

T H E

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Edited by A. I. COWAN and H. P. RERRIE,

DENSTONE COLLEGE

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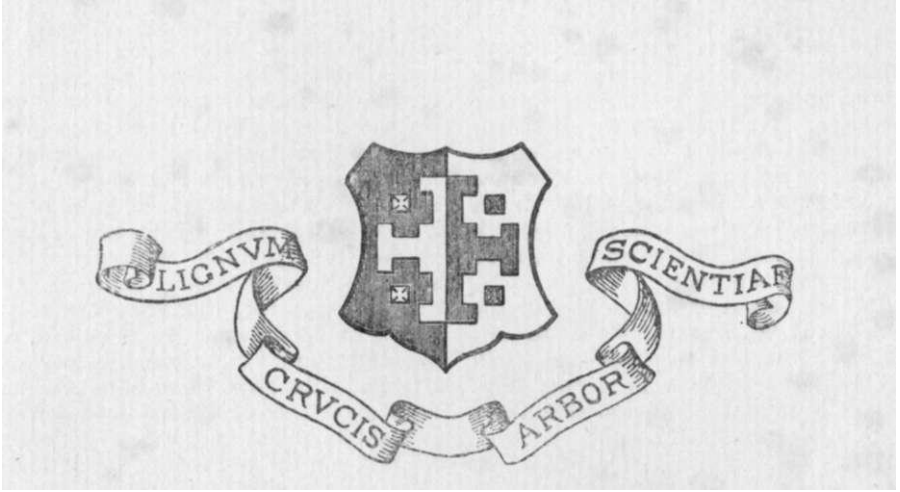
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The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

LOOKING back over the history of Denstone one realizes to what extent the school has changed. It is not a very original topic—in fact, it is the subject of most Editorials—but it is so much more striking in war-time. We who are here all the time hardly notice the changes, for they are made one at a time and we have a chance of becoming used to each before another comes. But O.Ds. returning to visit the school are always immensely struck by the difference. To quote the words of another editor of happy memory. "Father Time is none so weak about the knees as the old cartoons in

Punch would have us believe." Since his time we have progressed still further—the "horse-box" and the old vestry are memories of the dim past, and we hardly realise that there was once a time when the Visitors' Room did not exist, and yet it is only a year since a different order ruled.

But there are more drastic alterations still. Does not the old song run, "Fetch me two jam slabs from Monday?" The U boat has changed all that. Every day has its own culinary surprise; no longer can we anticipate the day's dinner to a nicety. We dally with lentils and toy with the succulent bean. Meat, though we have it five days a week, is something to look forward to in Denstone, as it is everywhere

else. But here we have the added zest of watching the next week's dinner snouting for acorns, and digging for truffles on the cricket-pitch. No longer do we curse our porcine neighbours when they are too much with us, as we did in earlier days when we set out down the Alton path. Other times, other manners. We treat the pig now with respect, and humour him when he burrows on the Square like a mole.

It is not our intention to describe all the changes, but O.Ds. who come over to visit us will none the less be struck, and will wonder that the kitchen of earlier days could have been of the opinion that there was nothing new under the sun.

CURFEW.

(Dedicated to an Enemy Airman.)

By A. H. Cowan.

The shades of night have all fallen with some vigour. Inside and outside, the School is pitch dark. The few lights, which a short time ago served to accentuate the gloom of cloisters, have given up their futile struggle in disgust. The Row, earlier in the evening, looked to an observer in cloisters like a miniature inferno complete with presiding demons, but now it is quite indistinguishable from its surroundings.

A belated mortal, hurrying to get up to dormitory, discovers painfully that someone has left a bucket on the landing, and comments loudly on the fact as he continues on his way. Up in dormitory, he proceeds in the direction of his bed. Now it is a curious thing that has never been explained, how the beds of a dormitory, when one is steering a perfectly straight course between them, will take a malicious delight in coming out of their places unostentatiously, so that one may trip over them."

Our friend makes this observation—or

rather he has it thrust upon him—several times before he reaches his bed. Then for a while there is quietness, save for an occasional remark which he makes under his breath as the bed persists in playing a most annoying and one-sided game of hide-and seek. Once undressed, he indulges in a few Highland gymnastic exercises, vigorously "jumping with arms raising sideways," after which he finds, to his utter amazement, that the dormitory has swung completely round. His bed, which should be on his right hand, is now on his left, and if he steps forward he reaches the fireplace instead of the middle of dormitory. He walks round in circles trying to find his bed, but the bed scores, for it finds his shin, and the silence is broken by the voice of one in pain. However, he climbs into bed and composes himself to sleep.

For a while silence reigns. Then, out of the darkness, there comes a sound. Some one is sitting up in bed and beseeching the beans to extend to fifty lines. This is somewhat startling, until one realises that he is asleep, and is merely living the day over again in his dreams; he subsides, and then someone else begins a solo on the nasal organ. The performer sleeps on, in blissful ignorance of the fact that a white form is silently feeling its way through the blackness towards him. Suddenly there is such a thud as a pillow might make on coming into violent contact with some body, and the performance ceases with a gurgle. A querulous voice declares that its owner was awake all the time, and has never snored in his life, while another voice—that of the person who introduced such a novel stop into the organ selection—bids him to abstain from further efforts to entertain the assembly.

There is the sound of one person turning sadly over on to his side with a sigh of resignation, and of the footsteps of another,

who returns to his bed with the comfortable consciousness of duty well done.

Then again there is silence, as deep and profound as the darkness, save for the sound of breathing. The activities of the day are at an end. The School sleeps.

IN THE STEPS OF GIOVANNI
ACUTO.

By G. B. Fyldes, O.D.

(Giovanni Acuto was the Italian form of the name of John Hawkwood, the famous English leader of the White Company.)

I have been asked to write a few lines about Italy. The reason for this request is that I am one of those Englishmen who have been sent to assist our allies to wrest from their hereditary foe that province of Venezia which has so recently been almost over-run. We hope, in addition to this, to secure for its rightful owners the longed-for *Italia Irredenta* and so complete the work to a great extent begun and carried through by that great Italian patriot and lover of England, Garibaldi. Here I may mention that not long since we were in the line almost next to a brigade of *Alpini* commanded by one of Garibaldi's sons. And, in order to give some idea of the difficulties that have to be overcome in the mountain fighting, his statement that, for every man he had in the trenches, five others were required to feed him, will bear repeating.

The news that we were destined for Italy came to us when we were resting near St. Omer after some very hard fighting round Passchendaele. At first it was only an unbelieving rumour, but it gradually gained general credence, and it finally had official confirmation. Then all was hurry and scurry. Officers and men had to be fitted out with as warm clothing as possible,

while baggage and stores had to be reduced to a minimum. Ultimately all was ready down to the "last gaiter-button," and then we had a day or two's respite in which to think things over.

