



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

**S**INCE the first week in June the senior platoons have been under canvas near the Drill Hall. The camp, which was run on military lines under Lieutenant J. L. Smith, revived memories of Mytchett—only there were no canteens to charge Army prices. By the time this appears in print we shall be back in our old quarters. There will be some who will be sorry—as, for example, those who indulged in cricket from 9 to 9.45 every night; but the majority will be glad to return to their respective dormitories and say good-bye to Mother Earth.

The First Eleven has not been as successful as it might have been, owing to the absence of certain of its members. For various reasons the School matches were cancelled, much to our disappointment.

Since the outbreak of the war much more interest has been taken in the Officers' Training Corps. Whereas in pre-war days we used to grumble at the one parade a week, we are now privileged to have two, as well as much other work. The General Inspection, which has always been regarded as the culminating point in O.T.C. work, is now past and over. It would be extremely hard to prophesy what kind of report we shall get, so it is advisable to wait and see.

Opportunity offered to help the neigh-

bouring farmers with the hay harvest. Many responded to the call for volunteers, being only too glad, in fact, to exchange the pen for the pitchfork. It is difficult to say which were more pleased—and surprised—the farmers or the boys. The weather has been of the best, and the additional labour has enabled full advantage to be taken of it.

It is hard to estimate to what extent the war has influenced us. The XV. and the XI. are no longer composed of the stalwarts of pre-war days. Boys who would normally be here may be found fighting on the various fronts. The old Staff, too, has largely ceased to exist.

The question of what will happen after the war had better be left for a future Editor, who will be able to determine with more exactitude when the war is going to end.

#### IN A PORTUGUESE HOSPITAL.

By H. M. Butler, O.D.

When Fielding set out for Lisbon in the *Queen of Portugal* it was to seek the health which he had lost beneath our northern skies. He did not recover; the malady was too far gone for that: but he could scarcely have hoped to find a resting-place in Lisbon more beautiful than that where his body lies beneath the palms and cypresses of the British cemetery. Adversity makes strange bed-fellows, and with a slight change of fortune the halting scribe of this paper might have lain not far from the master. A sudden illness, and an unexpected month in a sailors' hospital,—that, in brief, is the story.

I lived in a world of sounds, I could, indeed, watch the majestic cypresses which lifted and fell across the sapphire sky. The

tender young leaves of some climbing weed peeped in at the open window and offered me sisterly comfort. For the rest, there were the ants which came to steal my sugar, or hastened all day in furious indecision up and down the bare, plastered wall. It is a commonplace that the loss of one sense tends to make those remaining more acute. I soon began to map out the sightless day by the recurring sounds; each unusual cry gave to the hour something less of monotony. My earliest communication from an unseen world was the hooting of the returning fishing fleet at the mouth of the Tagus. The close of the day was marked by the playing of Last Post at the neighbouring barracks, a performance so execrable that it is hard to understand why the Portuguese army tolerates it. Yet it brought to me a breath of home. Probably the call was familiar enough a hundred years ago, when Wellington threw his triple girdle of defence round the rocky peninsula, and defied with his inexperienced levies the veterans of Massena and Soult. Not once nor twice have the Portuguese fought side by side with our own troops.

Other sounds became almost as familiar: the creaking of lazy ox-waggons, the cry of hawkers with their long-drawn praise of fish and fruit; and, by contrast, the blatant tones of a cheap phonograph in the officers' quarters, a hundred yards away in the Rua Estrella. Once a week, too, came a wrinkled washerwoman, who beat out wet clothes in the courtyard beneath my window—for your Portuguese laundry is a primitive concern of a fountain, cold water and the open air. And as she laboured so she sang, with the plaintive note of the aged, an unending chant, which rose and fell in sad monotony. The East was in the melody: and who knows whether the swarthy children of the desert learned it

first at their mother's knee in far-off Moorish tents; or if Tyrian slaves sang thus over their oars as they swept the earliest galley into the harbour of dead Carthage? Perhaps the old woman wore in her ears the Phoenician gold, whose inscriptions not even the Lisbon fisher-girls can read, though the trinkets have been handed down as heirlooms through countless generations.

Other songs I heard. Joy is in these southern lands. Lola stands at the door of some squalid hovel, and gives thanks with her sweet young voice for the sunlight and the rough, red wine. Even your coarse-grained Northerner loses somewhat of his grey reserve. I have heard a rich tenor voice singing through half-an-hour of a May afternoon, the *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and afterwards learnt with surprise that my happy songster of the inexpressibly sad was no black-browed stevedore, but a ship's painter from the fog-bound Mersey.

One or two episodes, however, stood quite apart from the ordinary routine of scent and sound. There came a day when the cool evening breeze, laden with eucalyptus, carried into the ward the strains of our national anthem. It was played in unfamiliar fashion, quickly and jauntily; I noticed, indeed, some embroidery of harmony which quite changed the character of what is at best not a very effective composition. I had sometimes heard a band playing in the distant Flora Gardens, but this was near at hand. The Republican anthem followed, and then my short concert drew to a close. Later, the circumstances were explained to me by kind Doctor Lewis, the English priest of S. George's. During the Boer War a number of Dutch soldiers escaped into Portuguese East Africa. They were brought to Lisbon, and there died

during internment. On this quiet afternoon, years afterwards, was unveiled the red granite cross which marks their resting-place. Truly, Death has something of surprise in him still, even though he comes at last to us all. Strange, is it not, that the rude Dutch farmer, sprung from the African veldt, should be gathered into such a granary? So they lie, awaiting the threshing-floor of God's judgment: stricken warrior of Busaco and Badajoz, exiled grazier from the distant Vaal, poor dropsical father of Tom Jones and Jonathan Wild.

