



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

**T**HIS term is undoubtedly the most strenuous of the year. It is the shortest, and yet more activities are crowded into it than into any other. For all that, it is a most interesting term, though that is not the adjective usually applied at the time, and its variety is refreshing. We have football competitions as *hors-d'œuvres*, after which we are able to tackle, with keen appetite, Fives, the "Cross-country," the "Corps Comps.," the Music Competition, and last, but greatest of all, the Sports.

To this variety we may add all those small "extras" which mount up so hugely,

such as bayonet-fighting and kindred amusements; while the weather, of course, we have always with us.

Long ago we have given up trying to understand the English weather. Let us be kind-hearted, and say that the Clerk is anxious to please everybody, supplying a little of every variety he has in stock. He has a surprising assortment, too, and when he has rung the changes on them all, he favours us with two at a time. For instance we see outside a hot sun, and joyfully set off, coatless, for a walk. Alas! we have reckoned without our friend; and sadly we return, our pace accelerated by a bitter "nor'-easter."

The cold is of a singularly penetrating character, and everywhere are its effects

felt, even in the editorial sanctum. There the pen, guided by benumbed fingers, wanders hopelessly over the paper, quickly becoming more and more feeble. The Editor desperately attempts to persuade it to do the bidding of his will. It is of no avail. The forces of Nature are against him, and he is compelled to close, before the pen finally drops altogether from his nerveless grasp, and he becomes one more victim to the English weather.

### A YEAR OF REVOLUTION.

By an O.D.

[The author was with the British Armoured Cars in Russia during 1917.]

Very few people have any idea of the state of affairs in Russia previous to the Revolution. I have met many who were under the impression that Russia consisted mainly of bearded Cossacks clothed in furs, who went everywhere in sleighs and wore the Russian leather that we know so well in England. The population, the extent of the average Russian's education, the means of transport—in fact, Russian life in general—was a sealed book to your average Anglo-Saxon. The few books which he was able to secure, written mostly by exiles, dealt mainly with Siberia, the knout, the Little Father and the snow. Beyond those, little was known.

With a population of 200 million, nine-tenths of whom are totally uneducated, nothing but an autocracy could hope to enforce law and order in Russia. The *Intelligensia*, the educated element in the population, was employed almost exclusively in Government departments. The policy of the Church and State was to keep the *monjik* (peasant) in complete and absolute ignorance, and it was by this

means that the minority were enabled to hold in subjection the immense population of the country. Owing to the ignorant man's usual respect for education and one who obviously knows more than he does, the landowners, the factory proprietors, the town's folk, and Government officials were enabled with greater facility to impose their will.

The Revolution which terminated in the downfall of the Romanoff dynasty commenced in nothing more auspicious than the haphazard concourse of a few crowds of people marching about the streets with banners bearing the words, "Give us bread," to which was later added, "and a New Government." It was not till this latter phrase was added that any police action was taken. Following on this action, banners appeared with "Down with the Tsar" inscribed on them. A fact that is hardly realised in England is that this food scarcity was artificial, and was engineered by Protopopoff, Minister of the Interior, and hence in charge of internal transport. He purposely made this shortage with the object of having an excuse to fire on and awe the mob, as had been done in the massacres of 1905. For this purpose he had had drafted to Petrograd 50,000 police, armed with machine-guns, and had promised 100 roubles a day if they would quell the Revolution that was impending. When the Revolution broke out the police placed the machine guns on the roofs of the houses, but found that, having done so, they were unable to fire without exposing themselves.

For the time being the military held themselves aloof, and did not participate till they found the police wearing uniforms appropriated from the depot of a Guards regiment. Further, the police were publishing the fact that the army was against the people. With the spreading of this rumour, the suppression of the Revolution

was hopeless, as the army, already in sympathy with the rebels, immediately went over to them. Now began many of the excesses, the murders and revolting tortures, perpetrated by the victorious rebels.

With the overthrow of the police and civil control, and the release on the Sunday following of all criminal and political prisoners, excesses reached an extreme. In Petrograd two police colonels were seized, one of whom was driven, in a naked condition, and lashed on to the front of an armoured car, through the streets of Petrograd. The temperature was about 30 degrees below zero, and he had lumps of ice thrown at him, which cut him to pieces. The second suffered the fate of being held by four soldiers by the legs and arms over a street brazier and slowly roasted alive, being turned over gradually as if on a spit. All police officers' houses were searched. Many were found in hiding, and despatched on the spot or pushed through the ice into the frozen Neva. One who was found under the seat of a bed-chestfield was thrown out with his hiding place from the fifth storey window into the street. Many of the victims' wives and children were forced to be eye-witnesses of these tragedies. The class of man whom the rebels attacked were the *Okolodochay Nadziratel*, the police officers who received most bribes. The Commandant of Kronstadt—the Baltic Naval H.Q. of the Russian Fleet—was forced to walk through the streets garbed only in his night attire, and fish was forced down his throat till he choked. The few police who escaped death were sent to the front and promptly deserted, and thus infused into the mind of the Russian *moujik* soldier the idea of desertion.

By the irony of fate, there was in existence at the time of the Revolution a properly organised plan for a radical change

in the existing order of things. If the fortuitous Revolution of March 27th had failed to break out, a month later would have found a movement, well organised, determined, and led, not by the Socialists but by the upper classes and members of the Duma, well on the way to success. Thus we see that the Duma, taken by surprise, had considerably to modify its plans with regard to organisation, and take the helm when its plans were but half completed. This no doubt accounts for the chaotic state of affairs when Russia found herself at last freed from the thralldom of the Romanoffs.

The first ministry of the Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff, Rodzranko and Milyukov, contained some of the best elements in patriotic Russia. Milyukov, the Foreign Minister, immediately came to logger-heads with the Socialists over his policy of carrying out all the obligations of the *Ancien Regime*, which they wanted to revoke. Under the influence of Kerensky, they issued the *Prikaz* No. 1, decreeing that officers were to be elected by the soldiers, as the generals and officers of the old Government were unreliable. This resulted in the murder of many Russian officers, both at the front and behind the lines.

