

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XIV.

No. 215.

FEBRUARY, 1918.



Father ROBERT J. MONTEITH, S.J.

Chaplain to the Forces.

Born 1877.

O.S. 1889.

Killed in action in France, November 28th, 1917.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

Vol. XIV. No. 215.

CONTENTS.

February, 1918.

FR. ROBERT J. MONTEITH, S.J. (1889)— <i>Frontispiece</i> .	IN MEMORIAM.....	218
EDITORIAL	Mr. Cecil Dwyer (1890).	
STONYHURST AND THE WAR.....	VARIA (<i>Plate</i>)	219
THE STONYHURST WAR MEMORIAL	THE BOXING COMPETITION	222
LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONES	THE BATTLE OF ARRAS	224
ROLL OF HONOUR	SODALITY NOTES	232
Father Robert J. Monteith, S.J. (1889).	THE GRAMMAR PLAYS	232
Lieut. Alfred de Laloubère (1871)— <i>Plate</i>	THE EXPERIENCES OF A REGIMENT IN THE	
Capt. Henry I. Cormac-Walshe (1905)— <i>Plate</i>	YPRES BATTLE, 1917	234
Lieut. Harold M. J. Blake (1904)— <i>Plate</i>	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	239
Lieut. Percival A. V. Radcliffe (1906)— <i>Plate</i>	O.T.C. NOTES.....	242
CURRENT EVENTS	STONYHURST UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.....	244
HODDER NOTES	FOOTBALL (<i>Plate</i>)	245
OLD ALUMNI	MUSIC NOTES	248
	REVIEWS	249

EDITORIAL.

PAPER is both scarce and very dear; labour is considerably restricted (several members of the staff of our worthy printers, Messrs. Thos. Briggs, Ltd., having been called to the colours); meanwhile, our Army List, and our Lists of Distinctions and War Honours grow ever longer and longer. We are compelled, therefore, to restrict ourselves in the present number of the Magazine to printing the Roll of Honour and the Lists of War Honours. We shall, however, reinsert the Army List, revised to date, in our next issue. Those who wish to consult the Army List, corrected up to the beginning of last December, will find it in that month's number of the Magazine, Vol. xiv., No. 214.

In the present number of the Magazine we print a letter of the Honourable Joseph Maxwell-Scott, the President of the Stonyhurst Association, urging all to subscribe as liberally as possible to the War Memorial Fund. This appeal we most heartily endorse. A first list of subscribers to the fund, to the end of January, is also appended to Mr. Maxwell-Scott's letter.

STONYHURST AND THE WAR.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

KILLED.

Lieut. A. C. MONTAGU, <i>R.N.</i>	Lieut. M. J. DEASE, <i>V.C.</i>
Lieut. F. P. O'REILLY, <i>R.N.</i>	Lieut. E. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.
Squad-Commander J. J. PETRE, <i>D.S.C.,</i> <i>R.N.A.S.</i>	Lieut. R. P. D. NOLAN.
Flight-Lieut. O. N. WALMESLEY, <i>R.N.A.S.</i>	Lieut. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK.
Brigadier-General P. A. KENNA, <i>V.C.,</i> <i>D.S.O.</i>	Lieut. G. E. A. PARKER.
Brigadier-General F. E. JOHNSTON, <i>C.B.</i>	Lieut. A. F. O. DOBSON.
Major C. H. B. JARRETT.	Lieut. C. D. W. ROOKE.
Major H. J. J. MONTEITH.	Lieut. G. ARCHER-SHEE.
Major A. L. BICKFORD, <i>C.I.E.</i>	Lieut. K. E. O'DUFFY.
Major C. B. LUMSDEN.	Lieut. E. L. W. LEAKE.
Major G. P. LINDREA.	Lieut. E. McGUIRE.
Major W. N. TEMPEST	Lieut. H. J. BURKE.
Major J. H. RATTON.	Lieut. F. T. HAY.
Capt. T. CREAN.	Lieut. E. J. MAXWELL-STUART.
Capt. E. E. WHITE.	Lieut. R. P. W. GETHIN.
Capt. L. CREAGH.	Lieut. M. AMOROSO.
Capt. H. C. H. O'BRIEN.	Lieut. W. F. MacCARTHY O'LEARY
Capt. H. A. J. ROCHE.	Lieut. C. F. PURCELL.
Capt. J. F. A. KANE.	Lieut. E. F. S. LANGDALE.
Capt. L. W. CORBALLY.	Lieut. R. F. GRECH.
Capt. H. DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY.	Lieut. P. J. McCUSKER.
Capt. H. M. FINEGAN.	Lieut. J. M. J. KENNY.
Capt. A. V. JARRETT, <i>D.S.O.</i>	Lieut. B. W. DEVAS.
Capt. J. A. LIDDELL, <i>V.C.,</i> <i>M.C.</i>	Lieut. J. C. G. COUPLAND.
Capt. H. J. DE TRAFFORD.	Lieut. P. W. FLINN.
Capt. O. J. BAMFORD.	Lieut. C. H. E. BOULTON.
Capt. F. R. E. SAVORY.	Lieut. P. V. A. RADCLIFFE.
Capt. V. C. BLAKE.	Lieut. J. E. WATERTON.
Capt. LE COMTE DE BERMOND DE VAULX.	2nd Lieut. T. J. CLANCEY.
Capt. C. J. GRIFFIN.	2nd Lieut. C. J. O'CONOR-MALLINS.
Capt. N. H. B. HASTINGS.	2nd Lieut. L. C. WILDSMITH.
Capt. F. F. RYAN, <i>M.C.</i>	2nd Lieut. W. A. J. DAVIS.
Capt. H. CHRONNELL, <i>M.C.</i>	2nd Lieut. M. O'C. CUFFEY.
Capt. G. T. C. PERRAM.	2nd Lieut. H. J. LYNCH.
Capt. S. C. CALLAGHAN.	2nd Lieut. J. D. LAVELLE.
Capt. S. C. DAY, <i>M.C.</i>	2nd Lieut. C. A. P. TAUNTON.
Capt. H. I. CORMAC-WALSHE.	2nd Lieut. E. J. WELD.
Rev. R. J. MONTEITH, <i>S.J.,</i> <i>C.F.</i>	2nd Lieut. W. F. J. CLIFFORD.
	2nd Lieut. J. MAXWELL-STUART.
	2nd Lieut. R. A. J. GWYN.

KILLED—(Continued).

2nd Lieut. C. J. UNSWORTH
 2nd Lieut. R. L. BINNS.
 2nd Lieut. C. F. HOLTOM.
 2nd Lieut. J. R. HOLDEN.
 2nd Lieut. A. W. POWELL.
 2nd Lieut. T. K. ELPHICK.
 2nd Lieut. J. J. WITHALL.
 2nd Lieut. K. H. CALLAN-MACARDLE.
 2nd Lieut. F. O'NEILL.
 2nd Lieut. M. H. W. NOLAN
 2nd Lieut. W. CREAGH.
 2nd Lieut. M. HILLIER.
 2nd Lieut. E. C. CALLAGHAN.
 2nd Lieut. W. A. HOWARD.
 2nd Lieut. D. J. MACSHERRY.
 2nd Lieut. R. W. GURRIN.

2nd Lieut. C. W. S. LITTLEWOOD, m.c.
 2nd Lieut. F. J. WOODLOCK.
 2nd Lieut. L. J. PURGOLD.
 2nd Lieut. H. M. J. BLAKE.
 Cadet J. de B. DOMVILLE.

Sergt. R. H. KANE.
 Sergt. W. E. UDALL

W. J. BELLASIS.
 P. WALTON.
 D. A. QUIN.
 J. E. QUIN
 W. HAY.
 N. T. E. SOMERS.
 L. D'ABADIE.
 P. L. NASSAN.

DIED.

Lieut.-Col. J. B. NOBLE.
 Capt. J. ESMONDE.
 Lieut. J. C. WATERTON.
 Lieut. R. H. E. MAUDE.
 Lieut. A. J. K. FERGUSON.
 Lieut. A. DE LALOUBÈRE.
 2nd Lieut. W. H. RATTON.
 2nd Lieut. G. TOBIN.
 C. O'KELLY.

MISSING.

Flight Sub-Lieut. T. J. SPENCER.
 Capt. T. C. DE TRAFFORD (Wounded).
 Lieut. C. B. GIBBONS (Wounded).
 Lieut. W. ST. J. COVENTRY (Wounded).
 Lieut. R. CANNON (Wounded).
 Lieut. B. J. TOLHURST.
 2nd Lieut. A. G. R. J. SMITH - SLIGO
 (Wounded).
 2nd Lieut. J. F. P. B. QUINLAN.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. T. Y. DOBSON, R.N.V.R. (Exchanged
 Prisoner of War).
 Lieut. T. V. HUGHES, R.N.V.R.
 Lieut.-General Sir E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O.

Brigadier-General R. S. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
 Brigadier-General F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G., D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel G. H. SWINDELLS.
 Lieut.-Colonel H. J. F. WALLIS.
 Lieut.-Colonel G. W. KENNY.
 Lieut.-Colonel W. H. D. MACCARTHY-
 O'LEARY, D.S.O., M.C.
 Lieut.-Colonel J. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY.

Major S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O.
 Major W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O.
 Major H. G. SIDNEY.
 Major E. L. CARUS, V.D.
 Major H. M. L. MANSFIELD.
 Major C. A. J. S. LANGDALE.
 Major P. A. MELDON, D.S.O.
 Major H. J. F. MAXWELL-SCOTT. (Gassed).
 Major W. R. RUSSELL.
 Major J. J. C. A. O'SULLIVAN.
 Major R. G. S. COX, M.C.
 Major R. P. BUTLER, D.S.O.
 Major J. T. C. THOMPSON.
 Major W. P. STEWART, D.S.O.
 Major E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM, M.C.
 Major A. T. DAWSON.
 Major G. F. CALLAGHAN, M.C.
 Major C. E. RYAN, M.C.
 Major J. B. MELDON.

WOUNDED—(Continued).

Capt. E. L. MANSFIELD.
 Capt. J. P. W. FORD.
 Capt. H. JUMP (Prisoner of War).
 Capt. J. N. GILBEY.
 Capt. B. J. MOORE.
 Capt. A. F. V. JARRETT, M.C.
 Capt. J. H. C. COULSTON (Exchanged
 Prisoner of War).
 Capt. T. F. O'MALLEY (Prisoner of War)
 Capt. J. H. DE M. H. KNIGHT.
 Capt. F. X. RUSSELL.
 Capt. R. C. J. CHICHESTER - CONSTABLE,
 D.S.O.
 Capt. Sir P. G. J. MOSTYN, Bart., M.C.
 Capt. E. K. CAMERON (Prisoner of War)
 Capt. W. W. MELDON.
 Capt. P. F. HARRISON.
 Capt. G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C.
 Capt. T. D. MURRAY.
 Capt. G. L. McELLIGOTT.
 Capt. J. F. MONTEITH.
 Capt. J. C. CALLAGHAN, M.C.
 Capt. A. D. PLACE, M.C.
 Capt. P. A. LEICESTER.
 Capt. A. P. V. DALY (Prisoner of War).
 Capt. J. G. RONAN, M.C.
 Capt. F. C. A. TROUP.
 Capt. J. C. D'ARCY.
 Capt. F. X. CARUS, M.C.
 Capt. J. D. SMAIL.
 Capt. F. F. RYAN, M.C.
 Capt. S. C. DAY, M.C.
 Capt. T. C. DE TRAFFORD.
 Capt. G. R. BARTON.
 Capt. A. L. BRODRICK.
 Capt. J. J. CRABTREF, M.C.
 Capt. G. McKAY, M.C.
 Capt. W. I. G. FARREN, M.C.

 Rev. J. STRATTON, S.J., M.C., C.F.
 Rev. P. D. DEVAS, O.F.M., C.F.
 Rev. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J., M.C., C.F.

 Lieut. R. MacGRATH.
 Lieut. T. B. TRAPPES-LOMAX.

Lieut. V. A. P. HASKEIT-SMITH
 Lieut. A. A. FILOSE.
 Lieut. C. B. CRAWFORD.
 Lieut. P. DAVIS (Gassed).
 Lieut. A. H. R. PRIMROSE.
 Lieut. G. R. TOPHAM.
 Lieut. M. I. WHYTE (Gassed).
 Lieut. E. J. BAMFORD.
 Lieut. G. F. LEYLAND.
 Lieut. R. J. TUKE.
 Lieut. H. HARVEY.
 Lieut. B. F. P. MULHOLLAND, M.C.
 Lieut. K. V. RYAN.
 Lieut. E. T. RYAN.
 Lieut. P. R. TANKERVILLE - CHAMBER-
 LAYNE.
 Lieut. C. M. KENNEDY (Gassed).
 Lieut. W. J. BARROW.
 Lieut. M. R. INGRAM
 Lieut. H. J. McCUSKER.
 Lieut. L. L. THWAYTES.
 Lieut. H. V. EYRE.
 Lieut. J. B. EYRE.
 Lieut. F. BERNARD.
 Lieut. P. W. FLINN.
 Lieut. F. A. J. CARYLL.
 Lieut. T. S. MASSEY-LYNCH.
 Lieut. B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, M.C.
 Lieut. G. E. T. EYSTON, M.C.
 Lieut. H. S. F. AGOSTINI.
 Lieut. A. M. FITZPATRICK-ROBERTSON
 Lieut. H. W. CRAMER.
 Lieut. O. W. LATHAM, M.C.
 Lieut. J. J. O'HEA.
 Lieut. H. A. BELLAIRS.
 Lieut. R. BONNEVIE.
 Lieut. R. CANNON.
 Lieut. W. St. J. COVENTRY.
 Lieut. F. T. J. R. FLYNN.
 Lieut. W. B. MATHER.
 Lieut. W. J. P. MAXWELL-STUART.
 Lieut. J. A. HAWE.
 Lieut. L. PARISOTTI.
 Lieut. P. P. McARDLE.
 Lieut. J. A. G. INNES.
 Lieut. C. H. STEWART.

WOUNDED—Continued.