I was also privileged to hear something of a Portuguese revolution. It is usually a protest against high prices and the feathering of nests by unpopular officers. Cavalry charge and clear the streets; then the bells on the trams clang once more, and the crowd goes on with its usual occupations. There is, of course, some inconvenience: roads are torn up and pipes are broken; ladies collect their friends, large trays and many cans, wherewith to catch the downward jets of untaxed water; the papers issue extra editions—and there the revolution ceases. On this particular occasion matters were a trifle more serious. For a long Sunday afternoon I listened to speeches and applause; at night there were a few revolver shots, and then the affair seemed to be at an end. The intrepid few, who dared to act by night as they had vowed by day that they would do, were easily captured, and were herded on to one of the fine vessels which make up the cruiser squadron of our southern friends. Their destination was to be Leixoes. However, on the Monday night I was roused by the bursting of shells, and the knowledge that civil war had been resumed. The bombardment was not of long duration, nor did I, helpless as I was, learn much of what

happened; but it appears that captors and captives had become friends ere the voyage up the coast had begun. I heard no more, but the papers were frothy with excitement next day, and there was the usual outcry against rates and monopolies. It was, I believe, an ill-managed royalist rising, which had the support of a regiment of supremely radical views, but one which was suffering from a feeling of neglect. To put the matter quite frankly, it had made less profit out of the Republic than it considered was justly due to its merits; hence its new-found enthusiasm for the Exile of Twickenham. A week later the sun shone after a few days of unusual storm, and peacefulness once more prevailed in the *pragas* by the Tagus.

The Revolution in which King Manuel was dethroned was, of course, an affair on a greater scale. The usual features appeared : the cavalry charges, the amateur regulation of the water-supply, the flinging of grand pianos from upper windows. But there were one or two incidents connected with the British cemetery which interested me more particularly, since I was able to see where they occurred. And this definitely takes me from my bed, across the cemented floor, and out into the little walled courtyard, where I was wrapped in Portuguese blankets and fed on Portuguese biscuits. The blankets were strawberry-coloured, and the biscuits were flavoured with soap ; but no matter.

Let me describe what I saw. The courtyard was almost inconceivably small, and surrounded by a high stone wall. But roses grew there, and a hundred weeds and flowers. In one corner was an out-house, with a roof of furrowed tiles, so low-pitched as to be almost flat. Behind me rose the tall houses of the Rua Saraiva da Carvalho, pink and green and yellow and maroon.

There was one, too, faced from eaves to basement with blue glazed tiles. The varied colour of the houses, together with the uniform roofs of red or orange, gives to Lisbon much of her charm. Yet when one sees her first, rising majestically from the water's edge into her seven hills, she is a city of ivory, set in the foliage of eucalyptus tree and palm. In another corner of the little enclosure was a well, and here it was that the clothes were slapped and beaten into whiteness. Opposite was a low doorway which led into the cemetery. The passage from the sick-bed to the final resting-place is here conveniently short; and even those of us who recovered were sent for recreation to wander amongst the tombs of the less fortunate.

Do not smile. The British cemetery at Lisbon is one of the world's most beautiful gardens. Palms from India, from Africa, from Australia, shelter its graves; flowers of delicate blue and heliotrope clamber over cross and pillar, nasturtiums grow like weeds ; and English birds sing among the cypresses the familiar songs of springtide in a Sussex hedgerow. In sheer interest, too, there is much to find in this distant acre of our England : here is the burial-place of Doddridge, the famous writer of hymns ; here one may trace the inscription on Fielding's tomb, *Luget Britannia gremio uou dari Fovere natum*. Of those who fell fighting in the Peninsula there are many memorials. Lisbon was not only Wellington's base; it was Galway's a century earlier. S. George's Parsonage, which adjoins the cemetery, was a hospital in the campaign agaii st Soul". How many dying men, in those days of barbarous amputation, must have found comfort in the thought that they would sleep at last beneath the quiet

cypresses upon which they had gazed so long!

Times change. Most of the names on the stones are unfamiliar now; but many are those of men who fought and suffered gladly for their own land, and for that amongst whose people they lie. Some, too, are of the Anglo-Portuguese families, merchants and shipping agents, who are proud enough of their English blood to seek a last resting-place beside author and soldier from the northern land.

And how was the Revolution connected with the cemetery? Ah, that is another story, and it cannot be told now.

### A LONG ROAD TO PRISON.

By C. O. Andrews, O.D.

We were a party of six men and seven women, living on our mission station at Masasi, about forty miles north of the southern border of German East Africa. On Shrove Tuesday, 1915, we received an order under "war law" to walk to Morogoro, the nearest station on the railway from Dar-es-Salam to Ujiji. We were told to prepare for a journey of twenty-five days. So we packed food for thirty days, and expected a walk of over three hundred miles. We had an escort of one German and two African soldiers, and about two hundred porters.

Most of the country we [tra.verf.ed](#) was forest, with no roads other than the native zig-zag paths; the population was very scanty, and we saw signs of European occupation only twice. On the earlier part of the journey we generally camped in villages, and found camping ground prepared for us, and a supply of water ready. Later, when in a less populated district, we

had to prepare the camp ourselves, and this was often a long job at the end of a day's march. We began by cutting down trees to make an open space large enough for our seven tents, and for kitchen and dining and luggage rooms. The trunks of the felled trees served as the pillars, and the small branches and long grass as the thatch, of a shed large enough for us to feed in, and to shelter our baggage at night. Large fires had to be made to keep beasts of prey from coming too close.

The day's march varied considerably, from ten to twenty-five miles; a short day meant that we arrived at a convenient village, a long one meant that we had to walk till we found a good supply of water. Fourteen Europeans and two hundred Africans cannot camp just when they want to, but must find a place where there is sufficient water. As a rule we were up early enough to have everything packed and breakfast over, ready to start at day-break; when we knew it was a short stage we had breakfast by daylight. Punctuality in rising was safeguarded by the awkwardness of not being out of one's tent before the order to pull up the pegs was given; dilatoriness over breakfast was punished by the porters carrying away the seats and tables. On some days we did not get another meal till three o'clock or later, so it was advisable to pocket a few biscuits at breakfast, and anything else that would last out the day's march in an eatable condition. On a long day we would arrive at our destination two or three hours before our porters, and if in a village would eagerly search for food. At times we were able to get a few cobs of maize, and short yellow cucumbers; sometimes we got water melons, most gratifying things on a thirsty day after a long walk, as they are like solid water with pips in it. As a rule we could

get very little food from the country, and depended almost altogether on what we carried with us. Our guard's rifle occasionally provided us with fresh meat, but he was a poor shot; and when possible he found it easier to commandeer chickens for us—at a wickedly low price : I have sometimes bought a fowl for three half-pence, but our German escort was not guilty of such extravagance as that.