Most of us, I believe, were glad to go. We had seen some very hard fighting in France and were thankful to think of a change, and the chance of leaving for ever trenches and their kindred horrors, and substituting open warfare—though this hope, I regret to say, has not been realized. There were of course drawbacks: not the least of these was the probability that leave would be hard to secure. Now, I am glad to say, we have a regular allotment. Then, too, there was the cold; but all of us had had enough of last autumn in Flanders—and some of us had been there in 1916 and even 1915. We came to the conclusion, therefore, that the weather could not be much worse. We have, I am afraid, found it colder than we expected, but we comfort ourselves with the thought that the Austrians are worse off than we are. Finally, there was the prospect of only arriving in time to participate in a *debacle*. We soon, however, put this thought aside, and remembered instead how well the Italians fought in the earlier part of the war, concluding that they would be able to stem the rush of the invaders.

Eventually the day appointed for our departure was reached. We entrained at a little wayside station, and, despite the reluctance of some horses and mules to enter their strange stables, we steamed out punctual to the minute, amid our own cheers and songs. Amongst the latter the *Marseillaise* made, for us, its farewell appearance.

The journey was one that I, at any rate, shall long remember—not only because it severed our connexion with that country for which we had fought so long, and, on

the whole, so successfully ; but also because of the wonderful scenery through which we passed all too quickly, and by reason of the many interesting towns and villages in which we sometimes lounged for an hour or two.

During the first night we passed through Arras and Amiens over the re-laid line between those two towns. This railway seemed to be a monument to us, and a reward for our hard fighting on the Somme in 1916, which made the relaying possible. Paris was reached early in the morning, but we only traversed the suburbs, and therefore saw nothing of its glories. From there we went on and on through the sunny plains of France, through Dijon and Lyons—where I thought fondly of Denstone, remembering a performance of *The Lyons Mail*—and then down the wonderful valleys of the Saone and Rhone, than which I never want to see anything more beautiful. There were low hills and high peaks, the broad and placid river, and torrents rushing down into it from deep gorges amongst the heights. There were vast stretches of woodland, clothed in all the stages of green and gold and brown. There were villages perched on seemingly inaccessible crags, and others nestling in sun-lit valleys. My powers of description, however, can never do justice to the scene, and so I will reluctantly pass on.

Avignon, in so far as it was once the dwelling place of Popes, seemed to be an outpost of Italy; unfortunately, however, we passed through it during the dark and could only imagine what its beauties were. We reached Marseilles as the day was breaking, and for the first time knew what wonderful colours the sun and the Mediterranean can make between them. Then followed a day spent gloriously in traversing that well named "*Cote d'Azur*," Toulon and Ftejus, so reminiscent of Napoleon,

and therefore so incongruous now, were left behind ; and as the evening advanced we went on through Nice, Cannes and Mentone, where we were greeted uproariously by Italians, French, Americans and English. We stopped at each place only for a few minutes, but even for so short a time it was very pleasant to hear English voices again. They gave us visions of leave and of all that we should have to tell of that wonderful country whose border we were about to cross.

The next morning we awoke to find ourselves in Italy, Savona. Here we were greeted with flowers, fruit, wine and picture post-cards. This greeting was repeated at all stations, and it finally culminated in the very hearty reception given to us at Genoa. While waiting here some of us wondered if we should be in time to save her sister city of Venice. With our minds thus carried back to mediseval times, we could not but wonder at the vast changes that had taken place here. We had seen nothing of broad and handsome streets, gay with gaudy colours, nor of fetes and busy markets, but only miles of grim and noisy ship-building yards and munition factories, filling the air with smoke, and reminding others of long left homes amid the coal mines of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire.

From Genoa we turned inland, and slowly mounted to the plains of Lombardy. By evening we had reached Piacenza, now full of determined Italians instead of only the jealous adherents of the Duke of that city and the twin duchy of Parma, once conspicuous by their anti-nationalism.

The next morning we reached our journey's end—Mantua—after seven days' travelling. We detrained at a small station, a few miles outside the town, and then marched through it to the village in which we were to be billeted for a few days.

The morning was a beautiful one, and

thus enhanced the favourableness of the impressions we gained on the march. Picturesqueness was the chief note. One of the first sights we saw was a heavily-laden wagon being slowly drawn by a team of cream-coloured oxen, whose only attendant was a young boy. At the sight of us he cracked his huge whip with all his father's skill, and whistling a shrill air which showed up his red lips against the dark background of his face, he tried to pass us with an expression of responsibility and aloofness. The *Soldati Anglice* and their strange band were, however, too much for him: the cart was stopped and the oxen left browsing by the wayside, while their master cheerily followed us, with other kindred spirits, for a mile or two. He then quietly returned to his work with, perhaps, as I thought, his first realisation of what Patriotism meant. Old men and old women came running out of their cottages to cheer us on our way as we went by; thankful that we had arrived, but grieving for the necessity of our coming. At length we reached the town by passing over an ancient bridge, with houses on either side and above, and then through a dim gateway. Here we were met by an enthusiastic crowd which kept with us as we went on through the town, strewing our way with flowers. That day we saw only the modern part of the town. A few days later we marched through it again on our way north. Then we went through the old town by way of narrow streets with high overhanging houses. It needed then very little mental effort to imagine oneself a squire in armour going forth to some tourney, or to win one's spurs in some honest fight. The flower-throwing girls in the upper windows also took on a different aspect, and became in one's imagination high-capped damsels, flinging down favours to their chosen ones.

Before leaving the town, we passed the palace of the Duke of Mantua. It is a tall building with balconied windows and frescoed walls—but we had no time to look at it closely, and passed over a bridge built long ago, with defences against the many marauders of that day.

Such was the beginning of our march of 140 *chilos*, which was to occupy the next seven days. Our way lay over a vast plain, stretching away to the south until out of our sight, but bounded on the north by the towering mountains which were our goal, and which in the wonderful atmosphere looked so near. The country was, for the most part, covered with vineyards, but here and there we saw a plough drawn by those oxen to which we later became so accustomed. There were many villages and towns in this fertile country, which is fed by delightful streams; while on both sides of the road were little canals of crystal-clear water. A most charming sight it is to see about a dozen women dressed in bright colours, with a form of mantilla on their heads, kneeling in the bright sunlight by the side of the stream, washing seemingly milk-white sheets, and filling the air with sparkling drops of water, and their cheerful chattering and laughter.

After one has become more or less used to the wonderful picturesqueness, colour is, I think, the prevailing note in this dreamland country, which must surely once have been peopled by sun-worshippers. Each night we found a resting place in scattered farms, where the inhabitants could not do too much for us. Nearly all these farms have sacred frescoes on the outside. Most of them, it is true, are very rudely painted, but they are, none the less, very dear in the eyes of these simple people. Here and there we passed roadside shrines, but not so many as we should have done in

France. A new sight to me, however, was one of these shrines at night, lit by its little lamp, which twinkled out afar, an easily read message to any who would read.

