scanty grass. On one flank there was a long absolute glacis up to two machine-guns, without even a blade of grass. One of our officers, whom everybody gave up, was shot between the eyes, and the bullet lodged under his brain at the back of his head. They got the bullet out of the back of the neck, and he is now up and about, as cheery as ever. His face is still a bit swollen, and he cannot open his mouth properly, otherwise he is all right. A machine-gun bullet tore my sword-sheath right down to the bottom, denting the sword, and went out through the edge of my boot, leaving the outer shell embedded, and fortunately only leaving a black bruise on my foot. We had a few casualties in horses, of which only half had to be shot or were killed outright. The rest are mostly right again. They recover very quickly from bullet wounds.

The best part of the battle from my point of view was the wonderful panorama. From our front, as there was no cover, we could see the whole affair. I shall *never, never* forget, at about 4 p.m.—when most of us were wondering when the final charge would come, and many were beginning to lose hope (and a retirement would have

been absolutely impossible),—when about 4 p.m. we suddenly saw the New Zealanders sweeping in waves over the top from the enemy's rear: then everyone simply roared and advanced, and the day was won.

A GREEK ISLET.

By M. H. Spicer, O.D.

You will be much surprised to receive this account—provided, of course, that Fritz, in his little sardinetin, doesn't sink it *en route*. They seem to have guessed at home pretty accurately where I am. I joined my ship at Malta and had a very pleasant and interesting trip overland to Taranto. We came through Paris, Mentone, Turin and Rome, and I had time to look round at each place. Rome I liked especially: I spent the greater part of a day in S. Peter's and the Museum of the Vatican, and should have liked to have spent a week. I don't remember ever having seen anything quite so beautiful before. That's all ancient history now, and lots of things which I may not tell you about have happened since then. I hadn't been very long in the ship before I was sent ashore in charge of a detachment of Marines. But you have read of it in the papers.

For the last two or three weeks I have been in command of a small island, with a cable station and a battery of guns, at the entrance to——. We are in charge of the booms, and illuminate them every night. I live in a little house with one room and a kitchen. On the whole, I have quite a good time. We get our stores from the ship, of course, and a picket-boat calls here three or four times a day. I have quite a number of callers nearly everyday, and this

is the only bit of ground where people can land for exercise. Sometimes my little hut is severely taxed to provide accommodation and drinks for them all; but those who can't find a chair sit on the "deck," and everyone usually brings some contribution towards the commissariat.

The weather on the whole is very nice, though this month is the worst of the winter. I had a splendid bathe this afternoon. There is a little ledge of rock a few minutes from my house—"Spicer's Folly" the Commander calls it (the house, I mean)—from which I can go straight into 12 feet of water, water so clear that you can easily see the bottom. The only thing one has to look out for is an octopus or sea urchins. The former is very unpleasant, as it has a nasty habit of dragging its prey down, and then putting him on a ledge of rock—sometimes quite high and dry—to mature. Beastly, I call it! Sea urchins are prickly gentlemen, that have to be dug out of you if you are so unfortunate as to stand, or sit down, upon them.

S. CHAD'S DAY.

March 2 (Chad's Day). Up by near 8 of the clock, and do not think that I was ever so late before. The talk all as to the sickness which is near Chad's College, and that none may enter the village, which I pray be not true, though I fear it is. Comes my uncle Tom, and we out with the others into the fields. I had on my new dormitory cap with the long tassel, which cost above three shillings, and was very content. But to see how all did look upon me, I now so full of it that I was in compleat joy of mind. We did find many playing with a ball, running up and down, all mighty innocently, so it was pretty to see. We then to Sir R. Wood's, where we did have a salmon to

dinner, with a pine-apple, a great cake of Tobler's, and some ginger beer, I all the while in great fear of my lord Devonport. We did sleep a little, but my uncle mighty troubled with snoring, so that I was fain to wake him, at which he was mad, but was presently merry again and did give me ten shillings, which was pretty handsome. Coming to the Lodge, I mightily put out by my lord Dawson, who did tell me of his not being set out for Rocester as I had hoped. We did make a great ringing, but for a long time no one come, so that we were in great expectation of being shut out all the day. But at last comes a boy to let us in, and I resolved to box his ears, at which the poor wretch mightily vexed and away again. In the evening to the King's House, where a silly empty play, *Our Boys*, with nothing of design in it nor any dancing, which did make me mad. But it was pretty well acted; and women in it, which I never did see at Chad's before, but found it mighty diverting. It is strange how all men do reflect upon Mr. Middlewick, and how hot it was, which I do impute to there being no room for anyone to come in, and afterwards all in disorder with shouting and clapping of hands. To the Royal Oake tavern with my uncle, and thence to bed, mighty content, but most that it is the first day of my new fine coloured cap.

