



The Denstonian.

DECEMBER, 1919.

No. 261.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 6.

EDITORIAL.

SUCH is the conventionality of the readers of this and other magazines, that they insist on having something which they not only do not want, but do not read. As long as an Editorial is there, in the print so to speak, they are quite satisfied. They do not want it, enjoy it, understand it, or read it; but they like to feel that it is there, and that because of it the Magazine is being conducted in the same way as all other respectable magazines. They also like something to grumble at. The irony of the situation lies in the fact that simply for the benefit of the three or four hundred persons who would only pine for an Editorial if the Editorial were withdrawn, one Editor has to do all those things that respectable Editors are reputed to do, from

chewing the ends of pen-holders to the anxious "searching of back numbers."

The term has not been uneventful even if it has not been wildly exciting. The Play, at any rate to those whom it concerned, has been the most important object on our horizon; the Debating Society has launched out into schemes as original as they are extensive; while the O.T.C. has been revelling in Certificate "A," and everlasting and all-embracing P.T. The XV. has had bad luck in the frequent changes illness has wrought in its ranks. In fact, only one School Institution has been dormant this term and that is the L.S.S. While realizing its difficulties to the full, we admit being interested in its policy, more especially as we are financially bound up in the concern, having been among those unfortunates who paid their subscriptions at the beginning of term.

THE OWL.

(A long way after "The Raven.")

Once in "prep" time—hour most dreary—
while I pondered bored and weary
Over many a dull and stupid volume of
scholastic lore,
Suddenly there came a tapping as of someone
gently rapping,
Rapping at my cranium door.

" 'Tis," said I, " some prefect prowling, snip-
ing slackers off and growling
'Do some work,' or else it may be little Smith,
who sits behind,
Seeking for me some diversion, sticks a pin
into my person,
Cruel only to be kind."

Scared at first, but growing bolder, round I
glanced, and on my shoulder
Saw a solemn owl was blinking in the
unaccustomed light.
In its presence full discerning one far-famed
for wondrous learning,
Thus I hailed the bird of night:—

" Bird of Night and eke of Wisdom, what of
this pernicious system
Which compels our nightly labour, packed like
sheep within a pen ?
What of this most harsh slave-driving, life
and liberty depriving ?
Where's the good now? Tell me then."

Spake the bird, his feathers pluming, "Cease
thy useless fret and fuming.
Hear the yoke now in thy boyhood, cheerfully
thy task fulfil:
Never the old maxim spuming, 'THERE'S NO
ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING' |
All alike go through the mill."

" But the prefects ! Prunes and prisms ! You
don't know their despotisms ;
Hustle you from morn to evening—that their
Mcdes and Persians code is.
Though as watch-dogs prized most highly, I
have heard it hinted slyly,
QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES? "

"Prefects, oh, my little brother, have their
uses, one or other :
They are necessary evils, like the policeman,
rest assured.
Though we mayn't like all about them, school
could not get on without them ;
Therefore they must be endured."

"But," I pleaded with my mentor, "what
about my arch-lormentor,
Little Smith, who's always trying me his
victim to annoy ? "

Quoth the owl, "Though I'm no fighter, I'll
go seek the little blighter ;
Reprimand the naughty boy."

What did happen then I wot not, save Smith
hit him on the top-knot,
Calling him a blinking hooter, and names
other not a few.

And the bird, his mission ended, with his
tawny wings extended,
Screeched, and disappeared from view.

Startled by that screech so ghoulish, feeling
dazed and looking foolish,
I beheld that "prep" was over, boys were
moving off to bed.

While I, to my further shaming, heard the
voice of Smith exclaiming,
"Wake up! can't you ? sleepy head."
B.W.E.

THE PLAY.

The revival of the Play was a necessity. It has always been such an integral part of Denstone life that only the gravest necessity has caused it to lapse. The war was such a necessity and for the last five years there has been no performance. But with the advent of peace it was obvious that this term would once again see a Denstone Play. At the same time there were unusual difficulties to face. The present generation has never seen one, so that many of the traditions were in danger of being lost. The material at the disposal of the Stage Manager was of an unknown quality. Declamation trials had ceased, so that not only the ability to act but even the ability to speak clearly was uncertain. In addition to this the extraordinary skill and thoroughness of the late Stage Manager made his successor's work the more difficult. We do not suppose that the School play or any School's play ever reached such a height of perfection as the Shakespeare Play did under

Mr. Hibbert. Westminster, Bradfield and Radley are justly proud of their own performances, but we feel sure that in no other School has Shakespeare been presented with such artistic skill, such historical accuracy and such clever stage management. There was no point of stage-craft and arrangement which did not receive studious and scholarly attention. The effects aimed at were inevitably attained, and the results were invariably worthy of the effort. The loss of such a manager might well make a successor nervous, and if we had not had an actor with a wide experience, trained in the Denstone traditions, experienced in Mr. Hibbert's methods, we might have felt nervous for the fate of our Play. But we had no such qualms when Mr. Butler consented to undertake the work, and the result has fully justified our hopes.

There has been some criticism about the choice of the play. To us, *As You Like It* seems a singularly wise one, when the difficulties, already enumerated, are considered. It would have been foolish to have picked on some play seldom acted and little known. After five years the first considerations are to teach a new generation the better known works of Shakespeare, and to find a play which will call for declamation and simple acting. A School must always work for the future, and the present generation must always sow seed for the next. This, we take it, was in the mind of the Committee when they chose this play. It gave opportunities to many to become acquainted with the stage; it called for acting, declamation and stage management.