All this time, owing to the abolition of censorship and police control, the press was absolutely free, and freedom of speech prevailed everywhere. In Petrograd, where hitherto meetings and crowds were illegal, now began a series of meetings, demonstrations and lootings, all cloaked with the excuse *svabordna*—freedom. Orators harangued the ignorant mob, with high-sounding phrases, like "Annexations and Indemnities, Self-determination, Freedom of Speech, and many more doctrines both unheard and undreamt of before by the *moujik* mind. One orator,

when asked why the Russians were still fighting if they were free, replied, "The English want to capture two Roumanian towns, Annaxenski and Indemnenski," and his audience believed him to the extent that they wanted them to be pointed out to them on the map.

The educated Russian entered on this war with a keenness that would do any nation credit; but on the other hand the *moujik* peasant soldier had no more idea than Adam for what he was fighting. He was not allowed to know.

The discipline of the army, contrary to the accepted English theory of "comradeship," was strict in the extreme. If a Russian soldier was given an order by an officer, he replied, "I am glad to try." When addressing an officer, he preceded his rank and name by the phrase "Your Excellency" or "Your High Excellency." When the commanding officer came on parade in the morning he was greeted by a shout in unison of, "Your Supreme Excellency, we wish you health!" to which he replied thanking his *rebigata* (children).

Russia's troubles commenced with the total abolition of the death penalty. This at once made staying at the front more or less optional, and increased the difficulties of army commanders a hundred-fold, as now they had no real hold on their men beyond personal influence. Thus the disorganisation of the railways, the increase in the cost of living, the number of robberies and murders, and the slackness in sending up of supplies and reinforcements, tended to make the condition of Russia well-nigh impossible. This was first publicly recognised at the Moscow Conference, where views were fairly freely aired.

During this time the Commander-in-Chief was General Brusiloff, famous in the Galician campaign of 1916. It was at this conference that General Karniloff

(Karr-neel-off) first brought himself very much to the fore by his insistent demand for the reinstatement of the death penalty. He managed to get it ratified for the war area—roughly about 5 to 10 miles in depth along the front—but this was not till the Galician retreat of July, 1917, was in full swing. By drawing a screen of Cossacks and the Wild Division from the Caucasus across the line of retreat, and shooting every seventh man, he succeeded in saving the situation on the Russo-Galician frontier.

Some description of this retreat would perhaps be of interest here. The Germans broke through at a point between Bresany and Korsova—mainly due to the fact that German-paid Russian agitators had been allowed in the front line, advising the men to go home, as it was the old Government's quarrel with the Germans and not theirs. The Germans, well acquainted with the condition of the Russian troops, bombarded our lines with intense bursts of hurricane fire, gas, and a long barrage, which cut off the food supplies and ammunition. The troops, already partly demoralized by hostile propaganda, and finding themselves caught between two fires, broke and fled. There was no discipline to steady them, and they spread fear and panic everywhere. To the infantrymen was due mainly the blame for this fiasco. To the credit of the Cossacks and artillery let it be said that they did all in their power to hold up the Austro-German onrush; the artillerymen fell on their knees, begging the infantry to stand while they saved the guns; but the fugitives were deaf to all entreaties, and thus the guns were left to their fate.

Having put a safe distance between themselves and the advancing enemy, and leaving the rearguard action to the British armoured cars, they settled down to a fairly leisurely retreat till the town of Buczaz

was reached. While the retreating convoys were passing through, a cry of *Nemetsky cavalry* (German cavalry) was raised, and then ensued one of the episodes of the retreat that I would not have missed for anything. Here I ought to mention that a Russian convoy when going up to the front carries its supplies of foodstuffs and ammunition, and having emptied its load, often used to collect loot to take back to the depot for dispatch to Russia. As this cry spread along the line, every moving vehicle, animal, and man immediately increased to its full speed.

The road was narrow, and one could hardly expect several armies' transport and guns to go comfortably down the one line of retreat without accident. Soon was seen the overturning of transport waggons, motor cabs, lorries, and field kitchens, the road being littered with chairs, tables, chests - of - drawers, wardrobes, boxes, cooking utensils, flour, sugar, rice, bread, meat, ammunition, rifles, swords. Field kitchens came tearing along, soup flying out in all directions ; men, women, children were running and being run into; horses were charging; bullocks, sheep, cows, pigs careering down the road, only to stop and be run into by cars coming up from behind. If a car did manage to get clear, and found its speed decreasing on a hill, down went the tail board, and barrels of tar and so forth were thrown overboard — not into the side of the road, but straight over the back on to the top of the radiator and engine of the car behind. Hence another pile of wreckage, owing to the car stopping suddenly, and everything behind not knowing of the accident but crashing into it. Soon, therefore, the road became a shambles. Horrible to relate, blood, soup and all liquids were mixed together in the roadway. Into the midst of this wreckage crashed a traction engine without a driver.

There was a tearing of wood and iron followed by shrieks and yells from man and beast.

And the irony of it all was that the German cavalry were nowhere near, the cry having been raised by German agents to block the roads and cut off the retreating armies—in which the enemy would have succeeded only too well but for the British armoured cars, as all the Russian generals acknowledged. Our own escape was fortunate enough, for I may mention that we had 100 roubles on the head of every one of us, with a prospect of crucifixion if we were captured..

#### AN ENGINEER IN PHILISTIA.

By E. H. Robinson, O.D.

Gaza as I saw it was entirely different from the Gaza before the bombardment. It was a fairly large town, with the north-west side situated on a hill. The Grand Mosque, which was a very fine building, towered above the remainder of the town, and one or two smaller mosques were situated fairly close to it. There were numerous big houses in the select quarter, and the streets were comparatively wide and well drained. One of the first things which caught my eye was a large underground sewer, which drained the part of the town which lay on the hill. The universal mud buildings were to be seen in great numbers, but there were no inhabitants left in the town.

The water-supply of Gaza was excellent, and was obtained by mechanical power—a system of wooden wheels—from wells lined with masonry. These wells varied in depth from 80 feet to 125 feet, and were 10 to 20 feet in diameter. I went down several of them, and found about 2 to 4 feet of

water in each. This amount does not sound much, but from one well I obtained 6,000 gallons an hour for twenty hours, and only lowered the depth of the water 9 inches. There were fifty-seven wells, and the water was excellent. Several had been blown in by the enemy, and others were mined. One was mined so ably, in fact, that I stood on two 50 lb. boxes of dynamite, which had been fixed to the pump at the bottom of the well, and could not see them.