On the evening of the seventh day we came to our journey's end in a little village, a short march from the line. Here we rested for a few days while some of us went to see the trenches and arrange how to take them over from the Italians. We were treated most courteously by them, but were rather disconcerted to find that they only had two meals a day! The handing over of the trenches was carried out uneventfully a few nights later, and the morning after the relief discovered the British soldier looking across that river Piave he had marched so far and so fast to reach in time—looking to the land to be won back.

*Surely a field to claim
Steadfast endeavour !
Where one might win a name
Sounding for ever.*

LEAVES FROM AN EASTERN
NOTEBOOK.

By A. W. Huskinson.

III.

It is All Saints' Day, and I am thinking of you all at Denstone—picturing your whole holiday, with the chapel services and country excursions; but just for this one day I do not envy you, for I also am on a pleasure trip. All this week we have been forging our way up the Tigris on a paddle-steamer, with barges on either side of us, and all our guns, gun-stores, and personnel aboard. Although crowded, we are making ourselves comfortable, and enjoying the trip through these parts rich in historical memories, ancient and modern.

Last night we lay at Kut, with the town

on our right in its bend in the river, and the open desert, with its little mounds and crosses, on our left. The chief engineer on board was telling us of the various attempts made to relieve the town—in which he took part—and was pointing out the various places of interest. It was a gruesome tale in parts, and became more so as we caught sight of the jackals still prowling round, and the vultures swooping overhead. We passed the famous liquorice factory early this morning; it is now just a collection of broken-down mud walls and quite in keeping with the desert beyond. Townshend's house on the river front, and the ruined bridge, were other points of interest.

The mud deposits in mid-stream are all planted now with green stuff, and one little clump of water-melons the skipper pointed out to me as having been planted only six weeks before—now fine ripe fruit.

Lower down the river we passed Ezra's tomb, and also the reputed site of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The country, apart from its historical associations, is most uninteresting. The river is enough to break the heart of any navigator, and it is a slow job covering the five hundred miles from Basrah to Baghdad. Lower down, we rounded the corners by just bumping into the bank and bouncing off again!

One passes occasional Arab villages on the banks. They consist of reed huts, humanity, cows, goats, and sheep, and generally one large mud-walled area—probably for the whole encampment to get into for defence. The Arabs are of the crudest type, and even use a type of boat just like the coracle of the ancient Britons.

During our ten weeks stay at the Base I went round the country a good deal on a motor-cycle, and made acquaintance with several of the larger Arab villages. The

inhabitants seem quite well-disposed towards us now, though at times we felt quite happy in the thought of having a loaded revolver under the side-car seat. We shall probably be stationed near Baghdad for a while, and then——?

Photography is difficult to accomplish here. Films and paper and hypo particularly are often running short, and when they do arrive they are very expensive—hypo is 1 rupee a lb. Indeed, everything is very dear.

The climate is much improved just now, as we have passed through the hot months and are enjoying warm English summer weather; the nights are cold, but the days are warm.

November 27. Many jobs have fallen to my lot, but the most enjoyable one was the taking of a motor convoy of ten lorries up through our defences and round to an advanced position. We were six days out and I was skipping round the lorries all day on the motor-cycle, sniffing out the track for them across the desert. We slept in the lorries at night, parked up in the desert itself, and moved off at daybreak. Fortunately we saw no Turks.

THE MIRACLE PLAY.

In the Middle Ages plays dealing with religious subjects were called "Miracle Plays" and were quite common. They were performed in the open air on festivals, particularly perhaps on the feast of Corpus Christi, and also in the churches. Last term we attempted a performance in the manner and style of a fifteenth century play acted within the walls of a church. The Great Schoolroom became a spacious nave, ending in the Chancel Arch and Rood Screen. In front of the screen hung curtains of blue with embroidered stars,

above was the Rood, and on one side was a statue of the Madonna and Child underneath a canopy. All the costumes and properties were mediaeval, and though the play was specially written it was written in the mediaeval spirit.

The beginning of the play was announced by the tolling of a great bell, and then, in the dim chancel beyond the screen, the choir was heard singing. Prologue briefly explained the story—the story of Christmas and Epiphany— and as he closed, a company of shepherds, clad in rough frieze and skins, bearing lanterns and playing pipes, came up the nave. They fell to singing, and then to discussing a wonderful star they had lately seen; and to them, so occupied Gabriel came, to send them to Bethlehem. They went singing a shepherds' song and talking of the homely gifts they proposed to offer. As their song died away we heard another company approaching. This consisted of three kings—crowned and attended, and looking for all the world as though they had stepped out of a mediaeval picture. Led by an angel bearing a star in his hands, as in Burne-Jones's well-known picture, they passed up the church, to be met also by Gabriel, to whom they told their quest. He sent them for its fulfilment also to Bethlehem.

Part 2 opened by a beautiful vocal and instrumental interlude, based on the opening of the Christmas scene in Humperdinck's "Miracle," and then S. Joseph opened the screen and revealed the Holy Mother kneeling beside the ciib. After she had described the Annunciation and her own unworthiness of the Blessedness which was hers, the song of the Shepherds was heard. They came in with much rustic trepidation, but her encouragement welcomed them, and they offered their homely gifts and the children offered toys. After singing their tribute of praise the kings

were heard approaching. To them, too, welcome was offered, and they as well as the shepherds were allowed to gaze into the crib. Then all knelt, singing "O come all ye faithful." It was a beautiful picture, with the gay robes of the kings and their attendants, the rough skins of the shepherds, and many lanterns and tapers. The Holy Mother dismissed them with gracious thanks, and they passed down the church, their parts in the play finished. S. Joseph closed the curtains and all was dark. Then came Gabriel's voice bidding them flee into Egypt, and as they went the sounds of carol singers came nearer and the bells of Christmas rang out.

In a few words Epilogue drew the moral—the duty of keeping Christmas properly. We think it may be fairly said the performance was a thing of beauty, both to the artistic eye and ear, and one not common in England in the twentieth century; and the reverence of the whole was beyond all praise.

The Play Committee comprised the following:—The Rev. the Headmaster, the Rev. the Chaplain, Mr. Rawlinson Wood, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Butler, Mr. Lawton, the Rev. C. O. Andrews (treasurer), M. S. Waghorn (Captain of School), K. Austin (Prefect of Hall). Others who helped were Mrs. Hibbert, Miss Pruden, Miss Browning, Miss Wood, Mr. Green, Mr. Averill, N. Whitfield, A. Cowan, B. Jeffries, E. Price, A. Miller, F. and N. Lockyer, G. Hunter, R. Seddon, C. Puntan, S. Seville, V. Griffiths, S. Kilbourn, T. Hales, D. Coates, E. Farrow, T. Cawthorne, R. Brigg, W. Blackburn, F. Chapman, F. and D. Lutter, D. Hibbert, and Monica and Michael Hibbert.

