



The Denstonian

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EDITORIAL.

THIS term we have to welcome our new Headmaster, the Reverend R. M. Grier. We were all exceedingly sorry to lose Mr. Hibbert, but the fact that he has been succeeded by Mr. Grier has already atoned in some measure for our loss. We hope that his rule as Headmaster here will be long and prosperous.

There seems to be every prospect of our having a very successful term this summer. Supposing that the Clerk of the Weather deals out good and bad with some attempt at fairness, it is high time we had a long spell of really fine weather. At any rate, let us hope that we shall. Added to this, we have begun the term by gaining an Exhibition in Modern History at

Selwyn College, Cambridge. And, last but not least, we have the prospect of camp to which to look forward. This will seem very strange to us, as no member of the School has ever been before. However, we shall probably manage to enjoy it as much as our predecessors did before the war.

Most of our readers saw the notice on the board at the beginning of term about contributions to the *Denstonian*. It is about time the School realized that they cannot expect the magazine to be interesting unless they write things for it. It is no use complaining and saying that the *Denstonian* is dull. No one has any right whatever to complain until he has done his best to contribute something, no matter what, to it. It is distinctly disheartening to open other school magazines and to read that they get twenty contributions from

boys every term, and then to reflect that in the past three years no single boy, except the Editor, has written anything at all. We ask the School, then, to make a real effort to stop this appalling state of affairs, and to do their best to make the *Denstonian* really interesting, instead of merely complaining that it is dull.

DENSTONIANS IN THE HOLY LAND.

By A. W. Huskinson.

VII.—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"Vox quidem dissona, sed una religio. Tot paene psallentium chori, quot gentium diversitates."

The words written by the pilgrims of the days of S. Jerome spring appropriately to one's thoughts as one stands near the entrance door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and watches the crowd of worshippers of all communions enter this wonderful building, "the most wonderful place in the world." In no other building in the world do all the older forms of Christendom gather under one roof and, each in its own chapel, carry through their services, regardless of the presence of the others. Greek, Latin, Armenian, Coptic and Syrian Church, each alike has its altar, or altars, here, and an unique opportunity is afforded of comparing and contrasting the divers rites and forms of these old religions, the only Christian sects which existed prior to the Reformation.

To me it afforded infinite interest, and often during those strangely peaceful days of November and December of last year, when the tide of war had receded, and visions of a splendid world peace filled

one's mind, I used to haunt the old city and its historic buildings. Then it was that I came really to know this wonderful church, with its holy places, its collection of chapels linked up with cloisters and chancels, its subterranean grottoes and shrines, its galleries, its many and widely-varied services, and its continual procession of worshippers. Often on a Sunday morning I have been there at six o'clock and seen all the sects at prayer. The Copts start early; they have a small chapel behind the Sepulchre itself—that is to say they have an altar space just large enough for the priest and acolytes, and the people stand out in the open expanse under the Rotunda. Both the Coptic and the Syrian Churches have, in their poverty, been ousted into small chapels in the scramble for pride of place in the Basilica. The Greeks have secured a fine choir (which is the great nave of the building of the Crusaders), and the rock Calvary. The Latin Catholics have two or three chapels and an altar on Calvary, while the Armenian Church has the Chapel of S. Helena, besides other smaller ones.

The only sanctuary common to all sects, is the Holy Tomb itself, and it is to this that all the worshippers first flock on entering the church. Directly in front of the large entrance door is the stone of the Anointing, which all reverently kiss before passing through to the Rotunda to enter the Sepulchre by its low portal. Passing out again, they separate to their various chapels.

The Greek service on Sunday morning is full of interest and lasts nearly 3 hours. The altar and chancel are shut off from the nave by a huge screen with large gilt gates. The nave, devoid of seats, except for a single row of cathedral seats lining the side walls, affords standing room for hundreds of people. At the beginning of

the service the large chapel is practically empty, but as the service proceeds people flock in and stand in the open space, the older women closely veiled after the fashion of the East; the men in their bazaar garbs, types ranging from the western-dressed shopkeeper of the Muristan quarter to the roughly but picturesquely dressed Arab of the smelly bazaar. All kiss the circular stone which stands on a low pedestal near the entry, and which many of them still believe to be at the centre of the earth, and then kiss the Bible which stands on a lectern near the altar screen.

An everchanging crowd—quite a contrast to the service which drones on in its monotonous course. Doubtless it is most beautiful, could one follow it, but with me it left just an impression of the frequent opening and closing of brass gates, the lighting of numberless sanctuary lamps and candles, occasional bursts of song from a group of some half-a-dozen choir boys perched up aloft in a little railed-in pulpit-like structure, and readings from the scriptures by one of the priests. After one of these readings the priest walked down among the people, holding the Bible in his hand, and everybody swarmed around him to kiss, first the book, and then the priest's hand.

From the Greek choir I wandered round to the other services; they all seem to go on indefinitely and people just drop in and out. Children wander in and squat on the stone floor for awhile, and then wander out to find other seats and other congenial companions in another part of the building. It is certainly a unique opportunity for anyone to taste of various religious services if in doubt as to the one he wants. As I stood by the Sepulchre under the Rotunda, and listened to the chanting of the Copts, a procession of the Armenian Church

entered the Basilica. Preceded by two men with long, heavy, knobbed sticks, which they banged lustily on the stone floor to announce their coming, about a dozen black-cowled priests led in a procession of men, women, and children. They went up to their chapel in a gallery of the Rotunda, and were soon adding their hosannas to the general paeon of song. I followed them up and saw part of the service in which, by the frequent use *Q* of the bell, they contributed still further to swell what can only be described as the fearful din which now filled the length and breadth of the whole church.

I frequently dropped in to see these wonderful Sunday morning services, which were most interesting at the time, but have left only a most general impression of moving masses, noise, and copious fumes of incense. I got to know the Sacristan of the building quite well, and he always informed me of the services for the coming week, and in his very limited broken English, would try to explain their chief points to me.