WAR NEWS.

Since our last issue we have heard of the following distinctions gained by O.Ds. in the War:—

D.S.O.

Captain A. W. C. Richardson.

MILITARY CROSS.

Captain R. P. N. B. Bluett, R.A.M.C.
2nd Lieut. W. S. Baker, (for services in Mesopotamia).

MENTIONED IN DESPACHES.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Averill, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Meredith, Captain H. Arnfield.

W. M. N. Pollard writes :—" We crossed over here last Sunday morning and have been on the move ever since. In fact, since last Saturday week I have not slept in the same bed on two consecutive nights. We did about 40 or 50 miles in the train, and 17 on foot, and then 12 again to this place, over the most inconceivable roads, with 60 or 70 lbs. on our backs. Then to find no billets arranged for us! I carried on elaborate and vastly excited conversation in French with irate ladies. One took 20 minutes telling me she only had room for one *officier*. By dint of much argument and many *C'est la guerre's* she took in five. We have come to a rest here for a few days. I am not sure when I go to my platoon. We are well within sound of the guns, and listened last night to a real good 'strafe.' I hear the place we are going to is very quiet, so they are breaking us in gently. We are in a part of the line which has recently been taken over, and are the first into the Rest Camp after the French. We have been working hard since we came, cleaning the whole place up."

Captain R. P. N. B. Bluett, R.A.M.C., has been wounded,

W. Horsfield writes:—" I've been rather unsettled lately. I was transferred to a battery in another division, and when they found out at Divisional H.Q. that I'd been on a trench mortar course, they attached me to a T.M. Battery while one of the officers was on leave. When he was at home he got put on sick leave, so I'm now posted to the T.M. Battery. I like it in some respects. We had recently to go up the line for a 'strafe' by trench mortars. Once we sent about 16,000 lbs. of steel

and explosives on to 300 yards of trench. The question just now is how to keep warm. Last night I was writing home and told them they ought to adopt braziers there. My dug-out was so hot that I couldn't stand upright on account of the hot air near the ceiling. To-night, however, I only had damp wood, with the consequence that the room was as cold as ice, and one couldn't even sit down for smoke. One day last week I came into this dug-out when it was inhabited by another officer. There was a brazier burning, but even so there were several chunks of ice in a cup. I was informed by his servant that it was his soda-water bottle, which had frozen and cracked the bottle!"

C. W. Shelton is making progress towards recovery, but will have to have a finger on the left hand amputated. He is meanwhile hard at work as Chief Military Assistant to the Director of Recruiting for the 45th Area.

L. A. Cumin is now with the *Armee d'Orient*. He is one of our most regular correspondents—a fact which bears witness to the hold Denstone has upon all her sons. We are proud of none more than of the heroic soldiers of our Ally.

J. Evershed has been at the 8th Divisional School for some weeks.

G. F. Mason writes:—"We are just resting behind the line after a somewhat trying month in the trenches. Everyone is feeling in the best of spirits, especially as at last we seem to be making an impression on the Bosche. We have had one or two football matches out here, but no one seems to play Rugby, and the other seems so slow."

That most kind friend to O.Ds. in Egypt, Mrs. Roberts, writes :—" I have seen a lot of the O.Ds. lately. Captain Green often comes in, as do Captain Standish and W. J.

Crick, a Chaplain at Mustapha, Ramleb. I am expecting B. K. Bond from the Canal to-day. E. H. Robinson and Captain Barlow both write to me from somewhere near the Canal. Rimmer and Bleakley have gone home. Jack Warburton and Symes are still at the 15th General Hospital. Someone named Hart was here a few days, <ro—torpedoed. When the O.Ds. meet here you should *hear* them. All my photos, and books come out, and they can neither hear nor see anything else; it is all Denstone."