One of our visitors writes as follows:—
"Denstone has again earned the gratitude of the people of North Staffordshire by giving us a fine presentation of those

scenes which are the 'blazing fact' of history. Modern Christianity is a little chilled and thinned in atmosphere by a Germanic cast of thought; but in the Great Schoolroom last term there was the generous earnestness of a full faith. There the Christmas fact was treated as no hyperbole. We found afresh our Lord Incarnate, in company with the shepherds who obeyed and the kings who diligently sought.

"The stage manager presents his play on its historic side with a broad-lined simplicity and beauty. The spiritual significance underlying the fact was unobtrusive but unmistakable, being conveyed by acts and sounds that touched memory and association rather than by words.

The play begins, rightly, with the results of Christ's coming—namely, Holy Church. There before us is the familiar sanctuary and rood; we hear the tolling of the church bell; on one side is a statue of Our Lady. A white-robed acolyte enters to extinguish the candles, leaving the church dim and mysterious. In this twilight we glide back into the dawn of Christianity. Our eyes discern the shepherds grouped before the curtain that hangs from rood beam to chancel step; and the play is begun. 'Poor men sit cold amid the snow . . . the world unheeding lies, or looks with careless eyes.' Suddenly, up the church runs a shepherd boy: "Masters! masters! *He* came, just now!" And Gabriel appears, to make the supreme announcement to the simple shepherds. A thought new to me followed the departure of the Shepherds for Bethlehem: Gabriel stays to tend the sheep for them in their absence, wrapped in a shepherd's cloak.

"In the stillness of waiting an angel passes up the church with unhurried yet swift steps, bearing in his hands the veiled star, herald of the arrival of the kings.

Then in the distance we hear that most thrilling of all carols, "We three kings of Orient are." Still singing, the kings approach the waiting Gabriel. Attendants bear the standards. It is a procession replete with earnest purpose and colour as it slowly passes up the centre. Gabriel greets them. "Weary but tireless," they seek for the "Word made flesh, for the bruised to be made whole, for this mortal life to find its soul." Gabriel throws off his shepherd's cloak and reveals his shining apparel, and by him the kneeling kings are directed to Bethlehem.

"The second scene is at Bethlehem. The curtain that falls from rood to step is partially withdrawn, and shows Mary worshipping at the manger. The light from the Holy Child shines up into her face. Then enter the shepherds, and then the kings, to worship and present their gifts.

"It was at this point that I began to see clearly the subtle treatment of the significance of the play. On the invitation of Our Lady—'Come, look, fear not!'—the groups approach. She withdraws the coverlet to show the Babe, our Blessed Redeemer, and at that moment a sanctus bell is rung. Instantly our hearts and thoughts are swung up to the Eucharistic Worship. Without a word we, the audience, are filled with almost an impatience to seek *our* Bethlehem, our Mass on Christmas Day. The beautifully grouped shepherds, and the kings, and the Holy Family, make a perfect Nativity picture, yet we are scarce conscious of that. We are no longer spectators; we are caught up into the devotion of all the faithful before the Christ Child; we can hardly forbear to join in the lovely singing of *Adeste Fideles*. And this is the secret of a feeling of completeness in this Denstone play: it conveyed reality in the truth of these scenes, the most stupendous in this earthly life.

'Epilogue reminded us that 'we have seen Him go forth into the cold world.' It is with a pang that one thinks of it. Not only is the world cold to Him, but even some of those who call themselves by His name would strip Him of His divinity, thus rendering His religion and Church useless as a redeeming force. The task which faces His friends is greater and more difficult than any age has seen; but I pass out from the schoolroom resolved that at least one heart shall prepare a place for Him."

WAR NEWS.

Since our last number we have heard of the following war honours gained by Denstonians:—

Capt. A. W. C. Richardson, D.S.O., to be Brevet-Major.

Bar to the D.S.O.: Lieut. - Colonel H. M. Milward, D.S.O.

The Military Cross:

Rev. B. K. Bond, C.F.
 Capt. C. T. Hutchison.
 Capt. J. P. Ward.
 Capt. R. Morton.
 Capt. H. Musker.
 Capt. W. F. Greenwood.
 Capt. G. G. Shone.
 Capt. N. F. Humphreys.
 Capt. H. P. W. Humphreys.
 Capt. G. S. Fillingham.
 Staff-Surgeon H. Cooper, R.N.
 Capt. S. O'R. Surridge.
 Capt. L. U. Geraty.
 Capt. G. H. Maclean.
 2nd Lt. C. W. Rowland.
 Capt. F. G. Lochner.

Mentioned in Dispatches :

Staff-Capt. E. Woolmer (second time).
 Rev. B. K. Bond, C.F. (second time).
 Rev. G. S. Provis, C.F.
 Capt. N. F. Humphreys.
 Lieut. E. H. Robinson.
 Capt. W. F. Greenwood.

The Military Medal :

A. Burr.

F. K. Ritchie writes from prison at Furstenberg-i-Mecklenburg :—" Yes, they got me at last, in Delville Wood ; but I can hardly complain, as I had a long run of twenty-two months on five different fronts, and something was bound to happen sooner or later. I was quite close to poor Barton when he was killed." He goes on to speak highly of this O.D., as will be seen on reference to his obituary notice. " I expect to go to Holland or Switzerland in February or March, as an invalid. I was gassed in May, 1916, near Armentieres, and have never really been fit since then, and do not expect to be till I get back to the high veldt of South Africa. My eldest brother, Basil, is in the War Office in Pretoria. George, who always thought he could sing - and does so to this day—has been doing his bit in G.E. Africa—been right through it from the very start.

" Winter came on us very suddenly, and the thermometer has been below zero for over a week. We had great fun in the summer raiding vegetables in a very limited space. However, we got an excellent return, and lots of fun out of it."

B. Webb writes:—" It does seem ages since I was at Denstone—almost like some fairy-tale of long ago. There wiU, in fact, always be something fairy-like in my memories of the School, so happy were the days I spent there.

" Our Division is at present enjoying a rest—quite a short one. Ever since this company came out and joined it, we have been almost constantly on the go ; that is the penalty which one pays for being in a Division which is one of the most famous in France, and which heads the enemy's black list of troops most to be feared. November 20th was the most enjoyable of our great dates, for we were in at the beginning of all the fun, and had the experience of plunging from the stagnation of trench warfare into the excitement of open warfare, with such novelties as crossing ground unencumbered with shell-holes, capturing villages still inhabited, and other joys. I expect my name will appear in the casualty list as wounded; for a bomb dropped by a German 'plane fell very near me the other evening. Fortunately I was clad in all my winter clothing, and except for its slightly spoiling my British warm and my best tunic, it gave me a mere scratch ; but, as I passed through the Field Ambulance, I suppose I technically earned a gold stripe."