After attending so many services in this wonderful building merely as a sightseer, I was pleased when an opportunity arose enaSlng me to attend a Communion service there, conducted by our own Anglican padre. The Greek Church kindly lent us one of their chapels for the service, and on Ail Saints' Day we were privileged to communicate in the Chapel of the Convent of S. Abraham, within a few yards of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. The altar of this chapel is claimed to be built over the spot where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac.

On the morning of All Souls' Day, I saw a celebration of Mass by the Latin fathers. They used the Holy Sepulchre itself for the high altar, whilst outside, between the Sepulchre and the Greek choir, stood a

catafalque which was draped in magnificent coverings of black and gold embroidery, with the skull and crossbones prominently in evidence. Twelve candlesticks of varying sizes stood on either side of the bier, which was surmounted by three small candlesticks and a crucifix. The whole looked most imposing with its many lights adding their lustre to the lights of the lamps and candles on the Sepulchre itself, and of the tapers of the Franciscan brothers who stood in rear, facing the Sepulchre and chanting the responses to the accompaniment of the organ, far away up in the galleries of the Rotunda. After celebrating Mass inside the tomb, the three priests came out, and censed the bier and sprinkled it with holy water.

Another service which used to impress me by its picturesque setting was the daily procession of the Latins at 4 p.m. After a short service in their Chapel of the Apparition, the Franciscan monks pass in procession round the Basilica, each carrying taper and book, and kneel in prayer before many of the numerous altars, intoning in full rich tones as they move from the Chapel of S. Longinus to the Chapel of the Division of Vestments; down the steep, broad flight of steps to the Chapel of S. Helena and thence to the Grotto of the Finding of the Cross. From here they ascend again and, after a pause before the Chapel of Reproaches, mount the steep narrow stone steps to Calvary; then, descending, they proceed to the Sepulchre itself, and so back to their own chapel.

In the winter evenings the whole church was practically in darkness, save for their lighted tapers and the many sanctuary lamps burning before the altars. Often an Armenian procession would be following close on the Latins' heels, striving, it would seem, to drown their voices with their own. Then would be noticeable the

contrast between their thin music and the full tones of the Gregorians, and also the contrast in their vestments as compared with the rich followers of Rome.

Jealously do the various sects retain the altars at the various holy places which they have acquired, often after prolonged and bitter strife with their fellow Christians. This spot is, without doubt, the Holiest of the Holy for our Christian faith; and yet, just inside the entrance door, sit the keepers of the Basilica—Mussulman, appointed by the Sultan! Surely an anomaly which the "ninth crusade" will remove.

COURTESY AND SOME CALIDORES.

By H. M. Butler, O.D.

Our behaviour at Rouen was, I suppose, very cowardly; and yet I scarcely think we could have acted otherwise than we did. We had been received as friends, we had sat side by side with our host over the evening glass; we had taken a photograph of the oil and colour shop opposite; we had learnt the family history; we had accepted a picture of the whole *menage*, from rotund Monsieur to the diminutive boy, assembled beneath the inviting legend, "*Plat du jour, 50c*"; we had spoken to them all of our admiration for St. Ouen and St. Maclou; and we rewarded them by stealth. Fortunately they never discovered our guile, nor that we carried away in our haste a pillow-case mistaken for a pocket-handkerchief.

They loaded us with favours; at each town to which we subsequently went we found awaiting us the inevitable picture post-cards of dear Rouen and there was nothing for it but to blush, and to write

replies in French ink. Let us make here and now a full confession. We had intended to stay for a week in the little inn; we were to be thoroughly French, we were to flee from the face of all our countrymen. Two days later malodours drove us from the house in disorder. Yet what could we do? We did not want to leave Rouen in such indecent haste, nor did we wish to tear the kindly heart of Madame by projecting a move to another hotel. I fear that it was I who hit upon the idea which we adopted. A few short miles up the river was Pont de l'Arche. In the morning we would leave the station, openly and without shame; in the evening we could creep back furtively, and under cover of dusk seek another hotel.

Our kindly hosts pursued us with favour to the end; in spite of protestations, our luggage, which we had intended to leave behind at the *Rive Gauche*, was taken to the train, and flung into the carriage after us. It was a mean predicament, but one not without humour.

It was a hot day, and we travelled third class. The carriage was filled by market women of incredible girth, the windows were small, our baggage was in everyone's way in turn; and yet I have never been on a journey with more delightful companions. We were wreathed in constant smiles, and laughed together all the way. We lifted down baskets at rural stations, and when we reached Pont de l'Arche there was envious competition as to who could give us most help in climbing to the platform. Where in England would you find ten workmen perspiring in a crowded train, and yet in high good humour with all the world?

For many reasons I shall not easily forget that day in Pont de l'Arche. From the station we set off between long fields of fruit trees, our passage raising clouds of

dust beneath the August sun. And then at last the great bridge came in view, flung across the broad, unrippled Seine, whose wooded islands stretched away towards Evreux. On the other side of the water stood the old, timbered village, with its gabled houses and its handsome church, all with the air of a fortified place. I do not intend to describe the little town; many have done so who know it better than I do. But for a quiet restful scene, I cast back my mind to the early evening of that August day. The heat had passed, though there was no breeze. A little steamer came up the river, and the ripple from her bows spread in two silvery streaks reaching as far as to the distant banks. Along the side of the water tuns a natural promenade, a long shelf of coarse grass land. On this we sat, whilst all the village, man, woman and child, and two goats, came down to the water-side to find sympathy and solace in the slowly-moving stream. This fondness for the river is very typical of the French people, just as love of the sea is deeply implanted in our own breast. The places most truly English are perhaps the ports along our coasts; but half the romance of French history gathers round a single river, the "Loire. Nor is it by chance that the little boats plying from Charenton to Suresnes drive so brisk a trade. Your Parisian loves to see the water slip by him; if he cannot have a river he constructs a canal. And just as our fingers stretch out across the ocean to distant shores, so the French have ever sought to lay their hands about that fair stream which flows between the castles and vineyards of Alsace.

