



*Photo by]*

*[Algernon W. Smith, Wrexham.*

2ND-LIEUT. HAROLD J. LYNCH.

*1st Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.*

Born December 9th, 1895. O.S. 1906.

Killed in action, near Ypres. May 16th, 1915.

## In Memoriam.



HAROLD LYNCH AND MAURICE CUFFEY.



The sun has risen on a distant scene,  
A field strewn thickly with the fallen bold  
Sleeping in death upon the trenchéd wold—  
Eclipse than orient sun had fitter been  
On such a fatal day. Yet peace serene,  
A peace the world gives not nor can withhold,  
Is writ angelic on the comely mould  
Of those young faces twain. In battle keen,  
Like boulders rising from the river's spray,  
They breasted high the torrent when it burst  
That would have swept men's liberties away,  
Rejoicing to be found among the first  
To stem the furious tide, and in the fray  
To prove them valiant sons of Stonyhurst.

H I.

# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

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## STONYHURST AND THE WAR.

### ARMY HONOURS.

Victoria Cross: LIEUT. M. J. DEASE.

Military Cross: CAPT. J. A. LIDDELL; LIEUT. P. G. J. MOSTYN.

Distinguished Service Order: MAJOR W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

Companion of the Bath: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. J. ROCHE.

### MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES.

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

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. J. ROCHE, C.B.

MAJOR W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O.

MAJOR H. SIDNEY.

CAPTAIN R. P. BUTLER.

CAPTAIN R. C. MAYNE.

CAPTAIN H. A. J. ROCHE.

CAPTAIN E. R. L. CORBALLIS.

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL.

LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, V.C.

LIEUT. C. H. LIDDELL.

LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY.

LIEUT. J. ROCHE-KEILY.

CORPL. R. B. HAWES.

## 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.

- ALLEN-HAYNES, W. E. (1891), Lieut.—A.S.C.  
 AMOROSO, M. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—95th Brigade R.F.A.  
 ANDERSON, F. O. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.  
 ANDERSON, P. B. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—King's Own Scottish Borderers.  
 \*ARBUTHNOTT, J. G. (1905), Sub-Lieut.—H.M.S. Venerable.  
 \*ARCHER-SHEE, G. (1905), Lieut.—3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.; **killed** (Oct. 31st).  
 \*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), Capt.—Divisional Ammunition Column, 3rd North Midland Brigade, R.F.A.  
 BAMFORD, O. J. (1894), Capt.—6th Batt. North Staffordshire Regt.  
 \*BARKER, F. B. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—10th Divisional Signal Company, R.E.  
 BARTON, G. H. R. (1903).—Canadian Forces.  
 BELLASIS, J. H. (1892).—South African Forces.  
 BELLASIS, R. (1894).—South African Forces.  
 \*BELLASIS, W. J. (1894).—East African Mounted Infantry; **killed** (Nov. 13th).  
 BELLEW, Sir H. C. G. (1877), Lieut.-Col.—4th Batt. Connaught Rangers.  
 BELTON, A. (1870), Capt.—2nd King Edward's Horse.  
 BELTON, E. J. (1877).—Honourable Artillery Coy.  
 BELTON, P. (1879).—Public Schools Special Corps.  
 BERKELEY, E. D. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—9th Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.)  
 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.)  
 BETHELL, A. P. (1892), Lieut.—10th Batt. Gordon Highlanders.  
 \*BICKFORD, A. L., C.I.E. (1883), Major.—56th Punjabis.  
 BINNS, H. (1893).—10th (Reserve) Hussars.  
 BINNS, R. L. (1897), 2nd Lieut.—3rd (Reserve) Batt. Yorkshire Regiment.  
 \*BLAKE, A. J. (1897), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.  
 \*BLAKE, V. C. (1899), Capt.—2nd Batt. Irish Guards.  
 \*BLISS, H. (1874).—A.S.C.  
 \*BLISS, L. (1881).—A.S.C.  
 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., **wounded** (May).  
 BLUNDELL, F. N. (1893), 2nd Lieut.—Lancashire Hussars.  
 BOBBETT, J. C. N. (1893).—28th\* Batt. London Regt. (Artists' Rifles).  
 BODKIN, L. F. (1890), Capt.—113th Infantry, I.A.  
 BODKIN, J. J. (1871), Capt.—Connaught Rangers.  
 \*BOULTON, C. H. E. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—5th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders.  
 BOWEN, H. G. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—8th (Service) Batt. Duke of Cornwall's L.I.  
 \*BOYD, J. F. (1892), Capt.—R.A.M.C.  
 \*BREEN, T. F. P. (1900), Capt.—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.  
 BRUMELL, C. H. (1898).—Demerara Artillery Corps.

- BRUMELL, J. C. (1898).—*Demerara Artillery Corps*.  
 BUCKLEY, P. K. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*6th (Service) Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.)*
- \*BULFIN, E. S., C.B., C.V.O. (1873), Major-General, Commanding *28th Division, 5th Army Corps*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Nov. 20th, Jan. 14th), **wounded** (Nov. 4th).
- \*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.*; **Mentioned in Dispatches**, (Jan. 14th), **wounded** (Nov. 3rd).
- CALLAGHAN, E. F. (1894), Capt.—*7th London Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*CALLAGHAN, G. F. (1894), Capt.—*1st Batt. Cornaught Rangers*; **wounded** (Nov., May).
- \*CALLAGHAN, J. C. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- \*CALLAGHAN, S. C. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*Royal Flying Corps*.
- CAMERON, E. K. (1908), Capt.—*7th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders*.
- CANNON, P. C. (1908).—*5th Batt. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)*
- CANNON, R. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*8th (Service) Batt. Wiltshire Regt.*
- \*CARBONEL, A. J. (1902).—*French Army*.
- CARNEGIE, C. J. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*9th (Service) Batt. Norfolk Regt.*
- CARRINGTON, J. (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.*
- \*CASELLA, C. C. (1902).—*Canadian Forces*, **wounded** (May 31st).
- CASSIDY, M. B. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*
- \*CASSIDY, F. (1896), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter*.  
 CASSIDY, O. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*6th (Service) Batt. Royal Irish 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.*; **prisoner** (Aug. 27th).
- \*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), Lance-Corpl.—*5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada*; **wounded** (April 26th).
- \*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.*; **killed** (Oct. 28th).
- \*CLEMENTS-FINERTY, H. (1909), Lieut.—*17th Lancers*
- CLIFFORD, W. F. J. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Irish Guards*.
- \*COCKSHUTT, N. (1903).—*Attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- COKER, H. W. (1895).—*17th (Service) Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- COLEMAN, C. (1886).—*Royal Fusiliers*.
- COLLEY, P. W. (1899).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.
- COLLEY, F. W. (1892), 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.*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th).
- \*CORBALLY, L. W. (1890), Capt.—*R.F.A.*; **died of wounds** (May 6th).
- \*CORMAC-WALSHE, E. J. (1904), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Leinster Regt.*; **died of wounds** (Nov. 5th).
- CORMAC-WALSHE, H. I. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- \*V.C. COSTELLO, E. W. (1893), Major.—*22nd Punjabis*.  
 COULSTON, H. C. (1902), Lieut.—*Warwickshire Yeomanry*.

- \*COULSTON, J. H. C. (1897), Capt.—3rd Batt. *King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*; **wounded and prisoner** (Sept. 23rd).
- COURY, G. G. A. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *South Lancashire Regt.*
- COURY, M. N. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Lancashire Fusiliers.*
- \*COVENTRY, W. ST. J. (1907), Lieut.—1st Batt. *Bedfordshire Regt.*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th), **wounded and missing** (Oct. 14th).
- COX, R. C. (1867), Colonel.—7th (Service) Batt. *Inniskilling Fusiliers.*
- \*COX, R. G. S. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.*
- \*CRABTREE, J. (1907).—11th (Service) Batt. *East Lancashire Regiment.*
- CRAVEN, A. (1902).—30th Batt. *Canadian Contingent.*
- CRAWFORD, C. B. (1905), Lieut.—5th (Service) Batt. *Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry.*
- \*CREAN, T. (1894), Capt.—1st Batt. *Northamptonshire Regt.*, attached to *Royal Flying Corps*; **killed** (Oct. 26th).
- CREAGH, H. (1894), 2nd Lieut.—*York and Lancaster Regt.*
- CREAGH, J. R. (1891), Capt.—7th Batt. *Manchester Regt.*
- \*CREAGH, L. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. *Manchester Regt.*; **killed** (Dec. 21st).
- CREAGH, P. H. (1891), Capt.—*Leinster Regt.*, attached to 7th Batt. *Manchester Regt.*
- \*CUFFEY, M. O'C. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*; **killed** (May 20th).
- 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, F. (1895), Capt.—*Western Cavalry (Canadian).*
- \*DAVIS, W. A. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *East Surrey Regiment*; **killed** (April 21st).
- DAY, S. C. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—10th (Service) Batt. *Sherwood Foresters.*
- \*D'ARCY, J. C. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*R.H.A.*; **wounded** (Nov).
- DAWSON, A. T. (1896), Lieut.—3rd *Highland (Howitzer) Brigade, R.F.A.*
- DAWSON, R. G. (1896), Major.—1st *Scottish Horse.*
- \*DEASE, M. J. (1903), Lieut.—4th Batt. *Royal Fusiliers*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Nov. 20th), **Victoria Cross, killed** (Aug. 23).
- DE BURY, H. R. V. (1882), Capt.—*Canadian Forces.*
- \*DE MUN, Comte A. (1887).—*French Army.*
- DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY, E. (1871), Major.—12th Batt. *Lancashire Fusiliers.*
- \*DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY, H. A. (1882), Capt.—18th *Hussars*; **killed** (May 20th).
- DESPRETZ, R. (1914).—*Belgian Army.*
- DE TRAFFORD, E. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *South Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*DE TRAFFORD, H. J. (1888), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Staffordshire Regt.*
- DE TRAFFORD, H. M. (1894).—*Queen's Rifles (Canadian).*
- \*DE TRAFFORD, O. (1895), Capt.—1st Batt. *Staffordshire Regt.*; **prisoner** (Oct. 28th).
- \*DE TRAFFORD, T. C. (1891), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Royal Fusiliers*; **wounded and missing** (Nov. 11th).
- DIGBY, E. (1870), Major.—7th (Service) Batt. *Bedfordshire Regt.*
- \*DIGBY-BESTE, H. (1894), Lieut.—*Royal Indian Marine—H.M.S. Lawrence.*
- \*DILLON-CARBERRY, A. L. (1882), Major.—*R.A.M.C.*
- DIXIE, G. D. (1894), Capt.—5th Batt. *King's Own Scottish Borderers.*
- \*DOBSON, A. J. O. (1903), Lieut.—8th Batt. *Sherwood Foresters*; **killed** (June 16th).
- \*DOBSON, J. S. (1901)—5th Batt. *Cheshire Regt.*
- \*DOBSON, T. Y. (1895), Sub-Lieut.—*R.N. Brigade*; **wounded and prisoner** (Oct. 9th).
- DUPLESSIS, G. L. J. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—7th Batt. *Hampshire Regt.*
- ELLIOT, A. (1896).—*A.S.C.*

- \*ELLIS, C. H. (1883), Major.—*A.P.D.*  
 ESMONDE, J., M.P. (1873), Capt.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 EYRE, H. V. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)*  
 \*EYRE, J. B. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards*; **wounded**. (Dec. 24th).  
 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), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers*; **wounded** (May 17th).  
 \*FERGUSON, S. H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*21st Coy. Army Ordnance.*  
 FIDDES, J. A. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*10th (Service) Batt. Cheshire Regt.*  
 \*FITZPATRICK, D. T. J. (1909), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*; **killed** (Oct. 27th).  
 \*FINEGAN, D. M. (1904), Capt.—*8th (Irish) Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*; **killed** (June 16th).  
 FINNIGAN, J. (1896).—*1st (City) Batt. Manchester Regt.*  
 \*FILOSE, A. A. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army, attached to 4th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*; **wounded** (June 16th).  
 FITZGERALD, T. (1897).—*19th Alberta Dragoons.*  
 FLINN, F. S. (1905).—*6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*  
 FLYNN, F. T. J. R. (1913), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Cheshire 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.*; **wounded** (Oct.)  
 FORDER, C. J. (1900).—*1st Batt. London Regt.*  
 \*FORSHAW, S. C. (1907).—*French Army.*  
 FOX, H. C. (1892), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 FOX, R. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Batt. S. Lancs. Regt.*
- FRANCK, J. F. (1911).—*2e Regt. d'Artillerie Lourde.*  
 FRENCH, A. E. H. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*Royal Irish Regt.*
- GALLWEY, Sir T. J., K.C.M.G. (1867), Surgeon General.—*P.M.O., Bramsholt Camp, Hants.*  
 GARMAN, E. E. (1897), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*  
 GARMAN, J. D. (1889).—*R.A.M.C.*  
 GARMAN, L. (1892), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*  
 GERHATZ, H. E. (1900), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*  
 GETHIN, R. P. W. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd (Reserve) Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*  
 \*GIBBONS, C. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regt.*; **wounded and missing** (August 27th).  
 \*GILBEY, J. N. (1899), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Welsh Regt.*; **wounded** (Nov.)  
 GORDON, C. A. (1892).—*8th (Service) Batt. Royal Scots.*  
 GREEN, D. F. (1890), 2nd Lieut.—*8th (Service) Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.*  
 GRIFFIN, C. J. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*7th Hussars.*  
 GRIFFIN, T. F. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*7th Hussars.*  
 \*GRIFFIN, T. (1874), Capt.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 GWYN, A. J. J. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd (Reserve) Batt. Norfolk Regt.*  
 GWYN, R. A. J. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Lincolnshire 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), Capt.—*Ammunition Col. "I" R.H.A., (India).*  
 HARVEY, F. (1895), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 HARVEY, H. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*9th Batt. Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regt.)*  
 \*HASKETT-SMITH, V. A. P. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*1st Batt. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders*; **wounded** (May 9th).



- \*HASTINGS, L. M. (1892), Corpl.—*South African Imperial Light Horse*.
- HASTINGS, N. H. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*8th (Service) Batt. Gloucestershire Regt.*
- HAWES, J. A. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- HAWES, B. R., C.B. (1867), Colonel.—*O.C. 112th Brigade Depôt, Manchester*.
- \*HAWES, R. B. (1906).—*Motor Cycle Despatch Rider, 3rd Army Headquarters, Signal Company ; Mentioned in Despatches* (Jan. 14th).
- HAY, F. T. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers*.
- \*HAY, W. (1895).—*7th Batt. British Columbia Regt.*
- \*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), Lieut.—*7th (Reserve) Batt. Essex Regt.*
- HODGSON, T. G. (1887), Major.—*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), Capt.—*2nd Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- HUDSON, C. A. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*9th Batt. South Wales Borderers*.
- 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.*
- HULL, G. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd W. Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.*
- HULL, J. V. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*
- 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. ; wounded* (March).
- \*JARRETT, A. V. (1889), Capt.—*2nd Batt. York and Lancaster Regt.*
- \*Jarrett, C. B. B. (1883), Major.—*1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers ; killed* (April 27th).
- \*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), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Triumph*.
- \*JUMP, H. (1900), Capt.—*1st (Royal) Dragoons ; wounded and prisoner* (Sept.)
- \*Kane, J. A. (1891), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Devonshire Regt., Squadron Commander, Royal Flying Corps ; killed* (March 22nd).
- 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).—*8th Batt. R. Warwickshire Reg.*
- V.C. KENNA, P. A., D.S.O., A.D.C. (1879), Brigadier-General (*Temporary*).
- KENNEDY, C. M. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Leinster Regt.*
- KENNEDY, E. R. (1907), Lieut.—*18th Infantry Indian Army*.
- \*KENNY, G. W. (1881), Major.—*1st Batt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers ; wounded* (May 3rd).
- KENNY, P. W. (1899), Capt.—*Intelligence Department, War Office*.
- KENNY, J. M. J. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C., attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- \*KERWICK, J. A. (1906), Lieut.—*80th Battery R.F.A.*
- KIRBY, E. B. (1891), Capt.—*3rd W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*KIRBY, L. H. (1890), Sub-Lieut.—*H.M.S. Cyclops*.
- \*KNIGHT, J. H. de M. H. (1893), Capt.—*Royal Marine L.I. ; wounded* (April 27th).
- \*LATHAM, O. W. (1910).—*R.N. Brigade*.
- \*LANGDALE, C. A. J. S. (1887), Capt.—*2nd Batt. West Riding Regt. ; wounded* (Oct.)
- 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.*; **wounded** (Oct.)
- 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), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers*; **missing** (June 9th.)
- \*LE BRASSEUR, J. H. (1904), Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- LEE, J. C. (1907).—*7th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- 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*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th).
- \*LIDDELL, J. A. (1900), Capt.—*3rd Batt. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached to Royal Flying Corps*; **Mentioned in Dispatches, Military Cross** (Jan. 14th).
- \*LOCHRANE, N. L. (1897), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- \*LUCIE-SMITH, E. W. (1898), 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, Th. J. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*1st Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers*; **killed** (May 16th).
- \*LYONS, J. D. (1887), Capt.—*Royal Horse Guards.*
- MACARDLE, J. R. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- MACARDLE, P. P. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*8th (Service) Batt. York and Lancaster Regt.*
- MACAULAY, D. I. M. (1881), Major.—*1st Bengal Lancers.*
- MACCABE, J. F. (1889), Sub-Lieut.—*R.N.V.R.*
- \*MACCARTHY, I. A. O. (1880), Major.—*R.A.M.C.*
- 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), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*
- McClymont, R. K. (1878), Major.—*R.E.*
- McCusker, H. J. (1903), Lieut.—*R.F.A.*
- \*McELLIGOTT, G. L. M. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*
- McGAHEY, M. J. (1912).—*(Public Schools) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.*
- \*McGINITY, F. G. (1896).—*1st 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.*
- McKEEVER, J. H. (1892), 2nd Lieut.—*Transport Officer, 4th Batt. Cheshire Regt.*
- \*McSHEEHY, L. J. P.G. (1893).—*Paymaster H.M.S. Adventure.*
- \*MACGRATH, R. P. F. D. (1892), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*; **wounded** (Dec. 16th).
- 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.*
- MALONE, E. M. (1903), Lieut.—*5th Light Infantry, I.A.*
- 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., attached to Royal Flying Corps*; **wounded.**
- MARR, L. J. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*Lancashire (Fortress) Royal Engineers.*
- MARSDEN, F. W. (1873), Major.—*2nd E. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*MARTIN, J. H. B., M.B., B.A. (1891), Surgeon.—*H.M.S. Infexible.*



**Captain LOUIS CORBALLY, R.F.A.**

O.S. 1890.

Died at Hazebrouck, May 6th, 1915, of wound received in action near Ypres.

Aged 38 years.

- MARTIN, H. (1898).—18th (Service) Batt. (1st Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.
- MASSEY-LYNCH, T. S. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—10th Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regt.
- MATHER, R. (1899), Lieut.—5th Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- MAUDE, A. P. (1911), Lieut.—15th (Service) Batt. Rifle Brigade.
- MAUDE, R. H. E. (1902), Lieut.—London Divisional Transport and Supply Column.
- \*MAXWELL-SCOTT, W. J., D.S.O. (1885), Major.—2nd Batt. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles); **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Nov. 20th, Jan. 14th), **Distinguished Service Order**.
- \*MAXWELL-SCOTT, H. F. J. (1902), Lieut.—48th Highlanders (Canadian); **wounded** (May 10th).
- 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.; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th).
- MELDON, G. (1897), Capt.—R.A.M.C.
- MELDON, J. A. (1887), Lieut.-Col.—4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.
- MELDON, L. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—A.S.C.
- \*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*; **killed** (Nov. 26th).
- \*MONTAGU, G. F. (1891), Lieut.-Commander.—H.M.S. *Shannon*.
- MONTEITH, H. J. J. L. (1889), Major.—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.
- MOORE, B. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—93rd Battery R.F.A.; **wounded** (April 27th).
- MORIARTY, E. (1903).—13th (Service) Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
- \*MOSTYN, P. G. J. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Welsh Fusiliers; **Military Cross** (March 10th).
- MOYLAN, W. D. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—Indian Army Reserve, attached to 1st Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.
- \*MULATIER, J. (1908).—French Army.
- \*MULHOLLAND, B. (1900).—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.—7th (Service) Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- \*MURRAY, T. D. (1901), Lieut.—1st Batt. Leinster Regt.; **wounded**.
- \*NAUGHTON, L. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- NELSON, C. S. (1910), Lieut.—Australian Artillery.
- \*NELSON, H. H. (1898), Lieut.—3rd Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
- NELSON, J. H. (1893), Lieut.—1st London (C.O.L.) Brigade, R.F.A.
- \*NELSON, W. H. (1893), Lieut.—R.F.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. D. D. (1900), Lieut.—3rd Batt. Black Watch (Royal Highlanders); **killed** (October 27th).
- \*O'BRIEN, H. C. H. (1896), Capt.—2nd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.; **killed** (Dec. 22nd).
- O'BRIEN, K. R. (1907), Lieut.—17th Batt. London Regt.

- O'CONNOR-GLYNN, A. R. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—A.S.C.
- \*O'Conor=Mallins, C. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers ; **killed** (Nov. 2nd).
- 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), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. Connaught Rangers.
- O'DUFFY, K. E. (1905), Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Munster Fusiliers.
- OGILVIE, C. S. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—Scottish Horse.
- \*O'HEA, J. J. (1897).—2nd King Edward's Horse ; **wounded** (May 24th).
- O'KELLY, C. (1904).—Public Schools and University Corps.
- \*O'MALLEY, T. F. (1903), Capt.—2nd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers ; **wounded and prisoner** (Sept. 14th).
- \*O'MEARA, A. E. (1894), Capt.—(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 ; **killed** (March 10th).
- 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.
- \*PASTRÉ, G. (1910).—13th Dragoons, French Army.
- PENTONY, J. K. (1901), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- \*PERRAM, G. T. C. (1898), Capt.—R.G.A.
- PERRAM, H. C. (1898), Lieut.—84th Punjabis.
- \*PETRE, J. J. (1909), Flight Lieut.—R.N. Air Service.
- PIEHLER, P. H. (1901).—Public Schools' Special Corps.
- PIGACHE, D. L. G. (1906), Lieut.—Public Schools Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).
- PINTO-LEITE, A. J. (1894), 2nd Lieut.—R.F.A.
- 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.—A.S.C.
- PLACE, N. D. (1893), Capt.—8th Rajputs.
- PLANT, C. H. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—100th Brigade R.F.A.
- PLOWDEN, F. C. (1897), Lieut.—Shropshire Yeomanry.
- PLOWDEN, V. A. B. (1897), 2nd Lieut.—Warwickshire Yeomanry.
- POWELL, A. W., (1901), Sergt.—8th (Service) Batt. Queen's (Royal W. Surrey Regt.)
- \*PURCELL, F. C. (1900).—R.A.M.C.
- PURGOLD, L. J. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—3rd County of London Yeomanry.
- \*QUIN, D. A. (1893).—Scots Guards ; **killed** (Jan. 25th).
- \*QUIN, J. E. (1902).—5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada ; **missing** (April 22nd).
- \*QUIN, J. U. (1891).—Canadian Forces.
- \*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. C. J. (1882), Lieut.—A.S.C.
- RADLEY, H. P. (1903), Lieut.—72nd Punjabis.
- \*RATTON, J. H. (1893), Capt.—R.G.A. (W. African Frontier Force).
- 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. ; **prisoner** (Oct. 27th).
- ROBERTS, C. J. (1905).—5th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)
- \*Roche, H. A. J. (1898), Capt.—Royal Munster Fusiliers ; Flight Commander, R.F.C. ; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th)., **killed** (Jan. 16th).

