



# The Denstonian.

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## EDITORIAL.

**I**N all the corners of the globe where British arms have fought during this war, there Denstone has been represented. We have for more than four years published news of Denstonians serving in France, Russia, Africa, the Near and Far East—even in the Falklands. We, therefore, of the present Denstone have a right to be proud of the record of Denstonians of the past. We at home, it is true, have done little; but they have done much, and paid a noble part of the price of victory—some have paid their all.

And so it has always been the aim of the

*Denstonian* to link up the past with the present—to keep Old Denstonians in touch with the School, and the School with them, even though they may be scattered all over the world.

The influenza which has been raging throughout the world, reached us here at last, soon after this term began. The many of us who were down with it are very grateful for the care of those who stayed behind to look after us. It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of two of our number owing to the influenza, though perhaps we may consider ourselves fortunate in comparison with some other Schools.

Finally, we appeal for subscriptions. The last number of the magazine cost no

less than £25 to publish, and, despite the charge of a shilling a copy which we are now compelled to make, it is difficult to face the future with confidence. An increased circulation will make possible a continuance of the *Denstonian* on present lines—those of publishing news from Old Hoys, and of maintaining some literary standard, as well as of recording the results of matches, and so forth. We hope that Old Boys will help us in the matter.

DENSTONIANS IN THE HOLY  
LAND.

By A. W. Huskinson.

IV. JERUSALEM.

On Monday, September 30th, I was at last able to get away from the Battery for a day in Jerusalem. It was a great day for me, as you can well imagine—the day when I could sing with the Psalmist "our feet were standing in the courts of Jerusalem."

It was all very wonderful, and I should like to be able to give you my impressions.

Much that one sees is authentic, much traditional, much merely a tissue of hashed up fable for the consumption of the gullible—but everything is most impressive.

I was in no way disappointed with it all. So often one builds up an ideal mental picture of what one expects a place to be like, only to find that it falls far short of expectations (this I found with Baghdad): but Jerusalem more than realised my anticipations. Its narrow white-stoned and white walled streets, its colouring, its inhabitants, its vasty collection of sacred buildings with their association with all that is most sacred in our Lord's life and death—the very dinginess and stuffiness sometimes of these buildings—the beautiful setting of the city midst its surrounding hills, the ever

present thought in one's mind of its troubled past, its many sieges, the continual battering down of its buildings, the continual conversion of its highways into dust heaps—all this added charm to the scene as I trod the present pavement of the Via Dolorosa, stood in the present Temple area, or wandered through the many chapels and stood before the many altars in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

It was to this latter that we first went, after entering the city<sup>^</sup> by the Jaffa Gate, and threading our way, with the help of a dragoman, through the narrow paved streets.

The interior of the Church is wonderful and disconcerting. One is given a lighted taper on entering, and this is very necessary for threading the dark passages, peering into subterranean grottos, and seeing the many small chapels, all in semi-darkness.

Impressions crowd on the mind on seeing the Stone of the Anointing, the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross, the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre itself—to mention but a few of the wonders within those sacred walls.

Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Syrians and Copts, all have separate chapels of their own: often their altars are actually side by side, and it is somewhat painful to hear of the rough brawls which frequently ensue when festivals are being celebrated. There is an atmosphere of dinginess and dirt over many of these places, and in others the architecture and decoration are far from beautiful and at times are gaudy.

The rock Golgotha is ascended by a flight of stone stairs, and one sees the actual site of the Cross—now surmounted by a magnificent altar belonging to the Roman Catholics. Here on Golgotha are the tenth, **eleventh**, twelfth and thirteenth stations of the Cross.

After leaving Calvary we went to the

fourteenth station—that of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Architecturally the monument itself is bewildering; its decorations, too, are mixed, the lamps and paintings belonging partly to Roman Catholics, Greeks, Armenians and Copts; but one cannot but feel a great awe on entering the low arch in the narrow door, and approaching through the small vestibule of the Chapel of the Angel the still smaller inner sanctuary of the Holy Sepulchre itself.

In this small chamber—seven feet by five—is the Tomb, and one stood before it with deep emotion—the resting place of our Lord before His Resurrection and the spot to which pilgrims of all ages since then have resorted.

After leaving the Basilica we went along to the Temple precincts on the old Mount Moriah. The Mosque of Omar is the dominating feature here—a superb building, most of the interior being filled with the sacred rock which stood in Solomon's Temple and on which was the Altar of Sacrifices. The rock is the only thing which remains of the Temple of Solomon. The Mahomedans venerate it as the place from which their prophet ascended to heaven. Their legend tells us that as Mahomed left it on his horse, the rock trembled and began to follow the prophet, until it was stopped by the angel Gabriel. Ever since, the rock has remained suspended in space. One is still shown the impress of Gabriel's hand!

We saw Solomon's stables, the single, double and treble gates—old entrances to the Temple enclosures. From the walls of the Temple precincts we got a good view of the Mount of Olives, with the Garden of Gethsemane; of the Jericho-Bethany road with the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin; of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with the Tombs of Absalom and Zechariah.