I have allowed myself to indulge in a kind of easy pottering, turning down by-paths instead of following the beaten track. For what I seek is to express the universal kindness and charm of peasant people.

Gather working men into towns and all graciousness drops from them. I do not speak of London or Edinburgh, where you may experience more true politeness inside half-an-hour than anywhere else in the world. (Do not think I forget Paris; I have been helped on to a quickly-moving auto-bus, which cost nobody anything: but I have also had an invalid companion elbowed out of a corner to secure a comfortable place in a P.L.M. express). London and Edinburgh stand apart from common experience. Elsewhere the countryman is your truest gentleman. I do not speak of the better borri, nor of those upon whom education sits easily, and not as an ill-fitting cloak, thrust over angular shoulders. My complaint is of Hodge, who leaves his smiling fields to lift levers and turn wheels, and exchanges the silences of the sky for the noisy bustle of the factory. For now he rubs shoulders with mean creatures in tasteless garb, instead of those things of God's own clothing, the corn and the poppy and the good red earth. Soon he goes about the world with a self-conscious contempt for mankind, which he has learnt by association to despise rather than to love.

It is perhaps scarcely fair to speak of the German in connection with courtesy; the Prussian, at any rate, is the cad amongst European races, and is recognized as such from North Cape to the Bosphorus. And yet I hardly think that such boorishness is altogether inborn. Many of us have happy memories of German country inns; of simple, generous folk who treated us as friends, and who made us feel ashamed by the absurdity of their charges for soup and eggs and village wine. But behold these same people transferred to Berlin or Hamburg! I remember, as clearly as if it occurred yesterday, an encounter with a young German of the

lower middle class, out for the evening with some respectful Gretchen. The Prussian dearly loves an *ausflug*; the same spirit causes whiskered colonels to frolic round a Christmas tree. Numbers of little boats leave the Inner Alster at Hamburg for a garden at Uhlenhorst, where beer may be drunk, an indifferent band endured, and beflagged students admired or execrated according to one's sympathies. Whilst in the act of stepping from steamer to gangway, we realized that we were jostling an elderly widow who was also trying to leave the boat. Naturally we drew back, only to be greeted with an angry cry from behind us, "How much longer are you going to take over landing?" My friend, with pardonable ill-taste, turned quietly on the impatient youth and replied, "Just long enough for an Englishman to teach you manners."

But courtesy to elderly women is unknown in Germany. I have seen a young man give up his seat in a tram to another of his own sex, but never to a plain girl. Once in Worms we offered our places to some tired market-women returning to the railway-station. At first they showed surprise, then awed humility; but by the time we left them gratitude had followed disbelief, and we were pursued until we were out of sight by enthusiasm and waving hands. My friend, who has a gift for ready observations in fluent German, was once so much annoyed by being stared at that he turned sharply upon his persecutor, and remarked, "If you come closer you can see better." There was very nearly further unpleasantness, but the words were fully justified.

Volumes have been written on the manners of the Prussian bureaucracy. I have myself come across some amusing examples of Bumbledom. On one occasion we travelled by error in an express whilst

in possession of a ticket only available on a slow train. There was no difference in our speed, and we stopped at the same stations as on the outward journey; but there were more printed instructions for the guidance of passengers bound for Mainz than for those bound towards Frankfort. By some oversight no hole had been punched in our tickets. The collector pointed this out angrily. My friend remarked that the want could soon be remedied. "Here is my ticket," he said. "You have my permission to make a hole in it." The collector gravely replied that this would not do, that we had "clambered over the barrier" and that further proceedings would be taken. They were. An express from Basle to Flushing was held up for fifteen minutes whilst we argued with a large semi-circle of officials in red military hats and Kaisereseque moustaches. A stationmaster, an assistant stationmaster, a guard, two ticket-collectors, four porters, and a greaser, all tried to extract the sum of fivepence from our retentive pockets. Finally we emerged triumphantly from the encounter; but our resistance to bureaucracy — prompted, let me say, solely by a perverted sense of humour—was something new in German railway experience. Let me be just: the station staff, though hair bristled and cheeks glowed fiercely, remaitied throughout tolerably polite; we were treated like naughty children, the error of whose conduct needed pointing out; we required direction, not chastisement.

Of Worms I have many pleasing recollections. They do not include that of poor Wiclif, sitting beneath the figure of Luther, and grouped with a motley assortment of heretics, whose views would have horrified him. First, I remember a delightful sergeant who showed us over the town. He had all the smartness of an English

soldier, and my friend had the temerity to tell him so. To my surprise, he was immensely pleased, and he did not leave us until he had spent a whole hour in showing us the beauties of his birth-place. The stationmaster, too, was a well-read man, who displayed great interest in the English Church. Did we believe in the Divinity of Christ? he asked; and when we replied, "Of course," he nodded his head with smiling satisfaction. "Ah, then, you are Catholics," he said. To those who know German Protestantism for what it is his conclusion was logical enough. Foreign opinion of our religion, gleaned from continental services conducted by priests in Genevan gowns or from carefully assorted Army Chaplains, is naturally somewhat confused. Once a good lady asked me whether the English Church were not founded because Henry VI. wanted to marry eight times. Poor, pious man! The iniquity of the double charge is only realized when one remembers that he was wedded to Margaret of Anjou. Did not Johnson speak of the triumph of hope over experience?

WAR OBITUARY.

We have received some details concerning the death of *G. R. M. Rutter*. He was shot through the head and killed almost instantaneously on May 27, 1918. His company was in action on the Craonne Ridge near a village called Maizy, and the Germans were advancing rapidly. A companion stayed with him till he died, which resulted in his being taken prisoner when he might easily have escaped.

