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**Captain RICHARD TRAPPES-LOMAX, Lancashire Hussars.**

**O.S., 1879.**

**President of the Stonyhurst Association for 1915.**

# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

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Vol. XIII. No. 198.

February, 1915.

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## ARMY HONOURS.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been graciously pleased to approve the undermentioned rewards for services rendered in connexion with operations in the Field.—*Dated 18th February, 1915.*

To be Companion of the Bath:

Lieut.-Colonel H. J. ROCHE.

To be Companion of the Distinguished Service Order:

Captain W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

Military Cross:

Lieutenant J. A. LIDDELL.

## MENTIONS IN DESPATCHES.

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FIELD-MARSHALL SIR JOHN FRENCH, under date 14th January, 1915, has recommended "For Gallant and Distinguished Service in the Field":—

MAJOR-GENERAL E. S. BULFIN, C.B., C.V.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. J. ROCHE.

MAJOR H. SIDNEY.

CAPTAIN W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

CAPTAIN P. R. BUTLER.

CAPTAIN R. C. MAYNE.

CAPTAIN H. A. J. ROCHE.

LIEUT. (temp. CAPT.) E. R. L. CORBALLIS.

LIEUT. C. H. LIDDELL.

LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY.

LIEUT. J. A. LIDDELL.

LIEUT. J. ROCHE-KELLY.

CORPL. R. B. HAWES.

## STONYHURST AND THE WAR.

## SOME O.S. AT THE FRONT OR IN THE FORCES.

The following list of O.S.'s who are serving in the Forces of the Empire is herewith published. An additional list will appear in the next number of the Magazine. The asterisk denotes those of whom we have knowledge that they are actually at the front.

- AMOROSO, M. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—95th Brigade R.F.A.
- ANDERSON, F. O. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.
- \*ARBUTHNOTT, J. G. (1905), Sub-Lieut.—H.M.S. *Venerable*.
- \*ARCHER-SHEE, G. (1905), Lieut.—3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.
- \*AUBREY, G. V. A. Capt.—French Army.
- AYLMER, G. (1890), Capt.—A.S.C.
- BAMFORD, E. J. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—13th (Service) Batt. Rifle Brigade.
- BAMFORD, H. J. (1901), Lieut.—3rd North Midland Brigade, R.F.A.
- BAMFORD, O. J. (1894), Capt.—6th Batt. North Staffordshire Regt.
- BARKER, F. B. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—R.E.
- BARRON, E. A. W. (1887), 2nd Lieut.—6th Reserve Regt. of Cavalry.
- BARTON, G. H. R. (1903), 2nd Lieut.
- BELLASIS, J. H. (1892).—South African Forces.
- BELLASIS, R. (1894).—South African Forces.
- \*BELLASIS, W. J. (1894).—East African Mounted Infantry.
- BELLEW, Sir H. C. G. (1877), Lieut.-Col.—4th Batt. Connaught Rangers.
- BELTON, A. (1870), Capt.—2nd King Edward's Horse.
- BELTON, E. (1877).—Public Schools Special Corps.
- BELTON, P. (1879).—Public Schools Special Corps.
- BERKELEY, E. D. (1907).—Public Schools and University Corps.
- BERKELEY, F. G. J. (1895), Capt.—2nd Batt. Hampshire Regt.

- \*BERKELEY, J. J. F. (1896), Capt.—3rd Batt. The King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- \*BICKFORD, A. L., C.I.E. (1883), Major.—56th Punjabis.
- BINNS, H. (1893).—2nd Regiment Etranger.
- BLAKE, A. J. (1897), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- BLAKE, V. C. (1899), Capt.—Irish Guards.
- BLOOMFIELD, H. P. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—2nd E. Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.
- BLOOMFIELD, H. S. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—6th Batt. Norfolk Regt.
- BLOOMFIELD, T. G. (1905).—6th Batt. Manchester Regt.
- BLUNDELL, F. N. (1893), 2nd Lieut.—Lancashire Hussars.
- BOBBETT, J. C. N. (1893).—28th London Regt. (Artists' Rifles).
- BODKIN, L. F. (1890), Capt.—113th Inf., I.A.
- BODKIN, J. J. (1871), Capt.—Connaught Rangers.
- BOULTON, C. H. E. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—5th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders.
- \*BOYD, J. F. (1892), Capt.—R.A.M.C.
- \*BREEN, T. F. P. (1900), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- BRODRICK, A. L. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—1st County of London Yeomanry.
- \*BRUMBY, E. F. (1911).—5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada.
- \*BULFIN, Sir E. S., C.B., C.V.O. (1873), Major General.
- \*BURKE, E. B. (1903), Lieut.—1st Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- \*BURKE, H. J. (1903), Lieut.—2nd Batt. South Staffordshire Regt.
- \*BUTLER, P. R. (1899), Capt.—1st Batt. Royal Irish Regt.
- CALLAGHAN, E. F. (1894), Capt.—7th London Brigade R.F.A.
- \*CALLAGHAN, G. F. (1894), Capt.—1st Batt. Connaught Rangers.
- CALLAGHAN, J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- CAMERON, E. K. (1908), Capt.—7th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders.
- CANNON, P. C. (1908), Capt.—A.S.C.
- \*CARBONEL, A. J. (1902).—French Army.
- CARRINGTON, J. R. (1876), Major.—14th (Service) Batt. York and Lancaster Regt.



- CARNE, C. (1855).—*Bombay Volunteers*.
- CARUS, F. X. (1892), Capt.—1st East Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.
- \*CARUS, E. L. (1887), Major.—4th Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.
- CASSIDY, M. B. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—A.S.C.
- \*CASSIDY, F. (1896), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter*.
- CASSIDY, O. (1898).—*East Kent Mounted Rifles*.
- CHESTER-WALSH, H. F. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—
- CHESTER-WALSH, J. H. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—A.S.C.
- CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, B. H. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry*.
- \*CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, C. H. J. (1904), Lieut.—1st Batt. Warwickshire Regt.
- \*CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, R. C. J. (1903), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade.
- CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, W. G. R. (1874), Lt.-Col.—5th Batt. Yorkshire Regt.
- \*CHOPIN, A. J. (1907).—5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada.
- \*CHRONNELL, H. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.
- CHURCHILL, F. V. S. (1880), Capt.—Attached to King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- \*CLANCEY, T. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. Border Regt.
- CLIFFORD, W. F. J. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*Irish Guards*.
- \*COCKSHUTT, N. (1903).—Attached to Royal Flying Corps.
- COLLEY, P. W. (1899).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.
- COLLEY, F. W. (1892), 2nd Lieut.—S. Notts Hussars.
- COLLEY, J. W. (1888), 2nd Lieut.—1st Welsh (Howitzer) Brigade, R.F.A.
- COLLEY, W. J. W. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.
- \*CORBALLIS, E. R. L. (1904), Capt.—Royal Dublin Fusiliers; Flight Commander, R.F.C.
- \*CORBALLY, L. W. (1890), Capt.—R.F.A.
- \*CORMAC-WALSHE, E. J. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Leinster Regt.
- CORMAC-WALSHE, H. I. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Leinster Regt.
- \*V.C. COSTELLO, E. W. (1893), Major.—22nd Punjabis.
- COULSTON, H. C. (1902), Lieut.—Warwickshire Yeomanry.
- \*COULSTON, H. J. C. (1897), Lieut.—3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- \*COURY, G. G. A. (1907).—6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)
- \*COVENTRY, W. ST. J. (1907), Lieut.—1st Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.
- COX, R. C. (1867), Colonel.—7th (Service) Batt. Inniskilling Fusiliers.
- \*COX, R. G. S. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
- CRABTREE, J. (1907).—11th (Service) Batt. East Lancashire Regiment.
- CRAWFORD, C. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—5th (Service) Batt. Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry.
- \*CREAN, T. (1894), Capt.—1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt., attached to Royal Flying Corps.
- CREAGH, P. H. (1891), Capt.—Leinster Regt.
- \*CREAGH, L. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. Manchester Regt.
- CUFFEY, M. E. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—3rd (Reserve) Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
- D'ABADIE, L. (1887).—Sportsman's Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).
- DALY, A. P. V. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. Connaught Rangers.
- DALY, J. (1906).—North Irish Horse.
- \*DANSON, J. F. (1905).—Motor Cycle Despatch Rider, 5th Signal Section.
- DAVIS, W. A. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. East Surrey Regiment.
- DAY, S. C. (1909), 2nd Lieut.
- \*D'ARCY, J. C. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—R.H.A.
- DAWSON, R. G. (1896), Major.—1st Scottish Horse.
- \*V.C. DEASE, M. J. (1903), Lieut.—4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
- DE BURY, H. R. V. (1882), Capt.—Canadian Forces.
- \*DE MUN, Comte A. (1887).—French Army.
- DE TRAFFORD, E. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. South Staffordshire Regt.
- \*DE TRAFFORD, H. J. (1888), Capt.—2nd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.
- DE TRAFFORD, H. M. (1894).—Queen's Rifles (Canadian).
- \*DE TRAFFORD, O. (1895), Capt.—1st Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.



*H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, W.*

Lieut. RAYMOND NOLAN, 3rd Batt. The Black Watch.

Born 1883.      ●S. 1900.

Killed in action at Ypres, October 27th, 1914.

- \*DE TRAFFORD, T. C. (1891), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Royal Fusiliers*.
- \*DIGBY-BESTE, H. (1894), Lieut.—*Royal Indian Marine*—H.M.S. *Lawrence*.
- \*DILLON-CARBERY, A. L. (1882), Major.—*R.A.M.C.*
- DIXIE, G. D. (1894), Capt.—5th Batt. *King's Own Scottish Borderers*.
- \*DOBSON, A. F. O. (1903), Lieut.—8th Batt. *Sherwood Foresters*.
- \*DOBSON, J. S. (1901)—5th Batt. *Cheshire Regt.*
- \*DOBSON, T. Y. (1895), Sub-Lieut.—*R.N. Brigade*.
- DUPLESSIS, G. L. J. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—7th Batt. *Hampshire Regt.*
- ELLIS, C. H. (1883), Major.—*A.P.D.*
- EYRE, H. V. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)*
- \*EYRE, J. B. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*Grenadier Guards*.
- EYSTON, G. E. T. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Dorsetshire Regt.*
- FANNING, W. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—1st Batt. *Herefordshire Regt.*
- \*FARRELLY, J. L. (1909).—18th Mounted Rifles, *S. African Defence Force*.
- FARRELLY, F. J. (1909).—18th Mounted Rifles, *S. African Defence Force*.
- \*FARREN, W. I. G. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.
- FERGUSON, S. H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—5th Reserve Regt. of Cavalry.
- FIDDES, J. A. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.
- \*FITZPATRICK, D. T. F. (1909), Lieut.—3rd Batt. *S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*FINEGAN, H. M. (1904), Capt.—8th (Irish) Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- FINNIGAN, J. (1896).—1st (City) Batt. *Manchester Regt.*
- \*FILOSE, A. A. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army, attached to 4th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- FITZGERALD, T. (1897).—19th Alberta Dragoons.
- FLINN, F. S. (1905).—6th Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- \*FLOYD, B. E. (1900), Lieut.—116th (Heavy) Battery, *R.G.A.*
- FOGARTY, W. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*South Irish Horse*.
- \*FORD, J. P. W. (1892), Capt.—26th (Heavy) Battery, *R.G.A.*
- FORDER, C. J. (1900).—1st Batt. *London Regt.*
- FOX, R. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *S. Lancashire Regt.*
- GETHIN, R. P. W. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—3rd (Reserve) Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- \*GIBBONS, C. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Royal Irish Regt.*
- \*GILBEY, J. N. (1899), Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Welsh Regt.*
- GREEN, D. F. (1890).—10th (Service) Batt. *Royal Fusiliers*.
- \*GREEN, S. L. (1903), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- GRIFFIN, C. J. (1904).—7th Hussars.
- GRIFFIN, R. M. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—*R.G.A.*
- GWYN, A. J. J. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—3rd (Reserve) Batt. *Norfolk Regt.*
- HARDY, A. T. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—5th City Batt. *Manchester Regt.*
- HARRINGTON, Lieut.-Col. Sir J. L., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B. (1882).—11th Batt. *S. Lancashire Regt.*
- HARRISON, J. B. (1901).—*South African Forces*.
- \*HARRISON, J. L. (1901).—2nd Batt. *Transvaal Scottish*.
- HARRISON, P. F. (1895), Lieut.—*Ammunition Col. "I" R.H.A., (India)*.
- HASKETT-SMITH, V. A. P. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders*.
- \*HASTINGS, L. M. (1892), Corpl.—*South African Imperial Light Horse*.
- HASTINGS, N. H. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—8th (Service) Batt. *Gloucestershire Regt.*
- \*HAWES, R. B. (1906).—*Motor Cycle Despatch Rider, 3rd Army Headquarters, Signal Company*.
- HAY, F. T. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. *Royal Scots Fusiliers*.
- HAY, W. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C. (T.)*
- HEMELRYK, C. J. (1902).—*A.S.C.*
- \*HEMELRYK, G. (1891), Sergt.—*Motor Division, 73rd Company A.S.C.*
- HEMELRYK, P. H. (1886), Major.—7th Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- HILLMAN, J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Reserve) Batt. *Essex Regt.*

- HODGSON, T. G. (1887), Capt.—18th (Service) Batt. *Manchester Regt.*
- \*HOLLAND, V. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter.*
- HOLTON, C. F. (1904).—5th Batt. N. *Staffordshire Regt.*
- HOPER-DIXON, P. (1907).—2nd (C.O.L.) Batt. *Royal Fusiliers.*
- \*HOWARD, W. J. H. (1903), Lieut.—2nd Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- HUGHES, T. V. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—3rd *Lowland Ammunition Column, R.F.A.*
- HULL, E. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—2nd W. *Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- INNES, J. G. A. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—9th (Service) Batt. E. *Lancashire Regt.*
- \*JARRETT, A. F. V. (1894), Capt.—Attached to 23rd *Mountain Battery (Indian Exped. Force) R.G.A.*
- \*JARRETT, A. V. (1889), Capt.—2nd Batt. *York and Lancaster Regt.*
- \*JARRETT, C. H. B. (1883), Major.—1st Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers.*
- \*JARRETT, H. C. D. (1886), Major.—19th *Punjabis, attached to 57th Rifles.*
- JERRARD, A. G. A. (1887), Major.—3rd Batt. *Prince Albert's (Somerset Light Infantry.)*
- \*JODRELL, F. J. (1904).—180th *Battery R.F.A.*
- \*JOHNSTON, F. E. (1887), Colonel.—2nd Batt. N. *Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*JONES, R. L. (1898), Sub-Lieut.—H.M.S. *Triumph.*
- \*JUMP, H. (1900), Capt.—1st (Royal) *Dragoons.*
- \*KANE, J. F. A. (1891), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Devonshire Regt, attached to Royal Flying Corps.*
- KANE, R. (1891).—*Public Schools Special Corps.*
- \*KEILY, C. (1892), Lieut.—H.M.S. *Philomel.*
- \*KEILY, F. P. C. (1884), Major.—125th *Napier Rifles.*
- KELLY, J. E. (1905).—*North Staffordshire Regt.*
- V.C. KENNA, P. A., D.S.O., A.D.C. (1879), Brig.-Gen. (Temporary).
- KENNEDY, E. R. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—18th *Infantry, Indian Army.*
- \*KENNY, G. W. (1881), Major.—1st Batt. *Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.*
- KENNY, P. W. (1899), Capt.—*Intelligence Department, War Office.*
- \*KERWICK, J. A. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A. (S.R.)*
- KIRBY, E. B. (1891), Capt.—3rd W. *Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*KIRBY, L. H. (1890), Sub-Lieut.—H.M.S. *Cyclops.*
- LATHAM, O. W. (1910).—*R.N. Brigade.*
- \*LANGDALE, C. A. J. S. (1887), Capt.—2nd Batt. *West Riding Regt.*
- LANGDALE, P. (1873), Lieut.-Col.—*E. Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry.*
- LANGTON, G. P. (1897), Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- \*LAWRENCE, S. B. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- LALOR, N. P. O'G. (1878), Major.—*Indian Medical Service.*
- LAVELLE, P. J. A. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. *Royal Scots Fusiliers.*
- LEAKE, E. L. W. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Lancashire Fusiliers.*
- LE BRASSEUR, J. H. (1904), Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- LEICESTER, P. A. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) Batt. *Worcestershire Regt.*
- \*LESCHER, F. G. (1900), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- LEWIS, J. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd E. *Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.*
- LEYLAND, G. F. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—10th (Service) Batt. *Cheshire Regt.*
- \*LIDDELL, C. H. (1905), Lieut.—15th *Hussars.*
- \*LIDDELL, J. A. (1900), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.*
- \*LIVINGSTONE, H. B. (1907).—*Military Interpreter.*
- \*LOCHRANE, N. L. (1897), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- \*LUCIE-SMITH, E. W. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*Royal Warwickshire Regt.*
- LUCIE-SMITH, J. A. (1898), Capt.—7th (Service) Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*
- LUMSDEN, C. B. (1896), Capt.—10th (Service) Batt. *Norfolk Regt.*
- LUMSDEN, H. P. H. (1895), Lieut.—*Gordon Highlanders.*
- \*LYNCH, H. J. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Welsh Fusiliers.*
- \*LYONS, J. D. (1887), Capt.—12th *Reserve Regt. of Cavalry.*
- MACARDLE, J. R. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*

- McARDLE, P. P. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—8th (Service) Batt. York and Lancaster Regt.
- MACAULAY, D. I. M. (1881), Major.—1st Bengal Lancers.
- MACCARTHY MORROGH, D. F. (1880), Major.—4th Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- \*McCARTHY O'LEARY, H. W. D. (1897), Capt.—2nd Batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers.
- McCARTHY O'LEARY, J. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.
- McCARTHY O'LEARY, W. F. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd. Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- McCUSKER, H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—R.F.A.
- \*McCUSKER, J. (1899), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- McELIGOTT, G. L. M. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- McGAHEY, M. J. (1912).—Public Schools' Batt.
- McGINITY, F. G. (1896).—1st (Reserve) King Edward's Horse.
- \*McGUIRE, C. A. (1898), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- McGUIRE, E. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) Batt. Highland Light Infantry.
- McKAY, G. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—Royal Anglesey R.E.
- \*MACGRATH, R. P. F. D. (1892), Lieut.—3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- MACKESY, J. P. (1883), Major.—R.E.
- MAGNIER, W. J. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- MAKEPEACE, A. M. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regt.
- MANLEY, M. (1880).—Lovat's Scouts.
- \*MANNERS, C. M. S. (1895), Capt.—Wellesley Rifles.
- MANNERS, R. H. (1893), Capt.—106th Hazara Pioneers.
- \*MANSFIELD, E. L. (1890), Capt.—7th (Service) Batt. Northamptonshire Regt.
- \*MANSFIELD, H. M. L. (1890), Capt.—112th Battery R.F.A.
- MARR, L. J. (1905).—Lancashire (Fortress) Royal Engineers.
- \*MARTIN, J. H. B., M.B., B.A. (1891), Surgeon.—H.M.S. Inflexible.
- MARTIN, H. (1898).—18th (Service) Batt. (1st Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.
- MASSEY-LYNCH, T. S. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—11th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.
- MATHER, R. (1899), Lieut.—5th Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- MAUDE, A. P. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—15th (Service) Batt. Rifle Brigade.
- MAUDE, R. H. E. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—London Div. Transport and Supply Column.
- MAXWELL-SCOTT, H. F. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—48th Highlanders (Canadian).
- \*MAXWELL-SCOTT, W. J., D.S.O. (1885), Capt.—2nd Batt. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).
- MAXWELL-STUART, E. J. (1902), Lieut.—13th (Service) Batt. East Yorkshire Regt.
- MAXWELL-STUART, F. (1900).—Warwickshire Yeomanry.
- \*MAXWELL-STUART, H. (1908).—East African Forces.
- MAXWELL-STUART, J. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. Duke of Wellington's (W. Riding Regt.)
- \*MAXWELL-STUART, W. J. P. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. Royal Sussex Regt.
- \*MAYNE, R. C. (1900), Capt.—A.S.C.
- MELDON, J. A. (1887), Major.—4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
- \*MELDON, P. A. (1887), Capt.—33rd Brigade R.A.
- MELDON, W. W. (1888), Capt.—2nd Batt. Durham Light Infantry.
- METCALFE, E. D. (1903), Lieut.—3rd Skinner's Horse, I.A.
- \*MON ROE, D. L. (1901), Capt.—159th Infantry, French Army.
- \*MONTAGU, A. C. (1901), Lieut.—H.M.S. Bulwark.
- \*MONTAGU, G. F. (1891), Lieut.-Commander.—H.M.S. Shannon.
- MONTEITH, H. J. J. L. (1889), Capt.—Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
- MONTEITH, J. B. L. (1890), Capt.—1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders.
- MONTEITH, J. F. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
- MOONEY, A. C. (1905).—Surgeon, R.N.
- \*MOSTYN, P. G. J. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Welsh Fusiliers.
- \*MULATIER, J. (1908).—French Army.
- \*MULHOLLAND, B.—9th Battery Canadian Expeditionary Force, R.F.A.
- \*MULHOLLAND, W. (1887).—Canadian Highlanders.
- \*MULLEN, A. F. (1896).—King's African Rifles.

- \*MULLEN, J. C. (1894).—*East African Mounted Rifles*.
- MURRAY, B. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—6th (Service) Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- \*MURRAY, T. D. (1901), Lieut.—1st Batt. *Leinster Regt.*
- NAUGHTON, L. (1907).—*R.A.M.C.*
- \*NELSON, H. H. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.
- \*NELSON, W. H. (1893), Lieut.—*R.A.*
- NEWDIGATE, B. H. (1878), Lieut.—8th (Reserve) Batt. *Royal Warwickshire Regt.*
- \*NEWDIGATE, S. F. (1890), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Victorian*.
- NICHOLSON, E. M. F. (1903).—*Bombay Volunteers*.
- NOBLE, J. B. (1878), Major.—*Royal Marines*.
- \*NOLAN, R. P. D. (1900), Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Black Watch (Royal Highlanders)*.
- \*O'BRIEN, H. C. H. (1896), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- O'BRIEN, K. R. (1907), Lieut.—17th Batt. *London Regt.*
- \*O'CONOR-MALLINS, J. C. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Connaught Rangers*.
- O'CONNOR, T. J. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *Highland Light Infantry*.
- ODDIE, W. P. (1911).—*E. Surrey Regt.*
- O'DONOGHUE, G. C. P. R. (1912).
- O'DUFFY, K. E. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. *Munster Fusiliers*.
- OGILVIE, C. S. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*Scottish Horse*.
- O'HEA, J. J. (1897).—2nd King Edward's Horse.
- O'KELLY, C. (1904).—*Public Schools and University Corps*.
- O'KELLY, E. DE P. (1871), Major.—12th Batt. *Lancashire Fusiliers*.
- \*O'KELLY, H. DE P. (1882), Capt.—18th Hussars.
- \*O'MALLEY, T. F. (1903), Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- \*O'MEARA, A. E. (1894), Lieut. (*Manchester Regt.*)—*W. African Frontier Force*.
- O'NEIL, B. D. (1909).—*R.G.A. (Australian)*.
- \*O'REILLY, F. P. (1898), Lieut. in command of *Torpedo Boat "II"*
- \*PARKER, G. E. A. (1905), Lieut.—1st Batt. *S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- PARKER, G. T. (1900).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.
- PARSONS, E. R. (1902), Corporal.—4th Public Schools' Batt. (*Royal Fusiliers*).
- PARSONS, E. V. (1903), Corporal.—4th Public Schools' Batt. (*Royal Fusiliers*).
- PEARSE, S. A. Major (O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C. since 1909).—9th (Service) Batt. *E. Lancashire Regt.*
- \*PASTRE, G. (1910).—13th Dragoons, *French Army*.
- PERRAM, G. T. C. (1898), Capt.—*R.G.A.*
- PERRAM, H. C. (1898), Lieut.—84th Punjabis.
- PETRE, J. J. (1909).—*Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S.*
- PIEHLER, P. H. (1901).—*Public Schools' Special Corps*.
- PIGACHE, D. L. G. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*Public Schools Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- PINTO-LEITE, H. M. (1898), Lieut.—2nd London (C.O.L.) *Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.*
- PLACE, A. D. (1895), Lieut.—6th (Service) Batt. *Royal Irish Regt.*
- \*PLACE, E. B. (1893), Capt.—*R.F.A. (East Africa)*.
- \*PLACE, H. L. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Munster Fusiliers*.
- PLACE, N. D. (1893), Capt.—8th Rajputs.
- PLANT, C. H. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- PLOWDEN, F. C. (1897), 2nd Lieut.—*Montgomeryshire Yeomanry*.
- POWELL, A. W. (1901).—8th (Service) Batt. *Queen's (Royal W. Surrey Regt.)*
- \*PURCELL, F. C. (1900).—*R.A.M.C.*
- \*QUIN, J. E. (1902).—5th Batt. *Royal Highlanders of Canada*.
- \*QUINLAN, J. F. P. B. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—114th (Heavy) Battery, *R.G.A.*
- RADCLIFFE, J. H. F. (1881), Capt.—11th (Service) Batt. *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*.
- RADCLIFFE, P. J. J. (1880), Lieut.-Col.—*R.E.*
- RADCLIFFE, P. V. A. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. *Yorkshire Regt.*
- \*RADCLIFFE, R. (1882), Lieut.—*A.S.C.*
- RADLEY, H. P. (1903), Lieut.—72nd Punjabis.
- \*RATTON, J. H. (1893), Capt.—*R.G.A. (W. African Frontier Force)*.



Lieut. EDWARD CORMAC-WALSHE, 2nd. Batt. The Leinster Regiment.

O.S. 1904.

Died November 5th, 1914, from wounds received in action on October 21st near Lille,

Aged 22 years.