We walked along past the walled-up Golden Gate to the Tower of the Fortress of Antonia—this is the accepted site of the Pretorium of Pilate and is thus venerated as the first station of the Cross. From here we followed the Via Dolorosa, seeing all the stations on the way. The second station is at the arch of *Ecce Homo*. The arch is partly over the present street and partly inside the Basilica of the *Ecce Homo*, which was built quite recently in connection with the Convent of the Sisters of Sion. We entered the Convent and were shown round by one of the nuns, who took us down to see part of the original lithostratos of the Judgment Hall of Pilate. Each of the stations is marked with a little tablet, and at most of them there is an oratory or a small church. The way from the Pretorium to Calvary is quite short, and the present Via Dolorosa is just the usual narrow paved street, threading its way through the noisy picturesque bazaars.

Jerusalem is certainly the finest Eastern city I have seen in my travels and, as I say, more than equalled my anticipations. It is a place to visit and revisit, and I hope before long I shall be able to spend another day there. Now that the recent operations against the Turk have been so successful we are getting an easy period. During the opening days of the battle beginning September 18-19, <sup>^ ^</sup> indeed for weeks before, we had a strenuous time; and, as recent despatches have stated, we did excellent work. We were firing day and night continuously, and the view from the O.P. at a height of over 2,000 feet was gorgeous—the mountainous country in front of us being the most difficult on the whole front.

#### V. BETHLEHEM.

I have been fortunate enough to get into Jerusalem again—this time with the necessary permission to stay the night.

I spent the morning in the old city and also in seeing the Garden Tomb and Gordon's Calvary. This afternoon we took a *gharry* out to Bethlehem, and I was absolutely and completely charmed with it. In its miniature way it appealed to me more than Jerusalem—the winding up-hill street, just wide enough for two carts to pass carefully; its beautiful old picturesque buildings, its charming inhabitants, with the peculiar head-dress of the women; the kindness of these people; the gorgeous colouring of the artistic groups of kiddies, artisans, Franciscan friars, Greek priests, native women; and above all the crowning glory of the Basilica of the Nativity at the top of the hill, with its mysterious and sacred subterranean grottos—all this made such a great impression on me this afternoon that I found myself quoting with the hymn writer:

*"Earth has many a noble city;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel."*

To be shown the place of the Nativity and of the manger is a little awe-inspiring—at least I found it so. These grottos are all below ground, a series of subterranean passages, with altars, sacred paintings and sanctuary lamps in every nook and corner. Taper in hand, one visits the manger, the chapel and tomb of S. Jerome, the chapel of the Holy Innocents. It is all very wonderful. Here again Greeks, Armenians and Roman Catholics share the various shrines, and as we passed through, vespers were being chanted and the Catholic priest, swinging the censer, was entering the grotto by the Greek entrance on the right as we left it by the Armenian entrance on the left.

On leaving the Basilica, we sent on the *gharry*, and walked to the end of the village. All was peaceful and charming and quite in keeping with the story of the Nativity and the announcement to the shepherds of old.

The charm of it lasted long after we left the village, as we jolted slowly along the Hebron road, past Rachel's tomb and Mary's well with the barren hills on our right stretching out to the Jordan valley, with the mountains of Moab towering red beyond in the gathering evening twilight.

Dreams and visions broke as we approached the huge camps and dumps which stretch out south from Jerusalem, and which shattered at a blow the peaceful thoughts of those far-off days; and the angel's song of "Peace on earth to men of good will" gave place to thoughts of a fierce bombardment we were carrying out only a fortnight ago with gun and howitzer, machine-gun and rifle vying with each other in the inferno of death.

#### VI. THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

I got back from Jerusalem on Sunday night—very tired, but thoroughly satisfied with my visit. On Sunday morning I got up at 5 o'clock and went to the 6 o'clock celebration in S. George's Cathedral. It is a good step from the hotel, but the morning was beautifully fresh and the old buildings looked fine in the early morning light, with the sun rising over the Mount of Olives. After the service I entered the old city by the Damascus Gate, and so out into the bazaars, losing myself in the maze of narrow, winding streets. The colouring effects of it all were grand. I must say my heart has gone out to Jerusalem as a gorgeous collection of coloured groupings—buildings, streets and people. It needs a brush and water colours, not a camera, to do it justice: albeit I took many photos and will send you copies as soon as I can.

At this early hour many natives were astir and donkeys and heavily laden camels were slowly plodding along through the arched bazaars, and up the half-dark, terraced streets.

As the city is built on very uneven ground, these terraces are quite a feature, and you find yourself continually climbing up hill on the uneven limestone sets with which all bazaars are paved: this in nailed boots is rather trying.

After breakfast we again went through the Jaffa Gate, through the Temple precincts and, skirting the Turkish barracks (this site of Pilate's palace), went out on to the Via Dolorosa, leaving the city through S. Stephen's gate.