The abundance of animal life was a constant source of interest. For some weeks we were in a district where we saw more signs of elephants than of human beings; for mile after mile the path was pitted with their huge footprints : but on only two or three days did we see the animals themselves. However accustomed one may be to their footmarks, the enormous bulk of the creatures comes as a surprise when a few amble across the path just in front, or when one is suddenly discovered resting a few yards to one side of the track. The African elephant is apt to be ferocious, and if found singly is generally dangerous, as he may have been turned out of the herd for unruly conduct, and he has no responsibility of looking after wives or children. One day we came upon a large herd of buffalo, and, as these beasts have a tendency to charge when annoyed, we watched them quietly till they moved off. Some mornings for hours at a time we walked through large herds of animals of many kinds. Zebra and roebuck seemed to be great friends, as we often saw them together in large numbers, forming a most effective contrast of form and colour. Sable antelope, bushbuck, hartebeest, gazelles were plentiful; eland, koodoo, wildebeest and waterbuck were seen only occasionally. Some of these graceful natives of the forest seemed to regard us with as much interest as we showed towards them ; often

a large herd came running close up to us on one side, wheeled away, crossed the path a little distance in front, and came close to us on the other side ; then ran on ahead and waited for us. We saw them in open spaces, among the trees, and in tall grass that hid them nearly up to their necks. They looked so peaceful and playful, so graceful and trustful, that it was a pleasure to know they were safe from guns. One morning a herd of some thirty wildebeest, one of the most interesting of all horned animals, picturesque with a touch of the grotesque, played about in front of us for some time, then made straight towards us at full pace as if intending to charge us, halted suddenly about twenty yards ahead, stared enquiringly for some moments; tossed their heads, and, with a whisk of their glossy black tails, galloped away among the trees.

Lions were sometimes very noisy at night, but kept out of our sight by day. One night when we camped near a river we had a great concert of roaring lions and snorting hippos. So close to our tents were the lions that our escort was alarmed to the extent of letting off his rifle three times. But a lion's roar is a vague target, and the only result was an increase of the noise. Of rhinoceros we saw nothing more than footprints.

Rivers form a very doubtful element in a country such as this; they may be absolutely unfordable, they may be perfectly dry. I have waded a river in the afternoon up to my shoulders, and at the same spot next morning found scarcely two inches of water. Till we reached the Rufiji the only formidable river we crossed was the Umbekuru. Orders had been sent in advance to have a bridge read], but when we arrived there in the middle of one morning we found that the piles had not

been driven in. But it was ready for us late the next morning, and it took a long time for the whole procession to cross it; it was built in three sections, and not more than one person was allowed to be on a section at a time. Fortunately for us there was not much rain during the first few weeks of our journey, and we were not much delayed by rivers.

Crossing the Rufiji was an elaborate operation, and took a whole day. The resources of the neighbourhood amounted to five large canoes, "dugouts," that is to say, tree trunks hollowed out. The largest of these could accommodate about ten passengers and as many burdens. We threaded narrow channels between islands of rushes, among which the scarlet and gold of weaver birds gleamed like jewels. Then we crossed a great expanse of open water, and in forty-five minutes from embarkation we reached the northern bank. As the previous day we had pitched camp in torrents of rain on muddy soil, we took advantage of the water and did some impromptu laundry work. There was no village here, but forest to the water's edge, so we chose a slightly elevated spot a few minutes distant from the bank—where the trees were small enough for us to cut down, where we felt safe from marauding crocodiles, where we seemed to be out of the way of the regular paths of hippopotamus—and made preparations for camp and lunch, with no need to economise in water. In the middle of lunch we hurried down to the bank to watch an elephant a little way off, rampaging about, and flapping his huge ears as if they were wings. In the afternoon we walked along hippo paths by the edge of the stream, seeking crocodiles unsuccessfully, but finding one part of the river swarming with hippopotamus; we saw fifteen at a time in quite a small space.

At night we heard them around our camp, but they did not penetrate the line of our fires.

In a few days we arrived at Kisakki, where the market place was put at our disposal. We had already been thirty days on the march, so we kept our escort busy in replenishing our supplies. As Morogoro was making enquiries about "that party of missionaries," our escort was in a hurry to finish the journey; so, when we told him that we would not move till he brought us the food we had demanded, things which had been "absolutely unprocurable" quickly made their appearance. We had to make a considerable detour eastward to get round the Uluguru mountains, and on these last days we passed through some very striking scenery. One morning we walked for hours along a path gradually ascending the side of a deep ravine, thick with palms and tall ferns; on other days we climbed up and down small steep bare hills, somewhat after the style of an old Italian landscape, with a constantly changing background of dark rugged mountains whose peaks were veiled in storm clouds. We had several wide shallow rivers to ford, and by a remarkable coincidence we were regularly told that "yesterday" two people had been carried off by crocodiles. We had no such mishap—a crocodile may safely indulge his hunger when only one or two people are about, while the commotion made by over two hundred will temper his appetite with discretion. Bush pigs were plentiful in these parts, and were often met in the early mornings, but they were shy with strangers, and quickly hid themselves in the grass.

On the fortieth day we arrived at Morogoro. Pedometers, cyclometers, and the judgment of our experienced walkers, agreed at a figure of about four hundred

miles for the journey. We had walked on thirty-two days, and rested and washed on eight. From that Maundy Thursday we were "prisoners of war."

### THE NEW GEORGIC.

By A. H. Cowan.

The seat of learning as a labour exchange is a somewhat startling transformation. At least, we thought so at first, but by now we have come to regard it as a very ordinary state of affairs. To tell the truth, most of us received the prospect of hay-making with unalloyed bliss, more especially as it promised temporary immunity from various duties. In place of such entertainments as physical and platoon drill, we imagined ourselves spending pleasurable days in the sweet-amelling hayfields, amusing ourselves by giving "At the halt, on the right, form Stack!" and similar commands. But the real thing was very much different. Raw hands crowded daily into the Chaplain's room, seeking work; twenty-four hours later the skilled labourer sat aloft, driving a triumphal chariot.

Picture a field whose expanse, to those working thereon, seems infinite; over it are scattered a number of heated specimens of humanity, busily engaged in scraping the surface with large combs. From time to time one of them desists from his labours, and, striking an "every-picture-tells-a-story" attitude, expresses his views on farming in general and hay-making in particular, in a few singularly well-chosen words. By the time the hay has been combed into long rows, and the perspiring labourers have congratulated themselves on having gained a period of rest, an empty cart puts in an appearance.