A recent copy of the *Bystander* had two pictures of M. H. Spicer, holding the English flag which was being saluted by the Greeks at the Zappeion, Athens.

E. L. Keyworth went all through the Gallipoli campaign, and was then for six months in Egypt.

O. A. Keyworth broke his arm when serving as a despatch rider in German East Africa, and was sent by steamer from Dar-es-Salam to Durban, thence by rail to hospital near Capetown.

G. W. Ashforth has been appointed an officer in the battalion in which he served as a private. "As a matter of fact, I came out of the ranks one day, and had to get into officer's uniform the same day." The Colonel had asked to keep him.

C. J. Gurnhill, after a year as C.F., has returned to his old curacy at Grantham. J. Gurnhill, who joined the R.Es. as a private, is now being trained as an officer. G. D. Gurnhill, who was with the Italian British Unit as an Ambulance driver, has returned home, after being taken ill in Rome. Fortunately he has now recovered.

J. W. Maughan has met a British Chaplain named Jones — an O.D. — at Dar-es-Salam.

B. J. 'Gedge and W. Cooper are both Chaplains with the Salonika Force. An

O.D. writes of them:—"Quite unexpectedly they met at Headquarters one evening, after an interval of a dozen years. Gedge was under orders to go by train at 4 a.m. next morning close up to the front. However, they arranged for Mass at 2 a.m., at which Gedge was the celebrant, and Wilberforce served him. Eight of the Sisters made their Communion. It was quite like the primitive days of the Church sending out her priest."

W. A. Gilling writes:—"So you have abandoned the Play for the duration of the war? It will, I hope, be revived in all its glory when the piping times of peace return once more. I think our Play—you don't mind my saying 'our,' do you?—must have instilled a great love of Shakespeare in my mind. Whilst knocking about the world I have seldom been without a 'Shakespeare' in my kit. He has whiled away many an hour—in Egyptian deserts; further south, in the Sudan, where the White Nile meets the Blue; amidst the grandeur of the Himalayas; on the sultry plains of Central Hindustan; on the pestilential swamps of the Sunderbunds; on the surf-beaten shores of Madras; in the Burmese jungle; on the North-West Frontier; in the Mohmund and Zakka Khel expedition days; on all manner of boats and ships; not to forget many now well-known places in France and Flanders. I think my favourite character in our Play was the world-renowned 'Steger' as either Sir Toby Belch or Falstaff, although I much enjoyed H. Lucas as Malvolio.

"What you must really do when the war is over is to have a monster parade of all O.Ds. who can be got together, before many of us sail away to the four corners of the earth again. Let old Dyke fall the parade in, as he did all of us at some time or another for 'Gym.' Let the whole

lot fall in together—Generals and Gunners, Colonels and Corporals, Padres and Privates—all, for the time being, simply O.Ds. What a picture it would be !"

P. E. Burrows writes:—"Our dug-out was so small, that, once inside, it was almost an impossibility to move. I don't think I have ever been so thoroughly uncomfortable before, but all the same we enjoyed it; somehow, the funny side of life seemed to strike us. We got out for two days' rest last night, and are at present in cellars—fairly warm and quite comfortable, if very cramped. I am Orderly Officer to-day, and my first job this morning was to issue rum."

R. W. Peel has joined the R.N.A.S.

L. B. Helder, who is a prisoner in Germany, is learning Russian. He is with a musical set of men and takes part in a number of concerts, but his music, when sent from England, was all returned by the Censor. The camp is a very good one, and the commander is a very fair and pleasant man, so the prisoners are in the main very well treated. Food, however, is so bad that they are absolutely dependent on food parcels.

B. Webb writes:—"Out here one does not notice the cold nearly as much as one would expect. For one thing, it is not as bad as in England, and for another the fact that one is always on the go prevents one from getting numbed. I have just had quite an interesting tour in the line, and look back to it with enjoyment. I dwelt 40 feet down an old well-shaft, at the bottom of which a very 'ban' dug-out was being constructed by the engineers—a mining company. It was very warm and cosy until they made a second entrance, which doubtless added to the safety, but most certainly increased the cold, of our home.