The town had been badly damaged, and shells and shell-holes were everywhere. But numerous orchards of every kind of fruit-tree were found on all sides of the place. On the east was the hill known as Ali-el-Muntar, from which the enemy did all their observing.

There is really very little for me to say about the country from Gaza northwards. Of course, I did not have time to take in all the details properly, as my time was chiefly spent on erection of pumping plant, and on water-supply in general. My mode of getting about was on a motor-cycle or horse, and the time I had to myself, including sleep, averaged about five hours in the twenty-four. Owing to the rapid nature of the advance during the first seven days, my work had to be rapid too. The Turkish railway had been constructed up to within four miles of Gaza, and fortunately had not been damaged at all. The main road running right up to Jerusalem was in very good condition, and certainly was not built last year or last century. The dry beds of the rivers (*wadis*) are numerous, and they look innocent until the rains come, and the water rushes down them, from 3 to 15 feet in depth. Concrete bridges had, however, been built over some of these *wadis*. All the villages encountered for forty miles were made up of mud buildings, and usually had one well each. I fixed several of these wells with mechanical

power during the advance. Cornfields and orchards were numerous, but there was the inevitable desert next door to them. The villagers were in every way hospitable and kind, and brought us eggs and chickens and fruit when we were working on their wells.

I did not reach Jerusalem itself. The type of country, however, altered considerably, owing to the mountains of Judaea stepping in. The villages remained of the same kind except for one place, the Jewish Colony—at which I was when I met with my accident. This was quite a modern settlement, with various types of buildings and people. A great many of the inhabitants could speak English. They were very kind, and brought us home-made bread, various fruits, and other things. But in the main the country must be as it has been for thousands of years, a part of the unchanging East. Scenery and inhabitants alike are just as they were in the times of which we learn in the Bible story.

#### A CITY IN EXILE.

By H. M. Butler, O.D.

[The fate of the Belgian cities now in German hands no one can foretell; it seems, however, almost too much to hope that they will be spared in their entirety to their own people. Yet the towns will live at least in the mind, cherished there among the richest of possessions. Walls may be battered down, but the memory will ever turn with gratitude to the streets and palaces it cannot believe to have been destroyed.]

Bruges is the city of mystery, for she is also the city of the dead. Along her now captive streets once poured the merchandise of a thousand lands; from her towns rolled

the rich Flemish cloth, which passed in the broad-beamed vessels of the Hansas and the great galleys of Venice and Genoa to the distant islands of the East. Her storied bales were borne on camels along sandy caravan routes; her robes clad the mariner in Northern seas. Two hundred and fifty thousand citizens thronged her highways, and lived and died in the narrow Gothic houses which fringe them still. She was the richest town of a land supreme in civic wealth. Her life was as active as that of her great neighbours, Ypres and Ghent, whose prosperity called forth the envy of French Queen and Flemish Count alike. Edward III. made her the mart through which should pass all his great woollen trade with the Cistercian graziers of the Yorkshire dales. And now, though her glory has faded, there linger in her streets both an air of resignation and yet something of regret. The song of the jangling bells—some silent, alas, for ever!—was the song of the happier age, of the vanished greatness; the Belfry looks down to-day on the deserted *Place*, and can yet remember it thronged with busy life. Beneath the roof of Notre Dame lies Mary of Burgundy, whose hand was sought by all the greatest of the earth, so that a Flemish maiden became the wife of the last great Dreamer," and the grandmother of the last great Emperor. Beside her sleeps that fierce lord of Burgundy who taunted a mighty king of France at Peronne, and yet lived to be mocked by a feeble, if astute, Emperor at Trier.

We arrived in Bruges at night-time during one of those happy holidays before the war. It was raining heavily as the train lumbered through the sodden beet-root fields, and as we hurriedly crossed the

cobbled streets to our hotel. Not till the morning would the old city reveal anything of her mystery, and we fell asleep with no more regret than had we been in a Black Country village. But very early we were awake. No one sleeps late in Belgium; the people are all industrious, and some of them are religious.

Who shall describe the precious moments of a first morning in Bruges? We were roused by a great bell, calling the faithful to the earliest Mass. From our window we could spy unseen upon the working-girls, with their flaxen hair and clean print dresses, and clumsy *sabots* which clattered merrily over the cobbles. Soon all was astir; and this before half-past five of a summer's morning. A rural train steamed unconcernedly along the street, and disgorged its passengers—five peasants and twice as many dun-coloured cows, which roamed aimlessly in circles round the space before the hotel. Soon we were ourselves among them, seeking the *Grande Place*, with its beautiful belfry, swimming against a tide of fleecy clouds.

It is hard to say exactly in what lies the special charm of Bruges. That it exists no one who has wandered through the old Flemish city can doubt. Year by year the mind will return to its early love, pressing once more the sweetness from its dead flowers. There are cathedrals far more interesting, far more beautiful than that of Saint Sauveur; there are many churches more striking than that of Notre Dame; the chapel of the Saint Sang contains but one of those relics which abound in Catholic Europe. The pictures of Memling are surpassed by the work of many another master, if not in the meticulous care with which he paints every jewel, every pearl, yet at all events in technique and inspiration. Ghent, Antwerp, Malines—all contain houses as old, as

\*Maximilian I. fCharles V. {Charles the Bold.  
§ Louis XI. † Frederick III,

quaint. Nor does the special appeal of the place come from its inhabitants. Almost any French peasant, and certainly every French townsman, presents a more friendly side to the stranger than does your Fleming. Civic liberty in the Low Countries was won by the display of a spirit sturdily independent and aggressive.

Nor does the charm of Bruges rest solely upon the fact that she is of the past. There is, indeed, a certain pathos in the spectacle of the dead; yet though your royal corpse is a fine fellow, I, for one, should love him the better for living. Contemplation of the dead is a sorry business; and life is a matter of breathing and eating and seeing and loving, for all your undertaker may say. It is rather that Bruges still lives; lives, not as do our English towns, with their eager steps and labouring breath, but soberly and a little sadly. The waves of time lap quite gently at the foot of her walls, and man watches hour by hour the slow washing away of the mouldering stones. At least, so it was before the war. Then one could see life in Bruges as it was lived five hundred years ago. The sleepy canal was still overhung with aged trees, with green shutters peeping, Dutch-wise, from beneath them; narrow coloured houses with their gables cut into stairways, sheltered the lace-maker; children in *sabots* clattered noisily into church, and squeaked chairs in the middle of Mass. Such things have never changed. Your whole Flemish street, not one lonely building, is of a distant age; your lace-maker works just as did the refugee who fled from the field of Cassel; and your children smirk at *the cure* because his face is the same as that of the ugly priest whom Memling painted so long ago.

