



The Denstonian.

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EDITORIAL.

THE difference between this term and the corresponding one of a short time ago is very great. The summer term used to be a slow, stately, restful fellow, but of late he has succumbed to the hurry-scurry of the rest.

"No more do we recline about the playground in more or less graceful attitudes, as we did in the days before we forgot what strawberries tasted like, before milk ceased to yield cream, and before cards were introduced as a substitute for sugar. Instead, the activities of this term are

almost as feverish as those of its younger brothers.

Yet it is not easy to put one's finger on one thing and to say, "Here lies the difference between this term and those of the not very far-distant past."

True, in those days bayonets were not used for puncturing sacks, but this is only one thing, and after all it does not affect a large percentage.

However, a term of bustle is always an enjoyable one. Anyone will admit that to be extremely busy is far more enjoyable than to have nothing at all to do, and there are many who for some reasons will be very sorry to revert to the conditions of those happy days of so long ago—"before the war."

LEAVES FROM AN EASTERN
NOTE-BOOK.

By A. W. Huskiosou.

V.—BAGHDAD TO BABYLON.

One should, of course, have been perched on a camel, jogging slowly along in company with a whole caravan of twenty or thirty others, with stores and water supply complete for a week's trip; but I was not. My means of locomotion was the very modern Ford car, and the time allowed had not to exceed a thirty-six hours' leave.

We were a party of three, and we set off at mid-day with rations, rifles and ammunition, and a blanket each; for we planned spending the night out by the waters of Babylon and returning next day.

We crossed the Tigris by the pontoon bridge at Baghdad, took a desert track leading due south, and ran on nearly twenty miles before reaching Mahmudiyah, the first village on our route. This, like all Arab villages after rain, was full of water and thick mud, for there is no drainage system whatever, and the mud walls which flank the roads direct the rain into them and you get a good imitation of a canal. The Arabs are quite happy withal, and squat upon their high seats outside the cafes, chatting, and smoking their hubble-bubbles and drinking warm coffee out of small glasses.

In the next twenty miles we passed through two Khans—little caravanseries or halting-places for the camel trains which cross the desert—and then we got on to a fearfully bad road, through which the Ford laboured at about one mile per hour. We began to wonder if we should reach our little outpost station, on the Euphrates, before dark. To be marooned on the

desert at night is a thing to be avoided, as some of the Arab tribes are not of the friendliest and the jackals somewhat inquisitive.

All went well, however, and we reached the Hindiah Barrage before nightfall, and were able to find an empty tent in a small camp close by in which to spend the night. The CO. of the camp was only too pleased to welcome us to dinner in his lonely mess and promise us an early breakfast next morning. Before leaving in the morning we had a look at the huge barrage, which holds up the waters of the Euphrates for irrigation purposes and helps to keep huge tracts of country fertile—indeed, the Euphrates valley up in this region is one large stretch of wheat and barley crops, and its greenery presented a pleasing contrast to the arid desert waste we had traversed the day before.

Just before entering Hillah we saw the reputed remains of the Tower of Babel away out to the south-east—a ruined tower of brick, perched on top of a mound.

After leaving Hillah we began to scan the horizon for the mounds of Babylon—the ancient and mighty home of Nebuchadnezzar—for her cities which have become "a desolation; a dry land and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby." An apt description, indeed, for the remains of the mighty city which in the long past ages "dwelt on many waters, rich in treasures." There are still left long ridges of low lying hills—remnants of old irrigation schemes; but there is now no water in these once stately canals, and the parching sands of the desert surround the mounds that once were Babylon—the Gate of God. Its isolated desolation is almost complete, and I count myself indeed privileged in having been able to annihilate the distance which separates it from the

millions who would give much to see the broad walls which still stand—silent witnesses to her past glory. Few even of the troops out here get the opportunity or the means of crossing the surrounding desert to visit her.

The Babylon of to-day consists of three principal mounds, enclosed within a wall which has a circuit of about twelve miles. Of the three mounds (Babil, Amran and Kasr) the last has received most attention by the excavators, and hence was our objective. We left the desert road and ran through a gap in the old city walls. Our guide—an Arab we picked up in the desert and brought along on the step of the car to show us the way—could speak no English, and my Arabic is limited to some dozen words only, so that all we learned from him was that the ruins had been excavated by a German. The archaeologist has carried out the work wonderfully well, and there, excavated out of the solid mound, are exposed to view walls and arches and towers. All are of brick, cemented together with bitumen, and are in excellent preservation. The bricks are all of one size, twelve inches square and five inches thick; they are of good baked mud and straw, and many of them are inscribed with hieroglyphics. Visions of seeing one of these in the Denstone Museum were dispelled later by the Parcels Censor, who showed me a G.R.O. forbidding the removal of bricks from ruins.

The excavations in the mound we saw covered quite four acres, and, standing on the top of the mound, one got a good comprehensive view of the various rooms of the old palace. One might have been gazing on the halls of Nebuchadnezzar or on the dungeons which held Zedekiah and Daniel. Our Arab guide could not enlighten us! But in one place we saw a huge statue in basalt, obviously depicting

Daniel trodden under foot by a lion. It is a huge piece of sculpture, very crudely executed but in splendid preservation, and showing up in marked contrast to the ruined walls around. In another spot we dropped down into a huge excavation with four massive brick pillars about ten feet square and forty feet high. On their surfaces figures of horses stood out on the brick work, beautifully preserved. This, I learned later, was the Istar Gate, on the broad street made by Nebuchadnezzar as a processional road for Marduk to his Temple on the mound of Amran, half-a-mile to the south.

I took many photos among the ruins, and I hope the day is not far distant when I shall be able to convert them into lantern slides for the benefit of a Denstone audience.

And so we left her ruins—the ruins of that proud city which held such mighty sway three thousand years ago, now sunk in dust and oblivion—"sunk like a stone thrown into the midst of Euphrates."

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

We have received a series of interesting letters from J. Cornes. On April 23 he wrote: "Really I am quite enjoying myself in my continental trip, although at times I wish I was back to the Latin and Greek at Denstone. For about a week I have not had my clothes off. In my brief stay over here I have slept in funny places, ranging from a large French house to a Belgian barn, and even an open field, with the mud-black heavens for a covering and the muddy ground for a mattress."

Later (May 19) he wrote to say that after the Kemmel fighting he had been asked to join a trench-mortar battery:

"Therefore I am now in charge of a half-battery in reserve, my own boss in my own billet, with my own table in my own little office, containing my own bed. We excelled ourselves the other day. It was suggested that we should shoot the German as he flew as well as when he walked over in column of route or *en masse*. So we had a pot." (The result was too unhappy to bear being printed—though Cornes speaks of it as "a splendid pantomime!") "This morning Fritz peppered the village a little, but as long as he does not hit my cook-house or take the roof off my billet he can carry on. In this part of France there are lovely vineyards and gardens, all deserted now. We are somewhere between the Channel and Berlin."