" We were in the grounds of a *chateau*, of which nothing remained but cellars.

However, one could roam about the 'grounds' quite comfortably (it was all shell-holes and broken trees), except when Fritz felt particularly active, and tried to catch you out with whizz bangs or heavier stuff. I had some posts to visit, two of which had to be done by night. This meant a most enjoyable walk—when once I got started. The ground was hard as iron, and covered with a mantle of snow. Overhead was a bright, starlight sky. We used to go straight across country, and when once we knew the way and had picked our landmarks all was plain sailing, and if the night does happen to be dark, Fritz is always ready to oblige with a light. We would arrive at the posts, have a chat with the gun-teams, hear reports, and then get back for a hot drink and a little sleep. What could be more healthy?

" I came across Lindop in the trenches just before Christmas: and, shopping in a certain town, I ran across Fillingham, who has made quite a name for himself in our theatrical world out here."

C. D. L. Turner writes from Wellington, India:—" We were all picked up after the torpedoing of the *City of Birmingham*, and taken to Alexandria. We spent a most enjoyable time there, despite the fact that very few cadets had saved anything. We were advanced some money, and amused ourselves with sight-seeing and buying outfit. We went to Suez by troop train at night, stopping in the morning at a big Australian horse camp. We went from Suez to Aden and Bombay by troop-ship, arriving here a few days after Christmas—which we spent in the train. Wellington is a fine place, and the climate is beautiful. We always hear jackals, howling at nights, and I have seen several snakes."

C. W. Townsend writes:—"Talking of aeroplanes, Fritz hardly misses a day; but

he doesn't bomb so much now because of reprisals—we drop five of them for every one he puts across us. Soon after Christmas a crowd came over and bombed us by moonlight, flying quite low. I don't care a bit for shell, whether shrapnel or H.E., because you always know more or less where it is coming, and can sometimes dodge it; with aeroplane bombs, you hear a whizzing through the air, but you don't know where they are going to drop, though you can see the machine is immediately over you. All you can do is to lie down and wait—and laugh afterwards. That moonlight raid did very little damage as we were so well dug in. Either it is a direct hit and you know no more about it, or else you are below the surface and so the pieces, that fly out for two or three hundred yards, miss you."

C. K. Hope has met J. N. Knight and Harrison at the Front and expects soon to be joined by Brooksbank. Hope went to France in the middle of February.

G. S. Fillingham wrote at the end of February:—"I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I have been in command of a company for a month now, but my reign will terminate soon for there is a captain returning from leave. But, at anyrate, I have commanded a company—and on front line work, too. My company has even taken quite an active part in several minor operations—all of which are just south or where the Bosche has withdrawn. Poor old Fritz!

"I'm glad I'm not in England now. I guess that poor chap who wrote the undying lines would be fed up if he were in England—*now!* The idea of a tuck-shopless Denstone is heart-rending; and meatless days! Truly this war is a terrible thing, isn't it? We out here, who are living in the lap of luxury, often think of the poor

Englanders who go meatless—and tuckless. As you know, we get meat *every day*. Isn't it disgraceful? Think of it—but stay, I hope I am not putting temptation in your way. Read further—the meat is bully-beef! But then, in speaking of our diet I must not forget biscuits. Biscuits! Ah! I could write essays on essays on biscuits. In fact, I think of writing a book with the title 'Biscuits: Their Habits and Customs.' What thoughts the very name conjures up!

"They tell me the war is still going on. It seems a ridiculous business, though, judging by the symptoms round here, I should think it is quite true. I'll be awfully glad to get the *Denstonian*, and if the rise in paper prices will raise its price, I think all O.Ds. will agree that it will be worth it."

G. E. Jackson writes from Mesopotamia:—"My chief enjoyments here are simply dawn and sunset, which are worth travelling 12,000 miles to see. The novelty of Arab life has worn off, though it is still very wonderful. I must say that the Arab, even if he is treacherous and fiendishly cruel, could give almost any Englishman a lesson in manners. We don't intend, any of us, to fall into his hands. But we can learn from him all the time.