It was also considered advisable to revert to the old method of presenting the play. Only one who had thoroughly mastered the later style in which our plays have been given, could attempt to carry on

that style. To our thinking these later methods, whilst they might call for greater artistic skill and lend themselves admirably to pageantry, are not altogether admirable from a School point of view. Still, it is an open question, and each Stage Manager must use the style and methods which he feels are best suited to the ends which he has in view.

As You Like It we are told by Professor Cjuiller - Couch, is fanciful, a play of colour, a comedy in which a courtly Society removes itself to the greenwood and plays at *Robin Hood*. Inasmuch as it is insincere, it causes criticism both by a Cynic and a Fool. But whatever may be the true merit of the play, it is eminently a pleasing one to the eye and is satisfying to the ear. There is a feeling of rest in the forest. Nothing mars its quiet. It is true *Oliver* tells of a tragedy, but it is a tragedy which seems out of place in a world inhabited by *Corin*, *Silvms* and *Phoebe*. *Le Beau* also brings a report of an averted attack, but it is only a report. Apart from these two evil tales, we see the forest glades filled with huntsmen, lovers and courtiers, whilst amongst them appear and disappear their critics, *Jaques* and *Touchstone*. So, too, the ear listens with pleasure to the well-known lines which again and again occur throughout the play.

The Play opened with the quarrel between *Oliver* and *Orlando*. In this scene we thought the former was at his best. His burst of anger, and the feeling of jealous resentment, were well portrayed. *Adam*, who also appears in this scene, made a careful character sketch of an old man. Throughout, his acting was clever, but we thought perhaps he made *Adam* too old at the beginning, so that despite his frugal youth he did not seem really capable of attempting so long a journey. The next scene introduced us to the *Duke's Garden*.

Throughout this scene the lighting effects were cleverly managed. Beginning in broad daylight, the light deepened and darkened with the touch of tragedy at its conclusion.

We will leave the consideration of the chief parts to later, but we should like to mention here the clever interpretation of *he Beau*. As a courtier he left nothing to be desired. His affectation and studied gestures were a delight, as indeed was the way in which he spoke blank verse. He is much to be congratulated. The *Usurping Duke* was both affable and angry, as occasion needed. One wonders whether the part of *Oliver* or of this *Duke* is the more ungrateful. Certainly we were fortunate in their interpreters.

The wrestling was well done, and the supers in this scene, as in all, showed the careful training which had caused them to be natural and unrestrained. The next two acts were purely forest scenes. They were really pretty, and the arrangement of the lighting made them most effective. The first of these two scenes introduced us to the courtiers playing at *Robin Hood*. Whether the Stage Manager had this in view or not, we do not know. Certainly that was the effect, and it was well-sustained throughout. The singing of the hunting song was well arranged, carefully modulated and made a pleasing impression. *Amiens'* songs were sung delightfully with an artistic finish, in which, as it should be, the art was not perceived. They were a natural part of the Play. As his first song was the cause of *Jaques'* entrance it seems a fitting opportunity to mention this character. The actor who played this part has unfailing distinction. He has played many parts on the Denstone stage, but few which require more skill and subtlety. The part of *Jaques* is not easy, but, as it was acted, it stood out with sin-

gular clearness/ We expected a high level of excellence and we were not disappointed. The long speeches were excellently rendered, and the best known one reaped well-deserved applause. There was a natural finish in his acting. In all his scenes, whether it was with the crowd of huntsmen, with *Touchstone*, with *Orlando* or with *Rosalind*, the same level of careful restrained acting was maintained. The *Duke in Exile* improved as the play progressed. It is a part which calls for declamation, and we thought his posture hardly allowed him to give full justice to his lines. Before passing on to the next act we would mention how effective was the lighting of this scene.

The third act is perhaps the most difficult to play. It is really a dialogue, and for its effect it depends upon the ability of the two actors. We were fortunate both in our *Rosalind* and in our *Orlando*. The former may safely bear comparison with any of our actors who have essayed girl parts. In the first act he was least successful, but in all the others he played the part with a delicacy rare in a boy. He has a pleasant, well-modulated voice, easy and natural gestures, and he should do well on future occasions. *Celia* was good and spoke clearly. *Orlando* pleasantly surprised us. He gave a manly, open interpretation of the part, and in all his scenes with *Rosalind* played very gracefully. Their most successful scene was in this act, and they played with a spirit which won great applause from their audience. The first scene of the fourth act was the inimitable love scene between *Touchstone*, *Audrey* and *William*. We admired the restraint with which the actors played. *Audrey's* rustic coyness and *William's* drollery were most happily blended, whilst *Touchstone* stage-managed the whole to perfection. The last named gave quite one

of the best interpretations in the play. He was always dignified and always self-composed. He made his points clearly and unmistakably, and was always the kindly jester to his ladies, the pitying courtier to the rustics, and a common-sense commentator on the folly all around him. *Touchstone*, as the part was acted, shared with *Rosalind* and *Jaques* the honours of the play.

We were spared the impossible introduction of Hymen at the conclusion of the play, which ended with a Morris dance delightfully danced by the pages. Two of them had already won deservedly much praise for the singing of their songs. It is impossible to deal with every character; it is surely sufficient to say that all did well and certainly all did their best. We can ask no more from any actors. It must be said, however, that the Headmaster was throughout an inspiring influence, and supplied quite invaluable help in very many directions.

Of the music we do not feel we are qualified to speak, except to express the enjoyment of all who heard it. Mr. Rawlinson Wood had gathered together a really good orchestra, and gave us good music. The pieces by Coleridge Taylor were perhaps most admired. The dresses by Messrs. Nathan were perhaps better than ever, and their colour scheme was admirably thought out.