- \*ROCHE, H. J., C.B. (1876), Lieut.-Col.—6th *Jat Light Infantry*; **Mentioned in Dispatches, Companion of the Bath** (Jan. 14th).
- \*ROCHE-KELLY, J. (1898), Lieut.—*S. Irish Horse*; **Mentioned in Dispatches** (Jan. 14th).
- ROCHE-KELLY, J. A. B. (1894), Capt.—59th *Brigade R.F.A.*
- RONAN, J. G. (1902), Lieut.—5th *Batt. Leinster Regiment*.
- \*RONAN, W. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- \*ROOKE, C. D. C. (1911), Lieut.—1st *Batt. Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)*; **wounded** (Jan. 2nd); **killed** (June 20th).
- \*ROTTMAN, J. (1909).—28th *Batt. London R. (Artists' Rifles)*.
- \*RUSSELL, F. X. (1901), Capt.—1st *Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers*; **wounded** (April 27th).
- 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 *Gurkha Rifles*.
- \*RYAN, E. O. (1899).—8th *Batt. 90th Winnipeg Rifles*; **wounded**.
- 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)*.
- \*SHACKLES, C. F. (1909).—47th *Brigade R.F.A.*
- SHEPHERD, J. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—5th (Reserve) *Batt. East Lancashire Regt.*
- SHEPHERD, J. C. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—4th *Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers*.
- \*SIDNEY, H. G. (1890), Major.—*Northumberland Yeomanry*; **Mentioned in Dispatches**, (Jan. 14th), **wounded** (Oct).
- SIDNEY, P. (1890), Capt.—1st *Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers*.
- SMALL, J. D. (1905), Lieut.—2nd *London Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*SMITH, B. J. (1898), Capt.—2nd *W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*SMITH-SLIGO, A. G. R. J. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—3rd *Batt. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders*; **wounded and missing** (Aug. 27th).
- SOMERS, N. T. E. (1908).—*Commonwealth Forces*.
- \*SPENCER, T. J. (1904), Flight Sub-Lieut.—*R.N. Air Service*; **missing** (Feb. 16th).
- STANTON, J. (1897).—*Wireless Operator, R.N.R.*
- STANANOGHT, J. (1888).—17th (Service) *Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- STAPLETON, G. F. (1889), 2nd Lieut.—9th *Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.*
- STICKLAND, R. W. (1886), Major.—15th *Batt. Cheshire Regt.*
- 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), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) *Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regt.*
- SULLIVAN, M. B. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—15th *Batt. Middlesex Regt.*
- SWINDELLS, G. H. (1887), Lieut.-Col.—4th *Batt. Cheshire Regt.*
- SYNNOTT, P. (1897), Lieut.—*Royal Inniskilling Dragoons*.
- SYNNOTT, W. T. (1887), Major.—*R.F.A.*
- TANKERVILLE-CHAMBERLAYNE, P. R. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—12th *Reserve Regt. of Cavalry*.
- \*TARLETON, G. W. B. (1911), Lieut.—2nd *Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers*; **wounded** (May 26th).
- \*TAUNTON, C. A. P. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) *Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*TAUNTON, B. T. G. (1904), Capt.—3rd *Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*TAYLOR, L. (1904).—6th *Batt. King's (Liverpool Regiment)*
- TEMPEST, Æ. J. (1885), Sergt.—45th *Batt. Canadian Expeditionary Force*.
- TEMPEST, H. (1904).—*A.S.C.*

- TEMPEST, O. (1904).—*R.N. Air Service.*
- \*TEMPEST, R. S. (1893), Major.—2nd Batt. Scots Guards.
- \*TEMPEST, W. J. (1900), Lieut.—6th (Service) Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.)
- \*TEMPEST, W. N. (1900), Capt.—2nd Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry), attached to 6th Batt.
- THIERENS, V. T. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.
- THORNTON, G. P. (1907), Lieut.—4th Batt. Scottish Rifles.
- \*THORNTON, H. A. (1901), Sergt.—25th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
- \*THORNTON, J. R. (1898).—25th Batt. Royal Fus.
- \*THOMAS, G. G. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—Military Interpreter.
- THORP, J. (1885).—*R.N. Volunteer Reserve.*
- THWAYTES, L. L. (1910), Lieut.—80th Carnatic Infantry 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.H.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.—1st Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.); **wounded** (April 4th).
- \*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.
- TUKE, R. J. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)
- \*VAN CUTSEM, E. C. L. (1883), Capt.—2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps; **wounded** (Feb.)
- \*VAUGHAN, C. J. (1892), Major.—Royal Engineers (Monmouth).
- \*VERDON, F. R. (1890), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Manchester Regt.
- WADDINGTON, J. (1892), 2nd Lieut.—8th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)
- WADDINGTON, W. P. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
- WALLIS, H. J. F. (1880), Capt.—Wiltshire Regt., attached to 2nd Batt. Australian Imperial Force; **wounded** (May 15th.)
- \*WALMESLEY-COTHAM, J. (1892), Capt.—5th Batt. Manchester Regt.
- WALMESLEY, O. N. (1907), Flight Sub-Lieut.—R.N.A.S.
- WALTON, J. C. (1883), 2nd Lieut.—A.S.C.
- Walton, P. (1892).—Singapore Volunteer Artillery; **killed** (Feb. 19th).
- WATERTON, C. R. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.
- WATERTON, E. A. M. (1910), Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.
- WATERTON, J. C. (1906), Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.
- \*WATTS, R. J. (1889), Lieut. — Worcestershire Yeomanry.
- WELD, E. J. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—R.F.A.
- WELD, F. J. (1881).—*Malay States Volunteer Rifles.*
- \*WELD, J. (1895), Lance-Corpl.—6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)
- \*White, E. E. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt.; **killed** (Sept. 20th).
- 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; **killed** (March 2nd).
- \*WILSON, L. S. (1908).—5th Batt. Royal Scots,

WITHALL, B. J. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—15th (Service)  
*Batt. Royal Fusiliers.*

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.; **wounded** (Sept.  
25th).

WORTHINGTON, B. (1905).—*Calcutta Light Horse.*

\*YONGE, W. H. N. (1895), Lieut.—H.M.S. *Zelandia.*

UDALL, W. (1899).—*King's (Liverpool Regt.)*

#### AT WOOLWICH.

GRIFFIN, R. M. J. (1911).

SLATTERY, H. F. (1909).

SMITH, D. (1910).

#### AT SANDHURST.

BARROW, W. (1907).

BLAKE, H. (1904).

FRENCH, H. V. (1907).

MAHONY, N. E. B. (1914)

RYAN, E. T. (1905).

#### MILITARY CHAPLAINS.

\*The Rev. M. KING, S.J. (1869), General Head-  
quarters Staff, B.E.F., France.

\*The Rev. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J. (1891), Belgium.

The Rev. C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J. (1875).

\*DOM ADRIAN WELD-BLUNDELL, O.S.B. (1870),  
B.E.F., Dardanelles.

\*The Rev. Fr. ALFRED, O.S.F.C. (V. Barry, 1900),  
B.E.F., Dardanelles.

#### ROLL OF HONOUR.

##### KILLED.

LIEUT. A. C. MONTAGU, R.N.

MAJOR C. H. B. JARRETT.

CAPT. T. CREAN.

CAPT. E. E. WHITE.

CAPT. L. CREAGH.

CAPT. H. C. H. O'BRIEN.

CAPT. H. A. J. ROCHE.

CAPT. J. F. A. KANE.

CAPT. L. W. CORBALLY.

CAPT. H. DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY.

CAPT. H. M. FINEGAN.

LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, **V.C.**

LIEUT. E. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.

LIEUT. R. P. D. NOLAN.

LIEUT. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK.

LIEUT. G. E. A. PARKER.

LIEUT. G. ARCHER-SHEE.

LIEUT. A. F. O. DOBSON.

LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE.

2ND LIEUT. T. J. CLANCEY.

2ND LIEUT. C. J. O'CONOR-MALLINS.

2ND LIEUT. L. C. WILDSMITH.

2ND LIEUT. W. A. J. DAVIS.

2ND LIEUT. M. O'C. CUFFEY.

2ND LIEUT. H. J. LYNCH.

W. J. BELLASIS.

P. WALTON.

D. A. QUIN.

##### WOUNDED.

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

SUB-LIEUT. T. Y. DOBSON, R.N.R. (Prisoner of  
War).

MAJOR H. G. SIDNEY.

MAJOR G. W. KENNY.

CAPT. R. P. BUTLER.

CAPT. T. C. DE TRAFFORD. (Missing).

CAPT. C. A. J. S. LANGDALE.

CAPT. J. P. W. FORD.

CAPT. H. JUMP (Prisoner of War).



CAPT. G. F. CALLAGHAN.  
 CAPT. E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.  
 CAPT. H. M. L. MANSFIELD.  
 CAPT. J. N. GILBEY.  
 CAPT. A. F. V. JARRETT.  
 CAPT. J. H. C. COULSTON (Prisoner of War).  
 CAPT. T. F. O'MALLEY (Prisoner of War).  
 CAPT. J. H. DE M. H. KNIGHT.  
 CAPT. H. J. F. WALLIS.  
 CAPT. F. X. RUSSELL.  
 LIEUT. C. B. GIBBONS (Missing).  
 LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY (Missing).  
 LIEUT. R. P. G. O. MacGRATH.  
 LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE.  
 LIEUT. T. D. MURRAY.  
 LIEUT. T. B. TRAPPES-LOMAX.  
 LIEUT. V. A. P. HASKETT-SMITH.  
 LIEUT. H. J. F. MAXWELL-SCOTT.  
 LIEUT. W. I. G. FARRON.  
 LIEUT. G. W. B. TARLETON.  
 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.  
 2ND LIEUT. B. J. MOORE.  
 2ND LIEUT. A. A. FILOSE.  
 N. WORSLEY.  
 E. O. RYAN.  
 A. J. CHOPIN.  
 J. J. O'HEA.  
 C. C. CASELLA.  
 T. G. BLOOMFIELD.

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#### MISSING.

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUT. T. J. SPENCER.  
 LIEUT. E. L. W. LEAKE.  
 J. E. QUIN.

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#### PRISONERS OF WAR.

CAPT. O. DE TRAFFORD.  
 LIEUT. C. H. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.  
 LIEUT. R. R. RILEY.

### Stop Press Additions.

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#### IN THE SERVICES.

QUIN, C. S. (1901).—10th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.  
 STEWART, C. H. (1908).—Gordon Highlanders.  
 MURRAY, Sir A. C. P., Bt. (1885), Lieut.—R.F.A.  
 WELDON, L. F. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—R.F.A.  
 STUART, L. (1900), Flight Sub-Lieut.—R.N. Air  
 Service  
 THUNDER, M. P. (1887), 2nd Lieut.—20th Batt.  
 Middlesex Regt.

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#### SOME O.S. PROMOTIONS.

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

Capt. R. W. STRICKLAND to be Major, April 10th.  
 2nd Lieut. H. L. PLACE to be Lieut., May 1st.  
 Capt. H. J. L. Monteith to be Major, Dec. 14th.  
 Prob.-Flight Sub-Lieut. O. N. Walmesley has been  
 confirmed in the rank of Flight Sub-Lieut.,  
 to date April 3rd.  
 2nd Lieut. H. S. BLOOMFIELD to be Lieut., May 7th.  
 2nd Lieut. J. HILLMAN to be Lieut., May 12th.  
 Flight Sub-Lieut. J. J. PETRE to be Flight Lieut.,  
 May 7th.  
 2nd Lieut. E. A. M. WATERTON to be Lieut., May  
 20th.  
 2nd Lieut. J. G. RONAN to be Lieut., May 8th.  
 Lieut. F. X. RUSSELL to be Captain, Jan. 24th.  
 Major H. C. D. JARRETT to be Brigade Major,  
 May 23rd.  
 Major J. A. MELDON to be Lieut.-Colonel, May 20th.  
 2nd Lieut. W. F. MCCARTHY O'LEARY to be Lieut.,  
 Dec. 17th.  
 2nd Lieut. G. P. THORNTON to be Lieut., May 17th.  
 Capt. J. D. LYONS to be General Staff Officer, 3rd  
 Grade, May 25th.

## LETTERS FROM THE FRONT:

From an O.S. Captain in the *I.M.S.*

YPRES,

*April 29th, 1915.*

"We have been now for the last three days in the thick of all the fighting. What we had been through before was absolutely nothing compared to this Hell! The bombardment of our lines by the Germans was very severe. One of their aeroplanes came over our trenches, and about an hour afterwards shells came merrily over. I had gone out with another officer of the *I.M.S.* in order to relieve two other fellows who had been out the previous day and night. Half an hour before we came up to the place they had been shelled so badly that their house had been smashed to small pieces—beds, bedding, clothing, etc., flying all over the place. A house on the other side of the road, about ten yards away, was on fire. Still, they had only two dhooly bearers wounded. The destruction on the outskirts of the town was really appalling. Men were lying about dead in all directions. There were dead horses, broken bicycles, bits of harness, littering the road. The houses were tottering, seemingly wanting only a slight push to make them fall.

We changed our position to another small village, and there I, with the—was left, while the motors took away the wounded and the other officers.

While I was in this second village they started to shell it, and I managed to get into a trench close to the road, where I lay while shell after shell came tearing over. There were some small shells, which the men call 'pip-squeaks.' They make a small hole and are of very high velocity. They seem to come only a few feet above our heads. These burst all around us, covering us with earth every now and then. Some 'Black Marias' came after them, and these were followed by 'Jack Johnsons.' They also sent in about three seventeen inch shells, which shattered every pane of glass in the houses round. At times I really thought that we were done for. We could hear the shells coming along like a railway train, and then after the crash one could only feel thankful for the miss. We were being shelled from

three sides. I could not help thinking that India, with all its hot weather, was not such a bad place after all!

However, the experience was great, and I am really glad that I am here. I have now been through all the big actions we have had since we came out in September, and I am beginning to feel rather proud of it."

From an O.S. Transport Officer, B.E.F., Belgium,  
to a member of the Community.

*21/5/15.*

Yes, I know the old College at St. Omer well, now the Military Hospital in the Rue St. Bertin, next door to the College St. Bertin. I was taken by some people with whom I had tea last Sunday to see the site of the old villa. There is nothing now left but the old brick gateposts. There is now a laundry on the site and the woman told us that her grandfather removed the foundations of the old house in order to plant an orchard, and he also removed the old bathing place from the river. B—— is now a large village as there is a big paper factory there, which has not improved the purity of the river. The gentleman who took me round is a M. de Terline, a brother of the lady who owns this chateau at which I am at present billeted, Baronne de Villemarest, and it was with him that Fr. Gerard stayed when over here. It is a very pretty part of the country round here, and at its best at present: it reminds me a good deal of Hants and Dorset.

In the service to which I belong we do not see any of the fighting, as our business is carrying up ammunition from the railheads to the points at which it is handed over to the horse transport for transference to the batteries and infantry. Consequent on the months of stationary fighting there is at present much more motor transport out here than is necessary for this form of warfare, and a very large part is simply standing by, as we have been since the beginning of March, except that I had a fortnight's work during April with a detachment carrying *R.E.* stores from railhead to other depôts.

You will understand that it is quite necessary to have this large amount of motor transport ready always to move as in the event of an advance the fighting line would soon get many miles ahead of the railheads, and would then be wholly dependent on the motor transport for both supplies and ammunition. However quickly they could repair the railways the fighting line would move forward much quicker.

It is certainly weary work waiting and feeling we are doing nothing to help, but I suppose sooner or later we shall get all the work we want, and perhaps more.

I have had one little bit of excitement. It so happened that I was taking timber from Dunkerque to Ypres on the 22nd April, the day of the first big attack north and east of that place, the first time that they used the poisonous gas, and found when I got there that they were bombarding the town with the big howitzer shells. We spent a most unpleasant three-quarters of an hour, and got out of it as soon as possible. The worst of it is that you can hear the beastly things coming for quite a long time before they arrive and do not know where they will land.

From an O.S. officer, B.E.F., France.

BELGIUM,

15/4/15.

Thanks very much for your letter and the Magazine, both very welcome. I have been out here since February 24th. I am Machine Gun Officer, and have seven little toys to look after. We are holding trenches not very far from Ypres, and our casualties have been rather heavy. It's not bad fun really, if you only look at the cheerful side of it. The weather out here is topping, which makes trench life a little more pleasant than what it was at first. We do four days in and four days out, and I don't quite know which is best, except you don't get shelled outside, or gassed. They tried to gas us the other day, but luckily it did not do much damage. I have not met a single Stonyhurst chap yet. One gets very callous out here and human feeling gets somewhat washed out; it does not pay to have any feeling out here; you have got to grind your teeth and stick it, and sometimes it's Hell. Sometimes

I long for the end of all this, but I don't see any signs of peace for a few years to come. Thank God I am a Catholic; it helps a good deal out here even if one does not have much time to go to Church.

By George! how I would like a good game of cricket. Never mind, with God's help, I hope to play again some day, and for the present we have another game to play, and while it's on I am afraid there is no time for any other. Well, I must stop now, as I am just off to the trenches for another four days; as long as they don't shell us too much I don't mind.

From an O.S. in the *Transvaal Scottish* (Northern Force, operating against German West Africa), to his brother, a boy at Stonyhurst College.

11/4/15.

Last time you wrote me you said you would write every week, if possible. That I have not heard from you for a couple of months means, I suppose, that you have found it impossible. Buck up, old boy. I love to hear how things are going at Stonyhurst so just settle down and write me a long newsy letter like the last.

I knocked my hand rather badly about a week ago, and it is at present enveloped in yards of bandage, so you must excuse the awful caligraphy. And now for a little incident that I hope will interest you.

Last Thursday morning we were all sitting in our tents, discussing breakfast and the war. To the East and North-East of our encampment blockhouses had been erected. From one of these a man was observed running towards the lines as fast as he could. He was shouting loudly and pointing behind him. A sergeant in our company, "F," first saw this man, and glancing towards where he was pointing made out an aeroplane, a German Taube. He immediately gave the warning. From our tent we heard the ominous shout of "Aeroplane!" and, going to the flap, saw it for ourselves. Onward it came, looking like some huge prehistoric bird, a really magnificent and never-to-be-forgotten sight. Red and white it stood out against a background of cloudless azure blue, and the sun, but lately risen, showed it off to full advantage. Out of the unknown



MAJOR C. H. B. JARRETT.

*1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

Born 26th November, 1874. O.S. 1883.

Killed in action at Sedd-el-Bahr, Dardanelles, April 25th, 1915.

hinterland it came, possibly Raribib, travelling at the rate of a mile a minute, and at a height of, say, three thousand feet. Straight for the Scottish camp it headed, while men scattered East, South, and North. The lines were cleared in record time, you can take my word for that, old boy. We knew full well what to expect; we were caught napping, and fled from those lines as though the plague were at our heels. I was eating porridge when first the monoplane was sighted; I left my mess tin lid (containing the porridge) in the tent, but, quite unknowingly, stuck to the spoon in my flight. Ere covering twenty yards I glanced skyward; the Taube appeared to me to be immediately overhead, so I came to a standstill. I saw men pass me with their porridge tins in their hands, dropping the mealie meal at every stride they took. Others I noticed with jammy biscuit in one hand, coffee-cup in the other. Some few grasped their rifles and bandoliers, and shortly rifle shots reverberated over the plain, to echo and re-echo in the surrounding iron-stone kopjes. When the monoplane was what we thought immediately above us, we distinctly saw two glittering objects leave her—bombs! Three hundred yards west of our tents were the water-carts and their horses. In my opinion the aviators mistook these for guns. There were a couple of terrific explosions, followed by volumes of dense acrid black smoke. The missiles had struck the sand, one a hundred and fifty, the other ninety yards beyond our precious water, without doing any damage. And all the time we were firing at the monster above us, firing as fast as we could load. She was manœuvred magnificently. Slowly, disdainfully, it seemed to us, she circled the camp, poised an instant over the railway, then made off at great speed due East, to be shortly lost against the blinding rays of the sun.

After she disappeared, I walked over to the two holes made by the bombs. They were, of course, circular, about 12 to 14 inches deep, and with a diameter of a yard. Several men picked up large ragged pieces of white metal in the holes, while other bits were found as much as 150 yards from them. This metal is very light and very hard, and judging from what I saw I should say the shell of the bomb

is between a quarter and half an inch thick.

There are some hundreds of natives here, working on the railway construction. Upon these the advent of the monoplane had a truly demoralizing effect. Just as the Taube made her appearance the train was on the point of leaving for railhead, loaded with natives and material. When the bombs exploded our black helpers were struck dumb with fear and astonishment. Never, even when under the influence of their beloved "dhacha" had they conceived of such a fearsome animal as this. The great majority were unable to move, but stood gazing horror stricken at the black clouds of smoke hanging over the holes, or with open mouths at the devil-bird soaring above. A few, recovering the use of their limbs, sprang from the train and dived underneath. And even when the monoplane had disappeared into space they remained trembling under the trucks. It was over an hour before any work could be got out of them and, as a matter of fact, very little work was got out of them during the remainder of the day.

Another crowd of Kaffirs, working in the camp, rushed into an officer's tent. He swore at them in Kaffir, Dutch and English; he asked and begged them to get out, and eventually applied the toe of his boot to the place supplied by nature for this purpose. But no persuasion, moral or physical, could induce the scared natives to betake themselves elsewhere, and finally the exasperated officer left them in undisputed possession.

This is the first time our force has been visited in this manner, and the incident still forms the sole topic of conversation.

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Letter describing some experiences of an O.S.—a trooper in *King Edward's Horse*, Canadian Expeditionary Force—severely wounded in the fighting near Ypres.

2/6/15.

. . . As far as I could understand this is how he came to be bowled out. The *Canadians* charged and took some of the German trenches. These trenches had a high breastwork when they were used facing our trenches, but nothing behind, so that

when *K.E.H.* came to occupy them against another set of German trenches further on they had practically no protection. They were told to dig themselves funk holes, but as they had been two days and nights without food or water, in baking weather, they were too hot and thirsty to do this. So they put up sandbags in front, which were blown down as fast as they were put up. The three men on J——'s right, forming the rest of his section, were all killed. J—— first of all got his thigh wound. One leg of his breeches was shot away, and part of the material shot into the wound. He sat down to tie it up with some old rags that were there when the sandbags in front of him were blown in. He was himself blown six yards along the trench and wounded in the groin. (This wound is now all right.) He lay there for a bit and then began to pick himself up. As he was doing this the sandbags at this point were blown in on top of him and buried him, dislocating his left shoulder and bruising him badly in the abdomen. No Red Cross or transport could get up to them, as the mile and half behind them, which had previously constituted the distance between our trenches and the Germans, was swept by the German artillery incessantly. J—— was wounded about three in the afternoon. About four, Major M—— sent along word that the trench was to be held to the last man. So the men next to J—— propped him up with a plank behind him, gave him a rifle, and put his ammunition in a heap by him, and he kept potting away, but getting fainter every minute, as the wound was dripping all the time. Then Lieut. G—— shouted along, "They are going to charge; give them hell." But the expected charge did not come. Some time later the sergeant came along and told the wounded that they had better take their chance of getting back to the base under fire, as the Germans were sure to charge that night, and J—— could only have been taken prisoner, or worse. So J—— tied a pad on to each knee and crawled on hands and knees for a mile and half under fire. The ground was filthy, as unburied Germans had lain there for over a week. But the fierce thirst was, he said, the worst thing of all. He finally got to a cellar, where he lay for an hour or two. Then, getting tired of the cellar, he crawled

on some distance further, and by great good luck met two ambulance men returning with an empty stretcher, who carried him to the nearest dressing station.

J—— had already had his pack shot off his back, and the orderlies at the dressing station skinned him of everything else he had—field glasses, pistol, etc. The only thing they overlooked was his wrist watch. He stayed in France for about a week, and was in four or five different hospitals. He is not quite sure how many, as he was doped pretty well all the time, also inoculated for tetanus. They still give him a good deal of morphia, and this has brought out a very irritating rash, but it is not at all serious. His last hospital was Boulogne, from which he was sent to Birmingham.

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Letter from an O.S. Captain in *I.M.S.*, with Indian Expeditionary Force, France.

May 16th, 1915.

The French have done all the advancing while we have been doing all the bombarding and have been holding the enemy fast up here. Last night we began again to advance, but found the enemy in our front here was almost impregnable. However, to-day, I am glad to say, to the North and South we have gained some ground, and we hope that it will be the beginning of the German cracking up on this front. It is too soon to anticipate this in reality, but one always lives in hope that the beginning of the end will come soon. We want tons of ammunition for artillery, and high explosive ammunition, too. The ordinary shell is perfectly useless for blowing them out of the strong positions in which they have hidden themselves and their maxims so cunningly.

I forgot to mention in my last letter to you that I had received the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. To-day I got another from you. You do not know how sad I felt at seeing the names of some of my old school friends who have been killed. It took me back twenty-three years to the banks of the Hodder, and my mind was filled with recollections of Father Cassidy and all his kindness. I wonder where he is now, and if he remembers me?

Please send me the Magazine regularly, as it is most interesting—especially the letters of O.S. I am sorry that you sent the Rector my letters from ——. They were so wretchedly written. One has no means of writing anything like a finished letter here, for we live in a din of whistling shells, and when one is supposed to be resting there are so many people in the same mess room, all talking and arguing and asking one questions, that it is almost impossible to write a coherent sentence. So I just dash down odds and ends for you without ever thinking whether the grammatical form is right or not.

N.B.—Fr. Cassidy remembers the writer well. The Rector considers that jottings from the trenches are much more interesting to the readers of the Magazine than any number of carefully-worded letters.

Letters from Capt. H. A. de P. O'Kelly (1882),  
18th Hussars (killed in action at Ypres, on May  
18th, 1915).

W——, BELGIUM,  
Nov. 5th, 1914.

We are still resting here. It was heavenly sleeping in a bed last night after the trenches, and as it rained cats and dogs it was doubly welcome. We hear to-day that the French have re-taken M——, the place we were driven out of the day before, but they had very heavy losses. If you look at the map you will see exactly where we are. We are holding part of the line from N. to A., and the enemy are making desperate efforts to break through to get to Calais. We shall probably be off this evening, but we do not know where. I believe that we have done awfully well as the Colonel put it in orders that the G.O.C. had wired to thank the Regiment for their gallantry and endurance during the last five days. We do not know anything that is going on elsewhere, but I believe that all the enemy attacks are being repulsed.

In my letter of yesterday I made a mistake. The true account is that the Germans dressed up in khaki and spoke English. When they got up to the

trenches they shouted out, "Don't shoot; we are L.S.," and then they sprang into the trenches with bayonets. The L.S., however, drove them out and had a great set-to, but they lost nearly all their officers, and next day when they were supporting us and retired, it was simply because they had no officers. Discipline is everything in this war. Our men will go into the jaws of death if told to by their officers.

The German artillery is wonderful. An aeroplane comes over the trenches and signals the position and the range. In a few moments their shells come along with marvellous accuracy. Did I tell you that when I had my remounts picketed down at B, a German aeroplane dropped a bomb about twenty yards from our lines? It was trying to hit the Station. Two of our aeroplanes came along and chased it away. . . . We get a post every day. It is wonderful. The other night in the trenches a company of the — came right across my trench, and as the officer was d——d slow in answering, one of our men fired and wounded three of them. I told the man that he had done quite right, as you cannot take any risks, for the enemy has the cheek of the devil. The night we were entrenched at H., in front of that wood in which the Germans were, I had a narrow squeak, as I went forward by myself to reconnoitre the wood, for we were not certain that any of the enemy were there. It happened that my squadron officer and a subaltern had done the same thing higher up, and it appeared that they saw me in the dark and stalked me. One had a rifle and the other a revolver. They told me afterwards that they saw someone moving about and that they had their fingers on the triggers ready to shoot when I suddenly disappeared and they did not see me again.