"One thing that has surprised, not me, but most of us, is the flat way in which the non-military British public has turned down the German peace proposals. Not that we think peace is possible now."

A. J. Wood writes: "We are working at high pressure, but the work is considerably less dangerous than the ordinary trench warfare. The Germans have done everything possible to the roads to prevent our getting guns up. We are working on a huge barricade across the road, about 20 feet wide and 12 feet deep, covered—or rather plastered—with barbed wire. My hands have suffered rather from it, as we

have had to begin at night. About half-way down this barricade we dug up a cart. All cross roads have been blown up, leaving craters for us to fill in—some of them pretty huge.

Of Denstonians familiar to the present generation, J. Barnes, R. M. Williams, and A. W. Wilson all paid us visits before going to France.

We regret to hear that D. G. Wood has been very severely wounded.

WAR OBITUARY.

Further details have come to us of the death of *Richard Roy Lewer*. The letter of a brother officer, part of which we reproduce, shows that Lewer retained to the end that splendid courage and steadiness in emergency which characterized him throughout life, and which brought him so successfully through difficult, and sometimes dangerous, work in places as far apart as Upper Burmah, the Caucasus and the Rockies. He was one of the youngest Fellows ever elected to the Geological Society. Another officer speaks of "his care for his men, which made us all love him."

"On the 14th July my Brigade attacked, and captured High Wood; we dug in round the far edge and held it. High Wood is about 300 yards square, roughly, with pretty thick undergrowth. On the 18th, the 23rd Division attacked on the left of the wood and the 16th K.R.Rs. came through it. The whole Division had a bad time and got held up by M.Gs.

"The K. R.Rs. wounded were continually going back, and had a bad time going through the wood: I bandaged a lot of them myself, as we were simply sitting tight in our trenches. On the 16th at about

mid-day all the British troops withdrew from the wood and must have left a good many wounded behind, as it was hard to get stretchers up. I was hit on the evening of the 15th. Lewer was evidently hit a little time before they withdrew on the 16th.

"On the 20th he was brought into No. 36 Casualty Clearing Station and put into the bed opposite mine (later we were moved and I was next to him). He was very weak, of course, and asked for food but was quite cheery. We then exchanged experiences.

"When he was hit his orderly got him into a shell-hole, bandaged him up and put a rough splint on his leg. Then they withdrew and he couldn't be got away. His orderly had to go and left his water-bottle with him. He was in the shell-hole five days (16th to 20th) until we took the wood again.

"When the Germans came in they didn't take any notice of him, but he *told* them to give him some water, which they did, but no food. After the first day they wouldn't give him anything, and left him alone, except to call him names; so that he then had about bottles of water (his orderly's and his) left, which he spun out,

"His wound didn't trouble him very much, and he had morphia with him which he took periodically. This, of course, was a great relief and enabled him to sleep a certain amount. The worst thing of all, was, of course, when our guns shelled the wood, which was pretty often, and it is wonderful that he was not hit again. Then on the 20th he was found by our own people, much to everyone's surprise, and got back immediately. This is all he told me; he was asleep when I was moved so I couldn't say good-bye." Later, of course, he died of his wounds.

James Clarence Smalwood (Selwyn,

1900-1902) had settled in British Columbia, where he was married and had a farm ; but he volunteered and joined the Rocky Mountain Rangers. He came over with the Canadian troops, and went out to France last December. In the fighting at the end of February he was severely wounded, and died last S. Chad's Day.

Captain William Ferris Rudd was here in Lowe Dormitory, from May, 1898 until December, 1901. Soon after war began he enlisted in Kitchener's Army and received a commission in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in February, 1915. He became very valuable as musketry instructor. He went to France in August last when hard fighting was in progress, and his courage and coolness in danger made him again a valuable officer. Those who knew him best tell how his affection for Denstone remained an abiding possession, while his "straight life"—how often has that been said of Denstonians—was not less marked. On November 13th, he was charged with the duty of leading his company in an attack on Serre as far as the fourth line of German trenches. He is said to be the only officer who reached the desired objective, but only half his company survived. The promised supports failed to come up in time and they were consequently cut off. His fate for a long time was uncertain, but news has now come, through both the Berlin Red Cross and Geneva Red Cross, that he was killed.

ind Lieut. Peter Mason came (in Head's i.) in September, 1909. When he had been here a year his father died and his mother removed to Cambridge, where her brother was the late well-known President of S. John's College, so Peter was transferred to the Perse School. The promise he showed here was fulfilled, and he was at S. John's College when war broke out. He received a commission in the K.R.R.C. and was killed on February 17.