Leopold Britten Mason, came here in 1899, staying till December 1900. He was in Woodard, and reached the Division.

He enlisted on 14th May, 1916, in the 6th battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. He proceeded to the Ypres sector, 18th November, 1916. On 5th June, 1917, he was wounded and was invalided home. He was transferred to the 5th Battalion, M.G.C. in March, 1918, but owing to his low category was not again sent overseas. He died of bronchial pneumonia on 18th March, 1919, in the Military Hospital at Cannock Chase, and was buried at Willesden with full military honours, the firing party being furnished by the Brigade of Guards.

His brother, when he was lying in a critical condition, asked for the prayers of the School—a request gladly acceded to by the Headmaster, who announced his desire at the late celebration on the same day as the letter came.

R.I.P.

CRICKET.

THE MASTERS.

The School played the Masters in their first match of the season on May 17th. We won the toss and went in first, J. Corbishley and M. Sugden opening the innings. They were later followed by F. Lutter, who made 55. Money, on his first appearance in the team, made 21. After the interval Mr. Huskinson and the Professional went in, but the former came out on his first ball, being run out from an excellent throw-in by Thacker. The Rev. C. O. Andrews made 23, but during his innings a heavy storm come down which stopped the game for a short time. The match ended with a win for the School, by 137 to 95-

SCHOOL.

J. Corbishley b Shaw	9
M. Sugden c Averill b Shaw	0
G. Lutter c Greenstreet b Brown	15

F. Lutter c Brown b Colley	55
J. Tomlinson c Huskinson b Brown	16
M. G. Hobday c Shaw b Brown	2
J. Kirkham lbw. b Cadman	4
S. L. Kilbourn b Shaw	4
H. D. Thacker b Shaw	2
J. Money c Brown b Cadman	21
D. Lutter b Cadman	0
J. Holloway not out	2
	Extras 7
	Total 137

MASTERS.

A. W. Huskinson run out 0; F. Shaw b. Hobday 19; H. S. Cadman b. F. Lutter 18; Rev. R. M. Grier c. Holloway b. F. Lutter 5; A. J. Colley b. Hobday 0; J. R. Brown lbw. b. Hobday 0; Rev. J. W. Greenstreet b, F. Lutter 0; Rev. C. O. Andrews run out 23; J. A. Wakefield b. Hobday 2; C. E. Averill b. G. Lutter 13; F. Ogle b. Hobday 5; A. A. Crompton not out 0; Extras 10; Total 95.
Hobday took 5 wickets for 26 runs.
F. Liitter took 3 wickets for 36 runs.
G. Liitter took 1 wicket for 10 runs.

BASS AND Co.

On May 24th we played Messrs. Bass and Co. of Burton. The visitors won the toss and batted first. It was long before we gained much success, as Capt. Pepper and M. F. Moreton gave them a good start, 87 being reached before a wicket fell. Later W. Thomas made 55. Our fielding was good, the catches by Money at extra-cover and F. Liitter in the slips being noteworthy. The rest of the Burton team proved to be less formidable.

Corbishley and Sugden batted first for us, but the former did not stay long. We seemed to suffer from lack of confidence; but F. Liitter, who is in form this season, made 52 not out after an admirable innings. Despite this plucky effort we lost by 127 runs.

BASS & Co.

Capt. G. B. Pepper b. Corbishley 33; M. F. Moreton b. Kilbourn 54; W. Thomas b. F. Lutter 55; W. Toplis b. Corbishley 0; J. O. T. Powell c. F. Lutter b. Corbishley 14; F. Ridgard c. Corbishley b. F. Lutter 4; E. H. King c. F. Lutter

b. Corbishley 6 ; C. O. Barrow lbw. b. F. Lutter 13 ; J. E. Thorneley c. Money b. F. Lutter 13 ; C. Clarke b. F. Lutter 20 ; W. Harrison not out 8 ; Extras 20 ; Total 240.

F. Lutter took 5 wickets for 56 runs.
Corbisbley took 4 wickets for 119 runs.
Kilbourn took 1 wicket for 20 runs.

SCHOOL.

J. Corbishley c Morton b Powell	0
M. Sugden b Toplis	10
G. Lutter st. Ridgard b Powell	11
F. Lutter not out	52
M. G. Hobday b Toplis	4
J. Tomlinson b Toplis	8
H. D. Thacker b Toplis	0
S. L. Kilbourn c Harrison b Toplis	6
J. Money run out	7
D. Lutter b Toplis	0
J. Kirkham c Ridgard b King	8
Extras	7
Total	113

THE SPORTS.

Sports Day this year was, for a wonder, moderately fine. The winners of the events were as follows :—

Kicking Competition, Open : ist, Corbishley, 2nd, Whitfield.

Kicking Competition, Under 15 : ist, Mulinder, 2nd, Gibbs.

One Mile, " Age " Handicap : ist, Lockyer, N., 2nd, Edwards, 3rd, Marr, R.

One Mile, Open: ist, Cutter, 2nd, Davies, 3rd, Sugden, 4th, Seddon.

Long Jump, Open : ist, Hobday (18 ft.), 2nd, Corbishley.

Long Jump, Under 15 : ist, Alcock (15 ft.), 2nd, Lutter, D,

Long Jump, Under 13 : ist, Tate, D. (12ft. 11 ins.) 2nd, Burton.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Open : ist, Hobday (82 yds. 1 ft.), 2nd, Sugden.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Under 15 : ist, Lutter, D. (61 yds. 2ft. 5ms.), 2nd, Mulinder.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Under 13 : ist, Tate, D. (51 yds. 1 ft.), 2nd, Burton.

120 Yds. Hurdle Race, Under 15 : ist, Mulinder (211 sees.), 2nd, Whyte, M.

Half-Mile, °Open : ist, Hobday (2 mins. 18 | sees.), 2nd, Seddon, 3rd, Sugden.