- READER, N. (1896), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 READER, S. (1896), 2nd Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 \*RILEY, R. R. (1908), Lieut.—*1st Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*  
 \*ROCHE, H. A. J. (1898), Capt.—*Royal Munster Fusiliers ; Flight Commander, R.F.C.*  
 \*ROCHE, H. J., C.B. (1876), Lieut.-Col.—*6th Jat Light Infantry.*  
 \*ROCHE-KELLY, J. (1898), Lieut.—*S. Irish Horse.*  
 ROCHE-KELLY, J. A. B. (1894), Capt.—*59th Brigade R.F.A.*  
 RONAN, J. G. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Leinster Regt.*  
 \*RONAN, W. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 \*ROOKE, C. D. W. (1911), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).*  
 \*ROTTMAN, J. (1909).—*28th Batt. London R. (Artists' Rifles).*  
 \*RUSSELL, F. X. (1901), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*  
 RUSSELL, W. R. (1898), Capt.—*Strathcona Horse (Royal Canadian Dragoons).*  
 \*RYAN, C. E. (1900), Lieut.—*R.F.A. (Indian Army).*  
 \*RYAN, D. G. J. (1899), Capt.—*6th Gúrkha Rifles.*  
 RYAN, E. O. (1899).—*8th Batt. 90th Winnipeg Rifles.*  
 RYAN, E. T. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Royal Irish Regt.*  
 RYAN, K. V. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*  
 \*RYAN, R. C. F. (1900), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Encounter.*  
 RYAN, W. O. (1903), Lieut.—*1st South Midland (Gloucestershire) Brigade R.F.A.*  
 \*SAUNDERS, J. A. (1902).—*28th Batt. London R. (Artists' Rifles).*  
 \*SAVORY, F. R. E. (1905), Lieut.—*1st Batt. King's (Shropshire Light Infantry).*  
 SOMERS, N. T. E. (1908).—*Commonwealth Forces.*  
 \*SIDNEY, H. G. (1890), Major.—*Northumberland Yeomanry.*  
 SIDNEY, P. (1890), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.*  
 SMAIL, J. D. (1905), Lieut.—*2nd London Brigade R.F.A.*  
 SMITH, B. J. (1898), Lieut.—*2nd W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*  
 \*SPENCER, T. J. (1904).—*Flight Sub-Lieut, R.N.A.S.*  
 \*SMITH-SLIGO, A. G. R. J. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.*  
 STANTON, J. (1897).—*Wireless Operator, R.N.R.*  
 STANANOUGHT, J. (1888).—*King's (Liverpool Regt.)*  
 STAPLETON, F. (1889).—*Sportsman's Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).*  
 STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, E. (1900), Capt.—*Asst.-Superintendent Remount Service.*  
 \*STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, F. B. J. (1892), Major (late *Lancashire Hussars*).—*Remount Service.*  
 \*STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, V. F. (1908), Lieut.—*1st Field Coy. W. Lancashire Div. Engineers.*  
 \*STEWART, W. P. (1896), Capt.—*1st Batt. Highland Light Infantry.*  
 \*STORY, N. E. O. (1902).—*5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada.*  
 SULLIVAN, M. B. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*13th Batt. Middlesex Regt.*  
 SWINDELLS, G. H. (1887), Lieut.-Col.—*4th Batt. Cheshire Regt.*  
 SYNNOTT, P. (1897), Lieut.—*Royal Inniskilling Dragoons.*  
 SYNNOTT, W. T. (1887), Capt.—*R.G.A.*  
 TANKERVILLE-CHAMBERLAYNE, P. R. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*12th Reserve Regt. of Cavalry.*  
 \*TARLETON, G. W. B. (1911), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*  
 TAUNTON, C. A. P. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*  
 \*TAUNTON, B. T. G. (1904), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*  
 \*TAYLOR, L. (1904).—*6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regiment.)*  
 TEMPEST, Æ. J. (1885).—*Canadian Contingent.*  
 \*TEMPEST, R. S. (1893), Major.—*2nd Batt. Scots Guards.*  
 TEMPEST, W. J. (1900), 2nd Lieut.—*11th (Service) Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.)*  
 THIERENS, V. T. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.*  
 THORNTON, G. P. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Batt. Scottish Rifles.*

- THORNTON, H. A. (1901).—*3rd Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- \*THOMAS, G. G. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter*.
- THORP, J. (1885).—*R.N. Volunteer Reserve*.
- \*THWAYTES, L. L. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army*.
- TOLHURST, J. B. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*11th (Service) Batt. W. Riding Regt.*
- TOPHAM, G. S. (1892), Lieut.—*Denbighshire Hussars*.
- TOPHAM, R. (1895), Lieut.—*18th (County of London) Batt. London Regt.*
- TRAPPES-LOMAX, B. C. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- TRAPPES-LOMAX, C. N. (1889), 2nd Lieut.—*Lancashire Hussars*.
- TRAPPES-LOMAX, E. (1886).—*British Colombia Horse*.
- TRAPPES-LOMAX, R. (1879), Capt.—*Lancashire Hussars (Reserve Regt.)*
- TRAPPES-LOMAX, R. J. (1891), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter*.
- \*TRAPPES-LOMAX, T. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*
- \*TRIGONA, A. S. (1899), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- \*TRISCOTT, C. (1899).—*Despatch Rider*.
- TROUP, F. C. A. (1898), Lieut.—*85th Company R.G.A.*
- \*VAN CUTSEM, E. C. L. (1883), Capt.—*2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps*.
- VAUGHAN, C. J. (1892), Major.—*Royal Engineers (Monmouth)*.
- WALMESLEY-COTHAM, J. (1892), Lieut.—*5th Batt. Manchester Regt.*
- WALMESLEY, O. N. (1907).—*Prob.-Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S.*
- WALTON, J. C. (1883).—*Sportsman's Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- WALTON, P. (1892).—*Singapore Volunteer Artillery*.
- WATERTON, C. R. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.*
- WATERTON, E. M. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.*
- WATERTON, J. C. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.*
- WATTS, R. J. (1889), 2nd Lieut.—*Worcestershire Yeomanry*.
- WELD, E. J. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- \*WELD, J. (1895).—*6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- \*WHITE, E. E. (1892), Capt.—*1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt.*
- WHITE, J. J. (1874), Capt. (*late Shropshire Light Infantry*).—*Remount Service*.
- WHYTE, J. F. (1874), Lieut.-Col.—*Indian Army*.
- WIGZELL, H. (1907).—*1st Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- WILLIAMS, G. A. S. (1885), Major.—*4th Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*WILDSMITH, L. C. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*12th (County of London) Batt. Queen Victoria's Rifles*.
- WILSON, L. S. (1908).—*5th Batt. Royal Scots*.
- WITHALL, J. J. (1903).—*9th (County of London) Batt. Queen Victoria's Rifles*.
- WOODROFFE, A. J. (1881), Major.—*R.E.*
- \*WORSLEY, N. (1898).—*R.E.*
- WORTHINGTON, B. (1905).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.
- \*YONGE, W. H. N. (1895), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Zelandia*.
- UDALL, W. (1899).—*King's (Liverpool Regt.)*

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#### AT SANDHURST.

- ANDERSON, P. (1907).
- BARROW, W. (1907).
- COOPER, H. T. B. (1913).
- FFRENCH, A. E. (1912).
- FRENCH, H. V. (1907).
- GWYN, R. J. (1910).
- MAHONY, N. E. B. (1914).
- KENNY, J. M. (1910).
- TUKE, R. J. (1912).

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#### MILITARY CHAPLAINS.

- The Rev. M. KING, S.J. (1869), No. 12 General Hospital, France.
- The Rev. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J. (1891), France.
- The Rev. C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J. (1875) (Base Hospital, Abbeville).

## SOME O.S. PROMOTIONS.

We are pleased to notice in the *London Gazette* the promotions of the following O.S.'s published since our last issue :—

- Captain H. SIDNEY to be Major, September 29th.  
 2nd Lieut. C. B. CRAWFORD to be Lieut., Oct. 1st.  
 Lieut. E. R. L. CORBALLIS to be Flight Commander, Royal Flying Corps, Nov. 28th.  
 Major Sir H. C. G. BELLEW to be Lieut.-Colonel, Nov. 3rd.  
 2nd Lieut. E. B. BURKE to be Lieutenant, Nov. 15th.  
 2nd Lieut. C. D. W. ROOKE to be Lieut., Nov. 15th.  
 2nd Lieut. H. J. BURKE to be Lieutenant, Nov. 15th.  
 Lieut. P. W. STEWART to be Captain, Nov. 15th.  
 2nd Lieut. G. W. B. TARLETON to be Lieut., Nov. 15th.  
 Acting Sub-Lieut. J. G. ARBUTHNOTT to be Sub-Lieutenant in H.M. Fleet, Nov. 15th.  
 2nd Lieut. E. K. CAMERON to be Lieutenant, Nov. 13th.  
 Lieut. J. A. LUCIE-SMITH to be Captain, Nov. 26th.  
 Major F. E. JOHNSTON to be Temporary Colonel, December 22nd.  
 2nd Lieut. H. P. H. LUMSDEN to be Lieut., Dec. 23rd.  
 Lieut. H. M. FINEGAN to be Captain, December 14th.  
 Prob. Flight Sub-Lieut. T. SPENCER is confirmed in rank of Flight Sub-Lieut., with seniority as from October 5th, to the Pembroke III. additional for R.N. Air Service, Jan. 1st.  
 Lieut. H. A. J. ROCHE to be Captain and Flight Commander, December 11th.  
 Lieut. P. C. CANNON to be Captain, December 30th.  
 Lieut. C. B. LUMSDEN to be Captain, December 30th.  
 2nd Lieut. V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON to be Lieut., January 3rd.  
 Capt. J. B. L. MONTEITH to be Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General, and to be seconded, January 25th.  
 Major SIR JOHN L. HARRINGTON, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B., to be tempy. Lieut.-Colonel and command the 11th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt., February 8th.  
 2nd Lieut. E. J. MAXWELL-STUART to be Lieut., Jan. 1st.  
 Lieut. E. K. Cameron to be Captain, Jan. 25th.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

## KILLED.

- LIEUT. A. C. MONTAGU, R.N.  
 CAPT. T. CREAN.  
 CAPT. E. E. WHITE.  
 CAPT. L. CREAGH.  
 CAPT. H. C. H. O'BRIEN.  
 CAPT. H. A. J. ROCHE.  
 LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, V.C.  
 LIEUT. E. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.  
 LIEUT. R. P. D. NOLAN.  
 LIEUT. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK.  
 2ND LIEUT. T. J. CLANCEY.  
 2ND LIEUT. C. J. O'CONOR-MALLINS.  
 W. J. BELLASIS.  
 P. WALTON.

## WOUNDED.

- MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, C.V.O., C.B.  
 SUB-LIEUT. T. Y. DOBSON, R.N.R.  
 CAPT. R. P. BUTLER.  
 CAPT. T. C. DE TRAFFORD. (Missing).  
 CAPT. C. A. J. S. LANGDALE.  
 CAPT. J. P. N. FORD.  
 CAPT. H. JUMP (Prisoner of War).  
 MAJOR H. G. SIDNEY.  
 CAPT. G. F. CALLAGHAN.  
 LIEUT. T. F. O'MALLEY (Prisoner of War).  
 LIEUT. C. B. GIBBONS.  
 LIEUT. J. H. C. COULSTON (Prisoner of War).  
 LIEUT. W. St. J. COVENTRY (Missing).  
 LIEUT. G. ARCHER-SHEE (Missing).  
 LIEUT. J. N. GILBEY.  
 LIEUT. R. P. G. O. MACGRATH.  
 LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE.  
 LIEUT. T. D. MURRAY.  
 2ND LIEUT. J. C. D'ARCY.  
 2ND LIEUT. J. B. EYRE.  
 2ND LIEUT. A. G. R. J. SMITH-SLIGO (Missing).  
 2ND LIEUT. S. B. LAWRENCE.  
 N. WORSLEY.  
 CAPT. E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.

## MISSING.

- FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. T. J. SPENCER.

## PRISONERS OF WAR.

CAPT. O. DE TRAFFORD.

LIEUT. C. H. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.

LIEUT. R. R. RILEY.

*Stop Press Additions.*

## IN THE SERVICES.

CARNEGIE, C. J. (1909), 2nd Lieut.

WITHALL, B. J. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—15th (Service)  
Batt. Royal Fusiliers.\*VERDON, F. R. (1890), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt.  
Manchester Regt.

HUDSON, C. A. (1912), 2nd Lieut.

NELSON, J. H. (1893), 2nd Lieut.—1st London  
(City of London) Brigade R.F.A.

TEMPEST, O. (1904).—A.S.C.

TEMPEST, H. (1904).—R.N.A.S.

## LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

*Letters from an O.S. Officer in the Rifle Brigade.*

FRANCE, 23/11/14.

Last time I wrote we were in bivouac in reserve. Well, we went up to the firing line trenches next night; we simply wallowed up knee-deep in mud and finally got settled in. The German snipers, who, by the way, are fine shots, snipe all day and night and if you show your nose in the places they have marked you hear a ping past the revered organ at once. The second day in the trenches it snowed and then froze hard; you cannot imagine the cold, it is *quite* the worst part of it. We were in the trenches five days without a shave or wash and were lovely sights when we got out, which we did last night. We are now bivouacked in reserve behind the firing line and I have just had the wash and shave of my life. We go back to the trenches in three days' time. Of course we have to be awake all night and try to sleep during the day, which is very hard, consequently one comes out dog tired and absolutely dead asleep. It is an awful job keeping the men awake, the poor devils feel the want of sleep and the

cold most frightfully, but they are a cheery crew and shells bursting close amuse them quite ridiculously; if a shot goes near them they always want to stand up and look over to see where it came from, and then you have to jump on them. The trenches are very trying work and very tiring, but we are all right as we have so many days on and so many days off, which is a most excellent way of doing it.

Early the other morning (about 4 a.m.) I went out in front with my colour-sergeant and four men to look for some German snipers in a ruined house, about 200 yards in front of our trenches, and also to find out if a certain section of the German trenches (about 600 yards away) was occupied or not. The Germans are only from 500 to 600 yards away from us in front of my company; in front of some they are less than 100 yards.

Well, to continue, we climbed over the top of our parapet and I found that owing to the snow we should be seen very clearly. However, it couldn't be helped; we went up to the ruined house and I posted my men all round it and then I and the colour-sergeant went in, each with a fixed bayonet; it was quite exciting and very nervy stalking round this gloomy place expecting any minute to have a rifle going off at your nose, but the gentlemen were not at home that night; we were very disappointed as they had been annoying us for two days. We then had to reconnoitre this particular section of trench I've told you about, so I took my little lot on towards the place; I had got within less than 100 yards of it when they blazed away at us. We all fell flat on our faces and waited. I had my party split up, so after telling one lot what to do I had to crawl over a road to the other one to tell them. Very soon the Germans came out of their trench and sent parties each side of us. We counted them carefully and not only discovered that the trench was occupied, but approximately by how many. From where we were lying we could see the position of the German trench very plainly and I made a note of it. It was very cold lying in the snow. By this time one party of Germans had got round on each side of us and had spotted us and were firing into us, as the bullets were coming unpleasantly close, and I couldn't



Lieut. ALEXANDER CYRIL MONTAGU, R.N.

Born, 1890. O.S., 1901.

Killed in the explosion on H.M.S. Bulwark, November 26th, 1914.

find out any more, so I told my fellows to get up and run back to our wire entanglements and lie down there; so off we went, the Germans fairly letting drive at us. As we got close back to our trenches the regiment next to mine started off firing at us, thinking we were Germans, although I had particularly been along and told them just before I went out that I would be coming back that way. We waited about to see if the Germans would follow us up and give us a chance of getting them with reinforcements, but they are too wily for that. Finally I took them all in again safe and sound. My company commander reported the result of the reconnoitre to the Colonel, who also reported to the General. Shortly afterwards an urgent telegram came from the General asking for the name of the officer who had done "such an excellent bit of reconnaissance work"; rather a surprise for me I can tell you. They tell me I shall be mentioned in despatches, but it appears rather a cheap way of getting mentioned. I have no more news except rather a funny and amusing incident which happened in the trenches. We noticed a particular spot in the German trenches which only afforded them very poor cover and which they kept passing, so I took a sergeant with me and we took our dinner, a couple of rifles, and a bandolier full of ammunition and went out for a shoot as we couldn't get a very good view from the trench itself. It reminded me so much of when we used to shoot rabbits with a rifle. We made the Germans hop a bit when they passed that place and weren't spotted the whole afternoon.

30/11/14.

✓ It has got much warmer here lately and all the snow has disappeared. There are a lot of our poor devils, officers and men, suffering from frost-bitten feet; however, mine seem to be made of cast iron and don't feel the effects of the cold so badly. I had a very narrow escape yesterday. I was coming back to my billets from Mass, which we had had in a barn occupied by the Irish Rifles, when the Germans put four shells in quick succession into the street, one falling within ten yards of me. Nothing happened, except that I was nearly asphyxiated by the smell, and was quite deaf for some time. I'm afraid one

of our majors was killed and a captain wounded by a shell the day before yesterday. The major commanding my company had an extraordinary escape a few days ago. There is a ruined church 50 yards behind our trenches in the firing line. Well, he was in there trying to observe the enemy's trenches when seven shells burst inside the church in less than one minute (wonderful shooting); the major only got three skin deep cuts and was not hurt at all. I am now sitting in a house writing this note, expecting to have to turn out any minute to avoid shell fire. They shelled us hard this morning—and we are nine miles away from the German lines—and my major and myself were again lucky, a splinter falling in the road by us where we were standing turning the men out of the houses. They fairly got into us this morning and a lot of our transport stampeded.

I am very fit and well. I had the devil of a fine bath this morning. We go back to the trenches in a couple of hours' time. The Russians seem to be doing great things and if it continues it will make a big difference in this part of the world.

I have no more news I can give you. We have been very lucky at present only losing a very few men, and most of them are down with frost-bite in the feet. However, we have lost three officers, the two I told you about and another of whom we know nothing; it was only in a small affair we had, turning a few Germans out of a trench they had sapped quite close up to our line; he charged the trench and then disappeared altogether.

I am getting all your parcels and letters quite safe. I hope you got my letter asking you to stop sending certain things. I really don't want any more gloves, thank you; mine are in an excellent state, besides a spare pair I have got. It is very amusing—I have absolutely no voice at all and can't speak, but my cough and cold are gone. I get terribly chaffed and laughed at about it. I can give no orders, and the men have to work on signs from me. I nearly got shot by one of my own sentries because I could not answer his challenge, but I threw myself on my face and was quite safe.

4/12/14.

All the snow has gone from here, but we are now going through a course of bitterly cold gales. Not that I am suffering from that at present, as I am sitting in a very comfortable arm-chair in a very comfortable farmhouse before a huge fire at the present moment. We have a battery of our guns just behind us who are answering the German cannonade, and to our discomfort and annoyance are drawing the German fire, and as the Germans can't find the exact position of the Battery they are landing their shells at random, some of them coming unpleasantly close to us. A splinter came in through our roof about half-an-hour ago, but did no damage. We have got it stuck up on the mantelpiece just above my head.

The worst part of this show is not the shells and bullets by any means, but the dreary monotony of trench work, and even when in billets the continual being on the *qui vive* and want of sleep and the cold is really the only thing that worries us at all. It is one of the worst things I have ever done pushing one's way up and down a narrow, muddy trench keeping one's men awake between 1 a.m. and dawn. They can keep awake fairly well up to midnight, but after that the poor devils drop off standing up, and you can knock them up on your way down the trench only to find them nodding again on your way back. Of course, directly there are any signs of an attack they are wide awake, but it's the standing still doing nothing which makes them drop off. Do you know even when I have been actually walking along the trenches myself I have been quite unconscious of what I have been doing, and have been dreaming, really fast asleep all the time. Of course we do a lot of work in the trenches at night time improving and repairing them. It would be impossible to do this in the day time, of course, as you would be shot down; even at night they snipe you a lot, crawling up quite close to the trenches, but we have patrols out in front which keep them back. Of course their chance of hitting you at night is very small, although there are certain spots which they hit every time, and I think they must have a rifle in a vice or a machine gun sighted in the day time trained on certain places, and they let go directly they imagine anyone is close. The other night in pitch black darkness they hit a loophole in my trench six shots out of nine; they must have had a rifle in a vice for this. During the day everyone who can sleeps and we only have a few men on watch, who snipe at any German they can see. The unfortunate officer has, of course, to frequently visit these men too, so you can imagine the time we get for sleeping or resting in the trenches is reduced to a minimum, so that when we come out we sleep for three days almost incessantly and wake up to go back to the trenches again. I am at this moment washed

and cleaned and rested. I almost think it's nearly worth being filthy in order to enjoy my present state. The filthy state one gets into in the trenches is inconceivable. Honestly, if you saw us coming out you could not tell the difference between us and the Indian troops. I am afraid my well and carefully brushed locks have to go to the wall. I should like to march our battalion just as they come from the trenches down Piccadilly. It would give some of them a surprise, and I'm afraid the recruiting boom would go down with a run.

When we first started we found our rifles got so filthy that they were unusable. This naturally created a terrible panic, and now we have manufactured special covers in which we keep them when not in use. Before we got the covers they looked just like a muddy stick; in fact you could not even see any of the mechanism for mud. However, one lives and learns, and now they are all right.

The King came quite close behind our lines the day before yesterday, but we were in the trenches and saw nothing of him. Of course when I say quite close he was about five miles behind the firing line, but straight behind us. We lost another officer the other day. It was a most extraordinary thing; he was repairing our barbed wire in front of the trenches (at night), and suddenly picked up a shovel (all he had) and said, "I'm off to have a look at the Germans." He walked straight off towards a German trench not fifty yards away. We heard them challenge and two or three shots fired. A patrol of ours was sent out after him but could not get near owing to the German fire. However, next evening we went out again, and found him practically on a German trench, dead. We all think he must have suddenly gone mad. We have now lost four officers, a big percentage of our total losses, which are very small. I am extraordinarily fit and well, in fact one has to be to keep going.

We heard a very amusing story to-day which all the troops are still chuckling over: Last time we were in billets (different ones to these) we were in the middle of a town which the Germans shelled very heavily. We had all to turn out and get away into open country. When we turned out a man of another regiment, who had not been out long, and was a Special Reserve, or something, sent as reinforcements to them, was seen without any rifle or equipment running like a hare across country away from the shells. They heard nothing of him until next day, when a telegram came from another battalion of theirs *eight miles away* up the line saying Private So-and-So is here, what shall we do with him? and they answered: "Put him on the road facing here, fire a shell behind him and we'll catch him as he runs past here."



12/12/14.

All the roads close up to our lines are a mass of shell holes, in some cases a couple of pigs or cows lying on the edges of the hole where they had been killed. Sometimes we used to billet in houses or barns close to or even next door to a house still burning from the effects of a shell. You can imagine that it is a real relief to get away from all this back to civilisation, if only for three days, as we are. It is really rather pathetic to see the state the stocks and animals in general are in close up to the firing line; we were followed into the trenches one night by a most friendly goat who absolutely refused to evacuate until turned out. Dogs frequently pay us visits, and no wonder, it is the only place they can get anything to eat as the men love them and are very good to them, but, of course, it can't be allowed as they cause great confusion at night by getting in the way in the very narrow trenches and giving the unfortunate officer struggling up and down the line a most unwelcome mud bath. We have got a couple of kittens, however, who are allowed to stay, and they live in some of the dug-out shelters; they are dear little things and very amusing. We are going to decorate them with the iron cross, as they are very fearless and play about on the parapet during the day whilst the Germans are sniping.

Rather a disgusting, though really rather a funny thing, happened the other day. One of our companies had been regarding a wandering pig with envious eyes for some time, and finally couldn't stick it any longer; as there is an order against promiscuous firing behind the lines since a certain gunner out chicken shooting fired into the back of our trenches, these fellows had to invent some other way of committing the foul deed (not meant for a pun), so the whole company turned out with fixed swords (sorry you call them bayonets), and the greatest hunt ever known commenced round the out-buildings and orchard of a farm house, the troops hurling epithets such as "You — German, you — sausage," at the unfortunate animal. The arrival of an officer on the scene was, I'm sorry to say, too late, the only thing he saw was the last act, where the ring-leader, after having delivered the last thrust amidst shouts of "For luck, William"

(the Kaiser) was decorated with the iron cross. All this happened within half-a-mile of the firing line, while shells were bursting at no great distance. It is an extraordinary thing to see the difference in the men's bearing since we first came out; they were naturally a bit bewildered, not to speak of being nervous and jumpy at the beginning, as indeed I was myself, and they took some time to get out of the habit of bobbing when bullets or shells were whizzing about and quite naturally, too, when you come to think of it; but now it is extraordinary the way they take things. The other night a message came to us to say the Army Corps commander expected the Germans to attack that night. Well, it was an absolute pig of a night, so black and dark and misty you couldn't see our own barbed wire entanglement, which is only 20 yards in front of the trench, and to make matters worse it was raining like blazes. After a bit the regiment on our right got a bit jumpy and began to see thousands of Germans in front of them, all imaginary; they started a tremendous fusilade, which passed down to some of our own companies on the right. I got up on to the parapet beside one of my look-out men, but as I could see nothing or hear nothing I wouldn't give them any order to fire. All this time my fellows were sitting along inside the trench singing like larks. I could hear them from where I was beside the sentry, and had to tell them to shut up as I was listening for the Germans. The latter on hearing all the firing from our side got what we call "the wind up," or, in other words, very jumpy and thought we were coming for them, especially as my company had not fired a shot, consequently they started a most tremendous fusilade, which fairly rattled against my parapet. I was still standing by my sentry who, perhaps induced by a feeling of pride at so much notice from the German lines, started to hum, which, however, was abruptly put a stop to by a bullet striking the parapet just under his nose and filling his mouth with mud. When we first came out this would have made him hot considerably, but he only cursed and spat volubly, and said, "Oh, Lord, if I could only see you, you —," and went on humming, so I got down and went on to the next feeling quite contended that he had not got the

"wind up," a thing one couldn't do at the beginning.

Our last go in the trenches absolutely took the cake for mud, as it rained incessantly; bits of trench and shelters keep falling in all the time and we paddle about absolutely knee-deep at least in mud. Nobody can conceive what it is like; we get wet through and muddled through, we eat mud and breathe mud, and I'm sure we look mud. This time, as I say, we have come right back, and the men all get hot baths and a change of clothing, which they want.

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IN BILLETS,  
December 24th.

I wish you could see us all out here in the trenches and everywhere, and you would soon change your idea that we are having a miserable and unbearable time. The whole thing is looked upon in quite a different way out here, and you would laugh if you could see dawn breaking in the trenches. Of course we have to keep quiet at night as sometimes the look-out sentries cannot see because it is so dark, so we have to rely on our ears. But when it begins to get light it is just like a spring morning as everybody starts singing like the birds and cooking breakfasts. I must say they are very grubby-looking birds. I should like to put some of them, as we see them, on guard outside Buckingham Palace, London would stare! So please stop worrying about me. Honestly, I wouldn't change places with the happiest and most comfortable of you all at home. Even fairly risky enterprises are undertaken in the most light-hearted manner.

The other night one of our officers, with 50 men, was out in front trying to make the Germans show themselves, but being unsuccessful, a sudden bright idea struck him. All of a sudden we heard singing out in front and everybody thought the Germans were going to attack, as they always sing preparatory to an attack. However, as they didn't come somebody was sent out to find out what he could, and discovered this officer and his men lying close up to the German lines singing a song called "Let's make a night of it to-night." It woke the Germans up and they showed us all we wanted.

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30/12/14.

Incessant rain made our last go in the trenches too awful for words. We all talk in naval terms now as we consider that we are more at sea than on dry ground; when passing anybody in a narrow part the correct thing to say is "port your helm."

The water and mud have made some parts of the trench unusable and we are digging round some of the lakes we have got. I am at present in billets sitting with a telephone receiver on my head like a girl at an exchange. The telephone is connected up to the Brigade and every battalion in it, and there is only one operator here who generally gets a relief from whatever company comes here, but as all my men have only just come out and haven't slept for three days and nights I am taking a relief. It is rather interesting as you hear all the messages that go through, but as there is a continual buzz in my ear in the Morse code it is rather difficult to write this letter without putting down some of the state secrets going across the wire.

The weather is beautiful to-day, a nice sunny, frosty morning and not too cold.

#### THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

We went into the trenches the evening of Boxing Day and all that night there was no firing, which we could not understand. The next morning the Germans were walking about on top of their trenches and we discovered they had arranged a Christmas truce with the regiment we relieved and were still keeping it up; so we got out and walked about also and they shouted remarks across to us which were very amusing. However, that evening we put a few shots over their heads to warn them which made them disappear like a lot of rabbits, and we started again. In some places they can't get the Germans to get back into their trenches and a sort of truce is *still* going on which may be put a stop to in rather a drastic manner.

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17/1/15.

We got shelled yesterday afternoon shortly before leaving the trenches and the ground is so soft and muddy that they came shrieking along and buried themselves. When they burst they made a terrific noise and shook the ground tremendously, but nobody got hit with anything worse than mud although standing within three or four yards. A shell also came in through the wall of a house some of us happened to be in and hurt nobody.

I hope P— gets his machine guns soon, as they are invaluable out here. The German machine guns are a perfect pest to us, especially at night, when they let





*Photo by]*

*[Abrahams, Burton-on-Trent.*

**Capt. LEO. CREAGH, 1st Batt., The Manchester Regiment.  
O.S., 1892.**

**Killed in action at Givenchy, December 21st, 1914.  
Aged 36 years.**

go at our working parties, who are all out in the open ; then ours start and we have frequent machine gun duels.

We have a part of our trench which has got no parapet at all ; it runs across a road and consequently there are about 20 yards of open ground in full view of the enemy. The trench we dug across the road before has disappeared as the road is flooded. It is very amusing to see the men splashing across the road at the double during the day time, and I think the Germans must enjoy it, too, as the men form a difficult target, and it must be rather like shooting at rabbits running across a narrow path in a wood. They used to make quite a ceremony of it when it first started the other day, but now they take it as quite an ordinary episode. A crowd of men used to collect on either side of the open space shrieking with delight, and the man who was going to make the journey would step forward, pull his cap down, spit on his hands, roll up his sleeves, and fly across like the wind amidst the cheers of the troops. It was a regular pantomime. We (the officers) I suppose because we thought it undignified to run across before the men, used to stroll slowly across with our noses in the air, and I'm sure most of us would much rather have broken the record for the 100 yards across it.

Letter from an O.S. officer (*Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*), dated December 25th :

Just a line to let you know I still flourish. It is freezing hard again now, started last night, which was gorgeous, beautiful moon and starlight. The Germans sang and played tunes ; we encored them, and quite a conversation was held in our place between one of our men and a German who had lived in Glasgow.

#### THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

This afternoon the "G's" (who are a Saxon Regiment opposite here) started proceedings by rolling two barrels of beer into our trenches !!! Most of our men and officers, including myself, went out and met them half-way, where we exchanged smokes, newspapers, and various souvenirs for over an hour. The whole time there was a continual boom a long way off on our left where some battle was going on. On our right snipers were quite busy, but along our battalion and the next on our left (*i.e.*, as far as we could see), the whole place was crowded with groups of Germans, English, and Highlanders bucking away to each other—quite a

lot of them spoke English. I exchanged some tobacco with the gentleman from Glasgow, known as "Enno Schneider," for some quite good cigars. They were awfully keen to get up a football match against us ; whether it will come off or not I don't know ! So in spite of the Kaiser we had our peace and good-will for the afternoon at any rate.

They were quite convinced that the Russians were absolutely beaten and also the Servians ; also that they would win, and the war would be over in six months at most.

Their officers whistled them back after about an hour and there was a lot of hand-shaking and *Auf wiedersehns!* Altogether a most astonishing show. They seemed quite peaceable. I asked one if he hated the English like the Prussians did. He denied the imputation most emphatically. They seemed very bored with the people on our left, who, they thought, fired too much during the day, all of which goes to show what a remarkable show this war is. One can hardly realise now, only an hour or so after, that we are all on the look-out waiting and wondering if they will attack, a thing headquarters rather expect them to do to-night for some reason or other.

*From a letter from an O.S. Officer (Cameronians) at the front to a member of the Community.*

" . . . I am afraid that as yet I am unable to cap the statement of your friend who said he was 80 yards from the enemy. But I can certainly equal it. I am in trenches at the present moment, and have been, for a fortnight. Funnily enough the enemy are really only 80 yards distant and we shout across to each other in the early morning, when the men are lively, after having had their rum issue. In the evening *les Allemands* are good enough to give us a little music. Last night it was "Love me and the world is mine." Since that we have had "Rule Britannia," and the "Lost Chord," played on the cornet.

Yesterday I had the honour of seeing and shaking hands with the King, who came here in his car. I was lucky enough to be in charge of a detachment

sent some five miles or so back from the firing line. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales. Each regiment in the Brigade was represented. Four cars contained the King and his suite. He stopped about five minutes and shook hands with all the officers. Having been in the trenches, I couldn't put up as good an appearance as I could have wished. My Glengarry was ribbonless and my trousers in a very doubtful condition. . . . Some of the most sordid scenes I have had here have been burials. I've often heard that soldiers have been influenced towards Catholicism when they have witnessed priests administering the Last Sacraments—when under fire. In this war the priests remain in the advanced dressing station, I believe. Personally I think it better they should be there. The other day one of our men was shot in the head by a sniper. A French padre came up to bury him about 7 o'clock with his server. He sprinkled the holy water with an old brush he had, but we wouldn't allow him to wear his white vestment—I've forgotten what it's called—and the server wasn't allowed to light his candle, so the old man had to struggle along in the dark. But, though rustic, it was a very touching short service, attended only by about five people, besides the bearers, who were Catholics. It was very different from a burial I carried out of some 20 or more Germans, who fell while attacking a trench I was holding. After a few days we decided to send out a burial party of some 15 men or so to collect them. It was rather dangerous, as the enemy were only some 300 yards away, so we had to do it as quickly as possible. They had to be dragged by boots and clothes to the place and piled in a heap, and as soon as a little earth had been thrown over this we had to be off without a word, and now their grave won't even have a cross over it as the Battalion was ordered away from the trenches at a moment's notice. They were all men of over 50 or boys of 16.

Letter from an O.S. Naval officer with the British Forces on the Persian Gulf :

"A line to let you know that I have been fortunate enough to see a little of this war, as my ship took part in the capture of Kurnah, in Mesopotamia. She was acting in conjunction with the Indian

Expeditionary Force "D"—in which, by the way, are three more O.S., exclusive of myself, Major Costello, V.C., 2nd in command, 22nd *Punjabis*, Charlie Manners, *Wellesley Rifles*, and Aubrey Jarrett, R.G.A.—serving with a mountain battery. My ship is the *Lawrence*. All the *Indian Marine* ships were put under Admiralty orders when war broke out at ———. The *Stonyhurst Magazine* gives a goodly list of names of O.S. at the front. I see —by the way, Kurnah is reported to be the site of the Garden of Eden, being between the Euphrates and Tigris—so we were actually shelling the Garden of Eden when we engaged the Turkish batteries ! I heard somebody remark that since he arrived at Kurnah he could no longer believe the Old Testament as he was sure that Adam was not driven out of the Garden of Eden, but left of his own accord —such a hole is it.

H. DIGBY-BESTE,  
Lieut. R.I.M.

Letter from Capt. C. M. S. MANNERS (1895),  
*Wellesley Rifles* (Persian Gulf Expedition.)

BASRA,  
23rd Dec., 1914.

DEAR FATHER —,

I am very fit and have managed to avoid all unnecessary visitations in the way of shells and bullets so far. We have three quite stout fights so far. I was unlucky and was caught to do a very uninteresting staff job and so missed the last one. I was very sad about it as my regiment got all the hardest fighting in that fight, and we lost over a hundred men—some of our best too. I can't say I enjoyed the battle I was in. It was the biggest one we've had of the three. It's awfully interesting though fighting against civilised troops—very different from taking on one of the tribes that live in the hills. There are four of us from Stonyhurst here now : Major Costello, V.C., of the 22nd *Punjabis*, Aubrey Jarrett, in a mountain battery, Digby Beste, of the *Indian Marine*, and myself. I hadn't seen Jarrett since the Stonyhurst days till he stumped into my office a week ago. I am going over to have tiffin with him and Costello one of these days when I can get a day off. They are eight miles away from here.

There is no fighting going on just now and there doesn't seem any likelihood of any more in the near future. The Turks have got rather a hammering down this end, and I should think are too busy with the Russians to bother much more about us.

I saw in the papers that Stonyhurst has produced another V.C.—Maurice Dease. I knew him fairly well as he was a cousin of the Liddells, who are cousins of mine. He was a very nice youth, I thought, and he has died a jolly good death. There doesn't seem much chance of our getting away from here and going to France, alas! I think everybody would rather be fighting the Germans than the Turks. The latter have been let in by the Germans, and from the reports they have not got their hearts in the war, as a nation.

Well, good-bye, and best of luck. My address is—104th Rifles, I.E.F. "D" C/o Postmaster General, Bombay—so write and tell me of your adventures!

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. MANNERS.

From Corpl. LEWIS HASTINGS, *Imperial Light Horse*,  
(1892) German S.W. Africa.

Extract forwarded by B.M.H.

"I was awfully glad to get your letter and all the others from home the day before Christmas. We had had no letters for three weeks, which made it all the more fierce. Still in the desert boring steadily ahead for the Hun citadels. The game is shy, but we managed to bump into a strong force of them a week before Christmas. Our squadron was reconnoitring, and over the crest of a sand hill ran up against a couple of Maxims and a covey of square-heads. We engaged the blighters for an hour or so, whereupon big reinforcements of Huns tried to cut us off. We emerged from the rough up quite all right, with two of ours killed. The Kultur outfit lost more. So far the 1st Battalion of the *I.L.H.* has lost 47 killed and wounded against Rebs and Germans.

"The everlasting dust wind in the desert makes of life no blooming picnic. Bivouacking by day is putrid. It relieves the monotony when enemy aeroplanes drop bombs on us, as they do every now and

then. The last one killed and injured 7 men close to me. It's a weird experience when you see the speedy Taube high overhead suddenly turn in towards camp and the shell hisses its way to earth. One can hear the descending bomb quite plainly for several seconds before it strikes and explodes.

"How one sighs for 'Watney' in these torrid parts! We will all be fearfully bucked when the advance penetrates to the good lands of the interior. That will happen soon now by all counts, though there'll be some very stiff scrapping before we get through the hills. Fancy washing every day! What Epicurean, Lucullan luxury!

"I am quite well and fit, and get outside the army rations of bully and biscuit in something under evens every time. No bullet has yet impinged upon your little Willie, though some have been there or thereabouts. My half section commander exhibits a hole in his riding breeches as further proof of German ill-manners at the scrap above referred to.

"It is estimated that this column alone devoured 27,000 plum puddings sent by the South African Committee. This, if known, would be a frightful warning to the Huns.

#### GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

Letter from AUSTIN F. MULLEN, O.S., 1896,  
*King's African Rifles*:

C/o O.C. TROOPS,  
Kisii,  
26th Nov., 1914.

DEAR FATHER CASSIDY,

No doubt you will be interested in the doings of Old Hodderites, so I am going to tell you how we are trying to keep up the old Stonyhurst traditions out in Africa. Berty, his wife, and myself were out here hunting big game when war was declared, and we at once volunteered for active service against German East Africa, one of the largest German Colonies, Berty joining the *East African Mounted Rifles*, his wife as a nurse, and myself the *King's African Rifles*. We then divided in different directions. I was sent down here on the German border as a scout, with one other man, and Berty was sent to



Majardi, half-way between Naviola and Mombassa, to guard the railway, with 500 other volunteers, all settlers out here. We are called intelligence scouts and have to go into German territory and get news and send to headquarters. We had not been down here two days when native reports came to us that the Germans were concentrating at a place called Vtegi, about 20 miles S.W. of us, and we went down to within three miles of their camp and saw through our glasses a large force of them, 80 white men, 400 native soldiers, and about 6,000 spearmen. Needless to say, we made a hurried move, and were nearly caught owing to the fact that on account of the heavy rains the river had risen nine feet during the night and we were unable to cross. We were, in fact, cut off by some of their native soldiers, but my friend, who can speak German, with the greatest cheek went up to them and told their sergeant that we had been sent on by the General to find out the state of the river, and in the meantime they had better return and wait orders. Thinking that we were Germans they obeyed. This gave us time to find a crossing and swim our mules across the river. We then rode back to Kisii and warned the small garrison there, which consisted of only 8 white men and 200 native troops. They awaited the coming of the Germans until the last day and then pretended to retire to Kendu. That night the Germans occupied Kisii, and little did they think that we had crept back and were entrenching the hills overlooking the outpost. At dawn I was sent out to reconnoitre, and saw them the other side of a small hill called Entunda, drilling. I reported, and Capt. Thornycroft sent a small force to entice them on, which quickly retreated, however, on being discovered, and drew on the enemy, who advanced four deep right under the command of our guns. We opened fire with the Maxims at 1,200 yards range. Well, the fight while it lasted was fine; we shot them down in hundreds, they being massed together with black powder rifles and we were in extended order and had magazine rifles.

At nightfall we retired behind the hill to attend our wounded and get something to eat. Captain Thornycroft was killed when approaching the enemy to accept their surrender. They had raised

the white flag and we begged of him not to get up out of the trenches, as we knew their trick, but he only remarked: "We are fighting *civilised warfare* now, not against natives." If he had only believed us he would have been alive to-day. He had not gone 20 yards when they opened fire on him; he was shot in five places. We had two other white men wounded, seven native soldiers killed and about 30 wounded.

We buried 17 Germans next day, 40 native soldiers, and took 80 prisoners that we cut off at dawn, they having lost their way on their return. There was only one German white man not wounded. This has been our only big fight yet here. We get little skirmishes and night attacks about twice a week.

The general advance from all sides was to have taken place on the 28th of last month, and 8,000 of our men tried to take Tanga on the coast, but owing to the fact that some of the Indian troops sent over here failed to hold their ground when fighting began, we had a reverse and lost about 1,200 men. The other Indians did very well. The *Punjabis* and *Gurkhas* fought like madmen and killed hundreds.

Berty was in a big fight the other day and his squadron was mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery, having defended the guns that the Indians (who also ran away this time) had left, and saved them from falling into the hands of the enemy. At Tanga the Gurkhas killed 35 Germans in one house. I hear now that they are going to send out Territorials here. We have only the Lancashires here now.

It will interest you to know at the battle of Kisii of all the missionaries that were in the district only the French Fathers came to try and help us, and were in and out of the firing line the whole of the day helping the wounded and doing all they could. The others all fled on the approach of the enemy and took boats to the other side of the lake. This was mentioned by Captain Lilley, who was at school at the Oratory, to the General in despatches.

I have been collecting odd native things since I have been out here and hope, if I am spared until



*Photo by]*

*[Elliot & Fry.*

**WILLIAM J. BELLASIS, Bowker's Horse.**

**O.S., 1894.**

**Killed in action at Longido, British East Africa, on  
November 3rd, 1914, aged 29 years.**

the end of the war, to add them to the Hodder Museum.

Good-bye, Father, hoping that this little account will interest you.

From your old pupil,

AUSTIN F. MULLEN.

FROM AN O.S. OFFICER IN AN IRISH REGIMENT.

FRANCE,  
December, 1914.

We were relieved from the trenches after ten days' continuous fighting, only to be put in reserve, that is, although we are not actually fighting, we are held in constant readiness to move to any weak spot at a moment's notice. This spoils all rest, as one dare not even get undressed at night.

Since I last wrote I was called upon to go into the trenches for the last three days, though, as a matter of fact, I was still on the sick list with my wound. But it could not be helped as I was the only officer left.

The Germans were only 20 yards from us and threw bombs at us intermittently all day and all night.

When we get out of the trenches and together again round a farm kitchen fire, we compare notes and have many a laugh at the humorous side of the narrow escapes we have had.

My head is all right again. The wound is quite healed ; this only hurts if I laugh or sneeze. When the Germans dig up as close to our trench as they are at present it is advisable to talk in a low voice, or you'll get a bomb in the midst of you. A couple of mornings ago five of my men were sitting together eating their grub and talking. A bomb fell quite close to them and scattered them without doing any harm, so, on the principle that a projectile never falls twice in quite the same place, they reassembled and continued their talk. A minute later a bomb fell in their midst and knocked them all over. One poor chap started to howl with pain, whereupon another man, who was close to him, started to shake him violently and said : " Will you howld your whisht, ye dam foolish man ! Don't ye see that wid your bawlin' like that you'll get the lot of us murdered ! " I was talking to a sergeant at the time, and this sounded so funny that we had to bolt away to hide our laughter.

It was really a tragic sight, but, luckily, one comes to disregard such a lot of dreadful looking things.

There is a hope of our getting a rest soon, for the General is going to put the whole Division (three Brigades) to defend the place that our Brigade is at present defending alone.

I must end for to-night as I have to go and issue rum to my fellows.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

W. J. BELLASIS (1894), *Bowker's Horse*.

*Killed in action at Longido Hill, British East Africa,  
November 3rd, 1914, aged 29 years.*

In our last issue we could do no more with the materials then at our disposal than to record very briefly some details of his death in action in the fight at Longido Hill, B.E.A. Through the kindness of his sister, who has lent us letters and a portrait, we are now enabled to present an unusually interesting account of the campaign in B.E.A. and of the personality of her brother, as reflected in his own letters and in the appreciations of his comrades in arms, who write describing his career and gallant end.

*Letter to his Sister.*

MILE 26 MAGADI,  
*Bowker's Horse,*  
September 22nd, 1914.

No doubt you wonder why I don't write to you, but during the last six weeks I haven't had the chance or the materials. It's been such a picnic, and a jolly rough one. I have been in action against the Germans once—we are the only volunteer corps so far who have been and have come through all right, but I think I had better commence at the beginning ; you will like to hear all the news.

Well, old Symes Thompson and I joined the above corps two days after war was declared, for the defence of B.E.A. He, having had military experience, was given the rank of Sub-Lieut., while I, a common trooper at four rupees a day. For the first three weeks we were camped on the Nairobi race-course, spending our time drawing equipment and doing mounted drill. We are 120 all together, with Capt. Russell Bowker our Commander, and we are divided into two troops.

Capt. Bingley, who led the New Zealanders during the last war—is second in command. Symes-Thompson is my leader, and, of course, we get on

jolly well. We were all beginning to get most hopelessly fed up at remaining at Nairobi when at last, one midnight, we got a message to parade at five o'clock, entrain at six o'clock. This caused great excitement throughout our lines and envy throughout the other volunteer corps. We were ready to time, but we did not leave Nairobi till 11 o'clock. All gear was on board, mounts and all, and so far we only knew that we were going down the line; but, after the first stop we were told that a party of 60 Germans, 20 white, had been reported to be near the line, their object being to blow up some bridges and that we had to capture or kill the lot. On arrival at Magadi Junction we split in two, Bingley taking 50 on to Kio and coming south from there, visiting all water holes—water very scarce—while we ran down to Mile 28, where we arrived at 5 p.m. Here we off-loaded and watered and fed mounts, and also fed ourselves. When this was finished we were dished out with one tin of meat and one tin of biscuits, the latter to be divided between four. We were told to travel as light as possible, and having packed everything away except a waterproof we saddled up and away.

We trekked until 12-30 and then laid down for the night. I was fortunate not to be called for picket. I tried to sleep, but this was impossible, for towards morning a drizzle commenced, and really I was thankful for daylight and the warmth of the fire which we were not allowed to light at night. This brings us to the second day.

*Monday, 29th.* Having all got up and dried we devoured our tin of meat and ate a few biscuits and were thankful to see the sun at 8-30, when we were in the saddle again. Hearing that there was a party of our fellow-countrymen who had formed a small corps amongst the men working on the great soda lake, we made for their camp to try and get some news of these Germans. However, on turning up at their place we heard that these particular Germans had retraced their steps towards the border, so we pinched a little flour to last us a couple of days and pushed on towards the border, camping at a hill by name M. Barasta. Here again rain interrupted our night's rest, and we woke up feeling none too fit after a bad night and very little food.

Tuesday and Wednesday we pushed on, and on Wednesday night we camped at a pool under a mountain called Eldonio Rock. Here we felt the want of food badly—flour all finished, and all we had to live on was buck, which, without anything else, even salt, is awful. And, at this camp, talk about lions, there seemed to be millions of them. They drove the night picket up trees on one occasion, and we very nearly had a boy stolen on another, and he would have been but for us all rushing out without muskets and frightening them off. We remained here two days and then pushed on to the Manango River, which brought us to within two miles of the German border. Here Bingley joined us and more or less saved our lives, for he had managed better than we had and had brought a little food along which he readily shared. On this occasion I was fairly run down and very nearly fainted. It's a jolly good job we met no Germans for none of us were in a fit state to fight. It was here that one of our scouts came in. He had been 20 miles across the border and reported Germans massing at Mochu Kimanjaro, so were turned to Eldonio Rock. Here a waggon arrived, but the food they brought was awful, mostly mealey meal; it had been lying at Magadi for three years, and the natives who had eaten it had died. Well, the smell of it was enough, and I could not touch it.

Nothing exciting happened on this trip. After three weeks of shifting camp and poor food a squad of the E.A.M.R. Volunteers came along and relieved us, and we returned to Mile 26 where the Headquarters Staff had removed to. We expected to have a few days rest and fatten up a bit, but not a bit of it. I must add here that during the three weeks I was more unfortunate than the others; I never saw my kit and I never had a change the whole time—soap was awfully scarce—I think I only saw it three times; I could not shave, and a more untidy ruffian you could not set eyes on.

#### THE BATTLE OF LAKE NYANZA: THE FIRST NAVAL FIGHT IN EQUATORIAL WATERS.

We are now all at Mile 26, but at midnight on the first night the alarm went, and we had to get up in the dark, pack, and get on to the train as soon as

possible. At 1 a.m. we steamed off to go to the other side of B.E.A. The Germans had attacked a place called Kisu, up near the Victoria Nyanza, and were now marching on our post Kisumu. It was doubtful if we should arrive in time and the excitement was great. At 3 in the afternoon, on arriving at Nakani, we heard that the R.A.R. had retaken Kisu, and that the Germans were retreating. We posted on, and on arrival at Kisumu we had instructions to board a lake steamer. We were now going to Karrungu, which we could make by sea in nine hours, whereas it took four days by land; we would have a 20 mile march, and our plans were to try and get round the retreating Germans. Off we went at daybreak as happy as larks.

We had on board a Maxim and a 2½ lb. Hotchkiss. On sighting Karrungu we saw to our surprise the German flag flying. We could not see any signs of life, and tucked away by the shore we saw a small steamer, which our Captain said was our own boat—the *Kaveronda*—we had expected her to meet us there, as she was fitted with a 9-pounder. We steamed towards the shore, and when within 600 yards two rifle shots rang out, and were immediately answered with our Hotchkiss. Then the show commenced, and we were subject to a heavy fire both from the shore and this little steamer. It turned out to be the *Mange*, a German boat. We are all convinced that the two first shots were fired by mistake, and we thank the Lord for that, for we were just about to lower our boats and go ashore. If they had waited until we were half-way there would have been no hope for us as they had a nine-pounder and two Maxims on shore and two pom-poms on the steamer. We were, however, saved this, but the fight lasted 1½ hours. Their shooting was absolutely rotten, only one of their shells coming on board; it struck the funnel and burst, slightly wounding one fellow in the head. If it had been an inch lower it would have killed him. A friend of mine had a piece of shell through his coat and it stuck in his spine pad, just making a bruise. Another fellow had a hole drilled through his legging and another had a bullet through between the deck and his hand, just grazing him. We were most fortunate for we were all lying on the deck like sar-

dines popping off our muskets. I was at the extreme end and when they commenced firing with the Maxims the bullets were whizzing over my head, but this did not last long, for it jammed.

After an hour and a half of it we drew off as the evening was setting in. During the night we saw another vessel approaching with second lights, so thinking this was the *Manza* we put out all lights. As soon as we had done this she did likewise. It was most exciting. We all had our rifles, but the order was not given to fire. If it was the *Manza* we were going to run up to her and board her, but after two hours of hide and seek it turned out to be a boat of our own, the *Keunga*. We then turned back together and lay opposite Kurunga. The German flag was still flying. The *Kaveronda* with her nine-pounder steamed right up while we made for land some two miles down, but on sending a boat ashore the natives told us the Germans had made a very hurried departure at 10 o'clock, and they told us that we had wounded the Commander and wounded two others. We were all delighted, and later on went ashore. In their nine-pounder trench the rock was covered with blood. Their departure must have been a very hurried one for they left a case of shells behind.

Having hauled down their flag and hoisted our own we returned to Kisumu, feeling very proud of ourselves, especially having been engaged in the first naval battle in Central Africa. My own experience was I felt very cool and thought it would have been a lot worse. We are now back at Mile 26 awaiting orders.

The Germans are most persistent and are always making raids across the border; they have made several attempts to blow up the line, but failed. There have been two small fights at Tsavo, where our poor K.A.R. officer was more or less cut in half by a Maxim. I heard yesterday that this business is likely to last six months out here. The plan is to take G.E.A. by three columns of Mounted Volunteers and 3,000 Indian troops advancing from here; K.A.R. and 2,000 Indian troops through Voi and 6,000 Indian troops through Dar-es-salam. I believe there are 10,000 Germans, black and white, and that they have quite a number of up-to-date guns.

CAMP MANANGO RIVER  
(2 Miles from German Border),  
October 14th, 1914.

Out this way we move slowly, due to lack of troops, which are now slowly arriving from India. There are a few thousands in the country now, a couple of batteries, and some more are coming, but we are gradually pushing towards the border. The main Volunteer is back some miles, but just now "B" Squad, which I am in, is camped here doing patrol work. One of the German camps is on the mountains just opposite, ten miles away, called Longito. They patrol now and then, and I have no doubt one day we shall meet. It was most interesting the other night. I was one of a party, two officers and six men, and we set out at sunset, pushing right over the border, our object being to try and read the signals between Limpito and Kilimanjaro, but we were unfortunate, for they didn't send any that night; but all the same, these little outings are exciting, for one can never tell when one may run into these brutes of Germans.

We don't think, and of course we hope not, that we shall be kept hanging about much longer. The Indian troops are gradually shifting down towards, but the great difficulty has been transport, for the country we are going through is one of the big game preserves, and more or less unknown to us. It is one mass of game, rhino and lion in hundreds. Most of our nights are spent picketing, and it's jolly uncanny with these beasts about, for we are not allowed to shoot, and on some nights one can hear them, having just killed a buck a few hundred yards away.

We had a small engagement which you may have heard of. The "C" Squad were the lucky ones this time, but poor fellows they lost eight killed and four wounded. The brutal part was the Germans used Dum-dums, and even bayoneted the wounded. I believe each man had a revolver bullet in his forehead. When the Punjabis heard this you could almost see their eyes shooting out of their heads. They are dying to get at them, and God help them when they do. The "C" Squad numbered only 29, but the Germans were 30 whites and 150

native troops, with two Maxims. It was very thick bush, and the engagement lasted about forty minutes, when they made a very hurried departure, leaving two waggon loads of food behind. This we picked up, and it came in very handy. One German apparently lost his way, for he came galloping up to one of our water holes, when the guard challenged him. He wouldn't put up his hand and so was shot, but only wounded, and he lived 24 hours. He was quite a nice fellow, a planter, and said that he didn't want to fight but that he had been forced to. It was rather sad, as before he died he was crying for his wife, but, by Jove, it's their own fault.