W——,  
Nov. 7th, 1914.

I am writing this in a school house. I've bagged one of their drawing books! All day yesterday we were in reserve, in case the trenches had to be evacuated. It appears that the French did not take M—— after all, and yesterday they were going to have another try. . . . They got within 300 yards of the German trenches and then retired. We got a good shelling yesterday, but there were no casualties that I know of.



Late last night we came on here. Two of our squads are in the trenches, and as we are still in reserve we billeted here close behind the trenches. . . . There is a great artillery duel going on now and we shall probably be "coal-boxed" presently. Some people say that the Germans are retreating from here and have left about 2,000 men here to cover their retirement. I hope this is true. It has been hammer and tongs round M—— for a long time. The Germans have taken it, have been turned out and have retaken it several times. There is hardly a house left standing. The French have been trying to retake it for the last three days, but without success. The French artillery is wonderful. . . .

The morning after we had been relieved from the trenches by the —— we heard that two officers and a lot of men had been killed by a "coal-box." We have been very lucky. It is ghastly to see the wounds and mutilation made by the "coal-boxes."

We are digging trenches hard now, to get into when the "coal-boxing" starts. We heard last night that the Russians had gained a tremendous victory over the Germans and Austrians. I hope it is true. They will have to chuck the attempt to get to the coast. It has been the most terrific fighting in the war so far, and I believe that we have had the worst of it round here. . . . We are having lovely weather, but the roads are awful. It is wonderful to see the huge motor luries ploughing through the mud. We march a great deal on foot and hardly ever see our horses, but it is wonderful how cheery our fellows are. When we meet another cavalry regiment ploughing through the mud, we chaff one another about being foot-sloggers. Although we do not often have to sleep out, except in the trenches, it is pretty rough. Most of the houses are in ruins and we sleep on straw and live principally on bully beef and biscuits, but when we get a day off we get our mess-cart up and have the luxuries that have been sent up to us. . . . I am Mess President. To-day I managed to kill a chicken with a brick, and as there are plenty of potatoes here we are going to have a great stew ! . . .

We get a mail every day, wherever we are ; it is sent up to us in motor cars. We are getting the shrapnel pretty hot now. The beggars have got our range exactly and are fairly potting us.

TWO MILES WEST OF B——, BELGIUM,

Nov. 9th, 1914.

. . . . We are now having two days' rest here and are off again this afternoon to the trenches. . . . K. will have told you all about the battle of M—— on Sunday week—the day after I joined—and of our miraculous escape. How we lived through that hellish rain of shrapnel and maxims and rifle fire I often find myself puzzling now ! I felt the bullets almost touching me as they sang past, and I remember thinking what bad

luck it was to be "outed" in my first fight. However, I am still alive and kicking. . . . We have been holding this portion of the line and doing infantry work day and night in the trenches, and have been subjected to the most appalling bombardments and night attacks for the last ten days in the German frenzied attempt to break through to Calais. They say the Kaiser himself is here. We have hung on like grim death, and now the pressure is relieved, as they have reinforced us with a lot of guns and French infantry. We have gained immense kudos for our tenacity and have been thanked in Orders by General French.

The discomforts are great, especially in the trenches. It is very cold at night and our nerves are on the strain the whole time, but we keep very cheerful and the knowledge that we are doing good work for our country keeps us going. . . .

IN THE TRENCHES OUTSIDE M——.

November 11th, 1914.

I am writing this in the trenches. The Germans are plugging shrapnel into us, and I expect a "coal-box" or two directly ! There is a French battery just behind us making a deafening din. We have just heard that the enemy is giving way and the French are getting ready to pursue. I hope that this is true. We had a nasty job taking over these trenches last evening. We came under very hot rifle fire and lost several men. It was not at all pleasant. The bullets were singing all round us, and one fell absolutely at my feet. It is hard not to bob one's head, but it looks bad for an officer. There is a farm close by into which we bolt for our meals. . . . They have just dropped a shell about five yards from us, but it did not explode ! This is a ghastly war ; the bombardments are so incessant and terrible, and it all gets on one's nerves after a bit. I expect we shall have a potting this evening when we are relieved, as the enemy knows more or less the times of relief and blazes away at us. However, my squadron officer has told me to take the Squadron across country in open order instead of along the road in close column as we were last night. I hope I shall get them away without any casualties. We go back to billets, I hope, for a couple of days. Twenty-four hours of the trenches is quite enough at a time. It is very cold at night now, and one is so cramped that you can hardly walk when you come out. . . .

*Twenty-four hours later.* We were relieved from trenches about 5-0 yesterday evening, and mounted our horses, which had been brought up to within three miles of the trenches, and rode to our billets, some ten miles away, in the most awful storm of wind and rain. It was pitch dark. We got in about 8-0, wet through and very cold, had a bit of dinner, and went to bed at 10-0, thinking we were in for a nice sleep and a rest next day. No such luck! At midnight an order came for us to turn out at once; so up we got and started off again for about 15 miles, arriving here at Y— at dawn. It appears that the Germans have broken into a bit of our line. The fighting has been awful here for some time. We are bivouacked in a field and there is a tiny cottage near in which I am writing this.

About 9-0 o'clock I was sent on a patrol with three men to visit the different headquarters and trenches and to find out all I could about the dispositions of our men and the enemy. I got back all right about 1-30, but it was warm work. I was sniped at most of the time and the shells were falling thick. I brought back a lot of information and picked out the best roads, etc. I expect we are for the trenches again to-night. We have had practically no sleep for three nights now, and have not had our boots off, but I have just had a wash and a shave and feel all right. I met hundreds of wounded coming away from the trenches. It is worse up here than at M—. The enemy is very strong and is making frantic efforts to break through our line. That is why we have been hurried up to reinforce. The weather is filthy and the discomforts are indescribable, but in spite of all we keep cheerful. It is no use doing otherwise. . . . I do not trouble now about the bullets and the shells, and I think that most of us are the same. I do not know when this will get away, as everything is chaos here—nothing but bloodshed and sudden death. But what matters it! We are all doing our duty and that makes up for a lot. You must not worry about me. All will be well, and I may get a slight wound and come home soon.

Y—,

Nov. 16th, 1914.

I am writing this in a farm house, where we arrived this morning, about 2-0 a.m.—after three days and

nights in the trenches. We all had our little holes in the ground, and it was just like a rabbit warren. We had a pretty warm time of it. The Germans—as you will know long before you get this—are making their last desperate attempt to break through our lines. They had orders from the Kaiser to take Y— for certain by November 1st, at any cost. There are eleven army corps of them, with a big percentage of absolutely fresh troops and the flower of the German Army—hammering away at us day and night, but the British cavalry are holding the line and they don't budge. Of course, there are a good many infantry as well. You can bet your boots the d—d Germans don't get through us! One of our trenches was only 45 yards distant from the Germans. They tried to rush us last night, but they only got wiped out for their pains. There were heaps of dead in front of our trench, and our men were crawling out and taking their boots and overcoats. The—say that this is the hardest time they have had in the whole war—even worse than the retreat from Mons. We have had casualties, of course, but no officers, since we came here. . . . It rains every day and the roads are in a terrible state and always blocked with motor transport. We usually leave our horses three or four miles from the trenches and wade on our flat feet through the mud and slush. By the time we get to our destination we are wet through and chilled to the bone, and then we shiver in the trenches all night. Until this morning I had not had my clothes off for five days and nights. In spite of this we are all quite cheery, and crack jokes as the shells come bursting round us.

We are now having a day's rest—I am hoping for two. It is funny how used you get to being under fire. I do not take any notice now—even when a bullet grazes my cap, as one did yesterday. Of course, we see appalling sights which I do not harrow your feelings by describing. I try not to think of them myself. . . . I have just had orders to go into B— about some orders, so will finish this later.

FROM A FARM ONE MILE FROM B—,  
Nov. 17th, 1914.

Here I am! It took me three hours to do the trip—about sixteen miles. I had to pass through the town of Y—. The enemy were shelling it. Why, I do not know, as it is a town of the dead—absolutely deserted. It has many fine buildings, but a good many of the houses are in ruins. It is pitiable to see these Belgian towns. I am fixed here for two days and then the Regiment is expected. Joy of joys! I slept in a bed last night and had a hot bath this morning and had two boiled eggs and toast and butter! What infinite bliss!

I hear that Lord Roberts is lying dead at B——, and I am riding in to find out. It appears that he came out to see what was going on and died here. But, of course, this will be very stale news to you by the time you get this. . . .

ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM B——,  
Nov. 20th, 1914.

I have carried this letter in my pocket for three days, so have opened it to add a bit more. I was sent for to return to the Regiment on the 17th, and went back to find them in the forward trenches. It was bitterly cold, and the last night it snowed. All the country is under snow now. The trenches were too wet to lie down in, and we fairly shivered I can tell you. We had a potting in the trenches. The devils have now a new horror. They shoot a shell out of a mortar at you, filled with some high explosive. You can see it coming doddelling along, turning over and over in the air, and it looks as if it was coming right into the trench. It bursts with a deafening roar. They can only shoot it about 600 yards, but they have the mortar in the trench. About fifteen of these shells fell within fifteen yards of our trench and blew in a lot of it! I can tell you we buried our heads in the trench when we saw them coming. In the open you can dodge them, as they come so slowly and high in the air. There was a terrific bombardment both days and as our trenches were only about 150 yards apart we had to be well on the look out for night attacks. We always put barbed wire entanglements with corn on them in front—as soon as it is dark enough to get out to do it—to warn us of an attack. It is jumpy work. We are all in a wood, Germans and English, with trenches everywhere. Some of the trenches were full of dead English and Germans. Three officers of the —— were wounded last night, and about twelve men. We were relieved last night about 8-0 p.m., half frozen—there was nearly a foot of snow on the ground—and walked through the most awful slush and mud to our horses. Just as we got to them bang came some shells which killed several horses and one of our men and wounded several more. We came on here—about 16 miles—and arrived at 3-0 a.m. It was all slush when we started. By about midnight it was freezing hard and the road was so slippery that we had to dismount and bundle along for hours leading the nags. I tell you we were glad to get to our billets—a farm—and find our advance party had a huge fire and some grub for us. I had a comfortable bed, and the blessed joy of undressing and getting under blankets I have no words to convey. I hope we shall be here for a day or two as we sadly want a rest. I am afraid this hard weather will knock our youngsters up. I am very fit and well. I got a whole pile of letters to-day and some parcels of things. . . .

ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM B——,  
Nov. 21st, 1914.

I've not much news this letter, as we are still here in our billets, having a well-earned rest. The winter has started and it is freezing hard. The roads are almost impossible for riding. We have a very comfortable billet here and I have a nice room and a bed. . . .

I am just going to arrange for a sing-song for to-morrow night to cheer the men up. There is a nice church here and a dear old Curé. I am going to my duties this evening and to-morrow to Holy Communion. As the Curé does not understand English, and I no French it will be an easy Confession, but he says that does not matter! I am also rounding up all our Catholics and trying to get them to go, and to-morrow, Sunday, I am taking them to Mass. You see when you face sudden death a hundred times a day it makes you think a bit! . . . .

April 29th, 1915.

Yesterday we had two moves, both backwards. We first arrived in a big wood about 1-0 o'clock and thought we should stay there for the night, but just as we were going to have a snack of dinner, about 7-30 p.m., orders came to saddle up, and we started off again. We are now in France. The whole of the cavalry is round about including the Indian Cavalry Corps. . . . There is a terrific battle going on all round L——, P——, and St. J——, and in other parts of the line. The enemy is making desperate attempts to break our line and get Y—— from the N.E. There will be huge casualties on both sides. . . . We are a mobile reserve, to be rushed up to any part of our line that wants reinforcing. You see, as our line is only about 35 miles we can get to any part of it in a few hours. Those bally Germans are a long way from being beaten yet! But this poisonous gas business is not playing the game. It has infuriated every one, and we are out for blood now. We are quite safe here out of the reach of their guns, so you need not worry about me. There is a rumour that we took the ridge of M—— yesterday. It is a most important point. It has been in the hands of the enemy ever since November 1st, when we were driven out of M——. I think everything is satisfactory, although the enemy still remains master of two of the four miles he advanced on Thursday last. It was a very critical few days from Thursday to Monday. . . . We were attacking St. J—— again last night. We have not heard any news yet. We could hear from this a terrific bombardment going on. I do not suppose we shall have much rest from now onwards. We shall always be on the move. I love it. The weather is simply glorious and the country looks lovely—with the blossoms out and the hedges and trees getting their foliage. . . .

May 9th, 1915.

Here I am sitting in the trenches at Y——, with a respirator on my forehead and the most infernal din going on. They are shelling us like mad, and our own guns behind are kicking up the devil's own row.

The day I last wrote to you from near H—— we were ordered off here, and after a twenty mile ride and a six mile walk we arrived at 10-0 at night, having had plenty of shelling, and having lost one officer and about twenty men. We then dug trenches all night, slept in a barn all next day, dug trenches again all next night, left about 3-0 a.m., and went back to our old billets at B——. We got in about 5-0 a.m., had a bit of breakfast and a sleep and spent the remainder of the day changing the squadrons into some new farms, thinking we should have a nice rest. After a good dinner we went to bed. I told my servant to call me at 8-30, but no such luck! At 3-0 a.m. I was awakened up by, "Turn out at once!" In an hour we were off here again. The order ought to have reached us by midnight, but the motor-cyclist broke down. The consequence was that instead of getting into our trenches before daybreak we did not get there before 9-30, and had to walk for five miles, during the last three of which we were frightfully potted, as they could see us. Rotten bad management! I hear we had a lot of casualties; shells were dropping all round us, as we had to march right across the open, with absolutely no cover. I had some narrow squeaks.

We hear there was a big attack last night, and part of our line gave way, so we were rushed up in support. I do not know how long we shall be here. The trenches are not bad and I have quite a good dug-out. I cannot describe the absolutely hellish din that is going on. I only hope they won't send any of their d——d gas along. We all have respirators. You cannot imagine what the place is like. Y—— is just in rear of us, and they are dropping large shells into it. I shall never forget the stench as we came along—hundreds of dead horses and men. The whole place is honey-combed with large shell-holes—a most desolate and depressing sight. We are in the second line of trenches. I think there will be an attack after this bombardment, in which case we shall reinforce the front line. I am sure I shall be deaf after this! We have just got a lot of shrapnel over us, with a few coal-boxes thrown in. They are trying to get at our guns behind. The whole earth shakes and the din is terrible. They say the Kaiser is here and that they are determined to get Y——, but "I don't think!" The poor infantry look awfully done up, poor devils. I met some twenty — this morning and asked them where they were going. They said they were the only survivors of —, and that the rest had been killed or captured last night. But I did not believe them. They had

cold feet and had cleared out! The fighting round here is terrific. The fiercest attack is going on all along the line and hundreds of guns are popping off. We have no grub and I doubt if the rations will be able to get up to-night, but, as Tommy says: "Are we down-hearted? No!" Only our cavalry Division is here. The — and — are at L—— B——, and we heard this morning on the way up that we have broken through their line there. I hope it is true as it might mean a respite here, or, perhaps a furious attack to-night! The attack is increasing in fury. Some infantry have just fallen back to our trench. They say their trench is shelled flat. The Germans have not started their assault yet but we are expecting it every minute now. The shells are bursting all round us. I have just been out to look at our barbed wire entanglements, as if we have to support the front line we shall have to cut them. I hope they stand fast all right, but they have had a terrible shelling. . . . The enemy are attacking. Our right has sent back word that the situation is critical and that they want reinforcements.

May 10th, 1915.

A fairly quiet night, but an awful day! We have had the most terrible shelling since 6-0 a.m. It is now 3-0 p.m. We may have to go forward to attack as some of our men are retiring in one part.

May 11th, 1915.

I am glad to be able to write and tell you that I have pulled through the most awful day I have had in my life. It was hell let loose. How anyone can live through a tornado of shell fire like we had yesterday is a marvel. We sat in our trenches all day from 5-0 a.m. until 9-0 p.m. We were shelled with every conceivable sort of shell. Our parapets were blown away and we had many casualties. We were only the second line of trenches. It was hideous to watch the first line. They were simply blown to bits. Their casualties must be something awful. How they hang on I cannot tell! . . . However, to go back to my own story, about 9-0 last night we were ordered forward to reinforce the first line of trenches. My squadron were told off to man a trench that the A. & S. had vacated that afternoon. They did not know whether it was occupied by the enemy or not, but our orders were, if it was occupied to attack with the bayonet and turn them out. So off we went. When we were about 400 yards from the A. & S. trench, S——, the Squadron Commander,

went on with a guide and left me with the squadron while he reconnoitred the position. Bullets were whizzing about and we lay flat. After about fifteen minutes the guide came back and said that S— had been hit, so I went forward to find him. It was hot work, and every time a star shell went up we had to throw ourselves flat. Presently I heard S—'s voice out of the darkness calling "O'K! Is that you?" I went over and found that he had got a bullet right through the side of his scalp—a nasty ridge—but a marvellous escape. He told me to take the squadron on, while he went back to be dressed. So I brought them up close to the trenches and made them lie down close to a hedge while I went on to the trenches. The scene was most awe-inspiring. Hundreds of star shells were being shot into the air by the Germans and they lit up the place like electric light; every farm near was in flames, and behind Y— was blazing. Shells and shrapnel were bursting in every direction and bullets pinging about one's ears. I had to crawl up on my hands and knees to the trench and found a Captain and Subaltern and 150 men of the A. & S. . . . They were digging themselves into a new trench; they told me that the trench about 100 yards in front—the one that we had to occupy—was blown to bits, and that dozens of their men were buried alive in it. They said that it was not occupied by the enemy, and that they had almost 40 men in it to hold it while they got their other trench dug. I told him my orders were to relieve his men until daybreak and that he was to send his men back so as to give him more men for digging; but he said that he had no tools for any more men, and that by the time I got my men in and his men out it would be daybreak and that we should probably lose 50 or 60 men in the operation. He agreed that we should leave things as they were, and that I should take my men back to the regiment in the rear. How I pitied those chaps! They told me that they had been in the trenches for 31 days on end and that they had only washed their faces once in that time, and that they had never had their clothes or boots off. They said they knew they were going to be attacked in the morning, and that their men were absolutely done up; they did not care a d— for the German infantry, but the

shelling was awful.

Well, I got back all right to the Squadron. By this time I was absolutely callous and didn't even take the trouble to crawl except when the place was lit up with star shells. We started back. About half-way back we met a squadron of the —, who had been sent up to relieve us. . . . I told the officer in command that he was not wanted, and he fell in in our rear. When we got back I met an orderly who told me that the regiment had gone into billets between P— and Y—, and that I was to follow on; so on we went. I elected to chance the shelling and to go by the roads. The regiment had gone across country. We went through part of Y—; I shall never forget it. Y— was burning in a hundred different places; not a house was left standing; the beautiful Cloth Hall was in a blaze, and the shells were still pounding into it. Of course we only skirted Y—, and eventually, after a six mile march, we found our billets and got here half-an-hour before the regiment, who were very much surprised to find us here, as they did not know we had been relieved so soon.

We arrived here about 5-0 a.m., had some welcome food and drink and dosed down on the floor in a ruined chateau. . . .

We have had two officers wounded. I am now in command of the squadron. . . . I expect we shall have a couple of days here and then back again to the trenches. The situation here is very critical; it is all these guns. We must have some artillery sent up or they will break our line. . . .

Y—,  
May 14th, 1915.

I am safe and sound. The Regiment passed through Hades yesterday. . . . I am in temporary command of the Regiment. . . . I cannot write to describe it all—at least not yet—it was too awful. We got back to the third line trenches early this morning, where I am writing this. We go on to our billets at B— tomorrow to refit. . . .

May 15th, 1915.

. . . . We took over the front line of trenches at Y— two nights ago—on the evening of the 12th—and at 3-30 a.m. on the 13th the enemy concentrated the most appalling artillery fire on us. They had guns



*Photo by]*

*[H. J. Comley, Stroud.*

**Lieut. GEORGE ARCHER-SHEE,**

**3rd Batt. (attached to 1st Batt.) South Staffordshire Regiment.**

**Born May 6th, 1895. O.S. 1905.**

**Killed in action near Ypres on October 31st, 1914.**



all round us. . . . They kept it up from 3-30 a.m. until 8-0 p.m. It was hell let loose. Our trenches were blown to fragments. They were shambles. I had to retire two of the troops as there was no trench left, but I brought them back again and put them in groups wherever there was a bit of parapet left. The two other troops hung on. In retiring and returning they poured shrapnel and machine-gun fire into us. We hung on all through that awful day. . . . I shall have to write you a full account of it all later. At present I am too upset and shaken. I had a thousand miraculous escapes and ought to be dead; but I am alive; but, oh! so tired and weary. I was buried twice and had to be dug out. I shall remember to my dying day the shambles around me! Thank God we held the line, and although the enemy advanced up to within 400 yards of us and dug themselves in, they were afraid to attack us.

We spent all yesterday in the second line trenches. It was bitterly cold and it was raining. We were shelled. Last night we had a weary march of ten miles to this spot, where we are to stop for the present until they have made up their minds about us. All the rest have suffered terribly . . . *but the line is intact.*

Letter from Lieut. H. Digby Beste, R.I.M. (O.S. 1894), to a member of the Hodder Community.

H.M.S. *Lawrence*,  
c/o S.N.O.,  
PERSIAN GULF,  
May 1st, 1915.

It is such a long time since I wrote to you, or rather, saw you (in 1903), that I am afraid you must have forgotten my very existence. However, in about five years' time you will be having my two sons at Hodder, and they will, I am sure, remind you of me! Heavens, how times flies, it only seems the other day that I came to you! Well, I trust my boys get such a good time as I had *chez vous*. We are here with three other sloops assisting the Indian Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, and at first it was very exciting and may become so again if they rally; but I rather doubt it; at present they have all retreated up country, so we on the ships are not having very much to do. However, we had one sharp action at the taking of Qurnah.

I am enclosing a few things for the Hodder Museum; they may be interesting. After we occupied Busra we started a newspaper in English and

the vernacular (Arabic), which is still going. I am sending you the first copy, also a late edition of the same, containing the Proclamation by which Busra became British. The other is a copy book written in Turkish or Arabic; it is a handbook on Military Drill, found in the debris of the Governor of Kurnah's House after it had been demolished by our shells. I picked it up myself. Hoping to see you after the war, when the leave roster re-opens.

I remain, yours sincerely,  
H. DIGBY-BESTE,  
Lieut. R.I.M.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

Lieut. GEORGE ARCHER-SHEE (1905),  
3rd Batt. (attached to 1st Batt.) South Staffordshire  
Regiment.

*Killed near Ypres on October 31st, aged 19½ years.*

The death of this young officer, so well known and popular at Stonyhurst, has caused deep regret to his many College friends. Our sympathy is intensified by the recollection of the very trying ordeal he had to pass through some years ago as a boy cadet at Osborne, where he was mistakenly accused and dismissed on a charge of petty theft. During the legal proceedings which followed, it will be remembered that the College authorities, who knew him well, and were convinced of his innocence, sent representatives to give evidence in court as to the high character he had always borne as a boy at Stonyhurst.

The details of the trial—the *cause célèbre* of the year—and the subsequent debates on it in Parliament are so well known that we need not recall them here. They resulted in what every newspaper in the country has described as "a complete vindication of his character." He received an ample apology from Mr. McKenna, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and was awarded £7,000 damages.



After leaving Osborne he was welcomed back to Stonyhurst, where he remained till of age to enter the Army. It is pleasant to recall the fact that not only did his schoolfellows at Stonyhurst believe him guiltless of the charge, but that his fellow-cadets at Osborne were unanimously in his favour.

The newspapers, in recording his death, one and all concur in tributes of special sympathy.

The *Daily Mail*, under the heading "Romance of a Hero," concludes with the words, "Driven from the Navy by injustice, Lieut. Archer-Shee has won fame and honour in the Army, and—he has served his country well."

The following notice is from *The Times* :—

Lieut. George Archer-Shee, 1st *South Staffordshire Regiment*, who was killed near Ypres on October 31st, aged 19½ years, was the younger son of the late Martin Archer-Shee, and only son of Mrs. Archer-Shee, of Woodchester, Gloucester. He joined the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in 1908, but was removed in circumstances which afterwards formed the subject of legal proceedings in the King's Bench, the result of which was the complete vindication of his character. Colonel Owens, C.M.G., the officer commanding the *South Staffordshire Regiment*, writes of him to his mother :—

"He was a most promising young officer, and in the short time he was in the 1st *Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment* he earned the love and respect of both officers and men, and by his bravery and example contributed largely to the success of the battalion in the actions near Ypres."

Although the evidence of his death on October 31st, near Ypres, is now regarded as confirmed, his relatives and friends had been kept in suspense as to his fate from October to May, during which period his name had been officially posted as "missing." All this time hopes had been aroused by various reports suggesting that he was wounded and a prisoner.

By all accounts received from his brother officers and the men of his regiment he had borne himself with special gallantry throughout the fighting in which he took part.

We print below letters from a brother officer to his brother, Major Archer-Shee, M.P., D.S.O., and a letter to his mother from a Quartermaster-Sergeant, both describing his last fight and gallant ending.

Copy of a letter from an officer of the 1st *Batt. South Staffordshire Regiment* at Ypres, to Major Archer-Shee.

14/1/15.

DEAR MAJOR ARCHER-SHEE,

I have made all possible further inquiries regarding your gallant brother, but I regret I have only been able to gather the following further details of what took place; these details, meagre though they are, show what a fine officer he was and how gallantly he behaved up to the last.