Yet the play itself could not be successful with merely actors. Even the simplest productions of the Elizabethan Society call for the efforts of many others besides those actually on the stage. There is another cast of unseen actors to whom all praise is due—carpenters, electric engineers, scene shifters, light boys and the like. Nor can we stop there, for there is the audience and their comfort to remember. We owe a debt of thanks to the Secretary of the Play Committee and to the Matron, on

whom so much of the drudgery falls, for all their efforts to ensure that comfort which makes an audience ready to enjoy, and quick to appreciate, the players' efforts.

The Persons of the Play.	
Duke, living in Exile	W. D. Coales
Frederick, his brother, Usurper of his Dominions	A. W. Huskinson
Amiens \ Lords attending upon Jaques / the banished Duke	R. J. Green
Le Beau, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick	H. M. Butler
Charles, a Wrestler	R. F. Taylor
Oliver \ Sons of Sir Rowland Orlando / de Boys	A. XV. H. Lomas
Adam, Servant to Oliver	C. O. Andrews
Touchstone, a Clown	D. M. Gorman
Sir Oliver Martext, a Vicar	/ . A. Wakefield
Corin, a Shepherd	S. L. Ware
William, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey	M. D. Williams
Rosalind, Daughter to the banished Duke	M. H. Nicholas
Celia, Daughter to Frederick	H. S. Barber
Audrey, a Country Wench	J. D. M. Wilson
Lords attending upon Frederick	T. G. Colquhoun
	T. Backhouse
	G. N. Holloway,
	D. Lingard, W. A. N. Mulinder,
	E. S. Stanbury-Eardley
Lords attending upon the banished Duke—W. Favell, C. Puntan, D. Brighouse, J. P. Fleet, C. W. Wood, R. Seddon, J. M. N. Nason	
Attendants	F. Richardson, R. C. Clayton
Pages	S. E. Horner, T. G. Garner
Country Boys—T. A. Hyatt, O. G. Oliver, N. R. Newton, C. H. B. Barker, F. D. Alcock, R. B. Summerfield, G. P. Smailes, W. E. Blackburn	

The Scenery.

Act I.	Sc. i. An Orchard near Oliver's House.
	Sc. ii. A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.
	Sc. iii. An Orchard near Oliver's House.
Act II.	The Forest of Arden.
Act III.	Another part of the Forest of Arden.
Act IV. Sc. i.	A Forest Glade.
	Sc. ii. Another part of the Forest of Arden.

The Scenery mainly by Messrs. E. V. and A. Williams, Southwark Park Road, London.

The Dresses by Messrs. L. & H. Nathan, Coventry Street, London.

The Music.

Overture—Introduction	German
After Act I.—Valse Bohemienne	Coleridge Taylor
Rustic Dance	German

In Act II.—What shall he have that
 kill'd the deer ? *Henry Bishop*, 17CS6
 Under the greenwood tree *Arne*, 1710
 Blow, blow thou winter wind *Arne*
 After Act II. —Valse de la Reine *Coleridge Taylor*
 Woodland Dance *German*
 After Act III.—Valse Rustique *Coleridge Taylor*
 Children's Dance *German*
 In Act IV. Sc. i.—
 It was a lover and his lass *Morley*, 1557
 Country Dance—Shepherds' Hey
 The entr'acte music is the Masque music for *As*
You Like It, written by *Edward German* for
 S. James' Theatre.
 The incidental music includes *Heart's Ease* 1560
 and *Favan* by *Orlando Gibbons*, 1583
 Play Helpers.
 Prompters—*E. Vaughan*, *I. Macdonald*.
 Scene-Shifters—*H. D. Thacker*, *B. C. Smartt*, *F.*
Richardson.
 Light Boys—*J. Richardson*, *L. M. Hutchison*,
L. Summerfield.
 Call Boys—*F. W. Good*, *E. Mason*.
 Property Boys—*W. Blackburn*, *L. Hurst*.
 Messenger—*E. C. Holland*.
 Play Committee.
 The Headmaster (President). *Mr. A. R. Wood*
 (Musical Director), *Mr. Andrews* (Secretary), *Mr.*
Lawton, *Mr. Butler* (Stage Manager) and *S. L.*
Ware.

S.P., O.D.

November nth.—To Chad's with my wife, the day mighty cold, though we were taken up at Rocester by my lord Secretary's new steam coach, the first time that ever I saw it so that I was pretty content. Presently we do hear a great blowing of trumpets and ringing of bells, so that I was fain to reflect upon those that were dead. And, God be praised, here am I with no manner of hurt, and worth this year £500 on account of the wars, which have fallen out pretty well for me when all is done. So we on into the College and find all changed, a great engine taken from the Emperor's men that does stand in the lawn, with a little one close behind, very pretty and solemn, that does, as it were, look upon it. Here I met