FOOTBALL.

TRENT COLLEGE.

On March 15th, the first and only match of the term was played. We won the toss, and the game opened with our team facing up hill. From the outset we had the situation well in hand, and Tobias scored a clean try in the first five minutes. Although tries were frequent they were by no means cheap, and much good play was witnessed in the outside division, led by Tobias. In spite of the nervousness of Pattison and his consequent dropping of passes, Shirlaw, Parker, and Walker all played extraordinarily well and Tobias was well up to his usual brilliant form. At half-time the score stood at 20—0 for us.

In the second half the Trent forwards tried to take charge of the ball and several brisk attacks were made on the home line, but these were broken up by our forwards (especially Fergusson) and Whitfield, the back, who proved to be an insurmountable obstacle on every occasion.

The main feature of the game was the striking tenacity of the Trent team, who, although eventually badly beaten (the final score being 67—0) hung on and played hard to the bitter end.

Team. — Whitfield ; Shirlaw, Parker, Pattison, Walker ; H. H. J. Davies, Tobias ; Collis, Austin, Fergusson, McDonald, J. T. Davies, Jeffries, Wood, Hassell.

The Little Side Football Shield was won by Meynell, after a hard match with Head's i.

CRITIQUE OF THE XV. 1916-17.

*E. H. Glaisby.** As a player he made considerable improvement this season, his defensive work being particularly good. As a captain he was in every way excellent.

Always very keen, he inspired the whole team with a like spirit.

*A. Beith.** A brilliant forward in every way, especially in the loose.

*A. G. Tobias.** Quite the shining light and main-stay of the outside division. Was inclined to be selfish—a fault which he seems now to have entirely eradicated. Very successful as captain during the latter part of the season.

*J. H. Auton.** A good all round scrum-half, always getting the ball away, and safe in defence.

*H. C. Collis.** Always a hard-working forward. Does more unseen work in the scrum than in the loose.

K. W. H. Austin." A remarkably good forward, always on the ball, and doing hard work both in scrum and loose. He used to full advantage a thorough knowledge of the game.

*D. J. Fergusson.** A very good forward who uses his weight and strength to full advantage. Good on the defensive and a good place kick.

*JR. Bassett** A forward who always did a great deal of useful work both in the scrum and outside it. A good dribbler who tackled well.

J. B. Winkler/'- A fast wing three-quarter who used his pace; he should learn to hand off. A very weak tackle.

*R. E. McDonald** A hard working forward both in scrum and loose. Good in defence but inclined to take no notice of his half at times.

*J. T. Davies.** A very good forward, continually on the ball. Very conspicuous in the loose. A little inclined to run back to get in his kick.

*T.S.Andrew.** Quite a good forward, but not brilliant. A trifle weak in defence.

*N. G. Whitfield** A thoroughly good and reliable back, his kick, though not

strong, always finding touch. The deficiency will be made good in time.

*J. J. N. Walker.** Very disappointing at the beginning of the season, but pulled himself together and remembered that a wing three-quarter should run.

*F. S. Parker.** Has turned out a very good inside three-quarter, knowing how to make openings, and very good on defence.

S. E. Jenkins.! A very promising inside three-quarter, but one who was, unfortunately, not here long enough to display his capabilities. Good tackle.

F. B. Jeffries. A promising forward, but one who should learn to keep his place in the field, and to let the ball out at the middle of the back row.

C. McCracken.f Might have been a good back with more practice in kicking. A good tackle.

C. C. R. Reynolds.^ Also played.

* Denotes 1st XV. Co'ours,

t Denotes 2nd XV. Colours.