100 Yds., Open : ist, Finney (nf sees.), 2nd, Hobday, 3rd, Lawrence.

100 Yds., Under 15 : ist, Whyte, M., 2nd, Hales, 3rd, Mulinder.

100 Yds., Under 13 : ist Edwards, 2nd, Burton, 3rd, James.

Choir Race, \ Mile : ist, Shelley, 2nd, Blackburn, W., 3rd, Thompson, R.

120 Yds. Hurdle Race, Open : ist, Hobday (20^ sees), 2nd, Harrison, 3rd, Smartt ,F.

Quarter-Mile Handicap, Under 15 : ist, Jureidini, 2nd, Gilson, 3rd, Robinson, F.

High Jump, Open : ist, Corbishley (5ft. 3f ins.), 2nd, Hobday.

High Jump Under 13 : ist, Edwards (4ft.), 2nd, Burton.

High Jump, Under 15 : ist, Hill (4 ft. 1 in.), 2nd, Wilkinson.

Quarter Mile, Under 13 : ist, Edwards, 2nd, Place, 3rd, Hibbert, D.

Quarter Mile, Open : ist, Hobday (59 sees.) 2nd, Finney, 3rd, Seddou.

College Servants' Race, \ Mile : ist, Good. 2nd, Moults.

O.Ds' Race, 100 Yds. : ist, Rev. J. W. Greenstreet, 2nd, Shirlaw.

One Mile Steeplechase, Under 16 : ist, Lewis, 2nd, Marr, R., 3rd, Reay, 4th, Trantom.

Two Mile Steeplechase, Open : ist, Smartt, F., 2nd, Jarratt, 3rd, Lockyer, N., 4th, Smartt, B.

Selwyn won the Bill Cup and M. G. C. Hobday gained the Challenge Cup—a very good all-round performance. Mrs. Hibbert very kindly gave away the prizes—the last of the many gracious acts which have marked her long years at Denstone.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

On February 16th, M. A. Mitcheson moved " That in the opinion of this House Ghosts do not exist." He was seconded by M. G. Hobday. R. Samuels, seconded by Mr. Nicholas, opposed the motion.

M. A. Mitcheson and M. G. Hobday both made good speeches, while R. Samuels, if somewhat abstruse, was, at any rate, amusing. Mr. Nicholas gave the House a succession of true ghost stories, whose authenticity in no way impaired their horror.

Other speakers on the motion were : H. Backhouse, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lawton, Miss Haslam, H. F. Hicks, M. Williams, G. Evans and the Chaplain.

The motion was adjourned before a decision had been arrived at.

On March 2nd, an Impromptu Debate was held on the motion " That in the opinion of this House the British nation is too fond of Sport." P. Hamblin Smith, seconded by S. Torkington, proposed the motion. He was opposed by J. Corbishley, seconded by G. Rigby.

Most of the speeches were of the aimless, futile variety, nearly all being entirely off the point. Other speakers were : J. Dewhurst, R. Samuels, C. M. MacGregor, M. Williams, M. G. Hobday, F. Smartt, H. Backhouse, Mr. Lawton and the Chaplain.

The motion was lost by 5 votes to 23.

On March 16th, F. Smartt moved "That in the opinion of this House the Navy has been of more importance to the British Empire during the War than the Army." He was seconded by H. F. Hicks. M. Williams, seconded by D. Garman, opposed the motion.

All the first four speakers made good speeches. Other speakers on the motion were M. G. Hobday, M. A. Mitcheson,

C. M. MacGregor, E. Vaughan, J. Corbishley, N. G. Whitfield, J. Dewhurst and P. Hamblin Smith.

The motion was carried by 21 votes to 7.

On March 30th, G. Caiger moved " That this House approves of total prohibition of alcoholic drinks." He was seconded by C. Thompson. E. Chapman, seconded by F. A. Beresford, opposed the motion.

The first four speeches were quite good, C. Thompson especially appearing to be speaking from conviction. Other speakers were : M. A. Mitcheson, M. G. Hobday, C. M. MacGregor, H. Backhouse, Mr. Lawton, R. Samuels, J. Dewhurst, H. F. Hicks, G. Rigby, P. Hamblin Smith, E. Vaughan and Mr. Green.

The motion was carried by 12 votes to 10.

The Junior Debating Society, which was not started until well after the beginning of last term, only managed to hold two debates : the first on the motion " That in the opinion of this House the execution of Charles I was unjustifiable " ; the second on the motion " That in the opinion of this House Conventionism is necessary in the modern State."

O.T.C.

Capt. A. W. Huskinson and 2nd Lt. A. A. Crompton were attached to our O.T.C. last term. 2nd Lieut. H. M. Butler has resigned his commission and ceases to serve with the contingent.

We are asked to publish the following letter :—

War Office,
Whitehall, SW. 1.
20th March, 1919.

Sir,

I am commanded by the Army Council to express their appreciation of the great work carried out by Contingents of the

Officers' Training Corps during the recent war.

In the early months of the war, the number of vacancies filled in the commissioned ranks of the Army by ex-cadets of the Officers' Training Corps fully justified the formation of the Corps in 1908, and afforded an able testimony of the standard of training and powers of leadership which had been inculcated.

The Council have had before them the records of many schools. The lists of those who have fallen and of those who have been mentioned in despatches and decorated show how grandly the ex-Officers' Training Corps cadets have fought for King and Country, and form a record of which the schools may be proud.

I am to ask you to convey the appreciation of the Army Council in this matter to all present officers and members of your Contingent, and I am to express the hope that this letter may be published in the School Journal so that those who have left and their relatives may be informed of the appreciation by the Army Council of the work of the Officers' Training Corps.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
B. B. CUBITT.