Sir R. Wood, who would speak with me, first to tell me of the Play which is at the King's House. So I up with him, and find that the Play is not for two weeks, at which I mightily put out, but did suffer my wife to remain a little, I desiring to speak with Wilson that was upon the stage. I did hear a most horrid rating of one that did make a noise in the theatre, and did learn that this negligence was greater than ever before, at which I was vexed, but do impute it to the poor rogue's boots. Presently comes a man which did play upon the harpsichord, the finest musick that ever I heard in my life, but the dancing only so-so, the boys all beating of little sticks so that I had much ado to hear the instrument. By and by out into the fields, where I fell into discourse with Captain Huskinson, all as to the officers that were come, and were to remain, against all expectation, till near five of the clock. I was mightily pleased with the soldiers who did march up and down, very merry, and their uniforms most extraordinary fine, with numbers on their arms, the beautifullest that ever I saw. Walking with Captain Huskinson, I did find that Sir C. Averill's house is now at the Pavilion, on account of the sickness, I suppose, at which I was mightily diverted; but the door was locked, which, with my being hungry, did make me mad. But by and by comes the Chaplain with D. Lawton and others, and we all in together and very content. I did buy a box of little fish, brought out of the Portugals, all with the oil so it was pretty to see; it cost above iod., though I will have one. My wife desired me to buy her some butter, which I had no mind to do; but I, giving her some palpable margarine, the poor wretch thanked me most innocently, at which I was merry, and methinks she will be also. Anon comes news of the wooden house which is to be beyond the

Musick School, but saw nothing of it and do fear that it be not true. But what prejudice is wrought in me by this design that do see so many of the rabble put about by having no house to live in ! So home, mightily pleased that I have this day rode in my lord Secretary's coach. But to see how all men did look on me, which I do impute to the respect which they now have for me; but my wife having on a silly hat, which vexed me.

LEAVES FROM AN EASTERN
NOTE-BOOK.

By A. W. Huskinson.

VI.

The following account of a little show in one of the most tucked-away corners of our far-flung battle line may not be without interest. It seeks to give an idea of the open warfare methods adopted in the wide wastes of the Mesopotamian desert, during the operations against the Turks at the end of 1917—albeit from a gunner's view point.

On November 26th our battery of 6 inch howitzers moved off from its comfortable quarters on the banks of the Tigris just below Baghdad. Our line of march consisted of 4 guns (each pulled by a caterpillar tractor), 13 Daimler lorries and a workshop lorry, and a dozen A.T. carts (mule drawn), together with a personnel of 150. Each officer was mounted on a motor bike, and the Major had a Ford car. For five days we slowly moved up country, averaging about twenty miles a day across the desert, and towards the end moving only by night. On the sixth day we tucked

ourselves away in a palm grove and rested, gingering up our guns and packing them with the minimum stores necessary for the fighting batter}'. The remaining stores, kits, tents, etc., we dumped in the grove with a guard over them.

On the night of December 2nd we started off at 9.30 p.m., in company with one section of a heavy 60-pounder battery, and out we went into the blue—marching all night over the desert to get to our battle positions early next morning. Maps of the desert are somewhat lacking in detail; but we were issued with one which had been compiled from aeroplane photos taken during the preceding few days, and which contained but two names—the village of Suhaniyeh and the Jebel Hamrin hills. Our orders were to march on a compass bearing of 355° for three miles and then on a bearing of 349° for five miles. It is a matter of interest that in Mesopotamia the compass needle points practically to true north, so that we were never bothered with calculations when using the prismatic compass.

I was on ahead of the column on a motor-bike, acting as reconnaissance officer, and as we were proceeding under rigorous night march conditions I was much beholden to the small disc of moon which shed its struggling light over the expanse of desert. The distant sound of our heavy tractors pounding along behind, dragging our guns and limbers, was a cheery sound, and one also knew that infantry, cavalry, and other batteries were on the move ahead and behind us, along other desert tracks; as also one knew that ahead of us the Turk was lying in his Pusht-i-Kuh hills awaiting us. The Cheshire;- were to open the attack with a bayonet charge at dawn on some of his advanced trenches, and a battalion of them was being rushed up in Ford vans along our track.

We reached the rendezvous at 5.30 a.m., and, acting on instructions, I left the battery and sped back along the night's trail to our ammunition dump to bring up the first line ammunition lorries. By 9.30 a.m. we were back again and, after swallowing a cup of tea and a biscuit we started off towards the hills, over the ground which the infantry had successfully cleared. It was a fine sight, as we could see for miles over the desert and could observe the whole Division deploying towards their various objectives. By mid-day we had got our guns into position, with line of fire laid out and shells fused, and were awaiting the order to fire.

The infantry had carried all before them however, and needed not our help. Instead we received the order to proceed at once to Suhaniyeh, a village about ten miles distant through the hills. We got under way with caterpillars and tractors, but orders were again changed and we were to push right on to the Sakaltuten Pass. Our battery Captain and myself dashed off in a side car to try and find a way through the sand hills, but found none. The Major had disappeared in his Ford in another direction, and darkness fell.

We got back to the battery to find lorries and guns hopelessly bogged in the sand. There was nothing for it but to park up for the night, but the Captain of our infantry escort refused to allow us to stay where we were, as we could be picked off from the hills by Turks or hostile Arabs. We trekked back a couple of miles, but it took us four hours to do it, for we had to man-handle the lorries through the sand into which they were continually sinking, as it was impossible to find hard tracks in the dark. We were dead beat when at last we were allowed to rest. We were also without rations, as they had gone on to Suhaniyeh; worst of all, we were short

of water. The water question, we were told before the show, would be a serious one. We did not know the country we were to fight over—there was certain to be but little water and that little might have been poisoned. Our unit started off with a water cart of 100 gallons and one water-bottle per man. The exact condition of affairs on the night of December 3rd was this:—Two batteries, two M.T. companies and half an infantry company (in all about 600 men) had between them about 50 gallons of water and no rations. The infantry had had no water at all during the day, nor had the transport mules. We were out of touch with the rest of the Division, which had pressed on in the successful advance. We were lost in the desert, but being tired out, we fell sound asleep round the guns.