On June 4 and 8 he wrote to say that his division had "been in the soup again. It was last Sunday morning when the show started, but I have no clear memory of events, things happened so quickly. In one of the quietest parts of the line Fritz opened with a bombardment and a gas cloud—experts say the most concentrated he has ever put over. For a few hours he kept this up and we waited. My guns were a few hundred yards behind our front line. I was jolly glad—relieved in fact, after the waiting—when a burst of machine-gun fire announced that Fritz was coming over behind the mist and fog. Of course, we let him have it, but gradually he worked round us until we were nearly surrounded. Then I remember giving the order to save the guns.

"How we got back, I don't know. My head was heavy from lark of sleep, and the gas, which was too strong. To observe I had to take off my mask and just wear the mouthpiece and clip, so my eyes smarted severely. However, we saved the guns, and in spite of very heavy machine-gun fire managed to get out of our

position. And I must say I thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was one of those times when one gats intoxicated with excitement and does not see the serious side of things. Since then we have fought a rear-guard action till now relief has arrived and we are out of it all once more.

"The Bosche got our mail, but not my valise, which I put on the transport before the fun began. I am sorry we could not receive our visitors properly, as we had so little warning; but we left lots of grub—eggs, lettuce, asparagus, potatoes—in our dug-out mess; and what is perhaps rather humorous is the fact that our cook, who was in a deep funk-hole, could not get out in time, so we left Fritz with grub to eat and a cook to prepare it for him.

"To day we sat—think of it!—devouring strawberries and cream at tea. What would Lord Rhondda say? Eggs are plentiful, and there will be lots of fruit. But shall we see it ripen?

"In our billet we have a most loquacious old French dame, who is always finding fault or losing something. She accused our fellows recently of stealing one whole egg from a barn. Next day she caught two men inspecting the outside of her wine-cask, to see what it was made of and what it weighed. I thought English dames could rattle pretty well, but I'll back a Frenchwoman any day! I shouldn't like to marry one. In the midst of one of her harangues I told her, to change the subject, that in England we fed on cats. An hour later she returned with a kitten, and presented it to me for dinner the next day. I informed her (in English) that she was an old fool—which seemed to please her.

"I feel quite effeminate at present. During our rear-guard action, of course, when we did sleep we slept on the good old earth. The result was that my face became rough. However, I have to-day rubbed

all over it some French scented cream. Eau de Cologne I find a splendid antidote for the smaller troubles which afflict both officer and man out here. My pyjamas are reeking of it."

WITH TRANSPORT IN EAST

AFRICA.

By D. Victor, O.D.

D. Victor is Principal of S. Michael's College, Likoma, but is at present an Acting Staff Sergeant with the Nyasaland Volunteer Reserve. He wrote in March, some eighty miles from Lake Nyasa: "My actual job is that of taking charge of big convoys of native carriers bringing supplies up to the column—rice, European food, hospital stores, ammunition, etc. At first I had 1,600 to bring up in ten days, but that was an exceptional number. The ordinary run is between 600 and 800. They are not much trouble, and we get on with few rubs. Knowledge of their language, and perhaps more so of their ways, is of course a great asset." We publish some extracts from his diary.

All Monday I had been building a great shed for the *tenga tenga* (carriers). Just as I had got the shed done I had a note from the O.C. Supplies on the other side of the river asking me to come across and fix up an *uletido* (journey) for the next day; so I took about 60 boys and went over to see him. The river is pretty broad and has a very swift current; I suppose one gets used to these things, but I must say a few years ago I shouldn't have fancied crossing it in a bark canoe—not a boat, but simply two bits of bark off a big tree bent to the shape of a boat and pegged together with little wooden rivets. However, I went across without turning a hair, as if I had been doing it all my life.

There is a raft, or rather two of them, hauled across by a wire rope; these take all loads. The raft is made of old petrol tins, bamboo stalks, waterproof bags filled with cotton and palm string; not much to look at, but it gets the things across. There was a bridge till just before the Germans left, when it was washed away by a big flood. That is the difficulty of the river (the Lujenda): it rises and falls with great rapidity, and unless there is a very strong bridge it can't stand the strain.

I went to the Boma (the Fort in which the Germans were—now used as supplies) and fixed up the loads—some 350 besides our own food, altogether 400—sent the lot down to the Ferry, and eventually got back to camp here as it was getting dark. Then I had to give out food to all the boys—some 800—and it was late before I had finished.

Next day the route for 0.1 hours was along the main road to Ntarika; by main road I mean that it was a hoed track about 15-16 feet broad, so we got along at a fair pace as the boys could go four or so abreast so that there was not more than 10 minutes difference between the head and the tail of the column.

* * *

This afternoon we shot one of the oxen, and I sat over four of my *capitaos* (headmen), while they cut it up, driving away with fierce words anyone who dared to come near. It is quite hopeless to do anything of that kind if there is a big crowd around.

So we got it all divided, and then I apportioned it out—so many boys to a leg, so many to a side, so many to a neck, while the cutters-up had the head. Of course no one was satisfied—they never are, but that didn't worry me.

We had intended taking the second ox with us, but, hearing that there was an awkward river *en route* and that two out of three oxen of the last *ulendo* had been

drowned in crossing it, I decided to leave the last one at Luati till our return, in charge of four boys.

Next morning we were away about 7 o'clock and got in after a slow journey about 1 o'clock—another short day's walking—we didn't do more than four and a half or five hours altogether.

Very soon after leaving camp I found a boy who had come down sick from the column—dead by the side of the road. He had evidently come down with the rest, but about a quarter of a mile from camp had turned aside a few yards on to the grass and lain down. So I called some of the spare carriers and we buried him where we found him, and went on. The main column had waited for us—we caught them up; but soon after I had another wait—found another boy very sick, and certainly not fit to go back by himself, so took him to a village close by and arranged with the chief to look after him until our return.

We suddenly came upon our camp for the night, much earlier than we expected. I put on a gang of boys to build a grass hut, and we had a good afternoon and evening by the side of a river, the soldiers being in a circle round us as usual, and the T.T. in their huts a little way away.

* * *

We had a short journey, travelling light, to Luambala, getting in by 11 o'clock. I had lunch and then crossed the river to see O.C. Supplies and then to go to Headquarters to report to Lieutenant Watson, transport officer. He gave me tea and we discussed things in general. My position on this job is odd. In the army I believe I am a Staff Sergeant; in practice I am anything—*vide* my names: this man calls me "Mr.," another "Victor," another "Vol. Victor," another "Sir," another "Padre," another "Sergeant"—so I take it all as it comes and hob-nob with all and sundry,

which seems to be the most satisfactory way. Strictly speaking, I suppose a sergeant doesn't "tea" with officers, but I am not running the sergeant stunt, and would much sooner be considered as nondescript; it leaves one freer. I believe the sergeant business was started to give us position on convoy, but personally I have never found the slightest difficulty with escorts when trying to rule the roost; we seem to fit in all right, and no bones are broken.

To return. I had tea with Lieutenant Watson and Lieutenant Robertson, who is attached to Colonel Hawthorn's staff, and then went back to Supplies to draw my rations—the same old lot: biscuits, bully beef, sugar, tea, prunes, jam—and then crossed over to the camp here.

A small house had been built for me, and I spent the morning fitting it up—with a table, chair, deck chair, windows and so on.

In the afternoon I got over some rice to feed the T.T. with, and was much bucked to get a couple more oxen as well—slew them both and divided them between my T.T. (4.00 and 1.00 of another man's), so they had a good feed. Of course I got some meat for myself, so have had a rest to-day from the everlasting bully beef which one gets sick of.