Owing to the bad weather last term, we were only able to have the Close Order half of the Dormitory Corps Competition. Meynell were 1st with 82, and Head's I. were 2nd with 81. Mr. Huskinson and Mr. Crompton acted as judges.

Head's II. won the Jenkins Cup with 155 points. Head's III. were 2nd with 126.

The promotions this term are : Sergt. Finney to C.-S.-M.; Corporals Hobday and Seddon to be Sergts.; Lance-Corporal Corbishley to be Corporal.

C.-S.-M. Finney is Captain of Shooting.

O.D. NEWS.

R. P. Pollard is a Lieut.-Colonel in Command of a Field Ambulance Cadre, in Belgium.

Cyril Renfree has been a 2nd Lieut, but hopes shortly to go to Liverpool University for a two years course in Civil Engineering.

C. Chambers was still at Seoul, Corea, in January, but hoped shortly to visit Denstone.

J O. Widdows has been training young soldiers at Crowborough.

G. Griffin wrote from Ramleh in January, lamenting that Denny no longer went round the School with a small step-ladder.

Lieut.-Col. H. Rudgard sent us translations of two addresses presented to him with bouquets last Christmas by the children of the villages in the vicinity of the C.M.E., L.R. Workshops at Beaurainville, of which he was CO. They were in acknowledgment of a Christmas tree entertainment.

C. W. Townsend, after service with the Russian Army and in Egypt and Palestine, was in the ill-fated Baku expedition, but got away safely with the remnant that escaped. The retreat into Persia led to sporadic fighting with hostile tribes; but, after the signing of the armistice, he returned to Baku with the army of occupation. Our force took possession of the banks there, and Townsend has been doing banking work. However, he was sent into the Caucasus to mediate between Turk and Armenian, being entertained by his old enemy, whom he found to be a gentleman. His letter on one occasion was written in the train to Tiflis. His correspondence now travels *via* Batoum and Constantinople. He will not be demobilized, though he has had the chance, as he still hankers after work in Russia.

C. N. Bennett wrote in March from Constantinople : "I have come through four years of active service without a scratch, and have got my own company of machine gunners now. I went all through the final operations in Macedonia, and it was really very stiff work. We are now with the army of occupation in Constantinople and not having a bad time of it. The Turks were weary of the war and, as things were in a bad state, were glad to see us arrive."

R. A. Briggs wrote in December from the Deccan, to which he had been sent to help in the formation of a new battalion on the eve of going up to Kashmir.

A. T. Williams wrote in November from the Bolan Pass, Baluchistan : I've just had a budget of *Denstonians*—a great joy. I was glad to see the names of ' Steger ' and ' Chops ' Phelps mentioned. It's very odd to think of old Winser as a Brigadier now. I was in command of Indian Labour in France when I last wrote. We were close behind the line when the Boche came through on March 21st, and lay in Albert the night of the 23rd, when he bombed it so unmercifully. My laddies were simply magnificent: they lay out on their tummies all night and not a man moved. Our 'Archies' had gone, there was a full moon, and the Boche flew low, putting down magnesium flares and bombing and machine-gunning up and down the packed streets—and they stuck it like trained troops.

" We were retiring all Holy Week and had our first rest on Easter Sunday. I celebrated Mass in a forest, up to my ankles in mud and water, with ration boxes for our altar, and the boys prostrate (Indian fashion) on their ground sheets. It was cold.

" I brought my Indian officers and headmen to London and they were presented to His Majesty at Buckingham Palace. I left France in July and had an exciting

time in the Mediterranean. However, we got in scatheless with two Boche submarines to our credit. I have another Corps now, 1,000 strong. I am not doing any medical work now, alas."

The April number of *The Treasury* contained a devotional paper entitled " The Spirit of the Cross," by F. M. Jackson.

On March 15, Vaughan Augustus Creswell died at his home, Yarkhill Vicarage, Hereford. He came here in May, 1889, and was a Prefect in 1891. He went to Pembroke College, Oxford, and received the B.A. Degree in 1895, proceeding M.A. in 1899. He was one of the masters who helped to start Worksop College, and remained there until 1896. He was ordained Deacon in 1898, and Priest in 1901. After holding Assistant Curacies at Newcastle (Salop) and Ludlow, he became Vicar of S. Weonard's, Hereford, in 1908. From there he only recently moved to Yarkhill. He remained a keen and enthusiastic Denstonian to the end, and a few years ago stayed a few days with the Headmaster, a visit which he much enjoyed. R.I.P.

The Lectures which F. A. Hibbert gave in the Parish Church last summer on the history of the parish and church have been published and may be obtained (price 6d.) from the Vicar.

During Lent, our late Headmaster gave a series of addresses on the life and work of S. Chad.

When the colours of the 4th (Special Reserve) Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers were deposited in Bury Church, the colour party which brought them from Barry Dock included W. G. Schofield, who was in command.

C. J. Power, the inventor of an aerial target, has claimed before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors the sum of £10,000 as compensation.

F. G. Wynne is at the R.N. College, Keyham.

D. J. Ferguson played for an English XV. against the New Zealanders at Leicester.

G. L. Littler has gone on the stage, and has been playing on tour in *Daddy Longlegs*.

We much regret to hear of the death of W. E. Hayward from influenza in Shanghai. He came to us from Worksop in 1906, going into Head's I. dormitory. He rose to be a Prefect, and edited the *Denstonian*. Later, he went to Sidney Sussex College, taking a History degree. For a time he was a master here, and held a commission in the O.T.C. Early in the war, however, he was appointed to a post in Shanghai, to which he travelled by the Trans-Siberian Railway. Both as boy and master he displayed a real ability and a marked originality of outlook. R.I.P.

J. F. Leys writes: "Harvard is back on almost a normal footing. A 25 mile Marathon was run yesterday by the Boston A.A. The winner finished in 2 hours, 29 minutes. Has baseball come into Denstone yet? If I can work my way over in a cattle-boat this early summer, Denstone will be the first place I shall visit."