Now begins the real enjoyment of the day. The hay must be piled on the cart, and in the process we realise for the first time how truly great is the force of gravity. We take up huge masses of hay on the end of a pitchfork (which masses, we are told, constitute mere "forkfuls"), these we deposit on the cart, where they are disposed of by an individual (variously referred to as "Willum," "Bill," and "Yer") who converses in a tongue which might be Esperanto or Sanscrit, for it bears not the least resemblance to English. Ever and anon a small boy, Avho is resting the horse's head by holding its head up, pronounces the mystic words, "'Old yer!" whereat the cart moves forward some yards, closely followed by a heated hay-maker, who is frantically endeavouring to dissuade his last "forkful" from rolling off.

But now there appears the farmer, carrying on a tray two jugs, the sight of which lends energy to the exhausted labourers. One discovers why it is that the average farm-hand is so fond of beer. On such an occasion as the present the nectar of the gods is not to be compared even with cold tea. It makes one think that haymaking is after all quite an enjoyable pastime.

At last we repair to the stack. One hardly knows whether to like or dislike this part of the business. The one on the cart generally does his best to knock the others down with the hay he unloads. They stagger about, half-blinded with hay, and lacerate each other with their pitchforks. Some would be surprised to know, too, how interfering an article is the common thistle. Its thorns have a peculiar aptitude for discovering the most tender and sensitive portions of the back of one's neck. The cart once emptied, we remove the greater part of the stack from the "turn-ups" of our trousers, looking wist-



fully in the direction of the farmhouse, where are many shady and cool spots, and then resolutely turn our backs and set out once again for the field, there to go through the whole laborious process once more.

Curiously enough, in spite of all its many drawbacks, haymaking is very popular. But did not Touchstone come near to forsaking philosophy for the sheep-fold? We, who have assisted in docking the tail of a colt, are at any rate near enough to Corin to realise of the pastoral life that "in respect it is in the fields it is a good life, and in respect it is not in the court"—or shall we say the class-room?"—"it is tedious."

#### WAR NEWS.

B. K. Bond has been mentioned in despatches in connection with the Gaza operations.

A. J. Harrison has been severely wounded by gun-shot in both arms, but is now on the way to recovery. He recently led a most successful trench raid, inflicting heavy casualties, and returning with all his men to our own lines. His commanding officer speaks most highly of him.

B. S. Atkinson has been in heavy artillery fighting. On one occasion he found a number of picture post-cards in a German officer's dug-out, and "helped himself" to these and other souvenirs.

J. St. B. Atkinson is still at the Command Depot, Alnwick. Unfortunately, he will never regain the full use of his left arm. He was wounded last July.

A. Beith has been severely wounded,

C. Girling was wounded on May 21. He had just finished a machine-gun emplacement when the Germans began shelling, and he was struck in the back and chest. His commanding officer says that his work was "beyond all praise."

S. H. M. Larkam writes: "I met T. C. Keble while I was doing shopping in the B.E.F. canteen. Two nights ago I was having dinner at the only hotel in the town to which the French owners have returned to resume their pre-war occupation, when who should walk in but S. Pickford—you remember his playing 'Nerissa' in the *Merchant of Venice*? We spent the remainder of the evening together. Both of us look forward to a reunion at Denstone after the war. Pickford is in the R.F.C. and is attached to an Observation Balloon Section. The farm 'on' which we are staying—or rather, what is left of it—is underneath us; and our bivouacs are built of sand-bags, corrugated iron and other debris, on top of it. The tragedy of this country, as it strikes one just at present, is the scarcity of trees, owing to the Boches' devastation before their 'voluntary' (?) retirement. Except in the case of small woods here and there, there is scarcely a tree standing. You know how picturesque the average French road is, with its line of trees on each side; practically every such tree has been cut down and thrown across the road. Fruit trees, too, without exception, have been felled."

On another occasion Larkam wrote to say he travelled on the boat with A. Winkler, G. S. Fillingham and G. J. St. C. Harries, the last of whom remembered him, Thomas, and Gerald Reed as "quite small boys with Eton collars, and large smiles."

S. E. Jenkins writes cheerfully from Camberley: "I have nearly finished a gas course. I have been through chlorine already, and had rather a bad time of it as my helmet leaked; I then tested the properties of the gas that Mr. J. L. Smith tried to make me learn." He played for his company in Rugby, Hockey, Fives and Tennis.

An O.D. writes: "I have just come back from a very uninteresting service; after listening to the Archbishop of Canterbury preach, I wish I could hear some more of Father Murray's sermons."

A. J. Wood is still an Instructor at a Base Training Camp in France.

E. J. H. Brooksbank wrote in June to say that he was on a Lewis Gun Instructor's course.

C. K. Hope has been in hospital, ill.

P. W. A. Wood has met Walker and Embrey at Brighton, and has found C. Girling in hospital there. Wood enjoys his riding very much. R. E. McDonald, however, says that one is expected by R.F.A. instructors to be a "rough rider." The U.S.A. Commander-in-Chief and his Staff have visited the Cadet School, but McDonald does not seem to be impressed by the American uniforms.

H. D'A. Champney writes: "We are digging cable trenches. When I get down to examine the men's tasks I require a lusty corporal on each hand, and I come out like a bag of feathers."

C. S. Little is on the Gaza front.

Fortunately, G. V. Knight was not on H.M.S. *Vanguard* when she was blown up.

R. Bassett has been at the front in France for some time.

G. Barker writes happily from the R.N. College at Keyham: "The only thing which is at all like school work is Spherical Trigonometry, and I have no doubt that Mr. Tisdall will be able to tell you a great deal more about it than I can."

P. H. Sykes writes from Catterick: "The arm is undoubtedly very much better. I generally manage to accompany a few of the items in our programmes. I am really beginning to get a swelled head over our pierrot troupe. Last Thursday the Colonel

dragged the G.O.C. the Garrison, three Brigadiers and something over 100 officers down to see us. A very popular number is a glee which 'Hornby's' sang at the Music Competition in Jack Wood's year. I bless those good old days: the little experience gained at the music competitions and the plays has made all the difference I have a stage-carpenter, too, who would delight the Head's heart." Sykes is now attending several courses, in which he has to study electricity and chemistry.