I am always on the look out for new ways of doing bully beef. It helps out having something with it, sauce or something of the kind, but up here, nearly ten days from the base, we can't expect to get that. Eaten with cucumber it isn't bad, but in whatever way one has it, fried, boiled, rissoles or cold, it seems just the same and one gets tired of it.

I have discovered that one biscuit (the big dog biscuit kind they issue us with) makes quite a good substitute for a plate of porridge; crushed up and cooked with sugar it is quite all right. I don't know

that I should have ever chosen it, but as it is, nothing else being forthcoming, I am quite keen on it.

Luambala is really in three parts, (a) Headquarters; (b) Supplies, on the west bank of the Lujenda; (c) Ben's Post on the east bank. When the column first got up here to where the Germans were in the Boma, it took some time to get them out. We dug in and fought our way down the road to the Boma (i | miles). All the way there are the remains of the dug-outs and shelters; also in one place the graves of three officers and soldiers who were killed. The ground slopes up towards the Boma, which is on a cleared space and commands the country all round. It would have been a difficult place to take by a regular assault, but its position in the corner between two rivers made it dangerous for the Germans to stay long after we once got up, as we could have cut them off by crossing both rivers and surrounding them. They cleared across the river and round it. The two battalions went right forward.

Ben's Post is in a fine position on the top of a rise—rather, on the flat peak of a small hill, the ground sloping gently down at the side and rather more so in front and at the back—a fine natural position. I am not sure of the origin of the name, but I believe some active soldier is supposed to have discovered the spot; certainly it is always known as "Ben's" Post—his name, I think.

IN THE HILLS.

After eight months in Bangalore G. E. Jackson has been sent up to Lower Topa, Murree, a five day journey by train and motor lorry. He writes: "Yesterday morning we all set off in motor lorries for the hills. The road was like a piece of

Kim. Endless ekkas, and families trudging along on foot, men riding fine horses; now and then a camel or a horse that had stampeded and lost its owner; patient buffaloes pulling caricatures of waggons; several bears being led on a chain; and a couple of led monkeys, as big as dogs.

"The first view of the hills is not inspiring. There are too many little ranges between the plains and the Himalayas, and you can't see the real thing. The Persian mountains, rising like a great iron wall from the desert, are very much grander. But our road wound up and up, like a snake wriggling between rocks, and gradually one found oneself looking down on the foothills; then looking across them, to the plain beyond. We made endless horseshoe turnings through a pine forest that seemed limitless; and I believe we passed more camels than I saw in all Mesopotamia. The baggage of a couple of regiments was moving up in our direction; and it was all like Kipling's song of the transport animals.

"Forty miles we went, to Murree, and at 6,675 feet above sea-level we began to see snowdrifts by the roadside. Then suddenly we left our valley-slope and turned a corner, and looked above a series of the lower slopes, right across to the snowy Himalayas. The sight absolutely catches at your breath; and I suppose the peaks you look at may be two hundred miles away.

"A couple of miles more and we arrived. Lower Topa is just about 7,000 feet above the sea, 400 below Murree. I sleep in a bungalow right on the crest of our slope. From one window, one looks right across the hills, and sees the Punjab all spread out forty miles away. There is a sheer drop of about 2,000 feet into one of the valleys, and it looks as though one could chuck a pebble on to the little terraced

fields, that look like squares of a chess-board, on the further slope. But I suppose the pebble would have to go for about a mile, and drop a thousand feet. From the other side, one looks into a sort of blue immensity, which is the lower ranges; and across this enormous space, as if they were in another world, the white Himalayas rise above one. I wanted to worship the sun when I got up this morning. . . .

"The hillmen are wonderful people. On the roads you can see the coolies marching along by the mile, with loads on their backs as big as you and me. You meet curious carts that look as if they were tied together with string, and bullock wagons like moving tents of thatch. The men themselves are tall and thin and hawk-nosed, as one imagines Judas Maccabaeus: more yellow than brown. Altogether, they are a pretty fine crowd; and some of the youngsters have the proud saintly faces of a Renaissance gospel painting. And the women, instead of looking as if they had been made of the remnants left over from making other people, are quite handsome and refined.

"You may be interested to know that, since October 7, 1916, when last you saw me, I have travelled well over 20,000 miles."

D.O.R.A. IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By H. M. Butler, O.D.

Dora is a lady with whom we are all only too familiar. She guides our actions from the time when we rise—an hour earlier than the clock would suggest—till the moment when we fall asleep behind curtained casements. We think of "flapper fiancée," and thus few realise how advanced is Dora's age—that "time cannot wither

her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." She was alive and vigorous many centuries ago, and though it is impossible in a short paper to disclose all her activities, it should be easy to show that she was ubiquitous even seven hundred years ago.

Probably the ordinary man finds Dora most insistent in the matter of food. It is a subject upon which she has always held strong opinions. In all times of scarcity she is fully justified in her interference; and in the Middle Ages these were common enough. In 1314 we learn that "no fleshe could be had, capons"—not coupons—and geese could not be found, eggs were hard to come by, sheepe died of the rot, swine were out of the way." Soon afterwards, "horseflesh was counted great delicates; the poore stole fatte dogges to eate."

It is not surprising that, even before the days of the submarine, there should have been times of hardship; for until recently every country was self-supporting, and a failure of the home crops meant inevitable disaster. There were no potatoes in 1314 with which to stave off hunger. Government, however, did dilute the wheaten flour at times. We hear of the "loaf of all manner of grain," and even of "horse-bread," which was made of beans. The modern baker must echo the laments of the mediaeval, but he is hardly as ingenious. In 1316, "Alan de Lyndeseye was sentenced to the pillory because he had been convicted of baking *pain demaign* that was found to be of bad dough within and good dough without. And because such falsity redounds much to the deception of the people who buy such bread, he was committed for trial."

Many attempts were made to check undue extravagance at meals. Grosseteste included in a series of rules for his own table, one that there should be no "fat

carriage" (overloading of plates); whilst Government itself laid down, in 1336, a scheme of rationing for private houses. "No man shall cause himself to be served in his house or elsewhere at dinner, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish, with the common sort of pottage, without sauce or any other sort of victuals"—and so on.

Table manners were rather primitive, whatever the fare provided. Everyone knows of Chaucer's Prioress, who wiped her mouth so carefully that she left no grease floating in her cup after she had been drinking; whilst "she let no morsel from her lippes fall, ne wet her fingers in her sauce deep." But one is surprised to find injunctions necessary that a servant should not sneeze into the dish, nor lick the plates in order to clean them.

Meat was probably little eaten by the poor in the Middle Ages, except in the form of ham or bacon—a point of resemblance to our own day. Even so, owing to the scarcity of salt, the meat must often have been tainted. As for beef and mutton, draught oxen, when slaughtered, would have proved indigestible fare, and sheep were kept chiefly for the sake of their wool. Fish, however, whether fresh or dried, seems to have been a staple article of diet. All manner of regulations regarding its sale were made by the Gild Merchant—acting in this matter as a Local Food Committee. An amusing rule of the Southampton authorities was that no man should sell fish as fresh unless he himself had caught it—a wise precaution. Butchers were not to sell unsound meat, to throw offal—hallowed word!—into the streets, or smoke pork in front of their doors.