Kilimanjaro is now not more than sixty miles away, the other side of a huge plain, and it is a grand sight. Her top is covered with snow, and you would just love to sit here and paint the view which is very grand at times.

I believe when we move that Longido will be our first little show, then on to A'Rusba, which is strongly fortified. Our next halt will be Mochi. This should finish up the North side, and they may shut up after this; if not, I suppose we shall go on to Tabora.

When "C" Squad came in contact with the Germans they were advancing on Nairobi by three different routes, but nothing has been seen of the other two lots, so we expect they returned to Kilimanjaro. They're too late for this now. If they had done this a month before we could not have stopped them.

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CAMP MANANGO RIVER,  
October 15th, 1914.

There are five corps of volunteers and Bowker's Horse is one of them, numbering 120 all told, and so far we are the only lot to have been under fire. The R.A.R. have been under fire three times, but they are regulars. We were under fire for an hour and a half on the Victoria Nyanza, and were fortunate in having only one man slightly wounded. But there were four or five very narrow shaves. We killed two Germans and wounded two more. The Germans are doing their best to blow up the railway line, and so cut off B.E.A. It is much better to defend one's country than remain on one's farm. If you were here you would do the same, and now that poor Charley has been killed.

I shall most probably go forward with the column



into G.E.A., and I shall kill all the blighters I can see. Rotten brutes! Charley's death has fairly roused my blood.

While under fire I was perfectly cool. I thought it would be much worse. They shelled us with shrapnel and kept a Maxim on us, but thank goodness the bally thing jammed, and they were jolly rotten shots. One cannot sit idle on one's farm, so to speak, when people at home and abroad are all volunteering. This war is bound to affect everyone, and you can thank your lucky stars that we shall not be ruined, as we most certainly would be, if the Germans took B.E.A. They have 10,000 troops, blacks and whites, and up-to-date guns, while we are at present some 1,200, but troops are arriving from India, and we hope very soon to march on to G.E.A. 3,000 Indians and mounted volunteers will advance from here, 2,000 plus the K.A.R. from Voi down the line, and I believe 6,000 go from ?

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*Last Letter to his Relations.*

"B" Squad, *Bowker's Horse*,  
Namanango River,  
2 Miles off German Border,  
October 28th, 1914.

Just a few lines to tell you that the date of crossing the border is drawing close. The date actually fixed is, I think, about the 5th of November, and most of us will be pleased, for we have heard that the E.A.M.R., which we are, are going to be taken across.

They are playing the game with us more or less, and the General, who is in command, has thanked all the volunteers for the work they have done, and he is prepared to allow a certain number now to resign, but he mentioned that only 10 per cent. will be allowed, and that we mustn't think that he can do without us, and that if people resign he will have to recruit some more, and he has promised us that the Volunteers will not be used for garrisoning the towns in G.E.A., and also all Volunteers will have the option to return to their farms, etc., at the first lull after January 1st. This suits us all admirably, and I don't think many will resign.

If we cross the border on the 5th we shall attack Longido on the morning of the 6th; this will be our first little battle.

We hear that troops are advancing rather like this: 6,000 from Dar-es-salam, 2.60 lb. guns with Lowe, say, the Dorsets from Tanga towards Mochie on Kilimanjara, Nyasaland and Rhodesia are coming in on the South. Belgi Congo on the West, and we, the E.A.M.R., with 800 Indian Imperial, 800 Punjabis, 4 Companies of the K.A.R. Native Troops, 1 Mountain Battery and half a Field Battery on the North. I am sure all this will be a horrid shock to the Germans. I hear our Governor

sent a note to German E.A. saying he would hold the Governor responsible for any murdering of the wounded; he, I believe, wrote back saying, "Don't worry, it will not be long before we have the whole of B.E.A." Rotten devil. They "blotted" a German Colonel at T'Savo some few days ago, and in his pockets were despatches telling him to kill all whites. All I can say is, if this is true, God help them when we get into them.

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*(Letter to his sister-in-law—probably the last letter he wrote.*

"B" Squadron E.A.M.R., *Bowker's Horse*,  
MANANGA RIVER  
(2 Miles off German Border),  
October 30th, 1914.

Well, as you must know by now, I am a proper soldier, serving in the above corps, and unless the Germans climb down it will be quite a big affair, for we hear that they have a crowd of troops, together with over 100 guns, and are in strongly fortified positions, but we shall be a match for them no doubt, for besides some 800 K.A.R. native troops and 350 E.A.M.R. we have 15,000 Indian troops, together with a Mountain Battery and one Field Battery. For the last three months we have been defending the border and railway, and jumping from one end of the country to the other, and our Section had a most novel engagement on Lake Nyanza, which we came out of on top and all right. But now the real show is about to commence. We are at present camped opposite a German position. They hold a fortified position on Longito Hill, 10 miles across the plain, and when we go against them we shall have some 800 Imperial Indian troops, 800 Punjabis, 358 of us E.A.M.R., the Mountain Battery and half the Field Battery. We are all concentrating here and it will not be now more than a day or two before we set off. It is really rather fun and we all feel in the best of spirits. Old Dick cabled me to fix him up in *Bowker's Horse*, but I cabled him "No," for it was doubtful whether they would send us forward, and really it was too late.

What will happen no one can foresee, but the General has promised us that none of the E.A.M.R. shall be used for garrison duty, and also that we shall all have the option of returning to our farms at the



first lull after January 1st. I shall take advantage and go back after this date, as most of us will do. We shall then have been in the field five months. I have no doubt also that we shall be in Mochis, and wouldn't be at all surprised to see the whole thing over. Our Governor sent a letter to the Governor in G.E.A. holding him responsible for the murdering of the wounded, and he replied, saying: "Don't worry! We shall have B.E.A. before long" Bally cheek! You might not have heard that "C" Squadron had a scrap with the Germans. They were only 29 and the enemy 200. They fought well, but lost eight killed and four wounded. Most of the killed were only wounded, and the rotten Germans bayoneted them all. Rotten game. One thing I do not want in me and that is a bayonet. The other thing I don't mind. Yes, it was sad about Charlie, but in a war like this hundreds of homes are going to suffer. It is a cruel war, but we have to smash these brutes for ever now, or we shall never have any more peace.

*Letter from a Comrade in Arms addressed to his Sister.*

NAMANGA RIVER, B.E.A.,

4th November, 1914.

I suppose you must have heard by the time you receive this of the awful calamity that happened yesterday out at Longido. I am now writing to tell you all I know of the thing, and hope you will excuse any shortcomings of description.

Being a signaller, I was not in the front rank of Bowker's Horse, and therefore cannot tell as an eye-witness how your brother met his death, but I have heard such a lot that I think I can give you a fairly accurate account.

Bowker's Horse had been encamped at Kedongai for some time and had been chosen to do all the rough picketing, in fact the whole work of the Volunteer Corps, and though they had had a roughish time in dashing about the country there, they had never for a moment lost their natural cheerfulness, and were by far the most contented of the whole crowd who were getting fed up with the continual waiting and postponement of the attack.

We, however, got up three Mountain Batteries of Indian troops, as well as some Indian regiments,

and it was finally decided that we should leave Kedongai on the 31st, pitch a camp on this place (Mawanga River), and attack the following day.

Bowker's Horse and the Punjabis accordingly moved out on the evening of the 2nd and encamped below the Hill of Longido, which is on the German border, and which was known to be strongly fortified. They camped there on the night of the 2nd, and moved off at six o'clock on the 3rd. As far as I can make out the first intimation of our advance was given to the main German camp by a native (German) picket that we had surprised, and who got away and must have informed them.

At any rate we had to wait till the mist lifted round the Longido Hill and then on we went. Your brother, Goldsworthy and Drummond were in the same section, and Goldsworthy was left behind in a donga (dried river bed) to look after the mules while the others advanced on foot. Firing started early in the morning at about 7 a.m., and at about 9 a.m. Goldsworthy got news that Drummond had been hit. He tried to move out to get him under cover, because the Germans in these fights here have no compunction about bayonetting our wounded, and then stripping them. The fire was, however, so murderous—rifle, Maxim and shrapnel dropping all round him, so he returned to the cover of the donga, as of course he ran great risk of losing the mules. Then came the news that Drummond, Bellasis, Caen, Moet and Drake were all dead. They had been the advance guard, and had all been shot by the same man (a sharp-shooter), who I swear to you will never leave this country alive. They were lying down at the time and firing at an invisible enemy and were all shot through the head.

There are mighty few consolations to be got out of the fight, but one is that our chaps were all shot dead at once and had no suffering—with the exception of Drummond, who lasted ten minutes or so, and was carried off. He felt no pain, but begged the fellows to leave him alone and let him sleep, as he was feeling dead tired.

That, briefly, is the account as far as I have got it. Poor old Goldsworthy, who was one of your brother's greatest pals, is quite inconsolable. He is the one

man left of the section. Each one of them was as plucky as they make 'em, and pegged out *like men*.

When I heard the different names one after the other—I knew all of them—it made me feel pretty rotten, and brought home what war really is, and not a delightful safari at Government expense as we had looked on it up to date.

The last time I saw your brother we discussed you, and he told me you had mentioned that you would like to come out here, and what sport it would be if you and M— came rolling out here, but we agreed that you would neither of you care for it very much. When we parted it was, "Cheer ho ! See you again at Tamora !" (the G.E.A. capital), not thinking for a moment that we were going out on anything but a little scrap—few hours' fun—and then a walk-over.

We had to retire in the evening, having failed to take the place, but it is some consolation to know that their losses were far heavier than ours, chiefly owing to our Mountain Battery, who did splendid work.

Again, this is different to the other fights we have had to date, for whereas our fellows have always sworn that they killed two or three Germans apiece before, now you have a very different version. I fired 40 or 50 rounds and think I killed one or perhaps two men.

The retreat was awful, and the wounded are all down below at the camp. One fellow (a signaller) had his face blown away. I saw him this afternoon and within two minutes he told me that there were 500 Germans there and then 2,000. When I came in he told me that he was quite sane ; he had killed 20 Germans before being hit, and immediately after said he thought he had killed four.

It may be officious on my part writing to you of this, as I am sure you feel the loss far deeper than we do, and I can't explain how fond we all were of him. He was always smiling, cheery, and good-humoured, and a rattling good sort, the very kind of man one wants as a companion in a show like this—Goldsworthy, who is of the same type, is quite inconsolable about the loss of his pals.

I am writing this lying full length on the ground by the light of a camp fire. We were suddenly given an order at five this evening to move all camps a few yards up the hill under cover, and it is expected we will be attacked to-night, although one cannot imagine the Germans being too keen after yesterday's drubbing.

In the ordinary course we would laugh at a tale like that, but I am no longer taking things too lightly, as the wounded and dead teach one a better lesson than all the drills in the world.

If I hear any more to-morrow I will add it in a P.S., but in the meantime I can only send my deepest sympathy and that of the whole troop to yourself and your family and all his friends at home.

*Letter from his Troop Commander to his Father.*

NAMANGA RIVER CAMP,

November 5.h.

I feel I must write to you to give you a few details of your son's death. He was in my troop and my greatest friend in the country, which will never be the same to me again. He was a tremendous favourite in the Squadron, and will be terribly missed.

I have no doubt that you will have read about our attack on Longido in the papers, but will give further details.

Longido is a big mountain (8,550 feet), 10 miles south of this camp. We, "B" and "E" Squadrons *Bowker's Horse*, were ordered to march round to the south of it and to prevent any Germans getting away. The other three squadrons, with two mountain guns to prevent them breaking out from the North, the main attack (Punjabis and Kapurtala (I.S. troops), was from the East and a small party on the West.

Apparently all parties got into their appointed places before dawn. But the main attack wasn't strong enough, or pushed hard enough, so we eventually retired back here.

As to our part in the programme : At six my troop was left astride the main road (southwards), and at dawn we could see crowds of porters (perhaps 500) making their way up the mountain, but only five

mounted men coming down. I got your son (a good shot) and another man to fire a few rounds at them, and made out the range to be more than 1,200 yards, so decided to push in closer under the hill, to try to make the porters drop their loads and take cover. We then galloped up to the hill, and fortunately I was a long way ahead of the troop, as I ran right into a company of German Askaris advancing in open order through the bush. We, of course galloped away, in a hail of bullets, and were very fortunate in only having one mule hit, and got the man safely back. We then left our mules in a donga, and pushed forward to stop the enemy's advance. The rest of the two squadrons then came up in support. Poor Drummond (a very great friend of your son's) was then shot, and another man had his arm shot in two places. Your son, as usual, was well out to the front and was doing splendid work. We were then in action for more than four hours, firing at very close range, almost entirely between 50 and 300 yards. I did not see your son shot, but hear that a bullet went through his chest and that he died at once. Our total casualties were very heavy. Without counting our horse-holders, pack mules (ammunition) man and N.C.O. in charge, who were well in rear, we had only 37 men and some of these were away carrying back wounded men. Of these we had eight killed and four wounded (all rather badly). Poor Drummond we managed to get away when we retired, under a very hot fire, later putting him on a mule, but it was too much for him, and he died when we had got him about a mile. We did not dare to leave him, as the native troops were so likely to put a bayonet through him.

We were unable to do anything for any of our dead, but hope that the Germans gave them Christian burial. We saw six white men and 12 Askaris knocked over by our fire, but expect that their casualties were very much heavier.

That night we had a 20 mile march back to camp, which was very hard on our wounded men, who had to be held up in their saddles most of the way.

Poor O'Meara, who with Drummond and Goldsworthy was in your son's section, has had his hand amputated.

*From the same to a Friend.*

NAMANGA RIVER CAMP,

Nov. 4th, 1914.

I haven't the heart to write much about dear old "B," but feel I must let you know some of the circumstances of his death. The attack on Longido was ordered for dawn on Nov. 2nd, and we, "B" and "E" Squadrons *Bowker's Horse*, were sent round to the back of the hill to prevent the Germans from escaping. We got to our position, and at dawn my troop was left astride a road leading to the South.

We could see a huge crowd of porters, perhaps 500, going up the hill, and I got Bill and another man to fire a few shots to find the range. It was quite 1,500 yards, and as there was no sign of anyone coming down the hill (except five mounted men), I decided to gallop up close to the hill to fire at the porters and make them drop their loads and take cover.

I was, fortunately, quite 50 or 100 yards in front of my troop, as I ran bang into a company of Askaris coming out in extended order through the bush; of course I whipped round and bolted, and we got away in a hail of bullets, only having one mule shot. The man couldn't get up behind me on my horse, but we all got away all right, he hanging on to my stirrup-leather.

We went back about 500 yards, left our horses in a donga, and being joined with the other troop of "B" and "E" Squadron, doubled back to stop the Germans. Poor old Drummond, who I expect you know (just bought a part of Barnett's farm) was at once shot in the body, and Harries had two bullets through the arm, and we had a very hot time of it for the next four hours, firing at ranges between 50 and 300 yards, and succeeded in driving back or hitting all the Germans within that range. "B," as usual, was well to the front, doing very good work when I last saw him. I hear that he was shot through the chest and died at once. Moore, who was firing round the other side of a biggish tree to me, fell dead, shot through the brain. (No doubt you have met him at Kyamba). Poor O'Meara, who, with Drummond and Goldsworthy, was in B's section, has just had his hand taken off, the bones having been hopelessly shattered. We could do nothing with our dead (8), but hope the Germans gave them Christian burial.

When we retired we got Drummond back under a heavy fire and then held him up on a mule, but it was too much for him, and the poor fellow died before we had got him back a mile. We didn't dare to leave him behind, as we could not tell what the Askaris would do to him. That night we had a most unpleasant 20 mile march back here, being sniped at a good part of the way.

The main attack wasn't strong enough or pushed hard enough. The Punjabis had 30 casualties, but the Kapartala (the Imperial Service Troops) proved worthless, and badly wanted leading by white men. The rest of the E.A.M.R. were kept at some distance from the hill to prevent the Germans getting away, and had no casualties. Sandbach, who *was* commanding the E.A.M.R., was killed when leading the Punjabis.

*From the Bishop of Zanzibar to his Father.*

MOMBASA, B.E.A.,

November 20th, 1914.

DEAR SIR,

You have doubtless been officially informed of the death, sad and glorious, of your dear son, William J. Bellasis, who fell gallantly on the field of battle at Longido Hill.

I send you these few lines to offer you my sincerest condolence and to assure you that Father and Son shall have my most heartfelt prayers.

I wrote a few days ago to the Abbot of Ramsgate, not knowing your address at the time. Since then, however, I have got and with it a letter from one of my priests, which I have no doubt will assuage somewhat the bitterness of his loss. It shows that if he died like a patriot, he died also like a Christian.

I knew him since March last, when he was amongst the first of my flock to welcome me to Nairobi, and ever since I looked upon him as a particular friend. I saw him in his pretty country house and walked with him over his farm and admired the excellent condition it was in and the golden promise it gave of future harvests. It was a proof of his great activity and intelligence, and going through it about a month since, and seeing the perfect condition it was in, though he had been away at the war for nearly three months, I saw what an ascendancy he had over the natives. I don't know if his good mother is still alive, but it will help her and you, his father, to bear his loss when you know that death did not meet him unprepared. Each time he came back to Nairobi, or to his estate, he made his peace with God, and the last time I saw him, shortly before his death, was in the Church at the Sunday Mass.

I am told that at Longido Hill he was told off with a detachment to cut off the retreat of the Germans, but the latter were in too great force, and your son and other white European Volunteers fell in the attempt to arrest them. May he rest in peace!

*From a Comrade in Arms to a Friend.*

KAGIADO,

December 10th, 1914.

I was very pleased to receive your letter of the 5th November, which was written two days after our fight at Longido, where my Squadron lost eight brave men killed and three wounded. It was the worst place I was ever in. There was a gentleman from Kyambu, of the name of Mr. Bellasis, he was shot three yards on my right, and I jumped up and pulled him from the firing of the Germans, so that he could be saved from more wounds, and I held his head on my lap for about five minutes and then he passed off to his long, long sleep. The poor fellow tried to say something just before he died, but he hadn't enough strength to put it plainly. He has relations or friends at a place called Lickleyhead Castle, Insch, Aberdeenshire, so I believe they must be of a very good family. Then my friend, Mr. Drake, of Nakurn, was shot in the thigh and pierced up into his abdomen, and he died of his wounds two hours after. Then young Tarlton and Kay Mowatt were instantaneously killed by being shot in the head. Mr. Drummond, of Kyambu, was shot in the early part of the fight; he was a great friend of Mr. Bellasis, and he died 4½ hours after. Then De Serpet was hit and died there and then. Poor little Thompson was shot in the head while holding horses and died later on with the reins still clutched in his hands. It was only last April he refused £15,000 for his farm. Hard lines, eh? Then another settler, named Moon, was hit in the chest and died in a very short time. We have lost three good settlers from Kyambu and all the men were well-to-do and left their estates and volunteered for their country like heroes and gentlemen.

The casualties for the day were 51 all told. Our three men wounded in "B" Squadron were Sergt-Major O'Mara, Corpl. Harries, and Trooper Allen. I was a Lance-Corpl. marching there, and two days after the fight I was promoted Sergeant of "B" Squadron, although there was a Corporal senior to me, but he did not show his ability in handling his section for 4½ hours while we were in the fight. I risked my life too much though. I climbed a tree about eight feet and found where the enemy were hiding, and then I volunteered for ammunition (bullets), and went 130 yards in the open under a terrible hail of bullets and fetched Mr. Bellasis's body from the open to a cover, but he was (poor fellow) mortally wounded from one side right through to the other, and it was a quarter to nine a.m. when he died. His watch was on his wrist and I took it and gave it to his friend, Mr. Goldsworthy. It was a sad march that night coming back to our camp to listen to the groans of the wounded. I shall never forget it as long as I live. We had made a night march and fought from 6-15 a.m. till 11-30 a.m.,

and our water was finished in our water bottles, but I found Mr. Bellasis's water bottle three-quarters full and I made use of it I can assure you.

**Flight Commander and Captain HYACINTH ALBERT J. ROCHE (1898).**

*Killed on the Belgian Coast, January 19th, aged 26.*

The following notice of Capt. Roche is from *The Times'* summary :

"Flight Commander and Captain Hyacinth Albert J. Roche, who was killed on January 19th, was appointed second lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion *Royal Munster Fusiliers* in February, 1908, promoted lieutenant in March, 1910, joined the *Royal Flying Corps* in January, 1914, being appointed Flight Officer in April, 1914, and promoted Flight-Commander and Captain on December 11th last. Captain Roche was 26 years of age, and was the youngest son of Sir George and Lady Roche, of 76, Merrion Square, Dublin. The officer reporting Captain Roche's death stated that his loss was felt by all members of the *Royal Flying Corps*, and that he never knew anyone with a higher sense of duty or a more thorough gentleman."

We subjoin from the *Dublin Daily Express* for January 28th a much fuller account of his career and death and of the sympathy it evoked in many quarters :

**DUBLIN AVIATOR'S DEATH.**

**Royal Sympathy with Sir George Roche.**

The KING and QUEEN deeply regret the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your son in the service of his country. Their Majesties truly sympathise with you in your sorrow.

This telegram has been received from the King's Private Secretary by Sir Geo. Roche, of 76, Merrion Square, Dublin, and cannot fail to prove a source of consolation to him.

Sir George's son, Captain Hyacinth Albert J. Roche, who was a valued commander in the *British Flying Corps*, lost his life on January 19th, just as he was setting out on a daring expedition.

With three comrades he started out one morning on a bomb-dropping raid in Belgium. When he had gone only a few miles there was an explosion in his machine, and Captain Roche was obliged to drop his entire supply of bombs at once. The aeroplane fell into the sea, and a few hours afterwards Captain Roche's body was found on the sands.

Sir George Roche has received a letter from the Duchess of Sutherland, stating that the remains of Captain Roche were brought into her private hospital at Dunkirk, and were afterwards buried with military honours at St. Malo Cemetery, Dunkirk. Many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the grave by the French and British Flying Corps and the Duchess of Sutherland, while wreaths were also sent on behalf of the French and British Armies.

The high opinion of Capt. Roche's character and abilities expressed in the words of the officer who reported his death appears to have been shared by those who knew him.

One who met him in France a month before his death writes thus of him to his father : "I met your son last month at the front and was much impressed with one thing he said, viz. : that his three great affections and objects in life were : first his Religion, second his Mother, and third his duty as a Soldier." That these words were no idle boast but a true expression of the principles he acted consistently through life many a relative, friend and acquaintance can bear ample testimony. Here are some feeling words of appreciation written to his father by his commanding officer since killed in action : "Your son has been under me since the war started. I never met a better officer or a finer man. He has done great work during the war, and you may well be proud of him."

His old School, Stonyhurst, is also proud to be able to inscribe his name on her Roll of Honour.

R.I.P.

We add below the text of the letter from Major Raleigh, of the *Royal Flying Corps*, reporting in full the details of the death of Captain Roche. The Major was himself killed on the day following.

*January 19th, 1915.*

I want to offer you my sincere sympathy on the death of your son.

I can only tell you now that four of us started at 6-35 this morning on a bomb-dropping expedition. We were to have flown along the coast for some distance. Your son's body, and bits of his machine, were washed up on the French coast near the Belgian border some hours later.

When I get further facts I will write to you again. The funeral will take place, with a Roman Catholic



*Photo by]*

*[Lafayette.*

**Capt. and Flight-Commander H. ALBERT J. ROCHE, Royal Flying Corps  
and Royal Munster Fusiliers. O.S., 1898.**

**Killed in action off the French coast, January 19th, 1915. Aged 27 years.**



service, the day after to-morrow. He has been with me since the beginning of the war, and I cannot tell you how much I feel his loss.

I have never met a better soldier or a finer man. I'll try and tell you some day *if I have the chance* (Italics ours : the writer was killed next day) what he has done during the last five months. You ought to be proud of him.

Capt. Roche's name appeared (after his death) in General French's dispatch of Distinguished Service. Sir George Roche is also an old Stonyhurst boy.

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Captain LEO CREAGH, 1st Batt. *The Manchester Regt.* O.S. (1892).

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*Killed in action at Givenchy, Dec. 21st, 1914.*  
*Aged 36 Years.*

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Capt. Creagh fell in the heavy fighting on the 20th and 21st of December, near Givenchy. His regiment had only left the trenches on the 17th when they were ordered out again on the 20th, at 11 a.m. They had to attack a village and some trenches in the afternoon, during which operations Capt. Creagh was reported to have done good work.

On the morning of the 21st, just as the attack was being renewed at daybreak, Capt. Creagh was shot down in front of the enemy's trenches.

A sergeant who was with him at the time said that he was leading his men with conspicuous gallantry.

The above details are taken from the account of his death sent to his mother by his Colonel, who expresses deep regret in the loss of so gallant and capable an officer.

A brother officer and close friend, who had had a conversation with Capt. Creagh just before the second attack during which he fell, speaks of the heavy personal loss to himself of a loyal friend and to the regiment of a popular and trusted leader.

The Major, 2nd in command of the Regiment, on hearing that Capt. Creagh was hit, hurried across the zone of fire to help him, but was struck on the way and carried off to the dressing station.

But his gallant attempt at rescue was probably already too late, as eye-witnesses declare that Capt. Creagh was killed instantaneously. His Colonel describes his loss as a great one to him personally and in general to the whole battalion, which could ill afford to lose an officer of his abilities.

The Divisional Commander said subsequently that the battalion had saved the whole British line.

The following detailed account of the fighting in which Capt. Creagh met his death is taken from the *Manchester Guardian* for January 15th :

#### HOW THE MANCHESTERS RETOOK GIVENCHY.

During Saturday, December 19th, the battalion had been warned to be in a state of constant readiness. This was cancelled on Sunday morning, but very soon afterwards we received orders to march at once to Corre, a destination which was changed *en route* for Le Pont Fixe, a point behind the village of Givenchy, on the Béthune-La-Bassée Canal. We started from Béthune at eleven o'clock, and soon after passing the bridge at Corre we began to meet wounded men and others of the — *Baluchis*, who were retiring along the opposite or north side of the canal. On arriving at the Pont Fixe we learnt that on the early morning of Sunday the — *Baluchis*, who had been in trenches 300 yards north-east of the village of Givenchy, and the — *Gurkhas*, on their left, had been attacked by the enemy and forced to retire, these trenches now being held by the Germans. It was reported that the village was still unoccupied. The commanding officer at once ordered two companies to go forward and hold the village, with Major Hitchins in command of the attacking line. These were No. 1, under Capt. Tillard on the left, and No. 2, under Lieut. Mair, on the right. As soon as the village should be held these two companies were to scout towards the enemy trenches beyond, and No. 3 Company, under Captain CREAGH, was to move up on the right of No. 2.

A start was made at about three in the afternoon, and as soon as the first two companies moved out into the open rifle fire casualties made it evident that the village was held by the enemy. Shortly after this Lieut. Lynch was wounded. Moving forward in open order, they entered the village, which turned out only to be held lightly. Fighting from house to house, they succeeded in reoccupying the village, and by dusk No. 1 Company had advanced through the left of the village and had occupied our old support trenches in an orchard well to the left.