R. H. F. Coleman saw F. B. Perkins shortly before he was killed. He has also met C. K. Hope and C. Venables.

N. D. Johnson is in training at West Mailing, Kent.

A. E. Barlow wrote in May: "The Bosche opposite is said to be sent down here for a rest from more harassing points, and he is quite a long way off. There are big woods here, now at their best. A huge hedge of red and white hawthorn runs through my trenches. In the Bosche lines there was a huge chateau this morning, quite untouched. Suddenly one shell hit it and the whole place vanished; there must have been an ammunition dump there. I am just going to have my morning tub—in a mess-tin. Water is awfully scarce: we have to rely on our rum ration for our water—which is rather a strange thing to say. I really mean to say that the rum-jars are the only things we have in which to carry up water here, so that the more rum we get the more water we get. The men grow more cheerful the worse the weather becomes. By 'cheerful' I mean that they sing the most mournful and sentimental songs they know. I hope to get to India within the next month or so."

A. W. Wilson has met A. Beith and H. E. Baness. He is now in the line, but wrote earlier to say that he had won at the

Guards M.G. Base a 'blindfold bottle race' —i.e. officer blindfolded, led by a sister among bottles. This was where I scored, obtaining first prize. She got a box of chocolates; the wretched male, as usual, got nothing. The other day, while alighting from a tram, I saw a full private, which proved to be 'Father' Foxwell. On Friday last I met an Australian who proved to be 'Pa' Mitchell."

G. S. C. Weigall wrote in May from a transport at Bombay: "We have arrived after a voyage which started in early February. We stayed no less than five weeks at Durban. We were sent into camp, and had a jolly good time. The people of Durban laid themselves out to be hospitable, and gave us tennis and cars. The surf bathing was good fun, and one had the additional stimulant of knowing that sharks were lying outside the cage bars. I got plenty of quite good cricket. After three weeks we were all fed up, and had spent a good deal of money. However, after two more weeks we came to Bombay. We have just been inspected by Major-General Knight, and some of us went to lunch and tea with him afterwards. The bazaar is a great place, and I go every day to haggle over silks in the native market."

J. Wallace writes from Vancouver: "I now hold the certificate of an Instructor in Bayonet Fighting and Physical Training. I am now in the Royal School of Instruction to qualify as a Sergeant."

An O.D. writes: "As I was walking from Otley to Ilkley I turned into a very small church in a tiny little village on the way. Of course, I was expecting mattins; but you can imagine my joy when I saw a server lighting candles and preparing a censer. Before the service began the Vicar asked for volunteers from the congregation for the tenor and base parts in the choir, as

he had only two men left. A corporal and myself told him we would do our best. It was a most lovely little service—just Merbecke and a few hymns—but the boys sang beautifully."

L. B. Fielder wrote cheerfully to P. H. Sykes at the end of May. He is still in the Harz, and says he is learning the double bass and the mandoline, and hopes to try the guitar.

R. M. Williams wrote in June: "I have been out here now over three months. My battery seems to be a circus one. We were in the Vimy and Messines shows. I have not met a single O.D. out here, I am sorry to say. We have two new subs, arriving to day; it will be quite like a blast of fresh air to us. I have struck a jolly nice lot of fellows, and our mess is quite a 'home from home.'"

H. C. C. Collis sees something of A. G. Tobias at Weedon. He writes: "Our horses are pure remounts; they are absolutely wild. It's not very nice going over jumps, arms folded, quit stirrups, on a horse that is liable to do anything from rearing and falling down on you to going down full length. I've been lucky, and haven't come off yet."

E. H. Glaisby was at Shoeburyness at the end of May.

E. C. Keble wrote early in June from Cambridge: "We are kept pretty busy here, and I hold the questionable honour of being Sports' Secretary to the Company, which means still more work. I have managed to get a place in the company cricket team. We are having a big 'stunt' on the 16th on the Gogs, the whole to be filmed by Pathe and sent round the country by the W.O. as an example of how it should be done! I am one of the Lewis gunners. I have seen quite a lot of Embrey up here, but he has gone to an

artillery cadet unit at Brighton now."

Mrs. Roberts has visited C. W. Townsend in hospital at Alexandria. He was severely wounded in the right hand, for the second time, and nearly lost his arm, but he is now on the way to recovery.

F. Standish, J. C. Warburton and R. WestSymes are still all working in hospitals in Alexandria.

J. J. Bianey has been wounded.

G. E. Jackson wrote in May: "What a fine thing a school magazine is in these days! The real *personal* record of the war must be contained in the school magazines much better than anywhere else, I fancy,—written as such things should be, without self-consciousness and without art. But it is a pity the British Tommy does not have a school magazine as well as the British officer; for I am still convinced that he has, if the more uncomfortable, at all events the more interesting, time of the two. And in his long spells of watching, he sees incomparably more of Nature as she should be seen. Day and night are miracles in Mesopotamia - one needs a few miracles to justify this country—and I found myself, only the other day, pitying a young chaplain, because he had never really seen them here. And I pitied him when I told him of how I had watched the Star of Bethlehem in the western sky last Christmas, which he had never setn. And yet, at a certain time of year, and in the country of Busra, it is still to be seen by the heathen Englishman of the twentieth century. Here we are, as Pope would say, languishing into summer. Mesopotamia is exactly as Harrison describes it, with an inverted, burning copper bowl on top of the dustbin. Being an imaginative creature, I never feel the glare of the sun without wanting to write a poem to Melcarth—Milton understood the old gods very well—

and I never hear the pigeons making love in the cool palm-groves by the river, but I want to write a poem to Ashtaroth. A little dose of fever laid me on my back for ten days; however, I am now back with the regiment, and my old friends the sand-flies are again happily devouring my carcase."

L. A. Cumin wrote in May from the Salonika front: "You will excuse me for having been such a long time without giving you my news; it isn't either indifference or forgetfulness, but owing to the incredible amount of work we have had. My brother is also here, but I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing him, although at one time he was within four kilometres of the country where I now am. I always see with pleasure the English successes on the French front. I suppose a good number of my old friends at Denstone are there. I believe my brother has met at Salonika someone from Denstone village."

The many friends of Mr. Merrick may have noticed with pleasure the following announcement in the *Gazette*: Second Lieut. (tem. Lieut.) Horace Merrick, Glouc. R.—He showed great coolness and bravery when in command of his company, and displayed great energy in organizing the whole position captured, having had to assume command of the other company meanwhile.