We dropped down on to the Jericho road, crossed it, and started to climb the Mount of Olives.

A small Arab infant of seven summers, who spoke voluble English, firmly took us in hand, and under his guidance we went first into the Garden of Gethsemane. Here a Franciscan friar met us and, unlocking the garden gate, led us to some chairs, placed under the cool shade of a pergola covered with climbing plants and full of boxes and pots of flowers. In the centre was a well, from which he drew and gave us a glass of beautifully cold water. He plucked many flowers for us, and gave us little cards with flowers on them, and little crosses made from small twigs of the giant olive trees in the garden; and when we left the welcome shade he came with us to the narrow gate and pointed out the rocks of the three apostles and also the place of the betrayal.

We climbed up the rough path, past the Russian Church, to the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem. The view from here is superb, and the old city, spread out in the sunshine below us, locked up within its walls, showed up in all its magnificent majesty. Higher up, from the top of the minaret of a mosque on the place of the Ascension, we got a wider view, which included the Dead Sea and the mountains beyond, Bethlehem and the winding roads

to Bethany and Jericho. After seeing the Church of the Pater, where the Pater Noster is painted up in thirty-two languages and the Chapel of the Ascension and the Grotto of Gethsemane, where the brother attendant invited us to rest awhile, we retraced our steps to the city, entered S. Stephen's Gate and spent an hour in the bazaars taking photos.

The Grotto of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives is one of the most interesting of these interesting places—the place which Christ often repaired to and where he ate supper before his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It is an underground grotto, and we much appreciated its cool shelter. The Franciscan brother in attendance showed us the remains of old frescoes and paintings on the walls, also a magnificent collection of copes, kept there by the various denominations who celebrate Mass in the grotto.

In the afternoon we went up to Mount Zion in the Armenian quarter; thence to the railway station and a three hour journey to R——, where horses awaited us to take us to our camp seven miles off.

#### AT THE GATE OF INDIA.

By B. Y. Vickers, O.D.

His Majesty's transport *Danube* was ordered by the Naval Transport Authorities to go to Bombay for dry docking and repairs. On arrival, I (as 2nd officer) was put on Night Duty, from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. I used to sleep from 6 a.m. to 1 p.m.—so I had pretty nearly every afternoon for going ashore, and, as we were there for a month, I saw most of the things worth seeing.

My first great desire was for some fruit, so I took a *gharry* and went to, Crawford Market.

There were bananas, melons, pumpkins, grapes, Nagpur oranges, pistachio-nuts, coconuts, walnuts from Kashmir, peaches from Quetta and Afghanistan, apples, huge jack-fruit, figs, custard apples, pines, dates from the Persian Gulf, and mangoes, grown locally, and universally acknowledged to be the finest in the world—and all in huge quantities.

There is also a large trade in pan (the leaf of an aromatic vine), and betel or areca-nut. The pan is sprinkled with lime-juice, and wrapped round the betel, which is held to be a splendid aid to digestion. Those in the habit of chewing it will munch away drowsily for hours, with the result that their lips and teeth are stained a curious reddish brown colour. I tried it—to my sorrow !

Then, of course, there are the meat hall and the fish hall, and the vegetable hall, and a hall devoted to silks and beaten brasswork ; and lastly there is the bird and animal market. This is a veritable medley of sound. Parrots and paroquets, canaries and rice birds, snakes and mongooses, monkeys and Japanese spaniels — all apparently are of opinion that their primary vocation is to make day hideous.

On another occasion, by contrast, the fourth engineer, the cadet and I paid a visit to the Towers of Silence, which may be called the Parsee cemetery.

Parsees are often mis-called Fire-Worshippers—an error which probably arises from the fact that they still carry out the Zoroastrian custom of facing the sun—or a flame—when praying. Certainly they regard fire as the purest and most sacred of elements, and they also revere earth and water—but they do *not* worship them.

The grounds of the Towers of Silence cover some 8,000 square yards. There is nothing about the enclosure suggestive of

a cemetery—it seemed more like a private park to me. The vegetation is glorious, and the whole place is kept scrupulously clean.

There are five " Towers of Silence." Three are for the general community of Parsees, one is for hospital cases, and any bodies which have been seen or touched after death by anyone other than a Parsee; while the last is reserved for the descendants of the builder, Medi Hizi Waccha, one of the earliest Parsee settlers. Their outer appearance is uniformly that of low round turrets, solidly built of grey stone.

No one except the priests and the special bearers is allowed within 30 yards of any Tower, but visitors are shown an excellent model of the interior.

Steps lead up to the only aperture in the wall, a small iron door several feet above the ground. This admits to a sloping circular platform composed of large stone slabs, hollowed out into spaces of a size and shape adapted to receive one body, with paths in between for the special bearers. There are three graduated rows of these receptacles, the outermost for males, the second for females, and the innermost for children. In the centre is a large well to receive the drainage. There is no roof.