#### SUPPORT TRENCHES REOCCUPIED UNDER HEAVY FIRE.

Meanwhile No. 2 Company advanced up the right centre of the village. In the course of the street



fighting they came across some of the enemy who had put on khaki "British warm" overcoats and caps. The ruse was detected, but it nearly resulted in the death of two officers and a sergeant of the R.F.A. These officers had been engaged in observing from a house in the village before the retirement of the — *Baluchis*, and before they had realised the situation the enemy had taken possession of the place. They hid in the cellar, and came out when our troops advanced. Fortunately they were not fired upon, and so had a lucky escape. No. 3 Company now came up on the right in the village, and the whole line advanced to our old support trenches. No. 1 Company was in the orchard as stated above, and was well in advance of Companies 2 and 3, as well as being some way to the left of them.

All these support trenches were occupied under a heavy fire from the enemy, who was established in our old fire trenches. To this fire only No. 1 Company, on the left, was able to reply, as the enemy trenches in front of Companies 2 and 3 could not be defined. No. 1 Company now remained stationary, while Nos. 2 and 3 tried to crawl over the open ground in the centre. To come up with No. 1. This was about six o'clock, and this advance was made the more difficult from the fact that the Germans had in their retirement set alight two haystacks just in front of the trenches which 2 and 3 Companies were leaving, and our movements were fully illuminated. Each movement of a man crawling in the open drew an enemy's bullet to him. It was impossible even to help the wounded, and finally the enemy's fire became so heavy that we had to retire to the support trenches. In this advance Lieutenant Norman was killed.

#### AN ATTACK WHICH FAILED.

It was now dark, and the position was that No. 1 Company was unsupported on the left, from the trenches which had been vacated by the — *Gurkhas*, while Nos. 2 and 3 companies could not get into touch with the — *Rifles*, who maintained their original position on the right, between the village and the canal. The extreme British right was held by the *Connaught Rangers*, south of the canal. During the night a Territorial regiment of reserve of the French Army was instructed to advance on our left. They were not able to hold their position, however, and retired in the early morning. The *4th Suffolk Regiment* (Territorials) had moved up during the previous afternoon in reserve, but it was impossible at this or any later time to make much use of them, as no troops could live in the open, and the only available trenches were fully occupied by our own men. This applied also to the — *Rifles* and the — *Sikhs*, who also came up in reserve. It was found possible, however, to send one company of the *Suffolks* to the support of No. 1 Company on the left,

while half of our No. 4 Company, under Capt. Rose, came up to the support of companies 2 and 3.

Late at night an order was received that a further attempt would be made to recapture the fire trenches still held by the enemy, and after a consultation between Major Hitchins and Captains CREAGH and Rose, and Lieutenant Mair, the attack was fixed for 6-30, at which time it was hoped that the light of the burning haystacks would be less effective in the dawn.

Shortly after six on Monday morning companies 2 and 3 moved to the attack. This attack never developed, as No. 1 Company was so hard pressed that they could not advance, and companies 2 and 3 re-established themselves in the old support trenches. Captain CREAGH was killed in this attack, and soon afterwards Major Hitchins and Captain Rose were wounded.

#### SPLENDID TRIBUTES TO THE REGIMENT.

The *1st Manchesters* were thus continuously in action at Givenchy for over thirty hours. The casualties were heavy—five officers and about 300 men—but the regiment had succeeded in holding during that time a most important position. As the Commander of the Division expressed it in a message to the Commander of the Brigade, "Givenchy was the most important point in the whole line held by the division," and we had held it "against overwhelming odds and successive attacks by the enemy." The regiment was afterwards addressed on parade by the Commander of the Brigade, who thanked the officers and men for their "splendid behaviour at Givenchy," and for saving "what was becoming a very serious situation." The Commander of the Division also addressed the regiment, and referred to their "magnificent piece of work," about which, "in my report to higher authorities, I could only use the term 'gallant Manchesters.'" He said that "at that period the village of Givenchy was the most important point in the whole British line," and told the regiment that they were "a very brave set of men."

Capt. Creagh was the son of Brigade-Surgeon William Creagh, M.D., of Grangewood Lodge, Lullington, Burton-on-Trent. He entered the Army in 1899, and had served through the S. African War, including the defence of Ladysmith. He had been home on short leave a few days before his death.

R.I.P.

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LIEUT. EDWARD J. CORMAC-WALSHE (1904),  
2nd Batt. The Leinster Regiment.

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Since our last issue we have received the portrait of Lieut. Cormac-Walshe which we reproduce here,



*Photo by]*

*[London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.*

**Captain HUGH C. H. O'BRIEN, Royal Munster Fusiliers.**

**Born, November 19th, 1880. O.S., 1896.**

**Killed in action near La Bassée, France, December 22nd, 1914.**

together with details, drawn from our previous notice and some additional information.

Lieut. E. Cormac-Walshe was badly wounded about nine miles from Lille. He had been previously for two weeks in the fighting line on the Aisne. In the action in which he was wounded his regiment were directed to hold some trenches at all costs against vastly superior numbers. On October 21st a strong force of the enemy developed a surprise attack on the thin British line, with the result that the Leinsters suffered heavily, two captains being killed and Lieut. Cormac-Walshe mortally wounded in the head.

A brother officer invalided home from the front writes: "Lieut. Cormac-Walshe frequently took risks. He was fatally wounded under the following circumstances: He had left the trenches with some men to locate the German guns, and was shot down in the course of this reconnaissance. His men could not remove him till dark, so they covered him with blankets and left him where he fell. There he lay unconscious for 18 hours before they could get him away. The nurse at the hospital in Boulogne told me that he was unconscious when he arrived there."

He lingered for some days in hospital and was visited by his relatives, but scarcely regained consciousness enough to recognise them before he passed away on November 5.

His father received the following letters from the Colonel of his regiment:

*October 26th, 1914.*

It is with the greatest regret that I have to inform you that your son was wounded during an attack on the position of the enemy. He was gallantly leading his men at the time. He was severely wounded in the head and removed that night to the dressing station. I am extremely sorry to have lost his services, for he was proving himself to be a most capable officer and I can only hope that he will be returned to us as soon as possible.

From the same:

*November 5th.*

It is with the greatest regret that I have to inform you of the death of your son. He died at 9 a.m. this morning at Boulogne 13th General Hospital.

He is very much regretted by all of us, officers and men. He had the makings of an excellent officer, and was liked by all.

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CAPT. HUGH C. H. O'BRIEN, *Royal Munster Fus.*

*Born Nov. 19th, 1880. O.S., 1896. Killed in action near La Bassée, France, Dec. 22nd, 1914.*

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Capt. O'Brien, who was the son of Lt.-Col. Henry O'Brien, R.A.M.C., had seen much active service since he joined the Army, in 1900, being gazetted Lieut. in 1903, and Captain in 1910. He served in South Africa from 1899—1902, taking part in the campaigns of the Transvaal, Orange River, and Cape Colony, and, as his Queen's medal with four clasps testifies, he was present at some of the principal battles of the war.

Later in India he served through the Mohmund Expedition, N.W. Frontier, in 1908, when he was Brigade signalling officer. For this campaign he received the medal and clasp.

The following details of his last fight and death are taken from the letter of an Army Chaplain to his father, who kindly placed it at our disposal, together with a photograph, which we reproduce. The writer records the attachment felt for Capt. O'Brien by his men, who felt his loss keenly. The expedition which led to the fight in which he fell started on the night of December 20th, and marched all Sunday night. After a brief rest the march was resumed on Monday morning, and on that evening the Battalion was ordered to charge an important position. Here the Battalion greatly distinguished itself for hard fighting. A private in Capt. O'Brien's Company tells how it came about: Some trenches had been evacuated by the Indian troops and the order came to retake them at all costs. During the charge Capt. O'Brien was seen continually urging on his men, repeating: "Now Munsters, this is your time to get back a bit of your own." He was wounded first in the left side, while advancing over practically open ground, the only cover being mangold furrows, where they got what cover they could. Capt. O'Brien was always to the front cheering on his men, and it

was as he knelt for a temporary protection that he was hit by a bullet in the left side. Then he lay down and called for someone to dress his wound. He was still full of dash and spirit, and kept calling out : "Go on, Munsters ; now is your time ; get back your own."

Another officer now came to his rescue, and began to dress his wound. At this time the Munsters were suffering severely as they advanced in face of a heavy fire from the enemy's machine guns and shrapnel. While his wound was being dressed Capt. O'Brien and the officer who was attending to his wound were both killed instantaneously by a shrapnel, which burst right over them.

Both were buried near the spot where they fell. Capt. O'Brien's death was deeply felt, both by his brother officers and his men.

The Catholic Chaplain of the regiment bore testimony of his high regard for Captain O'Brien as a loyal and kindly friend and an excellent Catholic. As the senior Catholic officer in the Battalion he always led them to Mass on Sundays, and even on that very Sunday, on the evening of which he set out on his last march, he was in command of the Battalion during the parade to Mass.

R.I.P.

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PHILIP WALTON (1892), *Singapore Volunteer R.F.A.*

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*Killed in action at Singapore on February 19th, 1915.*

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The casualty lists of the Singapore mutiny, published on February 24th, contain among the killed the name of Philip Walton. A telegram previously received by his relatives announced his death on February 19th. The Colonial Office reported that in consequence of jealousy over promotions a portion of the *5th Indian Light Infantry* mutinied, causing a serious riot, which the local and neighbouring forces, together with landing parties from the fleet, assisted in quelling.

It was while fighting the mutineers in the ranks of one of these local forces, the *Singapore Volunteer Artillery*, that Philip Walton fell.

As the news reaches us when going to press, we have no space for more than a brief record of his

death, deferring till our next issue a fuller account of his career. For the last year or so he had been practising as a barrister in Singapore, where he was becoming well-known, and had made many friends. He was a son of the late Mr. Justice Walton, and was one of eight brothers educated at Stonyhurst.

R.I.P.

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#### FRENCH JESUITS AT THE FRONT.

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With acknowledgements to the *Etudes*, where a fuller form of this account has appeared.

. . . Fr. Gilbert de Gironde, one of the 21 young priests of the Society of Jesus who have, up to date (December 7th) fallen on the field of battle, belonged to a noble family of Toulouse and was ordained priest on August 2nd of last year in Belgium. That same evening he left for his barracks at Montpellier, without even being able to say his first Mass. There were no trains ; he crossed the frontier on foot. Though in the special reserve, he obtained leave to start at once for the firing line. From the outset, it can without exaggeration be declared that he breathed the very air of heroism. His extraordinary courage, not alone in actual fighting, but in perilous and lonely night reconnoitring when courage finds no outside stimulus and the bravest feel the chill neighbourhood of death, created a kind of aureole, a myth, about him. His cheerful temper, his spirit of faith, his unselfishness, his unlimited self-devotion made him dear and respected to and by all ; from the colonel to the last of the privates, everybody knew and honoured and admired him. Promoted successively to be corporal, sergeant, and lieutenant, he remained superior to all promotion : he had not sought it, though it served the purposes of his apostolate. He constituted, as a superior official said of him, a kind of "palladium" (Mascot, we less classic English folk would say) for the regiment. In the last few weeks in Flanders he appropriated, in addition, the more dangerous details of the ambulance work. He would go off alone, find out just where the wounded had fallen, offer them his priestly services, and come back able to indicate exactly where the sufferers lay, thus saving endless labour and peril to the rescue parties.

On December 7th, 1914, eve of the Immaculate Conception, near Kruystraet, Lt. de Gironde was told that two men had remained, severely wounded, in a trench constantly exposed to the enemy's fire. He ran to them, knelt down to help and to absolve them, and there, in the exercise of the highest charity one man can give another, was mortally wounded. He died on his knees, being aged thirty-three years.

Corporal Malridan, a priest of the diocese of Mende, was near a communication trench, one end of which the Germans had seized. They were only 100 yards from us and almost immediately two of our communication men were struck by their bullets. I was dragging the worst wounded to another trench when he was hit again in the skull—his head was leaning on my left shoulder and was shattered. I called out to Abbé Malridan: "Come quick; Forrestier is dying." He hurried up and began the absolution. He too was hit, and the bullet, entering by the left side, made its way out at the right shoulder. He collapsed on the brink of the trench. I jumped up to him. He was just finishing: "*In Nomine Patris et Fili et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.*" "You're sure you are hit?" I cried, catching him in my arms. "Oh, yes; get me down into the trench quickly; I want to give a general absolution." He did so, and then turned his thoughts to his own soul. "My God. . . I adore Thee. . . ." Those were his last words. His eyes clouded. But he lived for an hour and a half, looking at me from time to time very gently. I was weeping myself, to see so white a soul passing from us, just when there was so much work for a priest to do, and he the last surviving priest amongst us. . . . Over our heads the shells were bursting, slicing clean through the trunks of trees still standing, shattering the surface of the pools. In the hurricane of lead all I could do was to hold the dying man up in my arms to prevent his sliding to the bottom of the deep water which almost filled the trench. In the evening, when things seemed quieter, four of the ambulance came to pick up the corpses. They hoisted Fr. Malridan out of the trench on to the brink, but the Germans had sighted them, and two were killed out of hand. It was impossible to

stay there, and the priest was left lying in his cloak of mud. . . ."

" . . . . The Midnight Mass was to take place in the barn. It was a frosty night and the moon was glorious. As midnight approached the shells burst nearer and more loud, announcing Christmas Day. By a quarter to twelve the altar was prepared. It rested upon straw, and two men held it steady. I was up to the knees in straw myself. In the shadowy barn old memories were astir, with their visions of the cribs in Christmas churches long ago, when these men were boys and knelt there with their mothers and sisters; or later, when they took their own children to their first Midnight Mass. . . And from further still, returned the thought of Bethlehem and the stable and the straw. "*Minuit Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle où l'Homme Dieu descendit parmi nous.*" He came anew and the barn was itself Bethlehem. *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, sang the angels to the shepherds. "And on earth, Peace . . ." Well, with the Communion that I went giving, stumbling through the straw, some manner of peace came too.

#### DONATIONS.

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations:—

##### TO THE MUSEUM:

The following early 19th century military accoutrements:—

Two (11th Hussars') dress swords;  
Lancers' belts and caps, dress and undress;  
Hessian boots; *presented by Miss Eva Boynton.*

Piece of German shell used in the bombardment of Scarborough; *presented by the Rev. C. Nicholson, S.J.*

## CURRENT EVENTS.

A dirge was held in the College Church on January 18th, at 8-30 p.m., for Ronald Waters, and a solemn Requiem Mass was sung next morning for the repose of his soul. He left us only at the end of last term. His death was due to pneumonia, supervening on an operation on his leg, which was performed in London. All the boys were present both at the dirge and at the Requiem. We offer our sincerest condolences to his bereaved family.

### NEW STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN SODALITY CHAPEL.

Visitors to the Sodality Chapel will have noticed the new stained-glass windows added on the epistle side of the chapel.

They are the work of Mr. Paul Woodroffe (1887), and exhibit some of the most pleasing characteristics of his style. The colouring is particularly rich and varied. As we hope to publish later a photograph of the windows, we will defer till then a more detailed description of them. The following is the inscription below them, indicating that they were erected in commemoration of the Centenary of the Restoration of the Society of Jesus by Old Sodalists:—

A.M.D.G. ANNO SOCIETATIS JESV PER ORBEM  
RESTITVTAE CENTESIMO  
B.V.M. SODALES H.M.P.C. DEC. MCMXIV.

Poetry Academy fell this term on Tuesday, February 9th. An account of it will be found in another column. The class adjourned for the afternoon to Preston.

The Blandyke, preceding Shrovetide, was selected for the O.T.C. Concert, followed by a one-act play, adapted from "A Straggler of '15," by Sir A. Conan Doyle (O.S., 1868). In the concert the item that deservedly elicited most applause was C. Brown's song, "My Motor Bike." It was quite a revelation, both from the vocal and histrionic points of view. The play, mounted by the Rev. R. Baines, was admirably acted throughout. R. Plissonneau's impersonation of the nonagenarian Corporal Gregory Brewster, of the *Scots' Guards*, was one of the most

powerful pieces of acting we remember to have seen on the Stonyhurst stage in recent years. His get-up alone was a masterpiece. He looked the decrepit old man to the life. Moreover, he supported the difficult task of sustaining a husky, almost whispered, utterance with unbroken consistency, and yet contrived to be well heard in spite of it.

## PROGRAMME.

### GOD SAVE THE KING.

PROLOGUE "What have I done for thee, England, my England?" ... .. Henley

CORPORAL F. VAN DER TAELEN.

SONG ... .. "Soldiers of Empire" ... A. M. Bode  
CAPTAIN N. RYAN.

SONG "My Motor Bike" C. Grey and W. Rouse  
SERGEANT E. BROWN.

CHORUS ... "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" G. F. Root  
THE KNUITS.

SONG "When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine" ... .. Darewski

LANCE-CORPORAL J. CASHMAN.

DUET "For months, and months, and months" J. Tabrar  
SERGT. M. SWENY AND LANCE-CORPL. M. C. NOLAN.

SONG ... .. "Our little Nipper" ... Chevalier  
LIEUTENANT P. J. CULLINAN.

SONG ... "Asleep in the deep" ... H. W. Petrie  
CORPORAL J. HEALY.

CHORUS ... "Listen to my tale of woe" H. T. Smith  
THE FUNNIOISITIES.

## INTERVAL.

PIANO ... .. "Popular Selections" ... ..  
DR.-SERGEANT S. PRENTICE.

ACCOMPANIST ... .. CADET G. MITCHELL.

To be followed by a SKETCH, adapted from—

"A STRAGGLER OF '15"

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

### Dramatis Personae.

CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER ("The Straggler") ...

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR R. PLISSONNEAU.

SERGEANT ARCHIE McDONALD (R.A.) ... ..  
CORPORAL B. FOX.

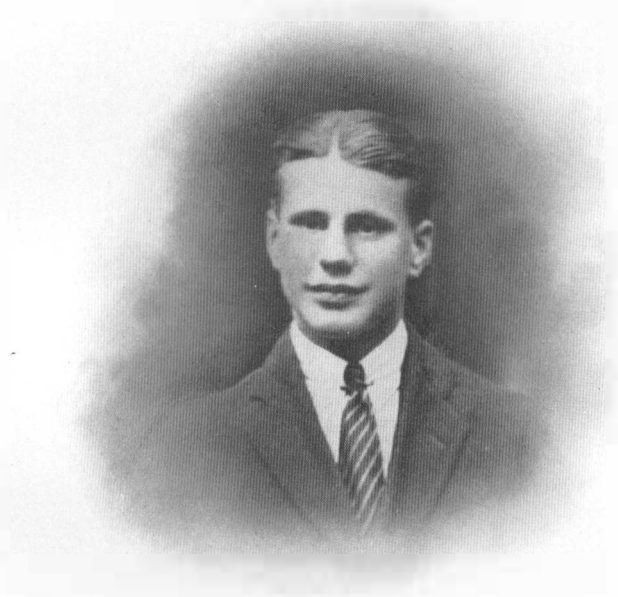
COLONEL JAMES MIDWINTER (Scots Guards) ... ..

CADET R. IRWIN.

PHILIP BREWSTER (The Corporal's Grandnephew) ...  
SERGEANT E. BROWN.

THE STONYHURST CHORUS.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



RONALD FITZGERALD WATERS,

*Born January 13th, 1898; Died December 26th, 1914.*

*R.I.P.*

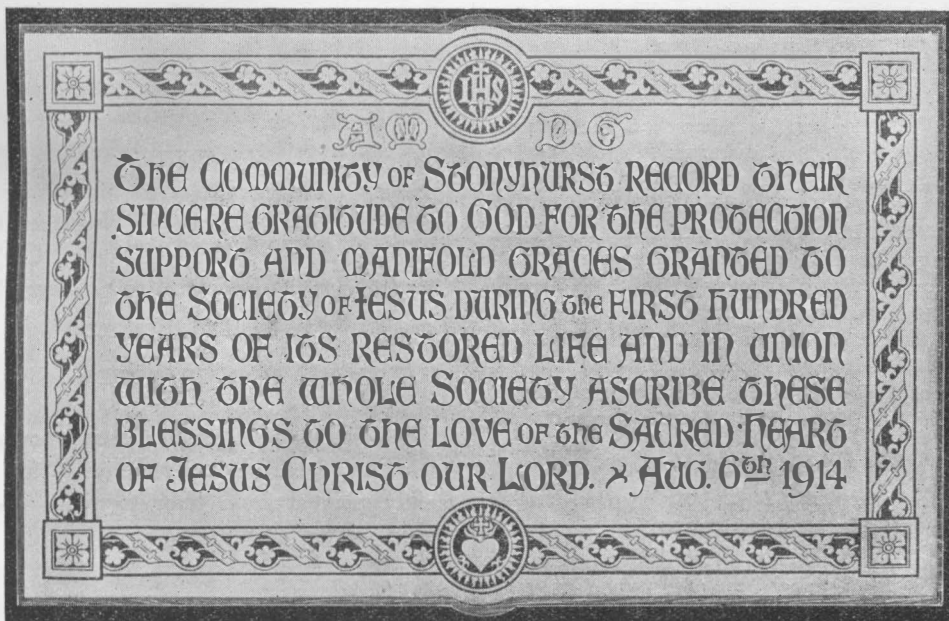


In commemoration of the Centenary of the Restoration of the Society of Jesus, a handsome brass tablet has been erected on the stone of the arch leading from the Schoolroom gallery into the Lady Statue area. We print herewith a facsimile of the plaque.

H. E. Cardinal Bourne and Mr. A. C. Benson have invited Fr. C. C. Martindale to write the authorised "Life" of the late Mgr. R. H. Benson, the distinguished preacher and novelist, who died

The Shrovetide Play this year was a revival of the "Bells." As a full critique and also a photograph of the cast will appear in our next issue, it only remains for the present to congratulate both the actors and the management on a very entertaining performance.

We hear with gratification that the *Page from the Red, White, and Blue Book*, performed here at the Rhetoric Academy, has not only been successfully acted at Stamford Hill, Beaumont, and elsewhere



last year, and doubtless Fr. Martindale would be grateful if any O.S. who is in possession of letters, etc., of Mgr. Benson's could communicate with him as soon as possible. Mgr. Benson was, of course, the son of E. W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, and brother of the two even more voluminous writers, Mr. A. C. Benson (author of "From a College Window," etc., etc.), and Mr. E. F. Benson (author of "Dodo," "Sheaves," and many other "modern" novels). Through his mother Mgr. Benson was connected with the very brilliant Sidgwick family. We wish good-fortune to the forthcoming biography.

in the South, but has been read with great appreciation at the Front by many officers, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

The Shrovetide Concert on February 14th, was uniformly successful throughout. The orchestra, reinforced by the Messrs. Sheridan and two or three other visitors, elicited well-merited applause. Encores had to be denied by the conductor after Mr. A. Chambers and Mr. J. P. Sheridan had each been conceded one, as time did not permit of any further lengthening of the programme. The duet "Excelsior," sung with great taste and expression by

Rev. Fr. Cortie and Rev. Mr. J. Rowland, was rapturously applauded. Mr. W. J. Healy, of Chester (O.S., 1896), performed some conjuring tricks by way of interlude, and interspersed them with humorous banter. Mr. J. Gudgeon's piano solo was listened to with much appreciation. The Master-Singers, who appeared on this occasion in greater force than the usual quartet, contrived to impart quite a seizable meaning to the gibberish of their Turkish chorus. J. Cashman's patriotic song was the only one with a chorus for the audience to share. The latter joined in heartily.

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

OVERTURE ... .. "Raymond" ... .. A. Thomas  
THE ORCHESTRA.

SONG ... .. "The Two Grenadiers" ... .. Schumann  
MR. A. CHAMBERS.

VIOLIN SOLO Scherzo: "Tarentelle" ... .. Wieniawski  
MR. J. P. SHERIDAN.

DUET ... .. "Excelsior" ... .. Balje  
FATHER CORTIE AND REV. J. ROWLAND.

DANCES from the Music of Henry VIII. ... .. E. German  
THE ORCHESTRA.

A FEW MAGICAL NOVELTIES ... ..  
MR. W. J. HEALY (O.S.)

PIANO SOLO "Wedding March and Dance of Elves"  
(From "A Midsummer Night's Dream")  
Mendelssohn-Liszt

MR. J. GUDGEON.

A TURKISH CHORUS ... .. Rev. A. Gils  
THE MASTER-SINGERS.

SONG AND CHORUS "Who's for the Empire?" ... .. E. Moore  
J. CASHMAN.

MARCH "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 1 ... .. E. Elgar  
THE ORCHESTRA.

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

An old servant of the College during forty years, Tom Hodson, died at Hurst Green on January 4th. He had reached the ripe old age of 75, and had for some years been living in retirement on a pension.—R.I.P.

Another veteran servant of the College, Jim Melling, passed away on February 17th, after a brief but sharp attack of pneumonia. As a young man he had worked in one of the local mills, but for the last 30 years he has been attached to the

indoor servants' staff. He will be remembered by many generations of Higher Line boys as a genial and attentive waiter in the refectory. He was buried on February 20th.

R.I.P.

Two Belgian refugees were married in the College Church on January 14th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alphonse van der Beek, C.S.S.R. Previously, on December 26th, a number of refugees from Chaigley Manor paid a visit to the College. We observe that two Belgian workmen have been employed on the servants' staff.

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EXCHANGES.

*Beaumont Review, Rossallian, Mountaineer, Raven, Downside Review, Elizabethan, Radleian, Fordham Monthly, Sphinx, Yellow Dragon, Clongownian, Oscotian, Baeda, Examiner, Month, Glasgow Observer.*

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HODDER NOTES.

We were surprised and pleased when we came back from the Christmas holidays to find Hodder freshly painted from floor to roof. The house looked smarter than ever.

A still more pleasant surprise was the new skating rink, made of solid concrete blocks, coated with cement. It is situated on the north side of the house, facing the river. It is sheltered from all winds by high walls and the buildings of the house, and a fine view of the rink and skaters can be enjoyed from the windows of the long gallery.

Unfortunately we have no roller skates yet. Perhaps some of the College boys or other kind friends will lend us some.

Mrs. Barcnas has very kindly sent us another book of cinema coupons. The best of these are on Trout Fishing, Hippopotamus Hunting, My First Cigar, etc. We all liked the trout fishing ones best

What a pity Fr. Molloy was not here to see it and explain all about it. There were big trout, middle-sized trout, and the size Fr. Molloy used to catch most of.

We have a fine club of electricians among the Hodder boys now. It makes experiments, gives shocks and charges batteries for the moderate price of a penny. It also repairs dynamos, etc. For particulars apply to J. Barcenas, president of the club. His assistants are : A. Barrow, H. Barton, E. Green, and A. Merry del Val.

Another important club is the Artists' Club, under the direction of Father King. Their hours of work are during indoor recreation, when they may be seen embroidering, making transfers, plaiting mats and painting and drawing ships and Zeppelins. The club also contains brass-workers, knitters of scarves for soldiers, photographers, and ash-tray makers. The club has not yet started a trades union.

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## OLD ALUMNI.