Memling had within him the true spirit of the Middle Age. The Goldsmiths were once chosen to present the miracle play of

the Wise Men, since they alone could supply the gold and precious stones for an offering to the Child Christ. And probably a good deal of the triumph of the performance was in the lavish display made by the Gild before the townsman and the stranger. In such a manner did Memling paint his Three Kings; and no doubt he felt greatly pleased with his fidelity to a rather mercantile ideal. And yet did he not truly represent the Ages of Faith? Practical religion must be so much a matter of practical affairs. To-day we toy with the three-penny bit, or even the franc; the Three Kings gave their all of gold and frankincense and myrrh; and the simple Flemish workman has seen the gifts in their profusion and knows that it was so. In modern Bruges there is no furtive slipping of the coin into a secretive bag; during Mass women rattle a box full of coppers under your very nose. But, alas, we live in a sadder age, and one less generous, even in time of war, than that of six hundred years ago. Should you offer anything more than a nickel, your collector will certainly curtsy, and she will probably give you change. She will even consent to receive this personally as a *pour boire*.

The Chapel of the Holy Blood has still a mediaeval air. The relic is as famous as the Holy Coat of Trier or the Three Crowns of Cologne. Like them, too, its interest is rather mediaeval than Biblical. Credulous crusaders brought home many treasures of very doubtful authenticity; Emperors despoiled Italian towns of worthless rubbish. Yet if the religious value of such relics is to be measured by the help which they have afforded to simple, loving natures, truly they are beyond price. They have at least the virtue of being old, of having been associated with Christian devotion for many centuries; and anything is better than the modern figure which



desecrates the memory of the Mother of God by representing her as a hideous wooden doll with velvet skirts. One thing, however, struck us as a little curious—a large number of figures knelt in prayer before the casket which contains the famous relic; before the Blessed Sacrament there was only one. It was, perhaps, natural enough, but it was also a little disquieting.

The tomb of Mary of Burgundy in the church of Notre Dame gives rise to a long train of thought. Through her union with Maximilian her lands passed to the sway of the Empire, and then in turn to that of Spain. Never has marriage had more far-reaching a result upon an unhappy land. The long story of persecution and horror which was told to Europe by Alba and his merciless soldiers; the desolating struggle of Frank and Spaniard; the slaughter of Ramillies, of Oudenarde, of Malplaquet; Egmont and Hoorn, Gerard and Conde, the widows of a million fallen men; noble deaths, ignoble lives; sorrow untold through the long, stricken years: rise up and condemn the first happy tragedy of Mary's motherhood. And there she lies, while the children of her land clatter round the church, and the polished milk-cans rattle over the stones outside. Does she know the story of the ages, she whose dust lies there beside her dead sire; or are these things mercifully hid from her eyes by the Divine Love which looks down upon all man's sacrifice and sorrow, understanding all because it has endured all?

The *Beguinaige* is delightful. Heie women seek a life of contemplation and quiet usefulness. The rule is not monastic; nor are the vows taken irrevocable. Yet the weary can learn by withdrawal from the noisy, struggling world the value of silence and simplicity, and can know something of the gracious God who made the

evening sky and the spring flowers. The Spirit may whisper in the soft breeze among the high elms, but most of us have ears made dull by the clang of metal and the rush of hurrying feet.

In serenity, in a certain quiet acceptance of life and what it may bring, in a tender cherishing of the past and the Faith which made it beautiful, the *Beguinaige* is perhaps the most typical of all which Bruges possesses. But everywhere it is the same. The shrine built into the corner wall, the bridge thrown across the sluggish waterway, even the age-worn inn which looks across the *Place*—all tell the story of a half-forgotten world. Here time lags withal, so that the pilgrim must needs rest awhile in silence. Then, when darkness falls over high-pitched gables, and bells ring wistfully through the tranquil night, there will steal into his heart the words of Jacob long ago. For here, indeed, is the Gate of Heaven, here, in this city of dreams, of tenderness, of faith.

## WAR NEWS.

Since the last number of the *Denstonian* was issued, we have heard of the following distinction gained by an Old Boy in the war:—

Military Cross: 2nd Lieut. H. C. C. Collis.

C. Venables has had a nasty accident, which resulted in blood-poisoning in his leg, and necessitated his going into hospital for a time. We are glad to hear there is some improvement now.

I. Jones-Parry is in an O.C.B. at Cambridge. He writes most feelingly of the death of Mrs. Salmon.

G. S. Fillingham, who is now a Captain, writes:—"I saw Beck the other day; he runs the 'Whizz-Bangs' now, producing

Shakespeare up to date. I do not aim so high. I still produce and invent revues—*A Modern Marriage* and *The Three Rogues* being my latest. My next is to be a trench burlesque of *Chu Chin Chow*. I saw T. S. Andrew the other day; he was on horseback, leading his section into position."

R. M. Williams writes:—"I am now sampling good old Flanders mud. It is very interesting ground, though, as it used to be in liosche hands."

C. W. Rowlands won the Military Cross thus:—During the operations at Cambrai, when he led a successful attack, he volunteered to bring in wounded under a heavy barrage of our own and the German guns. His unit advanced 750 yards beyond its objective. He went later to a Company Commander's course, near Boulogne. He has met many CDs., and writes warmly of "the dear School."

R. A. Briggs has joined his Gurkha regiment in India. He found no letters waiting for him at Bombay, as the troopship had outpaced the mail.

R. Bassett writes:—"I had my photo taken the other day, with tin hat and box respirator on—not on my face, but in the 'alert' position. One member of the mess had his photo taken with his gas-mask on."

B. Girling writes:—"I am at present detached from my battery, with twenty men, and we are digging gun-pits."

Lt. E. A. Champney writes:—"A Discharge Centre has been started in each Command, with a view to getting into working order the machinery for demobilisation. I am only attached here pending the next draft. In addition, there is an Admiralty Camp here for shipbuilders, worked through us. Men who have had any experience in shipbuilding get passed into Army Reserve Class W.