W. G. Hall, M. Y. Townsend, N. H. Pattison, R. A. Muller, E. T. Shirlaw, J. E. T. Shirlaw, J. R. Hassell, J. F. Wood, and H. H. J. Davies, who did not obtain Colours, made occasional appearances in the team, but owing to the necessity of economising in paper we are unable to print detailed criticism of their performances.

The following have obtained 1st XV. Colours—F. S. Parker, N. G. Whitfield and J. J. N. Walker.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON, 1916-17.

The season has been sadly affected by the war, and only one match has been played since December. We have had a different team in almost every match, as our men have been continually called to their units. Yet, as far as results go, we

have had a most successful year, winning eight matches and losing only one, whilst we scored 296 points to our opponents' 34.

The first game was on October 7th, against a team of Cadet Officers. We played well, showing good combination between forwards and backs, and thoroughly deserved our victory. Next we met K.E.S., Birmingham, whom we defeated by twelve points to eight in a good match, following this up by an easy victory over Liverpool College in a very one-sided game. Our match against the Cadet Officers, Lichfield, was perhaps one of the best in the season. There was no score in the first half. Bassett, Beith and Fergusson showed great dash in dribbling, but we just lost the match. At Trent, though the score was 43—10 in our favour, we did not play with our usual dash. Tobias and Glaisby were perhaps our best men. We showed to greater advantage against New castle, when we won by 59—0, the goal-kicking of Tobias being consistently good throughout the game. It was, however, our game with the Reserve Brigade Artillery which was undoubtedly the most brilliant of the season. The team has seldom shown to greater advantage. The final score was 6—5 in our favour. Our last match was against Trent, and was won by 63 points to 0. Tobias played one of his best games.

O.D. NEWS.

Sir Bernard Hunter (1879), Secretary and Treasurer of the Bank of Madras, was a member of the Legislative Council of H.E. the Governor of Madras in 1910 and 1911, and was Chairman of the Madras Chamber of Commerce.

P. J. K. Law is Rector of All Saints, Huntsville, Ontario, amidst lovely scenery on the Mashota Lakes, and with a fine

church. He writes with much affection for Danstone, recalling amongst other things the Shakespearean Plays of his period in the school. He says that practically all eligible Churchmen have enlisted in his parish.

H. W. Smallwood is a master at Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School.

C. E. G. Turner has been Assistant Engineer in a large munition factory, but is now applying for a commission.

K. R. Evans has been married.

J. T. Gardner is Director of Messrs. Cashmore & Co., Bristol.

NOTES.

On the Sundays in Lent the Headmaster is giving some instructions on "The Church in the Creeds." The Rev. C. O. Andrews, O.D., has promised to give the Addresses on Good Friday. The last time he gave Good Friday Addresses was to natives in Central Africa.

Miss Moorsom again sent us the Mid-Lent Cakes this year, as she has done for so long. They were especially appreciated in present circumstances, and the fact that they had perforce to be plainer and without their usual adornments did not make them less welcome.

J. H. Auton left at half-term. He was a Prefect and had gained his 1st XV. Colours and 2nd XI. Colours. He was a Lance-Corporal in the O.T.C.

We beg to express our thanks for the letter of a correspondent, pointing out various slips in the last *Denstonian*. E. H. Glaisby was for three years in the 1st XI.; G. E. Sharp was awarded 2nd XL, not 2nd XV, Colours; T. S. Andrew was a Corporal in the O.T.C., and S. E. Jenkins a Lance-Corporal.

Mr. Robertson has been ordained Priest by the Bishop of Lichfield.

The Staff and the Prefects gave a representation of *Our Boys* on S. Chad's Day. The following took part:—Miss Fyldes, Miss Browning, Miss Pruden, Miss Wood, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Butler, Cowan, Jeffries and Larkhatn. Miss Haslam was the prompter. The acting of the ladies was particularly admired. Truly the war has its compensations !