### GENERAL.

On January 11th the Lyceum Club gave a complimentary dinner to Father Bernard Vaughan (1859) to celebrate the publication of his book, *What of To-day?* Fr. Vaughan met with an enthusiastic reception and his speech was received with cheers.

W. P. Waddington (1907) has recently gained an open scholarship at Oriel College, Oxford.

As a result of the Indian Civil Service Examination in August last, Henry Chester Walsh (1901) has recently obtained a post in the Consular service for the Far East, and is now attached to the British Legation in Bangkok, Siam. He has consequently resigned his commission in the R.F.A., which he entered on the outbreak of the war.

We congratulate Jack Irwin (1893), who was married to Miss Lorna Harris at the Oratory, Birmingham, on January 21st, 1915.

J. Bernard Marshall (1892) is to be ordained priest on February 27th at the Collegio Beda, Rome.

Among the O.S. who have visited the College recently were : G. Ferdinand Stapleton (1889), Capt. J. Berkeley (1896), and Capt. F. Berkeley (1895), Lieut. Basil Taunton (1904), Capt. K. Cameron (1906), Lieut. A. Makepeace (1907), Lieut. A. Filose (1907), Lieut. R. Griffin (1908), and Lieut. G. O Donoghue (1909).

Father Michael King, S.J. (1869), who has been for some months serving as military chaplain at the front, writes to us from the Infantry Base Depôt, Rouen. He mentions meeting various O.S. officers and speaks of the interest taken in the Stonyhurst Magazine by those to whom he showed our Christmas number.

In January Fr. King preached in Rouen Cathedral to a crowded audience which included the Archbishop of Rouen.

The brevity of our Old Alumni notes in this section will be explained from the fact that the majority of our items of information under this heading belong to and have been relegated to the sections dealing with military news.

### IN MEMORIAM.

AMBROSE NICHOLL (1884).

Beyond the bare announcement of the death of Ambrose Nicholl, which occurred in Patagonia during the second week in January, we have no further information at present.

He had been for some years settled in Patagonia, and was to have come home in January with his wife and two children.

He had been in good health and the climate agreed with him, so the news of his death came as an unexpected shock to his relatives. R.I.P.

## RONALD WATERS.

*Born January 13th, 1898. Died December 26th, 1915.*

On returning from the holidays it was a great shock and grief to us to hear that one of our leading boys had passed away. Ronald Waters was born on January 13th, 1898, and died just a few days before his 17th birthday. When the War broke out he made up his mind to join the Army. He went up for the Woolwich Examination in November, and left us a few days before the end of the term as he wanted to have a minor operation performed so as to be quite fit for the Army. He was strong and well-built, and had represented his School at Aldershot in the Public Schools' Boxing Competition, being classed in the Welter Weights. But septic pneumonia followed on the operation, and within a few days he was called away, after having received all the last Rites of the Church.

He had been admitted into the Sodality of Our Lady on December 8th, shortly before he went home. He was a straight, manly and sensible boy, and one of whom we were all proud. If his life had been spared, he would unquestionably have turned out a splendid man. The extraordinary number of Communions offered up for him by the boys of this School are the best indication of their esteem for him. We offer his family our sincerest sympathy in their sad loss and ours.

R.I.P.

## WILLIAM KEMP (1890).

William Robert Kemp, who died at Chorlton-cum-Hardy, in December last, in his 41st year, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Kemp, of Read, in this neighbourhood.

After leaving Stonyhurst he entered a shipping firm in Manchester and went out to India for a few years. Later he and a brother were partners in the branch of the business established in this country.

As he had not been in touch with Stonyhurst for many years before his death we have been unable hitherto to supplement the rather meagre details given above.

R.I.P.

## WALTER POOLE (1870).

The death of Walter Poole occurred at Weston-super-Mare in January. He had not long before recommended himself to the prayers of the Sodality. Up to the time of writing we are without details as to his career.

R.I.P.

## THE VERY REV. CANON ALEXANDER SCULLY (1845):

Canon Scully, who died at Hospital, County Limerick, on December 26th, belonged to a family which has been well represented at Stonyhurst. The Stonyhurst Lists contain the names of no less than 12 of the family, the earliest, Edmund Scully, dating as far back as 1826.

We print below a full account of the late Canon Scully's career, taken from the *Cork Examiner* for January 2nd:—

The death of the Very Rev. Canon Alexander F. Scully, the venerable parish priest of Hospital, County Limerick, which occurred on Saturday, removes one of the most widely known and respected clerics of the historic Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly. Not alone will the people of Hospital and Herbertstown, amongst whom he laboured with fatherly zeal for twenty-eight years, mourn for him, but his demise will be regretted by clergy and laity over a vastly wider area. The late Canon Scully was sprung from an old Tipperary stock which gave several sons to the Church and to the secular professions, and who gained many distinctions and marks of public confidence. Born at Tipperary about 75 years ago, at a time when Ireland was on the eve of one of the greatest tribulations that ever fell on her people, the deceased Canon had many recollections of the hardships which he saw around him as a boy.

From a very early age the boy seemed destined for the sacred mission, and at an early age was sent to the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, where other members of the Scully family had been and were since educated. Having gone through a rather wide course of study here, and received several marks of distinction, he left Stonyhurst to complete his theological course at the great Irish College, Rome. Here he was ordained to the priesthood in 1864, at the age of 24 years.

On returning to Ireland he was appointed by Archbishop Leahy to a professorship in the Diocesan College, Thurles. Not long afterwards he became Dean of the

College, and later on its President. In all he spent over 18 years in the College, and during this term many hundreds of students were trained there for the ministry of the Church at home in Ireland and abroad in practically speaking every corner of the English-speaking world. Every one of the students who passed through his hands remembered him with feelings of the kindest regard, for to each and all of them he was ever a father and a friend. From the College he was appointed to the pastoral charge of Clerihan, and four years later was translated to Hospital. His work here will be long remembered. On coming to the parish he found the land agitation there at its height. In the Herbertstown part of the united parishes the fight was a very bitter one. The tenants were making a hard and determined fight to secure better terms from their landlords, and the latter, backed up by the landlords' combination, was not prepared to yield anything.

A Nationalist by conviction, the new parish priest was on the side of the tenants, and, a shrewd man of business, he counselled moderation, and advised an amicable settlement whenever possible. He carried out several negotiations between landlord and tenants with the greatest tact and prudence, and it can be said that wherever his advice was acted upon, as it generally was, both sides felt they had much reason to be satisfied. He did much to foster up-to-date, progressive methods amongst the agricultural community, and he early realised that if the Irish farmers were to hold their own they had got to keep up to the progress of their Danish and other competitors. He therefore advised the adoption of newer methods of dairy farming. When the Land Purchase Acts came into operation, Canon Scully worked as hard as one man could do to negotiate sales, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the occupying tenants owners of practically every sod of ground of the parishes of Hospital and Herbertstown. About the last negotiation in which he acted for the tenants was the sale of the Kenmare estate, a property which came into the hands of the ancestors of the Earl of Kenmare as far back as the last quarter of the 16th century.

To the education of the young people of the parish Canon Scully devoted special care. He established splendid convent schools and also introduced the De La Salle Order of Christian Brothers. These and all the other schools of the two parishes are second to none of their kind for efficiency. On the 19th March of last year the golden jubilee of Canon Scully was celebrated at Hospital, when not only all the people of the parish, but numbers for miles around attended to pay a tribute of regard to one who had won the esteem of all. The ceremony was attended by the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly (who presided) and a large number of the clergy of the archdiocese. On that

occasion Canon Scully was the recipient of many messages of congratulation, including letters from Mr. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Party, as well as Mr. Joseph Devlin, and other leading Irishmen. To-day they will all join with the people of Hospital and Herbertstown in mourning the death of one who did so much good work during a life which he devoted to religion and country.

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LIEUT. JOSEPH WATERTON (1906), *5th Batt. The Bedfordshire Regiment.*

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The news of the sudden death in a motor collision near Bedford, on February 19th, of one so well-known and popular at Stonyhurst as was Joe Waterton, came as a distressing shock to his many friends here. Details of the accident have not reached us as yet. It was only in September last that he stayed with us on a week's visit to the College. He loved to revisit his old School, and every year since he left College we have had the pleasure—and a very genuine pleasure it was—of welcoming him on visits to us. His singularly bright and amiable nature made him friends wherever he went, who will feel deep regret at his untimely death in his 22nd year. After completing his course at Stonyhurst, where his talents secured him a high place throughout his course, he went to Oxford, entering Christchurch. It was little more than a year since he had left the University, and shortly after the outbreak of the war he and his brothers, Charles and Edmund, obtained commissions in the *5th Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment.*

There will be no need to remind Stonyhurst men of the long connection of his family with the College, to which his great-grandfather, the famous naturalist, Charles Waterton, came in 1796, two years after its foundation.

Some of the hereditary tastes of the great naturalist were certainly discernible in his great-grandson Joe, who was very fond of birds and beasts and was in his time one of the aviary boys.

A photograph of him, seated beside his brother, both covered with owls and hawks, surrounded by jackdaws and magpies, and holding snakes in their hands appeared in our articles on the aviary in the

*Pall Mall Magazine* and in *Country Life*. Readers of the life and essays of Charles Waterton cannot fail to be struck by his sturdy piety and the strength of his religious convictions. His uncompromising attachment to his faith was an outstanding feature of his personality. This trait, too, but shorn of all the gruff old naturalist's militant aggressiveness, was noticeably present in gentler character of his great-grandson.

The knowledge of this may help to mitigate somewhat for those who feel it most, the shock caused by the suddenness of his death.

R.I.P.

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### SODALITY NOTES.

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The premature death of Ronald Waters (R.I.P.), an Old Sodalist, who only left the College last term, is a matter of deep regret to all, and especially to us who, in a way, were more intimately connected with him through the Sodality.

Our best wishes are extended to the following, who left during, or at the end of last quarter :

B. Withall.	J. Kenny.
R. Price-Jones.	P. Synnott.
F. Caryll.	R. Tuke.

To Rev. Fr. Plater we are indebted for the interesting discourse he gave us on Sunday, 17th January, dealing with the work of Catholics in the war ; to Rev. Fr. Nicholson, too, for a discourse on Sunday, 31st January, and for Mass said in our Chapel on Friday, 29th January. We all miss the old Saturday night order, when the Sodality met for office, which has had to give place to Benediction in the Church at 9 o'clock.

S. A. PRENTICE, *Prefect*.

### VARIA.

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#### MISSION WORK AT VELLANTANGAL, INDIA.

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Father T. Gavan Duffy (1902) sends to a member of the Community many interesting details concerning his mission work at Vellantangal :

" . . . The number of Communions in the past 12 months has been doubled. The schoolboys show a quite hopeful degree of zeal. . . More than once, on festivals, I have been awakened soon after four in the morning by such an uproar as made me think there was a fire ; but it was only that the little boys from the neighbouring villages had woken each other up and come running to the Church and were playing around until such a time as the lazy Father should be ready to say Mass. The second point is the satisfactory attendance of the school during the whole year—no easy matter among an agricultural population ; but I gave holidays freely whenever there was any important work in the field, the more so as I do not want the boys to get out of touch with the soil. . . . Lastly come the bricks and mortar. The new school is all but finished ; it is in use already, and capable of accommodating some 300 boys. I have hopes, with your help, of adding carpentry and ironwork classes, which will require all the space. In the course of the year I have laid the foundations of a convent (with school attached) and of a presbytery. This may seem a very simple matter if it be forgotten that there are no contractors here, nor overseers, and very few workmen. . . . I was in a hurry to secure the foundations lest events should arise to make any building impossible. With foundations laid and bricks to hand the eventual completion of the work is, humanly speaking, assured. After baking some 350,000 bricks and laying the foundations of house and convent, I called in an engineer (a brother) for advice, as to roofing, etc. Then came the events ! The war has shifted all prospects of building into the unknown. The future is in your hands. . . . 'My father is dead and my mother is alive, and that is the only sin I have committed.' This specimen of a reply in confession is worth a treatise on what it means to have



these souls in charge. Everybody knows that the Missioner has to learn the language of his people, but not everybody realises that he has also to translate theology into grunts and growls and hums and haws, and many another no less elemental form of human, or quasi-human expression. Such is the appalling difficulty of establishing a fruit-bearing contact between the tree of science and the stunted growth of a pagan soul.'

In his crowded life, does Fr. Gavan Duffy get time to feel lonely? Experience would suggest that no multiplicity of occupation can make up, all the time, for an uncomraded existence, and no amount of 'business' can hinder the 'dream' which makes its way across. During his 'miles and miles' in coracle, in bullock-cart, on horseback, and on foot, during the long hours of first and second aid, and the far, far longer hours of school-mastering, and the hours of seeming failure, does the temptation to disgust and desolation never steal upon him? Small blame indeed, should it do so. "*Coepit taedere*," is written of Gethsemani. Yet we observe that his Mission is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, whose comradeship is indefectible. On our side, let us be of those who "affectionate care" means so much to a mission priest. It is pathetic to read of the natives standing with "bated breath" round the parcels come from Europe, gaining, at least, an inkling that the missionaries are not there merely because the police are after them at home! What Father Gavan Duffy particularly wants includes: Films for a No. 1A folding Eastman Kodak, or for a No. 2A Brownie Kodak; magic lantern slides, footballs, stationery of all sorts—"the printer's devil and all his works and pòmps"; a monstrance and a chalice; a statue of St. Patrick; altar linen and vestments, pictures, and medals, *ad lib.*; rugs of any description. Dare he dream of a bicycle? of a stove? His postal address is: Rev. T. Gavan-Duffy, Vellantangal, Pennathur Post Office, Tiruvannamalai District, India. Cheques are the best form in which to send money contributions, direct, or through Messrs. Munton Morris, King, Gavan-Duffy and Co., Solicitors, Temple Chambers, London. The bank he best can deal with is the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, China, and Madras. Self-sacrifice begets

self-sacrifice. At an hour when we in England are giving of our best in money, work, and blood, we unhesitatingly add this further narrative of a mighty need with its claim and cry, confident that it will reach generous hearts this Christmas.

#### FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN'S TRIDUUM.

We print below a summary of the discourses preached by Father Bernard Vaughan on the three days preceding the celebration at Stonyhurst, on November 6th, of the Centenary of the Restoration of the Society of Jesus.

These notes were unavoidably held over from our last issue.

We are glad to hear that Fr. Bernard Vaughan is coming to Stonyhurst again in Holy Week, when, at the invitation of Fr. Rector, he will preach the Passion Sermon on Good Friday.

Father Vaughan's inspiring discourses in preparation for the celebration of the Centenary of the Restored Society were very much appreciated by the large congregations, whose attention he arrested and held in his grip.

In his first discourse the preacher drew pictures of Ignatius of Logola as he was before and after his great call from God. In early life, said Father Vaughan, their soldier-saint was inspired by the motto: "The greater glory of king and his country"; later, he lifted that motto to a higher plane, when it became "the greater glory of God and His Church." Father Vaughan told how God got hold of His servant when the world had no use for him—when he was a broken soldier. God did not hit a man when he was down, but on the contrary, lifted him up, and the lever which in this instance He made use of being a pious story-book. Alas! more people had been ruined by bad than helped by good books. Many a Catholic boy had died of spiritual blood-poisoning through the microbes of a rotten book. In the measure in which uplifting Catholic literature fell into disrepute in that same measure there was dropped the secrets of true Christian sanctity. When a man lost sight of God with his heroes and heroines he lost all sense of true proportion.

The preacher exhorted his hearers to follow, if even at a distance, in the footsteps of the soldier-saint, and to swing along the road he had trod to heaven, inspired by his vitalizing watchword: "The greater glory of God."

Father Vaughan's second discourse referred to our Blessed Lady, Queen of the Society of Jesus. He



pointed to her as the Great Artist's Masterpiece. He drew attention to this about her, namely: that while none of the great Imperial ladies of Her day would have ventured to prophesy that the memory of them would be cherished by a subsequent generation, She, on the contrary—a village maiden—did not hesitate to proclaim that all generations not only would be mindful of Her, but would call Her the blessed, the happy Virgin Mother. With rare exceptions, no one was remembered because no one was wanted, no one was missed, because another filled the lost one's place.

With great driving force the preacher insisted that Our Lady's happiness was made up of two factors, which he wanted each one of his hearers to weave into the strong texture of their virile lives. The only recipe for true happiness while we stood before the footlights of this shifting scene called the world was to be found in the words of the magnificat: "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." If he, the preacher, or any of his hearers, had come to know God as his Creator only, he might well be simply overwhelmed by His tremendous greatness, but knowing God as they did as their Saviour they were overwhelmed, on the contrary, by God's tremendous love. His Divine Might and Love were such that if a sinner's faults were big as the Matterhorn itself He could and did forgive them as easily and readily as if they were tiny as the grains of sand at its base.

The preacher wanted priest and people alike never to cease rejoicing with their Blessed Mother because of the altogether enchanting fact that they had a God who was their Saviour.

In his third discourse, the preacher warned more especially the rising generation before him that they were fast approaching to cross roads in life when some of them would have closely to study the finger post at the turnings. Of the two ways one would be the Catholic road to Heaven, the other the Modernists' way to Hell. With Loyola giving the lead, no Stonyhurst boy could go far wrong. Showing up the worthlessness of Modernism as a way-faring religion, Father Vaughan exhorted his hearers to be loyal to Christ, and to be true to the Church as the highest expression of His Will. No matter what might be their vocation in life, whether to wear his Majesty's uniform by sea or by land, or to plead in court in cap and gown, or to create wants and supply them from some commercial centre, no matter what the individual's calling might be, let him forget never that God needed his services, and that He had come all the way from Heaven to enlist them. From Heaven came the cry which had been borrowed during these war-days: "Your King and country need you." The preacher said that as an old Stonyhurst boy he sometimes felt dreadfully humiliated and ashamed to think that not more boys from his

school had received from God a call to become one of His own fighting men in the Church militant. He had a right to expect more recruits as secular priests, or religious to the one or other of the Great Orders, or Congregation in the Church. He could not help thinking that perhaps one reason for the dearth of vocations among the youth of to-day was the fact that they were not wildly enthusiastic about Jesus Christ. No one who had been once touched by His magnetic personality could resist offering himself as a follower in the service of his Captain King. That was his recruiting night, and in the name of his Commander-in-Chief he shouted for all he was worth: Christ, your King, needs you; enlist to-day for the war which can only end with life.

Father Vaughan concluded his stirring appeal with pleading with the boys before him to offer themselves in their daily communions to serve God readily and gladly in whatever vocation they could best promote His greater glory. If Christ, their Saviour-King did not draw more recruits to His colours from Catholic schools, it was time for them to be asking, what was the painful reason of it?

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#### THE GILCHRIST LECTURES.

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Since our last issue Father Cortie has delivered two series of Gilchrist Lectures in South Wales, at Cwmgorse, Blaenavon, and Cwmbach, and in E. Lancashire, at Farnworth, Radcliffe, and Rawtenstall, to crowded audiences, in spite of the incidence of the war and the badness of the weather. His subjects were: "The Formation of the Sun and Stars," and "The Sun's Surface and Envelopes."

A Gilchrist course of lectures is also being delivered this winter at Clitheroe. Among the lecturers is Sir Bertram Windle, the President and Professor of Archæology at University College, Cork, whom we had the pleasure of entertaining at Stonyhurst on the occasion of his lecture on February 12th, on "The study of Primitive Man."

Father Cortie also lectured at Beverley to the Literary and Scientific Society on January 19th, on "Shooting Stars," and on January 24th to the Accrington Discussion Class on the "Solar Eclipse Expedition to Sweden." The room was simply packed, so that the doors had to be closed, and no more admitted. This reminds us of an occasion when a celebrated Gilchrist lecturer, the late Sir Robert Ball, was trying to force his way into a crowded hall



STONYHURST PRIZE CATTLE,

*Preston Show, Christmas, 1914.*

Bull, 1st Prize. West Highland Cattle: (1) First Prize; (2) Second Prize; (3) Third Prize.

to deliver his lecture. He was stopped by the man at the door. "But I must get in," said Sir Robert, "I'm the lecturer." "No, no," said the ticket collector, "that won't do; two others have tried that game on already."

### ECLIPSE OBSERVATIONS.

#### FATHER CORTIE'S EXPERIENCES.

From *The Morning Post* for December 12th.

At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society at Burlington House yesterday, it was announced that the complete discussion of the eclipse observations would be held at the January meeting, but as Father Cortie, of Stonyhurst, would then be absent, his observations would be submitted in advance. It may be remembered that he was forbidden to carry out his intention of proceeding to Kieff by the Russian Government, so that he had to make hurried arrangements to go to Hernösand, in Sweden, and thereby escaped the disappointment that was suddenly sprung upon the rest of the Kieff party by the outbreak of war. He gave a racy account of his experiences, describing how one of his instruments was compounded of parts coming not only from Stonyhurst, but also from the College of Science, South Kensington, from Cambridge Solar Observatory, from the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from the Joint Permanent Eclipse Committee of the Royal Society, and the Royal Astronomical Society, and from the Royal Irish Academy. He complained of the irregular rate of the clock-driven cœlost, caused by the drop in temperature during the eclipse, and announced his intention of using a motor instead of a clock next time. He rejoiced in his good fortune in the matter of weather, as it was fine only on two of the days of his stay, one of which was the eclipse day. One of his observations is believed to be unique, photographing a spark spectrum of iron for comparison on the actual eclipse spectrogram during the eclipse, which enabled him to identify exceedingly faint lines in the eclipse spectrum which would probably have escaped notice otherwise, especially as the green coronium line which was expected to be bright was almost invisible. He considered that the lines indicated were shown as flutings, which is another novelty.

### THE LAUGHING JOKER.

He that laughs at his ain joke spill's the sport o't.  
*Scotch Proverb.*

### DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM.

An appreciation of the Play on December 8th, and a photograph of the actors appear in this number.

W. Barrow and P. Anderson are now at Sandhurst; T. Trappes-Lomax is with his regiment at the front.

We learn with the deepest regret that T. Spencer, who was Senior Philosopher last year, and was gazetted Flight Sub-Lieutenant only a few weeks ago, is reported missing after the great air raid on February 17th. He had the qualities of an ideal aviator—keen, full of pluck, and with an instinct for practical mechanics. We trust that it is not yet necessary to put the worst construction upon the official report.

New arrivals this term are Messrs. Chaudoir, S. and J. Verwilghen, and L. Coen.

G. Pastré, writing "*sur une botte de paille, éclairé par une bougie*," says that he is safe and well after some exciting experiences, and promises to revisit Stonyhurst on his way home from Berlin.

The Retreat, which began on January 29th, was given by Fr. Martindale, to whom we wish to express our grateful thanks.

On Sunday, 21st, the first Debate of the Term was held. The Motion, proposed by Mr. Williams, deprecated the taking of reprisals by the Allies, when they enter German territory, for the atrocities committed by the enemy, and was carried by nine votes to eight.

A smoking concert was held on February 24th. Space forbids us to do more than record that it was very pleasant and successful.

Circumstances, not the least among which are the far-reaching and complicated effects of the war, have forced us to sell our horse and to dispense with the services of Ted Holden, in whose charge he was. The effect upon the condition of the golf links will, no doubt, be considerable as the spring comes on, and no rolling can be done. But there was no alternative.

## POETRY ACADEMY.

It is always something of a disadvantage to the Poets that they cannot occupy the stage on their Academy, which coincides regularly with immediate preparations for the Shrovetide theatricals. The audience can, therefore, more readily condone a performance in which the more severely classical, or at least scholastic element predominates. Not but what on this occasion there was some scope given to elocutionary talent.

H. Westwood spoke the Prologue in a clear and sympathetic voice. With further experience he will no doubt become a little less angular in his gestures. The theme of the Prologue was one calculated to appeal to all hearers and was handled with delicacy and restraint. The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" exhibited P. Flinn in a new rôle. Hitherto we have been familiar with him as the tapster's servant or the rollicking butlerman. Perhaps the consciousness that he had to correct the impression that he was out for a burlesque weighed somewhat upon him—an impression his make-shift attire of brown holland, with a large rent in the flappet, did something to intensify. Indeed, it was hard not to join in the involuntary smile that flickered for a moment over Portia's face when confronted with a Shylock wearing so quaint a gabardine, and armed with what looked like a bread knife. Macsherry, as Portia, spoke with a sparkling and easy familiarity. The remaining actors were not sufficiently alive to the importance of by-play. The first part concluded with a declamation by E. Healy of the famous passage from Plato's Apology, in which Socrates forecasts his immortality. The audience would have been much helped towards an idea of the meaning, had the speaker made more of his facial expression, especially of his eyes.

In the second part, after Hamilton had enunciated the well-known lines, "*Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera*, etc.," various members of the Class recited translations in various languages from the Old Testament, or Milton's "*Paradise Lost*." The experiment displayed the polyglot equipment of the Class. There was Hebrew, Anglo-Saxon, French,

Spanish, and German. Strangely enough, to judge by the applause, the Hebrew and Anglo-Saxon seemed to appeal most to the audience. Van der Taelen brought the performance to an end with a pleasing and graceful recitation of Tennyson's "*Ode on the Death of Wellington*."

The orchestral pieces, if somewhat familiar, were remarkable for more than usual chasteness of execution. The ballad was sung by the choir with much pathos.

The following is the programme :

OVERTURE ... "Si J'étais Roi" ... A. Adam  
THE ORCHESTRA.

### *Pars Prior.*

Prologum (in memoriam M. Dease, V.C.) ... H. WESTWOOD.  
pronuntiabit ...

Scenam ex	(Duke ... R. BIGELOW.
"Merchant of Venice"	Portia ... D. MACSHERRY.
Agent.	Shylock ... P. FLINN.
	Antonio ... L. UNSWORTH.
	Bassanio... B. KIRKBRIDE.
	Gratiano... J. PASQUAL.

Quaedam ex Apologia Socratis pronuntiabit : E. HEALY.

INTERLUDE ... "Bacchanale" P. de Zulweta (O.S.)  
THE ORCHESTRA.

### *Pars Altera.*

Ex Aeneide VI. quaedam pronuntiabit : C. HAMILTON.

Eadem Anglicè reddita, leget ... J. KENNEDY.

Versiculos quosdam variè	(R. BIGELOW.
reddent	J. CASTIELLO.
	M. DEL RIO.
	C. HAMILTON.
	E. HEALY.

Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington  
(Tennyson) pronuntiabit : F. VAN DER TAELEN.

GLEE ... "On the banks of Allan Water" ...  
THE CHOIR.

## A CHILLY DAY.

Begor there's a step-mother's breath in the air.—  
JOYCE. *English as we speak it in Ireland.*

## THE PHILOSOPHERS' PLAY,

December 8th.

"HOME, SWEET HOME"—WITH VARIATIONS.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine* has already alluded to the generous action of the Philosophers in stepping forward to fill the lamentable gap left upon Dec. 1st by the collapse of the traditional Grammar Play. Their generosity is the more highly appreciated now that we have seen their official play, and can judge of the additional labour *Arcades Ambo* exacted of their small numbers. We cordially thank them for their public spirit.