"At present the Quartermaster here has

two camps on his hands, and I am in charge of another one, hence I might quite rightly be termed Assistant Quartermaster. My camp alone consists of 37 huts, each capable of holding thirty men; and of course in addition there are stables, saddle-rooms, ablution-rooms, company offices, stores, sergeants' mess, guard-room, orderly-room, CO.'s office, cook-house, and two dining-halls. Just now I have 800 men in camp.

"I had the whole of the Discharge Centre working on fatigue the day before the camp was occupied, drawing barrack furniture from the store—a good half-mile down the road. There was no transport available, so I had strings of men, laden like pack-mules, moving continuously to and from the store. I drew 4,000 blankets, 1,000 sets of bed-boards, 1,000 sets of trestles, and many other articles like tables, forms, plates, basins and dixies. On Sunday the men moved into my camp, and I was working all day. Church was out of the question. However, the storm has abated now, and I'm just getting things shipshape."

J.J.N. Walker is in a camp near Bungay.

J. Cornes is stationed at Wallsend.

G.L.F. Fleet writes:—"On joining up, I was sent to Chatham on a course of instruction, and after passing the necessary examination, was appointed to a ship. We went up on patrol near Iceland for some time, and I saw enough ice and snow, and felt enough cold wind, to last me for the rest of my life. I find Rogers is a midshipman in another ship of the squadron which worked up there. The aurora is very beautiful on clear frosty nights. After being at sea for some time, we went to a coaling base in the North of Scotland, and I had my first experience of coaling ship. We had two colliers alongside, and forty men worked in each. Our captain found that

only twenty tons of coal an hour were being taken in, so he asked for ten officers to relieve ten men and set an example. Ten of us went, and in the first hour we sent up 42 tons, and 25 in the following half-hour. I have never worked harder in my life, and it took nearly a fortnight to get rid of the last of the coal dust. Another time we went to Canada for a convoy of merchant ships, which we brought across without mishap, the submarine menace being considerably lessened by the rotten weather we ran into when approaching the British Isles. We should have been in Halifax when the munition ship blew up, only we ran into a gale and had to put back to port. We were all very glad we missed it."

G. V. Knight is no longer in the Grand Fleet. He is reticent about his new little ship—particularly as regards its shape; but he has had exciting experiences out in the western seas, and amusing ones too. Some of us heard his story of the merchant vessel falling rapidly astern, whilst steaming full speed ahead, and the kindly information vouchsafed by the R.N.: "We fear you have lost your propeller." There was the episode also of the two bottles of stout——! But we must refrain.

A. G. Tobias writes:—"We had a topping time at Christmas. We are in action on the outskirts of a town, consequently we have a very fine mess in one of the houses, and even the men have a bed each. But how long this will last depends upon how long it takes Fritz to hit them."

R. McClelland is in Egypt.

E. C. Keble is doing clerical work at Lichfield Barracks. Earlier he wrote:—"I was on a bayonet-fighting and physical training course three weeks ago, but had to retire to hospital with tonsillitis. We've got a splendid Divisional Concert Party.

It is at present performing *Aladdin-up-to-Date*. All the costumes and scenery are wonderfully made, for the house is full every night. It is fine to be in civilisation again for a few weeks, as the endless sight of ruins and shell-holes begins to get one very 'muddy' internally as well as externally at times. I had a craze just about Christmas for learning to ride. Unfortunately our company charger had a habit of starting off at full gallop for his stable as soon as we were up. The result was a mixture of John Gilpin and Buffalo Bill."

H. W. Beck was sent early in the year to General Campbell's Brigade H.Q., to begin the Staff Course.

J. Barnes, C.T. Hutchison, and H.E. R. Baness met for lunch at the front just before Christmas. H. M. Chapman, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is quite close to where Barnes is now stationed, and the latter has seen something of L. J. Roskams and B. Girling. He has played for the Divisional Rugby team against some New Zealanders.

Mrs. Roberts sends news of various O.Ds. in Egypt: C. S. Little has been on leave from Palestine; N. Gordon has been to see her in Alexandria, and so has J. Bleakley; J. C. Warburton is up in the line, but Capt. Green is still at the 21st. General Hospital; Edgar Roberts is now a second lieutenant, and is to do coast work near Port Said. He was earning /"300 a year in a bank, but was most anxious to be out of mufti. His O.T.C. experience at Denstone made it easy to obtain his commission.

A. Burr, who is corporal in the Royal Engineers, and has been on the western front during practically the whole of the war, gained the Military Medal in 1917, when he was wounded.

R. Bowman, corporal in the York and Lancaster Regiment, is prisoner of war at

Barrack 32, Friedrichsfeld - bei - Wesel, Rheinland, Germany.

J. O. L. Mason sailed for India on Feb. 7th, travelling through France.

E. H. Glaisby fought through the Cambrai battles.

G. S. Fillingham gained his Military Cross for service in the Cambrai area. We hear stories of his company taking ten guns, but have no details.

L. J. Roskams has been through the fighting at Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, and Cambrai.

C. F. W. Haseldine, on sending a sketch of Ypres Cathedral, writes :—" It was done early in 1917, before the Messines show. It was an unhealthy place to sit in in those days; but I was fortunate in picking a quiet day. Lochner ii. passed me the other day in a car—doing about 40—and splashed me all over with mud."

R. Hampson has been with the L.R.B. in France for some time ; he is now applying for a commission.

T. Newton is now a captain.

M. H. Spicer is with the anti-aircraft guns helping to protect London.

A. S. Marsh writes from an East Coast training centre:—"Jimmy Northcote is our padre here, as I found to my surprise and delight."

R. W. Abbotts has been twice wounded, but is again at the front. His brother, G. D. Abbotts, has been wounded three times ; he is now stationed at Grantham.

C.S. Little, in sending a picture postcard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, writes :—" I spent a long time here yesterday. I have met B. K. Bond again in Jerusalem ; he and I were the first Denstonians to enter the city, so far as I know. I have seen Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the Via Dolorosa, and the Temple area, as well as Jordan, the Dead Sea, the site of Bethphage, Bethlehem, and

the brook Kedron. We are quartered just inside the city walls."

A. W. Huskinson wrote in December from Mesopotamia:—"We have had an exciting week chasing the Turks out of the hills. The weather has suddenly turned fearfully cold. Last week we were bathing in the river ; this week we break the ice on our water-buckets in the morning."