Lieut. E. W. LUCIE-SMITH, M.C.
 Lieut. J. J. CUNNINGHAM, M.C.
 Lieut. L. V. NAUGHTON.
 Lieut. A. CRAVEN, M.C.
 Lieut. S. M. D'ARCY, D.S.O.
 2nd Lieut. C. B. GIBBONS.
 2nd Lieut. A. G. R. J. SMITH-SLIGO.
 2nd Lieut. S. B. LAWRENCE.
 2nd Lieut. A. J. DE L. CHOPIN
 2nd Lieut. C. C. CASELLA.
 2nd Lieut. W. J. MAGNIER.
 2nd Lieut. A. J. J. GWYN.
 2nd Lieut. J. A. FIDDES.
 2nd Lieut. C. S. FORSHAW.
 2nd Lieut. P. J. MURPHY.
 2nd Lieut. G. C. COOPER.
 2nd Lieut. E. V. PARSONS.
 2nd Lieut. W. U. TAYLER.
 2nd Lieut. T. F. GRIFFIN.
 2nd Lieut. L. PRADA.
 2nd Lieut. A. HUGHES.
 2nd Lieut. E. C. GALWEY-FOLEY.
 2nd Lieut. W. G. ALLANSON.
 2nd Lieut. E. R. BOLAND.
 2nd Lieut. C. A. GORDON.
 2nd Lieut. R. A. IRWIN.
 2nd Lieut. C. C. S. QUIN.
 2nd Lieut. D. SMITH.
 2nd Lieut. G. A. GILLINGS.
 2nd Lieut. E. MORIARTY.
 2nd Lieut. G. H. MORIARTY.
 2nd Lieut. E. PLUCKNETT (Gassed).
 2nd Lieut. P. RILEY.
 2nd Lieut. P. I. WORTHINGTON.
 2nd Lieut. G. J. NUGENT.
 2nd Lieut. F. W. LYNCH.

Sergt. N. WORSLEY.
 Sergt. H. A. THORNTON.

Lance-Sergt. J. J. WELD.

Corpl. B. H. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.
 Corpl. H. J. STANDEN.

Lance-Corpl. H. M. DE TRAFFORD.

Lance-Corpl. E. S. DAVIES.

E. O. RYAN.

T. G. BLOOMFIELD.

F. J. JODRELL.

P. N. SANCHEZ.

C. BARKER.

J. F. FRANCK.

J. L. MOSS.

V. G. BODKIN.

B. MELLERIO.

A. J. HOTTLET.

J. FOX.

J. E. KELLY.

H. P. BLOOMFIELD.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Capt. O. DE TRAFFORD.

Capt. C. H. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.

Capt. W. R. O'FARRELL.

Capt. C. M. S. MANNERS, D.S.O.

Capt. H. JUMP.

Capt. E. K. CAMERON.

Capt. A. P. V. DALY.

Capt. T. F. O'MALLEY.

Lieut. R. R. RILEY.

Lieut. H. CLEMENTS-FINNERTY

Lieut. V. T. THIERENS.

H. P. BLOOMFIELD.

Recent War Honours.

Knight-Commander of the Bath—

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

Companion of St. Michael and St. George—

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. J. RADCLIFFE.

BT. LIEUT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., D.S.O.

Distinguished Service Order—

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. H. WHYTE.

MAJOR G. A. S. WILLIAMS.

CAPTAIN E. R. L. CORBALLIS.

Bar to Military Cross—

CAPTAIN A. J. BLAKE, M.C.

Military Cross—

MAJOR E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.

CAPTAIN V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON.

CAPTAIN B. E. FLOYD.

CAPTAIN C. A. MAGUIRE.

CAPTAIN W. G. FANNING.

CAPTAIN F. X. CARUS.

CAPTAIN R. A. FOX.

REV. F. J. DONOHOE, S.J., C.F.

LIEUTENANT J. R. CALLAN-MACARDLE.

LIEUTENANT G. O. FAIRLIE.

Mentioned in Despatches—

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O.

BRIG.-GENERAL F. E. JOHNSTON, C.B.

BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. H. SWINDELLS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY,
D.S.O., M.C.

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. MACKESY, D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O.

MAJOR G. A. S. WILLIAMS, D.S.O.

Recent War Honours--Continued

Mentioned in Despatches (Continued)—

MAJOR B. GLASSON.
MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN.
CAPTAIN R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O.
CAPTAIN L. N. LOCHRANE.
CAPTAIN J. A. LUCIE-SMITH.
CAPTAIN W. G. FANNING, M.C.
CAPTAIN C. B. CRAWFORD.
CAPTAIN J. R. CREAGH.
CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C.
CAPTAIN P. W. CHAPMAN.
CAPTAIN K. R. O'BRIEN.
CAPTAIN R. A. FOX.
REV. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J., M.C., C.F.
REV. C. MCGINITY, S.J., C.F.
LIEUTENANT H. W. CRAMER.
LIEUTENANT E. CHADWICK.
LIEUTENANT H. BLAKE.

Croix de Guerre—

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N.
B. MELLERIO.

War Honours.

Victoria Cross :

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL.
LIEUTENANT M. J. DEASE.
LIEUTENANT G. G. COURY.

Companion of the Bath :

BRIG.-GENERAL F. E. JOHNSTON.
COLONEL H. J. ROCHE.

Companion of St. Michael and St. George :

BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, D.S.O.
HON. BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. DOUGLAS DICK, C.B.
LIEUT.-COLONEL D. F. MACCARTHY-MORROGH.

War Honours—Continued.

Distinguished Service Order :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, R.N.
BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST.
BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G.
BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.
LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. MACKESY.
LIEUT.-COLONEL G. M. MOLYNEUX.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY, M.C.
BT. LIEUT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C.
MAJOR S. A. PEARSE.
MAJOR P. A. MELDON.
MAJOR P. R. BUTLER.
MAJOR W. T. SYNNOTT.
MAJOR W. P. STEWART.
MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, M.C.
CAPTAIN A. V. JARRETT.
CAPTAIN D. G. J. RYAN.
CAPTAIN R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.
CAPTAIN C. M. S. MANNERS.
LIEUTENANT S. M. D'ARCY.

Distinguished Service Cross :

SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE.

Military Cross :

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY, D.S.O.
MAJOR R. G. S. COX.
MAJOR G. AYLMER.
MAJOR A. F. V. JARRETT.
MAJOR G. F. CALLAGHAN.
MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, V.C.
CAPTAIN SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, BART.
CAPTAIN C. E. RYAN.
CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON.
CAPTAIN A. D. PLACE.
CAPTAIN A. J. BLAKE.
CAPTAIN E. DE TRAFFORD.
CAPTAIN F. G. LESCHER.
CAPTAIN F. M. HARVEY.
CAPTAIN W. J. W. COLLEY.
CAPTAIN F. G. J. BERKELEY.
CAPTAIN J. C. CALLAGHAN.

War Honours—Continued.

Military Cross (Continued):

CAPTAIN W. O. RYAN.
CAPTAIN J. C. RONAN.
CAPTAIN L. M. HASTINGS.
CAPTAIN H. CHRONNELL.
CAPTAIN A. P. BETHELL.
CAPTAIN F. F. RYAN.
CAPTAIN H. P. RADLEY.
CAPTAIN J. J. CRABTREE.
CAPTAIN S. C. DAY.
CAPTAIN G. M. McKAY.
CAPTAIN B. J. MOORE.
CAPTAIN B. P. P. WITHALL.
CAPTAIN E. D. METCALFE.
REV. M. KING, S.J., C.F.
REV. W. M. FITZMAURICE, S.J., C.F.
REV. J. STRATTON, S.J., C.F.
REV. J. B. MARSHALL, C.F.
LIEUTENANT B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX.
LIEUTENANT B. F. P. MULHOLLAND.
LIEUTENANT W. O. LATHAM.
LIEUTENANT J. J. CUNNINGHAM.
LIEUTENANT W. H. DENSHAM.
LIEUTENANT E. MAYNE.
LIEUTENANT W. P. ODDIE.
LIEUTENANT G. E. T. EYSTON.
LIEUTENANT E. V. C. FOUCAR.
LIEUTENANT E. W. LUCIE-SMITH.
LIEUTENANT A. CRAVEN.
2ND LIEUTENANT C. W. S. LITTLEWOOD.

Bar to Military Cross:

CAPTAIN A. D. PLACE.
CAPTAIN F. G. LESCHER.
CAPTAIN W. J. W. COLLEY.
CAPTAIN G. M. McKAY.

Brevet Rank:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Distinguished Conduct Medal:

2ND LIEUTENANT A. W. POWELL.

Military Medal :

LANCE-CORPORAL E. S. DAVIES.
J. E. KELLY.

Commended for Service in Action :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N.
SURGEON J. H. B. MARTIN, R.N.

Commended for Service :

LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. H. N. YONGE, R.N.

French Honours.**Legion of Honour (Croix D'Officier) :**

BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O.

Legion of Honour (Chevalier) :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N.
CAPTAIN E. R. L. CORBALLIS, D.S.O.
CAPTAIN H. L. KEEGAN.

Croix de Guerre :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N.
SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE, D.S.C., R.N.
BT. LIEUT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.
MAJOR G. AYLMER, M.C.
CAPTAIN B. E. FLOYD, M.C.
J. F. FRANCK.

Russian Honours.**Order of St. Stanislas, 3rd Class :**

BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KELLY, C.M.G., D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COLONEL G. H. SWINDELLS.
LIEUT.-COLONEL G. M. MOLYNEUX, D.S.O.

Order of St. Anne, 3rd Class :

COMMANDER G. F. MONTAGU, R.N.

Order of St. Anne, 4th Class :

CAPTAIN SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, BART., M.C.

Serbian Honours.

Order of the White Eagle, 4th Class :

MAJOR W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O.

Order of the White Eagle, 5th Class :

MAJOR R. C. MAYNE.

CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C.

Order of the Karageorge :

BRIG.-GENERAL F. E. JOHNSTON, C.B. (3rd Class).

BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O. (4th Class).

Italian Honours.

Silver Medal for Military Valour :

CAPTAIN E. DE TRAFFORD, M.C.

CAPTAIN P. A. LEICESTER.

Military Order of Savoy (Commander) :

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O.

Mentioned in Dispatches.

COMMANDER F. H. POLLEN, R.N. (July 2nd, '17).

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N. (July 12th, '16).

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. J. HALLINAN, R.N.A.S. (Oct. 1st, '17).

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O. (Nov. 20th, '14 ; Jan. 14th, '15 ; Nov. 30th, '15 ; March 29th, '17).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. E. JOHNSTON, C.B. (Aug. 25th, '15 ; Nov. 13th, '16).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. A. KENNA, V.C., D.S.O., A.D.C. (Dec. 11th, '15).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, D.S.O. (Nov. 30th, '15 ; June 15th, '16 ; Nov. 13th, '16).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Aug. 11th, '17).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O. (Nov. 20th, '14 ; Jan. 14th, '15 ; July 13th, '16 ; Oct. 8th, '16).

HON. BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. DOUGLAS DICK, C.B., C.M.G. (Jan. 25,

Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued.

COLONEL H. J. ROCHE, c.B. (Jan. 14th, '15).

BT. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, v.c., c.M.G., D.S.O. (April 5th, '16; August 24th, '16; August 11th, '17).

BT. LIEUT.-COLONEL A. L. BICKFORD, c.I.E. (Mar. 9th, '16).

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR J. L. HARRINGTON, k.C.M.G., k.C.V.O., c.B. (June 15th, '16).

LIEUT.-COLONEL D. F. MACCARTHY-MORROGH, c.M.G. (July 12th, '16).

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. MACKESY, D.S.O. (Nov. 13th, '16).

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. W. KENNY (April 9th, '17).

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY, D.S.O., M.C. (May 31st, '15; Nov. 30th, '15).

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O. (Dec. 11th, '15; Oct. 8th, '16; Jan. 1st, '17).

MAJOR S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O. (Oct. 8th, '16).

MAJOR H. SIDNEY (Jan. 14th, '15; Nov. 13th, '16; April 9th, '17).

MAJOR E. L. CARUS (Sept. 22nd, '15).

MAJOR R. C. MAYNE (Jan. 14th, '15).

MAJOR F. B. J. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON (Nov. 30th, '15; Nov. 13th, '16).

MAJOR P. A. MELDON, D.S.O. (July 12th, '16).

MAJOR P. R. BUTLER, D.S.O. (Jan. 14th, '15; Oct. 8th, '16).

MAJOR A. E. O'MEARA.

MAJOR W. T. SYNNOTT, D.S.O. (Nov. 13th, '16; April 9th, '17).

MAJOR R. G. S. COX, M.C. (May 31st, '15).

MAJOR A. J. THOMPSON (March 29th, '17).

MAJOR W. P. STEWART, D.S.O. (May 31st, '15; Nov. 30th, '15).

MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN (April 9th, '17).

MAJOR T. A. WHYTE (April 9th, '17).

MAJOR G. A. S. WILLIAMS, D.S.O. (April 9th, '17).

MAJOR D. G. J. RYAN, D.S.O. (Sept. 22nd, '15).

MAJOR C. E. RYAN, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15).

MAJOR G. F. CALLAGHAN, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15).

MAJOR A. F. V. JARRETT, M.C. (April 5th, '16).

MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, D.S.O., M.C. (Jan. 25th, '17).

CAPTAIN H. A. J. ROCHE (Jan. 14th, '15; May 31st, '15).

CAPTAIN E. R. L. CORBALLIS, D.S.O. (Jan. 14th, '15).

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, v.c., M.C. (Jan. 14th, '15).

CAPTAIN A. V. JARRETT, D.S.O. (May 31st, '15).

CAPTAIN SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, BART., M.C. (May 31st, '15).

CAPTAIN C. H. LIDDELL (Jan. 14th, '15; May 31st, '15).

CAPTAIN R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O. (Nov. 30th, '15).

Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued.

CAPTAIN V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15 ; April 9th, '17).

CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15).

CAPTAIN J. N. GILBEY (June 15th, '16).

CAPTAIN F. R. COPPINGER (July 6th, '16).

CAPTAIN B. E. FLOYD, M.C. (May 31st, '15 ; Nov. 22nd, '16).

CAPTAIN G. AYLMER, M.C. (July 12th, '16).

CAPTAIN C. M. S. MANNERS, D.S.O. (July 13th, '16 ; Aug. 24th, '16).

CAPTAIN B. J. SMITH (Dec. 1st, '16).

CAPTAIN J. J. F. BERKELEY (Nov. 13th, '16).