#### WAR OBITUARY.

We have received these particulars of the death of *B. H. Whitley*, reported in an earlier number:—

"As regards Mr. Whitley, you can assure his sister that he died instantly. I shall describe as well as I can the circumstances of his death. He and Mr. Tredgold were

in charge of a party sent to clear the Orchard, a corner of the village of Longueval which the Germans continued to hold after the capture of the village by the Ninth Division on the 14th July. The enemy were strongly established in the gardens at the back of the houses, and our bombing party attempted to work along through the wrecked buildings and bomb them out. Mr. Tredgold and Mr. Whitley, going in front, came to what had evidently been once a barn. There was a hole in the wall looking out into the gardens of the enemy. Mr. Tredgold raised the rifle he was carrying to fire through the hole at some of the enemy whom he could dimly make out—it was night, of course—and Mr. Whitley looked over his shoulder to watch the effect. In doing so he naturally exposed himself more than Tredgold, who was more or less protected by the wall. Almost immediately—before Tredgold had time to pull the trigger, I think—a rifle was fired from the other side at very close range, and the bullet struck poor Whitley between the neck and shoulder, and he fell dead on the spot. The German who fired was evidently close to the wall on the other side, for Tredgold himself told me his own face was scorched by the discharge from the rifle. Death must have been instantaneous. The bombing party went no further, and Tredgold brought Whitley's body back with him."

*2nd Lieutenant Laurence Bernard Forrest* was here from May, 1910, till July, 1914 (Woodard Dormitory), when he left to go into a bank. Like all the Forrests he was a clever boy and keenly public-spirited, so that he could not rest long in civilian life when war came. As soon as possible he enlisted in the Public Schools Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, and went to

France in November, 1915. Although he was so young he did very well, and presently was given a commission in the K.R.R. Corps. The rest of his history may be gathered from the letter which the Chaplain had to write in May last: "Dear Mr. Forrest,—It is with very real sorrow and sympathy that I write to you on the death in action of your son, Second-Lieut. L. B. Forrest. As I knew his brother so well I was also able to make friends as soon as he came to the Battalion, and like the rest of his brother officers had come to love and admire him for his splendid courage and power of leadership. You will have heard of his bravery on April 23rd, when he won the commendation of both the Divisional and Brigade Generals. It was one of the finest things done out here by any officer in his division, and we all hope it will bring the Military Cross at least. He led his men in the same fearless way on May 20. It was a hard and difficult task, but he never faltered, and was killed close to the enemy's lines. His life most probably was the price he paid for his determination to go on when others turned back. His record out here is a wonderful one for a lad of nineteen (I was in his dug-out up in the line on his last birthday); he had established himself as a first-class officer amongst his fellow-officers and the men of his Company. I do want you all to feel that we really share your sorrow as well as your natural pride in so gallant a son. May God grant him rest and peace, and to you all the truest consolation and strength.—Yours sincerely,

"I DUNCAN (Chaplain).

"P.S.—You will be glad to know that your boy made his last Communion on Ascension Day—a reminder of his present triumph."

It will be remembered that A. L. Forrest was killed last September: the second brother, O. F. Forrest, has been in France since last May and was wounded a year ago, but has rejoined his regiment.

*2nd Lieutenant Richard Evisou KimbeU* was in Woodard Dormitory from May, 1913, until April, 1915. His abilities procured him admission to Sandhurst, and he obtained a commission in the Hussars, for he was a good horseman and often rode to hounds at home even as a school boy. But he became attracted to the Flying Service, and there again he quickly showed proficiency and obtained his "wings" with ease. In France he did much good work, but on April 18 last he and three other officers of a squadron which had penetrated well over the German lines failed to return; one of the machines was seen by those who came back to be in flames. At first he was reported "missing," but now has been officially reported "killed in action."

*Lance Corporal Percy Hartland Powis* was here (Meynell Dormitory) from 1899 until 1901. He was in the South Staffs. Regiment, and had seen much service in France, during 2½ years. He was killed in the trenches on May 26, and was buried on Whitsun Day in a large cemetery there.

### CRICKET.

#### MR. AVERILL'S XI.

The one feature of the School batting was the display by Davies, who batted magnificently, going in first and being undefeated at the close. His innings included two 6's and ten 4's. The rest of the XI.—with the exception of Sutton, who enabled the last wicket to yield 70 odd runs—offered no resistance to the bowling of Pearce and

Hargreave, so that the innings closed for 109. Pearce bowled well, taking seven wickets for 70 runs.

The opposing XI. started badly, losing six wickets for 26. Messrs. Averill and Smith then took the score to 57 before being separated. The eighth wicket fell for an additional 15 runs, but the next two wickets fell cheaply, so that the total was only 81.

SCHOOL.		
J. T. Davies not out		88
F. B. Jeffries b Pearce		1
W. Hall, b Pearce		0
J. H. Tomlinson lbw Hargreave		2
J. Corbishley c Averill b Pearce		3
N. H. Pattison b Hargreave		0
N. G. Whitfield st Forrester b Pearce		0
J. H. Whittles, b Pearce		1
J. H. Vidler b Pearce		0
P. W. A. Wood c Greenstreet b Pearce		1
P. R. Sutton run out		12
Extras		1
		109

#### C. E. AVERILL, ESQ.'S XI.

Boden b Wood 2; Andrews lbw Corbishley 4; Fornster b Wood 8; Cadman b Corbishley 0; Green b Wood 10; Greenstreet b Corbishley 0; Smith b Pattison 6; Averill b Corbishley 28; Pearce not out 15; Hargreave c Wood b Tomlinson 0; Extras 8; Total 81.

#### S. I. E. EVERSLED, ESQ.'S XI.

Each side played twelve men, so runs were hard to get. We batted first, and soon had lost eight wickets for 28. A total collapse seemed likely, but on Whittles joining Pattison the situation improved, the ninth wicket falling for an addition of 30 runs to the score. The remaining two batsmen did not remain at the wickets long, and the innings closed for 70.

The visitors' batting opened to the bowling of Corbishley and Wood, and the score reached 24 before the first wicket fell in the latter's second over. After this the score gradually mounted, in spite of frequent changes in the bowling, so that their total reached 107. Of the seven bowlers

tried, Corbishley was the most successful, securing six wickets for 27.