Early in the morning the Major tumbled us out for a conference. He decided to send back for rations and, meanwhile, consume our emergency iron ration. I was made O.C. water, and had the task of first of all estimating how much we had in the water-cart, and then issuing the precious 50 gallons amongst the 600 men.

At sunrise a helio flashed out from the hills. It was our Colonel asking where we were, and, on being told, ordering us to push on at once to Suhaniyeh, where our rations were. We tightened our belts and started off once more into the hills, and tramped all day long with our guns, all day long dragging lorries through Saharas of sand, up the ravines and along ridges, *sans* breakfast, *sans* lunch, *sans* tea; indeed, we broke our fast when we reached Suhaniyeh at 8.30 p.m.

About mid-day the Major decided to dump some ammunition in a pass, and send back for some we had dumped, under guard, at our night's resting place: so back I went with three lorries. We reached the

place all right, loaded up, and brought back the convoy to the pass. Of course the battery had in the meanwhile gone forward, so we limped after them, picking up their trail as best we could in the dark. It took us three hours to do about live miles, and I guess we practically carried those Daimlers through the Pass, and that on empty stomachs. Never have bully beef and army biscuit tasted so good as they did that night when at last we struggled into Suhaniyeh. Still eating mine from the tin, I found out the Colonel's tent and reported our arrival. As he was having dinner at the time, my bully was soon being supplemented with hot soup, rice and macaroni cheese.

In half-an-hour we were off again; another night march, this time through the great Sakaltuten Pass itself. We left Suhaniyeh at 9 p.m., and arrived at the foot of the pass at 2 a.m., and for the next three hours we carried through the old game of heaving lorries along. It was a grand sight in the moonlight, as the pass is very rugged and steep and winding, with nasty drops on either side of it. The caterpillars were taxed to the top of their form and reared high in the air in their endeavour to drag our three-ton howitzers up the slope. Those three hours are a kind of nightmare of the past. Tired out as we were with previous exertions, we hauled at drag ropes till all thirteen lorries were safely over, then we pushed over three Ford cars and finally a dozen A.T. carts; indeed 387 Siege Battery saw everybody over that old precipice and arrived at the top for the last time to find that all the transport had pushed on without us. This meant a five mile tramp to Nahren Kupri. There was nothing for it, so we just fell in and started. My own feet had now given out; they were not blistered, but were just sore, and from now onwards

for the next three days until we got to rest again they were agonising. On reaching Nahren Kupri and the main body we got no rest. The Major sent me off at once—in his car fortunately—to find a ford across the river, the bridge having been blown up by the retreating Turks the day before. I got back with my report, snatched a biscuit and a piece of ham, and then off we all went with one gun, pulled by two tractors through the river bed.

It was a gallant attempt on the part of the heavy gunners to keep up with and support the infantry. We were gratefully mentioned in dispatches afterwards, but it was an unequal task and certainly not a pleasant one from the gunner's point of view. Heavy as may be an infantryman's pack, it is as nothing compared with a 30 cwt. lorry loaded with 100 lb. shell and stuck fast in the sand, only capable of movement after a detachment of gunners have strained muscles to breaking point man-handling it out. I drove the Major on ahead of the gun in a side-car to reconnoitre a gun position. We rode into the Arab village of Kara Tepe and pulled up in the open space inside the mud walls, where we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of curious Arabs. We were the first English they had ever seen in their lives, for the village had been in the hands of the Turks twelve hours previously. To inspire our audience with the necessary respect for us we extracted our pistols and looked to their loading, and then sauntered round the village to reconnoitre. We found a good gun position just outside the village, and there I left the Major while I returned to look for a suitable O.P. I had difficulty in explaining to the motley crowd that I wanted to go to the top of their smelly hovels, but I succeeded finally by drawing rough figures of the houses, pointing to the top of the drawing, then to myself,

and making motions resembling a monkey climbing up a stick. In this way I succeeded in going to the top of about half-a-dozen houses and weighing up their respective merits as O.Ps.

In one of these houses I discovered a huge iron chest which had been left behind by the Turks. It was heavily locked, and as I could not open it and was entirely alone, I had to leave it—not being able to put a guard over it. It was not until the next day that I was able to report it to D.H.Q., and then I escorted a party there, only to find that the Arabs had broken it open and nothing but emptiness and burnt paper remained. As the house had been used as the Turkish headquarters, my find might have been a valuable one.

Finally I found a roof from which I got a magnificent view, and could see the whole of the battle on our sector, which was even then in progress. The Turks were being pushed back up the hill beyond, and our shells were bursting beautifully in his lines. I watched the gorgeous panorama through my glasses for a time, and then hastened back to the Major to report, only to find him gone.

Through the glasses I saw our gun and tractor had changed direction, so I started up the side-car and cut straight over the desert towards them. They were some three miles away and were prepared for action, with wireless aerial up and aeroplane ground signals out. We had brought no rations with us that day, owing to the panic-like haste in which we had been rushed over the ford in the morning, but we were getting used to the absence of food by now.

Orders were received at 5 o'clock to return to Nahren Kupri, so back we tramped seven weary miles in the dark. I shared a tin of Machonochie with my servant when we did get in, and then

dropped down on my valise beside the guns, to sleep soundly.

Next morning early I had to re-cross the ford and motor to D.H.Q. to report my strong box, with the result already mentioned. However, I brought back sealed orders from Division for our Colonel, which turned out to be our marching orders to retire, after dark, back over the Sakaltuten Pass. We had gone far enough in the advance, and headquarters were getting anxious about the problem of transporting supplies, always a difficult matter in these desert wastes. We were not sorry to return once more, as the prospect of even shorter rations was not invigorating, and everybody wanted to rest after our strenuous week in the hills.