Most of the religious ceremony is performed at the house of the deceased. The bearers then carry the body through the streets, followed by the white-robed mourners, each couple grasping *upaiuan*, or handkerchief, between them. On arrival, 30 yards from the Tower, the mourners take a last farewell of the body, and then retire to seats in the grounds. The bier is then taken by the special bearers—called *Nasasalars*, or " Exposers of the Dead "—and borne up into the Tower, where the body is placed in one of the hollowed slabs, and is then fully exposed. As soon

as this is done, the priest gives a signal, and the mourners offer up prayers.

As soon as the body is exposed, the ever-waiting vultures swoop down, and very shortly nothing remains but the bones. These are left exposed to the wind and the tropical sun, and in a few days they are reduced to a mere handful of phosphorous and lime, which is blown away by the wind.

The drainage into the central pit is washed down by the rains through a series of charcoal and sandstone filters, and thence into subterranean wells, coated with thick layers of sand at the base, and is then, in a perfectly purified condition, gradually taken up by the surrounding earth. At times, one or other of the Towers will be left unused for several months, to allow this purifying process to be completed.

The Parsees' custom of disposing of their dead dates back for some three thousand years, and originated as much out of sanitary as religious considerations.

There is a Fire Temple in the grounds of the Towers of Silence, where the Sacred Flame is kept alight day and night, being tended by white-robed priests, who feed it with sandal wood and frankincense. The shrine proper is never entered by any but the priests, who are armed, and bound to protect the Sacred Flame from any attempt to defile or quench it.

Adjoining the Sanctum Sanctorum is the prayer hall—a very richly carpeted and decorated apartment with absolutely no furniture, only to be entered in bare feet.

The one sinister note in the glorious sunlit gardens is struck by the vultures on the parapets of the Towers—watching and waiting.

On the way home we approached a small fishing village and, attracted thereto by a peculiarly powerful and pene-

trating odour of drying fish, stopped and watched the process of curing *bummaloe*, or Bombay Duck—known to eaters of curry the wide world over.

The streets of Bombay are crowded with people of every colour, creed, dress, and nationality, and on first passing through, one's eyes seem to be taking in rather more than one's mind is capable of digesting.

A couple of Parsee ladies pass with their gracefully draped *sira*—a long silk scarf—accompanied by a Parsee gentleman in long, straight-cut black coat, grey trousers, and a tall shiny black mitre with yellow stars—the characteristic head-dress.

Next come two Hindu women, with their small red, circular casts mark on the forehead, their arms loaded with bracelets, while a mass of heavy anklets weighs down their small, shapely feet. A large nose-ring in the left nostril advertises their married state.

Native policeman stand about, dressed in sandals, blue shorts (legs bare to the knees), blue tunic faced with yellow, a yellow turban, and *an umbrella!*

Now there is a curious apparition—a muffled figure, enveloped from top to toe in what appears to be a white dust sheet, or a huge sack gathered in so as to fit the head. Where the eyes should be is a small window-like aperture filled in with net. This is a "*purdah* lady," compelled by Mohammedan law to conceal every trace of face or figure from every man except her husband.

The vehicles thronging the centre of the street are no less interesting and bewildering. Electric trams, motor cars, *gharries*, bicycles, and lumbering bullock-carts mingle indiscriminately:

The bullock-carts consist of two wheels and an axle, a wooden platform, and one shaft—all very roughly, though strongly,

made. Two bullocks draw the cart, being attached, one on either side of the shaft, by means of a cross-bar at the end of the shaft resting on their necks. The driver sits straddle-legged on the shaft, and steers his craft by pulling the tail of that bullock which is on the side to which he wishes to turn! Nearly all the transport is done by these carts—thousands of them. Chiefly to be noticed are those which are loaded up with bales of cotton.

Local colour is aided by an atmosphere in which the fragrant odours of sandal-wood and spices mingle with the heavier perfumes of musk and a thousand other scents—and smells—impossible to classify. The whole are dominated by a subtle and slightly acrid odour, proceeding from the *hookahs* of the merchants who sit cross-legged before their wares, smoking and waiting.

I was lucky enough to be present—on 21st August, 1918—at the celebration of the close of the South-West Monsoon—the bad weather season. The day is named Coconut Day. Crowds of Hindus assembled on the beach and invoked the "All-Powerful Ruler of the Winds and Waves," begging for calm weather in order that ships may safely travel across the face of the waters. Flowers and coconuts were thrown into the sea as propitiatory offerings. Crowds of beggars were present, and reaped a harvest of pice from the returning Hindus.

On re-claimed land between Queen's Road and the sea are situated Parsee, Mohammedan and Hindu Gymkanas, or playing fields, principally devoted to cricket. The Y.M.C.A. also has a pitch there—on which I twice had the honour of captaining the *Danube's* team—once against H.M.S. *Fox* (beaten, 172 to 147), and again against the R.A.M.C. "A" team (beaten, 204 to 200).

DENSTONE WAR MEMORIAL.