But fish was a matter of intimate con-

cern, not only to the individual, but also to the Government. The Tudors, at any rate, were anxious to use the fishing fleet as a training ground for the Navy. In 1549, Parliament, whilst excusing itself for countenancing the Catholic practice of fasting, yet insisted that Fridays, Saturdays, Ember-days, and Lent should everywhere be observed as meatless days. The penalty for disobedience was ten days' imprisonment and a fine. In 1563, Government attempted to add Wednesday to the "fish and navy" days. Cecil himself had a first course of salmon or herrings, haddock or cod, and followed this up with conger or smelts. In 1582, a licence to butchers to kill during Lent was refused on the ground that invalids could manage with poultry, which they were allowed as a concession to ill-health. Restrictions were placed on the importation of foreign salted fish—just as the trade in tinned salmon from abroad has been reduced in our own day. The English sailors were expected to meet all the home demand.

A number of rules were made during the Middle Ages dealing with shops and inns. Butchers might not sell any cooked meats, and cook-shops might not sell wine. Various regulations were made as to preserving the standard of the article sold. Thus, an Assize dated 1197 introduced uniformity in measures of ale. In London a price was fixed in 1266 for first and second quality beer—a distinction which is reminiscent of sausage coupons. The prices were 1½d. and 1d. a gallon respectively, and brewers were ordered to brew "as good ale, or *better*, as they were wont." In 1199 a maximum price was fixed for wine, yet the land "was filled with drinkers and drinking." As for bread, the size of the 12d. loaf was to depend upon the price of wheat—an inversion of our policy of the 9d. quartern.

This loaf, however, brings us closely into touch with the Middle Ages ; for it is in some degree a recognition of the mediæval belief that everything had a "just price," more than which it was disgraceful profiteering for a tradesman to demand. Constant complaints were made of undue extortion by retailers of food. In Edward III.'s reign an act was made to check the high prices of "hostelers and herbergers" ; and a little later another to stop the "great and outrageous cost of victuals kept up in all the realm by inn-keepers and other retailers of victuals, to the great detriment of the people." It all reminds one of the agitation against the high prices charged for potatoes in London restaurants to-day.

The difficulty of excessive charges was of course largely obviated by payments in kind, particularly in the early Middle Ages, and such payments depended upon the degree of industry shown. Thus we read in a document of 1000 that the barn-keeper belonged "the corn-droppings in harvest at the barn-door, *if his ealdorman give it to him, and he faithfully earn it.*" Again, "Let the swineheard take heed also that after sticking he prepare and singe well his slaughtered swine ; then he is right worthy of the entrails."

The grievance of the ordinary man against the food profiteer shows itself in many ways. We hear that on one occasion the common people of Coventry threw loaves at the head of the Mayor as a protest against their light weight—a hint for the hungry in Vienna.

Very early began the English working man's vital interest in his beer. Skelton, tutor of Henry VIII., writes of the wrinkled old hag who

" Breweth nopy ale,
And mskpth thereof port sale
To travellers, to tynkeis,

To svveters, to swynkers,
And all good ale drinkers."

The publican naturally came in for particularly severe criticism. A popular lampoon speaks of the innkeeper thus :—

" Of cans I keep no true measure,
My cups I sold at my pleasure,
Deceiving many a creature."

But penalties for selling provisions and beverages of bad quality or in short measure were severe. One might be dragged on a hurdle through the streets, be put in the "cucking-stool," or even be compelled to swallow one's own unsound drink, what was left being poured over one's head.

The man who made a "corner" in any article, and thus became a monopolist, was regarded as a "public enemy of the whole country." He was defined as one who "hastens to buy before others, grain, fish, herrings, or anything vendible whatsoever, making gain, oppressing his poor neighbours, and who designs to sell more dearly what he so unjustly acquired." Yet "these monopolists began to swarm like the frogs of Egypt."

Great was the rejoicing when misfortune overtook the profiteer. A certain Pisan corn merchant, it is recorded, had hoarded wheat during the siege of Acre, in hope of supplying the nearly starving Crusaders at exorbitant rates. After enduring great hardships, the army received supplies by ship, and became independent of the greedy Italian, who was thus unable to obtain the high price for which he hoped. Nor did his misfortunes end here. The chronicler glee-fully adds :—"His wickedness did God show by a plain token; for it chanced that his house suddenly took fire, and was consumed with all that was in it." Is it profane to suggest that some other than a divine agency may have been responsible for this most fortunate accident ?

WAR NEWS.

Since the last number of the *Denstonian* was issued we have heard of the following honours gained by O.Ds, in the war :—

D.S.O.

Major E. Woolmer, M.C.

MILITARY CROSS.

2nd Lieut. H. Panting.
A-Capt. W. F. P; Thomas.
2nd Lieut. R. M. Williams.
2nd Lieut T. S. Andrew.
Capt. R. Bullock.
Capt. G. H. Hunt.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS.

Captain I. D. R. McDonald, M.C.

MENTIONED IN DESPACHES.

Major E. Woolmer, D.S.O., M.C.
(3rd time.)
A-Capt. F. G. Saunders.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

2nd Lieut. R. S. Caldwell.

R. M. Williams gained his Military Cross for a particularly brilliant exploit. He volunteered to recover a gun from No Man's Land, and with such ability and pluck did he carry out the operation that not only was the gun saved but he did not lose a single man.

G. S. Fillingham gained his Military Cross thus : During the advance his company came under point-blank fire from a hostile field battery, which was holding up the attack on the flank. Having located and reported the exact position, he was sent forward with two parties to attack the battery. They charged the guns and

captured the battery, all the gunners being either killed or taken prisoners. The success of the enterprise was due to his gallant reconaissance and dashing leadership.

It seems that L. B. Helder has recently been under a sentence of court-martial in Germany. He and several others were charged with "banding together to make a forcible exit from the camp." This was the sequel to the finding of a tunnel which about forty officers helped to dig, and which was discovered last November. The tunnel was a very finely organized affair, and showed the greatest patience and perseverance on the part of those who made it. It took months to work; and then rain fell and delayed the exit for a fortnight, during which the Germans discovered its existence. An appeal was lodged by the prisoners against the sentence of seven months imprisonment. There was nothing but circumstantial evidence against Helder, as there were trapdoors in every room besides in his own.

We have received an amusing account of the life in Helder's camp—amusing in spite of the wretched conditions which are so pluckily borne there. The camp celebrities include the Commandant—a commercial traveller in America at the beginning of the war, who relates how the camp horse "won the Durby in London last year" (*sic*): "Shooting Sam," a typical Hun, who shoots at everything and hits nothing; the "Loon," who for long had a passion for confiscating pyjamas, but subsequently returned to the front; "Whistling Rufus," a cross-eyed detective from Berlin; and the camp police-dogs, with whom it is forbidden to "fraternise." All bread is, by order of the General, cut into small pieces, and so is everything else—by machine now, though formerly by bayonet—in the search for maps and guns. Even the wall-paper is ripped down at

intervals, and German dictionaries are censored lest they contain a code. In the officers' vegetable plot nothing may grow higher than twelve inches, lest it may yield cover by which to escape.