It seems that during the retirement of the Division he was in charge of a platoon in an exposed portion of the line; other units of other corps it seems had received orders to retire, but the order had not reached him. Someone, it is said, pointed out to him that the units on each side of him were retiring; he replied that he did not care what they did, but no one of his men was to retire till he gave them orders to do so. And so they held on against great odds.

Later a message seems to have reached him, for he gave the order to the men to retire as best they could. He, it is said, was the *last* to retire, and a man, since killed, reported that he looked round and saw him lying face downwards on the ground, motionless, as though killed instantly, his head towards the enemy. I sadly fear there can be but little hope, and all one can wish for is that there may be some remote chance of his being wounded and a prisoner of war, but I fear we should have heard before now if this was the case. He earned the highest opinions of his brother officers, and his loss is most keenly felt by all who knew him.

Personally, I knew him at Plymouth, with the 3rd *Battalion*, and also when he was attached at Lichfield, and had been looking forward to seeing him again when I came out to rejoin the battalion at Ypres. He was such a charming and interesting young fellow and had seen such a lot of the



2nd Lieut. W. A. J. DAVIS,

4th Batt. East Surrey Regiment.

Born January 11th, 1894. O.S. 1911.

Killed in action at "Hill 60," near Ypres, April 21st, 1915.

world for his years that he was a most pleasant companion at all times and made many friends.

*Letter from a Quartermaster-Sergeant.*

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,  
25/11/1914.

DEAR MRS. ARCHER-SHEE,

I thank you very much for your letter asking about your son ; before answering it I have caused and made every possible enquiry regarding your son. I have to regret that it is impossible to give you any certain news of him, but as you, I hope, know the Regiment has suffered terribly, and that everything is in a perfect state of chaos at present and hope to get all right again soon. There are so very few men left who know anything of what really happened and who saw your boy at the end. All I can find out he was seen lying face downwards on the ground during an attack on the German position which was occupied by them on October 31st, at Ypres, and so he may have been killed or badly wounded, but he undoubtedly fell into their hands. I am afraid there is not a great likelihood of his being alive if you have not heard from him, or even of him, yet.

We are all most awfully sorry about him as he was a splendid young officer, and did awfully well up to the end. All his men spoke in high terms of his great personal courage and his wonderful behaviour, and it is to men such as he that we owe the great name the Regiment has made for itself out here, which I assure you is well known to all the Brigade and Division who have seen their fighting powers.

I will conclude by saying once more what a great loss your son is to us all, who had just got to know him, if he has been killed.

2nd Lieut. WILFRID ALLEN DAVIS,  
4th Battalion East Surrey Regiment, O.S., 1911.

*Killed in Action at " Hill 60," near Ypres, on April 21st, 1915, aged 21 years.*

Wilfrid Davis came into the Philosophy course at Stonyhurst in October, 1911, from Wimbledon College, where the earlier years of the school-life

had been spent. He left Stonyhurst before completing the school year, and later took a mathematical scholarship at Oxford. During his brief stay at Stonyhurst his amiable disposition and cheery manners made him very popular with all. As a student he was industrious, and obviously very talented, especially in his own line—mathematics. All who remember him here will regret the early ending of a life so full of promise.

The following notice from the *Tablet* for May 1st supplies further details of his career :

" Three days later appeared the name of another gallant Catholic officer, who fell at the age of only twenty-one, Lieut. Wilfrid Allen Davis, of the *East Surrey Regiment*, killed at Hill 60. The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis, of 82, Worple Road, Wimbledon, he was educated at Wimbledon College, Stonyhurst, and Oxford, where he went in October, 1913, having won an open Mathematical Scholarship at Jesus College. He rowed in the College Eight, and also represented his College at lawn-tennis. He was a member of the Oxford University O.T.C., and was gazetted last August to the 4th Battalion of the *East Surrey Regiment*. On leaving for the front on January 26th, he was attached to the 1st Battalion, and went straight to the trenches and to his death.

" A letter from the superior officer of this highly promising young soldier must pass into the treasury of his parents and friends. It shows that the early promise of Wilfrid Davis at Wimbledon College—which is one of that College's memories—was finally fulfilled on the battlefield. The letter, dated April 23rd, 1915, says :—

" ' Dear Mr. Davis,—I am afraid by this the War Office will have informed you of the death of your son. It may be some little consolation to you to know he died the finest death a man can die—fighting for his country, honour and liberty. Your son was hit by a shell, and death was instantaneous ; he led his men brilliantly, and was killed in an action in which this gallant regiment distinguished itself more than words can say. It achieved wonders, and withstood a most terrible bombardment which some men had reported was impossible. The Army Corps Commander said it was marvellous, and the finest

thing of this war. It proved to the enemy the high standard of British *moral* and what British pluck can do. I can only add your son has a full share of the honour, and his loss will be deeply felt in the regiment. He had made himself very dear to all—officers and men. We all sympathize most deeply with you in your terrible loss.—Yours sincerely,  
T. H. DARWELL.”

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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From the Company Sergeant-Major to his Company Commander :

“ I deeply regret to say that we lost poor Lieut. Davis just at the last moment before being relieved. He had worked very hard all night long, and after the enemy's last unsuccessful attack in the morning he was picked off right on top of the hill where he had so splendidly kept the men in hand all through that terrible night.”

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From a letter received by the mother of another officer killed in the same action :—

“ The *East Surreys* held the crest of Hill 60 against a terrific fire of bombs, shells, and close range artillery fire from three sides. The shelling and bombing became so terrific that they were ordered to retire under the crest of the hill, but they indignantly sent down a message to say, ‘ that they had not budged an inch, and were not going to move.’ ”

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One of his fellow officers wounded in the same action, whom we have seen at St. Thomas' Hospital, spoke as follows :—

“ Your son was splendid all through, and when reading the reports by ‘ Eye-Witness ’ of the defence by the Infantry of Hill 60—from the 18th to the 21st April, you can say, ‘ My son did that.’ He was the last officer of the company left, having seen seven killed and seven wounded. I mourn his loss deeply. He was lion-hearted. We all looked on him as so very capable.”

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Letter to his mother from his Brigadier-General :—

I should have written to you some time ago, but I

have been away recovering from wounds, and consequently had to await my return in order to obtain your address.

Though a stranger to you, I feel that perhaps you will not mind my writing a few lines as Brigadier-General commanding this Brigade to express my respectful sympathy with you in the great loss that you have suffered by the death of your gallant son, and to say how much I personally feel the loss of such a capable officer.

You have no doubt already heard from many sources the story of the wonderful bravery and heroism of the *East Surreys* at Hill 60, and how their fine behaviour became the source of admiration of all who saw it.

Possibly, then, there may be some small consolation for you in the thought that your son was one of that noble band, and that he gave his life at the call of duty for King and country under such glorious circumstances.

There is no finer regiment in the British Army than the *East Surreys*, a magnificent body of men, led by splendid officers.

Their losses were heavy at Hill 60, and we all mourn the loss of many gallant comrades.

I trust that you will forgive this line, and may I express the hope that consolation in your grievous affliction may be yours in abundance.

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From the Officer in charge of the *East Surrey* officers training at Devonport :

I feel I must just write a short note of sympathy with you on the loss of your gallant son. I shall not soon forget the noble way in which he came forward in the emergency, and how hard he worked to fit himself for the struggle. Had he lived, I feel sure he would have done well. And I feel the more closely in touch with him since he, as well as my brother and myself, was an Oxford man. Oxford has reason to be proud of her undergraduates and graduates.

It is a comfort to think that he fell doing his duty in one of the most important battles of the campaign, and one in which the *East Surreys* earned undying glory.

Letter from a Catholic Military Chaplain to his mother :

Unfortunately your letter reached me when your dear departed son was in eternity. I had the privilege of speaking to your son on one occasion a short time before his death. Little did I or he know that it would be the last time. Just about a fortnight, or less, before his death, I rode from—— to—— to hear some confessions of the R.A.M.C. men. When I had finished and was having tea with the officers, a message came to me to the effect that a young officer of the *East Surreys* wanted to see me for confession. I went at once to the Convent Chapel and found your son on his knees before the altar, busy in his preparation for confession. I heard his confession in the little sacristy, and we had a long chat afterwards. He told me that he was from Wimbledon and had studied at Oxford, etc. He made a very great impression upon me. I have seen many splendid types of officers since I have been out here for the past seven months, but, without flattery, I can honestly say that your son was the finest of all. He was very cheery at the time, and looked forward to the end of the war. I promised to look him up often, but alas ! "man proposes," etc. I got a dreadful shock when I heard the news of his death. He went to Holy Communion the day after I heard his confession. He was well prepared to die. I should like to have his place in Heaven.

I'll look after his simple grave and see that a nice cross is erected. If possible, I'll try and have it photographed. Accept my sincere condolence. I won't forget him in my prayers.

2nd Lieut. HAROLD J. LYNCH (1906),  
1st Batt. *Welsh Fusiliers*.

*Killed in Action near Ypres, on May 16th, 1915,  
aged 19 years.*

It is only a few months since Harold Lynch left Stonyhurst, so he is well known to all present Stonyhurst boys. During his Rhetoric year he held prominent positions in the College, being Head of

the Line, Captain of the Football Eleven, and Prefect of the Sodality. As Head of the Line he exercised a good influence over all with whom he came in touch, and was deservedly popular with both Community and boys. He was a keen sportsman, and always came out prominently in all games.

In the Athletic Sports of 1914, he was the holder of the Queen's Cup for the best all round athlete in the College, having won the quarter-mile, half-mile, mile, and hurdles. He was always keen in everything he put his hand to, and this spirit of keenness he was always able to infuse into others, which made him such a good leader. He always took great interest in the O.T.C., finishing his connection with the Corps as Company Colour-Sergeant.

He was also a member of the Choir, and was frequently heard at the concerts and entertainments, always being ready to take his part in anything that would give pleasure to others. Those who followed his course at Stonyhurst saw in him sterling good qualities, which were bound to fructify, and gave evidence that he would be a credit to his College in the future.

When he left Stonyhurst in July, 1914, he at once applied for a commission in the Army, and in a short time was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*. After a period of training at Wrexham, he left with his regiment for the front in December last. The letters from his Captain and Quartermaster of his regiment, which appear below, give proof of how in the short time he served with the regiment he endeared himself to all. His men evidently saw in him one whom they could trust to do his best for them. He was killed by a shell whilst leading his men in a successful assault against the German trenches.

We print below two letters, kindly supplied to us by his mother, from his Captain and a Company Quartermaster-Sergeant of his regiment :—

Letter from his Captain :—

Will you please accept the sympathy of the officers and men of the Battalion on the death of your son, who was killed in action during the battle of the 16th. He was killed by a shell whilst leading his men in

the successful assault delivered by the Battalion on the German trenches. He was hit by a piece of shell shortly after crossing our parapet. We buried him with six of his fellow officers, about 200 yards behind the British trench, close to the Rue Cailloux, and on the southern side, about 6,500 yards East of Essars, which is near Bethune. He died gallantly at the head of his men, leading a victorious attack.

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Copy of letter to his mother from a Company Quartermaster-Sergeant :—

I beg you to forgive me writing to you, but I feel that a letter from one who has soldiered and been in many a tight corner with your dear son ever since he came out might alleviate a little your grief when I tell you how much he was loved by us all. I assure you it is a grief to us all, for although he went into action with "C" Company, he was, after all, by rights our officer, and as such we thought, cared, and prayed for him. He was so nice, and never above taking the benefit of our advice—a gentleman of the highest order. God bless him. I would rather not tell you of his death, except that he was real noble in it, and I could only stroke his dear hair. I was so hurt. I must say, though, you will never love a German after this, you oughtn't; I won't. I pray God some day to be able to see you personally, when I may be able to make you understand. The grief at losing him is small in comparison with the way in which he was *loved* by all ranks. He laid down his life as a gallant gentleman.

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Letter to his late Class-master; the last letter he ever wrote :—

1st Batt. R.W.F.,  
22nd Bdg.,  
7th Division.

Just a line from one of your old class to let you know I am still safe and sound and feeling very fit. Unfortunately, when I was home on leave last month I was unable to visit the old School as my stay was so short and could not fit it in. I have only come across one Stonyhurst boy out here, one Farren, in my Regiment. So far, I have been lucky enough not to have "stopped one," as they put it out here,

but the 7th Division had its bad days in October, when it was almost wiped out at Ypres. However, you will see in the papers before long that it has been making more history for future men of *Rhetoric* to learn. I only wish Father Rector could spare a few chaplains to come over here. There is too much work for those already on the spot. There is only one chaplain to look after two brigades, roughly 10,000 men, or ten regiments. It is not so much the number of men he has to look after, but the fact that the different regiments are sometimes a good distance from each other when in billets. As a matter of fact we have been very lucky, having had opportunity of hearing Mass and going to Communion nearly every Sunday. There are 70 R.C.'s in my regiment, and three of us officers, and as most of the men are Irish, there is nothing they like more than seeing a priest.

I hear the O.T.C. are doing great work, route marching, etc.—splendid! The sooner they come out the better, so we can finish the beastly thing. I expect the sinking of the *Lusitania* created a great sensation in England, but I hope before long we will have our own back and give them a beating as they will never want again.

P.S.—I have got my regular commission.

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2nd Lieut. MAURICE O'CONNOR CUFFEY,  
2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, O.S., 1908.

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*Killed in Action near Ypres, on May 20th, 1915,  
aged 18.*

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Lieut. Cuffey, the elder son of Dr. Cuffey and Mrs. Cuffey, of Port Said, was almost the youngest Stonyhurst officer to fall in this war. It was only last July that he left the College, where he was among the most universally liked of the boys of his year. Though not a regular member of the College Football Eleven, he had played once or twice for the School team in out matches.

He was a very capable sergeant in the O.T.C., and a holder of Certificate "A." Strong and well built, he excelled as a gymnast, having taken part





*Photo by]*

*[C. Neville Cook, Kingstown.*

**2ND-LIEUT. MAURICE O'C. CUFFEY.**

*2nd Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.*

**O.S. 1908.**

**Killed in action, near Ypres, on May 20th, 1915.**

**Aged 18.**



in all the gymnastic displays of late years in which his work was always neat and finished. He impressed everyone who met him as a boy of character, and the letters from the front describing his brief career as a soldier amply bear out the estimates of his friends and schoolfellows here.

From the *Irish Times* for June 3rd :—

"Second Lieutenant Maurice O'Connor Cuffey, who is officially reported killed in action, May 20th, was the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Cuffey, Port Said, Egypt, and grandson of the late J. C. O'Connor, of Ballyglass House, Sligo. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, and at the outbreak of the war he entered Sandhurst, receiving his commission on his eighteenth birthday, December 14th. He was attached to the *3rd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers* in Cork until the 3rd of May, when he was appointed to the 2nd Battalion on leaving for the front. He was a very promising soldier, and was most popular with all ranks of his regiment. His loss is deeply regretted."

From an officer of his Regimental Dépôt :—

#### THE BARRACKS, CORK.

Please excuse my not answering your letter till now. . . . The death of poor Maurice was a terrible shock to me, as indeed it was to men and officers here, for he was popular beyond comment. I fear I cannot at present give you very much detail about where he fell, etc., but I do know a few facts. He left here on Monday, May 3rd, with a draft of 400 men, under Major Magan (who is now wounded) and Lieut. C. Young. He then spent about four days at Rouen before going on to the firing line. Where he fell would be next to impossible to discover, except by application to Lieut.-Col.—. He might possibly find out from Major Magan. In the meantime I shall try my best to get any information which might be useful to you concerning one whom I had learnt to regard as my greatest friend. It would be mere luck if you could find out about his burial. There is a rumour here that he was killed by a burst of shrapnel, but I do not know whether this is true or not.

From a brother officer at the front :—

May 30th, 1915.

Yes, it is quite true that poor young Cuffey was killed in his trench by shrapnel on the 20th. He was killed instantly. He was one of the very best and most promising officers we had. He had only just arrived and had already made himself liked by all—a splendid fellow, and the type we can least afford to lose. He was with Capt. Basil Magan and 2nd Lieut. Young was in "D" Company. Magan was killed on the 24th and Young died of wounds in hospital on the 25th. The battalion had a bad day on the 24th. I know the Colonel (Loveband) would have written to you had he lived, but the poor man was killed on the 24th.

Please forgive me not writing more. If there are any further particulars I can give I shall be only too pleased.

Maurice was buried behind the trenches just N.W. of Ypres, but I regret to say that the ground is now occupied by the Germans. Fr. Bodkin wrote to me about Maurice, and I told him all I knew ; I also sent him Maurice's purse, which I took off my dead Colonel. He had it ready to send away and would have written also had he lived.

Letter from the same officer to the Rector :—

28th May, 1915.

Just received your letter of the 24th. Yes, poor young Cuffey was killed instantly in his trench by shrapnel on the morning of the 20th. It was very sad, poor fellow, as he had only just joined a few days previously and was a splendid fellow. I send you a small purse of his which I took off the body of my Colonel—the latter was killed in action on the 24th. That was an awful day for the Battalion, but they held their ground and fought to the last in their trenches. There were about 30 men, no officer, out of action in the evening. Cuffey was not in that sad business. He was indeed a splendid fellow.

**Capt. HENRY ARUNDELL DE PENTHENY  
O'KELLY (1882).**

*18th Hussars.*

*Born 1869. Killed in action at Ypres, on May 18th,  
1915.*

All who were at School at Stonyhurst with Henry O'Kelly will remember him well. A tall, fair-haired fine-looking fellow he was; always full of fun and high spirits, and as good natured as lively. No one could help liking him. He was fairly prominent at games and a good actor and elocutionist. The present writer remembers how well he looked and acted the part of Henry VIII. in Shakespeare's play of that name. Shortly after leaving College he entered the Army, serving with his regiment, the 13th Hussars, in India, and later through the South African War.

The following brief summary of his military career is from *The Times* for May 27th :—

"Captain Henry Arundell de Pentheny O'Kelly, of the 18th Hussars, was born in 1869, received his first commission in 1900, the honorary rank of captain in 1910. He retired from the 13th Hussars in June of last year, but rejoined on the outbreak of war, and was gazetted a temporary captain in the 18th Hussars in October last. He served on the Staff in the South African War from 1900 to 1902, being present at operations in Orange River Colony and Cape Colony, and received the Queen's medal with three clasps and the King's medal with two clasps."

In the December number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* we printed some of his letters from the front under the heading "Letters from an O.S. Cavalry Officer at the Front."

His letters are alive with the cheery and vivacious character of the writer, full of the merry humour and light-heartedness which helped to make him so popular with his men and brother officers. We print in this issue a further series of these, for which, as in the case of the former letters, we are indebted to the kindness of his wife, to whom we offer our profound sympathy in her sad bereavement.

He was the fourth son of the late Lieut.-Col. de Pentheny O'Kelly and Mrs. de Pentheny O'Kelly, of Dun Esk, Westgate-on-Sea.

Of his three elder brothers, Gerald came to Stonyhurst in 1865, and Edmund and Raymund in 1871.

Further details from *The Tablet* for June 5th :—

"He received his commission from the ranks in 1900, attained his Captaincy ten years later, and served on the Staff during the South African War, taking part in operations in Orange River Colony and Cape Colony. He married in 1905, Kathleen, daughter of Edward Fitzgerald, of Castlemaine, Victoria, Australia, and niece of the late Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, K.C.M.G.

His career during the war is so fully and vividly described in his letters that we have no hesitation in presenting them to our readers; his last letter we publish below, and others under "Letters from the Front."

*Letter written the day before he was killed.*

Y—, May 17th, 1915.

I shall now try to describe what happened to us on the morning of the 13th. We took our trenches from the — on the night of the 12th. They were in a very battered condition as they had been badly shelled for weeks. I did what I could to improve them, but as we did not get in until 1-30 a.m., and the attack started at 3-30 there was not much time. The — told me that they manned these trenches only at night and at day they withdrew their men to a trench a short distance behind. Well, at 3-30 the Germans started the most terrific bombardment and we were enfiladed from both flanks. They were using their very heavy howitzers and high explosive and shrapnel. . . . They had the exact range, and were hitting the trench every time. There were volleys of coal-boxes. After about two hours one of the trenches—the one I was in—was completely blown to pieces . . . lots of men were buried alive . . . there were fragments of men all over the place. . . . The trench being quite untenable, I ordered a retirement of the two troops and led them out myself. As soon as we got out into the open they began a most terrific shrapnel and machine gun fire on us. The trench I expected to find was



Captain HENRY ARUNDELL DE PENTHENEY O'KELLY,  
18th Hussars.

Born 1869. O.S. 1882.

Killed in action at Ypres on May 18th, 1915.

nowhere to be seen. I made the men lie down while I looked about for it. Not finding it, I had to go further back until I came to a support trench held by some infantry, and I put what remained of my men into that. I stayed there about three-quarters of an hour, and after thinking the situation out and being worried about the other two troops of my squadron left in the other trench—which was about fifty yards from the one I had to evacuate—I determined to go back and reoccupy the demolished trench at any cost. 'So I got the men out and advanced in open order. There was no cover, and again we had to go through a hail of shrapnel, machine-gun fire, and bullets. However, we got there somehow and I placed the few men remaining behind any of the small portions of parapets that were still intact. I then crawled into the other trench and found the other two troops all right. Their trench was not so bad. While all this was going on, the squadron on my left also had to evacuate their trenches, and I also heard that those on their left again were gone. So I was left with a big gap unoccupied on my left. The — were on my right. They were all right. They did not get anything like the shelling we got. I determined that we should hold on at all costs—and we did. Messages came coming in that the — had retired on our right, and that we had to retire; that everyone had gone on our left, etc., etc., but to each one I sent back word that "B." Squadron 18th Hussars were not going to retire. Presently a message came to me addressed to the O.C. 18th Hussars, to say that we must hold on at any cost. I told the man to go further up the line and that there he would find Major C—, who was in command, but he said he had been told to bring it to me as I was the senior officer left. Then I realised that I was in command. The Colonel was commanding the Brigade.

Well, we hung on all through that awful day. They never ceased shelling us from 3-30 a.m. until about 8-30 at night. The German infantry advanced up to 500 yards of our line and dug themselves in, but they did not attack. Goodness only knows why! We held the line although it had been evacuated in parts. The carnage was terrible, and the moans of the wounded, whom we could not

move until dark, were terrible. . . . How I escaped I do not know! It must be your prayers and the medals. . . . I think that some of them suffered even worse than we did. We go up to the trenches again to-night for four days. After that God knows—but I think we shall be here until this effort of the Germans to break through is over. They have hundreds of their heaviest guns here, and are giving us a taste of what we gave them at Neuve Chapelle—only much worse.

*Letter to his Wife from his Colonel, announcing his death.*

*May 19th, 1915.*

I have the very sad task of writing to you to tell you of the sad death of your husband, which occurred yesterday evening, about 8-0 p.m. It is doubly sad in that it was the outcome of an accident and not caused directly by the enemy's fire. In spite of there being nothing that I can do or say in any way to lessen your grief I have, nevertheless, thought that it was my duty to let you know the facts of the occurrence, and on that account have taken the liberty of writing to you.

We have been, and still are holding some trenches just outside Ypres, and your husband's squadron was in a portion of them yesterday. He himself occupied one of the "dug-outs" which we make in the walls of the trench to get better shelter thereby. The weather has been lately very wet and the earth, no doubt, had got weakened, so that just at dark the roof came down, and we think that an iron rod which had been used to support the roof must have struck him on the neck or head and killed him instantaneously. He had happily survived a very heavy bombardment we had suffered a few days ago, and had throughout the war shown such great courage and gone through so many severe actions untouched that I had hoped he would be spared.

We are indeed grieved and shocked at his loss, and all of us sympathise greatly with you in your sad bereavement. Everyone will miss him from their hearts as he had thoroughly endeared himself to us, and we all loved him as a companion. I shall miss him myself as one of my best officers and I shall

find it hard to replace him. He is to be buried to-night at the village of Vlamertinghe, about three miles on the west side of Ypres, where a Roman Catholic priest will bury him. As soon as we can collect his effects they will be despatched to you, but at present it is difficult to do so whilst we are in the trenches. If I can be of any use in letting you know anything, or of any help in any way, will you please let me know, and I shall be only too pleased to do so. I had hoped to be spared writing you a letter of this kind, and I am indeed greatly grieved at having to send it.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

CHARLES BURNETT,  
Lieut.-Col. 18th Hussars.

*Letter to his Sister from a Catholic Military Chaplain :—*

3RD CAVALRY FIELD AMBULANCE,  
1ST CAVALRY DIVISION,  
B.E.F.,  
May 19th, 1915.

By the time you get this you will have heard of your brother Harry's death. He died last night—May 18th, Tuesday. He was in a dug-out near the firing line, when, owing to the wet nature of the ground, the roof fell in and he was buried in the debris. When he was rescued it was found that his neck was broken. His end must have been painless and death swift. His body was unmarked by any kind of wound. All his effects have been taken on by the O.C., 18th Hussars, and will be sent to his wife. It was impossible to give him Extreme Unction, but only the other day he was at Confession—and that is always enough. I have just buried him in the Cemetery near the Parish Church of Vlamertinghe, near Ypres. I know you will understand how deeply and heartily I sympathise with you. I shall not forget him at Mass. We had become very friendly of late and often spoke about you, his mother, wife and children. I shall miss him a great deal. His loss will be keenly felt by the regiment as well. . . .

Excuse the brevity of this note as I am very busy. We have been in action for nearly a month now.

I am extremely well and love this life. I feel at last I have been of some use and help to the R.C.'s out here.

In deepest sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,  
F. R. FREELAND.

*From a brother Officer to his Wife :—*

DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S HOSPITAL,  
FRANCE,  
May 23rd, 1915.

It was only yesterday I heard from Mr. Haslam of your husband's death. It was a most fearful shock to me, as we had been together since he came out, and have been through a lot together. As an officer and 2nd in command in my squadron, I shall never be able to replace him. He was splendid. He had a most difficult place to fill, being 2nd in command to a man 10 years younger than himself. He did it most wonderfully. We never quarrelled once over anything. He was always at his post, ready to do anything required of him.