The meeting called by the Hon. Secretary of the Old Denstonian Club was held at 33, Castle Street, Shrewsbury, on September 9th, when the subject of the War Memorial was fully considered, attention being paid to all suggestions which had been made. Most of those who had written approved generally of the Memorandum circulated with the *O.D. Chronicle* for 1918.

It is with pride that we contemplate the part played by Denstonians in the war. Our record is similar to that of the Public Schools as a body. Those boys who were leaving school in August, 1914, joined up at once; Old Boys "at home" left their careers, and those abroad hastened to come back. Masters of military age placed themselves at the disposal of the War Office. The O.T.C. (which at Denstone practically meant the school) at once and amply justified its existence. The tale has continued to be the same ever since: the stream of Denstonians into the Navy and Army has not slackened; and it was remarkable when conscription came into force how few remained to be affected by it.

The list of Denstonians "O.H.M.S." has included nearly 1,000 names. Of these, we regret to say, 150 are now on the list of the fallen: these include the names of many of the most promising boys of recent years. Of those entered for the Universities when the war broke out none survive except one who has long been a prisoner in Germany. That the standard of efficiency has been high is shown by the testimony of official dispatches and the lists of decorations. We know of the following:—

C.M.G.—Brigadier-General C. R. P. Winsler, D.S.O.

D.S.O.—Twelve (three with bar),



M.C.—Eighty-four (four with bar), besides D.S.C., D.F.C., Special Promotions, French, Greek, and Belgian Croix de Guerre, and "Mentioned in Dispatches."

It will not be easy to show adequately our appreciation of such service and sacrifice. But it is plain that a great effort should be made to do so. In the first place it is our bounden duty to see that the children of those who have suffered through the war shall not be losers; and also we should ensure that the memory of those who have served, and especially of those who have died, shall be preserved as an abiding inspiration for the College.

With these considerations in mind, the meeting passed the following resolutions :

1. That subscriptions be invited to "The Denstone War Memorial Fund" (a) to enable the sons of all Denstonians killed or injured in the war to be educated at their fathers' school; (b) to provide a worthy visible and permanent memorial, where the names of the fallen shall be inscribed with especial honour, and those of all who have served shall be recorded. This to take the form of a memorial building at Denstone with a memorial in the quadrangle in front of it, and the decoration of the sanctuary in chapel.

2. That two committees be appointed with power to add to their number, (a) A general committee for the general management of the fund; (b) an executive committee for actively carrying on the work involved.

The names of members of these committees elected at the meeting are appended.

(a) *The Education Fund.*—For this part of the memorial it is proposed to use both capital and income, as the fund will not be required for more than twenty years, and its benefits should be freely available without delay. Names of beneficiaries will not be made public.

(b) *Memorial Building.*—It is fortunate that the Chapter has in hand a scheme for extensions and improvements at the College to include laboratories, art rooms, class rooms, etc. Sir Aston Webb, R.A., the college architect, has planned these; and he is prepared to arrange that the memorial building shall form the connection between the existing building and the new extensions; It will be a library and art gallery, and on the walls will be recorded the names of all who have served. It will be a handsome and comfortable place, freely accessible in the daily life of the school—a place to which boys can withdraw for quiet and study. In front of it will stand the memorial—an altar surmounted by a figure representing Christ as the Triumphant Prince of Peace. The names of the fallen will be placed underneath the arms of the Cross.

The whole quadrangle will be laid out as a "Garden of Peace," bright with shrubs and flowers, a quiet, peaceful and sacred spot. Here will be held annually for ever, it is hoped, a service in memory of the fallen.

The decoration of the Sanctuary in Chapel will be a daily reminder to all of the debt of gratitude owed to those who have served the Empire and School so well. It will not make great demands on the fund, as a fair amount of money is already in hand for the purpose, besides a gift of £150 for a special memorial there of Lieut. F. J. Mellor.

*Subscriptions.*—1. It is hoped that no Denstonian will let his name be absent from the list of subscribers. Small contributions will be appreciated equally with larger ones.

2. The education part of the fund can begin to be used immediately, but no building will be allowed until after the war. Subscriptions will therefore be invested, so far as the requirements of the education fund will

allow, in war loans, etc., so that the country shall suffer no loss; and it is suggested that war loan securities, war saving certificates, etc., may be transferred to the fund.

3. Subscriptions can be paid in one sum or by instalments spread over a period of years, say three or five. An O.D. officer makes the suggestion that O.Ds. on service should undertake to give something yearly for a certain number of years: if all, or nearly all, did this the total would be a substantial one. Another suggestion is that O.Ds. should try to leave legacies in their wills to the fund: these would be especially useful for the education fund.

4. If desired, subscriptions may be specially earmarked for any part of the fund, but it is impossible to foresee as yet what the requirements for education will be, and they must be met first. The committee may be trusted to allocate properly all money subscribed.

5. The appeal is for £25,000. If this appears a large sum it is because the occasion and object are unique, and the appeal is made not only to O.Ds. but to parents of past and present Denstonians as we are.