Mr. Huskinson is now with the Egyptian Forces. Quite recently he met G. S. C. Weigall and E.T. Greenwood, and dined with them.

C. H. Finch has had the pleasure of watching some native "Soccer." During the progress of a match, the onlookers became so excited that when a count of the players took place it was found that the sides numbered sixteen and seventeen respectively. "I hardly dare think what would happen if we played Rugger"

Hi Makinson is a prisoner of war, with several other O.Ds., at Rastatt, Baden.

Amongst those recently wounded are R. S. White and P. C. Clayton.

We still have no news of E. C. Keble, we regret to say.

G. S. C. Weigall, when he last wrote, was in command of the depot of an Indian cavalry regiment in India. He had passed out as instructor (with 80 per cent, marks) from a Hotchkiss Gun course, and hoped soon to transfer to the front line. He complained that at present he was the "complete beetle-crusher." He has been playing Rugby football.

H. S. Robinson wrote in May to say that his brother was again in France, after being suddenly discharged from hospital. "This morning I was watching a competition amongst various platoons of the East Yorkshire Volunteers in squad drill and bayonet work. The very energetic corporal received high praise, and he turned out to be an O.D., Gerald Sharp (1913-16)."

A. S. Marsh has gone to France for the second time. There he has met N. Blunt and Embrey. He wrote in May, recalling happy summer days at Aiton, and suggest-

ing an O.D. badge by which men on service could recognise one another. He wrote by candle-light, the candle-stick being "the inevitable tin hat."

R. E. McDonald has been suffering from shell-shock. He recalls his meeting with T. Newton. "It was the rottenest dug-out I've ever seen. The last time I met him was in the C.O.S's. room at Denstone—a very different place."

H. W. Beck hopes to transfer to the R.A.F.

G. S. Fillingham and J.S.G. Branscombe have been in the same hospital with E. R. Wood. Both have made capital progress. Wood met Branscombe on the boat coming across.

R. Larkam met Winkler and Embrey on going out. "I managed to cheer them up with a few Djnstone reminiscences. After several days of 'dashing about' (?) on French railways, I reached battalion H.Q., just north of Amiens. As usual, I found Denstone well represented—by Captain J. N. Knight, M.C.(O.D.). I may say that Knight is about the most popular officer in the battalion. Although only twenty-one, he is the senior company commander. He has been wounded once, and his back is still weak. J. Cornes, who came out with me, after having a very hard time at Kimmel, has now got a comparatively easy job, attached to a light T.M.B., down on our front. I met E. H. Glaisby in a French village, which caused us mutual surprise. He too is attached to a light T.M.B.

"The very first night I went up the line I was kept at battalion H.Q., and was not sent straight up to my company, as is almost invariably the case. That very night the Boche accounted for the whole of my company, complete, just north of Albert; I daresay you saw it in the papers. So you see it is more by luck than anything I am now wasting my time with trench fever in

an English hospital, instead of a German internment camp."

H. Grace, who has joined the R.A.F., has been for some time in hospital, but has now recovered.

R. Bassett says that he was very lucky during the March-April retirement; for, although the Boche is now doubtless writing home on his notepaper, he only lost five pairs of boots.

J. R. Hassell has gone to the front.

M. S. Waghorn is in an O.C.B. at Newmarket.

H. E. L. Fisher has been suffering from poisoning caused by a scratch by a brass shell-case. He has come home to take a commission. He writes:—"I should like some of our 'peace-at-any-price' people to see the refugees who pass every day, carrying their bits of bundles—all they can bring away of their homes."

H. C. Collis wrote from Hipswell Camp :—"I am now on drastic treatment, and have to turn wheels round, pick up weights, and all that sort of nonsense." He and P. W. A. Wood lost all their belongings in the retreat following March 21.

R. H. F. Coleman wrote on Low Sunday :—"On Easter Sunday we were just moving from our former position in the line to a part in the area of the German advance. I heard Mass at a little church just behind the present line, where the people were all packed up ready to retire, and where a new rear line of defence was being rapidly constructed. The next day we moved up to a village from which the enemy had just been driven, and here we are now, in fairly good dug-outs, working on new trenches and the reconstruction of old ones, and the erection of belts of wire. It is rather exciting, as the Germans have not yet given up the attack. The day before yesterday a small local attack was repulsed. It is always consoling after a

bombardment to see how many shells merely make holes in the ground." He went on to say that he was second in command of a company.

Referring to a recent leave, he wrote :—"England as a whole did not please me. There are too many there whose patriotism consists in *making* their bit rather than in *doing* it. The theatres go on unchanged, and the canting plea is put forward that it is to cheer the boys when they come home. They would have been home altogether if all the rascally actors and other non-combatant patriots had been made to come to the front."

His letter contained this quaint touch:—"One battalion I used to know carted a pair of bantams and a couple of pigs about with them ; but probably, in these days of rapid moves, they cannot do so any longer."

O. Victor is a C.F. He travelled out to France with "Bill Cooper, returned from Salonica, and now up in the thick of things, and finding it all very different from the placid East." For a fortnight Victor had "more touch with death, suffering, and other people, than ever before" in his life. Three hundred letters and cards in four weeks represented only one side of the work. Later, he was behind the lines. "In the cool of the evening I have cycled out most days along country lanes to some church or village—delightful wooded valleys in all directions, and vast open cultivated uplands. One night, while thus engaged, I ran across R. H. F. Coleman, plodding the lonely furrow."

H. L. Haseler is with the Inns of Court O.T.C.

J. L. Hardy was with the South Staffords when they withdrew in the Armentieres district. They were surrounded, but cut their way out. He writes:—"We are at present living in a house with three dead horses and dozens of live cats. I do not

know how the cats get through the gas, of which we get a great quantity. You will be glad to hear that I am now a section commander, which means my first stripe when it is put in orders. I had a narrow squeak yesterday morning. The Company Sergeant took the N.C.Os. and section commanders to see a part of the lines we shall take over. We had only gone about three hundred yards before a shell came 'bang!' just by us. Fortunately there were some houses just by us, and we rushed into these. Then for about fifteen minutes we got some strafe. When it had quietened down a bit I went out on to the road, and immediately an 'iron foundry' whistled over, and I just got round the door when it fell just where I had been standing. After that we came out; everyone swore he had never run so fast before as he did when going back to the billets." Embrey is with him.

C.S. Little kindly sent us a set of photographs of Jerusalem and the Holy Land; but, alas! they reached us in a sodden state, after meeting with misadventure. He hopes some day to write some impressions of Palestine for the *Denstonian*.

G. B. Fyldes sailed for India in the middle of June.

R. Bullock is now in the Gloucester Regiment. He was at first refused for the Army, but subsequently was accepted, and has been wounded three times, and has since gained the Military Cross.

Captain J.F. Menzies, M.C., is reported a prisoner of war in Germany.

Captain I. McDonald, M.C., D.F.C., having a considerable spell of leave, has decided to spend part of it with us.