COLLEGE.	
J. T. Davies b Powell	4
W. Hall c Richardson b Clegg	11
M. S. Waghorn b Powell	4
J. Corbishley c Wragg b Clegg	0
J. H. Tomlinson b Powell	0
K. H. Austin c King b Powell	1
N. H. Pattison b Wragg	15
N. G. Whitfield c King b Clegg	3
P. R. Sutton c and b Clegg	3
J. H. Whittles b Wragg	15
G. Hargreave not out	3
P. W. A. Wood c Evershed b Powell	8
Extras	3

70

S. H. EVERSHED, ESQ.'S, XI.

Newton c Tomlinson b Corbishley 1 ; S. H. Evershed b Corbishley 23; Gothard b Wood 9 ; Wragg b Pattison 24; Robinson c Waghorn b Corbishley 1 ; Redfern c Tomlinson b Whittles 9 ; Clegg c Austin b Corbishley 20; F. Evershed b Corbishley 5 ; Oakden run out 0 ; Richardson not out 5 ; King b Sutton 1 ; Powell b Corbishley 3 ; Extras 6 ; Total 107.

13TH BATT. TRAINING RESERVE.

Our opponents batted first, and opened their innings steadily. After the fall of the first wicket, runs came more quickly, and the batsmen settled down to vigorous cricket. After numerous changes in the bowling, the second wicket fell to Corbishley, with the score at 60. The next fell for an additional 30 ; it was the partnership for the fourth wicket, however, which yielded over 70 runs and made their position secure. The remainder of the side batted carelessly, and were all out for 185.

Our batting was distinctly disappointing. After losing three wickets for 28, Hall and Tomlinson doubled the score before being separated ; but the next three wickets fell without any addition to the score, and our innings closed for 79. On going in to bat a second time, we scored 147 for nine

wickets (J. T. Davies 33, Austin 40, Whitfield 34, not out).

131H BATTALION TRAINING RESERVE XI.

Captain Brenan b Corbishley 42; C. S. M. Marriot c Corbishley b Tomlinson 1 ; Captain Nixon b Sutton 66 ; Private Wilkinson run out 12 ; Captain Alcock c and b Corbishley 45 ; Lieutenant Currie c Tomlinson b Sutton 13 ; Private Mortimer c Austin b Leys 0 ; Sergeant Judge c Whitfield b Leys 0 ; Sergeant Harper b Corbishley 0 ; Sergeant Smith c Leys b Corbishley 0 ; Sergeant Lilley not out 0 ; Extras 6 ; Total 185.

COLLEGE.

J. Corbishley b Judge	1
W. Hall c Lilley b Currie	18
J. T. Davies c Alcock b Judge	8
M. S. Waghorn hit wicket b Harper	5
J. H. Tomlinson b Alcock	18
K. H. Austin b Currie	0
N. H. Pattison b Currie	0
N. G. Whitfield b Currie	0
J. H. Whittles run out	9
P. R. Sutton c Alcock b Mortimer	5
J. F. Leys not out	10
Extras	5

Total 79

M. A. BOLTON, ESQ.'S XI.

The visitors started by batting, and after the fall of the first wicket at 15, they found our bowling to their liking, especially Goodwin and Walker, who put on 84 for the third wicket. The innings was declared closed when four wickets were down for 198, leaving us an impossible task. Of the School bowlers, Pattison was the most successful, taking two wickets for 29.

We soon found the bowling of Swinson and Walker too good for us, and were all out for 93.

M. A. BOLTON, ESQ.'S XI.

Goodwin c Tomlinson b Pattison 66; Child c Corbishley b Whittles 7; Alcock b Leys 25; Walker not out 76 ; Johnson st Davies b Pattison 3 ; Swinson not out 12 ; extras 9 ; total (for 4 wickets) 198.

COLLEGE.

J. H. Whittles run out	3
W. Hall st Forrester b Walker	8

J. T. Davies st Fonester b Walker	i
M. S. Waghorn b Swinson	2
K. H. Austin b Walker	12
N. H. Pattison b Walker	14
J. H. Tomlinson b Swinson	12
J. Corbishley b Sivinson	15
N. G. Whitfield c Child b Swinson	5
P. K. Sutton b Walker	14
J. F. Leys not out	0
Extras	7

93

## C. E. AVERILL, ESQ.'S XI.

For once in a way we made a good start, J.T. Davies and Waghorn scoring 59 before the former was caught out. The next wicket fell for an addition of but 2 runs, but on Hobday joining Waghorn the score reached 89. The next two wickets yielded 13 and 24 respectively, while Pattison and H. H. J. Davies put on 27 for the sixth wicket. On Mr. Cadman then going on to bowl, the rate of scoring decreased, and two wickets fell in quick succession. Whittles and Whitfield, however, carried the score to 186, and at 4.45 p.m. Waghorn declared, leaving our opponents an hour and a half in which to get the runs.

The opposing batsman started badly, losing two wickets for 17, but Forrester and Mr. Cadman improved the situation by taking the score to 42 before the former was bowled by Austin. The next partnership yielded 55, and Mr. Cadman and Walker were undefeated when stumps were drawn, the score standing at 148.

## COLLEGE.

J. T. Davies c Colley b Child	28
M. S. Waghorn st Forrester b Colley	60
K. H. Austin b Walker	2
M. G. C. Hobday c Child b Walker	15
J. H. Tomlinson b Colley	5
N. H. Pattison run out	20
H. H. I. Davies lbw Cadman	25
W. Hall b Cadman	2
J. H. Whittles not out	10

N. G. Whitfield not out	11
Extras	8
Total (for eight wickets)	186*

J. Corbishley did not bat.

\* Innings declared closed.

## C. E. AVERILL, ESQ.'S XI.

Smith c Tomlinson b Whittles 0; Averill b Whittles 2; Forrester b Austin 27; Cadman not out 49; Colley b Pattison 31; Walker not out 31; extras 8; total (for four wickets) 148.

## S. H. EVERSHERD, ESQ.'S XI.

This match, played at Burton on Saturday, July 7th, resulted in an easy victory for the home team. Evershed won the toss, and, deciding to bat, took Gothard in with him. Runs came freely, in spite of frequent changes in the bowling, and the first wicket realised 145. The rest of the team, however, were not as successful, so that their total only reached 253.

The School batting was a dismal failure. We feel that the less said about it the better, as the bowling of Wragg and Clegg proved altogether too good for us.

## S. H. EVERSHERD, ESQ.'S XI.

Gothard st Fergusson b Austin 64; S. H. Evershed c Whitfield b Waghorn 81; Clegg c Corbishley b Waghorn 20; Wragg lbw Waghorn 0; Faulkner c Hobday b Austin 1; Smith c Pattison b Whittles 46; Robinson b Whittles 6; F. Evershed c H. H. Davies b Whittles 10; Matkin b Corbishley 0; Richardson b Whittles 0; King not out 12; extras 13; total, 253.