The following is some account of Mapplebeck, whose wonderful exploits won the D.S.O. for him. It is an extract from Mr. F. Coleman's book, *With Cavalry in igiS-*

"Not long ago, Mapplebeck was up alone on a scout near Lille, when his engine went wrong, and he had to make a descent. He knew he was well inside the German lines, but was shocked to see a couple of Huns, apparently doing sentry duty, not far from where he had prepared to land.

"The two Germans ran toward the

machine as it came down, each grabbing hold of the left wing. The biplane tossed and rolled and pitched about as it came to rest. Mapplebeck tumbled out on the right side, dived head first through a thick hedge a few feet distant, and ran hot foot down a deep ditch that led to a cross hedge not far away.

"He lost no time in dodging through the further hedge, and was off like a hare down another ditch. The Huns must have taken the wrong turning when pursuing him, as he got clear away and hid in a dwelling till night.

"Obtaining some peasant clothing, Mapplebeck made his way into Lille. Though the town was full of Germans, his disguise was so good that he was not bothered in any way. Finding a loyal French business man, Mapplebeck cashed a London cheque, for which he received French notes bearing a German stamp. With these he bought a suit of clothing, and started to tramp the road to Belgium.

"He reached Belgium safely, kept on, and eventually crossed the Dutch border. Obtaining passage to London, he at once went to Farnborough and reported. There he was given a new machine which was ready to come to France. He lost no time in bringing it across the Channel and reporting for duty, just as though nothing unusual had happened."

G. R. Purvis, who returned from Canada (where he had been working in the Archbishops' Mission) to serve as Chaplain to the Forces, has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be vicar of Cranbrook, Kent.

G. E. Jackson is writing for the *Daily Mail* pending appointment to a new post. His versatility is quite astounding.

W. J. Crick has been appointed Curate of All Saints', Lincoln.

We have received some interesting

reminiscences from G. M. K. Hudson (1881-1885). He was for a time on a "windjammer," serving his time as apprentice. "It was during one of my runs," he writes, "from Philadelphia, bound for Kobe, that the cry 'Play up, Denstone!' served to some purpose. The second officer of the ship was an old Trent boy, who was fond of chaffing me good-naturedly about Denstone. On this particular occasion, we were carrying a cargo of case oil (petroleum). We ran into as bad a gale as it is possible to imagine: the decks could not be seen for water. The whole crew had been called aft on to the poop deck for safety, for the seas were even lifting the boats from the skids. It was then that the Captain called for volunteers to go below and lighten the ship by throwing some of the cargo overboard, as we were on the point of foundering. We could not get at the hatches, which were in danger every moment of bursting under the pressure of the water. There was only one way of reaching the hold, and that was by the way of the lazzaretto, through the Captain's cabin. For a moment there was no response from the crew, until the Trent boy slapped me on the shoulder and called out, 'Play up, Denstone!' That settled me at once. Down the hold we went; and, believe me, I was just yelling 'Play up, Denstone!' like a mad thing, as we hurled the cases up from below, to be cut into before being thrown overboard. Denstone and oil saved that ship."

Hudson is now on the stage, and is appearing as "Napoleon" in *The Royal Divorce*. "It was," he says, "greatly owing to my elocution classes at Denstone that I was able to become a fairly successful actor."

G. Griffin writes from Adana, Asia Minor: "I had a most interesting evening while at Kantara Base Depot. No less

than six old Denstonians sat at the same table—H. S. Bates, Colin Finch, Weigall, Cater, Clarke and myself."

L. J. Roskams is Assistant Surveyor of Taxes in Halifax.

Capt. R. L. Mason, R.E., attached to General Staff, has been lately attached to the 3rd General Hospital, Cardiff.

L. O. Beck, who was here as long ago as 1876, has been doing valuable work in the R.N.R. He is now serving as Transport Officer with the troops in North Russia.

E. Fearenside met A. S. B. Jones early in 1917 in a little place near Arras. He was coming up a hill when Fearenside noticed him and stopped him. Jones said in a pronounced Canadian accent—which was a change from his former Welsh: "Waal, I remember your face but I can't quite cotton to your name." He and Fearenside shared rooms together at Oxford. Until they went their several ways they saw a good deal of each other at the front.

We hope to publish in our next number an appreciation of Basil Gedge and of Jones, by an O.D. who knew them both and has some knowledge of what their loss means to Denstonians.

J. O. L. Mason is 2nd Lieut, in the 1/25 Punjabis, having passed 17th out of Wellington, and having been chosen to take part in the Riding Masters' special team on Commission day.

J. R. Hodgson is in an Estate Agents' office in Hull.

One of the architects of the war memorial at S. John's College, Johannesburg—which is to take the form of Completion of the School Chapel—is F. L. H. Fleming.

C. S. Little is a C.F. with the Army of the Rhine. In May he was stationed 15 miles N.E. of Cologne.

We regret to record the death of K. F. Thompson ('93-1900), who passed away at S. Barnabas Homes, East Grinstead. Thompson was in Lowe, and was a member of the ^Classical VI. at an early age. He became a prefect in 1898, and played "back" for the XV. in 1899. In 1900 he went up to S. Catharine's, Cambridge, as a Classical Exhibitioner, where he did well in both games and work. In 1903 he became Classical Master at Worksop under Mr. Hibbert who was then Headmaster. In 1905 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Southwell, but in the Easter of 1906 he began his long illness which prevented him from attempting any further work. 'Mouldies' Thompson was popular at school and he gave every promise of becoming a sympathetic, stimulating teacher. He was intensely interested in his work, and in spite of his later incapacity retained his cheery spirit and general interest to the end. R.I.P.

NOTES.

Head's I gained the Music Trophy last term. Corbishley was 1st in the Senior Piano, D. Lutter in the Junior Piano, and Griffiths in the Other Instrument. Lowe was again 1st in the Part Song.