"Home, Sweet Home" is an old-fashioned piece, full of the situations which delighted our uncles in their teens. It begins, as so often, with a case of mistaken identity, and ends, obedient to Aristotle, with a recognition. William Dott, Mr. Brayshaw's butler, lets his master's house, during the latter's absence, to a certain Mr. Brinklow and his son. Mr. Brinklow is, as a matter of fact, Mr. Brayshaw's brother-in-law, but has never met him, having been severely held aloof owing to his sanctimonious manner, which offends the master of the house. The result is that when Brinklow encounters Dott he is able, according to stage conventions, to mistake him for Brayshaw; Dott has no objection, and plays up to his unexpected part, which involves his explaining away Matilda, his wife, for Mr. Brayshaw is a widower. Complications arise when Mr. Brayshaw unexpectedly (though you could have prophesied it) returns, and has, in his turn, to be explained away. Brayshaw has anarchists on the brain and takes Brinklow for one, being himself taken, if I remember aright, for a mad butler, as Dott asserts him to be; Mr. Kenyon, an amiable young man, floats on and off the scene, one doesn't quite know why, and adds a final confusion to the situation by deducing, à la amateur Sherlock Holmes, an uncanny number of false conclusions from the confessedly bewildering evidence. A paragraph in a paper accidentally left (would you not have guessed it? but here, Aristotle would have been righteously severe) upon the parlour table, brings this card-

castle of *malentendus* tumbling to the floor, and the play ends in mutual amity and a cheque of £1,000 for the deserving poor; whereof Mr. Brinklow undertakes the distribution.

The honours of the play must be, we think, divided between Mr. Barrow and Mr. Sellier. Mr. Barrow made a quite charming Matilda, and his behaviour and general appearance were so youthful as to make his hair look, not grey and middle-aged but powdered; added to this, his ample silk skirts, his lace apron and fichu, his little cap, his historical bracelet showing below short sleeves, gave him a kind of Lady Teazle-ish air, which was at once fascinating and quite comic. It was a pity he had so little to do, and that his part entered in no integral way into the plot. Mr. Sellier proved himself a genuine actor; intonations startlingly reminiscent of real life found their way into his voice; he was able to adhere to the mannerism he assumed and yet not lack variety; his drunken scene was preternaturally accurate in detail and reflects great credit on his coaching. It was in this scene that Mr. Keegan, who shared it, achieved his great success. The episode of the Broken Bottle (oh, hair-restorer in this case; Brayshaw made him sit upon it, and so on) was no more convincing than that of the Suppressed Sneeze, which, true to the spirit of the '80's, had at last to be sneezed from behind the curtain by the secreted Mr. Brayshaw. But endless fun was extracted from the whole period during which Mr. Sellier and Mr. Keegan sat side by side, hands up, terrorised by the householder, who believes them anarchists. Both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Bolton made all that could be made of two ungrateful parts; we congratulate them sincerely and not without sympathy; it must be galling to feel, as they must have felt, that the changed sex of Adolphus, played by Mr. Anderson, rendered a great deal of what they had to do all but meaningless. Once more, we venture on a plea that plays be not thus de-humanized. It is too hard on the actor, and no sentimentality need be feared from what would in any case be palpably absurd. Mr. Sidley displayed immense animation and perhaps too robust a temperament in the part of Mr. Brayshaw; he, however, threw himself into his part with a vigour beyond all praise.



So, too, did Mr. Williams, the butler, whose archaic smile, however, grew a trifle rigid. But, without any false flattery, it may be said that there was no actor who did not contribute, with much good-tempered energy and no little skill, to the success of an unusually successful evening. Let us add but one independent criticism which reached us: "I think we like a knock-about farce best while it is going on, but after it's over and you try to remember it you find you preferred a real play." We offer these wise words for the reflection of all responsible persons.

#### CHARACTERS :

MR. BRAYSHAW (a bachelor) ...	MR. M. SIDLEY
MR. DANIEL BRINKLOW (his brother-in-law) ... ..	MR. C. SELIER
WILLIAM DOTT (his butler) ...	MR. G. WILLIAMS
JIM KENYON (of no occupation) ...	MR. E. BOLTON
MR. PETER CLEGG (of King and Clegg, Solicitors) ... ..	MR. D. KEEGAN
MATILDA (Dott's wife) ... ..	MR. W. BARROW
ADOLPHUS (Mr. Brinklow's son)	MR. P. ANDERSON

SCENE : Sitting Room in Mr. Brayshaw's House.

### FROM A STATE TRIAL

The usher called for silence in the crowded court, and the clerk addressed the prisoner in the dock.

"Bethmann-Hollweg, you are indicted for that you, in or about the month of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, did feloniously and maliciously conspire with one Wilhelm, an emperor, and divers other persons, to provoke most grievous bloodshed, to violate the land of a neighbouring people, and to commit wicked outrages upon their persons and property, against the peace of Christendom, its freedom and prosperity. Are you so guilty or not guilty?"

After a momentary hesitation, the prisoner answered in a guttural voice, "Not guilty."

The case for the prosecution having been opened, a number of witnesses were called to prove that the prisoner's conduct during July, and for more than a year previously, had been of a most suspicious

character, and that these suspicions had been confirmed by the cynical declarations and acts of himself and his associates during the early days of the following month, all these acts and declarations pointing to a deliberate conspiracy to bring about the appalling crimes charged in the indictment. As the tale of hypocrisy was unfolded, and merged into a recital of the hideous crimes against humanity which followed upon the heels of the hypocritical professions, the atmosphere of the Court seemed to grow oppressive, and a feeling of relief was manifested when the story of the wrong-doing and its hateful sequel was completed.

The case for the prosecution was then closed, and the judge asked whether the prisoner would go into the witness-box to give evidence on his own behalf. The strained and anxious mien which the prisoner had exhibited throughout the proceedings was now succeeded by a look of consternation, which deepened when counsel for the defence replied that he would certainly put his client into the box forthwith. Pulling himself together, however, he left the dock and entered the witness-box; and the change of position, combined with the reassuring words and accents of his counsel in commencing the examination, seemed to restore the prisoner to a calm and momentarily almost cheerful demeanour.

"Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg," began his counsel, "you are the Chancellor of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany and of the German Empire, which is, I understand, the true descendant and successor of the Holy Roman Empire?"

"That is so."

"Your eminent qualifications for that great office have been so amply recognised in every Chancellery in Europe that I need not recount them now?"

The witness bowed a smiling assent.

"I may say, shortly, that your constant endeavour has been to uphold and extend the greatness of the German Empire, knowing, as you did, that it was the divinely appointed ruler and saviour of the world?"

"German Kultur —" began the witness.

"Yes, of course. Just a moment. There was only one other subject more dear to your heart, and that of your August Master, than the greatness of your



PHILOSOPHERS' PLAY, 1914—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

*Standing:* KENYON (Mr. E. Bolton), ADOLPHUS BRINKLOW (Mr. P. Anderson).

*Sitting:* BRAYSHAW (Mr. M. Sidley), DOTT (Mr. G. Williams), MATILDA DOTT (Mr. W. Barrow), DANIEL BRINKLOW (Mr. C. Sellier), CLEGG (Mr. D. Keegan).



Empire; and that was the maintenance of the world's peace?"

The depression which had obviously been weighing down the witness was palpably lifted at this question, and his face was almost smiling as he replied: "Of course. Only our detractors and enemies have ever thought otherwise. The rest know how well his All-Highest Majesty has earned the title he has been graciously pleased to confer upon himself—that of the Peace Emperor."

"It is not true to say that the great German Army and the great German Navy and the myriads of German agents scattered through all countries were ever intended to disturb the world's peace?"

"Stupidly untrue! We were only making peace certain by preparing for war. Every schoolboy learns that."

"And your efforts to preserve peace were redoubled when the trouble, of which, of course, you had no prevision, arose between Austria and her little barbarian neighbour?"

"Our efforts were stupendous. Only German thoroughness could have been equal to them. A dozen times a day, when our artful enemies made propositions for settling the quarrel, I assured them, while proving that their propositions were unacceptable, that our dearest wish was for peace. The All-Highest lived at the telegraph office composing beautiful peace messages. We mob——"

"But in spite of all, like 'hyenas in the night,' as your beautiful writer Dr. Mueller has expressed it, your implacable enemies fell upon you?"

The witness gazed upward, his emotions having evidently choked his utterance.

"And the sword, having thus, in the Emperor's words, been forced into your hands, you have taken up the challenge in defence of home and liberty, and waged war gallantly like Christian gentlemen?"

"Yes, that is very beautiful and very true, except that I ought to explain that the word 'gentleman' has now been officially expunged in Germany, and the All-Highest has not yet had time to devise a substitute."

"Thank you, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg."

The prisoner was about to descend the steps when counsel for the prosecution rose to cross-examine.

"Just one or two questions before you go. Ever heard of a place called Belgium, Bethmann-Hollweg?"

The witness's face assumed the blank expression occasionally noticed in diplomatic circles. On the question being repeated, he knitted his brows, and after a moment's thought said:

"Ah! yes; an insignificant country on the west of our Empire; its barbarous inhabitants maltreated our gallant German soldiers when they passed through it. I thought it had ceased to exist."

At this point the Judge interposed. "I would warn the witness that ill-timed levity will not do him any good."

The witness apologised and the cross-examination was resumed.

"Your soldiers invaded this little country?"

"We found it necessary to pass through, and the churlish inhabitants raised difficulties."

"But it was their country, not yours?"

"We promised them that if they would make no disturbance we would give it back to them when the war was over."

"Did you promise in writing?"

"No; it was a verbal promise; but the word of the German Empire is as good as its bond."

"Will you look at that (handing up a document to the witness). That is a bond, is it not?"

"This scrap of paper——"

THE JUDGE: "I must again warn the witness about foolish levity of manner."

"What is that document, sir?"

"It appears to be some sort of guarantee."

"Of what?"

"Of the neutrality of Belgium."

"Read the names of the guarantors."

"Great Britain. Ach! that we should have been deceived by that perfidious people. For twenty minutes I harangued their ambassador concerning their iniquity. I appealed to their well-known sordid instincts. I asked him if they had thought of the price they would have to pay for breaking with the kindred nation which desired nothing better than to be friends. And was not England planning to violate Belgium's neutrality? Was she not waiting behind her white cliffs with a great army ready to

fall upon us? Did not our brave soldiers, when they made their proud and beautiful entry into Brussels, rummage through the archives of the Belgian Foreign Office and find papers shewing that already, three years before, England had determined to throw troops into Belgium without the assent of the Belgian Government?"

"Are you aware that the British Foreign Secretary declares that statement to be absolutely false?" (The witness made a motion of impatience). "Are you aware that all that the German housebreakers found were notes of conversations between Belgian and British officers as to the help which Great Britain could give, and was bound to give, towards the defence of Belgium if her territory should be violated?"

The witness made no answer.

"Are there any more signatures?"

"Ah, yes; France. And we knew—for our absolutely unimpeachable spies had told us—that France had planned to attack us across Belgium. So much for *their* honour!"

"Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the British Foreign Minister had obtained a positive assurance from the French Government that France would not violate the Belgian frontier, and had communicated that assurance to you."

"Is the word of perfidious French and British Ministers to be weighed against the information of trusty German spies?"

"Did France violate the Belgian frontier in 1870, when her army was hemmed against it, and might have saved itself by breaking across?"

"I do not bother my head with history."

"Is your country's signature attached to that guarantee?"

"I have already complained to an American journalist that England ought really to cease harping on this theme of Belgian neutrality. I find the subject extremely distasteful."

"I appreciate your feelings. Let us get to another document. Perhaps you would rather discuss the Hague Convention? The representative of your Empire signed that document also?"

"We felt it wise to make concessions to the prevalent sentimentalism."

"That is as recently as 1907?"

"Yes."

"So its contents will be fresh in your memory. Do you remember Article 22: 'Belligerents have not got an unlimited right as to the choice of means of injuring the enemy?'"

"War is war. The All-Highest has declared that the policy of frightfulness is necessary as the herald of German Kultur—a sort of birth-pang, you know."

(The witness smiled, apparently regarding this answer as an agreeable pleasantry.)

"Just listen to this, Bethmann-Hollweg. 'It is particularly forbidden to destroy or seize enemy property unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war.' Your Government agreed to that prohibition. Here is another: 'It is forbidden to abandon a city or locality to pillage, even when taken by assault.' Will you explain how this tallies with the sack of Louvain, and the looting of houses in most of the districts through which your armies passed?"

"I do not presume to criticise the acts of their Imperial and Serene Highnesses. As exponents of German Kultur they admire jewels; they rightly abhor the meretricious culture of Louvain."

"Let me draw your attention to the first article of the first chapter of the Convention: 'Naval forces are forbidden to bombard ports, cities, villages, habitations or towns which are not defended.' How have you observed that prohibition?"

"If you refer to the well-known fortifications of Scarborough—"

"The torpedoing of a hospital ship is scarcely allowed by the Hague Convention?"

"Our gallant submarine officers must catch a ship when they can. It is not always easy."

"You have more recently affected to blockade the high seas all round the United Kingdom?"

"We have with infinite regret been forced to take that course."

"But you know that it is a first principle of international law that a blockade is only permissible when it is effective?"

"International law needs amendment in many particulars."

"Your action, besides being ridiculous and illegal, exposes neutral seamen and passengers to destruction?"

"Mines, unfortunately, cannot distinguish between neutrals and combatants. Even German science cannot endow them with that sense."

"You are by occupation a Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. A Chancellor, in the old English phrase, is the keeper of the King's conscience."

"I am an over-worked man."

"And your other functions?"

"I have laboured hard as a peacemaker. To that, as I told the British Ambassador at our final, painful interview, I have devoted myself since my accession to office. But for British machinations, peace would have been preserved."

"Let us follow your peace-making efforts. In 1913 you took measures largely to increase your already huge army?"

"We had to prepare for possible enemies, and to back up General von Bernhardt's noble panegyric on war."

"In the same year you egged on Austria to prepare to fall upon Serbia—though you knew Russia could not stand that."

"We did not believe the Muscovite barbarians would fight."

"It was with your approval that Austria sent to Serbia, in July, 1914, a series of arrogant demands which you thought Serbia could not accept, as it would mean the abdication of her independence. Did your efforts to make peace include a request to Austria to moderate her demands?"

"It is the German custom, when dealing with small peoples, to take a strong line."

"When Serbia, acting on her protectress Russia's desire for peace, accepted practically all these outrageous proposals, did you then urge Austria to be content?"

"I was very busy with other matters."

"When Sir Edward Grey proposed a joint conference of Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, to discover a way out of the threatening complications, what reply, as a peacemaker, did you give?"

"I said I could not fall in with the suggestion.

But I was careful to add that I desired to co-operate for the maintenance of peace."

"It was only the form of the proposal to which you objected?"

"Yes. One might put it that way."

"Then did not Sir Edward Grey ask you to choose your own form, and he and the other Powers would agree?"

"I believe he did."

"And did you choose a form which would be acceptable to yourself?"

"No. Austria and Russia began direct negotiations with each other about that time."

"How did you smooth the way of those negotiations?"

"We told the Russian Government that we should mobilize, if Russia did not stop her military preparations."

"But her preparations were not against Germany?"

"No; they were against Austria."

"But Austria had mobilized first?"

"It is well to lose no time in these matters."

"After that Russia assured you that if Austria would declare herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum such points as violated the sovereign rights of Serbia she (Russia) would stop her military preparations. What did you reply?"

"Impossible."

"And what was your next step to preserve peace?"

"We gave the Russians twelve hours in which to demobilize."

"Was that to assist the direct discussions between Austria and Russia?"

No answer.

"What did you do next?"

"Declared war on Russia."

"Why?"

"To help Austria, our dear ally."

"But Austria and Russia were still at peace."

The witness did not answer.

"Bethmann-Hollweg, tell me of one effort which you made to preserve peace?"

"I said over and over again that peace was my dearest wish."

"While you secretly completed your preparations for war, knowing the others were not ready. Tell me of one effort made by the other Powers to secure peace which you did not reject, or make Austria reject, or in some way bring to nought."

The witness made no answer.

"Had you not, in the spring of last year, determined to force on a war in the summer, and made all your military and financial preparations accordingly?"

The witness did not answer.

The jury, without retiring, found the prisoner guilty, and sentence was deferred.

As the prisoner was removed below to the cells he was heard to mutter: "They fell upon us like hyenas in the night; like hyenas in the night."

ERNEST WILLIAMS.

## THE NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE FALKLANDS ISLANDS AND THE DOGGER BANK.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1901).

Strategy has been defined as "the ability to arrange a superior force and to confront your enemy with it at the decisive moment." The term "a superior force" does not always imply an advantage in mere numbers; it can also mean a superior "quality of force." Otherwise, if advantage in numbers was inseparable from superiority, the definition could not be reconciled with those historical examples where the smaller force has won. Battle is a "trial by ordeal," and the superior force wins. Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar was inferior in numbers to his enemy's force. But it was undoubtedly superior because it won handsomely by being better in quality and being better used in tactics.

What is the difference between strategy and tactics? Strategy arranges forces, tactics applies them in battle. All the movements made by two opposing fleets out of sight of each other are strategical dispositions. Tactics are the movements made when

they are in sight of one another. For the successful conclusion of a naval war there must be good strategy and good tactics. The best strategy can be ruined by bad tactics, e.g., an admiral, by superior strategical dispositions brings thirty battleships against his enemy's twenty-five, but loses the battle by being out-manœuvred in tactics. Sometimes superior tactics can atone for inferior strategy.

In the two naval actions of the Falklands Islands and the Dogger Bank, the common tactical feature is that they were both running fights. Both sides steamed more or less on parallel courses, and there was no elaborate manœuvring like at the Battle of Tsushima. One side wished to escape action, the other desired to bring about a fight. Now, the aim of the pursuers in these cases is to cripple the last ships of the flying enemy. If this is effected, the retreating admiral must take his choice between two courses: (1) to stand by his disabled ships and fight for their rescue, thus giving his pursuers their desired object, a general engagement; or (2) to abandon his crippled vessels in the rear and make good his escape with the rest of his forces. Hipper, at the Dogger Bank, took the second course, and left the *Blucher* to be sunk by his pursuers.

When "general chase" is ordered, the pursuing vessels cannot keep up any rigid formation; the fastest ships forge to the front. There is a danger that they may get so far ahead that the retreating enemy can turn on the leading ships in chase and crush them before their slower ships can come up to support the head of the column. The slower ships may also be delayed by having to sink the ships abandoned by the enemy, for their own fastest consorts ahead must keep in touch with their quarry and not stop to sink any enemy vessels that are disabled. An admiral in pursuit must not allow his forces to become so scattered that his rear cannot support the van in case the enemy turns to engage. His control of his squadron becomes more difficult from the liability of ships in chase to "string out" over a long line. In the two naval battles under review, the British admirals led the chase in fast and powerful battle-cruisers, the best situation for

controlling their movements in case the enemy turned on the leading ships. Hotham, in the partial fleet action of July 13th, 1795, flew his flag in the slowest vessel under his command. He fell back eight miles to the rear in a general chase and called off his ships ahead. They were in no danger, but he was losing the command of his forces by falling so far behind. Hotham was an indifferent commander, lacking vigorous initiative, and even had he been well forward, he would probably have shown the same feebleness in his tactics.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLANDS ISLANDS, December 8th, 1914.

Before describing the Battle of the Falklands, it is necessary that some brief description should be given of the events that led up to the battle, since they are antecedents that produced the result—the extinction of German naval forces in extra-European waters.

At the outbreak of war, the German squadron in the Far East consisted of the following ships: two fairly powerful and modern cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, the light cruisers *Emden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nurnberg*, an old torpedo-boat destroyer, and various small gunboats used on the large Chinese rivers. The two big armoured cruisers were known to be remarkably good gunnery ships; they had invariably secured a position somewhere near the top of the German shooting returns. This force, under the command of Admiral Graf von Spee, was based at Tsing-tao in the German concession of Kiaochau. The German admiral evidently realised that the ultimate reduction of his base was more or less certain. If he remained there, the naval forces of his enemies' fleets would be concentrated on him, and he would be "contained" in his harbour by strict blockade. When the base fell his fleet would fall into the enemy's hands also. He was placed in too dangerous a proximity to the navy of a powerful hostile state—Japan. All these events would be a parallel to the fate of the Russian squadron at Port Arthur. Spee therefore resolved to transfer his forces to another sphere of action where he would have larger chances of success. He detached the

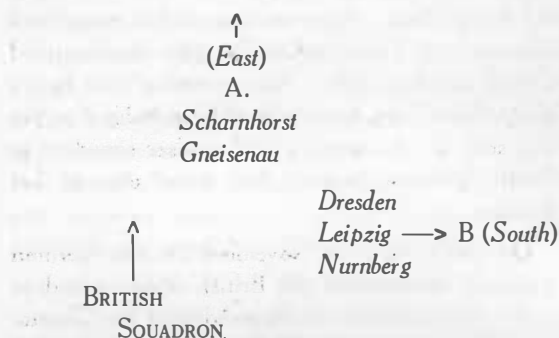
*Emden* from his command for the purpose of preying on the trade routes. It is possible that, in doing this, he had another object in view beside mere commerce destruction, *viz.*, the focussing of enemy cruisers on the *Emden* so as to lessen the chances of being located on passage to South America. Once well into the Pacific, there would be less chance of being hunted down by light cruisers and brought to action, say, by the big Japanese battle-cruisers of the *Kongo* class. Spee made good his escape and appeared off Tahiti, where he sank the unarmed French gun-boat *Zelee*. On account of von Spee's escape from Tsing-tao, the British battleship *Canopus* was sent to reinforce a British cruiser squadron in South American waters, but never effected her junction.

On the evening of November 1st the German squadron encountered this British cruiser squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, off the Chilian coast. The action was won by the German ships, and von Spee thus secured a local command of the sea in South American waters. In the five weeks that elapsed between this engagement and that of the Falklands Islands, the Germans seem to have been engaged in collecting ships and men for their projected seizure of a base at Port Stanley. Possibly they may have heard that the survivors of the Coronel action were there and intended to destroy them at the same time. The German admiral appeared to the south of the Falklands Islands on the morning of December 8th, and at half-past nine von Spee must have known that his course was run, for there emerged from Port Stanley the squat and hideous hulls of two great British battle-cruisers.

The chase lasted till about 12-56 p.m., when the two *Invincibles* opened fire at long range.\* Spee, up till this moment, had kept his forces together. His two rear ships were weak units (*Dresden* and *Nurnberg*) that would be rapidly disabled by

\* At the moment of writing the promised Official Despatches describing this action and that of the Dogger Bank have not been published. The general accounts of these two engagements are based on the despatches already published and the versions and maps given in the Press by British officers and men.

the 12-inch guns of the British battle-cruisers. If he retained these two ships, he would have to take the two alternatives described above: (1) standing by them and fighting for their rescue, or (2) abandoning them to his pursuers. As they were a source of weakness, he resolved to split his forces, sending the light cruisers (B) southwards, while he continued westwards with his two armoured cruisers (A), thus:—



The British Admiral (Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B.) then divided his forces also: *Kent*, *Glasgow*, and *Cornwall* following *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nurnberg*, while the *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Carnarvon* continued east in chase of *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. The main action between the two eastward portions of the fleets finished at six o'clock, when von Spee's two armoured cruisers had sunk, shattered beyond recognition by the 12-inch shells of the two *Invincibles*. As for the minor southern actions, *Nurnberg* sank about 7-30 p.m., after being engaged with the *Kent*; *Glasgow* and *Cornwall* sank the *Leipzig* at a quarter past nine in the evening. The *Dresden* made good her escape.

As a strategist, von Spee showed considerable ability. He effected his escape from Tsing-tao in a capable manner, and caused, directly and indirectly three diversions in his enemy's dispositions: (1) by making use of the *Emden* for covering his movements to South America by diversion of hostile cruisers; (2) by causing the *Canopus* to be detached for a junction which he forestalled; and (3) by reducing our North Sea forces, by the despatch of the *Invincible* and *Inflexible*. The third diversion he probably never attempted, but he did bring it

about, though unintentionally, and to his ruin. Against Cradock, he produced "a superior force at the decisive moment" and secured his victory, both strategically and tactically. But he failed on the question of bases. Leaving Tsing-tao to escape destruction, he tried to seize an extempore base in the Falklands Islands as a *point d'appui* where he could easily transfer his forces either into the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans. He could not be watched from an interior position at Cape Horn since that region is notorious for fogs and storms,\* which make it a difficult station to keep. Bases are vitally essential to the efficient maintenance of any fleet. Spee found that his squadron was no exception to this rule. And so he went to the chief strategical point in South American waters, where a superior force had been concentrated, and thus met his end.

The British concentration at the Falklands Islands presents a splendid example of strategy. The German admiral had collected his ships and was then "confronted" by a superior British squadron at the decisive moment. Strategy here was surprise, surprise entailed secrecy, and the three S's: Strategy, Surprise, Secrecy finally crushed German naval operations in extra-European waters.

#### THE DOGGER BANK ACTION, January 24th, 1915.

Soon after daybreak British destroyer flotillas, led by the light cruisers *Aurora* and *Arethusa* came into contact with similar types of German warships acting as a scouting screen for a squadron of four large German cruisers. Some fighting took place, including a twelve-minutes' duel between the *Aurora* and *Kolberg* without much material damage to either combatant. Both sides withdrew to the support of their battle-cruisers as their opponents' main forces came up. On sighting Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty's squadron, the German commander, Vice-Admiral Hipper (*Seydlitz*) retreated at full speed towards Heligoland. About 9 a.m. the

\* It is very rare for Cape Horn itself to be sighted owing to fog. There are very few photos of the actual headland in existence.



rear ship, *Blucher*, came under fire and received severe damage. Hipper took the alternative of abandoning her rather than fighting his pursuers for her rescue. The *Blucher* sank about half-past twelve, after having been twice torpedoed either by the *Arethusa* or *Meteor*. The reason given for the breaking off of the action by the British ships was the presence of German mine-fields and submarines. Two German battle-cruisers that escaped received the direst punishment from British gunfire. On the British side, the flagship *Lion* received damage in the bows and the flag was transferred first to the destroyer *Acheron*, and later to the *Princess Royal*. The *Lion* returned home in tow of the *Indomitable*, under a strong and numerous escort of warships.