D. J. H. Evans sends a photograph from the Russian front of infantry soldiers standing by their soup-kitchen. " They line up and sing their grace with bared heads and closed eyes." He adds: " The Church may yet save Russia from herself."

H. L. Pearce has met, at Fleet, J. Kempton, who has passed through his O.C.B. course there very well. Pearce adds :—" I still wear the Denstone badge, which is very much admired."

P. W. A. Wood has gone to France.

H. E. R. Baness has seen severe fighting with the Welsh Guards. At one point he had a marvellous escape. Thirty-eight German machine-guns were concentrated upon a front of 150 yards. Most officers in his company were killed or wounded, but though bullets rained round his feet and repeatedly struck his helmet, he came through unscathed.

F. H. Holden is serving with the Royal Engineers as surveyor. For some months he has been attached for special engineering work to the Portuguese Armies in France.

After three years of hard work in the Army, A. Barratt-Greene knocked up in January and was invalided out, suffering from ill-health contracted on active service, with the honorary rank of Lieutenant. He talks of rejoining as soon as he is well.

L. B. Helder, writing from Clausthal in the Harz Mountains, tells us that, since departure of the older prisoners to Holland, he has raised, and conducts, an orchestra among those who are left.

2nd Lieut. H. C. Collis, who only left us last April, has won the Military Cross. He has been rather severely wounded and has been taken to the Stoodley Knowle Hospital for Officers at Torquay, where now he is able to get out and about.

This term we have had visits from Captain H. Merrick, M.C., Captain L. J. Roskams, Captain R. H. F. Coleman, Captain P. E. Burrows, M.C., 2nd Lieut. H. E. Baness, Sub-Lieut. G. V. Knight, Sub-Lieut. G. L. Fleet, 2nd Lieut. E. C. Keble, 2nd Lieut. E. H. Glaisby.

E. Carden is in the Royal Engineers. He has seen severe fighting in France and is now in Egypt. So far he has escaped unhurt.

We have received the following additional news concerning L. B. Forrest: "He led the carrying parties in the fierce engagement of April 23rd. It was largely due to his leadership and coolness that the bombs were got up safely to the front trench. The incident was of sufficient merit to find a place in a descriptive article by the correspondent of the *Times*, and Mr. Forrest was personally congratulated by the Brigade and Divisional Generals, and others. It was a plucky performance for a boy of nineteen years, and was typical of his work for the Battalion. It was said of him that he knew no fear. If he did, he never betrayed it."

R. H. F. Coleman has recently met G. N. Provis, C. K. Hope, and M. Y. Townsend in France.

C. Venables recently met R. P. Pollard in France, attached to one of the Field Ambulances of the Division to which Venables belongs. He has also met Glaisby in the Divisional Artillery.

H. O. Coleman is an Intelligence Officer.

A. C. Hogg has been despatch riding in Yorkshire and Durham in the 4th Battalion Essex Regiment.

G. B. Fyldes is back in England, probably *en route* to India. He has been accepted for the Indian Army.

E. Fearenside is back in France with the rank of Major.

N. Dunbar is Lieutenant in the Chota Nagpur Light Horse, not yet allowed to go on active service as he holds the position of Under Secretary to Government in the Public Works Department. He writes: "The casualty list in the *O.D. Chronicle* was sad reading. It is dreadful to think that old friends like Bonham Burr, the twin Cartwrights, Reggie Brownfield and many others have been killed."

Our Vice-Provost the Rev. Canon the Hon. Leonard Tyrwhitt, is now Deputy Assistant Chaplain-General to the Tenth Corps with the rank of Colonel. He has had trench fever, "a tiresome complaint." He has seen with regret that H. C. Collis has been wounded "but not badly I am glad to hear."

R. Lacey is at Nowshera, near Peshawar, where constant alertness is necessary.

R. A. Briggs is at Abbottabad—"a very beautiful station up in the mountains right on the N.W. Frontier. At present we have a foot of snow on the ground, but in the summer I am told the heat is intense. The Gurkhas are simply delightful little fellows. I am teaching seventeen wee boys signalling—their average age is fifteen. They are wonderful, as the signalling is all done in English of which they know not a word; but they learn it all by sound."

## WAR OBITUARY.

*Lieut.-Col. Herbert Molyueux* was one of the first members of the School. He came in October, 1873, and was Captain of the School. He was second in the Long jump in the first Sports

which were held (November 5th, 1874), and took part in the acting on the first Speech Day. He saw active service in the South African War in 1879. Lately he was stationed at Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, and died last December of heart failure.

*Second Lieut. James Ashwell Howe* was in H.M.H. iii. in 1915, and left to go into the offices of the Booth Line, in Liverpool. As soon as possible he joined the R.F.C., and made great progress, becoming a clever pilot. On Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th, he made an ascent, and his machine ran into a fog-bank. Also the engine went wrong, and from a couple of thousand feet the aeroplane nose dived to the ground, Howe being so seriously injured that he died almost immediately.

*Arnold Carden* was here in Shrewsbury Dormitory from January 1902 until July 1906. He was a private in the London Regiment, and took part in the recent advance in Palestine. There he was killed on November 7, 1917.

We hear that *Stephen L. Dartson*, private in the Seaforth Highlanders of Vancouver, B.C., whose death we have already recorded, was killed on Vimy Ridge on Easter Monday, April 9, 1917.

R.I.P.

### FOOTBALL.

#### A BURTON XV.

This match, played on behalf of the North Staffords Comforts Fund, was not a very exciting game. The Burton XV., though somewhat heavier, did not make

the most of their weight. It was one of the few occasions this season when the three-quarters were able to show to advantage, the ground being in very good condition, and the ball quite dry. Waghorn was the best in the three-quarter line, and was responsible for a fair number of tries, whilst among the forwards Austin, Fergusson, Jeffries and Wildsmith were the best. One piece of work by Austin was particularly good; he broke away from the middle of the field, and, running through all the opposing team, scored between the posts. The match ended in our victory by 47—0.

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

#### REVIEW OF THE SEASON, 1917-1918.

The season has been a very successful one; though the number of matches won has not been great, yet it must be remembered that our opponents have in almost every match been much heavier than our own side. We were unfortunate in being able to play only three school teams on account of the restricted railway travelling.