Within the next few days the whole Division, less a few outpost companies, returned over the Pass, and the jackals returned to the lairs from which we had temporarily driven them.

HEIRLOOMS.

The ghost of the College donkey has by this time been irrevocably laid; the succulent "mouldy" has given way to the orthodox slice of bread and pat-of lubricant; one by one the words and phrases so familiar with the older of Old Denstonians have faded into disuse and oblivion; Yet there are a few, a select and exclusive few, which have withstood the modernising influences, and the flight of time; remaining integral parts of daily conversation as they were of old. The strongest link in this chain of old associations is perhaps the term "squeezer." With what unheeding callousness do the younger generations make free with this ancient scion of a noble race! From the moment when, all unheeding, the New Boy, who has hitherto

successfully avoided unwelcome notoriety, asks timidly for "tea," and receives amidst a chorus of jeers and laughter his first lesson in colloquial slang, "squeezer" takes its place in his vocabulary and comes to stay. Like most of these hoary antiquities its very expressiveness leaves little to the imagination as to the circumstances attending its invention. Moreover, though a certain amount of mystery surrounds the process which gave birth to the original "squeezer," there is no one who doubts—or who having once tasted the modern equivalent would continue to doubt—that the method employed of old is the one in use to-day. "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite"—monotony.

And then again what memories are conjured up by the homely word "slab"? Though not so old a term as that given to our tea, yet none the less it may claim to have won an undying place both in the mouths and in the affections of generations of past members of the School; and it bids fair to become a roost formidable rival even to the grand old man, "squeezer," itself. Jam slabs, treacle slabs, honey slabs, big slabs, little slabs.—in fact as many kinds of slabs as there were rats in the town of Hamlin, have from time to time put in brief but substantial appearances "up at Hall." And yet is all well? Years ago did we not sing, "Oh fetch me two jam slabs from Monday?" *O tempora, O mores*, now even the sacred day has changed!

Surely, if the war with all the doubtful and unrecognisable dishes which it forced us to devour, could not shake these two patriarchs free from their place, nothing can or ever will do so, and, moreover, it should be one of the most happy duties of Denstone to keep their names alive, so that this most precious tradition, and most

binding link with the past shall not be lost or broken.

FOOTBALL.

IST XV. MATCHES.

MANCHESTER "A."

Played on October 23rd, and lost 35—10. The team which was responsible for this rather heavy defeat was a fairly fast one; it included N. G. Whitfield, O.D., who played back. For the first half the scoring was fairly level, both sides scoring several tries, several of which were extremely lucky ones. But our visitors' greater speed and weight stood them in good stead in the second half, when the scoring was all on their side.

Team—Lloyd (back); G. Liitter, F. Liitter, Seddon, Teesdale (three quarters); Sugden, Nason (halves); Hobday, Thorpe, Garman, Davies, Puntan, Rigby, Eardley, Hicks (forwards).

NOTTINGHAM.

Played at Nottingham on October 25th, and lost 12—3. In the first half of the game both sides seemed very evenly matched. Notts, opened the scoring but failed to convert the try. Soon after Sugden cut through and equalised, our kick also failing. Up to half-time there was no further score. During the second half our opponents' weight asserted itself and they crossed our line three times, on each occasion failing, however, to convert their tries. C. W. Shelton, O.D., was prominent among the Nottingham forwards, while several O.Ds. were interested spectators.

Team—Lloyd (back); Thacker, Seddon, F. Lutter, G. Liitter (three quarters);

Sugden, Chapman (halves); Hobday, Thorpe, Garman, Davies, Puntan, Rigby, Caiger, Eardley (forwards).

ELLESMERE COLLEGE.

In spite of the eccentricities of the N.S.R. we managed to arrive at Ellesmere on November 8th, not many hours after the advertised time.

As to the match itself, we won comfortably by 30 points to nil, and, therefore, ought to be satisfied.

But to the spectator, at any rate, there was just something wanting—good efforts, both by the backs and forwards, somehow, on several occasions, not coming off. Ellesmeie were a strong and energetic team, and had come on a lot since the meeting earlier in the term at Denstone, but they appeared quite outclassed in knowledge and science of the game outside the scrum.

F. Liitter scored the first try, to be followed by Hobday, Sugden (2), Thacker, and G. Liitter. Only one try was converted so at half-time we led by 20 points to nil. For the most part of the second half, the Ellesmere forwards dominated the game and so prevented our backs from getting going. However, just before time, Thacker and Sugden scored, and Hobday converted both tries. Final score, Denstone 30 points, Ellesmere 0.

That the score was kept down to 30 points is entirely due to the Ellesmere forwards who played a great game.

Of our team, Sugden, F. Liitter and Thacker were the pick of the backs, though the first-named seemed rather slow at getting off the mark. Hobday, Puntan and Garman were the most noticeable of the forwards. A place kick for the team is badly required.

Team—Lloyd (back); Thacker, Seddon, F. Liitter, G. Liitter (three-quarters);

Sugden, Nason (halves); Hobday, Garman, Thorpe, Davies, Puntan, Rigby, Caiger, Eardley (forwards);

TRENT COLLEGE.

Played on November 15th, and lost 6—3. We were playing without Garman, Thorpe and G. Liitter, and the absence of these three was quickly felt. In the first half many chances were thrown away through the poor delivering and receiving of passes, which left us at half-time with no points against Trent's 3. On resuming, Denstone pressed harder, but were again unfortunate on the left wing; Thacker, however, compensated by a good try which was not converted. Denstone continued to press in spite of the bad weather, but Trent, by means of a penalty kick, secured a great advantage and scored for the second time shortly before the finish of the match.