H. W. Beck has been organising a Divisional Concert Party, being responsible not only for the performances and the dresses, but also for the writing of plays, if need be.

F. H. Jenkins has been promoted Lieut-Colonel, and is a Wing Commander.

L. Norbury is a midshipman, R.N.R.

G. E. Jackson writes from India:—" Here I am at the depot. My barracks is a series of long white, one - storied, buildings, which look rather well on the red earth among the trees.

" What little I have seen of this country and its people is not inspiring. It is for ever raining in this wretched place, and one seldom sees the sun—the sort of climate, in fact, that one credits to Wigan. Most of the people come of a pretty low

race. There is more interest in the Sheikh's Bazaar at Ashar—with its Arab and Armenian merchants, and its fierce Kurds and Persian coolies, and its blind and cripples and beggars and veiled women—than in six bazaars like the native city here.

'But there was one revelation. I went out with my company on some night operations at the beginning of the week. It was pitch dark,—mud everywhere, and water sometimes in the nullahs. But as one got out into the country, one suddenly ran into the night smells of the countryside—like running into a brick wall, they were so strong. I never had an experience like it before. It was like coming on a most beautiful landscape suddenly; but, instead of seeing meadows and blossoms and bushes and flowers and herbs, one saw nothing, and smelt them all. It is so strange a sensation—having to discard sight utterly, and live by one's nose, like a dog; one is simply transfixed.

"I had dinner last night again at the Sells'. Between tea and dinner, I went with Sell to the Maharajah's grounds. They are like the grounds of a large English country house, and very fine. The palace—the principal palace is at Mysore, and very Oriental with elephants—is a modern Gothic castle, very large, but not very beautiful.

"The heir-apparent, a seventeen-year-old nephew, goes to school in the palace grounds, and the selected noblesse of Mysore State are educated with him. Every night they turn out to cricket at the nets behind the palace, and Sell coaches them. I had been before, and just fielded, but yesterday I took a turn at the wicket—first time I have handled a bat for twelve years—and had the novel experience of being bowled twice, middle stump, by royalty."

We have received details of the act which gained Oscar Coudrey the Military Cross: "When 2nd Lieut. Ramsey had become a casualty, this officer volunteered to go forward to the two machine guns at Strong Point in the Red Line, where he remained for 48 hours under very heavy shell fire, doing most excellent work and setting a fine example of courage and endurance."

R. Kimbell has gone to Sandhurst.

R. D. Meakin is a mechanic in the R.F.C.

L.-Corporal C. E. Dawson has been an assistant instructor at Edinburgh and Aldershot for the last six months.

E. H. Robinson wrote at the end of January: "I have at last got back to England after 1½ years out East, but I am sorry to say I lost my left foot in Egypt; During the Palestine operations, while assisting in the repairing at night of a big oil engine over a deep well, my foot got caught in the machinery and smashed. This was on November 14; the place was a few miles from Jerusalem. I was in charge of the water supply for an Army Corps, and from the beginning of the operations had a very busy time providing water, owing either to the wells being damaged or the machinery smashed. I have had five operations altogether, but I think I am all right now." Robinson was mentioned in despatches for his work on water supply south of Gaza.

L. B. Helder wrote from Clausthal-a-Harz at the end of November.

R. Larkam writes: "I have Tony Loup's old servant, and he has told me many interesting and amusing stories of that gay young spark, who was quite a regimental pet."

Two O.Ds. write: "We have often said how we miss the lovely chapel services and music; wherever we go, we are sure

nothing will ever appeal to us in the same way as did those glorious Choral Eucharists, which had become part of one's life."

A. S. Marsh is a 2nd Lieut.

R. McDonald wrote in November: "I don't know why they sent us to Aldershot, as we only explain to drivers and gunners how to clean harness, groom horses, and do gun drill."

G. S. C. Weigali writes: "My admiration for the men is unbounded. They are a wonderful lot; most of them are land-owners in India, and their cheerfulness in all circumstances is extraordinary. My orderly, a great Sikh, with his beard all rolled up round his face, has a brother badly wounded in the last show. I go and sit with him occasionally, and he loves to talk about the scrap, and how he ran a burly Bosche through the throat with a lance. In spite of my small knowledge of the language, I always go and talk to the men when I have time. They of course have no nurses in their hospitals, but their own students dress their wounds. The cold and mud are bad enough for us, coming over from a decent country, but it must be terrible for them; and yet they are all as happy as children, with an implicit faith in the British Raj, which is to them, as they quaintly put it in their language, 'Their father and their mother.'"

A. S. Merrett has seen service with the Canadians, but is now with H. L. Pearce in an O.C.B. at Fleet.

N. D. Johnson has been stationed in Ireland.

Percy Sykes has been undertaking the work of both Signalling and Lewis Gun Officer. He has done a great deal towards the organization of a concert and dramatic party, which gives as many as three performances a week. He is musical director.

J. J. N. Walker crossed to France on New

Year's Day. "The crossing was rather rough," he says. "We stayed at the Base for a few days, and then came up here. We started in a 'bus from the camp at 2.20 p.m. to catch the 4 o'clock train. We were then travelling for 18 hours. We went to sleep more or less till about 3 in the morning, when it was freezing very hard. There was no heat in the carriages and the windows were frozen up. The train stopped about every 3 miles, so we got out and made tea, getting the hot water from the engine. When we had reached half-way the train stopped as usual, but we found that the engine had broken down and gone to fetch another one. We arrived at 10 o'clock in the morning, and then my feet began to feel warm for the first time."

C. H. Finch has gone to India.

A. E. Barlow wrote from India in October: "I only arrived about ten days ago, after being on the way out from home for two months. The lack of exercise and the amount of food consumed were quite ruining my figure. We had quite an uneventful journey except for one submarine having a pot at us. My luck has been rather good at sea during the war. I have done six long voyages, and the last time was the only one we even had a scare of submarines. Apparently drowning is not going to be my end.

"We are quite on a peace footing out here. I share a bungalow with another fellow—a delightful place with a big garden full of roses. It is astonishing the number of servants one has to keep—one man who fills one's bath and won't do anything else, another man to sweep the rooms; and they all have families who live in the compound. I think our establishment must amount to about 25.

"I have arrived at rather a good time: at present there is a religious festival

going on which lasts for ten days, so no work at all is done. When that is over I am being left here with the Depot for two months to learn the language."

Ian Menzies is at the Scottish Command School of Musketry, S. Andrews.