We had no difficulty in overcoming the resistance of the school sides we did meet, though the Trent team has improved, and gave us two very good games. The best and most exciting game was our first with the New Zealand Machine Gun Corps, and the result hung in the balance right up to the end. Our last match was against a Burton XV., arranged in aid of the North Staffords Comforts Fund, the game ending 47—0 in our favour. Altogether, out of ten matches played we have won six and lost four. Results:—

Trent College	Won	36-3
13th Training Reserve .	Won	19-0
5th Training Reserve .	Won	21-3
New Zealand M.G.C. .	Lost	0-6
Newcastle High School (Denstone "A" Team)	Won	38-0
New Zealand M.G.C. .	Lost	3-9
Trent College	Won	30-0
6th Battalion W.R.R. .	Lost	3-11
M.G.C. Grantham .	Lost	6-12
A Burton XV. . . .	Won	47-4

Points for, 203; against, 54.

CRITIQUE OF THE XV., 1917-1918.

*K. W. H. Austin.*—One of the most successful captains of recent years. Has set a very fine example to the team and to the School generally by his energy and keenness. As a player he has improved beyond recognition since last season. Good both in the scrum and loose. Always on the ball. A good tackle.

*D. J. Fergusson.*—An exceptionally good forward in every way, who uses his weight and ability to the best advantage.

*N. G. Whitfield.*—His work has indeed been invaluable and worthy of great praise. Occasionally he is inclined to delay his kick too long.

*F. B. Jeffries.*—A forward whose ability throughout the season has been very great and who makes full use of his speed and knowledge of the game.

*G. H. Wildsmith.*—Another excellent forward, whose work in the scrum and the loose has been of the best, especially his control of the ball in dribbling, which has been brilliant.

*P. Rimmer.*—An excellent forward whose work in the scrum and the loose always showed great ability.

*Carmichael.*—A bustling forward who works particularly hard in the loose.

At times misses his man by going high  
*H. H. J. Davies.*—A thoroughly reliable half. Was rather slow in getting the ball away but has improved himself considerably. His defence is excellent, and he plays a very good game at back when necessary.

*H. G. Newton.*—A sound far-seeing inside three-quarter, whose defence can usually be depended upon.

*R. C. A. Miller.*—A dashing inside three-quarter who has done excellent work in the attack and who has recently overcome a tendency to selfishness. He must improve his collaring.

*H. Pattison.*—A very good half whose attack is good. In one or two matches he has not played up to his usual good form.

*M. S. Waghorn.*—A good outside three-quarter whose defence is excellent and who has played a steady game throughout the season.

*G. Wynne.*—A very good forward who has improved himself wonderfully during the season.

*J. H. Vidler.*—A good forward whose work in the scrum is very sound.

*H. R. Cadman.*—A good forward who has improved himself considerably, and who bustles in the loose.

*R. K. McMichael.*—Another good forward who has done much good work and improved himself remarkably.

*E. Finney.*—An outside three-quarter who was disappointing at the beginning of the season, but later developed a hand-off, and has been most useful, using his weight to the best advantage.

*S. Harrison.*—A very useful outside three quarter who should be invaluable next season.

*W. Hall.*—A good inside three-quarter who should do well in the future,

f 1st XV. Colours. \* 2nd XV. Colours.

## O.D. NEWS.

H. O. Waller, since leaving Denstone in 1905, has been abroad for seven years in Spain and South America in the service of William Cooper and Nephews, Sheep Dip Manufacturers. He is now in the Inns of Court O.T.C.

Herbert Ware is organist and choir master at S. Alphege's, Southwark, and is on the Executive Committee of the Gregorian Association.

D. Bowman is junior partner in Messrs; G. F. Bowman & Sons, architects, Leeds, and is busily engaged on buildings for military and aircraft purposes. He is a member of the Council of the West Yorks Architectural Society.

H. G. Cross is learning engineering in Birmingham.

G. W. Chatterton is learning electrical engineering in Gateshead.

K. F. Woodham is an apprentice at Vickers' Works at Harrow in-Furness.

S. P. B. Mais's volume of literary studies *From Shakespeare to O. Henry* has reached a second edition.

C. a Becket Williams has published two series of settings to Elizabethan songs.

Algernon Holland Colville was here in 1852-3 as a day boy, his home being then at Alton. He subsequently went to Merton College, Oxford (B.A. 1894, M.A. 1902), and was ordained in 1897. He obtained his "blue" in the University XV. and played in the matches against Cambridge in 1893 and 1894, two of the years when E. M. Baker was also in the team. He filled various curacies in England and was missioner in the Diocese of Hereford from 1904 to 1906 and in the Diocese of Auckland from 1908 to 1910. Since 1911 he has been vicar of New Plymouth and later of S. Sepulchre's, Auckland, New Zealand.

He had very remarkable powers as a preacher, and only recently we heard from one who had just returned from New Zealand of the great work he was doing there and of his continued affection for Denstone. He died on February 15, after an operation for appendicitis.—R.I.P.

On November 3 last died J. H. Lloyd, who was music master here in 1877-9, and did much useful work in setting music "on its feet" in the school: for instance, in December, 1878, a concert was given which included Farmer's *Christ and His Soldiers* and in 1879 a Glee Club was started. He died in South Australia after six months illness, borne with great resignation and patience.—R.I.P.

H. S. Barber is on the staff at Glenalmond, but is going shortly to Bloxham.

Mr. Tisdall is on the staff at Marlborough.

W. W. Watts has been elected to the Athenaeum Club.

C. McClelland writes from "Defford-on-Sea, Worcestershire": "We get big floods here; the river rose over 12 feet after the snow. Mr. Windows, on whose plantation I work, has purchased a motor-plough, much to my delight. What makes it most attractive is that we've had to overhaul it. It is now in pieces, and as we have had to have one or two new parts, it will not be 'assembled' at present. The firm says they are out of stock at the moment; personally, I think that the parts which they 'expect every day' won't turn up till after the war."

F. H. Holden (May 1904) served his articles in the borough engineer's office at Letham, and was appointed assistant borough engineer there. Two years later he was appointed assistant engineer to the borough of Accrington, and after three years there was appointed chief engineering assistant to the county borough of Halifax. He is a member of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers and of



the Royal Sanitary Institute. He holds the following certificates: Building Construction (1st Class Honours), Applied Mechanics, Architecture, Hydraulics, Geodesy and Theory of Structures.