6. Subscriptions may be sent to any of the secretaries, and cheques should be crossed "Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Uttoxeter," where an account has been opened.

*Treasurers.*—F. T. Howard and W. W. Watts.

*Auditor.*—E. Clothier.

*Secretaries.*—J. W. Greenstreet, F. Darwin Swift and W. O. Wilding.

*General Committee.*—Lt.-Col. C. Averill, V.D.; Rev. H. S. Barber (Sub-Lt. R.N.V.R.); Rev. G. R. Bell; -Capt. H. S. Cadman; 2nd-Lt. H. C. C. Collis, M.C.; Major E. Fearenside, D.S.O.; Capt. G. B. Fyldes, M.C.; E. A. Gaussen; Rev. R. W. Goodall; Rev. J. W. Greenstreet,

Chaplain; Capt. E. T. Greenwood; Rev. R. M. Grier, Headmaster of Bloxham; T. H. Hedworth, Headmaster of Ellesmere; Lt.-Col. Sir Percival Heywood, Bart., D.S.O.; \*Rev. F. A. Hibbert, Chairman of Executive Committee; \*F. T. Howard, H.M.I.; Lt.-Col. F. H. Jenkins, M.C.; Lt. S. Keeling; Rev. T. A. Lacey, Canon of Worcester; Lt.-Col. J. A. Meredith; J. W. Orr; Brevet Major A. V. C. Richardson, D.S.O.; Lt. J. L. Smith; Rev. M. R. Smith, C.F.; \*Capt. S. O'R. Surridge, M.C.; \*F. Darwin Swift, F.R.Hist.S.; \*Rev. Provost Talbot, Chairman of General Committee; Canon The Hon. L. Tyrwhitt, M.V.O., D.A.C.G., Vice-Provost; Major J. P. Ward, M.C.; \*Professor W. W. Watts, F.R.S.; \*W. O. Wilding; Brig.-Gen. C. R. P. Winser, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Capt. of School (ex-officio); Prefect of Hall (ex-officio), with power to add to their number.

'Executive Committee with Treasurers and Secretaries.

Among the subscriptions already given or promised are the following:—Rev. Provost Talbot (in five years), £250; Mrs. Mellor (Chapel), £150; Capt. G. B. Fyldes (in three years), £30; J. W. Greenstreet, £100; F. Darwin Swift, £100; R. M. Grier, £25; F. A. Hibbert, £50; Lt.-Col. Sir Percival Heywood, Bart., D.S.O., £50; W. W. Watts, £20; Mr. and Mrs. Newland, £25; Mrs. Greenwood and Capt. E. T. Greenwood, £25; W. Morton Philips, £500

#### WAR NEWS.

We have heard since our last number was published of the following distinctions gained by Old Denstonians in the War:—

#### MILITARY CROSS.

Lieut. C. B. Longbottom.

Capt. A. L. E. F. Coleman, R.A.M.C.

Major G. D. McL. Abbotts.

Captain R. W. Abbotts.

C. J. Gurnhill, who is now in the K.A.M.C., went through the final fighting in France, and had several very narrow escapes.

G. E. Jackson is now 2nd Lieut, in the Loyal North Lanes. He is still in India. Whilst he was still uncommissioned those who learned of his brilliant career often asked him to their houses, where he found that it was rather awkward to meet Generals on an equal footing.

K. E. Bodington was specially sent out by the Bishop of Lichfield to work amongst the troops in France.

F. S. Parker has been wounded but is now well again.

H. M. Chapman has had to undergo a further operation for the removal of shell splinters.

H. W. Beck is in Italy.

A. E. Barlow writes from Kashmir :— "One almost deserves two months leave after 'doing a hot weather' in Peshawar. Kashmir wants a more facile pen than mine to describe it. It is a huge valley 5,000 feet up, and all around are the peaks of the Himalayas, always covered with snow. I have a houseboat on the river, and we just wander up and down, fishing a little and shooting a little. I am experiencing some of the joys of house-keeping: the cook calls me in to assist him in beating down the price of a goose—it only costs one rupee to start with, but these people deal in coins of one-twelfth of a penny."

C. K. Hope writes from France: "I am having a splendid time at the 5th Corps School."

An O.D. writes to say: "Constantly I think of you all and the School and the Chapel—especially when, as this morning, I have had the opportunity of going to an

8 a.m. Celebration." He has the M.C.

L. J. Roskams wrote in October: "We are all very busy chasing the Hun, and, as far as one can judge, we are upsetting him pretty badly. We are living like turkey-cocks on every imaginable kind of vegetable thoughtfully left us by Master Boche. The men seem to be spending their spare time in cooking and eating carrots and cabbages. One day during the present advance, but in the earlier stages, while I was riding through a very much battered village, a lorry stopped just by me, Bugg stepped off and asked me what conditions the roads were in forward. I also met Steele, now a Captain in the R.A.F., doing the normal 40 m.p.h. in a tender down a road in the back areas."