R. Morton writes: "On July 10 the Huns attacked on the coast close to Nieuport. I was in that awful show, and was dangerously wounded at midnight, whilst holding one of the lock bridges over the canal in front of Nieuport. I received two pieces of shell in the lungs, one in the leg, and another piece in the neck which took a chip of bone off the spine. I was five weeks in bed in a Belgian hospital, and the Queen often dressed my wounds. According to the doctors, I ought to have pegged out, and my father came over to see me. I then spent five weeks at Boulogne." Later he was in hospital at several places, and had a relapse. "I'm afraid I shall always carry two pieces of shell in my lungs, and that the right one will never be fit again. I can't tell yet whether I shall be useful as a fighter again. I hope so for some things, though two years of it seemed long enough!" He has been awarded the Military Cross.

R. A. Briggs had very changeable weather during his journey to India. "Cape Town is a beautiful spot," he writes. "We had two days ashore and went out to a place called Muizburg—one of the most famous surf bathing-places in the world. Just before we reached Cape Town, one of the other boats of the convoy came quite near to us, and I saw somebody in the College cricket blazer. I looked round when we got in, but could find nobody. Then in the evening I went to the theatre, and suddenly Auton blew in."

H. E. Baness has recently seen very heavy fighting in France.

E. A. Champney writes: "The other

day I met an officer who had played for the 5th T R.B. against the College. He was much pleased at the way in which their team was treated." Champney is Second in Command of a company at the Northern Command Labour Centre.

E. C. Keble wrote in December from Fiance: "The regiment has been out of the line for Christmas. We had our festivities, which included a real turkey procured by the padre. We get awfully fond of the men out here; there seem to be so many more chances of gating to know them, and their cheerfulness is absolutely irresistible. The thing that we learn out here above all others is to take one thing at a time, and not think ahead too much"

F. Sutton, writing of his recent wound, says: "I was hit by a sniper after having done my bit of the show—they remain behind you sometimes, you know. The bullet went through the lower part of my chest, and did not quite come out. But they took it out with what they call a local operation—a sort of yell-and-bear it thing for a few minutes." He is well on the way to recovery.

H. R. Statham was wounded in the thigh at Passchendaele Ridge, but when he wrote in November hoped soon to be quite well.

C. F. W. Haseldine gained a First Class Instructor's Certificate at Dunstable Army Signal School. He has returned to France. In December he met F. J. Cowlisbaw, now an Equipment officer, and H. W. Beck. He also often sees R. Wain. "I want," he says, "to come and gather primroses in Cromwell's Trenches in the spring."

G. E. Jackson is now in India, but wrote earlier from Mesopotamia: "I am writing in a little Armenian cafe among the palm trees, where one can come to write one's mail as comfortably as in France. The walls and roof are a thatch of rushes. You

find men of all the regiments in Mesopotamia sitting at the tables drinking tea."

G. S. Fillingham writes from France: "My theatrical ventures out here continue to 'go.' My first revue, *Mind Your Cash*, after playing to crowded houses, 'came off' so that we could go into trenches. As soon as we came out, the new one, *What Do You Think?* was produced, and was commanded by the Divisional General. Our audience that night was about 750, including *n* staff people. My advertisement painter has been 'hung' at the academy."

L. A. Cumin, after three years in the infantry, has been sent, owing to reasons of health, into the French A.S.C., which he finds an agreeable change. The bears and wolves of Macedonia, however, he does not much care for as neighbours, though they are preferable to the German shells. Several people talk English in the village where he is stationed—those who have sought their fortunes in America. Once more Cumin congratulates himself on his sojourn at Denstone.

C. G. Croudace wrote in October: "I was in India when war broke out, and took a commission in the Indian Army—Sikh Pioneers. After being with them some time, I was sent to Mesopotamia. I was invalided back to India in September last year, and given three months leave, which I employed chiefly in shooting. In April of this year—1917—I was again ordered on service—this time to East Africa, where I am at present (October, 1917). The fighting conditions are appalling: the place is full of fever and other foul diseases. We had a big scrap a week ago."

W. J. Crick has been ill in Cairo, but when he wrote—it was as long ago as

September—was making good progress.

L. H. Carson was hit just above the right knee near Poelcappelle. He had spent over 15 months in France, and gained his captaincy last August.

T. Newton writes: "We went over the top behind the tanks on the first day of the stunt, and had just over a fortnight of it, My company assisted in the capture of Marcoing, and afterwards defended Masnieres against repeated counter-attacks. The first day was top-hole: we found any number of souvenirs in the village—the Bosche went back so quickly that he even left his breakfast untasted; and our men, having been on the move all night, made a very excellent meal. The last few days, during the counter-attacks, were very anxious, if exciting. I never saw such hordes of Bosches before. The trouble was that we held our ground and mowed them down, but they swept past our flanks, and for a long time we were absolutely surrounded. It was a mighty precarious position, as we were being fired on from all directions; but a merciful Providence and a brilliant counter-attack by picked troops enabled us to get away during the night. I think it was altogether one of the tightest corners I have been in. The men were, as usual, splendid and bore the main attack, saying that they had never had such an opportunity of killing Bosches before.

"I have some good souvenirs, including an automatic pistol and some field glasses—beauties. I was offered ^10 for the latter by an American officer five minutes after I had got them, but of course I kept them."

H. C. C. Collis has been wounded in France.

WAR OBITUARY.

Captain Bernard Stewart Atkinson was in Meynell from May, 1907, until July, 1909. He was a member of the O.T.C. and a Prefect, a boy of great charm and good abilities: he gained the Oxford Senior Certificate. He became a Solicitor in Wolverhampton, passing his Final Law Examination just before war broke out. He was Captain of Wolverhampton R.U. F.C. He joined the Inns of Court Volunteers and obtained his Commission in February 1915, in the South Staffs. Regt. He was made Adjutant of a Musketry School and obtained his Captaincy in March 1916. He was killed in action on Nov. 30 last. He had just returned from an Instruction Course in France and went up to the line the same evening, an hour later being killed instantaneously by shell-fire. He is buried in the English Cemetery a short distance from the spot where he fell. He is described as "a gallant officer and a true friend," and the Chaplain of his Regiment says "our losses were very heavy, but above all we regret the loss of Captain Atkinson."

2nd Lieut. James William Knight was in Shrewsbury from Jan. 1910, until July, 1913. He was a leader in most things—a Prefect, Captain of Cricket and of Fives and a Sergeant in the O.T.C. Besides this he was a musician of exceptional ability with a rich and beautiful voice which he knew how to use. No one who witnessed and heard his rendering of Oberon, with all Mendelssohn's music, will forget the fine and finished performance—a wonderful one for anybody, but especially for a schoolboy. He was teaching when war broke out, and quickly obtained a Commission in the York and Lancashire Regi-

ment. Unfortunately his military career was destined to be one of real pathos. An unsuspected weakness kept him in Hospital from March until September 1915, when he had to be invalided out of the Service. He then seemed to get better, and again obtained a Commission and went to France. There he was wounded in the hip and thigh, and from Hospital he wrote: "I still love to have the *Denssonian*, and shall always want it. One is always running across somebody who knows an O.D. There is a man here in hospital who was in the same battalion as Laithwaite, White, and Kemp, and he naturally speaks volumes in praise of their gallantry and heroism." Unfortunately in hospital he developed Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis and died on December 12.