CAPTAIN V. B. HOLLAND (Nov. 13th, '16).

CAPTAIN A. J. HORNE (July 12th,

CAPTAIN W. O. RYAN, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15).

CAPTAIN G. T. C. PERRAM (April 9th, '17).

CAPTAIN J. McCUSKER (April 9th, '17).

CAPTAIN K. R. O'BRIEN (April 9th, '17).

CAPTAIN N. H. B. HASTINGS (Oct. 8th, '16).

CAPTAIN E. D. METCALFE, M.C. (Aug. 11th, '17).

CAPTAIN T. D. MURRAY (March 29th, '17).

CAPTAIN P. A. LEICESTER (March 29th, '17).

CAPTAIN H. P. RADLEY, M.C. (April 5th, '16 ; Aug. 24th, '16 ; Aug. 11th, '17).

CAPTAIN H. CHRONNELL, M.C. (Nov. 30th, '15).

CAPTAIN B. G. HOLLAND ().

CAPTAIN C. A. MAGUIRE, M.C. (April 9th, '17).

CAPTAIN F. B. BARKER (March 28th, '17).

CAPTAIN R. B. HAWES (Jan. 14th, '15).

CAPTAIN G. M. McKAY, M.C. ().

REV. J. B. MARSHALL, M.C., C.F. (April 9th, '17).

LIEUTENANT M. J. DEASE, V.C. (Nov. 20th, '14).

LIEUTENANT W. ST. J. COVENTRY (Jan. 14th, '15).

LIEUTENANT A. E. CAPEL (May 31st, '15).

LIEUTENANT C. D. W. ROOKE (Nov. 30th, '15).

LIEUTENANT B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, M.C. (Dec. 11th, '15).

LIEUTENANT F. O'NEILL (Jan. 25th, '17).

J. F. FRANCK (July, '16).

Mentioned for Valuable Service

(Feb. 24th, '17.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. LEE.

SURGEON-GENERAL SIR T. J. GALLWEY, K.C.M.G., C.B.

BT.-COLONEL R. C. COX.

BT.-COLONEL B. R. HAWES, C.B.

COLONEL R. CRAWFORD.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR H. C. G. BELLEW, BART.

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. E. LANGDALE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. JERRARD.

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. RADCLIFFE, C.M.G.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. G. R. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.

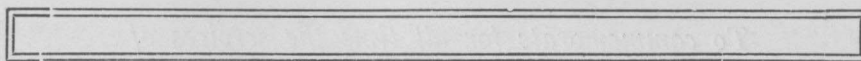
LIEUT.-COLONEL P. W. KENNY.

MAJOR J. B. MONTEITH.

Summary.

Serving in the Forces	900
Killed	109
Died	9
Missing	8
Wounded	167
Prisoners of War	12
Total Honours	124
V.C.	3
D.S.O.	22
M.C.	57
Bar to M.C.	5
Mentions in Dispatches	134

THE STONYHURST WAR MEMORIAL



BOODLE'S CLUB,

ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W. 1,

February 2nd, 1918.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

As President of the Stonyhurst War Memorial Council, I have pleasure in sending you the first list of subscribers.

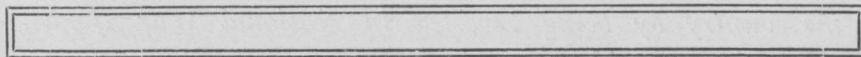
Our object is to collect £20,000, and we have now had nearly a quarter of the amount subscribed since the notice of the Memorial in the last issue of the Magazine.

The sum asked for, large as it may appear, is not more than is required to carry out worthily the objects in view. I now ask every Stonyhurst man to assist to the utmost of his power, and to show in a practical form what he thinks of the great record of valour exhibited by Stonyhurst men.

Mr. Philip W. Colley, 13, Hyde Park Terrace, London, W., has kindly consented to act as Hon. Treasurer. To him, or to the Rector of Stonyhurst, subscriptions may be sent.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOSEPH C. MAXWELL-SCOTT.



STONYHURST WAR MEMORIAL

*To commemorate for all time the services of
Stonyhurst Men in the Great European War*

FORM OF THE MEMORIAL.

- (1) The foundation of an Annual Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of past Students killed in the War.
 - (2) *a.* The setting-up at Stonyhurst of some commemorative design, of a form to be determined later, recalling the great part Stonyhurst Boys have played in the War. *b.* The establishment of facilities for the education at Stonyhurst of sons or dependents of those past Students who have given their lives in the War.
 - (3) The erection and equipment of Science Laboratories at the College on a scale adapted to meet the large requirements of this branch of study after the War.
-

THE COMMITTEE, charged with the issue of this Appeal, suggest that donations, or promises of donations, should be made as quickly as possible, and that, if found convenient, subscriptions may be spread over several years. Amounts received will, as far as possible, be put in the service of the country by being invested in National War Bonds. Where convenient, donations may be made in War Loan or War Bonds.

FIRST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Stonyhurst College.. .. .	500	0	0	Rev. R. J. Dewhurst	2	0	0
R. Y. Aitken, Esq., F.R.C.S. .. .	5	5	0	Bernard P. Dobson, Esq. .. .	100	0	0
Mrs. Amoroso	5	0	0	Lt. T. Y. Dobson	10	0	0
Anonymous	15	0	0	J. M. Dove, Esq.	1	1	0
Anonymous	1	0	0	W. H. Draycott, Esq.	1	1	0
Anonymous (C.M.W.F.)	50	0	0	Archibald Dunn, Esq.	2	2	0
Anonymous (H.H.N.)	50	0	0	H. H. Edmondson, Esq... .. .	5	0	0
H. B. Bamford, Esq.	1	1	0	W. S. Eyre, Esq.	100	0	0
G. R. Barton, Esq... .. .	5	0	0	W. Fawdry, Esq.	10	10	0
Lt. Cecil S. Baxter	3	3	0	Lt. S. St. J. Ferguson	2	0	0
Sir H. Bedingfeld, Bart. .. .	5	0	0	C. Edgar Finney, Esq.	2	2	0
Loftus Benjamin, Esq.	5	0	0	Mrs. Fitzgerald	25	0	0
John Berkeley, Esq.	10	10	0	W. W. Gainsford, Esq.	10	10	0
Admiral A. K. Bickford	5	5	0	Surg.-Gen. Sir T. J. Gallwey, K.C.M.G.,			
Dr. E. J. Blackett	54	4	0	C.B.	25	0	0
N. Blair-McGuffie, Esq.	1	0	0	J. M. Gatti, Esq.	10	10	0
L. J. Blake, Esq.	2	2	0	Mrs. Philip Gibbs	5	0	0
E. R. Boland, Esq... .. .	10	10	0	Mrs. Gurrin and Boys	80	0	0
C. I. Brand, Esq.	100	0	0	T. J. Harrington, Esq.	5	5	0
H. F. Brand, Esq.	100	0	0	P. Hallinan, Esq.	100	0	0
J. G. Brand, Esq.	100	0	0	J. B. Macdonald Hastings, Esq. .. .	50	0	0
H. Burns, Esq.	1	11	6	Major Lewis M. Hastings	5	5	0
L. W. Cafferata, Esq.	10	0	0	G. E. Hemelryk, Esq.	1	0	0
K. F. Callaghan, Esq.	5	0	0	Maj. Paul H. Hemelryk	50	0	0
John Campbell, Esq.	10	0	0	F. B. G. Holmes, Esq., M.B. .. .	5	0	0
P. W. J. Cannon, Esq.	5	0	0	C. E. Howell, Esq... .. .	5	0	0
W. J. Cantopher, Esq.	20	0	0	James M. Hughes, Esq... .. .	23	2	0
R. A. Caraman, Esq.	5	5	0	J. M. Irwin	2	2	0
J. Cashman, Esq.	5	0	0	Col. Jarrett	10	0	0
Philip W. Colley, Esq.	100	0	0	Mrs. Jarrett	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. W. Colley .. .	25	0	0	Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P... .. .	5	0	0
Mrs. Comerford	5	5	0	J. M. N. Jeffries, Esq.	5	5	0
M. C. Connolly, Esq.	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. C. John	100	0	0
S. R. Conron, Esq... .. .	25	0	0	Mrs. Earl Johnston	5	0	0
Mrs. Corbally	2	0	0	R. L. Jump, Esq.	5	0	0
J. C. Cragg, Esq.	5	0	0	Mrs. Kenna	5	0	0
M. V. D'Arcy, Esq.	2	2	0	Joseph H. Kershaw	1	1	0
Y. H. de la Bédoyère, Esq.	10	0	0	Per Rev. M. King	5	0	0
G. de Landa y Escandon, Esq. .. .	10	0	0	Rev. Edgar A. Kirby	5	5	0
W. H. Densham, Esq.	5	0	0	Maj. E. Bertram Kirby, R.F.A. .. .	5	5	0
Mrs. de Trafford	24	0	0	Dr. M. Malone Lee	5	5	0
Herman M. de Trafford, Esq. .. .	1	1	0	Oswald W. Latham	5	0	0
W. J. Devlin, Esq... .. .	5	5	0	T. Edward Lescher, Esq.	100	0	0

FIRST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS—*Continued.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
John Liddell, Esq. (In memory of the late Capt. J. Aidan Liddell, v.c., M.C.) (R.I.P.)	250	0	0	Edmund S. Perry, Esq.	10	0	0
Chas. D. Lochrane, Esq.	5	5	0	J. Pinnington, Esq.	5	5	0
Mrs. Lumsden (In memory of the late Rev. P. C. Gordon, S.J.) (R.I.P.) ..	50	0	0	Bernard Radcliffe, Esq. (In memory of the late Lt. Percival V. A. Radcliffe) (R.I.P.) .. .	10	10	0
Capt. Hugh Lumsden (In memory of the late Maj. Carlos Lumsden) (R.I.P.)	100	0	0	Roger Radcliffe, Esq.	5	0	0
T. Callan Macardle, Esq.	5	5	0	Lt. E. F. Reeves .. .	5	0	0
Maj. Ibar MacCarthy, R.A.M.C. . . .	5	0	0	H. Rickman, Esq.	2	2	0
Lt.-Col. D. F. MacCarthy-Morrogh, C.M.G.	10	0	0	Robert Rigby, Jun., Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. MacCarthy-O'Leary .. .	5	5	6	R. A. Rockliff, Esq.	10	10	0
Lt.-Col. J. MacCarthy-O'Leary .. .	5	5	0	E. J. Rowe, Esq.	1	1	0
Lt.-Col. W. M. MacCarthy-O'Leary ..	10	0	0	James Ryan, Esq.	100	0	0
A. Mahler, Esq.	2	2	0	Mrs. M. Ryan .. .	5	0	0
Sir Alexander Maguire .. .	100	0	0	Henry Scrope, Esq.	10	0	0
Edward Maguire, Esq.	50	0	0	Stephen Scrope, Esq.	10	10	0
Peter A. Malone, Esq.	50	0	0	His Honour James A. Scully .. .	3	3	0
George Mansfield, Esq.	2	2	0	John D. Sellier, Esq.	1	2	0
Hon. B. Maxwell .. .	5	0	0	André 'L. Simon, Esq.	5	5	0
Hon. W. C. Maxwell .. .	25	0	0	Rev. Alfred Smith-Steinmetz .. .	5	0	0
Hon. J. C. Maxwell-Scott .. .	100	0	0	George Spencer, Esq.	1	1	0
Brig.-General W. Maxwell-Scott, D.S.O.	25	0	0	W. F. Suttill, Esq.	2	2	0
E. Maxwell-Stuart, Esq.	1	1	0	Lt.-Col. Geoffrey H. Swindells .. .	100	0	0
W. F. McDonnell, Esq.	50	0	0	Nicholas J. Synnott, Esq.	20	0	0
Kenneth Milne, Esq.	1	0	0	Alan C. R. Tate, Esq.	2	2	0
Henry Monahan, Esq.	10	0	0	Leo Taylor, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Monteith .. .	5	0	0	Mrs. Chilton Thomas .. .	25	0	0
Maj. Basil Monteith (In memory of Maj. H. J. Monteith and Capt. R. J. Monteith, S.J., C.F.) (R.I.P.) .. .	25	0	0	Herbert J. Tobin, Esq.	2	2	0
Sir W. Nelson. Bart .. .	50	0	0	J. S. R. Towsey, Esq.	5	0	0
Capt. B. Newdigate .. .	5	0	0	Lt. B. C. Trappes-Lomax .. .	5	0	0
E. A. O'Bryen, Esq.	200	0	0	Lt. T. B. Trappes-Lomax .. .	5	5	0
James J. O'Connor, Esq.	5	5	0	John W. Unsworth, Esq.	50	0	0
Bernard J. O'Flaherty, Esq.	50	0	0	M. van Dieren, Esq.	1	0	0
W. M. Olney, Esq.	25	0	0	H. D. Vaillant, Esq.	5	0	0
Dr. Gilbert E. Orme .. .	20	0	0	Miss Villiers .. .	1	0	0
Charles Parker, Esq.	5	0	0	Edward Cormac-Walshe, Esq., D.L. . .	5	5	0
Capt. E. V. P. Parsons .. .	3	0	0	Paul F. Waterkeyn, Esq.	100	0	0
Maj. S. A. Pearse, D.S.O.	50	0	0	T. M. Waterton, Esq.	60	0	0
W. R. Pearse, Esq.	60	0	0	Francis J. Weld, Esq.	26	5	0
G. I. Perram, Esq., C.I.E.	1	1	0	Humphrey F. Weld, Esq.	5	5	0
				Henry F. Westwood, Esq.	5	0	0
				H. H. Wheeler, Esq.	2	2	0
				Rev. L. Woodroffe .. .	2	0	0
				Paul Woodroffe, Esq.	5	5	0

LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONES.

From a Chaplain, O.S. :

B.E.F.,

November 30th, 1917.