As a friend I feel his loss more deeply than I can ever say. His death has affected me more than anything else during the whole of this campaign. . . . I have written to Mr. Haslam to send you full details of where they buried him, etc. I do wish I had been there at the end. . . . If there is anything I can possibly do for you I shall be most grateful if you will let me know, as I should feel that I was trying to repay in some small way the many many things he has done for me in the last eight months. I do sympathise with you in your loss.

ALPHONSE QUIN (1899).

*Grenadier Guards. Killed in action Jan. 25th, 1915.*

The above announcement is the only information we have received up to the present as to the fate of an O.S. who was here but a few years ago, together with his three brothers, Cuthbert, Leonard, and James.

We hope to be able to present our readers with a fuller account later.

**Captain LOUIS CORBALLY (1890).**

*R.F.A. Died at Hazebrouck of Wounds received in action near Ypres, on May 6th, 1915. Aged 38 years.*

Louis William Corbally was the third son of Matthew J. Corbally, D.L., of Rathbeale Hall, Swords, Co. Dublin.

His death occurred at Ypres on May 6th, from wounds received in action on May 3rd. Born in 1876, he was educated first at the Oratory, from which he was sent to Stonyhurst, whither his elder brother, Elias, preceded him in 1882. He served through the Boer War in the *Dublin Yeomanry*, and was taken prisoner at Lindley.

In 1906 he married, Nancy, daughter of J. J. Whyte, D.L., of Loughbrickland, Co. Down, Ireland.

He was a member of the London Stock Exchange, and was engaged there, and also in the management of some special business for Brunner, Mond and Co., when the war broke out. He then rejoined the Army, receiving a commission as Captain in the *Royal Field Artillery*.

We are awaiting details of his service during the war, which we hope to publish later.

His death was practically painless. During the three days which preceded the end he was quite conscious and resigned, and received the Last Sacraments.

He leaves a wife and four children, to whom, and to his mother, who has kindly provided us with the photograph reproduced here, we offer our very sincere sympathy.

Capt. Corbally had visited Stonyhurst two years ago, staying a few days to see his old School and old friends there. He was a very interesting talker and impressed one as a shrewd judge of men and things. As a business man his abilities were recognised in influential quarters, and he had been employed latterly on some highly paid special work by firms representing very wide interests. He possessed a very ready pen and had made a successful trial of journalism before he took to financial work, and even then he still contributed articles on subjects which interested him. He was a keen sportsman and a good game shot with the rifle and

sporting gun, but his favourite recreation was angling, on which subject he would discourse most entertainingly with kindred spirits. And on matters of sport his articles, too, were written in a vivid and interesting style, and we had his promise to contribute on these topics to the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. His loss will be keenly felt by many devoted friends

**Major CHARLES H. B. JARRETT (1883).**

*1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

Though he was killed in action at the Dardanelles in April, the details of Major Jarrett's death have not yet reached us. Hence we shall have to content ourselves here with a very brief notice, reserving our more complete account till we are in possession of the full details which have been promised.

Charles Henry Brownlow Jarrett was the son of Col. Henry S. Jarrett, C.I.E., of South Lodge, Imberhorne, East Grinstead. His brothers, Major H. C. D. Jarrett, Capt. Aubrey Jarrett and Capt. Aylmer Jarrett, and Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., were also educated at Stonyhurst. All his three soldier brothers mentioned above are now at the front. Major Charles Jarrett had previously served throughout the Zakka Khel Expedition of 1908, Bazaar Valley, 1908, and the South African War. He was gazetted Major last year.

It is evident from the letters received from all ranks concerning Major Jarrett that he was a great favourite in the Regiment.

The following is an extract from the letter of "a distinguished officer in high command":—"I have heard that of all the losses suffered by the gallant *Munsters* none has been more felt than that of Major Jarrett."

Major Jarrett was the eldest of six brothers, who were all at Stonyhurst. He and three of his younger brothers joined the Army. Cyril became an O.P., and is now Prior of the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill. Oswald lies buried near the Church here.

Major Jarrett came to Stonyhurst in 1883, went through the classes, and then entered Philosophy. One who knew him in Philosophy in 1891, and who was Assistant Prefect of Philosophers, writes:—"I can well remember how popular he was then with all. He was full of life and spirits, an excellent worker, absolutely straight, genuinely good. I can remember, too, what a high opinion the late Fr. Pedro Gordon—he was then beginning his long term as Prefect of Philosophers—formed of Charlie Jarrett, and how often he expressed this opinion in a manner which showed that he felt quite sure that Charlie would be a credit to himself, to his family, and to Stonyhurst."

Letter from a brother officer :

"Major Jarrett was killed in action at Sedd-el-Bahr, on April 25th. He was shot at 6-0 in the evening, and died at once without pain. I had been speaking to him two minutes before his death; he was as cool and collected as if nothing was happening, although he had been through a dreadful day. The Regiment mourn his loss more than I can say, for by all of us he was considered the finest officer in the regiment. A truer, better friend no man could have. He died like the true, brave officer and gentleman he was. He was buried before dawn by the subaltern by whose side he fell, and who had asked the chaplain to read the funeral service over him. I put a cross on the mound and the next morning the Father came."

### STOP PRESS ADDITIONS.

The sad news has reached us of the deaths of the following O.S. Officers:—

LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE (1911) *1st Batt. Camerons*—killed June 20th.

CAPT. H. M. FINEGAN, (1904) *8th Batt. King's Liverpool Regt.*—killed June 20th.

LIEUT. A. F. D. DOBSON (1903) *8th Batt. Sherwood Foresters*—killed June 15th.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Our readers will, we are sure, approve of our according the place of honour, our frontispiece, to the portrait of 2nd Lieut. Harold Lynch, our last year's Captain of the School. That one who so recently enjoyed a prominent position amongst us should have already given his life for his country is the best testimony we can offer to the promptitude with which Stonyhurst men have rallied to the flag in the hour of the Empire's danger.—R.I.P.

It is with profound regret that we chronicle the resignation of the Very Rev. Joseph Browne, S.J., of his post as Provincial of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. We regret it not only because it deprives the Province of an able and sympathetic ruler, but also because of the reasons of health which have made his retirement imperative. Fr. Browne's connection with Stonyhurst began when he came here as a boy in 1870. His subsequent career as Master, Professor of Philosophy, and Rector in this College has endeared him to several generations of Stonyhurst boys, who owe much to his judicious guidance, patient industry, and to the encouragement they derived in their work from contact with so genial, and at the same time, so vigorous a personality. We can only hope that, by the blessing of God, his period of usefulness may be prolonged still for many years, and that he may recover the health to enable him to profit by it.

The Elocution Competitions were held on Sunday, June 6th, for the first and second divisions, and a week later for the third. In the first division the first prize was won by D. Macsherry and the Kirby prize by F. van der Taelen. The pieces selected were, in the former case, "Eugene Aram," in the latter, Macaulay's "Virginia." Macsherry's choice was better fitted for his particular style of elocution than Van der Taelen's for his. Both competitors spoke with much finish, but Macsherry had the advantage in the vivid and passionate declamation incidental to his piece. He reached a high standard of imaginative detachment, transporting his hearers



till they almost felt themselves like the affrighted school-boy listening to the actual recital of the grief-stricken usher's dream. Van der Taelen deserves particular praise for the power he showed of arresting attention during a recitation of almost imprudently unusual length. In the second division there was no award. This was the more deplorable that more than one of last year's entrants were still eligible for competition this year, but did not come forward, though on their previous form they could easily have qualified. E. Harrison, already so often a victor, once more carried off the prize in the third division. His piece was not such as to bring out his qualities to the best advantage, but he got out of it all that was in it. C. Rockliff was a good second.

The procession on Corpus Christi was remarkable for the presence of several wounded soldiers from Queen Mary's Hospital, Whalley, conspicuous by their quaint blue hospital uniform. Some of the medical officers were also present. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Very Rev. Fr. John Wright, Provincial, supported by the Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Cassidy as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The guard of honour, under the command of Captain Ryan, was in immediate attendance, and the route was lined by the O.T.C., drawn up with fixed bayonets. We observed some interesting photographs of the procession in a subsequent number of the *Daily Sketch*, and we gather that the results of the cinema operator, who had his apparatus mounted in the playground, were successful, as we have heard that the pictures have been exhibited both in London and in the Provinces.

The inspection of the O.T.C. by General Sir H. Mackinnon took place on May 22nd. An account of it is printed in this issue, together with the official report.

Father Frederick Peal, S.J., of the Calcutta Mission, who has been doing duty at the front as Military Chaplain for some months, stayed a few days with us in May. He was kind enough to present us with a number of war trophies for the College Museum.

Cricket started on April 29th. Out-matches, owing to the war, are difficult to arrange. We are glad, however, to hear that the annual match for those under sixteen is to take place against Sedbergh School, at Sedbergh, on July 15th, and that the M.C.C. are to bring a team against the first eleven on Thursday, July 1st. A match is also fixed for June 24th, against the Northern C.C.

The portraits of the Royal Family of Stuart, whose absence from the walls of the Academy Room during some months will have been noticed have lately returned from London where they have been undergoing a much needed process of restoration at the hands of the best experts.

Their surface varnish had corroded to such an extent that the pictures were becoming obscured. We owe it to the kind interest taken in the process of their renovation by Mr. Chevallier Tayler that the work has been so excellently done by Mr. Ruttley, the well-known picture restorer, in whose care they had been placed by his advice. Mr. Chevallier Tayler also supervised the work while it was in progress and was even good enough to bring the pictures back to Stonyhurst and reinsert them in their frames for us. His investigations into the authorship of the paintings has resulted in the alteration of the names of some of the artists to whom they were ascribed.

For example, it has been ascertained that the two best portraits of Prince Charles Edward—the oval portrait with the blue ribbon of the Garter across the breast and the full length portrait in earlier boyhood, where he is pointing to a coronet surmounted by ostrich feathers—are not by Gennari, but by the much more celebrated artist Nattier. These two, and many others, are surprisingly improved; in fact, the work has effected a veritable transformation in the appearance of all the paintings.

In the Junior Latin Prose Competition (Syntax and Grammar) the prize was awarded to B. Jackson, of Syntax. R. Irwin, of the same class, was next in merit.

## FATHER CHARLES KARSLAKE S.J.

Father Karslake passed away at St. Mary's Hall on June 5th, after a long and tiresome illness, borne with great patience.

Charles James Karslake was born in 1839. He was educated at Westminster School, and was destined for the legal profession, in which his brother, Sir John Karslake, was afterwards to occupy a high position as Attorney-General, in 1867. Charles was admitted as attorney and solicitor at the age of 22. But other studies were engrossing his attention at this time. The Oxford Movement was still turning men's thoughts to the Catholic Church, and the young lawyer gave much of his time to the study of religious matters. In 1862 he was received into the Church at St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, and in the next year was admitted into the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles. Proceeding to Rome to complete his theological studies, he was ordained priest at St. John Lateran, in 1867, and returned to Bayswater. In 1873 he entered the Society at Roehampton and afterwards laboured with great zeal and devotedness in various missions of the Society in England and Scotland. During the last two years failing health compelled him to retire from active work. He edified all who came in contact with him by his patient endurance of suffering, his straightforward simplicity, and his piety and devotion. He was buried in the College Cemetery on June 8th, the Requiem Mass being sung by Rev. Father Provincial.

The warm weather in the early part of June made it possible for sundry favoured parties on the Victory Walk to open the season of river-bathing much earlier than usual.

## EXCHANGES.

*Rossallian, Elizabethan, Radleian, Beaumont Review, Mountaineer, Edmundian, Raven, Downside Review, Month, Glasgow Herald, Ampleforth Journal, Examiner, Yellow Dragon, Sphinx, University Correspondent, Xaverian, Wellingtonian, Bæda, Fordham Monthly, Ushaw Magazine, Stylus.*

## HODDER NOTES.

In the last Magazine for the first time for years, there were no Hodder Notes. Everybody wanted to know why. People say they like our notes. They call them "fresh" and "simple" and "quaint" and things like that. I suppose the Editor did not get them in time. Besides, it is quite easy to write them. All you want is a pencil and any sort of bit of old paper. It doesn't matter how queer a "fist" you write because they say the Editor can read anything, and he can write them out again, for fear they might puzzle the printer, if he likes. You needn't bother about the things they call "stops" either. The Editor puts those in; it's his job.

## CRICKET NEWS.

We played the College twice this term. The first time we played them our men walked over them, but the second time we didn't win at all. The first time the College brought down picked men, but the second time they brought down torch-bearers.

The Hodder eleven is as follows:—E. Green, G. Fletcher, A. Barrow, J. Preston, E. Tarleton, C. Pyke, H. Bartlett, V. Waring, J. Fletcher, C. Eastwood, P. Prescott.

We played a very good match against the College on June 1st, and beat them into fits.

E. Green made the biggest score, 19. G. Fletcher was next with 14.

The match against the Torch-Bearers was not so exciting, because we didn't win; but it was very good. C. Unsworth made the biggest score for the College. C. Pyke caught a very good catch at mid-off. O'Shea was their best bowler, but he got a ball in the wind (*sic*) and had to retire.

If you want to find birds' nests, we are the men to do it. You see, our clothes don't matter and we don't wear spectacles, so we can see. I think we can find nests better than a setter dog, because we can climb trees. The other day we found a pheasant's

nest under a tree near a brook in Hodder Wood. There were five large eggs in it. We took great care of it, but the silly old bird didn't seem to like seeing us so often. She needn't get in a funk; we won't tell anybody.

What we like most in the playground is making a canal from a spring in the corner across to the valley. We have dams, lakes, harbours, and forts on it, and small wooden ships sail along it. If we had guns to sink them it would be just like the Dardanelles. I wish we had a Turk or two to knock over.

Talking of Turks, we had a letter from an old Hodder boy who is fighting them in the Persian Gulf at places called Basra and Kurnah. He is a Lieutenant in the *Royal Indian Marine*, and his name is Lieut. Henry Digby-Beste.

He had some good fights, and he sent us for the Hodder Museum the notebook of the Turkish Commanding Officer, which he picked up after taking a fort. He also sent some newspapers, printed in English and Eastern languages, which the British troops publish there.

A man passed us the other day when we were in our trenches in the sand pits in the valley. He wrote about it in the *Clitheroe Times* for June 11th and this is what he wrote:—

"In a quiet corner of a quiet retreat, miles away from the hurly-burly, the smoke and the dirt, of the typical nerve-racking East Lancashire town, and with the ever present thoughts of the world-conflict being waged on the plains of Flanders, on the fringe of the Carpathians and within earshot of the Swiss Alps momentarily banished, I the other day witnessed a miniature combat (writes a correspondent), which quickly restored my mental balance, now attuned to the momentous crisis that makes a year ago seem like an age. It was the din of juvenile battle that first struck my ear, and presently I came across a number of Hodder College boys waging in light-hearted fashion the conflict they imagined to be "such fun" for the elders. Yes, it was trench warfare, with real "dug-outs," too. Evidently the Hodder boys are wisely posted by their masters, so that later on the history that is yet to be written will be half digested in advance. There was ammunition also. It consisted of rounded pieces of earth kept soft and rendered harmless by moisture.

With these the boys briskly pelted each other. Some of the bolder ones occasionally "rushed" the opposing trench. Faster and faster the missiles flew, louder and louder grew the shouts, fiercer and fiercer the attack and counter attack, in the midst of which one young innocent (or was he a wag?) inquired: "Has the battle begun yet?" and proceeded to hurl at the enemy what he termed "a high explosive." Verily these boys, judging from their phraseology, were "well up" with present-day events across the English Channel. Anon, a whistle sounded, and the warriors departed for Hodder House. In a few minutes, except for the twitter of the birds, all was at peace again in this tranquil of tranquil spots. What would I have given to be a schoolboy again?"

## OLD ALUMNI.

Lieut. G. W. B. Tarleton (1911) *2nd Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers*, is now in England at the hospital, Osborne, recovering from wounds in the right arm and thigh, and also from the effects of poison gas. A brother officer writes saying that Lieut. Tarleton took a message back to headquarters across ground covered by gun and machine fire, though wounded and gassed.

Capt. Geoffrey Callaghan (1894), *1st Batt. Connaught Rangers*, whose recovery from a wound in the head was recorded in a previous issue, was again wounded early last month, this time by a bullet through the shoulder.

Dr. T. Griffin (1874), joined the *R.A.M.C.* some months ago, and he has left recently for Malta. A correspondent informs us that he has given "great satisfaction to the authorities."

Captain A. E. O'Meara (1894), (*Manchester Regiment*) *West African Field Force*, writes from the Cantonments, Accra, Gold Coast Colony, on 11th April, informing us that he has been serving in the Colony since September, 1910. He was mentioned in despatches for work with the *West African Force* on the outbreak of hostilities. At present he is the O.C. of the troops at Accra.

H. A. Thornton (1901), has changed from the 3rd to the 25th Batt. *Royal Fusiliers*. He is a sergeant. J. R. Thornton (1898) is also in this Battalion. Both sailed on April 10th for Mombasa, where they expected to arrive on June 4th.

Major George Kenny (1881), 1st Batt. *Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers*, who is among those reported wounded in a casualty list issued in May, is the eldest of three brothers who were together at Stonyhurst. The other two were Joe (1881), and Louis (1883). His father, Thos. Kenny (1846), was at one time M.P. for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and his father, Sir Edward Kenny, was Postmaster General for Canada. Two of his uncles, William (1858), and Joseph (1858), joined the English Province of the Society of Jesus.

Frank Dealy (1905) has recently been awarded the Ridley Memorial Scholarship of £80 a year for two years at the Adelaide University for the State Agricultural College at Roseworthy, near Adelaide, S. Australia. The course at Roseworthy is one of three years, and this scholarship is awarded to the best student in the Final Diploma Examination.

Copy of part of a letter from Frank Dealy to Mr. C. E. L. Livesey (late Professor of Chemistry here).

ADELAIDE, March 20th, 1915.

I am now at the University, having won the Ridley Memorial Scholarship—£80 per annum for two years. I was runner up for the Gold Medal, and obtained my First Class Diploma with a total of 82.1 per cent., coming top in Chemistry—thanks to you—with 142 marks out of 150.

Sydney was Silver Medallist—i.e., First—of the Second Year students—a good performance. He has still one more year before he completes the course. We both were in the respective teams and last year I was vice-captain of the tennis. I am unable to join Kitchener's Army, as I am not of age yet—not till May, 1916."

Lieut. F. Brock Barker (1908), *R.E.*, through belonging to the Regular Forces, has been attached to Kitchener's Army, and is busy drilling recruits and breaking in horses. By the time these lines are in print he will probably be in France, whither he was due to go early in June, attached to the 10th *Division Signalling Company*.

Col. B. R. Hawes, C.B. (late *Royal Irish Rifles*), writes to us. "At last I have got a job. I was offered the command of a battalion last November, but the medical board refused to pass me. Here (Heaton Park, Manchester), I am commanding a group of dépôt companies of the 91st *Brigade*, to be shortly about 2,300 men—91st *Brigade Dépôt*—they call it. He adds, "I saw a good deal of poor Boothman and of Stanislaus Lynch. I saw the latter at his son's house two days before his death, when he was full of life. I was at both the funerals."

We congratulate Lieut. R. L. Jones, *R.N.R.* (1898), who was in the *H.M.S. Triumph* when she was torpedoed at the Dardanelles, on his escape, with all his brother officers. We received from him after the disaster a letter written by him on May 11th, before it had taken place. In the letter he kindly promises to let us publish his log containing an account of the doings of the *Triumph* at Tsingtau, Smyrna, and the Dardanelles.

He says: "I do R.C. padre on board here and whenever the Chaplain holds his service I do likewise, and have quite a decent congregation of about sixty hands. I say the first half of the prayers and they say the second, and on Sunday I give them a longer service, and sometimes read a sermon, if I can find something suitable in my *Catholic Times*, or in a book of meditations I have.

Lieut. S. Vincent Ryan, *R.M.L.I.*, a very young fellow, who was a Beaumont boy, is also here, and a regular attendant at all services."

Lieut. Herbert Maxwell-Scott, 48 (*Canadian Highlanders*), was among the first of the Canadian Contingent who were "gassed" by the Germans. He has been in hospital at Folkestone recovering from the effects of the poison.

Basil Macdonald Hastings (1892), that indefatigable playwright, has recently collaborated with Mr. Eden Philpotts in writing a play entitled "*The Angel in the House*," which has been produced at the Savoy with great success. Among the cast are Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. E. Holman Hunt and Lady Tree.

Lieut. W. I. Farren (1902), 3rd Batt. *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*, was wounded in the calf of the right leg during the fighting near Ypres towards the middle of May. He was until recently in hospital in London.

George Shillingford (1907), who is at Dookie Agricultural College, Dookie, Victoria, Australia, writes describing his life in the bush. He hopes to join the *Victorian Light Horse*. The rough experiences of an agricultural pioneer, the heat—110 degrees in the shade at Christmas—and other apparent inconveniences, are powerless to affect his enthusiasm for the career which he recommends to his schoolfellows.

Father W. Fitzmaurice, S.J. (1891), Military Chaplain with the 4th Division, B.E.F., France, writes saying that he meets many of our old boys and those of Beaumont and Mount St. Mary's. He is in charge of all the Catholics of the 12th Brigade—which includes several Lancashire regiments within it. The co-operation of Catholic officers in his work has been of great assistance to him, "and the old School tie is a great one." His address is:—*2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regt., 4th Division, B.E.F.*

Father F. Woodlock, S.J., who was a member of our teaching staff a few years ago, and is now a Military Chaplain at the front, writes thus to us from the trenches:—

"Just a line to say that I hope I am going to get a *Stonyhurst Magazine*. I had a peep at one yesterday sitting in a little artillery dug-out, while McCusker (Lieut. H. J. McCusker) *R.F.A.* (1903), was directing the fire of his howitzer on the German trenches a couple of miles off. To reach him I had to pass along a road which has two points well known to our stretcher bearers as *Suicide Corner* and *Hell Junction*! Alick Dawson, O.S. (Lieut. A. T. Dawson, (1896), 3rd *Highland (Howitzer) Brigade, R.F.A.*, or *Renfrewshire R.F.A.*), is on the same lot as McCusker. I shall probably see him to-day. I often see Raleigh Chichester-Constable, who is one of the three officers left of his battalion. He is Adjutant of the *2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade*. Our

Tommies do enjoy a swim, and, in spite of close season some sit patiently fishing in the canalised Lys which flows by my billets." Address: Rev. F. Woodlock, R.C. Military Chaplain, *2nd West Riding F. Ambulance*, 49th Division, B.E.F., France.

He adds in a subsequent letter:—"I am attached to a Medical Mess and they are a most delightful set of fellows. The discussions that take place on fundamental metaphysics are simply amazing. Some nights we 'symposed' from 7 to 10-30 p.m. There is perfect patience in the discussion, and when I commented on it to the Colonel, he said that the Mess had been philosophising like that for ten years without anyone losing his temper.

He says that Lieut. Filose called to see him after having ridden in from a place six miles off where his regiment is in billets.

A few days later I met young McGuire (Lieut. E. McGuire (1903), 11th *Highland Light Infantry*), who has chucked his medical studies and is in the *H.L.I.*"

Father Michael King, S.J. (1869), Military Chaplain Infantry Base Dépôt, 3rd Division, Rouen, says:—"I see a lot of O.S. fellows—all thorough Catholics. I would gladly write for the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, if I can find time, but I am fearfully busy. I give Communion to the men from 6-45 till 7-30 every day. After breakfast I have eight or nine Camp Hospitals to visit (several miles apart). After lunch I go round the military lines—there are nine distinct camps—and in the evening I generally go to the station to see the troop trains off. There I get a lot of confessions, the men kneeling on the platform. I visit each carriage where Irish or Lancashire troops are, and this will often take till eleven o'clock at night, when I have a walk of two and a half miles back to the camp, unless I can catch a motor, or lorry, or ambulance. I love the work and I love the men. The British soldier is not only the finest fighting man in the world, but he is gentle and obliging, and (during the war) religious minded. The temper of the men has quite changed since the *Lusitania* and the gas. I have a few German R.C. prisoners to attend, but they are not responsive—sullen brutes, I call them.

Trooper J. J. O'Hea (1897), *2nd Batt. King Edward's Horse, 3rd Canadian Cavalry Brigade*, who was severely wounded in the arm and legs by shell fire in repelling an attack of the Germans near Ypres, is now recovering at hospital in Birmingham. There is good hope that his injuries will not permanently disable him.

Lieut. Jack Lewis (1905), *3rd East Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.*, being as yet too young—he is 17—to go to the front, has been engaged lately in taking drafts of men of the *R.F.A.* to Egypt.

We offer our congratulations to the following O.S. recently married:—

Lieut. Reginald A. Fox (1901), *4th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.*, who was married to Miss Winifred Squire Allen, at Spanish Place Church, London, on June 16th.

Xavier Nicholas Benziger (1895), who was married to Miss Geraldine King at the Church of the Ascension, New York City, on June 10th.

In the Birthday Honours List we notice that the Hon. Thomas Hughes (1875), Member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, has received the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### LORD JUSTICE MORIARTY (1870).

In previous numbers we have recorded successive steps in the distinguished career of Lord Justice John Francis Moriarty, such as his appointments to the office of Solicitor General and Attorney General for Ireland, and lastly his promotion in 1914 to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal. His premature death, after so short a tenure of this office, will be received with feelings of deep regret by our readers.

He had spent the Easter vacation at Droitwich and there became so seriously ill that he was then re-

moved to a nursing home at Bushwood, Edgbaston, Birmingham, where he underwent an operation. Later pneumonia supervened, and he died on May 2nd.