We have just heard, from F. K. St.M. Ritchie, who is a prisoner of war in Germany, of the death of *A. R. Barton*. He was here, in H.M.H., from May, 1895, until 1897, and Ritchie writes thus generously and appreciatively of his death: it is a record to stir the heart of every one of us—this tribute of one Denstonian to another, sent from the farther north of the enemy's country:—"I was quite close to poor Barton when he was killed. He was in my regiment as bombing officer. A 9.2 shell struck a large tree quite close to us, and a piece of the trunk, weighing some 300 pounds, caught him in the ribs, and killed him instantly. We all thought it intensely brave of him to try to reach us, as he had to get through an awful barrage. It was a desperate attempt, but he never hesitated to take the ten-thousandth chance. We served together in Egypt, and shared the same camel for many a weary hot mile, and the same biscuit, blanket and cigarette. Poor chap! I have felt his loss keenly; but before I

finish the subject, I wish to say that in six campaigns I have seen men decorated for far less than what he attempted to do. He was a good Christian, a fine soldier, and a gallant gentleman."

We hear also that *D. J. Couldrey*, whose death in action we recorded in our last issue, was killed at Beersheba, being mortally wounded in the act of attempting to bring in a wounded comrade under fire. He died peacefully the same day.

R. I. P.

FOOTBALL.

NEW ZEALAND M.G. CORPS.

The second match with the New Zealanders was much looked forward to, and we were prepared to put up a good fight. Almost at once the visitors attacked hard, and there followed some hard play in our own twenty-five, in which the whole team worked strenuously to keep their opponents out, but it was Whitfield who put an end to it with a good kick. Then for a time the game was in the New Zealanders' half, but they managed to get away. This time they almost succeeded in crossing the line. They were able to do much with a very long pass, at which they were very good, and it was the means of clearing very many difficult situations. However, Pattison came within an ace of scoring by cutting through, and Carmichael also had bad luck, being pulled down just as he was about to score. The team now made a determined effort. This time the New Zealanders could not force us back, and Harrison succeeded in getting over. The try was not converted. However, after some very tricky runs, our opponents quickly gained two tries. It was about this time that

Austin, who had been the backbone of the forwards, received a kick on the head, and had to be taken off, so that in the second half we played with only fourteen men.

Soon after half-time the New Zealanders scored twice and converted once. Our forwards had all along borne much of the weight of the attack, and Fergusson and Wildsmith were conspicuous among them. We pressed for some time now, and, thanks to the halves, Newton almost scored; but our opponents managed to clear, and soon afterwards they scored again from a very fast run through. Finally, near the end of the second half, they crossed the line once more, after a furious struggle in front of the goal posts, and the try was converted. The score was 19-3-

The team is to be congratulated on the way they played after the captain had gone off.

Team. — Whitfield (back); Harrison, Miller, Newton, Waghorn (three-quarters); Davies, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Rimmer, Carmichael, Vidler, Wynne (forwards).

TRENT COLLEGE.

Our pleasant visit to Trent took place on February 2nd. It soon became evident that we were too strong for them, and throughout the game most of the play was in Trent's half of the field. We began to press almost at once. The tendency on the part of forwards to usurp the province of the three-quarters was noticeable throughout the match, but perhaps our scrum superiority was responsible for it. Wynne was the first to get over, after some hard work by the forwards. Later tries were gained by Waghorn (2), Fergusson, Finney—the last largely through the work of Miller. At half-time the score was 19-0 in our favour,

In the second half Davies did a good deal of clever work at half. Waghorn scored twice more and Finney once, Newton and Pattison being responsible for good passes. The game ended Denstone, 30 ; Trent, 0.

The ball was very slippery throughout, a fact which accounted for much of the faulty passing. However, there is no doubt that the score should have been greater, as we had the advantage of our opponents in weight and speed. In the scrum, we got the ball practically every time, but it was slow in coming out. Pattison and Davies were too clever for the opposing halves, and, apart from what has been mentioned before, the forwards were good and showed plenty of staying power. Miller played a good game, while Waghorn certainly made the most of his openings.

Team. — Whitfield (back); Finney, Miller, Newton, Waghorn (three quarters); Davies, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Carmichael, Wynne, Cadman, McMichael (forwards).

6TH DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S W.R.R.

After the first few minutes the visiting team came right up the field with the ball at their feet, and very nearly scored twice. Then we made a great effort. The forwards brought the ball well up the field, and when the three-quarters got it there followed some very neat passing. Then came a period in which nothing was done but long kicks. At length the game opened up again and they scored twice, but failed to convert.

Soon after half-time the ball went over their line, but Miller and Waghorn just failed to touch down. The forwards had most of the work to do, and it was they who pressed all the time, for the ball was fearfully slippery. At length Wildsmith

took it across after some neat work by Newton and Waghorn, but the try was not converted. We rushed again, but they succeeded in cutting through and scoring a try, which they converted. The score was thus 11—3 against us.

Team.—Davies (back); Finney, Miller, Newton, Waghorn (three-quarters); Sugden, Pattison (halves); Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries, Wildsmith, Carmichael, Wynne, Cadman, McMichael (forwards).

M.G.C. GRANTHAM.

Again it was a "forwards' day," the ball being too slippery to handle successfully. The game started with great vigour, and there was a fierce struggle on our line almost at once. The forwards, however, managed to get the ball away. For a time the game swayed backward and forward, and then Fergusson hurt his knee, and had to go off. The visitors then pressed hard, and after several narrow escapes they managed to score, but did not convert. Our forwards now worked up the field, but the Gunners broke away, scored again, and again failed to convert. There followed a period of fast play, and then one of the visitors was hurt and had to be carried off the field. There the game ended for some time.

In the second half the Gunners, still playing with fifteen men to our fourteen, pressed hard and succeeded in scoring twice. Then Wildsmith dribbled the ball right down the field and scored a try. This encouraged us, and after some time Waghorn touched down from a kick over the line. Again the try was unconverted, but from then till the end of the game the 'p'ay was in their half. The final score was 12—6 against us.

Team.—Davies (back) ; Finney, Miller, Newton, Waghorn (three quarters); Slack, Pattison (halves) ; Austin, Fergusson,

Jeffries, Wildsmith, Carmichael, Wynne, Cadman, McMichael (forwards).

An "A" team played Newcastle High School, beating them by 35—0.

DORMITORY MATCHES.

In the first round of the Senior Football Competition Head's 1 beat Head's 3, Shrewsbury beat Woodard, Meynell were beaten by Head's 2 after tying with them in the first game, and Selwyn were beaten by Lowe. In the second round Head's 1 were beaten by Lowe and Head's 2 by Shrewsbury. In the final, after a very even game, Lowe succeeded in beating Shrewsbury, mainly by reason of their heavier scrum, for the three-quarters had not the opportunity of doing much.