I remember when I was at Stonyhurst lately you asked me to write a letter giving my experiences of the attitude of the officers and men towards religion. What I have to say can only be in the form of a few jottings, of course, and be more or less in general. I may, of course, be rather well placed, and the writer of a recent letter have struck rather a bad patch, but I think he would give to others rather a bad impression of the religious attitude of the English soldier out here. I would say then in the first place that perhaps I have been very lucky, but I feel sure that there are other chaplains, perhaps many, who are as fortunate as myself. I have charge of a whole brigade, which includes four battalions, some *R.E.*'s, some gunners, a field ambulance, machine gunners, and a few other odd units. I don't think I can count more than two hundred Catholics among the whole crowd, and they are scattered about in a most extraordinary fashion. When we are back at rest it may easily happen that battalions are separated two or three miles from each other. During operations it is very difficult to locate them and one has to wander up and down to find them. Yet whether we are back or in support I have always found that the services are very well attended. The poor Tommy may have to walk at times a considerable distance in order to be present at Mass, but you will find him there all the same. By posting up a notice in some conspicuous spot, or meeting individual soldiers and asking them to tell their companions you will not be disappointed by the attendance at services. With regard to Confessions also I have been much consoled. Always before an action, or even before holding the line you have only to fix on some spot and our soldiers will turn up in good numbers. For that matter you can hear Confessions anywhere. Giving my experience, I should say I have heard more Confessions walking along the road, in camp, in crowded villages, and even in towns like P—ghe,

or A—s, than anywhere else. Many a Catholic soldier have I met belonging especially to Labour Corps working by the roadside, and he will salute you, and then very often the greeting "Good-day, Father." That is enough for you. "Have you been to Confession lately, old man." "No, Father, I don't know when I saw a priest last." "Then come to Confession now." "I will, Father, and be very glad to get the chance." Holy Communion is more difficult, perhaps, but the soldier, I have always found, only too ready to go when he gets the chance. I have had a great deal of experience in working at advanced dressing stations, especially during a big action. These stations, as a rule, may be a mile or two miles behind the front line. I think it is in such places as these that one realises the value and help the priest is to the soldier. I have administered the Sacraments, without exaggeration, to hundreds of our poor fellows here. I have invariably found that if a man has not been to his duties the fault is rather on the side of the chaplain who has not seen his men more frequently, or owing to a dearth of chaplains the poor fellows had not a priest to whom they could go. The doctors at these stations give you every help and assistance, a very hard and trying matter, especially when there is a rush of work. I have often been called to the dressing table by a doctor with the words, "Here is one of your's, padre. I don't think there is much chance for him." Again non-R.C. wounded soldiers often ask you to do something for them. I remember on one occasion a poor fellow calling me to his side ; he was mortally wounded, and he said, "Sir, I have a Catholic wife, and my children are Catholics, and what has convinced me more than anything else that your religion is the right one is the joy and happiness your soldiers show when the priest has been to them. You have that which the Protestant padre has not. I want to die a Catholic." He did. I could say more about the soldier, but space will not allow me. What about the officer? In the whole brigade, roughly about four thousand men, there are only three Catholic officers, so the atmosphere is hardly Catholic yet I have had the greatest help possible. The General himself, to begin with, is a good religious man—he is not a Catholic—but always attends his own ser-

vices, and in that way gives an example to the whole brigade. Whenever I meet him he always pulls up and has a chat. "How are you, Father," is his greeting always. "How do your R.C.'s attend service? Is there anything I can do for you?" He actually discovered two R.C.'s at Brigade Headquarters for me. If the chaplain does not send in a list of services each Sunday to Brigade Headquarters he will get a note from the General asking the reason why.

The Colonel and Adjutant of each regiment also are kindness itself. Invariably they have said, "Padre, whatever we can do for you let us know, and we will do all we can for you." Stonyhurst, I may here remark, is well known to one colonel especially. He is an old Rossalian, and had played against the "old place" many times in years past. He is a great friend of mine.

Again, the officers of my own regiment give every assistance possible to their men to attend service. There is a standing order with this regiment that if a man is appointed for duty during mass time, and wishes to go to mass he can do so. If I miss a man from mass and he gives as a reason for absence duty, I have to report him and he is up for Orderly Room the next day for disobeying an order. The non-R.C.'s especially of this regiment are very good at attending Sunday service. That is the verdict of the C. of E. Chaplain. The latter is, perhaps, one of my greatest friends, and many a Catholic have I discovered through his instrumentality, for he has been in the Brigade a year longer than I have.

I could write more, but this will suffice. Fewer brigades have done so well in France as ours. We have a long list of honours, and I know many a corps commander has been right glad to have us in his fighting strength. We have had a rough time—a very rough time—since I saw you at Stonyhurst last.

From an Officer in the East African Expeditionary Force :

Nov. 8th, 1917.

I was more than pleased to get your welcome letter of September 4th, together with the July number of the Magazine. It is sad reading to see so many

fine young Englishmen, whom one looked upon as part of his own existence at school, who have made the supreme sacrifice. It comes as a shock naturally to glance through the long Roll of Honour when, as in my case, one has not seen the Magazines for so long, and only now and again a casualty list. I did, however, manage to get one of the 1916 Magazines from Father Garrold, whom I came across in the wilds out here. He stayed with our brigade for several days, and during that time I was able to attend mass daily and to go to the Sacraments. Believe me, it was a great joy, for I had not struck a Chaplain for twelve months, and our very primitive little chapel carried me back once more to the beautiful church and the boys' chapel at Stonyhurst.

A few days before meeting Father Garrold whom should I suddenly come face to face with, "out in the blue," and miles from nowhere, but Gerald McElligott, who had just joined the *Gold Coast Regiment* and was then in my brigade. It was great to meet an O.S. again, especially one who had been in the same class for several years, and we had some "bucks" about old times. The only other O.S. I have run against in this country is Floyd, of the *R.G.A.*, who is out here with a heavy battery, but I have heard of quite a number of others.

I have now left the staff and gone back to my battalion again. I rather enjoyed the life of an A.D.C.—at any rate, it was a change—and was quite sorry to give up the job. However, my battalion was very short of officers and they wanted me back. I am now a Captain—though only temporary—and have been doing various and sundry jobs. All the other R.C. officers of my regiment—we are four—have now been killed, and I am the only survivor. Sickness is dreadful out here, and has taken a great toll of my battalion, so that with sickness and casualties we have dwindled to four officers and 100 men. I am, however, keeping in pretty good health. This is a dreadfully bad country for warfare and we are hoping it will soon be over out here. I don't think it can last more than a few weeks longer, and we have been doing very well indeed, and making great headway. The rainy season has come on now, which makes life rather more unpleasant than ever. I've been





*Photo: Chancellor,
Dublin.*

Captain HENRY I. CORMAC-WALSHE.

Royal Field Artillery.

Born 1890.

O.S. 1905.

Died of wounds received in action in France, Nov. 7th, 1917.

awfully fortunate throughout and although I've collected quite a number of bullets through my helmet, haversack, etc., I've never had a scratch.

The set of Magazines you sent me out has never arrived, I'm sorry to say ; I suppose they are at the bottom of the deep blue sea by now. My very best wishes to all at the *Alma Mater* for Christmas and the New Year.

From an Officer with the Palestine Force :

NASRIEH HOSPITAL, CAIRO,

December 9th, 1917.

Have just had another short and sharp spell of the old game, but was soon put out of action by a machine-gun bullet through the toes.

At 1 a.m. on the 3rd we were sent to capture a village perched on the top of a hill, not a hundred miles from Jerusalem. It was rather like climbing up the side of a house to try and capture the chimney stack. Anyhow, we had the village by 2-30. The Turks held hills all around us, and repeatedly counter-attacked. At 7-30 I was hit during the fourth counter-attack, the bullet coming from behind. At the time the only N.C.O. I had left in my platoon was a sergeant. Our company had six officers to start with. One was killed—the other five of us are in the hospital. So you can understand that we had a pretty exciting time.

Two things have been impressed on me in this, my first "scrap" with the Turk. First of all, he *can* fight when he wants to, and secondly, he is not particular whether he "plays the game" or not. All the wounded had to pass down a track. There was Johnny Turk on a ridge gaily sniping us as we came along.

After two hours' crawl down the hill I reached our first dressing station. From there I had three hours' ride slung on a camel. The movement is something like a mixture between the "sea-wave" at Earl's Court and the sudden drop of a lift. I thought I had already had a taste of war's horrors, but six days in a trench, three feet under water is

paradise compared to 100 yards ride on a camel. I honestly believe that if I had had my revolver on me I should have shot the brute.

Before the attack we did a six days' march through Palestine in true Army style. This means that your destination is changed about every 24 hours.

I have only been out here about a fortnight, so I cannot give you any real idea of the place. "Filth and smells" sums up Palestine fairly accurately. One sees Biblical pictures in the life every day. Closer acquaintance with the natives knocks all the romance out of it. It is all intensely interesting, but we have been on the move so much that I have not had a chance to collect my ideas.

I have seen no R.C. padre yet, or I might be able to find an O.S. or two.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

Father ROBERT J. MONTEITH, S.J.,
Chaplain to the Forces.

Born 1877.

O.S. 1889.

Killed in Action in France, November 27th, 1917.

The first of the O.S. Jesuit Chaplains to lay down his life in the war is Father Robert Monteith, Chaplain to the Forces, and his loss to the English Province of the Society of Jesus is a grievous one. For not only was he a devoted priest and pastor of souls, but he was also one of our most brilliant mathematicians. His father was the late Joseph Monteith, of Carstairs, who himself came to Stonyhurst as a Philosopher in the year 1870. The family history is given in the following extract from *The Glasgow Evening News*, of December 28th, 1917:—

"The death from wounds of the Rev. Robert Monteith, S.J., while acting as a Chaplain at the front, recalls the old associations of the family with Glasgow, perpetuated in the name Monteith Row. About the middle of the seventeenth century James Monteith lived on his small estate near Aberfoyle. Refusing to pay blackmail to Rob Roy, Mr. Monteith's property was thrice pillaged by the Macgregors. Determined not to yield, he came to Glasgow with his son and three daughters. The latter were immortalised in the rhyme:—

Jenny wi' the ruffles,
Maggie wi' the buckles,
And Nannie wi' the cork-heeled shoon.

His grandson, James, was the founder of at least some branches of the cotton trade in Scotland, and the family's enterprise was rewarded with wealth. Henry Monteith, M.P. for Lanark, great-grandson of the bold defier of Rob Roy, purchased the estate of Carstairs—subsequently acquired by the late Sir James King, Bart.—and his grandson, the late Joseph Monteith, of Cranley, Carstairs, was father of the worthy Chaplain who has given his life in his country's service."

Robert, or Bob, as he was familiarly known at Stonyhurst, was one of thirteen brothers and sisters, and was born at Carstairs in 1877. Five of the brothers were at Stonyhurst, Robert, Henry, Francis, Basil, and John Francis. Two of his brothers had been killed in the war before he met his death, Major Henry Monteith, *Lanarkshire Yeomanry*, who came to Stonyhurst with Bob in 1889, and fell in Gallipoli in 1915, and a younger brother, Captain George Monteith, *Gordon Highlanders*, who was killed, also in 1915, in France. Two others, O.S.'s also, are with the colours, Major Basil Monteith, *Gordon Highlanders*, and Captain John Francis, *South Wales Borderers*. The old fighting spirit of the family, who refused to pay tribute to the Macgregors in days of yore, has re-asserted itself in the present war.

We remember Bob at Stonyhurst as a dreamy, casual boy, careless of his dress—we picture him with slippers down at heel, and his arms akimbo, the sleeves of his coat pulled up, showing unbuttoned shirt-cuffs—but a natural, delightful boy, full of fun. He had a perfect passion for mathematics, a trait probably inherited from his grandfather, who had distinguished himself in the science when at Cambridge. When other boys, in their free time, were reading story-books, Bob, as a youngster, would be working out the hardest riders and examples he could lay his hands on. In 1893 he shared the second Mathematical Honours Prize with W. Spencer, and in 1894 he gained the first prize. After leaving Stonyhurst he went for a time to Wimbledon College, and joined the noviciate of the Society of Jesus in 1897.

On leaving Manresa in 1900, he went to Oxford for a four years' mathematical course. Of this time a Father who knew him intimately at Pope's Hall, writes from the Hall, now known as Plater's :—

"Let me congratulate Stonyhurst College on the glorious death of Father Robert Monteith. To this Hall, also, I take it as the greatest distinction it has ever achieved. For the four years that Father Robert spent here, 1900—1904, I was his intimate confidant, and conceived a life-long admiration for his noble, high-souled, and impervious character. In mathematics he was a born genius. One day, at lecture, the lecturer produced a problem, and was descanting on the difficulty thereof, when Monteith handed him in the solution, written on the back of an envelope. Strangely enough, but also characteristically enough, when that very problem was asked in the examination in the Final Schools, Monteith did not notice it till he got back home. Genius is not at its best in examinations. He had all the absent-mindedness of genius, and would lose himself in reveries, mathematical and other, to the delight and amusement of his friends. Like his father, he was sensitive, and passionate, but knew how to control himself.

I often wondered what his future would be. I felt that he was made for something more visibly heroic than the post of perpetual professor of mathematics. And so God has brought it about.

Father Robert Monteith, Father Plater, Father Lattey, and Father Ignatius Scoles, were the first men matriculated by Father Pope in October, 1900. The validity of this step was contested in Council on certain technical grounds, whereupon Convocation ruled that these four gentlemen were to be "held as though they had been duly matriculated." (*University Gazette*, 23rd Oct., 1900). So Monteith, with other illustrious company, got into the University by what theologians would call a *sanatio in radice*. He took a First Class in Mathematical Moderations in 1902; a Second Class in the Final Schools in 1904; and with his three companions who had been "held as though they had been matriculated," he was presented for his M.A. degree 4th October, 1907."

After leaving Oxford, he taught Mathematics at Stonyhurst with very marked success, interrupting his work there to study his Philosophy at St. Mary's Hall. Beginning his theology at St. Beuno's, in 1909, in which science he also proved himself to be a brilliant pupil, he was ordained priest there on September 22nd, 1912. The next year he went to

Tullabeg, in Ireland, for his tertianship, on the completion of which he was, at the beginning of the scholastic year 1914, appointed to teach mathematics at St. Ignatius' College, Stamford Hill. In 1916 he was transferred, for similar work, to St. Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool. He was one of the large contingent of Jesuit Chaplains who left for France on March 27th, 1917.

There he was attached to the 15th Divisional Ammunition Column. When he came on leave on August 10th, he explained that a rumour that had been current in July, that he had been wounded, referred to an extremely slight wound he had received soon after his arrival in France. While in France he communicated to "Land and Water" a popular mathematical disquisition on the "Flight of Shells," a subject which had been debated in the Liverpool Mathematical Society before he went out, and in which he had been greatly interested.