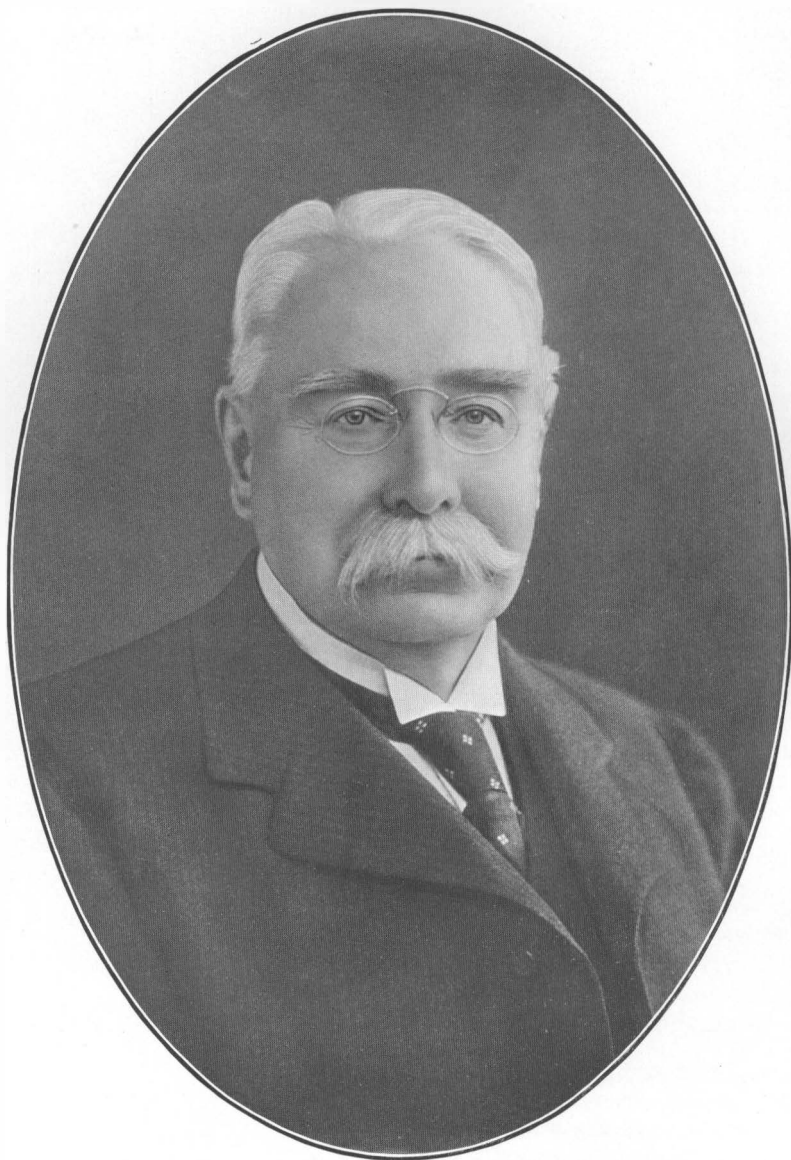
The following press extracts supply in brief the details of his career and some estimates of his character and abilities.

From the *Irish Times* for May 3rd:—

Lord Justice Moriarty was a man of learning and culture, whilst his accurate and intimate knowledge of men and public affairs was of the greatest possible assistance to him, both as a lawyer and a judge. Though he could be biting sarcasm when occasion required, he had a very kindly disposition, was a sincere friend, and would suffer much personal inconvenience to do an act of benevolence or charity. During recent years he did not take any active interest in politics, but in the early eighties he contested Mallow, his native town, for a seat in Parliament, his opponent being Mr. William O'Brien, who defeated him. During his occupancy of the Bench he proved himself to be a capable and painstaking judge, and his judgments were invariably accepted as being equitable as well as sound in law. At the recent Assizes Lord Justice Moriarty gave valuable assistance to recruiting by calling attention to the statistics for the several counties in which he sat.

From the *Dublin Express* for May 3rd:—

The late Lord Justice Moriarty was a native of Mallow, co. Cork, where his father was a well-known solicitor. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won several distinctions. He was admitted to the Irish Bar in 1877. A few years afterwards he had built up a large and growing practice as a junior. Following his first marriage, he retired from the Bar for several years. Soon after his return he rapidly came into prominence, appearing as a junior in several famous cases. He took silk in 1904, and thereafter his rise to fame was meteoric. In practically every case of note he was amongst the leading counsel on one side or the other. His legal skill, great as it was, seemed to be dwarfed by his forceful and silver-tongued oratory. Early in his career he had had a great deal of experience of political cases, being junior counsel for the Land League, while that organisation was in its heyday of activity. Some years ago he appeared as counsel for the defendants in the remarkable "Convention case," as it was known. The proceedings were conducted in



**CHARLES THOMAS BOOTHMAN.**

Born 1843.      O.S. 1857.      Died April 20th, 1915.



the Police Court, before Mr. E. G. Swift, K.C., and had reference to charges by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., against several prominent United Irish Leaguers, arising out of a scene at a United Irish League Convention when batons were alleged to have been used. He appeared for the defence in a famous case concerning alleged frauds at the Aungier Street Post Office, securing an acquittal of the accused after several days' hearing. Of recent years, perhaps, the most noteworthy case in which he appeared was the divorce suit of Bishop v. Bishop. He was leading counsel in the prolonged litigation over the Clontarf main drainage (Crawford and Frame v. Vance). In 1908 he was appointed his Majesty's Third Serjeant-at-Law, and about that time he figured in a will case which had a romantic ending, for he married his client, Mabel Agnes, daughter of Henry De Blaquiére, of Fiddan House, Co. Galway, and widow of Mr. Hubert Peter Dolphin, of Turoe, in the same county. He was appointed Solicitor General in April, 1913, and Attorney-General two months afterwards. Soon there was a vacancy on the Judicial Bench, Lord Chief Justice O'Brien having resigned, and it was well-known that Mr. Moriarty had been selected for preferment. It was, however, a critical time in the Irish Law Office, and Dublin Castle was anxious to retain Mr. Moriarty's services as Attorney-General as long as it could, for his acumen as an administrator was well recognised. The office of Lord Chief Justice remained vacant for some time, and at length Lord Justice Cherry being appointed to the position, Mr. Moriarty was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in room of the new Chief Justice. He took his seat on the Bench during the Michaelmas Sittings last year. In 1883 Mr. Moriarty was a candidate for the representation of Mallow in Parliament, but retired, leaving the contest between Mr. William Johnson (afterwards Mr. Justice Johnson) and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, the last-named being returned in the Parliamentary interest.

#### CHARLES T. BOOTHMAN (1857).

In the brief notice of Mr. Boothman in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* for April we expressed a hope that we should be able to obtain an ampler notice of him from the pen of someone better acquainted with his career. Our efforts in this direction have resulted in nothing more than a few scanty recollections sent to us by old schoolfellows. With these gleanings we shall have, therefore, to rest content in the present account, which is accompanied by a portrait.

Charles Thomas Boothman, born at Southport,

in 1843, was the son of Thomas Boothman, of Manchester, and Margaret Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, of Botham's Hall, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire.

A correspondent and schoolfellow of his writes : " His father was in the Manchester trade and lived there in the days when there were a good number of well-to-do Catholics in that city. Charlie Boothman came to Stonyhurst into the Class of Grammar, when I was in Rudiments—into the same class as George Huggins, Henry Gillet, Ed. Reeve, Julius McLauren, and Jesse Ainsworth and John Clayton. He was a big fellow—older than most of his school—didn't play the games and was of a rather retiring disposition.

Another schoolfellow remembers him " coming to Stonyhurst with his two brothers, Henry and Edward, the last a brilliant little boy who died at Stonyhurst and is commemorated by a brass in the Sacristy Gallery. I remember Charles as a tall, graceful youth ; we called him ' Polly ' ; but disparity of age prevented any intimacy between us, and I have scarce ever met him since."

The second brother, Henry, also died during a College vacation, thus leaving Charles heir to the father's not inconsiderable fortune. As a student at College " he was a good English writer and got some prizes for essays. After his Rhetoric he came back into Philosophy in 1861."

In 1868 he was called to the Bar, but never practised.

He married late in life (in 1895) Mary Frances, daughter of Francis J. Lynch, M.D., of Mount Pleasant, Longhrea, Co. Galway. The death of his wife, in 1909, was a great blow to him, and much affected his already declining health.

In his early years he wrote fairly regularly for the Press, and was on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, in Beresford Hope's time. His literary work was always distinguished by great attention to finish in expression, and an almost meticulous care for accuracy as to his facts, especially in historical subjects, and since his death his MSS. have been presented to Stonyhurst College.

Previous to his marriage he had spent much of his time in travels on the Continent, and was well acquainted with the literary and artistic treasures of every library and museum of note in Europe.

The late Father John Gerard, S.J., himself not unversed in research work in libraries, used to speak with admiration of the wonderful *flair* which his friend C.T.B. possessed for discovering the most interesting contents of any library he visited. His erudition was amazing and quite encyclopædic in its range, though rarely called forth. Speaking of his occasional contributions to current literary and historical controversies, which were confined of late years to letters printed in *The Tablet*, Mr. Justice Walton used to remark that a letter over the initials C.T.B. was always absolutely final in its effects. When Charles Boothman had spoken there was nothing more to be said.

The explanation of why so accomplished a scholar and littérateur left behind him so scanty an output of published work may be found, as one of our correspondents suggests, in the saying of Dr. Johnson, that nobody does anything unless driven forward by hunger. "Had C.B. been a poor man, he would have left a considerable mark behind him," he adds.

After his marriage he left London, where he usually resided, and spent the remainder of his life in Ireland, where he had a house in Kingstown.

He was always deeply attached to Stonyhurst and ever ready to place his services at the disposal of any of his numerous friends there.

As a final token of his remembrance he bequeathed to the College at his death two of his pictures and a collection of coins struck to commemorate British victories by land and sea.

R.I.P.

#### COL. MAURICE C. J. BLAKE, C.B., D.L. (1852).

Col. Maurice C. J. Blake, C.B., D.L. (1852), died at his residence Tower Hill, Co. Mayo, on April 29th. His father was Valentine O'Connor Blake, of Tower Hill, and his mother a daughter of the 3rd Baron Ffrench; a brother of hers, Father Ffrench, S.J., was at one time an Assistant to the General of the Jesuits in Rome.

Together with his brother Charles, later a well known owner of race horses, Maurice Blake came to Stonyhurst in 1852. On completing his College course he devoted himself to the business connected with the management of his father's estate, and took a commission in the *6th Batt. Connaught Rangers*. He commanded the Regiment from 1885 to 1897, in which year he was made a C.B. and retired. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for Co. Mayo and High Sheriff of the County in 1864. In 1863 he married Jeanette, daughter of Richard Pearce O'Reilly, of Sans Souci, Co. Dublin, and Castle Wilder, Co. Longford.

Two of his sons, Valentine and Charles, were educated at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at Beaumont. The elder of these, Valentine, together with his three daughters, survive him.

With his tenantry Col. Blake was very popular, and, in spite of his politics—he was a Home Ruler—he was equally well liked and respected by his fellow landowners.

He was a prominent figure in the county, in the business of which he took a keen interest and an active share during many years. As became a member of an old family which had never lost the faith during generations of persecution, Col. Blake was a deeply religious man, and the present writer remembers the pride with which he exhibited an ancient chalice used for Mass in his house, which had been in possession of the family for centuries.

The following extracts from the *Connaught Times* for May 8th supply further details of local and general interest bearing on his career.

The death of Colonel Maurice Charles Joseph Blake, C.B., D.L., J.P., of Tower Hill, Ballyglass, which took place on Thursday, 29th April, removes from our midst one who in his day was a prominent figure in this county, a member of one of the very oldest families in Connaught—in fact, the pick of the old aristocracy of it—and one who took a leading part in the public life of Mayo for more than half a century. As a member of the Grand Jury he interested himself largely in the public business of the county, and as Chairman of Ballinrobe Board of Guardians for more than thirty years he earned the gratitude of the people of that union for the way he conserved their interests on all occasions. When the Grand Jury system was superseded by the passing of the Local Government Act, he was one of the three members of the Grand Jury selected to serve on Mayo



JOHN BAPTIST CHARLES SELLIER.

Born February 4th, 1896.

O.S. 1904.

*Accidentally killed in a motor-cycle collision at  
Woodfields, near Stonyhurst, on May 15th, 1915.*

(He was to have joined the 3rd County of London Yeomanry as 2nd Lieut. on May 17th).

County Council; his ripe experience both in fiscal matters and general administration made him an acquisition to the Council, and at the end of the first triennial period he successfully contested the Portroyal division. After the passing of the Local Government Act he was elected the first chairman of the Ballinrobe District Council, and here again his splendid services proved very useful. In neither instance did he seek re-election after the first two triennial periods, and his severance with the public life of the County was deplored by all who appreciated his valuable services. He was an extensive landed proprietor and was a model landlord in every sense of the term; the most cordial relationship existed between himself and his tenantry and some years ago he sold the bulk of his estate to his tenantry. The deceased was a Liberal in politics and a Home Ruler, and holding views on this question antagonistic to those of the vast majority of the Grand Jury he never made his clash with theirs unless compelled to do so, and he always respected the opinions of others, even when they differed from his own.

Educated at the chief seat of Catholic learning in England, Stonyhurst College, the deceased was a brilliant scholar and able linguist. He took a deep interest in the general affairs of the country, also in literary matters, and to him is due the credit for having preserved the records of the Blake family from the 12th century down to the present, now catalogued in a comprehensive history compiled by his brother, who has made his mark at the London Bar.

In the esteem and confidence of all men the late Colonel Blake held a strong place; his high sense of honour and conscientious regard for others characterised his conduct in the discharge of public affairs and commanded the admiration of all. He was born in 1837, was High Sheriff of Mayo in 1864, and was formerly Colonel commanding the 6th Battalion of the *Connaught Rangers*.

The late Colonel Blake was a scion of a very ancient stock of which there are many branches in Connaught; there were also many branches in Mayo, the best known to the present day generations being the Blakes of Towerhill and the Blakes of Ballinafad, well-known for their great liberality and sporting qualities; they kept the best racing and hunting studs in the whole county, and down to the present day they hold the same proud distinction.

The Blakes were one of the fourteen tribes of Galway, their progenitor being Richard Cadel, a feudatory of the Red Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, from whom he obtained grants of land near the city of Galway in the reign of Edward I., about 1277. This Richard Cadel assumed the surname of Blake and his descendants adopted it. The descendants of Mr. Blake

have retained down to the present day some of the lands acquired by their ancestor more than six centuries ago, and the learned historian of his family remarks that this is a rather unusual, but by no means singular, occurrence in the history of the county families in Ireland. The Blakes of Galway have preserved through all the vicissitudes the originals of their family charters, wills and other legal documents, and this is certainly a unique incident amongst families in Ireland, and extremely rare even in England.

The deceased, who is succeeded by his son, Captain Valentine Joseph Blake, one of the most popular young gentlemen in the County, for some years before his death led a very retired life, contenting himself with the supervision of his estates and assisting his brother in the verification and arrangement of the family records above referred to. In his tenants' welfare he took a very deep interest. He was one of the most considerate of landlords and when a tenant met with a bereavement, or if his crops failed or stock died he received a grant of money, and the kindest relations existed between them. As a magistrate of the County he was a constant attendant at the local Petty Sessions courts; he was an able and keen administrator, and while he at all times upheld law and order he always tempered justice with mercy, and during his long career was never known to impose a harsh sentence or to remember personal considerations when dealing with a case.

#### CHARLES SELLIER.

The sudden death of Charles Sellier was a great shock to all at Stonyhurst. On Saturday, May 15th, shortly after five o'clock in the evening, he set out on a motor-bicycle to ride to Clitheroe, and just at the turn of the road below the Post Office, collided with another motor-cyclist coming in the opposite direction. He was thrown with great violence against the bank at the side of the road, close by the gateway of the last house in Woodfields, and sustained a compound fracture of the base of the skull, besides other injuries. Death must have followed very quickly, though there is reason to hope that he was still living when Fr. F. Irwin, who was present within a few minutes of the accident, gave him absolution and anointed him. He had been to Confession and Communion within the week preceding. One may imagine the shocking impression which the news—quickly spread—of this terrible

event made upon those with whom he had been talking and laughing less than three minutes before his sudden and violent death.

Charles Sellier was born in 1896 at Port of Spain, Trinidad. He came to Hodder in 1904, and had thus almost completed his eleventh year at Stonyhurst. He joined Philosophy in 1913, and at the time of his death was Senior Philosopher. He had been accepted for the *3rd County of London Yeomanry*, and was to have left Stonyhurst on Monday, the 17th, to begin his training, preparatory to receiving a commission.

It has been said of him that he could make friends wherever he wished to ; and indeed he was generally popular with all, both as a boy and as a Philosopher. With his naturally impulsive and hot-headed temperament there went a compensating generosity and kindness of disposition ; and those who knew him well—for he was very reserved in some ways—can testify to sterling qualities in him which won for him their respect no less than their affection. He was fond of sport of all kinds, and could excel where he chose. He had been in the College Cricket Eleven in the years 1911 and 1912, and in his second year as a Philosopher won the Golf Challenge Cup.

During his time in Philosophy he took leading parts in three plays, and showed himself to be an actor of quite considerable ability. He was specially at home in comic parts, and knew how to "gag" with aptness and effect. What was perhaps not known to many of his friends is that he had very definite literary ideals, and among the papers found in his room were a number of half-finished essays and sketches of plays or stories, each showing by their copious erasures and corrections that he had certain standards and tastes which were not easily satisfied.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, May 19th. On the previous evening the coffin was carried by eight of the Philosophers from the Infirmary to the Church, where it remained before the High Altar until the following morning. The Office of the Dead—attended by the whole College—was sung that night. Next day the Requiem was celebrated by Fr. Rector, and the burial took place at the West

side of the Church, in the ground reserved for the graves—happily very few—of boys who have died at Stonyhurst.

As it rested in the Church the coffin was completely hidden by the wreaths which had been given by the Philosophers, by his contemporaries among the boys, by the lay-masters, and by the family of one of his friends among the Philosophers, whose guest he had been during the Christmas holidays.

In the grief which we feel for the death of "Charlot" Sellier, the greater part of whose short life was spent with us at Stonyhurst, where, too, its promise came to so untimely a close, we do not forget to offer from our hearts to his father, and to his brothers and sisters, our deepest and most sincere sympathy in the loss which we all mourn.

#### COMTE ALFRED DE GRAMONT (1870).

It was in the year which saw the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War that the brothers Alfred and Armand de Gramont came to Stonyhurst. They were accompanied by their father, the Duc de Gramont, who, as Minister of War to the Emperor Napoleon III., had taken so prominent a share in the events of that fatal year.

A schoolfellow of theirs tells us that he well remembers their arrival here, and how sad and depressed the old Duc de Gramont looked.

Alfred is described as a noble looking fellow, with an air of distinction about him. He took little interest in the games, and though he was thus without that influence which prominence in sports wins for its possessors among schoolboys, yet there was a something about him which inspired respect and repelled all thought of taking liberties with him. It was a certain unconscious aristocratic dignity.

His younger brother Armand was of a different type—a cheery, good-natured, harum-scarum schoolboy. Both, however, were very popular throughout their schooldays at Stonyhurst—for which, as their cousin, General Sir Henry Mackinnon, tells us, they retained an affection which lasted through life ; and they were always eager to hear from him about his visits to the College to inspect our O.T.C.

General Mackinnon has also kindly promised to obtain for us a photograph of his cousin to accompany these lines.

From the same source we learn that Comte Alfred had served for many years in the French Army, and was a keen and accomplished soldier and an able organiser. He was married, and had retired from the Army for some years before the outbreak of the present war. As he was then too old for active service, he placed his recognised administrative abilities at the service of his country, and was employed with conspicuous success in organising its defences.

The strain of the heavy work entailed in these occupations, into which he threw himself with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, probably, proved too great for the waning vitality of a man of 69 years of age, and he died about the middle of May, in the neighbourhood of Paris. He will be very widely regretted by the large number of friends in France and England, whom his charming personality and sterling qualities had gained for him. His own municipality, too, in the business of which he had for many years taken an active and valuable share, and the many charitable institutions in his neighbourhood, which he had helped for so long by his generous liberality, will mourn alike the loss of a good citizen and kindly benefactor.

As a soldier he would doubtless have preferred that death should find him in France's gallant fighting line, but he gave his country all he had to give, in the evening of his life, when he left his family and the comforts of a wealthy home for hard days of toil in the offices of the organisers of victory—and France will not forget him.

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**FR. KENELM DIGBY-BESTE, S.J. (1886).**

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The news of the sudden death of Fr. Digby-Beste, at the Jesuit College, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, on May 15th, was a most unexpected shock to his friends here. They had met him at Stonyhurst a few months ago, when he was on the point of leaving for South Africa to take up the post of Prefect of Studies at the College in Bulawayo. He was then in the best of health and full of vigour and energy. We

learn that he died of an acute attack of some form of malaria.

Born in 1876, he came to Hodder in 1886, and on finishing his college studies he entered the Jesuit noviciate at Manresa. He was ordained priest in 1908.

The name of his grandfather, another Kenelm Digby-Beste, appears on the Stonyhurst Lists, under date 1813, and his younger brother Henry, now a Lieutenant in the *Royal Indian Marine*, is fighting the Turks in Mesopotamia. A letter from him appears in the columns of this issue.

The family trace their descent from the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby.

Father Digby-Beste was a man of considerable general abilities and energetic disposition. His loss will be severely felt, not only by the College where he was doing such good and useful work, but also by many whose attachment he had gained by his kindly and sympathetic nature. A fuller account of him will appear in our July number.

R.I.P.

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**ALFRED WALMESLEY-COTHAM (1855).**

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Information of the death of Mr. Walmesley-Cotham has escaped our notice until lately. He had reached the age of 69 when he died on March 9th, at Tilehurst, Ingatestone, Essex, where he had been living for some years after leaving his Lancashire home at Springfield, near Prescott.

Alfred Walmesley, who was born in 1845, was the eldest son of Thomas Walmesley, of Hardshaw Hall, St. Helens, and of Springfield, Lancs. He came to Stonyhurst as a boy in 1855. After leaving College he devoted himself to learning estate management, and in 1874 married Miss Frances Wilcock. He was a skilful and enthusiastic angler, and fond of shooting. In 1888, on inheriting some property, he assumed the additional name of Cotham. His two sons, Hubert and Ignatius, entered the course of studies at Stonyhurst in 1892. He was a devout Catholic and a prominent supporter of all charitable enterprises in his neighbourhood.

R.I.P.



## LEON CARTON DE WIART (1867).

Mr. Carton de Wiart came to Stonyhurst as a boy in 1867, and later joined the Philosophy course. Afterwards he studied law, and practised with great success at the Courts in Cairo. The sub-joined extract from *The Times* for June 12th records the high position he had attained by his talents in that field and his universal popularity:—

CAIRO, *June 9th.*

"The death has taken place at Cairo of one of the best-known members of the European colony in Egypt, Maître Léon Constant Carton de Wiart.

Maître Carton de Wiart was one of the leading lawyers in Egypt, and there were few important lawsuits in which he was not engaged, his services being frequently retained by members of the Khedivial family. His knowledge of Egypt was remarkable, and his opinion, especially on legal matters, was frequently sought by the British Authorities, among them Lord Cromer. He was a brother of the Belgian Minister of Justice, and his two sons are officers in the British Army, the elder, Captain A. Carton de Wiart, 4th *Dragoon Guards*, who was wounded and gained the D.S.O. in Somaliland, having been again wounded in France, and the younger, Second Lieutenant M. Carton de Wiart, 6th *Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers*, recently arrived wounded in Egypt from the Dardanelles.

A good Belgian, Maître Carton de Wiart was also a strong supporter of the British occupation of Egypt. His death will leave Cairo the poorer for a great pleader and an attractive and most interesting personality."

## JOSEPH RIDDELL (1895).

Joseph Riddell, whose death occurred in London, on May 29th, was a Philosopher at Stonyhurst, from 1895—1897.

The family have been connected with Stonyhurst from 1814 to the present year.

We are, unfortunately, without information as to his career at the moment of going to press and must defer an account of him to a later issue.

## DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of the late Senior Philosopher, Charles Sellier, in a motor-cycle accident, on May 15th. An account is given elsewhere of this terribly sad event, which has cast an unforgettable shadow over the term. We wish only in this place, while expressing our own sense of personal loss, to offer our heartfelt sympathy to his father and to the other members of our dead friend's family in their heavy and unexpected affliction. R.I.P.

New arrivals this term are Messrs. A. Duggan, J. Hughes, A. Cumont, and P. and A. Hotelet. Mr. Echavarria is now Senior.

The Prize Debate was, after many vexatious, though unavoidable postponements, held on Friday, May 21st. The motion, which attacked the policy of State Prohibition of Liquor, produced surprisingly few speakers. The Prize was won by Mr. Williams.

Tennis began on Whitsunday. We had decided not to play out-matches this season, and so had reluctantly to decline the invitation of the East Lancashire Club, with whom we have had many pleasant meetings in past years. The same reasons did not, however, apply to the challenge from the officers of the Military Hospital at Whalley, whom we met on our own courts on Sunday, June 13th. Our team of six was strengthened by the inclusion of Fr. Vignaux and Fr. H. Irwin, whom we have to thank for the only two points which we were able to score against our visitors' six. A return match is being arranged.

Fishing on the ponds continues to flourish exceedingly. The abnormal growth of weed which was due largely to the long continued warm weather of this truly "flaming June," and which threatened to kill the fishing altogether, has practically disappeared within the last few days under the assiduous appetites of this year's brood of ducks, lately imported from the Seminary pond.





THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE STONYHURST O.T.C.  
BY GENERAL SIR HENRY MACKINNON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., MAY 22ND, 1915.

1. The March Past.

2. General Sir Henry Mackinnon and Major MacConoghey  
with the Rector on the General's left and Father Cortie  
on his right

3. The General's Salute,

The game of Fives, which has not been played at Stonyhurst for many years, notwithstanding the four excellent courts which we possess, is in active course of revival, and we hope that this time it has come to stay.

Fr. Withnell, who was assistant prefect of Philosophers during the first two terms of the year, is now on the "other side" as Master of Rudiments, where our best wishes follow him. His place has been taken by Mr. R. Campbell.

## ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE O.T.C.

On Saturday, May 22nd, General Sir Henry Mackinnon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., accompanied by his Chief-of-Staff, Major H. McConaghey, reviewed the O.T.C., consisting of one double company and a platoon of recruits. The General was received by the corps drawn up in line on the Avenue field. Spectators were very favourably impressed by the "present arms." The inspecting officers, attended by the Rector and the O.C., forthwith passed up and down the ranks to examine the turn-out. We gather from the report that the ordeal was successfully undergone, the fastening of the puttees being specially commended. A criticism passed by the General on the tightness in some cases of the tunics round the neck—and he might, perhaps, have added round the waist—did not, as it seems to us, make due allowance for the rapidity with which the expansive diet supplied by the Stonyhurst Commissariat Department, shrinks growing boys' clothing. The band was next submitted to a searching scrutiny. They played, on demand, several of the regimental calls. The marked improvement in their playing recently has been generally noticed, so that we are not surprised to hear that the General paid them a well-deserved compliment.

The "March Past" was well executed. The line is now more prolonged than it used to be, so that more credit attaches to the exact maintenance of

symmetry. The Corps then formed in column of platoons, the right markers falling out on Sergt.-Major R. Plissonneau, who showed exceptional smartness in conducting the movement. The same applies to Sergt.-Major R. L. Smith in his handling of the recruits. We may mention here that the General inspecting desired the O.C. to convey to the sergeants generally his appreciation of the workmanlike manner in which they gave their orders and moved their men about, a topic to which he returned in his concluding address.

The last evolution consisted of a small frontal attack, designed to test familiarity with extended order drill. The advance proceeded over a space of some three hundred yards. The recruits were employed to form the defensive force, being drawn up close to the hedge in the field above. Platoon No. 3 (Sergt. Mark Sweny) particularly distinguished itself. At the start a few men of No. 1 Platoon masked the fire of No. 2. The want of natural cover, except for here and there slight undulations in the ground, took somewhat from the spectacular effect of the advance.

The review ended with a speech from Sir Henry Mackinnon. He warmly praised the turn-out and the work of the several sergeants. Referring to the attack, he found that it would have been more effective if the centre of the enemy's line had been chosen as the objective. He then spoke of the value of the Corps as a machine for producing a supply of officers for the front, but deprecated the supposition that the O.T.C., valuable though it is for teaching the rudiments of drill, can be reckoned on to turn out the finished article. In fact, for those who aspired to getting commissions otherwise than through the military colleges, he would suggest that on leaving the Corps, it would be well for them first of all to spend some months in the ranks, so as to learn the business from the foundation upwards. A smart young man would not fail to attract the notice of his colonel and be marked for promotion. The General ended his remarks by publicly expressing to Captain N. Ryan, O.C., the great satisfaction the turn-out, drill, and efficient standard of the Corps had given him.

Touching his recommendation concerning the advisability of joining the ranks as a preparation for taking on the duties of an officer, it seems to us that in many cases at least such a proceeding is not only desirable, in view of the future officer's own efficiency, but ought to be adopted in justice to the rank and file whom he will have to command at the front. We could wish that some comprehensive handbook existed containing hints for public school-boys on how to proceed in this matter. Against the advice to spend a spell in the ranks as a general principle we have nothing to object; but against the suggestion to enter any regiment hap-hazard in the hope of getting a commission, we might, perhaps, without presumption, enter a *caveat*. It may be plausibly argued that no matter what battalion a boy joins, if he is really competent, he is bound to secure his object; or if he fails to do so, then it is because he is unfit to command men, and should be content, on patriotic grounds, to serve his country in the ranks. Is it not, however, a matter of common knowledge that many well-educated young men, in the first outburst of enthusiasm, when war broke out, enlisted as privates, that they have since had the offer of a commission in some other unit than that to which they were originally attached, but have been unable to induce their O.C. to give them their release, not because they were not fit to take a commission, but simply because the O.C., naturally enough, after training them for months, objected to parting with them? Again, the fitness of a young man for promotion is not unfrequently determined by the personal judgment of the Company Sergeant-Major, and not everyone has the knack of capturing the favour of that important official.

We venture, therefore, to invite those intending to pass through the ranks to a commission to inquire first what are the corps specially designed by the War Office to meet their particular need, whether they want a commission in the Regular Army, the Special Reserve, the Territorial Force, or the new Army. Service as privates in these particular corps is calculated to make a man as efficient as he would be by passing through any other battalion, with the added advantage that a commission, if he is at all

fit, is likely, or as near as possible certain, to be the reward of his efforts. Such, for example, are the *Inns of Court O.T.C.*, the *Public Schools and University Corps*, and the *Artists' Corps*, members of which are sent to France to complete their training near the sound of guns. Of course, if a boy has secured his nomination for a commission before joining a regiment, no matter what it is, and can safely count on getting the recommendation of his O.C., then he need not resort to these special arrangements. Now that the question of compulsory service for all not engaged in the civil employment of the Government is impending, the expediency of acquainting oneself with the various methods of making sure of a commission must be apparent to all concerned.

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#### REPORT ON INSPECTION.

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DRILL.—Company and Platoon Drill, and Extended Order.—Intelligently carried out.

MANŒUVRE.—Well executed.

DISCIPLINE.—Good.

TURN OUT.—Good. Puttees well put on. Clothing good and fits well, except that many collars were tight. Waist belts want cleaning.

SIGNALLING.—Very good.

BUILDINGS.—Good.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A great feeling of patriotism and of keenness to help the country was noticeable. The lads strained every nerve to do well, and stood in the ranks. Practically every student of age belongs to the Corps, and their "Roll of Honour" has already many names on it.

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#### TREATMENT FOR RESENTFUL DELINQUENTS.

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He should never let the whipt schoolboy go from him with a stubborn look, or a stomachful gesture, much less with a squealing outcry, or muttering to himself; all which may be easily taken off with another smart jerk or two; but you should rather let him stand aside a little, and see how his stomach will settle.

*Hoole, Art of Teaching Schoole ;  
Bk. iv. Of Scholastick Discipline.*

## ITALY INTERVENES.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1901).

## I.

## THE BASIS OF WARFARE.

If we disregard the guerilla warfare in the Adriatic and the "Riga Raids" in the Baltic on the score of unimportance, it must be admitted that the past six weeks have not produced anything very novel in the form of naval fighting. But, on the other hand, that period has witnessed the introduction of a new factor into the Sea Campaign, endowed with the possibility of exerting a profound influence on the whole future course of hostilities. That factor has been the Declaration of War by Italy against her *ci-devant* Allies.

Reference to any naval text-book will, of course, show how valuable a reinforcement had been added to the Franco-British Fleets in the Mediterranean by the Italian Navy. Important as this point is, it is chiefly numerical in aspect, and so obvious in immediate result that it was the first to be appreciated. But there are two other influences arising from the Italian Declaration of War which are more abstract and therefore not so readily grasped, since they are non-military in character. They are the vital points of Political and Economic Influence.

Amongst those who are compelled to contemplate the course of a war, there is always an inclination to confine attention too much to the military\* or "fighting" side of hostilities and to disregard the "civilian side" of matters. After all, this is only natural. Military events present us with something tangible in the way of results. Even so, we are still further liable to discriminate between several campaigns and to prefer those operations with the simpler objectives. For this reason, the Dardanelles Campaign is "interesting," because we can all appreciate what the Allied Troops are "driving at"—the mastery of the Narrows Forts.

\*The term "military" used in this article must not be accepted in its usual meaning as expressing "army-power," but in its wider sense as *armed-power*, exerted both by navies and armies, as distinct from the non-combatant means of carrying on a war.

On the other hand, the aim of the Western Campaign in its present phase—tactical preparation for a great offensive scheme—is less "interesting," because the strategical ends are more hidden. Added to this are the motives of novelty and sentiment which all combine in explaining the deep public interest evinced in the Dardanelles Campaign.

All this is by way of illustration to show that, when we confine our attention to fighting pure and simple, we first require an answer to our "why," and then follow a line of the least mental resistance presented by the simplest "because." When it comes to non-military influences, they are almost completely ignored on the score of obscurity, despite the fact that political and economic factors are of the highest importance.

All wars must be regarded on a three-fold basis of (1) Political, (2) Economic, and (3) Military results. Wars usually arise from political causes, and in this respect, the final result means re-adjustment or reconstruction of policies. Most wars are followed by alteration of frontier lines, the partition of the loser's colonies amongst the winning nations, etc. Viewed from the economic standpoint, war is both destructive in direct effect, and reconstructive in after effects. During hostilities trade suffers heavily, markets are lost, while heavy taxation and increased cost of living have an adverse influence. Once peace is declared, some of these conditions pass away, commercial intercourse becomes normal, and is stimulated by the desire to recoup the losses inflicted by the past war. But as regards the military side, this is so purely destructive in character that nations always try to secure their aims by wielding political and economic power before having resort to armed force.

In the course of any war it might be thought that the military, or "fighting" side should invariably over-ride political or economic interests whenever they come into conflict. But this is not the case. Military operations may even suffer in effectiveness to secure some political or economic end. If you can effect your purpose by schemes other than fighting, it is far better to use them than indulging in destructive military operations and

losing so many men and so much material. As an example of how a nation may voluntarily deprive itself of a military asset to secure other ends, a very pertinent example has been afforded in the course of the present war.

It will be remembered that in the very first stages of hostilities last summer, our Admiralty refrained for several weeks from laying down any mined areas. When it eventually became necessary for us to take up this form of warfare, the naval authorities published the exact location of the first mine-field laid down in the Channel, and gave similar notice whenever any other sea-area was subsequently treated in a similar manner. By first abstaining from the use of mines we deprived ourselves of a weapon that is particularly effective in the case of confined waters, like the North Sea. In the second place, by advertising the position of our mine-fields, we surrendered all that element of "surprise" from which the mine derives most of its effectiveness. Thus we suffered on the "military" side. What did we gain?

We certainly derived many benefits in the political and economic senses. So long as we refrained from mine-laying, neutral nations knew that, when their steamers were lost through striking mines, the blame could not be laid at our door, but at Germany's. Naturally, those neutral nations that suffered in this way were not prejudiced in Germany's favour from the very first days of hostilities. Furthermore, by advertising the position of our mines, providing escorts through dangerous waters, and warning shipping of where German mines had been seen floating, we showed in the most practical way that we were solicitous as regards the safety of neutral shipping in the areas of warfare. All this the neutral nations noted in our favour, and thus we cultivated an asset that has been (and always will be) of the greatest importance to ourselves—the political benevolence of non-combatant nations in our own favour.

By these methods, too, we encouraged by all the means that lay within our power that commercial intercourse which provides us with our vast financial powers. Was it not Mr. Lloyd George who said

that it might be the nation who could provide the last half-million pounds which would win the war? Neutral nations were encouraged to trade with us with the least possible risk to themselves, and thus we benefited in the economic sense. Even in blockading, we have treated all neutral shipping with fair and ample justice, indemnifying them for loss whenever it occurred. The non-combatant nations can compare our methods with the criminally illegal attitude adopted by Germany towards sea-commerce, and consider their position, appreciating the true value of all the wild German talk about "delivering the world from the ancient oppression of British 'Marinismus'" ("Navalism"). Their choice lies between our "Navalism" and the German, which is the cult of the *Lusitania* infamy. Well might they retort to the German Admiralty, "if *they* have scourged us with whips, *you* will scourge us with scorpions."

This example of the British mine-laying policy shows the inter-relation between Political, Economic and Military resources. If we apply this three-fold basis to the Dardanelles Campaign we will find those Operations triply justified by obvious application. If any evidence were needed on this point, it can be found in Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee, where he said:

"There never was a great subsidiary operation of war in which a more complete harmony of strategic, political and economic advantages were contained, and which stood in truer relation to the main decision which is in the central theatre" (of warfare).

The one predominant reason responsible for Italian intervention in this war can be traced to political motives. Bound up with these is a sentimental appeal to the Latin character of the Italian nation, curiously analogous to that of the French people. The "unredeemed provinces" of the Trentino and the Triestino are the Alsace and Lorraine of Italy. Italy also aims at complete control of the Adriatic, with a more powerful naval influence in the Mediterranean, upon which border her new colonial possessions, wrested from Turkey. "Mare nostrum"—"Our Sea"—is and has been her

watchword as regards the Mediterranean. Other influences bear upon her position as regards the Balkan States having a littoral on the Adriatic. Such then, are a few of the salient advantages that Italy hopes to achieve politically by joining in the war.

More abstract is the question of example. The fact that so powerful a neutral as Italy should have denounced and gone to war with her former Allies cannot but have a powerful political effect on the Balkan States. Such an action is the most powerful proof possible of confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Allies; it is a public expression of faith in the justice of our cause. Neutral nations have also seen Austria-Hungary trying to purchase Italian neutrality by territorial concessions. Had Italy demanded such concessions two years ago on her own account, it would have been a *casus belli* for Austria. In social life, the counter-part of this Austrian action would be termed "hush-money." "Hush-money" is extorted through fear. And what is the fear on Austria and Germany's part that made them offer these bribes? The fear that their military resources, taxed to the uttermost, would collapse under the introduction of another hostile State into the war. Does this look like confidence on the part of Germany and Austria as regards the future?

As regards ourselves, our interest in the matter has a politico-naval bearing, since Italy's action means the further confutation of Germany's naval aims. May I again repeat that famous passage from the Preamble to the German Navy Law? Referring to ourselves, it ran:—

"The Greatest Sea Power will not be in a position to concentrate the whole of its forces against us (Germans)."

The political instrument of the defunct Triple Alliance had a vast influence on German Naval Policy. The whole history of this matter need not be presented here, but I think that it can be stated in its simplest terms in the following way:—

#### "PROBLEM OF SEA POWER."

Given:—

Great Britain: 10 points,

North Sea ..	Germany .. .. .	6 points.
Mediterranean	Italy .. .. .	2 points.
"	Austria-Hungary..	1 point.
		—
Total ..		9 points.

*Problem*:—To divide the British naval points so that there shall be a British superiority *both* in the North Sea and Mediterranean.

Of course, it is impossible to solve. Arrange those points as you will, without using fractions, you cannot get a combined British superiority in both seas. Thus, by setting up a "diversion" in the Mediterranean for our naval forces, Germany hoped that, in the North Sea, we would cut our margin of superiority so fine that it could be extinguished by mine and torpedo warfare. Then Germany could engage our Fleet on equal terms, and *Væ Victis*!

But take Italy out of the above "Problem of Sea Power," as a neutral, and it at once becomes possible to divide the British points for a dual superiority in the North Sea and the Mediterranean. For instance (a) *North Sea*: 8 British *versus* 6 German points, (b) *Mediterranean*: 2 British *versus* 1 Austrian point, and we solve the problem from the resources of our own naval power *alone*. But by adding in the other Allied Navies, we get the following general balance in European waters:—

<i>Gt. Britain</i> ..	11 points*	<i>Germany</i> ..	6 points
<i>France</i> ..	4 points	<i>Austria</i> ..	1 point
<i>Italy</i> ..	2 points	<i>Turkey</i> ..	$\frac{1}{2}$ point†
<i>Russia</i> ..	1 point ‡		
		—	
Total ..		18 points	Total .. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ points

\* The increase of one point compared with the "Problem" is due to large reinforcements by completion of new ships and purchase of warships building for foreign Governments in this country.

‡ Russian naval power consists of a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -point in the Baltic against Germany, and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -point in the Black Sea against Turkey.

|| Though fractions were prohibited in solving the previous "Problem," this is the only way of expressing relative Turkish naval power.

Isn't it delightful to find that the German naval castle of dreams, built up on the Triple Alliance, is



dispelled by the rude reality of opponent forces in the proportion of more than two to one?

I do not think there is any need to go into the question of the economic results produced by the Italian intervention here. But figures tell in such a matter as this, and I cannot do better than quote from a table given in the *Rivista Nautica—Italia Navale*. This table gave the difference in exports from the U.S. to various nations in January, 1914, and January, 1915, thus showing a result after five months of war. In the case of Italy, the U.S. exports in January, 1914, were roughly worth seven million odd dollars. In January, 1915, they had leapt up to twenty-four and a half million dollars!

Though Italy may have been preparing for hostilities by importing material from the U.S., there can be no doubt that some part of this vast increase is due to Austria and Germany using Italy as a "hand-on" when she was neutral. With Italy in the war, both Austria and Germany lose her services as an indirect channel for imports. Now all that is left to them are the services of the Scandinavian and Dutch nations, all of whom are directly amenable to our blockade in the North Sea. I cannot refrain from pointing out that by this table, the Allies imports from the U.S. had risen from eighty-four million dollars worth in January, 1914, to one hundred and sixty-two millions in January, 1915—in other words, they had doubled!

As for Austria and Germany, their imports from the U.S. fell from thirty-seven millions to six millions in the months named. Austrian imports in January, 1914, represented a value of close on three millions. In January, 1915, they amounted to exactly—nothing! This is a tangible proof of "blockade," another of those things we hear little of and rarely trouble our heads about. Italian conquest of the Triestino would mean absolute ruin to Austrian economic interests as a sea-trading nation. She would lose all that narrow sea-board which she holds in the Adriatic and her water-borne commerce would be confined to barge-transport on the Danube. Extinction, therefore, faces Austria as a world-trader.

\* \* \* \*

## II.

### THE ITALIAN NAVY.

Perhaps this article would be incomplete without some reference to the Italian Fleet. I am not going to refer to ship details, or enumerate tonnages, guns, or armour; all these can be found in any naval book of reference. Besides, these tabulated figures would give no real impression of the soul of a navy that depends, not on the anatomy of colossal war-engines, but on the men that control them. This the Germans truly crystallized in their maxim, "Menschen kämpfen—nicht Schiffe"—"Men fight—not ships."

Do we yet realise that, after ten months of sea warfare, Germany and Austria see every loss they have inflicted on the Allied Navies more than made good by the introduction of the Italian Fleet? For instance, an Austrian submarine sank the French cruiser *Leon Gambetta*. Now there stands in the place of this sunken ship four Italian vessels of the *San Marco* and *Amalfi* types, each in herself more powerful and modern than the lost *Gambetta*.

As navies go now-a-days, the Italian Fleet is small and stands sixth amongst the eight Great Naval Powers. However, there is one thing that it has always been noted for and that is "brains," expressed by its high efficiency, method and science. And "brains" will tell. On the constructive side, Italy has produced men like Bendetto Brin, Vittorio Cuniberti, and Edgardo Masdea, all of whom the world acknowledges as master-craftsmen in the art of warship design. It was to the late Gen. Vittorio Cuniberti\* that we owed the first tangible expression of the "Dreadnought idea" long before the famous *Dreadnought* herself was ever begun. Again, it was Italy who first brought that peculiar freak, the triple gun turret out of realms of theory into practical existence, and vindicated her audacity by complete success. Years ago, the oil-burning boiler first began in the Italian Navy, and now it drives the great *Queen Elizabeth*. Marconi was working with the Italian Ministry of Marine when wireless telegraphy was looked upon by our own Admiralty as "one of the *Vernon's* toys," upon which a naval officer

\*In the Italian Fleet, naval constructors have military rank,



named Jackson was squandering all his private means. Turn to the most recent Navy List and you will find that spendthrift officer's name there at the head of the Service as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. "Brains" will tell!

In the same way, the Italians have always had the excellent sense to build their Navy to suit their own needs. Never have they blindly followed the craze for mere mass—the biggest ship with the biggest gun *and* the biggest cost. Study any map of Italy and you will realise how vast a coast-line has to be defended. From Spezia, in the Ligurian Sea, to Venice is 1,000 miles, almost as far as from Plymouth to Gibraltar. All along that enormous distance lies a long littoral that must be protected. This the Italians have always understood, and they have consistently refused to copy foreign warship ideals into their own Fleet. Speed they must have to cover their vast coast line. So you will find in all Italian battleships that influence of the cruiser which places her capital ships on the border line of the battle-cruiser type—a vessel with a little less armour but a little more speed. Italy has never built a battleship in the true sense of the word; it has always been a battleship and a cruiser mated into one hull. By courageously following her own lines of naval policy, adapted to her own peculiar conditions, Italy has shown us that there was a lot more "method in her madness" than in slavishly following the ideas of foreign navies. *Autres pays, autres mœurs!*

\* \* \* \*

Lastly, with the Italian Navy stands the terrible incentive of revenge. "Remember Majuba," was our cry once, and though it be a "slogan" of other days, it cannot be denied that it was a rallying cry to the nation. Now we remember Louvain, we remember Rheims, Scarborough, the *Lusitania*; and we steel our hearts. With the Italian Navy it is, "Remember Lissa!"—the Lissa, where a powerful Italian Fleet, led by a criminally incompetent admiral, suffered most shameful defeat at the hands of the Austrian Admiral Tegetthoff. Against her hereditary enemy, Italy's Fleet stands arrayed, powerful in ships, manned by men of high morale

and efficiency, led by officers of brilliant tactical ability—who remember!

When the Italian troops entered a town evacuated by the Austrians, the Italian inhabitants, released from their long bondage under Austrian oppression, welcomed them by the one word "*Finalmente*"—"At last!" For nearly fifty years Italy has never forgotten that dark July 20th, 1866, that saw so inglorious a stain placed on her colours at Lissa. For her Fleet, too, it is—"Finalmente!"

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR AT SEA.

The views we reproduce with the naval article in this issue are so exceptionally interesting that it has been thought better to give a fuller description of each illustration than to append an abbreviated note at the foot of the Plate for each picture.

The top view of the Austrian Dreadnought *Viribus Unitis*, firing salvoes of 12-inch shells, is of great technical interest. As far as can be ascertained, it is the only photo in existence of the three-gun turret in action. The *Viribus Unitis* mounts four of these turrets to accommodate her main armament of twelve 12-inch (50 calibre) guns. When it was first announced that Italy was taking up the triple-gun turret for her first Dreadnought (the *Dante Alighieri*) there was rather a considerable sensation. A vast amount of argument took place as to whether the idea would be a failure or not. In the case of the normal two-gun turret, the shock of firing the guns makes the barbette "throw off"—that is, the guns swing about five degrees to one side off the target from the shock, and have to be brought back to the correct aim. If this occurred in the case of a two-gun turret, experts thought that a barbette with three guns would "throw off" even more from the greater shock, when firing salvoes. The Italians are said to have overcome this in their three-gun turrets by first firing the centre gun, and then "loosing off" the two outside weapons. France, by the way, has gone even further, and in her latest Dreadnoughts mount armaments of twelve and

sixteen 13.4-inch guns in three or four turrets, each containing four guns.

The second view is of the Italian *San Marco*. This vessel is a typical Italian "hybrid," for it has never been definitely settled whether the two ships that comprise the class (*San Marco* and *San Giorgio*) are battleships or armoured cruisers. In this view the great free-board forward will be noted; the fo'c'sle deck being 31 feet above the water-line. The peculiar "feelers" on the mast and funnels are for rigging the wireless antennæ.

The *Regina Elena* is given in the third view. The class to which this Italian ship belongs is one of the marvels of modern naval architecture. They were designed by the late Gen. Vittorio Cuniberti, and it has been said of them that there is no other warship in existence out of which so much has been got in the way of fighting-power per ton of displacement. The *Regina Elena* class is very light in build, but enormously strong by reason of the wonderful system of girder construction they are built on. Weight is saved in every possible way; all the usual wooden fittings, even down to the men's mess tables, being replaced by asbestos. The Italian Ministry of Marine was criticised for building these "freaks," but it afterwards turned out that, although the ships were meant to be battleships, they were battle-cruisers commenced seven years ahead of their time. They were laid down in 1901, and the battle-cruiser proper did not appear in our own Navy till about 1908.