C. J. Gurnhill, formerly C.F., has joined up again as a private, R.A.M.C.

H. L. Barber has left Newmarket O.C.B. and joined the Hampshires.

H. S. Barber has joined the R.N.V.R. So has P. Waller, for long Music Master.

T. J. Salmon visited the College when on leave from Africa. He has met O. Martin, whose successful operations in East Africa were reported in our last issue, and who is now on sick leave. Although ill, he insisted on completing his work, being carried upon a stretcher by the troops whom he refused to leave. Salmon himself is an Acting District Commissioner in British East Africa, and has helped to raise many thousand porters for service in the war.

C. J. Thomas has been with the Inns of Court at Berkhamsted, but hopes to join the R.F.A.

E. A. Gausson has resigned his commission, he has left Merchiston, where he commanded the O.T.C. and is now Second Master at Wolverley Grammar School.

H. L. Pearce and A. S. Merrett have joined the Middlesex Regiment.

G. J. V. Haddock wrote in June:—"I have been in Italy over seven months. We have just crossed swords with the Austrians for the first time (properly), and we gave them rather a good sloshing. After putting down a quite heavy bombardment, they came over in mass. Our machine-guns played havoc with them, and, as far as our part of the line was concerned, they gave up any idea of their offensive, and got back to their own positions. Fighting continued on our old front down on the Piave, but the Italians have done exceedingly well, and from the Austrian point of view the whole offensive was an utter failure.

"In May, I managed to get a day in Venice, and another in Verona—a charming town. We have been billeted in some villages in the foothills in Romeo and Juliet's country, and have been quite close to their old castles. Ours is a very interesting front on the Asiago plateau, very

high up, and in country covered with pine forests. We have aerial cables to take stuff up to the high ground, and also extraordinarily good roads—a wonderful feat of engineering. Things are again quiet, and the weather very changeable. At times it pours with rain, and at others the heat is terrific."

Before the war he was apprenticed to an Estate Agency. He was buried in the churchyard at Vandieres, which is about five or six miles west of Epernay. The officers of a famous French Infantry Regiment sent a fine wreath with a large inscription in the French colours. Also, the colonel and many of the officers attended his funeral.

WAR OBITUARY.

The obituary notice in our last number of *Henry Vernon Jones* should have been of *Henry Vernon James*.

•2nd Lieut. *R. Seddon Caldwell* was killed on June n, aged 23. He joined the army in August, 1914, as a private in the Hunts Cyclists Battalion, and served in France from December, 1914, to 1918. He obtained a commission in 1918, returning to the front in May. His commanding officer writes: "Although he had only been with us a very short time, we all, non-commissioned officers and men as well as officers, felt his loss very much indeed. He was very good at his work and very plucky in the face of the enemy. He was killed while attacking a wood held by the Germans. A machine-gun at the edge of the wood opened on his platoon: he immediately ordered his men to charge, leading them himself. He was killed instantaneously. . . . On a previous occasion your son captured a machine-gun and behaved very bravely. It is some slight consolation to you to know that the French general is awarding him the Croix de Guerre for his gallant behaviour on the night he was killed." Hecameherein 1909 (Lowe) and stayed till Dec, 1910, leaving early, though not before he had shown considerable promise as a football player.

The death of *Harold D'Arcy Champney* struck us with a poignancy unusual even in this terrible time. We had earlier the official news of his death, and obituary notices of him appealed in various papers. In our last number we made a selection from these. However, later we heard that he was a prisoner at Ingolstadt, and that, though severely wounded, he was very cheerful and looking forward to being sent home. Then came through the sad news that he had died in hospital. There is little to be added to the unanimous testimony to his worth which followed the first erroneous report. Flere, in Head's hi., ign—1916, he proved himself a boy of unfailing courtesy, endowed with a happy temperament and a conscientious attention to duty, whether as a prelect or a corporal, which was possibly the most marked feature of his character.

R.I.P.

CRICKET.

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

OAKAMOOD.

This match was played on our own ground. Batting first, Oakamood made 172. Then for us, Fergusson and Whitfield batted first, but unluckily, the latter was "yorked" by Swinson, having only made

four runs, the first wicket falling for 13. Hall, Hobday, Lutter and Corbishley went in, bringing the score up to 74 between them. Out of the team Fergusson and Corbishley did the best, making 50 and 16, not out, respectively. For the visitors Swinson and Walker went in first, 78 being put up before both were out. Johnson, the Staffordshire man, did a great deal of hitting, taking four fours in one over. He finally retired, not out, with 73 to his credit. The match was drawn. Miller took 4 wickets for 18 runs, Corbishley 2 for 27, and Whittles 1 for 42.

SCHOOL.

D. J. Fergusson, not out	50.
N. G. Whitfield, b Swinson	4
W. Hall, c & b Walker	6
M. G. C. Hobday, b Swinson	0
F. Lutter, lbw b Swinson	6
J. Corbishley, not out	16
J. Whittles, J. Tomlinson, P. R. Sutton, K. C. A. Miller, H. G. Newton, did not bat.	

Extras 2

Total (for four wickets) 74

OAKAMoor.

Swinson, c Tomlinson b Miller 42; Walker, b Corbishley 36; Yates, c Newton b Whittles 3; Alcock, c Whitfield b Miller 0; Johnson, not out, 73; Nicholls, lbw Miller 3; James c Corbishley, b Miller 0; Goodwin, c Hall b Corbishley 3; Collier, not out 0; Child and Bolton did not bat; Extras, 12; Total (for seven wks). 172.

TRENT.

The match was played at Trent. Trent won the toss, and put us in first. Fergusson and Hall opened the game. Kigg took the first over, all the balls of which were "yorkers"; the result was a "maiden." The two of them were despatched for two runs between them. Hobday, Whitfield, Corbishley, Tomlinson, and Lutter batted

in turn, all of them reaching double figures, and all being bowled except Tomlinson, who went out by a very good catch on the boundary by Thwaites. In the end, the total was 90.

Townend and Thwaites went in first for Trent, but only made 4 between them. Cheesewright, their captain, made 37; and Kigg, with plenty of hitting, made 52, not out. The match was lost, Trent making a total of 163. Corbishley was our most successful bowler, taking three wickets for 37. Whittles took two for 29, and Sutton one for 31.

SCHOOL.

D. J. Fergusson, b Thwaites	2
W. Hall, b Kigg	0
M. G. Hobday, b Thwaites	15
N. G. Whitfield, b Hoole	12
J. Cor'oishley, b Rigg	17
J. Tomlinson, c Thwaites b Wimperis	16
F. Lutter, b Rigg	10
J. Whittles, lbw b Wimpstris	3
P. R. Sutton, b Rigg	3
H. G. Newton, b Rigg	0
R. C. A. Miller, not out	1
Extras	n

90

TRENT.

Townend, b Corbishley 4; Thwaites, lbw Corbishley 0; Alston, lbw Whittles 17; Cheesewright, b Sutton 37; Schindler, c Hobday b Whittles 5; Rigg, not out 52; Walker, run out 12; May, b Corbishley 2; Wimperis, not out 15; Extras, 19; Total (for 7 wks), 163.

MR. EVERSHED'S XI.