Of his work at the front we will first let Father Robert Steuart, S.J., our late Prefect of Philosophers, give his testimony. He writes, December 24th, 1917:—

"When he joined this Division in March of this year, the Artillery, to which he was attached had had no chaplain for many months—if indeed they had ever had one. Father Collins (killed at Arras), Father Wilson (Holy Ghost Order, from St. Helens), and I, did what we could for them, but it was very difficult. He was just the right man for the job, as he was very keen and energetic, and if he wanted anything never stopped till he got it, even if it involved going to the ultimate Lord Top Notch himself for it. He was very popular with the G.O.C. Artillery and the other officers of the two R.A. brigades in his charge, and was most active in visiting the batteries—a thing which (especially at Ypres) often involved a very great personal risk."

In the action in which he lost his life one of our Artillery Brigades was detached from the division for the advance, and he volunteered to go with it.

His place has been taken by Father Noel Campbell, so we are still an all-S.J. and all-Scot Division—to wit, Fathers Ross, Brand, O.S., Campbell, O.S., and myself."

In a subsequent letter Father Steuart adds:—

"Father Monteith was Mess President of the 2nd Section of the D.A.C., and also Secretary to the Football

League. His coming made all the difference as there are a very fair number of R.C.'s in the batteries and the D.A.C., and he was very keen and energetic. He got on very well with the senior officers of the Division, one of whom, Berkeley, the D.A.A.G., is a Catholic, and as he always knew very definitely what he wanted in the way of his work, and never hesitated to ask for it at once, his friendship with these officers was valuable to him. He was also very energetic and regular in visiting his batteries, and this, especially at Ypres, usually involved very considerable personal risk."

The following is the account of Father Monteith's death as communicated by Father Keary, S.J., who, happily, was able to assist him in his last moments. Father Monteith was in a bivouac at Ribécourt with a veterinary officer and an interpreter, when a shell wrecked it, about 8-15 p.m., on November 27th, wounding Father Monteith, killing the veterinary officer, and likewise wounding the interpreter, though not mortally. As the bivouac was in the transport lines, which are pretty well back from the fighting line, it would have only been accessible to casual long range shelling. Father Monteith was wounded in the head and chest, besides having an arm broken and a foot badly smashed. On being carried to the dressing station, some 500 yards distant, it was seen that the case was a grave one, and word was conveyed to Father Keary, who was not far off, that a priest had been brought in badly wounded.

When he reached the dressing station Father Keary did not recognise Father Monteith, and to make certain that he was a priest, he asked him whether he was indeed one. Father Monteith answered that he was a priest, and in his turn asked Father Keary whether he himself was a priest. "Yes," said Father Keary. "Thank God for that," answered Father Monteith, and asked whether he was dying. On being informed that he was, he expressed his gratitude for that also, and prayed for the grace of a happy death. Father Monteith when in England had expressed a desire to lay down his life in the war. He was absolved and anointed, and himself asked for the last blessing. He then became unconscious, and death followed shortly afterwards, at 8-40 p.m.

Father Monteith had told Father Keary his name and the fact that he was a Jesuit. He died, however, without knowing that he was being assisted by a brother Jesuit, for when Father Keary asked him if he knew a Father Keary, Father Monteith, probably thinking that this might be the beginning of a casual conversation, asked that they should speak about something else.

The body was removed to Father Keary's lodgings, where he said Mass next morning, in its presence.

The funeral, which was attended by Fathers Campbell, O'Connor, and Browne, Father Keary officiating, took place next day at two o'clock in the afternoon. He is buried in the village cemetery.

Of his worth Father S. Young, O.S.B., writing to Father Provincial from the Principal Chaplain's Office, General Headquarters, testified: "Father Monteith was an excellent chaplain in every way; it is needless to speak of the splendid work he did, and the vacancy his death will cause."

His Commanding Officer wrote: "We shall miss the Padre very much. He had endeared himself to all of us since he joined the Division. He set an example which we shall remember. The fact that he came out here at his time of life, and was always cheerful under all circumstances, will be an incentive to all those who came into contact with him. I shall be glad if you will convey our deepest sympathy with his relatives."

Finally, his Divisional General, who was greatly attached to him, writes to us: "We were all devoted to the 'Padre,' as we called him, and numerous were the expressions of regret, when the sad news reached us, that he had died of wounds received in action. I was not near him at the time, as he had asked for and received permission to accompany one of my brigades, which was detached for a special purpose. I have heard many tales of his bravery under fire, and I *know* him to have been a brave man. The men loved him. He took a tremendous interest in their welfare and pursuits, and we saddled him with the onerous duties of secretary of our football league! A good man, and a brave man. Requiescat in pace."

"A good man, and a brave man!" What better epitaph could any soldier priest desire than that, especially when written by his General?

We at Stonyhurst are proud of him. We desire to express our sincerest sympathies to all his surviving brothers and sisters, and to his relatives, on his death.

We have not been able to obtain a portrait of him in khaki. The portrait we present was enlarged from one in a group, taken of the teaching staff at St. Ignatius' College, Stamford Hill, and kindly lent to us for the purpose by the Rev. W. M'Entegart. It does not do him justice, its redeeming feature is that he bears the uniform of his Order, emblem of that loyalty to a greater King, which motivated his self-sacrifice in the cause championed so justly by his earthly King.

Lieut. ALFRED DE LALOUBÈRE,

Royal Defence Corps.

Born 1861.

O.S. 1871.

Died in Hospital in Cambridge, Sept. 24th, 1917.

In Lieutenant Alfred de Laloubère, we have the example of one of an older generation of Stonyhurst boys who, at the call of duty, sacrificed the comfort of a well-deserved retirement, rejoined the army, and by his devotion to King and country hastened his death. He and his brother Alexander, came to Stonyhurst on September 19th, 1871. His career is outlined in the extract from *The Court Journal* of November 9th, 1917, which follows. We may add that his consular service was passed in South America and in the West Indies.

"Lieutenant Jean-Louis Jean-Claude Alfred de Laloubère de Montesquieu et de Molleville, who died in hospital at Cambridge on September 24th, 1917, after a serious operation while serving in the *Royal Defence Corps*, was the second son of Cyprien de Laloubère, of the South of France. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, then crammed for the Army with Canon Bernard Smith, Great Marlow, afterwards joining the 17th Lancers, with which he



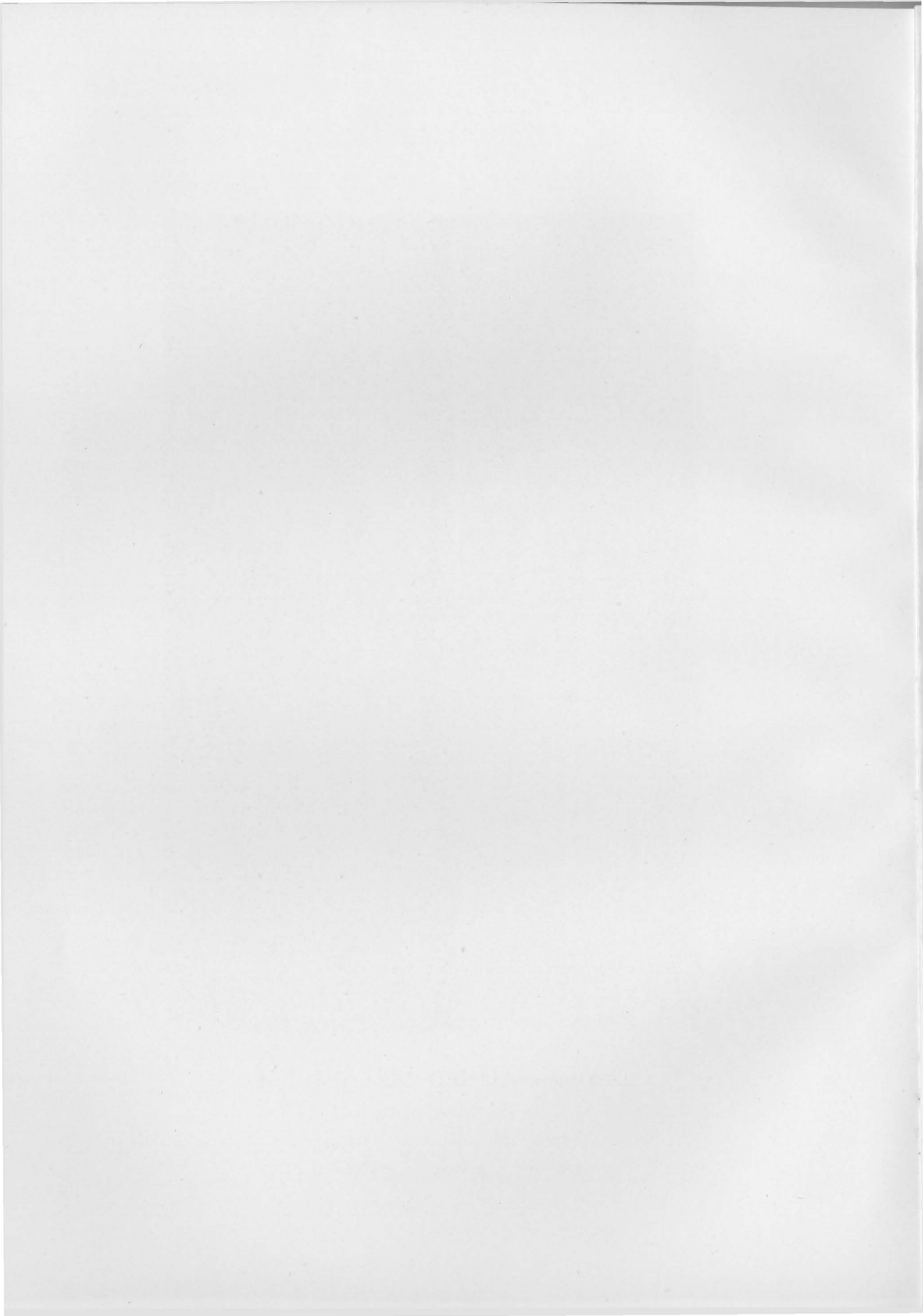
Lieutenant ALFRED DE LALOUBÈRE.

Royal Defence Corps.

Born 1861.

O.S. 1871.

Died on active service, September 24th, 1917.



served until going into the Consular Service. At the outbreak of war he at once joined the *6th East Surrey Regiment*, and helped to raise the battalion. He then became Adjutant on board H.M.S. *Saxonia*, having 2,000 German prisoners, 120 guards, and full staff. The ships being dispersed, he was chosen to escort 300 prisoners up to the North of Scotland, and while on this journey his thigh was badly injured. He then went to the East Coast until transferred into the *Royal Defence Corps*. He is the last of the old French family of Laloubère, Grand Seigniors of Laloubère, South of France, . . . dating back in direct line to 1300. The family suffered, like many of the other French Aristocrats, during the French Revolution. He had a personality one seldom meets, and his judgments were invaluable. His kindnesses and thoughtfulness made him many friends, and his loss will leave an irreparable blank wherever he was known. He was a thorough soldier, and did his duty until the end. He leaves a widow."

Two years ago, consequent on a breakdown due to over work, he was sent to Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, London. During his last illness in the hospital at Cambridge, he was attended by the Right Reverend Monsignor Provost Scott, v.c., who was also the celebrant at his funeral.

The *Cambridge Chronicle*, of October 3rd, 1917, gave the following account of his funeral. There was also a page full of illustrations of the same.

"The funeral of the late Lieut. Jean Louis Jean-Claude Alfred de Laloubère, de Montesquieu Volvestre et de Molleville, took place at the Newmarket Road Cemetery, Cambridge, on Saturday afternoon. The late officer, who was the last of a well-known family, was educated at the Stonyhurst Jesuit College, Lancashire, and later joined the *17th Lancers*. He retired from this regiment in due course, but on the outbreak of war joined the *East Surrey Regiment*, and later the *Royal Defence Corps*. As a result of the strain of his military experience, Lieut. Laloubère contracted an ailment which proved fatal, and he died at the 1st Eastern Hospital on Wednesday last after undergoing an operation and suffering great pain.

The coffin was conveyed to the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs on Friday evening, where it was received by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Provost Scott, v.c., and a vigil was kept throughout the night. On Saturday morning a most impressive service was held, conducted by Monsignor Scott, Father Brunden (Deacon), and Father Davidson (Sub-Deacon). Solemn Requiem Mass was beautifully rendered in plain song, unaccompanied, by a necessarily small choir. The coffin, which was placed on the catafalque, was covered with a handsome pall and the Union Jack, surmounted by the late officer's cap and sword, and a military guard of honour was placed at the corners. At the conclusion of the service the organist (Mr. C. Mills), played the Dead March in "Saul" with great feeling as the coffin was removed from the Church. The following officers were the bearers: Lieuts. R. N. S. Tebb, P. S. Hadley, m.c., W. A. Kerridge, C. F. Fox, Karn, m.c., and Sacomb.

A procession was formed, headed by 100 Cadets from Jesus College, in charge of Capt. Bateman and Lieut. Anderson, and proceeded to the cemetery, where another impressive ceremony took place at the graveside, the service being rendered by the aforementioned clergy. During the lowering of the coffin the Benedictus was sung, and the mourners paid their last farewell by aspersing the coffin with holy water. Three volleys were then fired over the grave, and the buglers sounded the Last Post. The firing party was in charge of Lieut. Bapley."

We offer our sincerest sympathies on her loss to Mrs. de Laloubère, his widow.—R.I.P.

Captain HENRY I. CORMAC-WALSHE, *Royal Field Artillery.*

Born 1890. O.S. 1905.

Died of Wounds in France, November 7th, 1917.

To have lost his only two sons in the war is indeed a grievous blow, and it has befallen Mr. Edward Cormac-Walshe, D.L., of Castle Hill, Ballina, co. Mayo. We have already had to chronicle the death

from wounds, November 5th, 1914, of Eddie, the younger brother, and now we have to add to our Roll of Honour the name of Harry. We all at Stonyhurst offer Mr. Cormac-Walshe and his two daughters our sincerest condolence in their great loss.

Harry, who had previously been at St. George's College, Weybridge, came to Stonyhurst in 1905. He was a boy who was well-liked, in spite of his extremes in moods of depression and hilarity. After leaving Stonyhurst he spent a year in Belgium, at Melle, and then he took up business on the London Stock Exchange.