The last view is of considerable interest. This weird-looking ship is the new "mother ship" for sea-planes, H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. At present she is taking part in the Dardanelles Operations and has more than once figured in the accounts of the naval fighting in those waters. On the bows, at the extreme right, will be seen *Sea-plane No. 808*. Partly hidden by the donkey-engines amidships will be seen another sea-plane. The two lattice cranes are for hoisting the aero-craft in and out of her holds. Further amidships, below and before the bridges, will be seen one of the light quick-firing guns this vessel is armed with. These guns are "aero-mountings," i.e., high angle guns for warding off hostile air-craft attacks. The *Ark Royal* was built in very quick

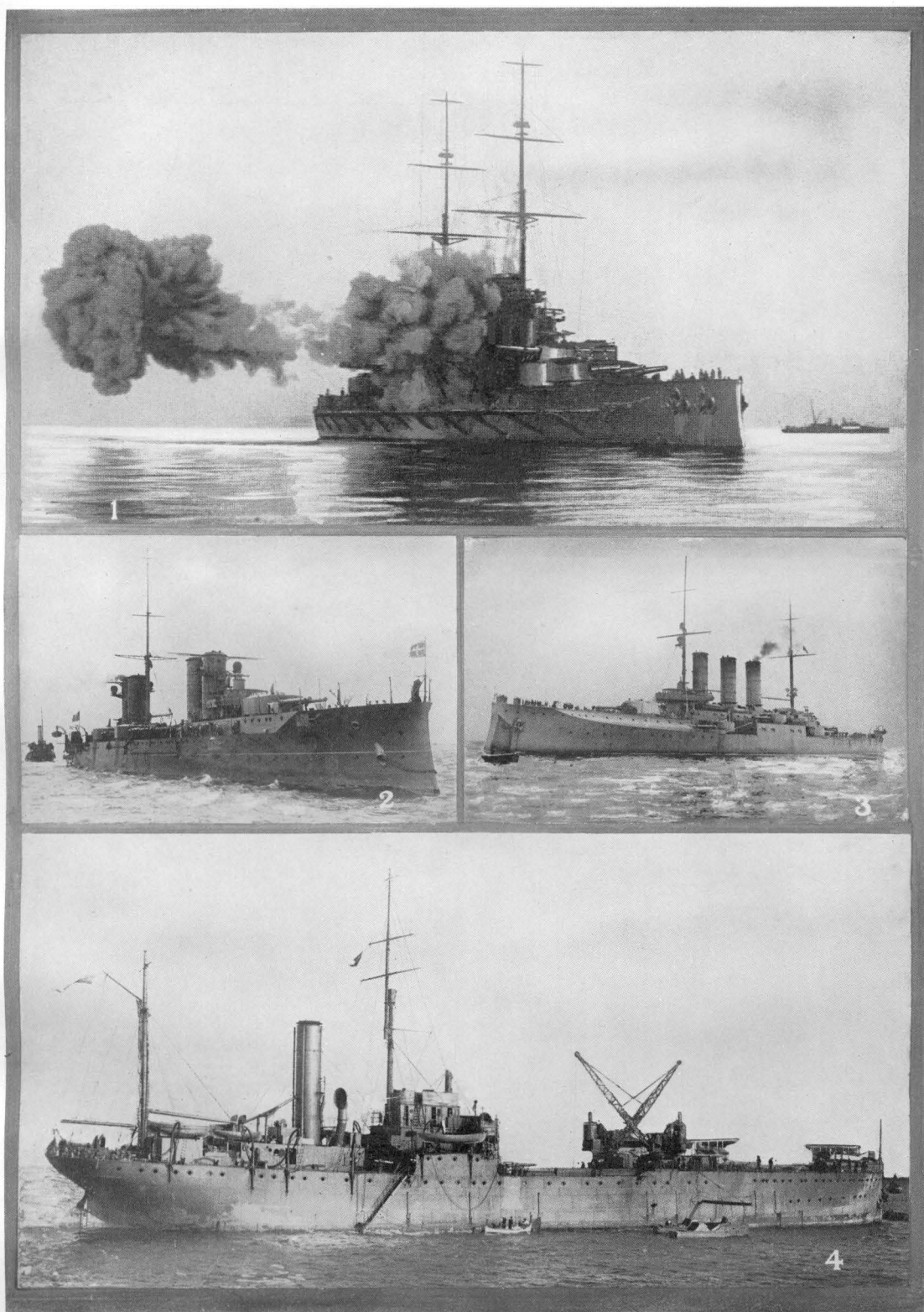
time. Although she was included in the 1914-15 Naval Estimates, the first announcement as to her being on the stocks came immediately after the declaration of war when it was made known that the Blyth Shipbuilding Company had her in hand. She appeared completed seven months later in the Dardanelles Operations. Her nick-name is obvious and refers to another Ark, famous for its processional grouping of animals. Despite this, the name of *Ark Royal* is one of the most famous in our naval-history. It is quaintly poetic, and more than once have the Admiralty been pressed to give it to a new Dreadnought.

In the days of Elizabeth, "the Queen's Great Shippe, *Ark Royall*," was the Dreadnought amongst her contemporaries. It was in this quaint old vessel that Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, led the British Navy against the Spanish Armada. To-day, another ship of that name appears in our Fleet, prosaically described as "His Majesty's Sea-plane Carrier *Ark Royal*," although she is the latest "word of science," and devoted to the most revolutionary kind of fighting ever conceived—War in the Three Dimensions of the air.

\* \* \* \*

"Though the seaplane, soaring upward, may betray the submarine,  
To the oil-fed super-Dreadnought, steaming nervously between;  
In pursuance of her mission, she'll be well advised to shun  
Any interfering cruiser with the newest seaplane gun.  
Thus does Science rule the revels that our Fathers used to know,  
While the sea that bred our Fathers marks the fashions come and go,  
Humours each, but sometimes wonders if the Truth were better sought  
In the latest words of Science, or the deeds our Fathers wrought.

Quaint and rude our Fathers' methods, and their ships and guns the same;  
Watch them "warping out of Plimouth" when the great Armada came;  
Hear them "give the Duke defiance," all their shot and powder spent;  
Men in truth, but manning makeshifts—still the Duke Medina went.



### THE WAR AT SEA.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. The Austrian Dreadnought VIRIBUS UNITIS.        | 3. The Italian REGINA ELENA. ( <i>Photo: Cribb.</i> ) |
| 2. The Italian SAN MARCO. ( <i>Photo: Cribb.</i> ) | 4. H.M.S. ARK ROYAL. ( <i>Photo: Cribb.</i> )         |

NOTE.—For descriptive article see pages 1225-1230.

Went in shame and hopeless ruin, with the fear alone  
in mind,

Of our Fathers, spent and weary, hanging grimly on  
behind ;

Scant of food, in rags and tatters, "What you have  
will have to do" ;

Lacking everything they needed, but the heart that  
pulled them through.

\* \* \* \*

In an age of swift invention it is frequently believed  
That the pressure of a button is as good as work  
achieved ;

But the optimist inventor should remember, if he can,  
Though the instrument be perfect, there are limits  
to the man.

Wherefore, when we've raced, the seagulls, run sub-  
merged across the Bay,

When we've tapped a conversation fifteen hundred  
miles away ;

When the gyros spin superbly, when we've done away  
with coals,

And the tanks are full of fuel and the targets full of  
holes.

When the margin's full of safety, when the weakest  
in the Fleet,

Is a Hyper-Super-Dreadnought, when the squadrons are  
complete,

Let us pause awhile and ponder, in the light of days  
gone by,

With their strange old ships and weapons, what our  
Fathers did, *and why*.

Then if still we dare to argue that we're just as good as  
they,

Let us seek the God of Battles on our knees, and humbly  
pray

That the work we leave behind us when our earthly  
race is run,

May be half as well completed as our Fathers' work  
was done."\*

\* "Our Fathers—to the Killed and Wounded," by  
Captain Ronald A. Hopwood, R.N.

M. P.

### TOO MUCH PRAISE.

There was a proverb among the Grecians that  
"he that was praised to his hurt should have a  
push (pimple) rise upon his nose" ; as we say that  
a blister will rise upon one's tongue that tells a lie.

Bacon, Essay "Of Praise."

### SYNTAX ACADEMY.

The Syntax Academy was held on May 18th, at  
10 o'clock. It was a lively and energetic perform-  
ance ; its brand of humour was rather more domestic  
and outspoken than, perhaps, has been usual, a  
fact due, no doubt, to the far more private character  
of these entertainments, this war-year, than their  
customary semi-official stamp.

The Prologue was spoken by R. Gurrin and S.  
Unsworth, who alternately addressed a large portrait  
of the Kaiser, seen holding, if we remember aright,  
the Lusitania and Rheims Cathedral in his hands,  
Louvain, and other cities being underneath his feet,  
and haloed with peace. *Punch*, we fancy, supplied  
the origin of this. Gurrin's voice is very pleasant  
and clear ; perhaps dramatic art runs in his family.  
We have not forgotten Mr. B. Gurrin's delightful  
recitations. The choice of S. Unsworth, too, was  
fully justified.

In *Kaiser Redivivus*, parodies of "Tipperary,"  
were recited by various poets (R. Sellier, S. Uns-  
worth, R. Gurrin, and H. McIntyre), to Sextus  
Horatius Kaiser, acted by Broadbent. The adapta-  
tion, too, of Latin lines was astonishingly ingenious,  
and the actors spoke up well ; perhaps it is our  
personal idiosyncrasy to feel a detestation for the  
practice of reciting first half a Latin line, then half  
an English ; but possibly the permanence of this  
custom implies that it gives satisfaction. To us,  
however, the following up of (*e.g.*) *Itane est?* by  
"You don't mean to say that's true?" and of the  
answer, *Ita est*, by "Honour bright, old chap,"  
creates not only an intolerable drag, and spoils all  
kind of artistic value the original may have possessed,  
but reflects upon the actors' power of conveying  
their meaning in the thousand ways which acting  
as such has at its disposal. Having thus grumbled,  
let us say that in this particular case the translations  
were amusing, and the actors showed a capital spirit.

The scene from the *Heir at Law* was altogether  
admirably carried off by L. Gradwell ((Dr. Pangloss),  
whose deprecating gesture, as he indicated the  
source of his quotations, was deliciously comic  
though too often, perhaps, repeated—and by W.  
Hull, who really has great capacities for acting,



## THE AVIARY.

When that bold, bad man, the Consul Appius Claudius, was in command of the Roman fleet at the battle of —— (*nomen deletum, jussu censoris No. CIXC.*), he ordered the Sacred Chickens on deck to see whether they would eat or not.

This was called "Taking the auspices." If they ate, it was lawful to fight; if not, it wasn't.

Now the chickens were sea-sick—as well they might be, for it was a rough day—and they wouldn't eat.

Then said the wicked Admiral, "If they won't eat, let 'em *drink!* Heave 'em overboard!"

Needless to say, he lost the battle in consequence.

Now the Gasman, or any well-trained Stonyhurst Aviary-boy who wanted to fight, would have tempted those chickens with ants' eggs, or meal-worms.

"If a bird looks peaky, yo mun try 'im wi' hinsect food"—is a "favouyrte" maxim of those learned modern Augurs, the Gasman and Owd Till.

If the above preamble suggests the remotest connection between Aviary-boys and warfare, then we have achieved our purpose, which is to find a decent pretext for introducing the subject of the "Aviary and the War."

The large proportion of old Aviary-boys who have joined our military forces—some also winning military distinctions—in the present war will have been noted by all.

We give a list of their names below, under the heading:—

## THE AVIARY AND THE WAR.

\*Lieut. Maurice Dease, V.C. (O.A. 1904), Capt. J. Aidan Liddell, Military Cross (O.A. 1902), \*Lieut. Cuthbert Liddell, Mentioned in Despatches (O.A. 1906), \*Capt. Oswald de Trafford, prisoner of war (O.A. 1898), \*J. Weld (O.A. 1897), Capt. E. F. Callaghan (O.A. 1896), \*Lieut. B. Moore (O.A. 1904), Lieut. P. Lavelle (O.A. 1904), \*Lieut. R. Riley, prisoner of war (O.A. 1910), Lieut. C. Waterton (O.A. 1903), Lieut. E. Waterton (O.A. 1912), Lieut. C. Carnegie (O.A. 1912), Flight Sub-Lieut. Noel Walmesley, R.N.A.S., \*Lieut. H. Place (O.A. 1906).

We note with peculiar satisfaction the significant fact that Capt. Aidan Liddell and Flight Sub-Lieut. N. Walmesley have joined the *Royal Flying Corps*. This is truly most appropriate.

May they keep strong on the wing, and likewise "keep their tails up"—or, should we say *down*?

After this timely digression we shall proceed to discuss the auspices, both favourable and unfavourable, connected with the Aviary since our last bulletin.

And first, let us chronicle an event of the saddest and most evil augury. "Samuel," that noble old fowl, the Eagle Owl (*Bubo maximus*) escaped from his aviary among the yews of the Bowling Green, on March 20th last.

It was on that date that Quartermaster-Sergt. Myerscough, of the Aviary General Staff, reported to headquarters that "a hoyle had been brasted" in the wire netting of the owlery roof, through which the old eagle owl had "piked off."

Whether the "hoyle" was "brasted" by mischievous boys, or by the owl himself will never be known.

From that day to this the eagle owl has been officially posted as "Missing."

On receipt of the news we at once produced our attenuated purse and offered £1 reward for his return uninjured, and the following notice was kindly inserted in the *Northern Daily Telegraph* for March 24th, by our good friend and "Brother of the Angle," its Editor:

## SEARCH FOR AN OWL.

## ESCAPED FROM STONYHURST AVIARY.

A large "eagle" owl has just escaped from Father Irwin's aviary at Stonyhurst College, and is at liberty somewhere in the neighbourhood. It is the biggest of British owls, and now very rare in its natural state. With boldly marked brown plumage and long ear-tufts and big orange eyes, it flies chiefly at night, and its note is a single, deep-toned "Hoo!" This particular bird is tame, and allows himself to be stroked, and, once located, should not be difficult to catch. As he is worth more alive than dead—Father Irwin is prepared to reward whoever returns him uninjured. It is hoped that he may be restored to his quarters at the College.



Many a local native was stimulated to unwonted activity by the prospect of the reward and declared that "so mich brass wor worth a scrattin'." And an eagle owl *can* "scrat," as the present writer remembers when he looks at the photograph reproduced here. To obtain it he had to catch the owl and put him in a sack—and likewise put his own hands in bandages.

From time to time reports reached the Gasman from various "roadsters" (tramps) who took shelter in his "Gazebo," that they had seen "a turble big brown hoolet," or heard him, and one had actually disturbed the owl during his meal on a hen he had "necked" by the roadside near Ribchester.

The escaped Eagle Owl was an Austrian. Perhaps his country required his services. But it is futile to speculate. He has flitted from his concentration cage. No more shall our astronomers be cheered by his pleasant hoot as they "get agate wi' yon star job."

His companion, the remaining Eagle Owl, is a Hun, from Ulm, in Germany—and an ill-tempered one at that. He has been accorded closer confinement since the escape of his mate. A droop of his featherless right eyelid, the result of a rat-bite in early infancy, imparts to his forbidding visage an expression at once saturnine and sour. Moreover, unlike his jovial, chatty old gossip, the late

Samuel, he is constitutionally taciturn, and never opens his beak to hoot.

When our Chilian Eagle escapes, which he does periodically, through the rotting of his leather leash, he remains on the trees in the garden. The sight of a rat dangled before him on a string simply deprives him of his free will. Down him swoops on it, like a boy on a bun, and holds on, eating voraciously till he is tied up.

This is a bird of real character and discernment. At first he was friendly to everyone who knew how to scratch him.

"Scrat a heagle on t'breast, and a howl on t'pow (head)." *Aphorisms of the Gasman*: Chapter I., "Of the Scrattin' of Birds."

Anyone who reversed this procedure joined the casualty list.

Presently some malapert youths teased him. Henceforth, with commendable sagacity, he declared war on all boys. He is not particular where his talons enter the

enemy, but his penchant is for ripping trousers. When he means business he lowers his head and erects his hackles; then comes a vicious side swoop, followed by noises, as of the rending of garments and the slaying of swine.

As a rule the clergy are immune from attack, but there are exceptions.

A venerable clergyman, attired in riven nether-





wear, came one day to complain to us as follows :—

"Oh! Father——! You told me that your eagle was a gentle creachah, so I approached to stroke him; but he seized me by the leg with both his claws and tore my trousahs!" And this he did, we hastened to assure the complainant, from no anticlerical animus, but out of sheer aquiline "divilment." Probably this worthy Levite had neglected the golden rule of the admirable Jim Gas, and had "scratted" him on the "pow" instead of the breast.

A benevolent old dame is the veteran Tawny Owl who has lived for twelve years in our smaller owlery. Her many admirers will rejoice to hear that she has at last got a mate, whose smaller size and browner plumage proclaims unmistakably his masculine gender. Hitherto her attractions have been wasted on supposed masculines, who eventually proved to be feminine. He is a devoted admirer of his "owd lass," in spite of her obvious antiquity, and is almost always to be seen perched cheek by jowl with her. When he is not near her and sees her being stroked he sidles up the perch with a squeak of jealousy to offer his "pow" for a share in the strokings.

Then the pair "get agate on a hair-dressin' do," combing one another's plumage with affectionate beaks.

From the main aviary the news is, on the whole, good. Of the thirteen Californian Quails hatched in the aviary last summer, and *all*—mark you! reared to maturity, eleven were sold to our brother aviculturist, His Majesty, Cross of Liverpool, styled "The King of Wild Beast Merchants."

Fine birds they were, too, and as comely fatlings as ever graced the groaning board of a Mogul Emperor or a Sachem of the Sioux. And they fetched a good round figure, too; and by "round"—you are to note—we mean substantial, not circular—to wit, five shillings each. Their parents were considerate enough to defer dying of the gapes until the young had grown up. Then they incontinently "piked off" to Nirvana, and their obsequies were celebrated in the usual manner by those omnivorous undertakers, the owls, who were very grateful to us for so succulent a funeral repast. We retained our two best hen Californians and got them a mate.

They have lately presented us with between twenty and thirty eggs each. May they emulate the success of their parents in "addling brass" (earning money) for the Aviary.

"A good hen addles her brass (earns her price); a bad 'un addles her hegs." *Aphorisms of the Gasman*. Chapter II., "Of the Layin' of Hegg's."

As touching this matter of the laying of eggs, our avicultural pride has received a fillip of no small magnitude through the brilliant success achieved in this sphere of activity by the Red-Winged Meadow Starling.

Our buyer, in a fit of guileless absent-mindedness, had purchased two years ago a hen of this somewhat rare species from an equally inadvertent dealer, who sold it to him as a common and inexpensive Silky Cowbird.

Only later, when the bird reached the Aviary did we advert to the fact that we had made an exceptionally good bargain.

Now the said hen R.-W.M.-S. in due course built a nest and laid five eggs in it; and this she did three several times before she realised that her eggs were not what Owd Till would call "wick hegs" (*i.e.*, live, or destined to hatch).

But probably she was aware of this all along, and merely regarded them as what our gallant allies would call *ballons d'essai*. They were pretty little *ballons* enough, bluish white, with pink and purple spots. But the Management are nothing if not practical, and they wanted wick eggs.

Hence we first advertised for a mate, but without success. "How-it-be," with that resourcefulness and buoyant resilience under the hard knocks of fortune which we possess in common with rats, mice, boys, and other oppressed starvelings who "lyve be what they can gete," we were not daunted.

We made shift to meet the emergency and tried a bold experiment.

Knowing that Cowbirds and R.-W.M.-S.'s are nearly allied species, we purchased a cock Silky Cowbird and presented him with our compliments to the hen R.-W.M.-S.

The result has been—we say it with all due modesty—a stupendous avicultural triumph. The

hen R.-W.M.-S. built, laid, sat, and *hatched*! and now we are the possessors of two young hybrids of the choicest rarity.

These historic chicks are probably unique in the annals of aviculture.

To be quite frank and open about it, we strongly suspect that the ancient Greeks would have called such a hybrid a *Hapax Legomenon*.

May our two young H.L.'s wax fat and flourish! We congratulate their parents and "we thank them very much."

But enough! We can see the Editor hovering in the offing, his blue pencil poised to strike. Yet we have not hatched out half our brain eggs. The doings of the Macaws and the Rheas must be held over till our July number.

We hasten also to omit to mention that the canaries have nested freely and hatched vigorously; that the Bullfinches, Goldfinches, and Brown Linnets are sitting tight—and as for the Budgerigars—well, if the munition makers of the United Kingdom would only turn out shells half as fast as our Budgerigars produce theirs, we should hear no more of a shortage of shells at the front.

For  
the *Aviary General Staff*. { GEORGE GILLINGS.  
A. SMAIL.  
R. LE BRASSEUR.

## MUSIC NOTES.

On May 13th, Ascension Day, the Choir gave a very good performance of Gounod's "Troisième Messe Solennelle," and an equally good rendering of the "Ascendit Deus," by Kammerlander, at the High Mass. In the evening the Vespers of the Feast, according to the new version, were sung.

On the evening of the 18th of the same month a Dirge was sung for the repose of the soul of Charles Sellier, who met with such a lamentable accident on the 15th, and on the 19th a requiem was sung before the funeral. The men's voices showed up very well in the "Credo quod" at the Dirge, and the offertory piece, "Beati Mortui," at the morning service.

On Whitsunday the Mass given was by Sewell, with Ett's "Veni Sancti Spiritus" for the sequence, and "Confirma hoc Deus," by Rogers, as the offertory piece. The Mass was well done on the whole, though more care should be paid to expression and precision of attack, especially amongst the trebles. In the

evening the Vespers of the Feast were sung.

We have to record a very excellent Choir Tea on the 26th.

The next day, the 27th, was Syntax Academy, which had been postponed from the 18th, for which the Orchestra played the overture "Mirella," by Charles Gounod, and selections from "The Geisha," by Jones. The former was really quite excellent, as care was taken with the time, expression and attack. The latter, being of less classical type, was somewhat inferior as a composition to "Mirella," but it was none the less satisfactory, though the expression was certainly not as good. It is a vain request, I know, to ask the audience, mostly the younger boys, to make as little noise as possible by talking, as it gives a very bad impression of the College when suddenly the orchestra pause for a bar and a great uproar of chattering voices is heard, when the boys have been surprised by one bar's rest for the orchestra.

On June 2nd a requiem was sung for the O.S. who have given up their lives at the War, with "Pie Jesu," by Cherubini, as offertory piece.

Next day, the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Mass was Gounod's "Messe Solennelle de Sainte Cécile," with Mozart's "Ave Verum" as offertory piece. The mass was well sung, but the solo soprano, evidently through nervousness, had to stretch for the top notes, and was shaky from time to time.

In the procession in the afternoon music was sung as usual, and again, as last year, loud congregational singing was conspicuous by its absence on account of the members of the O.T.C. lining the route.

On the 9th of June the Orchestra had their annual remuneration in the form of a very excellent supper.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 11th, a very good rendering of Gounod's "Messe du Sacré Cœur" was given, and the "O Cor Amoris Victima," by Zulueta, was sung as an offertory piece. This also was good.

## DONATIONS.

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following:

### TO THE MUSEUM:

I. A piece of German high-explosive shell from Ypres, 26/5/15, and part of a French machine-gun belt, with cartridges;

*Presented by Rev. F. PEAL, S.J.*

II. A piece of H.M.S. *Lion*, torn off by a German shell, and a fragment of a German shell which struck H.M.S. *Lion*;

*Presented by Rev. F. RATCLIFFE, S.J.*

jumped from the boat overboard ; I jumped first. I then swam out roughly sixty or seventy yards, but while doing so lost sight of them, and as I can swim faster on my back than in the ordinary way, I turned round just in time to see the ship take her final plunge. Her rudder and propellers were clearly visible above the water, and she went down head first with a crashing, shrieking, booming sound, disappearing from view. Then there was a wave that came afterwards, as she made her final plunge, and in it was a vast quantity of oars, masts, and other debris. I saw this coming and put my hands in front of my face, up above my head. The wave went right over me and I felt several things bump against my arms, but was not hurt in any way. When the wave had passed I looked round for somewhere to swim to. Seeing an upturned lifeboat with seven or eight people on it about thirty yards away, I swam to it, and was helped up by some good man, and once up, helped to pull up various other people, as others were doing. At last the boat, having too many people on it got lower and lower in the water till the top of it was scarcely above the surface. Seeing a cabinet that I think was used for putting a piano in, when they keep a piano on deck for open-air concerts, and no one on it, I swam a few yards to it and scrambled on. Once on, I turned round to see where my boy friend and his mother were, and seeing them on another upturned boat about forty yards away, I shouted to them. They shouted back, "Is there any room on there for us," and I shouted back, "Yes, by all means." Leaning over into the water I picked up by a piece of good luck a broken oar and tried to paddle towards them, but needless to say did not make very much headway. They both having put on lifebelts before they jumped overboard, jumped off their upturned boat and swam to me, and I pulled them both up. By the time the three of us were on this case the top of it was really under water, and the hard thing to do was to balance it. We were knocked off four times altogether, and having drifted away from the bulk of the survivors, we all three sat with our legs dangling in the water, and the water up to our waists, till about 6-30. When the ship went down there was not another

ship in sight. Luckily it was a very calm day and the sun was shining brightly. About two and a half hours later we saw away in the distance, in the direction of Queenstown, eight different clouds of smoke, and so knew that the ships in Queenstown must have received the *Lusitania's* "S.O.S.," and knowing our plight, were making straight for us. The first ship to arrive on the scene was a torpedo-boat destroyer, and shortly afterwards all other kinds of ships arrived. Of course the larger bodies of survivors, being more noticeable, were picked up first, and we three, who were partly submerged and had drifted by then almost a quarter of a mile, were not seen until almost the last. Eventually we were picked up, being actually the very last to be taken out of the water. We were taken on to a trawler which was disguised as a Greek ship and were very kindly treated by the crew. There were many other survivors on the ship, as they had been picked up first. When I went downstairs to the cabin I glanced at a clock which indicated quarter to seven ; then looking at my watch which I happened to have on me I saw that it had stopped exactly at 2-26 ; so I was in the water from 2-26 till about 6-40 p.m.

Having been given large cups of hot tea and chunks of dry bread and marmalade, we arrived at Queenstown at about 1 a.m., where we waited in the harbour for some time before a small yacht came and took us off the trawler to the pier.

Then I went to the morgues, where they already had 150 dead. I tried to identify some of them, as I had made several friends on the ship, and was anxious to know if they had been drowned or saved. There I remained till four, having recognised one or two of them. Afterwards I went to the hotel and slept till 6-30 a.m. on two chairs, as I could not get a bed, every available room, sofa and bedstead having been taken. I then got up and took up breakfast to several of my friends, having had my suit dried at the hotel while wandering about in an overcoat the captain of the trawler had lent me, and a pair of trousers I bought for 4/1. I eventually bought a coloured shirt and cap and left that afternoon at two o'clock, arriving in London on Sunday morning at 8-30 a.m., the only luggage with me being my lifebelt.

D. HAROLD BOULTON.