## COLLEGE.

D. J. Fergusson c Evershed b Clegg	3
M. S. Waghorn c Smith b Wragg	1
J. T. Davies c Gothard b Wragg	0
H. H. Davies c Robinson b Clegg	3
K. H. Austin b Wragg	1
N. G. Whitfield c King b Clegg	1
J. Corbishley not out	5
N. H. Pattison st Evershed b Clegg	0
M. G. C. Hobday b Wragg	7
J. H. Whittles b Clegg	0
J. F. Wood lbw Clegg	0
Extras	0

11



## O.D. NEWS.

C. J. J. T. Barton writes: " I have a somewhat limited civil staff. We have not eaten meat for ten days because a certain native will not sell cattle to us. We drink mud and eat grass. I have become the proud possessor of two goats and nine hens. ' The natives are very fine too—savage in the interior, and always inclined to be treacherous if not very carefully watched.' So the *Denstonian* of December, 1915—as a matter of fact, not truly of that especial part ; but the intense devotion they show is personal and to particular individuals.

" But here it is otherwise; like the mediaeval miller they ' care for no one, no, not they' and, I am very much afraid, no one cares for them. A hierarchy of priest chiefs at the head of a conglomeration of tribes of the same origin, yet different; fanatical, fratricides, parricides, thieves and robbers. A vast waterless desert, yet countless herds of camels and cattle, thorns and larva rocks, pitiless heat, and the hated, always hated, infidel. Clever, handsome, capable of the most extraordinary journeys of all peoples, constant only in one thing, inconstancy. Armed, clad in the Roman toga, wearing the short sword, carrying the large and long stabbing spear, and—so much for civilisation—the rifle, scouring the desert for water and grazing, murdering, mutilating and praying. Ignorant and fanatical Mohammedans, the most savage and civilised of Ham, a conflict with them is as between a lion and a swallow."

C. a B. Williams writes :—" The spirit moves me to write and tell you how I've been getting on during the last year or so. I was married nearly two years ago to ' Violet Clarence,' the pianist, and, apart from conubial bliss and so forth, she has helped

me very much in gaining any reputation as a composer that I possess, I also took my M.A. last year, and was invalided out of the Army, owing to chest trouble, with the honorary rank of Captain. I was content to ' rest' for five or six months, and then I got a job as critic on the *Musical Standard*. Since then I've written various screeds for that paper, *Musical Opinion*, the *Independent Musical Quarterly*, etc. In March of this year I got a very good job at the War Office, but had to chuck it a week ago on account of health again. I fear I shall have to go to Switzerland for the winter.

" As regards the rest of my musical activities of the last year, I've been lucky enough to have two Impromptus for the Pianoforte published by the Frederick Harris Company ; an Anthem by Weekes, and three contributions to the new *Tenor Tune Book* (Faith Press), which seems to be making a remarkable success in spite of my aforesaid contributions. The Independent Musical Club gave a concert of my works in their Hall last month."

F. C. de Beavais is now perpetual curate of Theale.

T. H. Briggs is married. He now lives at Bon Accord, Edmonton.

E. J. H. Sewell has passed the Second Professional Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

## NOTES.

W. Hall has gained his Fives Cap.

M. S. Waghorn attended the Royal Asiatic Society's presentation of prizes on June 12th and received the second prize for Essay from Sir John Hewitt, G.C.S.I., and late Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces.

Head's I. won the Junior Cricket Competition, beating Shrewsbury in the final.

At the end of June we organized, with the help of local friends of the School, what proved to be a very successful entertainment at Uttoxeter. The Tuck-shop funds defrayed all expenses, and we were thus able to hand over to the Ellastone V.A.D. Hospital as much as £27. We were favoured by the unseasonable weather, but it was surprising to find the Town Hall packed from end to end. Those who took part either on or behind the stage—and some stalwarts combined the two—were the Headmaster, Miss Haslatn, Miss Pruden, Miss Browning, Miss Wood, Miss Fyldes, Mr. Wood, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Green, Mr. Butler and A. H. Cowan. The plays presented were *Our Boys* and *Collaborators*.

The following have left for their respective Cadet Units :—

R. E. McDonald (Shrewsbury), Prefect of Hall, 1st XV. Colours 1916, Sergeant O.T.C.,

F. S. Parker (H.M.H. ii.), Prefect, 1st XV. Colours 1917.

P. W. A. Wood (H.M.H. ii.), Prefect of Hall, 2nd XI. Colours 1916, Sergeant O.T.C.

J. Cornes (Shrewsbury), Prefect, Corporal O.T.C.

R. W. Larkam, H.M.H. ii. (Prefect).

The School Officers, Prefect of Hall and Prefect of Chapel, have had to be replaced two or three times this term owing to the demands of the War Office. The present Prefect of Hall is K. W. H. Austin, and the Prefect of Chapel is H. L. Pearce.

The following O.T.C. promotions are posted :—Corporals Cowan, Pearce, Jeffries and Austin to be Sergeants ; Lance-Corpls. Whitfield, Cornes and Podmore to be Corporals; Privates Jones Parry, J. T. Davies, Ainger, E. A. Champney, Vidler, Cadman and Price to be Lance-Corporals.

We have supplied much help to local farmers during the hay harvest, having assisted at about seventy farms.

During a large part of the term the senior platoons were encamped near the Drill Hall. The experience was useful and in many ways delightful. It also provided much innocent amusement to a certain foal, which made several attempts to investigate the tents, particularly during the night.

On Thursday, June 28th, we were inspected by Major A. E. Palmer, of the 5th Batt. Training Reserve.

The following have recently obtained certificates for commercial subjects:—Gregg Shorthand, J. M. Shaw, R. E. Smith, and W. P. Walker; Book-keeping, H. R. Cadman, H. G. Cross, C. Darby (honours), H. H. J. Davies (honours), G. Hargreave (honours), P. Lloyd, F. S. Parker, J. E. D. Roberts, R. E. Smith, G. H. Spicer, and J. H. Whittles; Commercial Handwriting and Correspondence, S. B. Harrison.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*Lancing College Magazine*, *St. Edward's School Chronicle*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Marlburian*, *Reptonian*, *Birkonian*, *Merchistonian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*.

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

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