The Pastoral Staff presented to the Bishop - Coadjutor of Capetown was designed by F. H. L. Fleming (September, 1890), Architect to S. John's College, Johannesburg, of which the Bishop was Headmaster.

Captain F. T. G. Tremlett (March 1898), Deputy Inspector-General of Police in Mauritius, has been made a member of the Order of the British Empire.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Swift has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

He has also been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Society of SS. Mary and John of Lichfield.

In consequence of the food regulations, we had to forego the usual cakes on Mid-Tent Sunday, much to the regret of Miss Moorsom, the kind donor, and also to ours.

The Headmaster gave a lecture early in the term on the Siege of Paris, laying special stress upon the arrangements made for rationing of foodstuffs. The lecture was repeated at Uttoxeter on March nth.

Mr. Butler has read a paper to the Literary and Scientific Society on Charlotte Bronte and the English Novel.

The Three Hours Devotion was taken by Fr. Murray. Our Chaplain went to Longton to conduct the same service.

We have been raising funds on behalf of various war charities by means of weekly contributions.

Canon Mason, writing of his sons, says:—"I have put on an extra Mass this week,

with intention for the College and its Mission. It is all I can do for the School now."

On the Fridays in Lent the Chaplain gave a course of addresses on the Sacraments.

Father Lester Pinchard, Vicar of Saltley, preached on Thursday, March 7th.

A Committee Meeting of the School Mission was held on February nth, at which H. G. Newton was elected School Secretary, in place of M. S. Waghorn, resigned.

We note with pleasure that O.Ds. are beginning to take an interest in the Mission. Gifts of money, old clothes, etc., have been sent direct to Father Murray, SS. Mary and Chad, Longton. The School subscriptions this term amounted to £13 10s. Every single boy should be a *live* member of the Mission.

The following boys were confirmed by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield on March 22:—B. Beesley, W. Blackburn, P. Bolland, D. Boulton, E. Branscombe, D. Brayshaw, G. Brearley, F. Chapman, C. Clarke, C. Collis, T. Cowx, D. De Lattre, V. Dewhurst, L. Dodd, H. Dunn, A. Forsyth, G. Grant-Davie, L. Harrison, J. Harvey, A. Haslewood, W. Heywood, G. Hitchcock, D. Holden, D. Horner, E. Horner, A. Hunter, L. Hutchison, J. Irwin, R. Keep, J. Kirkham, R. Kirkham, H. Lenton, G. Lewis, H. Lewis, V. Lindley, D. Lingard, R. Lowndes, D. Lutter, C. Marshall, M. Mitcheson, O. Moseley, R. Newton, R. Phillips, B. Quack, A. Reynolds, J. Richardson, F. Richardson, H. Richardson, D. Rushworth, R. Samuels, H. Scarratt, E. Shirlaw, G. Smailes, F. Smith, S. Smith, J. Stewart, R. Summersfield, S. Torkington, A. Tranton, G. Venables, L. Watts, W. Watts, J. Wilding, J. Wilson, E. Wilson, H. Wilson, R. Wood, R. Woodhouse.

Woodard won the Little Side Football Competition.

The following have been awarded football colours:—1st XV.: H. H. J. Davies, H. G. Newton, R.C. A Miller, N. H. Pattison, M. S. Wa<sup>^</sup>horn, F. J. Wynne. 2nd XV.: H. R. Cadman, R. K. McMichael, E. Finney, W. Hall, G. H. Slack, M. Sugden, J. Corbishley.

On March 13th to 15th the work of the O.T.C., was inspected by Major the Hon. P. Bowes-Lyon.

The following appointments have been posted:—Sergt. Cowan to be Platoon Sergt., No. 1 Platoon; Sergt. Whitfield to be Platoon Sergt., No. 3 Platoon; Sergt., Newton to be Platoon Sergt., No. 4 Platoon; Lance Corpl. Carmichael to command No. 3 Section, No. 4 Platoon; Lance-Corpl. Hall to command No. 3 Section, No. 2 Platoon; Corpl. Price to command No. 3 Section, No. 1 Platoon; Pte. Alker to command No. 3 Section No. 3 Platoon.

The following promotions are posted:—Corporal Newton to be Sergeant (Platoon Sergeant of No. 4 Platoon), Private Carmichael to be Lance-Corporal.

F. E. Jeffries (H.M;H. i.) has left to join the R.F.C. He was a prefect, and had gained his 1st XV. colours. He was a Platoon Sergeant in the O.T.C.

The following have recently passed examinations in commercial subjects:—In Gregg Shorthand, R.E. Smith; in Pitman's Shorthand, L. L. Aiker, L. Duckworth, H. G. Lewis, and C. B. Venn; in Handwriting and Correspondence, A. L. Jones, R. J. Reece, and R. Thorpe; in Book-keeping, R. L. Berry, F. B. Jeffries, H. G. Lewis, J. L. Martin, E. J. A. Osborne, R. Aitken-Quack, J.N. Shaw, J. H. S. Tomlinson, A. G. Underwood, H. Whitehurst, and K. C. Wood.

Owing to local infectious illness, we did not have our usual whole holiday on S. Chad's Day this term, but a day is to

be added instead to the Easter vacation.

The Senior Fives Competition was won by Woodard, who beat Head's i. in the final.

The Annual Cross-country Race was run on Saturday, March 9th. It is particularly pleasing that Pattison and Jeffries should have come in first and second respectively; for Pattison's arm, damaged earlier in the term, was not yet strong, and the run was Jeffries' last function at Denstone, for he left to join the R.F.C. an hour afterwards. Lowe were first again this year—owing, we hear, to the careful dietary of their champions. Selwyn gained second place, and Head's iii. were third.

During the year 1917 twenty volumes have been added to the Boys' Library, including Schliemann's *Troy* and *Myceance*—works not very easy to pick up now at a reasonable price. A generous offer of books, from the library of a neighbouring parish priest, had to be declined from lack of space: indeed, there is practically no room at all for any additions, in some cases the books being already placed in *double* rows—needless to say, a most unsatisfactory arrangement.

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

*Corian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Marlburian*, *Kins' Edward's School Chronicle*, *Felstedian*, *Merchistonian*, *S.S.M. Quarterly Paper*, *Framlinghamian*, *Cuthbertian*.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded to the Editor, A. H. Cowan, 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.