Team—Lloyd (back); Thacker, Seddon, F. Liitter, G. L. Watts (three-quarters); Sugden, Nason (halves); Hobday, Puntan, Davies, Rigby, Caiger, Eardley, Lingard, C. Thompson (forwards).

2ND XV. MATCHES.

BURTON 2ND XV.

This match was played at Burton on October nth. It was in every way a disastrous one for us, and perhaps the least said about it the better. Suffice it that the opposing team was our superior in every way; but more especially in weight and in their powers of combination. The Denstone team never managed to score, but were pressed almost continuously. Final score, 50—0 in Burton's favour.

Team—Keble(back); Watts, D. Liitter, Vaughan, Teesdale (three-quarters); Smartt, Chapman (halves); Hicks, Dodds, Holloway, Lingard, Thompson, Williams, P. Kench, Torkington (forwards).

NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Denstone on November 8th, and won 12—0. The chief feature of this match was the apparent inability of members of our team either to pass, receive passes, dribble, or kick. The fact that we won counts for very little, as the chances our side missed far outnumbered those of which they took advantage. However, there were a few members of the XV. who played very well, especially Keble as back.

Team—Keble(back);Teesdale, Vaughan, Johnson, Watts (three-quarters); Smartt, Chapman (halves); Hicks, Dodds, Holloway, Lingard, Williams, Thompson, Kench, Torkington (forwards).

ELLESMERE 2ND XV.

Played at Denstone, and won 27—0. This match was remarkable for the exceptional talent which the team showed as individuals, and the surprising lack of even the most elementary knowledge of combination which it showed as a whole. The left wing was consistently starved—in fact the only time that the ball came fairly out to Watts was late in the second half and then a try resulted. Time after time tries were thrown away owing to members of the team refusing to pass or else passing badly, and too late. Individually, however, Smartt, Lingard and Thompson played excellently.

Team—Keble (back); Watts, D. Litter, Vaughan, Teesdale (three-quarters); Smartt, Chapman (halves) Dodds, Holloway, Lingard, Thompson, Torkington, Williams, Kench, Clayton (forwards).

THE MIDDLE SIDES.

The first round of the Middle Sides resulted in the defeat of Heywood, Philips, Lonsdale and Woodard. The semifinals saw two good games between Lowe and Meynell and Shrewsbury and Selwyn

respectively, Lowe especially bringing off a very plucky victory over their opponents. The final between Lowe and Shrewsbury was very keenly contested, and the only try of the game was scored by G. Watts for Lowe a few minutes before the finish of the game. We therefore congratulate Lowe on winning the Middle Sides trophy.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first debate of the session was upon the motion "that this house approves of corporal punishment." The proposer was Mr. Wicks and the opposer Mr. Nicholas; while H. F. Hicks and the Chaplain were the respective seconders. Though the speeches of the four principals were quite good the attendance was poor, and of those who did come to the debate very few spoke. The motion was finally put to the vote and carried by 11 votes to 10.

On October 26th the motion that "this house considers the School should have more time to themselves" was debated before a crowded house. The proposer was S. L. Ware, seconded by M. G. C. Hobday. The Headmaster opposed the motion, seconded by G. "Caiger. The principal object of the proposer was first of all to prove that more time could be given without undue strain on the timetable; and secondly, to enumerate some advantages that would accrue if more time were given. The Headmaster proceeded to show that except for certain impossible hours no more spare time could be given than had been already, and showed clearly that he doubted whether the School would make such a good use of it as the proposer maintained. On the motion being put before the house for discussion, many quite irrelevant speeches were made until most people were not quite clear as to the

various points at issue. It was finally proposed and carried that no voting should take place, and the meeting was adjourned.

O.D. NEWS.

A. F. Cross writes: "I am now an Assistant Inspector of Taxes. I obtained this appointment by examination in January, 1915, but was in the Army before the results came out. It is not a very thrilling existence after the open-air life, but I suppose I should consider myself very fortunate."

F. A. L. Barnwell has been appointed General Manager of the North Staffordshire Railway. He is to retain also his position of Chief Engineer. In 1895 he was Resident Engineer of the new line from Leek to Waterhouses. In 1907 he took over the management of the Caudon Low Quarries. During his stay there a large water tank was constructed, together with pumping machinery, which provides water not only for the Quarries but for several neighbouring villages. In April, 1914, he was appointed Assistant Engineer of the N.S.R., becoming Chief Engineer in July of the same year.

R. C. Wain is at Birmingham University.

J. M. S. Hunter has been appointed Director of Public Services in Burmah, and is at present engaged in organising there, and also in Superintending the new University of Rangoon.

C. T. Hutchison, who paid us a visit early in the term, is sailing for India.

G. F. M. Keatinge is House Surgeon at the Derby Infirmary.

H. P. Keary has been married.

S. P. B. Mais has published a most useful *English Course for Schools* (Grant Richards).

H. W. Beck has gone on the Stage,

and is with the Birmingham Repertory Company.

S. L. Knight has been transferred to the Indian Army.

F. J. Marston is leaving the Midlands and will have to give up the position of Secretary of the Birmingham O.D. Club.

H. D. Ainger has gone to Edinburgh to read for the Engineering B.Sc.

W. L. Head is hoping to enter a Shipping Office in Bombay.

J. T. Davies is going to Argentina.

F. C. Lockyer is at S. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

We regret that J. W. Hill and E. D. Robinson, who have long been missing, must be regarded as having been killed.—R.I.P.