H. D. Ainger writes from France, giving details of T. Newton's death: "He was in a billet one morning after 'stand down,' when a shell burst near him, and a splinter just chanced to find its way down the passage he was in, and went through his cheeks and split his tongue. Newton declared he was all right, and he was bandaged up as well as possible; but when he had been a short time in the Casualty Clearing Station, he became unconscious, and died from loss of blood."

C. H. Finch was at the base—Egyptian Expeditionary Force—late in October and "absolutely fed up."

G. W. Collis wrote in October from Scheveningen, which he reached in May: "Before I received permission to set up in digs I had been living at the Royal Hotel. There were 180 of us, and we were too crowded to be really comfortable; it was reminiscent of Germany." He says that he is - ; "full of strange words"—not oaths, since the interned interlard their conversation with scraps of German, French, Russian and Dutch. "The change in the people here this last two months is extra-

ordinary. Before that time their sentiments were equally divided between the Allies and the Central Powers. Ever since our August offensive they have been coming round, and finally, when Bulgaria went out of the war they came definitely round to us. It was quite the finest thing in propaganda I have seen." He has been in the Red Cross Legal Department, and has done much acting.

J. F. Leys, an American subject, left Harvard and joined the Canadians, as he was unable to get to the front quickly enough in the U.S.A. forces, owing to his age. He wrote: "I feared that I alone of all my colleagues in school would not have done anything in the war."

S. O'R. Surridge fought in the actions from Cambrai to beyond Valenciennes. He speaks of poor peasants struggling back to plundered homes, but feels it glorious that the war is so completely won. He considers that the time of demobilization will create difficulties which can only be met by a supply of public school men with "a sense of public duty and a keen interest in national life. It is in this respect that there will be an increased scope for development of the 'History side.'" He hopes that the public schools will make the study of contemporary history, international politics and economic and social conditions a definite part of education. Meanwhile he feels that it will be hard after the war to grow enthusiastic over Rousseau's "Social Contract," bee-keeping, essay-writing, commercial geography and shorthand.

G.V. Knight is on H.M.S. *Marlborough*.

G. S. C. Weigall, heart-sick at missing the recent fighting in Palestine through no fault of his own, has tried to keep cheerful by going for long runs in the desert in the evenings and by playing cricket.

R. McDonald has been on the Artillery School Staff at Durrington Camp.

A. W. Bates is now a Sub-Lieut. on the *Inflexible*. He writes: "We had quite a cheery celebration on the night the armistice was signed, but on the whole it is rather a disappointing end. Our fleet has always been looking for what has never come off. And what a ridiculous situation it is for our opponents, a self-respecting fleet!"

L. Norbury has been for some time on the *Victorian*.

G. D. Abbotts was awarded the Military Cross for his services in heavy fighting round Le Cateau in October.

#### WAR OBITUARY.

*James Gardner* was here from September, 1900, until July, 1902, in Meynell Dormitory. He entered the York City and Co. Bank, and became a member of the Institute of Bankers, but he disliked the sedentary work, so he became Estate Agent to Lord Redesdale, for he was always a lover of nature. He joined the Devonshire Regt. in the ranks and was killed in action on October 5. He retained his love of Denstone to the end, and it was his earnest hope that his two boys might come here: we trust that the War Memorial Fund will help to make this possible-

*Lt. Richard Harry Sampson*, Welsh Regt. (Head's ii., 1902-6), studied music (in which here he showed great proficiency), after leaving, and on the outbreak of war joined the Public Schools Battalion. In September, 1914, he was gazetted 2nd Lt. in the London Regt. He fought through the battles of the Somme (in July, 1917) and Pilkem (in 1918), and we much regret that on October 20 he died of pneumonia, following influenza, in hospital abroad.

*2nd Lt. Cyril Stuart Embrey, M.C.*, was here, in Lowe, from 1910 to 1915. He was a clever boy and during his comparatively-

short time in France he did splendidly. It is only recently that we chronicled with pride the feat which gained for him the Military Cross. He was in the South Staffs Regt., in the "Glorious 46th Division," and after assisting at the capture of Cambrai he fell in the taking of Lille.

*Capt. Lindsay Hubert Carson*, Essex Regt., was, like his brother (killed two years ago), a boy of real ability. He was in Shrewsbury from 1906 until 1908. He served first in the W. Surrey Regt. and went with them to India. He never forgot Denstone and once wrote from India teiling of a service to which he had been which was similar to ours, and how much pleasure it had therefore given him. He was at home recently and only returned to France on October 15. He died of wounds on October 31.

We have also heard of the death of *W. H. E. Moore* (Low: ), but at present have received no particulars. They will be published later. R.I.P.