At the outbreak of the war he joined the *5th Leinster Regiment*, special reserve, but passed into the *R.F.A.*, where he obtained a commission. It was in the morning of October 29th, at eight o'clock, that he received his wounds, caused by the bursting of a shell, as he was bringing his battery into action. He was wounded in the thigh, fore-arm, and abdomen but lived until November 7th. He died as he had lived, a good lad, absolutely devoted to his father and his interests. Both Father Roberts and Father Bullock, S.J., have written to his father testifying to his worth.

He had only been with his battery about six weeks. Previous to that, owing to ill-health, he had been on "home-service" for nearly a year. He was insistent in his desire to go to the front. He was refused by three medical boards, but eventually he succeeded in getting himself passed as fit. He wanted to go out, as he declared, "to avenge poor Eddie's death." He has joined him in laying down his life in defence of honour, truth, and justice.

Lieut. HAROLD M. J. BLAKE,

Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1904.

Killed in Action in France November 20th, 1917.

The Honourable Mrs. Blake, widow of the late Mr. Valentine J. Blake, formerly of Brookhill, Claremorris, co. Mayo, has already had to mourn

the loss of one son, Captain Valentine Blake, *Irish Guards*, killed January 29th, 1916, and now her fifth son Harold, who came to Stonyhurst in 1904, has also been killed. It is a very heavy blow, and we offer her and his brothers, so well known at Stonyhurst, our sincerest sympathy.

Harold Martin Joseph Blake was born at Castle-more, Ballaghaderreen, where his father lived when he was Secretary of the County Mayo Grand Jury, on July 19th, 1893. At Stonyhurst he is remembered as an unselfish, lovable boy, with a very keen sense of humour. Men who were intimate with him in after life have described him as "the very soul of honour." To his widowed mother he was the most loving, tender, and thoughtful of sons, always doing his best to help her in every way. Never in all her life did he give her a moment's pain or anxiety.

On the day before he left for France he was at Mass and Holy Communion with his mother. Before he left her she said to him: "I will say nothing to you, Harold, about doing your duty, for I know that it is not in you not to give your best." The quick, responsive smile showed how proud he was of the confidence reposed in him. That it was not belied is proved by the testimonies of his Colonel, the chaplains, and his fellow officers, which are set forth below.

After leaving Stonyhurst Harold went to Trinity College, Dublin, and thence passed into Sandhurst. From Sandhurst he was gazetted to the *Royal Munster Fusiliers*, and was stationed at Aglado, co. Cork, with the 3rd Battalion of that Regiment, to which he acted for some time as Signalling Instructor. He was appointed Assistant Commandant of a School for Signalling which was opened at Clonnel, and on the conclusion of his term there, returned to the 3rd Battalion at Aglado. He was sent to France in September, 1917, where he joined the 1st Battalion of the *Royal Munster Fusiliers*. He died on November 20th, 1917, from wounds received in action on that day.

His Colonel writes: Please accept my sincere sympathy for the death of your gallant brother. He is a great loss to the battalion. He was killed in the



Photo : Werner & Son.

Lieutenant Harold M. J. BLAKE.

Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1904.

Killed in action in France, Nov. 20th, 1917.

attack on the Hindenburg Line. He was in charge of a party detailed to dig a trench connecting our line with the new line we had just captured. He displayed the greatest gallantry encouraging his men in their task under shell fire until he was hit by a piece of shell and mortally wounded. He was a brave and gallant officer, and is a great loss to the battalion. He was universally popular with officers and men. I again express my deep sorrow to you and your family for your sad loss, which is also ours."

Major Leeson Marshall, who knew him in the 3rd Battalion writes: "We were all grieved to see your brother's name in the list this morning, and with others of our friends and fellow officers. His was indeed hard luck. He was so keen, so good at his especial job and felt so much being kept at home so long—and then to be cut off so soon. It must be some consolation to Mrs. Blake and you to know in what a cause he died and how valued he was by all who knew him, and though the blow is bitter now, there is pride in his career and end."

Father Wrafter, S.J., Chaplain to the Leinsters, writes: "He was wounded in the thigh; the artery was cut. They brought him to the Dressing Station, but the doctor could do nothing. There was a priest there (Fr. Cotter, Chaplain to the — Battalion Munsters). He anointed him; he was partly conscious. I went down and buried him yesterday.— R.I.P. Nov. 21st."

A brother officer writes to say how deeply he sympathises with the family in the loss of such a promising young officer, that he is sure it is a consolation to know that he received the last rites of the Church and was such an exemplary character.

Lieut. PERCIVAL A. V. RADCLIFFE,
Yorkshire Regiment, att'd. M.G.C. (Cavalry).

Born 1897. O.S. 1906.

Died of Wounds in France on November 25th, 1917.

Lieut. Percival A. V. Radcliffe, who died of wounds received in action near Graincourt, in France, on November 25th, 1917, was the eldest son of Mr. and

Mrs. Bernard Radcliffe, and grandson of Sir Percival Radcliffe, Bart., of Rudding Park, Yorkshire.

He came to Hodder in 1906, and two years later passed on to the College. It was not long before he was known to everyone as "Bunny," and "Bunny" he remained to the end. He was one of those rare and happy characters who never lack friends, and do not know what it is to have an enemy. The friendships which he made were not easily laid aside, because to know him at all was to be very fond of him, and to quarrel with him was more or less impossible. His great unselfishness, which was a second nature to him, largely accounted for this, and made him welcome wherever he went. If to his companions he was a source of pleasure, to his masters he was even more so. To see him "floored" by an awkward question was a delight to the weary pedagogue. At first, he would look very puzzled, then he would look up, and slowly break into a most disarming smile. He seemed to be saying quietly, "Really, you should know better than to ask me these posers. Try them on those brainy fellows, not on me."

In school games he did not shine. Football and cricket possessed little or no attraction for him. From the beginning, riding, shooting, and hunting held first place in his affections. He was a keen and a capable horseman, and an excellent shot. Hard going over open country, or the swift flight of an oncoming covey meant to him life indeed. Yet he never forced his views on others, and his lack of prowess in the field in no way lessened the affection in which he was held by those around him. He was no "muff," and that was quite sufficient.

His interest in the O.T.C. was very marked. Always ready to do any work in connection with the Corps, at no matter what expense of time and trouble to himself, he was able to give great assistance to those in command. Musketry was his special study, and the knowledge which he acquired at this time was of direct practical value to him, and enabled him, when he took his commission, to be really and immediately useful to his country.

The outbreak of war came to him as a call of the blood. He was one of a band of cousins who very often met and were very devoted to each other—Maurice Dease, the two sons of Major Galton, of Hadzor, and Arthur Radcliffe, of whom Beaumont is so justly proud. Dease fell gloriously at Mons, and earned one of the first V.C.'s given during the war. Teddy Galton fell within the year. Frank was a cadet at Sandhurst in July, 1914. He was given his commission at once, and after three years' fighting he, too, gave his life for his country. A few months afterwards Arthur Radcliffe died of wounds, and last came "Bunny's" turn. He had taken a commission in the *Yorkshire Regiment* as soon as the war broke out. His knowledge of musketry was apparent at once. He took a further course at Hythe, and for a year acted as Musketry Officer to his Battalion. When the regiment went abroad he was left behind to continue his instruction work with another unit. This was a great blow to him, and fearing that it might happen again, he took up transport work, and soon became Transport Officer to his new battalion. At last his orders came to leave for the front, but on the eve of his departure he had a serious accident in which his foot was badly crushed, and he found himself in hospital instead of on an outgoing transport. When he was able to get about again he applied for a transfer to the *M.G.C.*, and was attached to the cavalry section of that corps, where he was again made Transport Officer.

In July, 1917, he came to stay a few days at the College. The three years had changed him very little. Tall and splendidly built—he stood 6 ft. 4 ins.—he was still the same pleasant, chivalrous fellow that we had known here as a boy. Quiet, yet full of humour, keen on every detail of his work, and delighting to sit and talk with old friends over the days which had grown to seem so strangely far away, he won the affection of those who met him more than ever. He was anxious to hear what had become of all his old companions, and was glad to give good news of those whom he had met.

In a month or two he went to France. After staying some time at the base he was moved up the line in November, and in his first engagement found

death awaiting him. He met it as one would have expected him to do, quietly, without any terror, and with his first thoughts given to the fellow-officer and the men who had been standing near him when he was wounded. This consideration for others was characteristic of him. Some time before the war, while out riding, he had rather a bad "smash up." About six months afterwards it was discovered that two of his ribs were very badly injured. His father said to him, "Why didn't you see a doctor at the time, as I asked you to, for you must have had a great deal of pain?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "it did hurt a good deal at the time, but, if you remember, mother was very ill then, and you were worried; I did not want you to have any more troubles just then, so I left it." The incident speaks for itself. It was of a piece with his whole nature. Who can wonder that his C.O. wrote of him after his death: "He died as we knew him, a White Man, if ever there was one." There can be little difficulty in seeing why to his friends his death came as such a real sorrow. To his family and relatives we offer a sympathy all the deeper, because we ourselves share so very keenly in their grief.

We append extracts from the letters of his C.O., of the Chaplain who buried him, and of his Squadron Sergeant-Major:—

From his C.O.:

Nov. 29th, 1917.

I am afraid I have to give you and Mrs. Radcliffe bad news—the worst there are—your son Percy was very badly hit by a shell on the morning of November 25th, and died from his wounds at about 5-30 p.m. the same night. I wish that I could by some means have managed to break the news a little more gently, as I know what a terrible blow it will be to Mrs. Radcliffe and yourself. I want you to know that you have the heartfelt sympathy of every officer and man of my squadron in your great sorrow. Your son had only been with my squadron a comparatively short while, but in that time had made himself loved by everyone, and had shown, what his death had made even more certain, what a very fine character he was.

I am telling you this as I feel sure you would rather know all. He was hit by three 5.9 in. shell splinters in the thigh, knee, and right arm, and although he made a tremendous fight for it, died peacefully under morphia.



Photo: Surony.

Lieutenant PERCIVAL V. A. RADCLIFFE.

Yorks Regiment, attached M.G.C. Cavalry.

Born 1897.

O.S. 1906.

Died of wounds received in action in France, Nov. 25th, 1917.

I think you will be glad to hear he suffered very little pain, as the doctor's had given him morphia before the shock of being hit had died away, and rendered him insensible to pain. I was with him three minutes after he was hit till practically the end, and his first word on coming round was to ask if the other officer who was with him (a fellow called Belford) was all right. This was characteristic of him. He recognised my voice, and asked if he was badly hit. Throughout he displayed the most wonderful courage. The doctors did not dare amputate as Percy hadn't the strength to bear it. I buried him myself, with one of my officers and a Chaplain, in a grave near the road, which should never be disturbed. As there was no R.C. priest, the burial service had to be performed by a clergyman. The day before his death your boy came under fire for the first time, and he showed splendid spirit and courage, laughing and cheering up his men.

I won't write any more now, as I know that you will not want to read it; you will let me know, though, if I can be of the slightest help, or let you know anything, won't you? And please believe that you have my very deepest sympathy for the loss of your son. Mrs. Radcliffe and yourself will have this consolation—I know it is of little worth in such a sorrow as yours, but still it *does* count—your boy died as we all knew him—unselfish, plucky, “A White Man,” if ever there was one. You have lost your son, and we have lost a *very* dear friend, and an excellent officer.

With my most heartfelt sympathy I am sending you home now his personal belongings. An officer brings them to England, and the remainder of his kit I will send later.

P.S.—I hope this may reach you before the W.O. telegram.—R.S.

From the Chaplain :

Nov. 29th, 1917.

I am writing to offer you my very deepest sympathy in your great sorrow. You will, I expect, already have heard that your son, Lieut. P. V. Radcliffe, was killed by a shell burst whilst bravely doing his duty.

I was working at the Aid Post to which he was brought, and it was my privilege to minister to him. The Doctor says that he was in little or no pain. He lived for a few hours after having his wounds dressed.

He died that same evening. On the Sunday evening his regiment and mine were to be relieved. His C.O. approached and said he was determined to attend the funeral, and wanted to see him laid to rest before he left. I am a Wesleyan, and know that he was a Roman Catholic, but a Roman Catholic priest was not available, so at the C.O.'s request, I officiated. It was a memorable time. The Colonel was present and was much moved. He had a very high opinion of your son.

The Graves Registration Unit will give you full particulars of the position of the grave.

I pray that God will comfort and sustain you all in your great sorrow.

From the Squadron Sergeant-Major :

31st Dec., 1917.

I have great pleasure in answering your kind letter and sympathise with you in your great sorrow. I happened to be actually on the spot when Lieut. Radcliffe was hit, and I rendered him first aid. He was taken down to the dressing station about twenty yards away and expert aid was rendered to him by the doctor there. Your son was hit about one p.m., and remained conscious until he passed away, about five p.m. He seemed to be in no pain, as he asked me whether he was hurt, and also asked after Lieut. Belford and his Section Sergeant.

The officers of his squadron and I were present at his funeral, that took place at 8 p.m., at a place situated about 200 yards west of the Sugar Factory, just north of Graincourt.

It was a great shock to the squadron when Lieut. Radcliffe died, as he was so well liked by all ranks.

We very deeply regret to announce that Lieut. Sydney Dealy (1905), of the *Australian Flying Corps*, has just been killed in a flying accident. As we are just going to press we are unable to obtain any further details. We offer our very deepest sympathy to his family.

DONATIONS.

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations :—

TO THE LIBRARY :

“Fifteenth Century English Books,” by E. Gordon Duff ;

presented by Capt. BERNARD W. NEWDIGATE.

“A MSS. Legal Opinion of Daniel O'Connell” ;

presented by Major DWYER.

“The Identification of the Anonymous Letter to Lord Monteagle, 1603,” by G. Blacker Morgan, Esq. ;

from THE AUTHOR.

CURRENT EVENTS.

On December 1st, Father General's Day, and the feast of Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J., and Companions, there was High Mass at 9 a.m. In the evening the Grammarians performed "At the Savoy," and "In the Library." A criticism of these plays appears elsewhere. Also of the football match, Community v. Boys, in which the Boys won by two goals to one.