The Letters of John Ayscough to his Mother have been published.

T. H. Hedworth was ordained Priest at the beginning of the term.

M. Whiteley writes from the Headquarters, Royal Air Force, India, "I haven't been home for nine years but hope to be able to visit the old school when I do come. I had a very interesting year in Palestine in 1917-18, and since then have been on one or two Frontier shows. I'm now one of the despised *Staff* and haven't flown since last June, but hope to get some more when we move down the hill to Delhi."

H. S. Sly is auditing the accounts of large firms owning land in Patagonia. He has recently travelled to the furthest point reached by the railway to the southward, followed by 300 miles by motor, and about the same distance by mule. He writes full of affection for Denstone.

A. J. Wood is with the firm of Messrs. John D. Wood & Co., Estate Agents, Mount Street, Park Lane.

M. H. Spicer is on a Course as Intelligence Officer at Greenwich.

C. MacGregor has sailed for Jamaica. He writes " I am now reading for the bar. I passed my first two exams in Roman Law, and in Constitutional Law and Legal History in October."

G. E. Jackson, in Toronto, is very busy with much that is outside his University work. He was asked to write a pamphlet on the New Victory War Loan for the children of Ontario, and found it was to be placed in the hands of every child, not only in Ontario but in Canada—so it was " some congregation ! " He is also giving lectures in Economics to many " down town " business men.

The Faith Press announce*the publication of *A Christmas Miracle Play* by Preb. F.A. Hibbert, M.A., Music arranged by A. Rawlinson Wood, F.R.C.O., with essay and illustrations by T. Noyes Lewis and the Author. Cloth elegant, 3/6, or complete in folded sheets as acting copies 4/6 a dozen. No fee is charged for production, but the Author must be notified for purposes of record. The Play was, of course, produced here in 1911.

NOTES.

We have had three further Organ Recitals, one by Mr. A. R. Wood, F.R.C.O., another by Mr. A. H. Fithyan, F.R.C.O., and a third by Mr. J. A. Wakefield, A.R.C.O. Mr. Wood's Recital included a violin solo by C. Barker, and a vocal quartet composed of S. Horner, F. Alcock, V. L. I. C. Griffiths and C. Puntan, who sang " God so loved the world," from Stainer's *Crucifixion*. Mr. Fithyan's Recital included Rackmananoff's *Prelude*, arranged for the organ, and a violin duet by Mrs. R. J. Green, L.R.A.M., and F. Liitter. The last Recital, on Sunday, November 17th, by Mr. Wakefield, included

the "*Storm Prelude*," by Chopin; and a violin solo from a violin concerto by Mendelssohn. Mr. R. J. Green also gave us a beautiful rendering of Handel's " For behold darkness shall cover the earth," and " The people that walked in darkness," from the *Messiah*. Mrs. Green's playing of the violin was as delightful as ever.

The most attractive Concert arranged by Mr. Green was a fitting close to our All Saints' Day festivities. The Headmaster was present and contributed a very good song to the programme. Mrs. Green and F. Liitter gave us a very fine violin duet, and Mr. Wiggiesworth a particularly good recitation. All the songs were very much appreciated, and included two songs from the *Just So Stories*, by Mr. Green ; two old Somerset folk songs sung by Mr. Wicks, and that ever popular duet, " The Ballad Singers," sing with great solemnity and equally great success by Mr. Green and Mr. Byng Johnson. The latter, together with Mr. Fithyan, were responsible for several piano items on the programme.

Owing to lack of space we were unable to record that a portion of *She Stoops to Conquer* was played on Speech Day last term. The cast was as follows:—Hardcastle (S. L. Ware), Young Marlow (D. Garman), Hastings (H. F. Hicks), Diggory (E. Finney), Servants (H. A. Champaey, H. G. Cutter and H. Lawrence).

It is worth recording also that last term a German field gun was allotted to the College by the War Office, and it now stands in the Lonsdale Quadrangle, until a more suitable place and a more sound foundation for it is found.

We regret that owing tota strange lapse we entirely overlooked the fact that the Preparatory School boasted New Boys as well as the College, and we therefore make humble apology and note them herewith :

Dyson, Hubert Preston,
Homfrey, Richard,
Norris, Eric Henry Bertram,
Rowell, Arthur Nichol,
Schofield, Ross Chisholme.

Also Wrigley, John, who was placed as a New Boy, was in reality merely transferred from the Preparatory to the College.

The following have gained their colours :
1st XV.—D. M. Garman, R. Thorpe,
H. D. Thacker.

2nd XV.—F. Liitter, G. H. Lloyd,
A. H. Rigby, G. Caiger.

D. Victor preached here on the eve of SS. Simon and Jude, telling us a good deal of his experiences with native carriers in British East Africa.

The *Staffordshire Sentinel* had a long article on the Play, together with several photographs.

The *Daily Mail* of December 1st also published a photograph of the Play.

A hockey team from the School played the village club on November 22nd, winning by 6 goals to 5.

The preacher on November 23rd, was the Senior Chaplain, who gave us an address on the Lord's Prayer.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries: *Corian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Reptonian*, *Lancing College Magazine*.

The Subscription to the *Denstonian* is now 6s. 6d. a year (15s. for three years), post free. It is hoped to lower this rate in the near future, but that can only be done by an increased circulation. Remittances should be sent to H. M. Butler, who is the Treasurer.

All MSS. intended for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to the Editor, S. L. Ware, Denstone College, Staffs.

Printed by Charles Cull & Son, London.