#### FOOTBALL.

##### NEW ZEALAND RIFLE BRIGADE.

Everybody looked forward to this first match of the season as likely to prove very exciting. The ground was fairly firm and we played up hill first. From the start the game was very quick, and our opponents' superior weight and speed told against us. However, our team's training enabled them to combine better than the New Zealanders. Soon after the start Miller made a brilliant cut through and scored our only try. After that we were pressed back and the New Zealanders scored twice and converted once before half-time. After half-time we at first did well, but were gradually pressed back and the New Zealanders scored twice and converted once. Consequently we lost

the game by 16 points to 3. The tackling of our team was, on the whole, very poor. The following played a very good game—Fergusson, Wildsrnith, Carmichael, Miller, Wynne and Whittles.

*Team.* — Whitfield; Miller, Sugden; Finney, Seddon, Kilbourn, Harrison; Fergusson, Wildsmith, Carrnichael, Wynne, Hobday, McMichael, Whittles, MacGregor.

##### TRENT COLLEGE.

We played up hill first. Our whole team seemed to combine very well; the forwards always got the ball back to the halves, and the passing of the three-quarter line was good to look upon. Our forwards seemed to manage to get the ball almost every time and at times they did some pretty dribbling. By half-time the score was 35—nil in our favour. In spite of this, the Trent team did not lose heart and did some good collaring, despite their inferior weight. Finally we won the match by 75—nil. Finney, McMichael, Miller, Harrison, Sugden, Kilbourn, Fergusson and Carmichael scored the twenty-one tries, of which three were converted by Fergusson, two by Wildsmith and one by Miller. The collaring in this match was much better than in the one before. Team as against N.Z.R. Bde.

##### NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

Played on October 19th. In this game we played an "A" team, and so were without Fergusson, Whitfield, Wildsmith, Carmichael, Miller and Wynne. The game needs very little description. The Newcastle forwards kept well together for about the first ten minutes, and managed to get the ball out several times, but their three-quarters always hesitated, and so lost their chance. Harrison was the first to score, after some really very good passing. Finney was the next to score, a few

minutes afterwards. After this, tries came in very quick succession until the whistle went for time, the final score being 88—0 in our favour. Of the three-quarters, Finney's running was particularly good; Kilbourn—who played a most unselfish game—and Seddon were also good. Of the forwards, Hobday, Whittles, and McMichael were perhaps the best, the first-named being very good at following up.

*Team.*—Thacker; Finney, Kilbourn, Seddon and Harrison; Corbishley and Sugden; Whittles (Capt), Hobday, McMichael, MacGregor, Rerrie, L.I. Atkinson, Bowen, and Grace.

#### NOTES.

R. C. A. Miller has left. He was a Platoon Sergeant in the O.T.C. and had ist XV. Colours, and 2nd XI. Colours.

Mr. Butler has read a paper to the L. and S. Society on the Doone Country. M. A. Mitcheson is Secretary of the Society, and Mr. Crompton is President.

The old Debating Societies having been for several years defunct, a new Society has been started this term. The principal mover in the scheme was Mr. Lawton. Members include the Staff, Prefects, Dormitory Prefects and all members of the Sixth Forms. A debate has been held, over fifty members being present. This term's officers were elected as follows:—President, The Headmaster; Vice-President and Chairman, Mr. Lawton; Vice-Chairman, Mr. Green; Secretary, M. A. Mitcheson; Assistant Secretary, S. L. Ware; Ushers, G. H. Wildsmith, F. G. Wynne and Mr. Tayleur.

Mrs. A. J. Wood is helping in the Music School this term, and so is Lieut. Wood himself.

In common with nearly all public schools.

we had an outbreak of influenza this term, The illness—as everywhere else in the country—spread with great speed, and few escaped. Fortunately, owing to the devoted work of everyone, teaching and domestic staff, boys, nurses and other helpers, we only lost two patients out of some 300, a proportion smaller than in most places. It was, however, necessary to break up the school for a time. In spite of the fact that, with 75 fresh cases occurring daily, there was some unavoidable discomfort, a nurse declared that she had never heard one single word of grumbling during the epidemic.

The loss of Mr. J. H. Tayleur and of S. C. Simpson struck us with keen sorrow. Mr. Tayleur had only been with us for less than two terms, but he was already closely attached to the school, and was devoting much of his spare time to developing the science of the upper forms. Simpson was a boy of good abilities and excellent character. He was doing special work for a History Scholarship. We offer our deepest sympathy to those who have been so sadly and suddenly bereaved. R.I.P.

The special intention at the sung celebration on November 24th was thanksgiving for victory in the war.

We very much regret to announce the death of Canon Bodington, for many years our Senior Chaplain, and a member of the Society of SS; Mary and John. R.I.P.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—

<i>Reptonian,</i>	<i>Merchistonian,</i>	<i>Lancing</i>
<i>College</i>	<i>Magazine,</i>	<i>Felstedian,</i>
<i>Margurian,</i>	<i>Hurst</i>	<i>Johnian,</i>
<i>Magazine,</i>	<i>Brighton</i>	<i>College</i>
<i>S.S.M. Quarterly</i>	<i>Paper,</i>	<i>Ellesnerian.</i>

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