The match was played at Burton. We went in first, Fergusson and Whitfield opening our innings. Whitfield made 18, and was finally bowled by Norton. Tomlinson then went in, and made 10. Sutton was the only other person who got into double figures, making 29 not out. Gothard and Wragg went in first for Burton, and did a great deal of hitting. They were both

caught, by Sutton and Lutter respectively, with 28 and 43 runs to their credit. Clegg, Faulkener, and Smith also made good scores ; the remaining men had not time for an innings. When stumps were drawn our opponents had made 190 for three wickets.

Whittles took two wickets for 38, Newton and Sutton both one for 27.

SCHOOL.

D. J. Fergusson, c King b Norton	4
N. G. Whitfield, b Norton	18
W. Hall, st Evershed b Clegg	1
J. Tomlinson, b Norton	10
M. G. Hobday, c Wragg b Clegg	6
J. Corbishley, std Evershed b Clegg	5
F. Lutter, c Clegg b Norton	2
J. Whittles, b Clegg	1
P. R. Sutton, not out	29
G. H. Wildsmith, b Clegg	5
H. G. Newton, b Powell	3
Extras	0

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MR. EVERSHED'S XI.

Gothard, c Wildsmith b Sutton 28 ; Wragg, C Lutter b Whittles 43 ; Clegg, not out 46 ; Faulkner, c Hall b Newton 29 ; Smith, c Corbishley b Whittle 30 ; Extras, 14 ; Total (for four wkts), 190.

OAKAMOOK.

The match was played on the Oakamoor ground. The Oakamoor captain won the toss, and put us in first; and Fergusson and Whitfield began our innings as usual. Hall went in second wicket down, and kept his end up for over half an hour, but was finally bowled by Swinson, having made 37. Lutter also made a good score—35—before coming out. He played on.

James and Walker went in first for Oakamoor, and made a considerable number of runs. Johnson did not make his usual " millions," for he was caught first ball by Fergusson.

The day was wet, the rain coming in spurts, so that the game was stopped once

or twice ; but it was finished, nevertheless, with a win for Oakamoor.

F. Lutter took four wickets for 62, Newton three for 25, Whittles two for 28, and Sutton one for 5.

SCHOOL.

D. J. Fergusson, c Alcock b Swinson	6
N. G. Whitfield, b Swinson	2
J. Tomlinson, b Walker	0
W. Hall, b Swinson	37
P. R. Sutton, c and b Walker	6
J. Whittles, c Walker b Swinson	11
M. G. Hobday, c Bolton b Swinson	1
F. Lutter, b Collier	35
J. Corbishley, c James b Swinson	0
G. H. Wildsmith, lbw b Collier	n
H. G. Newton, not out	0
Extras	14

123

OAKAMOOR.

James, c Hobday b Whittles 16 ; Walker, c Newton b Whittles 25 ; Goodwin, c Corbishley b Sutton 27 Johnson, c Fergusson b Lutter 0 ; Alcock, b Lutter, 7 ; Swinson, b Newton 1C ; Collier, std Fergusson, b Lutter 4 ; Atkins, b Newton 8 ; Yates, lbw Lutter 18 ; Nicholls, lbw b Newton 0 ; Bolton, not out 13 ; Extras, 30 ; Total, 164.

MR. C. E. AVERILL'S XI.

The match was played on our own ground. We went in first, Hall and Whittles making 34 and 30 respectively. Fergusson, Tomlinson, Hobday, Corbishley, and Wildsmith also did well. Mr. Cadman and Colley were the most obstinate members of the opposing team, making about 90 between them. Lt. Wood was in next, but soon came out from a very good catch by Whitfield at mid-off. Various members of the School were in Mr. Averill's team, including Sugden and G. Lutter, who managed to get together the last few runs for a win just in time. Whittles took four wickets for 45 imis ; Sutton, three for 27 ; and Corbishley, one for 22.

SCHOOL.

D.J. Fergusson, c Andrews b G.Lutter	17
N. G. Whitfield, b G. Lutter	6
W. Hall, b Sugden	34
F. Lutter c Cadman b G. Lutter	0
J. Tomlinson, lbw b Miller	10
J. Whittles, b Miller	30
M. G. Hobday, b Cadman	19
P. R. Sutton, c Miller b Sugden	0
J. Corbishley, c Kilbourn b Cadman	11
G. H. Wildsmith, c Avenll b Colley	16
H. G. Newton, not out	1
Extras	9

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MR. AVERILL'S XI.

Mr. Cadman, c Newton b Whittles 37 ; Lieut. Wood, c Whitfield b Sutton 14 ; Colley, c Sutton b Whittles 49 ; Mr. Andrews, b Sutton 2 ; Mr. Averill, c Tomlinson b Whittles 2 ; Kilbourn, b Sutton 4 ; Miller, c Hall b Whittles 1 ; Sugden, not out 8 ; Thacker, b Corbishley 10 ; G. Lutter, not out 5 ; Mr. Greenstreet was unable to bat ; Extras, 24 ; Total (for nine wkts) 156.

MR. F. EVERSHERD'S XI.

The match was played at Burton, with twelve men a side. Mr. F. Evershed won the toss, and put us in first. Fergusson and Whitfield went in first, and were both bowled by Wragg. Hall, in quite a short time, hit up 15, and was then caught at point by Coxon. Whittles was also caught by Coxon, after making 30, also in a short time. Corbishley made 13—three fours and a one ; F. Lutter made 6, but unluckily was run out by Sutton. His brother, G. Lutter, was more fortunate, making 53 on his first appearance for the team. Newton, although he only made 9, stayed in most of the time Lutter was making his runs. Tomlinson made a very good catch from Gothard, who made 42.

G.Lutter took three wickets for 43runs; Whittles, two for 35 ; and F. Lutter, one for 42.

SCHOOL.

D. J. Fergusson, b Wragg	10
N. G. Whitfield, b Wragg	3
J. Tomlinson, b Coxon	8
F. Lutter, run out	6
P. Sutton, c Clegg b Gothard	3
W. Hall, c Coxon b Richardson	15
J. Whittles, c Coxon b Clegg	30
G. H. Wildsmith, lbw b King	1
J. Corbishley, b Dolman	13
G. Lutter, c Evershed b Coxon	53
H. G. Newton, b Wragg	9
M. Sugden, not out	0
Extras	9

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MR. F. EVERSHERD'S XI.

Gothard, c Tomlinson, b F. Lutter 42 ; Dolman, run out 12 ; Wragg, b G. Lutter 55 ; Clegg, c Fergusson b F. Lutter 15 ; Norton, c & b Whittles 7 ; Powell, c Newton b Whittles 14 ; Evershed, b G. Lutter 7 ; Manners, not out 3 ; Redfern, not out 0. The remaining men did not bat. Extras, 4 ; Total (for seven wickets) 159.

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.

MR. A. R. WOOD'S XI.

SCHOOL.

G. Lutter, b A. J. Wood 17 ; Sugden, b A. J. Wood 0 ; E. Davies, b A.J. Wood 9 ; Wildsmith, b A. J. Wood 0 ; Kilbourn, run out 16 ; Thacker, b A. J. Wood 37 ; Vidler, b A. R. Wood 30 ; Wynne, c Holloway b D. Lutter 25 ; Money, c Wood b D. Lutter 4 ; McGregor, b D. Lutter 4 ; Garson, not out 0 ; Extras, 15 ; total, 162.

MR. WOOD'S XI.