On December 7th Willie Copeland died unexpectedly, after a very short illness, at Hodder. The news of his death was received with a feeling of sincere sympathy for his mother, and for his father, who is in India, that they were denied the opportunity of being with him in his last illness. The Solemn Dirge for the repose of his soul was sung on the evening of December 10th, and the Requiem next morning, followed by the burial. R.I.P. We print an obituary of him, written by his little friend at Hodder, John Arundell.

On December 3rd, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, there was High Mass at 7 a.m. Three teams of boys from St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, came for their annual football matches. The result of all the matches was in favour of Stonyhurst, the scores being: 2nd Eleven Higher Line v. 1st Eleven S.F.X., 8 to 3; 1st Eleven Lower Line v. 2nd Eleven S.F.X., 13 to 1; 3rd Playroom Eleven v. Bantams S.F.X., a capital match, 2 to 1.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was kept on December 8th with the traditional festivities. In the morning at Mass, in the Sodality Chapel, eighteen candidates among the boys were admitted into the Sodality of Our Lady. At 9 o'clock there was solemn High Mass in the Church, with a sermon by Reverend Father Rector. In the afternoon the ceremony of the annual Consecration of Studies to Our Lady took place, preceded by a discourse by the Prefect of Studies, Father Vignaux, and followed by solemn Benediction.

In the evening we were entertained by our late violin master, Mr. J. P. Sheridan, to a splendid violin recital. The programme is printed in another part of this issue. He thoroughly held his audience, many of them young boys, by his superb mastery of his instrument. Several of his pieces were encored. For twenty years and more Mr. Sheridan taught the violin at Stonyhurst, excluding a period of about 18 months, when he went abroad to study under the master Svejik. We were sorry indeed to lose his valuable services, and he is assured of our gratitude for all that he did for music at Stonyhurst, and of a very warm welcome whenever he comes to visit us.

December 9th was marked by two noteworthy events, first by the Boxing Tournament, of which a full account appears in our pages, and secondly by a lecture by Major Corbett-Smith, D.S.O., the well-known writer, who lectured on the Navy. He met with a very warm and hearty reception, and his lecture was illustrated by numerous anecdotes, by humorous stories and thrilling episodes of heroism.

At the last Army Examinations, H. Hoseason passed 38th, and H. Firth 153rd for Sandhurst; J. O'Ferrall 53rd, and E. Waters 72nd for Wellington, India; the last named direct from Wimbledon.

Mr. R. C. Wilton, who has been on the staff of the College for some time teaching History, has left us to take up the post of Librarian to the Duke of Norfolk. We are very sorry to lose his services, for he was a devoted and enthusiastic master. We wish him most cordially all success in his new office, for which he is so eminently qualified.

On December 17th the boys left for a month's Christmas vacation. The Irish boys, who went as usual, on the preceding day, had a very stormy crossing.

We congratulate Albert Isola on passing his Bar Examination in Criminal Law, Constitutional Law, and Legal History. He had already, last March,

passed in Roman Law. At present he is the only representative of our Law Classes in the College.

On Feb. 2nd the following Fathers and Brothers took their last vows at this College, the Mass being said by Reverend Father Provincial:—Fathers T. Sheridan, J. Manning, L. O'Hea, G. Long, G. Cook, and T. McPhillips, and Brothers F. McIntee, D. Shields, and H. Tryers. We offer them our sincere congratulations and good wishes.

Poetry Academy, which ought to have taken place on February 5th, is deferred *sine die*.

EXCHANGES.

The Georgian (Weybridge), *The Yellow Dragon* (Queen's College, Hong Kong), *The Rossallian*, *The Xaverian*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Boston College Stylus*, *United Empire* (The Royal Colonial Institute Journal), *Loyola University Magazine* (Chicago), *The Ignatian Record*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Denstonian*, *The Month*, *The Elizabethan*, *The Clubman* (Johannesburg) *The Sphinx* (Liverpool University), *The Cottonian*, *King Edward VI. Grammar School*, *The Edmundian*, *The Radleian*, *The Beaumont Review*, *The Oscotian*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Raven*, *The University Correspondent*, *The Mountaineer*, *St. Aloysius' College Magazine* (Malta), *The Magazine* (St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly), *The Sons of the Eagle* (Preston Catholic College).

HODDER NOTES

WILLIAM COPELAND.

The first death that has taken place among the boys at Hodder for over 30 years occurred on the evening of December 7th, when Willie Copeland, who, though ill, was not considered to be in any danger, suddenly collapsed, and died a most saintly death, on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, to keep the feast, as we may piously hope, in Heaven. He was born in India ten and a

half years ago, being distantly related through his mother, whose maiden name was Kerr, to Lord Ralph Kerr, and the other members of that truly Catholic family. Prior to his going to Hodder last September he had on four occasions been at death's door, and once had suffered from double-pneumonia. The immediate cause of death was found to be an abscess, which perforated the bronchus, and of which there had been no external sign.

The following touching account of Billy's death has been sent to the Editor by one of the Hodder boys:—

"After breakfast on the feast of the Immaculate Conception we were told to go to the Chapel.

Fr. Weld began to talk to us about crosses, and told us that Our Lady, after Our Lord had suffered most and yet they had never sinned. Whereas we had sinned and so we deserved to have our share of the cross. He then told us that we would all have a heavy cross to carry—in fact that it had come that very night, for Our Lord had taken away 'Billy' Copeland.

We were very surprised and very sad, for 'Billy' was the most popular boy at Hodder. When he first came in September he used to give away all his jam and other things until he was told he must not do this. But when we heard what a beautiful death he died I don't believe a single boy felt afraid, for we knew he had gone to heaven, and Fr. Weld reminded us that that is our real home, that there alone can we have perfect happiness, and that 'Billy' was going to remain there with our Lord for ever and ever and ever. He died very suddenly, for though he was unwell, not even the doctors suspected that he was so near to heaven. In fact it was only after his death that the doctor discovered the cause of his sudden collapse, for they made a little hole in his chest and discovered an abscess, and this alone had caused his death. On four previous occasions *before he came here* he very nearly died—three times were in India, where he was born; the fourth was in England, where he had double-pneumonia. No one could have discovered this horrid thing for it was right inside poor 'Billy,' and he never felt any

pain. Luckily, after receiving the Last Sacraments, Fr. Weld still had about twenty minutes with him, and so he prayed out aloud the prayers we Hodder boys so often say when we talk to Our Lord during 'Visit,' and just before we go to bed, 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul, etc.,' and other prayers like that. 'Billy's' lips moved until he was told to say the prayers in his heart only; and so he died most peacefully. Certainly 'Billy's' prayers for a happy death were answered; he could not have chosen a more beautiful death. In fact his mother said God must have sent him here for two months to prepare to die.

'Billy' looked so beautiful and happy as he lay dressed in his red cassock and cotta, and with the Apostleship sash on. We knew he was now an angel in heaven, and so we envied him.

But now I must tell you how sorry we were for his poor Mother and Frank. We all have our own parents and we know how they love us, but we never knew before how much a mother loves her child. We almost thought poor Mrs. Copeland would die as she stood at the grave—all of us, and I am sure all other College boys who were also there felt very very sorry for her. But she was very brave and she was very kind to us during her stay at Hodder, and she came and talked to us as we played our games in the playroom, and we all thought she was so nice, and just what we expected 'Billy's' mother would have been like. She said that she had fallen in love with Hodder during her stay with us, and we were very glad to hear her say that she wants to send her other boy to join Frank as soon as he is big enough to come to Hodder.

We must not end this account of 'Billy's' death without saying how sorry we also feel for Mr. Copeland. He is far away in India, holding the most important position of 'The Conservator of Forests of India.' It will have been very trying for him, feeling how much his wife was suffering and not being able to assist her. But we can promise him our prayers, and between us and the College boys some 1,200 Holy Communions and a large number of Masses were offered by the priests here and elsewhere.

We know that 'Billy' will not forget us his friends, for he was always so well-loved at Hodder, not only because he was so straight, which made everyone love him, but also for his most wonderful generosity, which all of us used to talk about, even while he was alive."

JOHN ARUNDELL.

THE HODDER PLAY.

We had a very interesting and exciting play last term called "Mr. Altamont." It was so good we had it twice instead of once. It was all about Sherlock Holmes, who disguised his name as Mr. Altamont, and put himself in the service of a gang of German spies in London. They thought he was an American and the best spy they had, so, of course, he got to know all their secrets and at last captured them all. I thought the best bit was when the plain clothes men rushed on the stage and captured the Germans. The spies tried to escape through a trap-door, but found it wouldn't work. Then they tried to throw the King's Messenger out of the window, but were not quick enough for the English detectives. One of them said he would never be captured and took poison and fell down dead.

All the boys did their best and acted well. I thought Sherlock Holmes was the best. He had an awfully long part. The two chief Germans did jolly decently. The burglar was very good, because he disguised his voice so well.

What I like at Hodder is that plays are always kept a secret till the evening, when we are told in the refectory, and we all click our fingers with joy.

We are all very grateful to Mr. Hill for getting up this beautiful play. He wrote the play specially for us Hodderitians. I do hope there will be another play soon.

BY NATU MINIMUS.

"Cur," inquit, "turbulentam fecisti mihi aquam."

"Cur!" said he, "Do you make this water turbulent for me?"

OLD ALUMNI.

The list of Distinctions gained by O.S.'s since the last issue of the Magazine, in December, until the end of January, when we go to press, is a long one, and comprises 1 K.C.B., 2 C.M.G.'s, 3 D.S.O.'s, 10 M.C.'s, and 25 Mentions in Dispatches. There is also one Croix de Guerre, which we had omitted to publish. The names of the recipients of these honours are duly chronicled under the heading "Recent War Honours" in our lists. We congratulate them all most sincerely. Stonyhurst is proud of them.

We most particularly congratulate Lieutenant-General Sir Edward S. Bulfin, K.C.B., C.V.O. (1873), on the K.C.B. which has been awarded him "for valuable services rendered in connection with the military operations culminating in the capture of Jerusalem." In the dispatch in which General Sir Edmund Allenby describes the campaign in Palestine, he there refers to Lieutenant-General Bulfin: "He has shown great ability as an organiser and leader in high command. To his determination in attack and his dash and drive in pursuit is due the swift advance to Jerusalem."

Captain Philip Leicester (1899), *Worcestershire Regiment*, writes under the date November 13th, 1917:—

"I cannot tell you how eagerly I have read the Mag. since the beginning of the war. I suppose all of us have done the same. It evokes very mingled feelings, pride in the old College and its achievements, and sorrow for the many good fellows who have 'gone under.' Your lists have also been very useful in enabling one to trace old friends.

Like so many others, I have had a varied and interesting life since the war began. In 1914 I was peacefully plodding along as a chartered accountant in Worcester. I joined my county regiment, went to France in 1915 just in time for Loos, but was well in rear during that famous show, hearing only its distant guns. In November, 1915, my division was sent to Salonica, via Alexandria. I saw the battered 10th Division during its famous retreat from Serbia. Then came months of digging and road-making, while we

prepared the Salonica lines, a second Torres Vedras. In July, 1916, we advanced into Serbia, where we had some rough work and plenty of scrapping. I believe I was actually the first man of the 26th Division to enter Serbia, being in command of the first patrol to cross the frontier. All this is, however, rather ancient history now.

In October, 1916, I was wounded during a trench raid, and was sent back to Malta. After a month in hospital there I came home to England, being detailed for the *Britannia*, which was sunk a few hours before I should have boarded her. Then my good luck ended, as complications set in, and I spent the early part of this year in hospital. I am now just passed fit for general service, and am doing duty here until I am sent out again.

Salonica seemed to be a meeting place of O.S., but unfortunately I came across very few of them. The army was scattered over a very large tract of country, and intercourse was difficult, even when one knew where to find one's friends. Father Luck, S.J., was one of the chaplains of our Division, and I met him several times. He was very popular with all ranks, and I well remember seeing him trotting along the Seres road on a great white horse. Leo Lochrane was Medical Officer to one of the battalions in the Division, and I also met him occasionally. I remember one jolly lunch we had in a tiny 'dug-out,' up in the hills, when we had a long yarn over old times.

One day in Malta an officer in the bed next to me was recounting with great enthusiasm the gallant deeds of a certain Captain McCarthy-O'Leary, of the *R.I.F.*, who had been wounded on the Struma. This turned out to be our old friend 'Donough,' and later, when I boarded the hospital ship, he came limping down the ward behind me. I recognised him easily in spite of the years, and had the pleasure of his company for three weeks on the homeward voyage. In the Magazine which has just reached me I see that he has got the D.S.O. and is Lieut.-Colonel. No one deserves these honours more than he—one of the best men Stonyhurst ever turned out.

I hope some day to visit Stonyhurst again, but I fear there will be no opportunity until after the war. Then, I trust, you will be able to arrange some sort of great re-union for all the survivors, if not at Stonyhurst, then at a dinner in London. I feel sure the idea would be popular, but fear it is rather premature at present.

By the way, one name, at least, I should have sent you for the 'list,' but I see he is just in. I had a brief note from Gordon Maguire the other day. He is a private in the *North Staffs.*, and is now in Mesopotamia.

Father Garrold, S.J., C.F., writes :—

M'SINDGI, G.E.A.,

September 14th, 1917.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine* arrived most opportunely as there were two O.S. officers in the camp I was then visiting—Lieut. Keegan, of the *Punjaubis*, and Capt. McElligot, of the *Gold Coast Regiment*. We had a bad camp fire while I was there and the copy got badly singed, but is, fortunately, still readable. I have lent it to Capt. Floyd, the C.O. of this battery, also an O.S. By the way, he has recently received the Croix de Guerre. I am told that another Catholic officer out here, Capt. Kenny Dillon, is an O.S.. Unfortunately I did not ask him when I saw him. He is at present Post Commandant at a station on the L. of C. here.

We are out in the wilds and expecting to move shortly. Nearly everyone has had fever; I had my first turn a few days ago.

Lieutenant Russell Grace (1892), *New Zealand Artillery*, has been invalided, and, receiving his discharge, has returned to New Zealand.

Captain George Russell Barton (1903), *7th Canadian Battalion*, was severely wounded on Nov. 10th. He was still at the Casualty Clearing Station on Nov. 21st.

Dr. Wilfrid Richardson (1888), has joined the *R.A.M.C.*, and has been sent out East.