The following were confirmed by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield on March 21:—L. Alker, C. Apperson, T. Atkinson, T. Backhouse, L. Berry, J. Booth, W. Booth, C. Bowden, F. Briddon, D. Brigbouse, H. Brownlow, J. Butler-Smith, James and John Carmichael. R. Casewell, J. Church, D. Clark, R. Clayton, J. Clegg, O. Coleman, F. Cowley, R. Cubitt, F. Chapman, E. Daish, T. Davies, M. DeLattre, R. Dixon, K. Dodds, L. Duckworth, A. Fairclough, J. Fleet, D. Garman, E. G;aham, T. Hales, V. Hall, J. Harger, A. Hargreavts, G. Henson, B. Hibbert, D. Hibbert, R. Hickson, E. Holden, G. Holloway, I. Howard, R. Hughes, E. Hulme, J. Hunter, E. Jackson, W. Jackson, T. Jenkins, P.I. Johnson, L. Johnson, R. Johnstone, A. Jones, B. Jones, B. Joyce, H. Keble, P. Kench, J. Kench, L. Knowles, G. Lloyd, H. Lomas, E. Mason, G. Mo daunt, W. Mulinder, H. Nevill, C. Nicholls, H. Oliver, E. Osborne, C. Place, T. Place, E. Pleasance, C. Peate, R. Quack. C. Reece, H. Rerrie, A. Rigby, P. Rimmer, C. Robinson, R. Roy, R. Scarratt, E. Shelly, S. Shelly, L. Short, K. Smailes, R. Smith, N. Stanton, D. Ste.vart, A. Summers, C. Tate. J. Tessdala, H. Thacker, R. Thomas, C. Thompson, J. Thompson, G. Thompstone, S. Thompstone, R. Tolfree, J. Tomlinson, F. Turney, G. Underwood, C. Venn, P. Walker, G. Wall. H. Whitehurst, W. Whitehurst, B. Whyte, S. Withers, C. Wood, K. Wood

We welcome Miss D. M. Wood and Miss M. E. H. Hall, who have taken the places of Mr. Taylor and Miss Davis on the Musical Staff.

Lowe won the cross country run. J. I. Boothroyd was first home.

The Senior Fives Matches resulted in Woodard winning, represented by Ferguson and Shirlaw; so Woodard keep the flag.

Head's i., represented by F. and G. Litter, won the Junior Fives trophy.

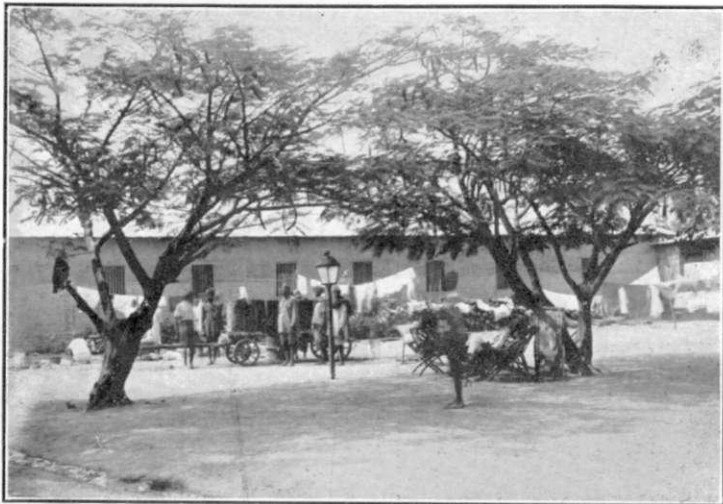
After a very close competition, in which some really good playing was heard, Head's i. succeeded in retaining the Music Trophy which they won last year.

Owing to insurmountable difficulties, therahas been very little L. & S.S. business this term, only two lectures being given—" Francis Xavter," by Mr. Edminson, and " Coal Mining," by E. C. Brewis.

Unfortunately the plans of Mr. W. B. Smith with regard to potato-planting on the spare ground near the Sanatorium have received a temporary check on account of the severe weather and other adverse circumstances.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries : — *Armidalian*, *Ardingly Annals*, *Birkonian*, *Bloxhaniist*, *Blue*, *Cadet*, *Felstedian*, *Framlinghamian*, *King Edward's School Magazine*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Lancing College Magazine*, *Liverpool College Magazine*, *Marlburian*, *Merchistonian*, *Olavian*, *Reptonian*, *St. Edward's School Magazine*, *S.S.M. Quarterly Paper*

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



In the War Prisoners' Camp, Tabora, German East Africa.