Forrester, c Wynne b Vidler 14 ; Colley, c Wynne b Davies 76 ; Hollins, c Lutter b Davies 8 ; Lewis, b Kilbourn 1 ; Holloway, not out 26 ; Lt. A. J. Wood, retired 36 ; Sergt. Munro, not out 0 ; Extras, 13 ; Total (for five wkts), 174.

Kilbourn took one wicket for 38 ; Vidler, one for 35 ; Davies, two for 10.

MR. A. R. WOOD'S XI.

SCHOOL.

G. Lutler, b D. Lutter 5 ; Sugden, c A. J. Wood b Lewis 27 ; Kilbourn, not out 100 ; Miller, run out 24 ; Vidler, b Wood 1 ; Thacker, b Lewis

.. ; Extra?, ig ; Total (for six wks), 198. Money, Wynne, E. Davies, Brearley and J. Kirkham did not bat.

MR. WOOD'S XI.

Mr. Averill, b Miller 28; Colley, c Brearley b Lutter g ; Mr. Andrews, b Kilbourn 15 ; Lieut. A. J. Wood, c & b Brearley 126 ; Kinder, b Kilbourn 2 ; Jones, b Kilbourn 2 ; Nason, b Brearley, 5 ; Hollins, b J. Kirkham 1 ; Lutter, b Brearley 0 ; K. Kirkham c Thacker b Lutter 6 ; Lewis, b Lutter 0 ; Smith, not out 0 ; Extras, 30 ; Total, 221.

G. Lutter took three wickets for 15 ; Miller, one for 40 ; Kilbourn, three for 37 ; Brearley, three for 64 ; J. Kirkham, one for 15.

OAKAMOOR.

SCHOOL.

Kilbourn, b Wooliscroft 9 ; Thacker, c Collier b Wooliscroft 25 ; R. Kirkham, b Wooliscroft 7 ; Money, b Bond 11 ; Hobday, c Barker b Wooliscroft 2 ; Wynne, b Wooliscroft 9 ; Vidler, b Bond 2 ; J. Kirkham, c. Nicholls b Wooliscroft 17 ; Holloway, lbw Wooliscroft 0 ; E. Davies, not out 86 ; Brearley, not out 21 ; Extras, 21 ; Total (for nine wickets), 201.

OAKAMOOR.

Nicholls, b Brearley 24 ; Barker, std Holloway b Brearley 7 ; C. Tipper, c Vidler b Brearley 1 ; Bond, b Brearley 2 ; Collier, b R. Kirk'nam 1 ; Reeves, c Hobday b Brearley 4 ; Wooliscroft, b R. Kirkham 0 ; Atkins, run out, 0 ; Sutton, not out 2 ; Wilson, b R. Kirkham 0 ; Tipper, c Davies b R. Kirkham 0 ; Extras, 9 ; Total, 50.

Brearley took five wickets for 18 runs ; R. Kirkham took four for 1.

F. Lutter has received his 2nd XL Cricket Colours.

Meynell beat Selwyn in the final for the Junior Cricket Cup, after a most exciting finish.

In the Senior matches in the first round Head's i. beat Lowe, Head's iii. beat Woodard, Meyneil beat Selwyn, and Shrewsbury beat Head's ii. In the second round Shrewsbury beat Head's iii. and Head's i. beat Meynell. In the final, Head's i. were able to beat Shrewsbury

by nine wickets. F. and G. Lutter played excellently in all the matches ; indeed, the former made over 160 runs altogether without being once dismissed.

NOTES.

Captain A. Langley, A.G.S., Assistant Superintendent of Physical Training, Northern Command, inspected our work on June 12. He expressed himself very much pleased with both the Physical Training and the Bayonet fighting. Incidentally, Old Boys would be surprised to see the long line of sacks and trenches in the field below the miniature range.

There was an examination for Certificate A candidates on June 18, the examining officer being Captain Greene, M.C., Durham L.I. We congratulate our candidates on all passing successfully—Corbishley, Wynne, Hicks, Spicer, Bowen, Drury.

The terminal inspection of all our O.T.C. work—again by Major the Hon. P. Bowes Lyon—took place on July 2.

The Annual Inspection was on July 2, by Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Buckle.

At the O.T.C. inspection on July 2nd there was present Major E. Woolmer, D.S.O, M.C., the first Denstonian to be decorated during the present war.

The School has given to the Chapel, as a memorial to Mrs. Salmon, a very beautiful ciborium.

We learn with great pleasure that the Rev. B. R Hibbert has been appointed to the living of Denstone. We are most

fortunate in the return of so old a friend of the School.

Two flags have been placed in the Chapel of the Holy Family in memory of Old Denstonians who have fallen in the war. It was Mrs. Hibbert who was responsible for the idea, and she carried it through with characteristic ability.

The Headmaster has been asked to contribute a volume on the Woodard Schools to a library of little books on Church subjects which the Faith Press is about to issue.

Our Miracle Play, which we presented last Christmas, is being placed on the list of recommended plays issued by the Catholic Play Society.

We have not recorded that for some time Mr. S. G. Hewlett has been one of the Curators of the Meynell Museum. Nor have we, though an oversight, extended officially the welcome which we have all individually offered to Miss Denman, who for three terms has, with Miss Hall, been giving valuable assistance on several days a week in the Music School.

Two familiar figures in the Woodard Society, unknown to present Denstonians, have passed away—W. Woodard, son of the Founder, and Mrs. Lowe.—R.I.P.

The celebrant on S. Barnabas' Day was the Rev. A. E. Dudley, O.D., for long Chaplain here. He also preached on the eve. It was delightful to have him with us again.

At half-term George Castnot Arthur de Renzi entered the School (Lowe).

Half-term reports have been resumed.

Captain A. Rawlinson Wood left us on July 1 for temporary duty with the V.T.C. "somewhere in England."

A party of boys, representing the School Mission Committee, spent the week-end following S. Peter's Day at Longton. Two members of the committee who went

enjoyed their visit very much. One of them writes: "The welcome we received was so cordial that we immediately felt at home—a great factor in the success of the week-end. The Sung Mass was a most beautiful service, which impressed one more particularly in a place like Longton. Not that Longton is all a dull and dingy place. Parts of it are extremely pleasant, and there is a fine park. Everybody did his best to make us enjoy our visit.

"While there we went down a pit—an experience which we much appreciated. While below ground we each worked a certain amount of coal out.

"At Longton we made many friendships—may they be lasting ones—and it is to be hoped that we may visit the parish again some time in the near future."

We are doing a great deal of farm-work again this year, and nearly everyone has arranged to spend a part of his holidays at the School in order to help with the harvest. Some have become skilled hands after two years' experience; yet there has been no tendency to strike for shorter hours away from form.

C. H. Horner has left to join his O.C.B.

An appeal for funds to pay off building debts and to complete the work begun has been issued by our sister school, S. Mary's. All contributions should be sent either to the Provost or to Miss Gamlen, S. Mary's School, Abbot's Bromley, Rugeley,

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

Firefly, Lancing College Magazine, Marlburian, Hurst Johnian, Felstedian, Framlinghamian, Cuthbertian, Reptonian, Ardingly Annals, Merchistonian, S. S. M. Quarterly Paper, Stonyhurst Magazine.