The following have been awarded Football Colours:—1st XV. G. H. R. Wildsmith, P. Rimmer, J. Carmichael. 2nd XV. M. S. Waghorn, H. G. Newton, S. B. Harrison, F. G. Wynne, K. F. Woodham.

O.D. NEWS.

Old Boys will regret to hear of the death of the Rev. W. T. Norton, who was master at Denstone for over twenty years, until in 1899 he succeeded Bishop Staley as Vicar of Croxall. Here he did much valuable work, especially in regard to the religious and athletic side of our life; and when he left, his interest by no means ceased. He seldom failed to come over and act as judge at the Sports, and was always as cheery and appreciative as ever. R.I.P.

We very much regret to hear of the death of Thomas John Holt. He came here at the opening of the School and remained till December, 1876. He was in

Shrewsbury Dormitory and was a useful member of the XV. He went to Hatfield Hall Durham, and played in the University Football Team. After taking the Durham Degree of L.Th. he was ordained deacon in 1886 and priest in 1887. He held various curacies, and became Vicar of Molash in 1894. In 1898 he was appointed Rector of Waldershare, near Dover. There he proved himself to be a very active priest, and was a member of the Board of Guardians and Secretary of the Canterbury Diocesan Church Building Society for his Deanery. He was a musician and published some simple choir settings for the Canticles. On January 21, while taking a service, he had a seizure and died without recovering consciousness.—R.I.P.

J. Crossfield has been married.

H. O. Coleman had a contribution entitled "On Popular Education" in *Punch* for December 26, 1917.

W. W. Hodges has been with Ley's Malleable Castings Company, but has left, by his own wish, now he is 18, to join the R.F.C.

A. Gibson has been for over four years with Messrs. Vickers at Barrow. Lie has been repeatedly refused admission to the Army on account of his work on munitions, but now hopes to join the R.F.C.

H. N. Layton, after a long time in hospital, has returned, unfit for service, to his preparatory school—S Peter's, Seaford.

J. G. Warr has been successful in the First Public Examination in Arts of Durham University.

C. J. J. T. Barton wrote in late

September from British East Africa: "I am still here, rather climate-tied, even thinner, eaten alive by flies and mosquitoes and slugs and fleas and snakes—and, I regret to say, less reputable beasts. I perform with a Lewis Gun, the while I pose as an Apostle of Peace. But I expect to leave here soon; they want me up North and I am just about played out. You see, seven months without any milk—or any other food, as far as I know—after 1½ years of really hard going, has taken it out of me. I walk over 200 miles a month in six hour marches—not like the military snail."

J. F. Leys has been doing lumbering in his vacation from Harvard. He says that he was better paid than he would be in the British Army—which he hopes, however, to join in preference to the American in order that he may reach the firing line more quickly.

NOTES.

Many hundreds of Denstonians all over the world will hear of the death of Mrs. Salmon with a real sense of personal loss. She came to Denstone in 1902 to start the newly opened Preparatory School, and she settled it on firm foundations. Next year she became our matron, and by her great business capacity and unfailing kindness made herself beloved and respected by all. The skill with which she managed the vitally-important domestic side of the College was as great as the quietness and absence of ostentation which marked all that she did: the smoothness with which the work was done often concealed the ability which directed it. On the great occasions which used to come round in the days before the war, the powers of organisation she

possessed carried us through ordeals which would have daunted many a one, such occasions for example as the Opening of the Drill Hall, the Old Boys' Reunion (when 200 O.Ds. were entertained in College for four days), and the Diocesan Retreat in 1916 (when almost as many clergy were entertained). Her earlier life had been spent in Burma where her husband was missionary at Toungoo, and there, as here, she won hosts of friends by her sterling qualities. The death of her youngest son, Cecil, in Flanders in 1915 was a grief from which she never quite recovered, and her health lately suffered. She died on February 15 after a brief illness, in the midst of her work and surrounded by friends who ministered to her with willing zeal. She was an excellent mother, a consistent Christian, a loyal and true friend. We were asked not to give flowers at her funeral, and instead we are giving a permanent memorial in Chapel.

The following have been made Prefects this term:—J. H. Whittles, G. H. Slack, J. Corbishley.

Drastic changes have been made in the Choir, which is now in three parts—one in the organ loft and two in the chapel. Of these two, one is composed of novices.

The following promotions were posted at the end of last term:—Lance-Corpls. Newton, Vidler, Price, to be Corporals. Privates Wynne, Wildsmith, Pattison, W. Hall, Hamblin-Smith, Rerrie, and Whittles, to be Lance-Corporals,

There is a Bayonet Fighting Class held weekly by Sergt. Munro, for N.C.Os. and the Officers' Class.

C. Lowndes and C. MacGregor have passed the Senior Oxford Local Examination, the latter with Third Class Honours and Distinction in Mathematics.

J. O. L. Mason has passed into the Indian Army.

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

Ballantyne, William George	
Forsyth ...	H.M.H.iii.
Colquhoun, Thomas Grant	Lowe.
Cornes, Edward Stanley ...	Shrewsbury
Farnworth, John Green ...	H.M.H.ii.
Gilson, Oliver ...	Prep.
Good, Frederick Walsingham Brodie ...	H.M.H.iii.
Greaves, John Dawson ...	H.M.H.i.
Hepplewhite, Lewis Hutton	„
Hurst, Laurence Vanlier...	Shrewsbury
Macdonald, Fitzcharles Ian	„
Macdonald, David Ivor ...	„
Marrison, Joseph Edward .	Woodard
Mather, Norman ...	„
Meyrick-Jones, Owen Meyrick...	...
Mitchell, Kenneth David	H.M.H.iii.
Nelson ...	Woodard
Money, John Hugh ...	Meynell.
Moseley, Thomas Oswald	Selwyn
Nolan, Harold George ...	Meynell.
Phillips, Richard William .	Shrewsbury
Tatlow, Frank Tertius ...	H.M.H.iii
Tranton, George Aubrey .	Selwyn.
Whittle, Robert Cecil ...	H.M.H.ii.
Whittle, John Wilfrid	
Wilkinson, Richard John...	Woodard

R. Kay (H.M.H. i), and F. M. Pearce (Selwyn), have gone into College from the Preparatory School.

Among those who left last term were the following :—

H. L. Pearce (Lowe), Prefect of Chapel,
Sergeant O.T.C, Secretary L.S.S.
P. Rimmer (Lowe), 1st XV.
K. F. Woodham (Selwyn), 2nd XV.

A. H. Cowan is Prefect of Chapel.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries :—

S. Anne's Magazine, Firefly, Lancing College Magazine, Marlbnrian, Hurst Johnian, Felstedian, Framlinghamian, Cuthbertian, Reptonian, Ardingly Annals.

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