On Lady Day, March 25th, the Prefects gave a Dance in the Drill Hall. The whole thing was a great success.

With the money left over from the Mothers' Window, Mrs. Hibbert has bought four candlesticks for the Chapel of the Holy Family.

Our late Headmaster has been asked by the Faith Press to edit a series which they are to publish called the Folk Play Series. Its object is to provide plays which shall be actable and yet written in good English; in short, something on rather a higher level

than what has at present been available for production by Church societies. His own *Christmas Miracle Play*, which we gave here in 1917, is to be the first of the series, and it is promised in good time so as to be able to be used next Christmas. Included in the series is also the dramatised version of the Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, which also was given here, though a long time ago.

It is hoped that the Shakespearean Play will be revived this year.

A. R. Sherwen has been placed on the foundation at S. Bee's School.

F. Richardson and D. Horner have passed the Oxford Senior Local examination.

It was with regret that we said good-bye to Miss D. Wood at the end of last term. Her place on the Music Staff has been filled by Mr. J. A. Wakefield, to whom we offer a hearty welcome.

Capt. Rawlinson Wood has been mentioned in despatches for his work as Commandant of Ellastone Hospital. His name has also been inscribed upon the Roll of Honourable Service of the British Red Cross Society.

The Senior Fives Flag was won by Head's I, who beat Meynell in the final.

Owing to bad weather, the Cross Country Run had to be cancelled last term.

G. Liitter and J. H. Tomlinson have been elected to the Sports Committee.

At a meeting of the Sports' Committee, the following new officers were elected:—

Captain of Cricket : J. Corbishley.

Vice-Captain : F. Lutter.

Captain of Tennis : P. Hamblin Smith.

Captain of Fives : G. Lutter.

The following have gained their Fives Colours : G. Lutter, F. Liitter, G. Lloyd, G. Holloway.

The following certificates were gained in commercial subjects last term ;—For

Pitman's Shorthand, speed (70 words per minute), E. A. Vaughan ; theory, L. L. Alker, W. Mulinder, G. F. Thompstone, C. B. Venn ; elementary, M. S. Barker. For Gregg Shorthand, primary, C. G. Robinson, R. E. K. Rowlands. For Sloan-Duployan Shorthand, learner's style, G. L. Rees. For handwriting and correspondence, intermediate, F. C. Booth, S. B. Harrison (first class), H. Lawrence, R. Thorpe (first class) ; elementary, P. Kench, R. C. Nightingale, R. E. K. Rowlands, J. I. Schofield (first class), J. Wainwright. For book-keeping, intermediate, H. D. Thacker ; elementary, T. St. B. Atkinson, W. G. Caldwell, G. E. Hitchcock, (honours), C. H. Kay, D. Lingard, H. L. Rawson, W. K. Smailes ; typewriting, junior, S. B. Harrison, N. R. Newton, P. Smartt, R. Thorpe, C. B. Venn.

T. Cawthorne has passed the entrance examination into Edinburgh University.

The new boys this term :—

Atkinson, Harry Milborne	Meynell.
Atkinson, Frank Milborne	„
Barker, Alan Gilbert Foster	Lonsdale.
Booth, Richard	Lowe.
Brassington, Howard Edward	Shrewsbury.
Bowen, William Colwyn Davies	Lowe.
Christians, Harold George Theodore	„
Denton, Mervyn Vyvyan Hulton	Lonsdale.
Egerton, Charles Hubert Sorel-	Cameron Selwyn.
Entwisle, Bernard	Shrewsbury.
Fenwicke, Roger Ellison	Lonsdale
Fisher, Hugh Cyril	Lowe.
Harrison, Edward Keith	Selwyn.
Johnson, John Goode Brady	Philips.
Jones, John Gilbert	Lowe.
Newall, Kenneth Michael	Philips.
Sedgwick, Leslie Vincent	Shrewsbury.
Schofield, Frederick	Prep.
Shirley, Thomas Fitton	Meynell.
Shirley, Leslie Pidduck	„
Sproule, Thomas Hamilton	Heywood.

Swindells, Harry Gordon	Woodard.
Talbot, Arthur Charles Ashton	Chetwynd
	Prep.

Thompstone, Leonard Hope	Heywood.
Tomlinson, Cecil William Hubback	„
Vaughan, Frederick	Selwyn.
Watts, Gerald Walter	„
Weatman, George Richard	Heywood.

L; Harrison has entered the College from the Prep. School.

Miss M. Wood is helping Miss Stevenson with her duties as Matron this term.

The following new Prefects have been made : J. Carmichael, H. D. Thacker, H. Lawrence, G. Lutter, F. Liitter and C. G. Thompson.

Among those who left last term were the following :—

E. C. Brewer (H.M.H. iii.), Prefect, O.T.C.

S. B. Harrison (H.M.H. i.), Prefect, 1st XV Colours, O.T.C.

J. R. Hodgson (H.M.H. iii.), Prefect, O.T.C.

F. C. Lockyer (H.M.H. ii.) Prefect, Corporal, O.T.C.

C. M. MacGregor (H.M.H. i.), Prefect, 1st XV. Colours, Lance-Corporal O.T.C.

P. R. Sutton (H.M.H. ii.), Prefect, 2nd XI. Colours, O.T.C.

N. G. Whitfield (Meynell), Prefect, Captain of Football, 1st XI. Colours, Coy.Segt.-Major O.T.C.

We congratulate G. I. V. Evans on gaining an Exhibition for Modern History at Selwyn College, Cambridge.

On April 6th, we had a Concert, after which the presentation of the School's testimonial to the Rev. Prebendary and Mrs. Hibbert took place. The present was a pair of fine silver candelabra and four silver candlesticks. The Staff's present was a lamp. The O.Ds. are also raising a subscription for an oil-painting of Mr. Hibbert to be hung in Hall.