Such then are the main features of the first naval battle between warships of the Dreadnought species during this war. The accepted version of this action is that the Germans were caught in the act of attempting another raid on our East Coast towns, and that they received a salutary and well-merited punishment from Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's ships. The more one examines the time details of the battle the more one becomes convinced that a raid was *not* the true motive of the German sortie. In the Scarborough raid they used a certain combination of circumstances that gave the largest chances of success. At the Dogger Bank fight nearly all these circumstances that would have caused a repetition of the successful raiding movements used at Scarborough were missing. The two cases turn on the four points of (a), distance; (b), speed; (c), time; and (d), cover afforded to movements by night hours or fog. We can first take the case of the descent made on the Yorkshire coastal towns of Scarborough, Whitby, and the Hartlepoons. The distance to be traversed (a) was about 300 miles, and the average speed of the German cruisers (b) was about 25 knots. The distance divided by the speed gives us the resultant time in transit (c) of twelve hours. The German cruisers left their base at the hour on the preceding evening corresponding to the time of their arrival (*i.e.*, about 7 to 8 p.m.), and their advance was covered during the twelve hours by darkness (d), whilst fog masked their re-

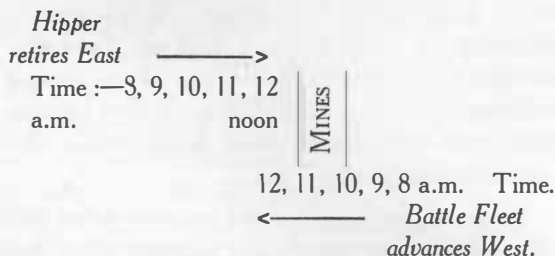
treat to their own coast during the twelve hours spent in their return. The fog was not entirely a fortuitous circumstance, but probably anticipated.\*

Hipper was supposed to have been intent on a similar performance when discovered by the British scouts on the morning of January 24th last. His supposed objective point on our coast can be assumed to be Yarmouth, since it is the nearest English town to the German naval bases. In the Scarborough Raid, the German cruisers appeared off the Yorkshire coast about seven or eight o'clock in the morning; Hipper was located about the same time. But Hipper was only 130 miles from Heligoland and had *five hours more steaming in broad daylight and clear weather before he arrived at Yarmouth*. Can this be reconciled with the motive of the preceding raid—a sudden descent on coastal towns covered by the night hours? The position he was found at indicates the fact that he left his base about 2 a.m. in the middle of the night. Had he seriously intended a raid he could have started five hours earlier, at 9 p.m. on the preceding evening, and thus masked his movements during the night hours as he did at Scarborough. At the time of discovery he ought to have been off Yarmouth, whereas he was found only half-way. From internal evidence, based on published facts, the time, position that attended the Dogger Bank action totally discount the idea of any "raid."

What was the motive of the German sortie, and why did they run away? The German retreat is a peculiar incident when one remembers the "hammer-and-tongs" fighting advocated by German naval writers before the war, the supposed super-efficiency of German gunnery and the quality of their battle-cruisers, each of which was acclaimed as a "wunderschiff." The numerical British advantage amounted to one ship; in actual quality of the units there was no such disparity presented as that between von Spee's two *Scharnhorsts* and

\* Meteorology has been developed into a branch of military science by the Germans. It has been used by them during the war for making concentrations of forces under cover of fog. The German explanation that the loss of one of their Zeppelins on the Danish coast last February was due to the suspension of weather reports from Iceland is quite sound.

Sturdee's two *Invincibles*. The most probable explanation is that Hipper ran away because he was ordered to and his squadron was some kind of "bait" in a much larger series of operations that were never carried out. One German explanation of his flight is that the British ships were to be enticed towards the German mine-fields and submarines. No official German report is entirely untrue; there is a large amount of mendacity in them, but there is always some true statement made that can be pointed to as a proof of general veracity on the principle of *ex uno, disce omnes*. The German version of Hipper acting as "bait" is very possibly true, but not the whole truth. The "trap" was evidently a much more elaborate affair than a mere mine-field, and worked out on some system of carefully timed strategy. The result would be that when the pursuers and pursued arrived at the mined area the Germans would "produce a superior force at the decisive moment." This "superior force" must have been the German High Seas Fleet near Heligoland, which was to advance west as Hipper retired east, the "timed strategy" being something like this:



At 12 noon the German and British battle-cruisers would be at the position of the upper 12, the German Battle Fleet at the lower 12 moving towards the upper 11 so as to catch the British ships near the mines and cut off the British line of retreat. Thus the Germans would produce a "superior force at the decisive moment." This conjecture as to the German plan of strategy is not wholly hypothetical; it is based on certain facts that all point to one conclusion, *i.e.*, that Hipper was "bait" for a bigger force of German battleships.

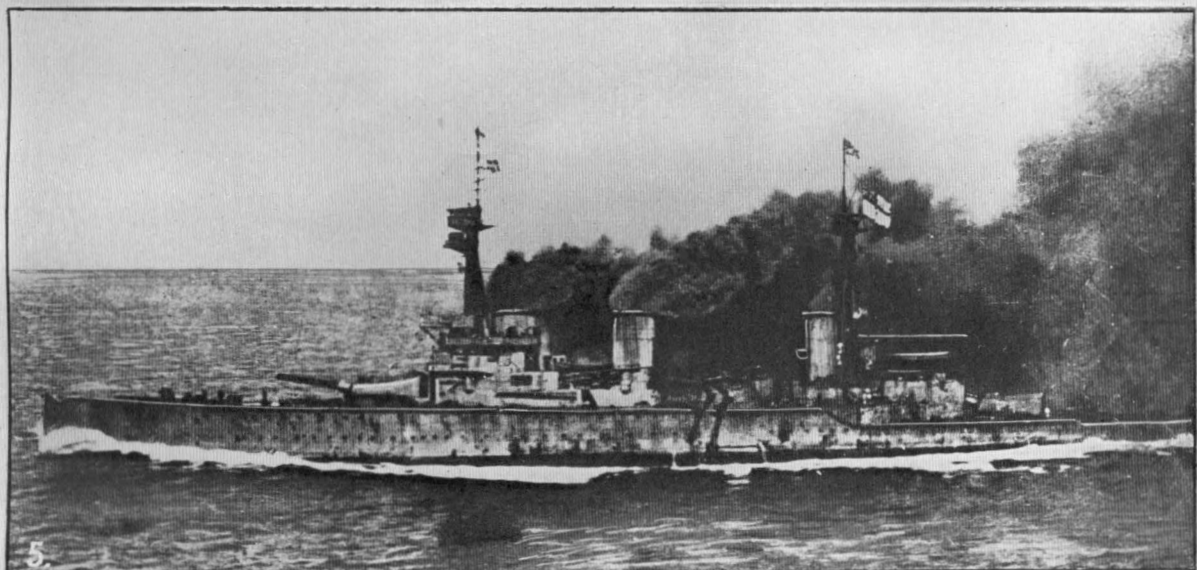
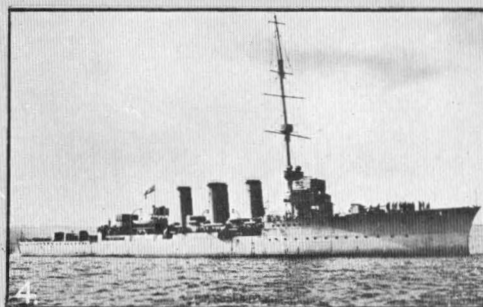
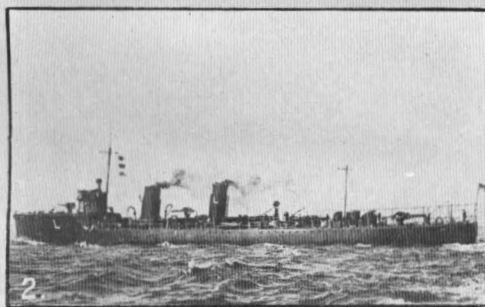
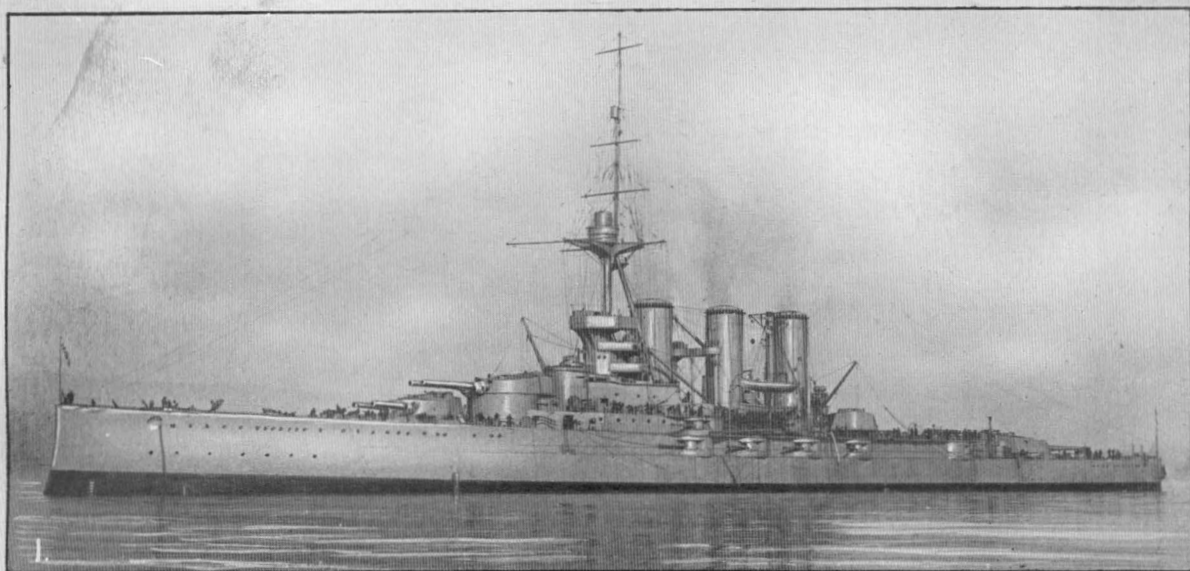
The whole German system of "timed strategy" evidently failed because the British battle-cruisers steamed at such a phenomenal speed that they

totally falsified the German anticipations as to their positions on the time-distance scale. Hipper was to have kept his squadron just without range as an alluring bait. Instead, he found British battle-cruisers overhauling him at 30—31 knots, closing the range on his rear unit, the *Blucher*, and hammering his ships by accurate shooting at enormous ranges. Hipper escaped by the skin of his teeth after abandoning the *Blucher* to her fate; he caught a tartar with a vengeance. The First Lord's tribute to the engine-room performances of the British battle-cruisers was more fully merited than generally known, for the steaming of these ships upset the whole of the German plans.

The second factor that evidently wrecked the German scheme was that Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty was supported by some great concentration of British ships that never came on the scene—a force so powerful that the Germans did not dare to avenge the loss of the *Blucher* by attacking the disabled *Lion*. Had the Germans attempted to produce their battle-fleet against Sir David Beatty at the decisive moment, we would, in our turn, have produced a *supreme force* and thus brought about the one event that the Germans wish to avoid, namely, a great fleet action that would decide the main naval issue and give us unchallenged command of the sea.\* The German Battle Fleet never came into action, but retreated to Heligoland, leaving Hipper unsupported to extricate himself. Possibly the German mine-field was also intended to act as a barrier behind which Hipper could retire in case he got badly punished. It certainly saved two of his ships from total destruction.

If the above reconstruction approximates to actual conditions, the real triumph was that we judged the Germans' plans to a nicety, did a seemingly foolish thing by taking Hipper as "bait" and brought total ruin to the German scheme of operations. The German battle-cruisers ran away for some ulterior object that was never attained. Whatever plan the

\* It is a remarkable and significant fact that, immediately after the Dogger Bank action, the German Admiral von Koester made a speech stating that the German Fleet had no chances of winning an action against the whole British Grand Fleet.



### THE NAVAL BATTLES OF THE FALKLANDS ISLANDS AND THE DOGGER BANK.

1. H.M.S. "TIGER."—The largest warship in the British Navy. This new battle-cruiser took a prominent part in the Dogger Bank action on January 24th, when she attained a remarkable speed, developing over 100,000 H.P. (Photo. Robertson, Gourrock.)
2. H.M.S. "LIBERTY."—This destroyer has been engaged in nearly every action in the North Sea with distinction. Half of her officers have been decorated for distinguished conduct during the war.
3. *Ave atque vale!*—The German Admiral, Graf von Spee, being received by the German Colony, Valparaiso, after the sinking of the "Good Hope" and "Monmouth."
4. H.M.S. "AURORA."—Was engaged early on the morning of January 24th with the German Cruiser "Kolberg." The famous "Arethusa" is a sister ship to the "Aurora." (Photo. Abrahams, Devonport.)
5. H.M.S. "INVINCIBLE" (Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B.) at full speed in chase of von Spee's Squadron. The two fore 12-inch guns are elevated for long-range firing on the retreating enemy. (Photo. by courtesy of the "Daily Mirror.")

Germans attempted, it was a strategical fiasco. They lost the *Blucher*, a ship they could least spare from their depleted cruiser forces; they could still less afford the loss of prestige caused by Hipper's retreat that resulted in nothing, and therefore appears like bolting in sheer panic. It was a strategical and tactical victory for the British forces. Hence the attempts made by the German Admiralty to conceal their mistakes behind the mythical "sinking of the *Tiger*," bolstered up by the stories of "eye-witness on the destroyer *V-5*." Cradock fought and sank; Hipper ran away, effected nothing but survived. Cradock did uphold morale, Hipper extinguished what little prestige was left to German naval forces, therefore his retreat was a moral disaster.

Strategy and tactics taken together represent the application of forces at command, and it is by "superior application" that the winner secures his aim. Germany has not displayed any form of "superior application." Her attempt at the Dogger Bank action, was an utter and unqualified failure. By such examples of "frightfulness" as the Scarborough raid she hopes to undermine our morale by intimidation. But, in the Dogger Bank action we shattered her morale more completely than if we had used debased strategy and bombarded German towns like Scarborough ten times over. And Germany now begins to realise her mistake. The real and most terrible form of "frightfulness" is being held within the grip of a relentless, invisible and overwhelming power such as that exerted by her hated enemy, Great Britain, through naval command of the seas.

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#### PUNCTUALITY AND NEATNESS.

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Let every scholar repair to schoole before eight o'clock in a morning, or in case of weaknesse, before nine; and let him come fairly washed, neatly combed, and handsomly clad, and by commending his cleannesse and shewing it with his fellows, make him take a pleasure betimes of himself to go neat and comely in his clothes.

HOOLE. *The Art of Teaching Schoole*. (1660).

## WHAT WILL BE WANTED.

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BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

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What the public will want—and presumably get—when the war is over is agitating the minds of many social philosophers. An article in a desperately serious organ suggests the coming of an era of Wholesomeness. Bread and butter, Smiles's Self-Help, Vegetarianism, Low Heels, the Jolly Young Waterman, George Washington, Milk and Soda and—and all that sort of thing will be the fashion. There will be no more ragtime, no more appendicitis, no more tango, no more new movements, no more cocktails, and no more Reinhardt. The public will not be in the mood for them. All that anybody will care twopence about will be just Virtue and Kindness of Heart. This, as the up-to-date social philosopher points out, must seriously affect the character of the new books and plays. A specimen of the sort of serial story which it may be imagined the public will want is appended for the guidance of young authors.

#### CHAPTER CXVIII. of "*Just Like Geoffrey*."

The old squire stood by the butter milk vat filling horns of the liquid for his perspiring gardeners. Not to be outdone in generosity the grateful men presented him with beautiful buttonholes. The scene was sufficiently affecting to bring a lump to the throat. But alas! There was an under-current of sadness.

"He'll come back, sir, he'll come back," said one of the gardeners reassuringly, but the old squire shook his head.

"I have hope, my good men, because that is enjoined upon us. But there! What are the chances? However, he will find me ready if he does return." He looked fondly in the direction of the stables where the fatted calf was fattening just as it had done now for nigh on twenty-four years. For it was twenty-three years to the day since Geoffrey Trepolpen had turned his back on home (and All That Home Means).

When the buttermilk was finished the little party sauntered down to the shore of the lake. Nature was

in her most affable mood. The trees were nodding to each other and the grass was growing closer and closer together. It seemed to the squire indeed hard that he alone should be unhappy and his son the only scapegrace left in the world. Seated on the bank he drew from his pocket the money wherewith to pay the gardeners for the work they were never expected to do—and didn't. Not to be outdone in generosity, the good gardeners flung their wages into the waters of the mere, each with a loud laugh. Tears came into the squire's eyes as he embraced his faithful retainers. There was a beautiful red sunset.

Now from away in the distance came the humming of an automobile and many hoots from the motor-horn.

"Listen," said the squire, "the cuckoo."

They fell to talking of how earlier and earlier the feckless harbinger of spring came to these shores, and so animated was the conversation that none of them heard the noise of approaching footsteps. Yet in a few moments—a few moments after they didn't hear the approaching footsteps, of course—Geoffrey Trepolpen was in his father's arms.

#### CHAPTER CXIX.

The Squire held his son close to his breast, whereupon the gardeners all sang an old English air in unison. Everything had come right after all, and it was just like Geoffrey to return unannounced. The Squire took his son off his breast and led him up to the hall. Here stood Geoffrey's fine car and his luggage, eighteen leathern cabin trunks and a wooden case labelled: "Husks; keep dry." Again the Squire embraced his son, the gardeners embracing each other. Then the proud old man went indoors for an axe.

*Copy of a telegram sent at this stage by editor to author: "He musn't kill the calf—the public won't stand it—what are you going to do?"*

*Copy of reply sent by author to editor: "What else can I do? He can't sacrifice a stick of celery."*

*Copy of second telegram sent by editor to author: "Don't send any more. Serial will be finished in this office."*

#### CHAPTER CXX.

The Squire made his way to the stables. He smiled as he felt the edge of his trusty weapon. The fatted calf was still in its stall. No one could have moved it if they had dared. When the Squire saw his old favourite he brandished his axe at it and the wide-eyed creature uttered a brisk "moo."

"Before the war," said the Squire, "I would have sacrificed you, my beautiful bullock; but now, now the spirit is different." With these words he cut off his own head. Not to be outdone in generosity Geoffrey and the gardeners committed suicide the same evening.

FINIS.

*Our Next Serial.*

*Editorial Announcement.*

To-morrow we shall publish the opening chapters of  
"HOW HETTIE HELPED."

*The Story of a Stenographer, by a New Author.*

Some idea of the attractiveness of this thrilling tale may be gathered from the headings of the opening chapters:

Chapter 1: "Say, Kiddo, who's the new peach?"

Chapter 2: "Miss Mervilees, you're wanted in the Office."

Chapter 3: "I don't care if you are the governor's son."

Chapter 4: "Do you know where Hector P. Shaw spends his evenings?"

Chapter 5: "It can't be me; it's the whisky that's talking."

Chapter 6: "Hector P. Shaw, did you ever have a mother?"

Chapter 7: "Get on the 'phone and ring up the Yard."

Chapter 8: "Get out of my path, Hector P. Shaw."

Chapter 9: "Mr. B. has offered me a lift in his motor."

Chapter 10: "The initials blazed up at her. They were H.P.S."

You can't afford to miss it. Apart from its thrills it inculcates a beautiful moral lesson. Begin it—and BE BETTER!



## FOOTBALL.

### STONYHURST SECOND XI. v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIERS.

*December 3rd, 1914.*

Prentice, winning the toss, decided to play with the wind. The opening stages were marked by the furious raids made by both sets of forwards, but there was very little combined effort, and as a consequence the defences triumphed.

Smith and d'Abadie were conspicuous for individual play, but they had no luck with their shots. A. Kirkwood, of St. Francis Xavier's, who was playing brilliant football, was frequently frustrated by Hooper, who was also playing a splendid game. Numerous corners were gained by both sides, but the wind rendered accurate placing of the ball very difficult. After eighteen minutes' play Callaghan dribbled through and scored from close quarters with an excellent shot. Immediately after the kick-off Tenner brought the ball along the wing and missed the goal only by a very narrow margin. Stonyhurst were now striving hard for a goal, and eventually French, who had changed places with Tayler, on account of an injury which the latter player had sustained, scored with a beautiful shot from well outside the penalty area.

Stonyhurst were now doing most of the attacking, and Tobin, who had previously come near the mark from a corner kick, scored, the ball touching Mann on its course into the net. Delany made several excellent attempts to equalise, but the Stonyhurst full-backs were quite safe. Half-time:

*Stonyhurst, 2; St. Francis Xaviers, 1.*

On the resumption of play it was observed that Kirkbride had come right half-back, in the place of Tayler, who was almost totally incapacitated. It was soon apparent that the Second XI. had a decidedly difficult task in front of them, since they held a lead of only one goal, and had now to play against the wind.

The forwards showed much better control over the ball than they had done in the earlier portion of the match, and one or two concerted movements almost met with success. However, after a lapse of about seven minutes of the second half a corner was conceded; the ball was accurately placed by Tenner and Callaghan hustled it into the net. The Stonyhurst defence fought determinedly to stave off defeat, but the continual pressure exerted by the visitors was too great.

Unsworth made several dashes along the wing and put across some magnificent centres, but the inside forwards were not in a deadly mood. About twelve minutes from the end Drew scored from the touch line, the ball passing over the goal-keeper's head. The shot appeared to be a very simple one, but Gradwell mis-

judged the flight of the ball. Strenuous efforts were made to gain equality, and on one occasion Unsworth hit the cross-bar, but the Second XI. were doomed to be defeated. Full time:

*St. Francis Xaviers, 3; Stonyhurst, 2.*

Despite the fact that the Second XI. were defeated one must not judge them too severely. They were without their captain, Brown, and for the greater part of the match they had only ten sound players. I consider that their defence was quite as good as that of their opponents, though possibly the visiting full-backs proved more resourceful.

A particular word of praise is due to French, who throughout the game played effective and robust football. His one fault, the fault in fact of all the half-backs on view, was that they failed to pass the ball to their forwards along the ground, though possibly the wind was mainly responsible for this defect.

The Stonyhurst forwards were individually good, but their combination was very weak. A. Kirkwood was undoubtedly the best forward on the field. Smith and Unsworth were the pick of the Stonyhurst quintet.

Appended are the teams:

STONYHURST.—Goal: Gradwell; Full-Backs: Prentice, Hooper; Half-Backs: French, Tayler, Allanson; Forwards: Unsworth, Tobin, Smith, d'Abadie, Kirkbride.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.—Goal: Keaton; Full-Backs: Mann, Birchall; Half-Backs: Geoghegan W. Kirkwood, Burns; Forwards: Drew, A. Kirkwood, Delany, Callaghan, Tenner.

P.W.F.

### LOWER LINE v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SECOND ELEVEN.

*December 3rd, 1914.*

The visitors winning the toss decided to play towards the College goal. By this choice they obtained the assistance of a strong wind. Agostini kicked off for Lower Line. The ball was passed to Cuffey and then out to Chevers who rushed up the wing. From his centre Agostini scored the first goal, after a minute's play. This early reverse put more vigour into the visitors' play. Soon again, however, Lower Line were round the St. Francis Xavier goal, but Agostini spoiled some good play by getting offside. The visitors' forwards pressed, and Rockcliff was troubled by a good shot from Dodwell, the right wing. Good play by Lower Line ended in Agostini shooting past. Soon after, from a smart pass by Cuffey, Agostini scored. These two came up the field again, and the latter scored a third goal. Latham struck the cross-bar with a dropping shot, the ball rebounded from the bar, struck the right full-back, and then rolled into the goal. From the kick-off Latham obtained



possession of the ball and the goal-keeper was lucky in turning his shot round the post. This was the best shot of the match so far. Cuffey shortly afterwards scored the last goal of this half, making the score :

*Lower Line, 5 ; St. Francis Xavier, 0.*

The match so far had been very one-sided, and there was little hope of it improving, as Lower Line had now the help of the wind. Immediately after the resumption of play Lower Line pressed the St. Francis Xavier's eleven into their own half, in which they remained for the rest of the game. After fifteen minutes' play Crabtree scored the sixth goal. Brean gave a corner from which Cuffey scored. Another corner fell to Lower Line, but Chevers placed it behind. The ball was passed out to Latham who centred well to Cuffey, the latter heading it narrowly over. Two goals in quick succession were scored by Morrissy. Latham hit the post, and from the rebound Agostini scored, the full-back making a vain attempt to stop the ball with his arm. Shortly afterwards Cuffey scored again. This goal was followed by another, scored by Didcock, the Lower Line full-back. Cuffey now secured the last goal of the match.

*Lower Line, 13 ; St. Francis Xavier, 0.*

Both Lower Line full-backs were very safe. Crabtree was the best half-back on the field, and Agostini the most useful forward. Appended are the teams :

LOWER LINE XI.—*Goal* : Rockcliffe ; *Backs* : Carasco (Capt.), Didcock ; *Halves* : Johnstone, Crabtree, O'Mara ; *Forwards* : Chevers, Cuffey, Agostini, Morrissy, Latham.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—*Goal* : Brean ; *Backs* : Duff, Walsh ; *Halves* : Kenrick, Goodwin, Upton ; *Forwards* : Lomax, Kenny, Doyle, Kavanagh, Dodwell.

### III. PLAYROOM v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIERS.

*December 3rd, 1914.*

Third Playroom's annual match with the S.F.X. "Bantams" was played on December 3rd. The wind was, as usual, blowing strongly down Parkfield towards the College. Malone won the toss and with the help of the wind we at once attacked. For the first few minutes the play of neither side was convincing. The Xaverians worked their way down and Smail saved well. Even play in mid-field ruled for some time, then Neely got through, and from a free kick just outside the penalty line Bloomfield opened the score. Shortly afterwards the same player placed a corner beautifully in front of goal, and Neely headed through.

Bloomfield was very much in evidence at this part of the game ; he obtained a third goal through a well-judged pass across the field by Corkery, and a fourth from a free kick, the latter a splendid shot from about thirty yards.

Until just before the interval Third Playroom continued to press, Cole applying his 5st. 7lbs. to the defenders with great precision. Thus the left wing made several good attacks, and finally from a centre by Biller, Neely scored once more. After this our opponents got the ball down the field, but Smail was quite safe, and half-time arrived with the score :

*Third Playroom, 5 ; St. Francis Xavier, 0.*

Third Playroom now faced the wind, which, however, had somewhat abated, and were for some time placed on the defensive. At last Cole got away well and passed to Bloomfield ; a good centre was put in and Neely shot, the ball going through after being played by one of the backs.

In recent years the superior condition of Third Playroom (due to constant practice on the avenue and frequent "indignation" matches) has often told heavily and brought a number of goals towards the close of the game ; but this time all hopes of the other side becoming tired were quickly dispelled. The Xaverians attacked strongly for about twenty minutes, during which time they obtained two excellent goals, and nearly scored on several other occasions.

Our defence during this period was splendid, the chief honours resting with Smail, Murray, and Danson.

Towards the close our right wing attacked : Cole took the ball down, performing once more the 5st. 7lbs. "stunt" with great effect. Shortly afterwards Corkery and Biller, by excellent combination, got through the defence : Biller centred well and Neely had no difficulty in obtaining the seventh goal. Nothing further was scored :

*Third Playroom, 7 ; St. Francis Xavier, 2.*

The game was much more evenly contested than would appear from the score. The Xaverians played a fast open game, and in mid-field were perhaps equal to our team. They were certainly as quick on the ball, and their stamina was excellent. But they failed often when near goal, and wasted many opportunities by weak shooting. To these causes, together with a little bad luck, their heavy defeat is largely to be ascribed.

In our goal Smail made no mistake at all, and saved many shots that seemed certain to go through. Of the backs this time Murray was more prominent ; he worked untiringly and seemed to be everywhere at once, especially in the second half : his play has improved wonderfully during the season. Holmes was safe, but not so brilliant as in the last match. Danson was once more the best of the halves, and perhaps the best man on the field ; he was always "right there" and fed the forwards with well-judged passes. Both wing halves are light ; they were opposed by heavier men and did their work well ; Malone stuck tenaciously to his men and Jones' passing to his forwards was good.