Of Lieutenant Christian Boulton (1908), *Cameron Highlanders*, killed on October 12th, 1917, and whose obituary notice appeared in the last issue of the Magazine, Father John Macneil, the Chaplain, records, that he went to Confession and received Holy Communion on the Sunday before he was killed. "He was a real good boy, he never gave me any trouble, and brought all the Catholic men he could get hold of to Mass every Sunday."

The *Daily Mail*, of December 1st, reported that Lieut. G. G. Coury, v.c., had had a flying accident in England, and that he was in hospital at Woolwich.

It appears, from first hand information supplied to us, that the War Office had sent a very urgent appeal for volunteers to take some machines to the front, which were badly needed. The men were not ordered to go because the weather conditions were so adverse. Lieut. Coury was one of the volunteers, but before he reached the Channel his machine hit against a flagstaff. One wing broke off, and he was crashing to the ground with his machine on fire, all the petrol having ignited. Luckily he had the presence of mind to stand up, but became unconscious before he reached the ground, and remained so for several hours afterwards. His hands, legs, and face were badly burned. An American officer who witnessed the accident, declared that by all the rules of the game, Lieut. Coury should have been a dead man.

While he was in hospital his relatives received many kind letters about him. "He was very popular here," writes one, "and every man has been keen to know how he is getting on. I had the great good luck to spend some weeks with him in France, and it was generally understood that no man with more pluck existed. We were all very proud to know him." His C.O. wrote that "He was proud to have men of Lieut. Coury's calibre under him."

Surely he owes it to the many prayers offered for him that his accident had no worse consequences. We heartily congratulate him on his escape.

From a letter from Lieut. Coury from the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, dated Dec. 29th, 1917, we learn that the accident took place early in November, and that he was at the date of the letter, able to walk with considerable ease, though he still had a black eye and his arm was in a sling.

But he was sufficiently recovered from his accident to get married on January 7th to Miss Katherine Lovell, at St. Mary's Church, Clapham Common. We wish him all joy and happiness.

We have also to express the same kindly wishes to:—Captain W. J. Wellesley Colley, M.C., grandson of the late Hon. Henry Petre, who married Miss Florence Mary Artindale, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Bouinemouth, in January. The ceremony was performed by the brother of the bridegroom, Father Robert Colley, S.J.

To Mr. Hugh Hope Nelson, who married Mrs. Todd, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, on January 12th, the officiating priest being Father James Robinson, S.J. To Lieut. Kenneth V. Ryan, who married Miss Margaret Folds, on January 23rd, at St. Dunstan's, Woking.

In the December Magazine, p. 149, there is a printer's error in the statement that Lieut. T. V. Hughes married Mrs. Curtiss, instead of Miss Curties, the daughter of Colonel Curties. The Editor, when last in town, spent a very pleasant evening with Lieutenant and Mrs. Hughes, tendering in person his apologies for his carelessness in proof-reading. He is willing to make many such mistakes under the same conditions. Incidentally he learned that Lieutenant Hughes is doing valuable work in the Anti-Submarine Department at the Admiralty.

The following engagements are announced:—Captain Frank Grahame Lescher, M.C., R.A.M.C., and Miss Evelyn May Bridget Price Llewellyn; also of Captain John Henry Ashunt Le Brasseur, R.F.A., and Miss Annie Smail.

From the *Bulawayo Chronicle*, of October 15th, 1917, we learn that the St. George's College Cadets had a very successful week's work, under the title of the Matopo Patrol. The patrol was organised by Lieutenant Father David Brand, S.J. (1891), and was accompanied by him and by Father Henry Horn, S.J. (1881), the Prefect of Studies.

Harry Livingstone (1905), is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the A.S.C. Chinese Coolie Labour Service. He has had a varied experience since the beginning of

the war. He first volunteered as an interpreter, and passed successfully all the W.O. tests. He was then promised a commission, but, though he offered himself on four occasions, failed, on account of his weak arm, to pass the medical board. Accordingly, as he could not get into the Army, he took a post on an estate in Malaya. There he was attacked by typhoid, from which he nearly died. After his recovery he was sent to Japan to recuperate his strength. Afterwards he entered a merchant's office at Yokohama, and volunteering once more, was passed for non-combatant service, and was sent to recruit Chinese coolies for the Labour Battalions. On November 26th last he sailed for France, via Canada, as Adjutant and Second-in-Command for the voyage, with 4,000 Chinese coolies.

W. Draycott (1899) has been transferred from the Labour Company to the A.S.C. for clerical work. He is at Arles, which is "a delightfully old-fashioned town with the Roman Arena and Theatre and the Church of St. Trophimus. The porch and cloisters of the Church are exquisite. To a Catholic there is much of great interest in this part of the country."

Lieut. Roy Johnstone (1907), went to Egypt in September as A.D.C. to a General Commanding a Division. As evidence of the unusual confessionals employed by the chaplains, he had to make his confession to a priest in a gully, with his horse standing beside him. As an old choir boy, he helped in the singing at an impressive evening service.

Many old Stonyhurst boys will remember Mr. Stanislaus Elliot, for several years music master at the College, who died in the service of the College. His eldest son, Austin (1895), who was in America, enlisted at Toronto on October 1st, 1917, in the *Canadian Forestry Corps*. He arrived in England on January 1st, and is now somewhere in France. His younger brother Frank, who was an excellent 'cellist, was, for some time after leaving Stonyhurst, a member of the R.A. band. He, too, is now in France in the R.F.A.

The following interesting extracts are from letters lately received from Staff-Captain Bernard J. Smith (1898), who is in Palestine :—

"We had a little scrap yesterday in which we were successful. Such a scrap is not worth while for the papers to mention nowadays, but in the Boer war it would have filled the front page of the *Daily Mail*. One of our R.C. Padres, a Father Kavanagh, was killed. He was actually pronouncing absolution over a man and was just saying 'Amen,' when he stopped one with his head and never recovered consciousness. He died during the night. It was his mass I attended last Sunday. He was a good man. R.C. Padres are thought well of out here. People cannot understand why they go into the front line. A splendid death, wasn't it? The band has been playing outside all manner of jolly tunes; sounds like home, except it is rather a mid-day effect, and it is dark; sounds as if there were an agricultural show on. Nasty cold weather here now, and we can realise how extremely uncomfortable it must have been at Bethlehem, and how very welcome the ox and the ass were to give heat in the Cave.

Here I am really and truly campaigning again. Camping in the mountains of Judæa. Have you ever had a phrase keep repeating itself in your head, especially when you go for a walk by yourself? All to-day and all yesterday, when I have been riding or walking alone among these great rocky hills, I keep saying to myself, 'Hearing that her cousin St. Elizabeth had conceived, she made haste over the mountains of Judæa to visit her, and remained with her three months.'"

Father Garrold, S.J., C.F., writes to us from Udanda Camp, German East Africa, under date December 12th, 1917, the letter arriving on February 3rd, 1918: "You will be glad to hear of two officers O.S. serving out here—Captain Kenny Dillon, *Royal Fusiliers*, our Camp Commandant, and Major J. J. O'Sullivan, *Cheshire Regiment*, who has the local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. There are many O.S. among the officers here, and the copies of the Magazine that have reached me have been much appreciated. I have had no English mails later than July; our rapid advance seems to have disorganised the P.O. altogether. We have been trekking almost constantly since September, and have driven the Germans out of East Africa. This place was a big O.S.B. Mission, and I have been

lucky enough to have the nun's chapel, where I am able to reserve the Blessed Sacrament, the first time I have been able to do so since I came out here."

Mr. Philip Devlin (1888), the energetic Secretary of the Stonyhurst Association of America, after travelling to China and Japan twice since January, 1917, has severed his connection with a German firm to which he was attached in New York, and has set up in business on his own account. He writes under date January 14th: "On both occasions when in Japan I saw Bill Williams, the same as ever. We talked of Stonyhurst, and longed for a return of the good old days, when we were happy in England, without any thought of a war so long and cruel as this. Well, at any rate, I am glad that Uncle Sam is standing shoulder to shoulder with England at last, and together we ought to see things to a finish. For many moons I have almost been making myself a nuisance to my friends, preaching that England had been fighting our fight since 1914. But, of course, in a country like ours, composed of so many nationalities, it took a long time to weld the whole into one with a single purpose. Now, as regards the boys who have joined the Army, it is too early yet to give any full account. I know that Philip Carrol is a Captain in the *Aviation Corps*. Louis Montant was on someone's staff during the Mexican fracas, but I think he had resigned. My brother Dan (1888), attended the O.T.C. camp to try and get back his rank of Major, but after eleven weeks he had to resign on account of the rheumatism which he has suffered from ever since his experiences in the Spanish War. What a childish war that was compared to this! It was decided after the war began that the Stonyhurst Association of America would not hold any annual dinner for a while, so we have had no meetings of any kind."

From another loyal son of Stonyhurst, Sir Thomas Hughes (1875), whose elder son Roger has given his life for his country, we learn that all three of his late brother "John's boys are on active service, and have been severely wounded, but, thank God, still live. My remaining child Geoffrey, is a Captain

in the *Royal Flying Corps*." He adds: "I am growing old, and my friends are growing fewer, but if anyone still remembers me at Stonyhurst I send him through you my kindest regards." It will be a very long time we hope before John and Tom Hughes are forgotten at Stonyhurst, and their sons, though educated at Riverview, Sydney, which an Australian lately writing from the front described to the Editor as "a branch of Stonyhurst!" have splendidly upheld the spirit and traditions of their worthy fathers.

In the last issue of the Magazine we gave an obituary notice of Lieut. Philip Flinn (1906), of the *South Lancashire Regiment*, killed near Ypres on Sept. 20th. The Rev. N. Ryan, S.J., now at St. Bueno's, but lately commanding our O.T.C., sends us the following illuminating side-light on his character. "One day, at the close of term, I think it was before conscription had come in, Philip wished to see me. When I met him I could see that he was greatly agitated. 'Sir,' he said, 'I want to talk to you about the Army; the position is like this. My brother has joined up, and when I spoke to my father about it, though he showed no unwillingness, he asked me not to forget my mother. If one of us is killed, sir, she too might die, for she is an invalid. I have been praying, sir, to know what I have to do, and I think it is my duty to go. If I am killed, God, I know, will look after her and my father.'

The poor boy's agitation, his love for his mother, his determination to do his duty, will always remain indelibly on my mind. I send you this account, which seems to me to exemplify the ideal of his Alma Mater, viz., a devotion to duty, based on spiritual ideals, Catholic in their very essence, a self-sacrifice determined by way of an election which must have been learnt in his retreats. Is it not a story of which Stonyhurst ought to be proud?"

We make the following extracts from recent *Gazettes*, which state the reasons for the awards of various honours:—

D.S.O.:—

Capt. (Act. Lieut.-Colonel.) HEFFERNAN WILLIAM DENIS MCCARTHY-O'LEARY, M.C., *Royal Irish Fusiliers*.—During a heavy hostile counter-attack, which had driven in his advance post and recaptured part of the position, he went forward with one runner, rallied his men, and led them forward again, driving the enemy back and restoring the situation. He remained encouraging his men until he was himself severely wounded half an hour later, but he did not leave the field until he had reported the situation to his brigadier.

M.C.:—

Second Lieutenant JAMES JOSEPH CRABTREE, *North Lancashire Regiment*.—When his company commander had been killed and the other officer wounded, he led his company on and captured his objective in spite of heavy machine-gun fire. He afterwards reorganised the company, which had suffered many casualties, and successfully consolidated his position. During the three days which followed, his splendid cheeriness and disregard for personal safety very greatly inspired his men.

Lieutenant WALTER HENRY DENSHAM, R.F.A.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when his battery was under heavy hostile shell fire. Extensive fires having been caused by the bombardment amongst gun pits, ammunition dumps and camouflage, he organised a party and extinguished the fires, thereby saving four guns from being put out of action and a large amount of ammunition from being destroyed. He set a splendid example of personal courage and initiative.

Second Lieutenant EMILE CHARLES VICTOR FOUCAR, *London Regiment*.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when commanding a raiding party. Having penetrated the enemy's front line of wire, he formed up about 150 yards from the enemy's main trench, and then assaulted from its rear a hostile post, the garrison of which were all killed or wounded. He accounted for one of them himself, and throughout the operation displayed great dash and gallantry.

Our distinguished alumnus, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., has been doing yeoman service on behalf of various war aims. First he addressed a great crowd in Trafalgar Square from the top of a tank in furtherance of the War Loan. Then, on two or more subsequent occasions, in gown and biretta, he spoke in Trafalgar Square with marked success, in connection with Sir Arthur Yapp's campaign for economy in the use of food. It is certainly noteworthy that a Jesuit should have appeared in such a place, and in his ecclesiastical garb, to spur on the British public to renewed efforts to win the war.

2nd Lieut. W. J. Cashman (1908), *R.F.A.*, writes : Jan. 8th, 1918. "I took on a new servant about a month ago, one of the few R.C.'s here. I discovered that he lived at Blackburn, and that his father had presented a complete set of Papal coins to the Museum at Stonyhurst. Kennedy is his name. Rather a curious coincidence is it not?"

Captain R. C. Chichester-Constable, D.S.O., whose name appeared in General Haigh's last dispatch, is at present acting temporarily as General Staff Officer, second grade. This is a very marked promotion for one of his age and service.

A very responsible position in the Ministry of Munitions is occupied by Mervyn Ryan (1898), who is in charge of the supply of gauges for the various stores. Without adequate machinery and number of machinists, the task of supplying gauges has been colossal. Without good gauges we should be without good shell. It is interesting to know that these gauges measure the rougher to nine, and the finer to three ten-thousandths of an inch, and that 120 different gauges are required for the making of the fuse of a shell. Each gauge has to be renewed after the making of 3,000 shells.

One of those, who, by reason of his position, is helping Mervyn Ryan is another O.S., Paul Woodroffe (1887). In ordinary times he is an artist, and

would much rather write A.R.A. after his name than A.I.M.A., which to the initiated stands for Assistant Inspector of Munitions Areas.

The following cheery letter was received about Christmas time from Father Frank Irwin. He himself arrived on sick leave, a touch of bronchitis, towards the end of January. We were all delighted to see him once again. He stayed with us about a week :—

NO. 1 GENERAL HOSPITAL, S/9,
B.E.F., FRANCE,
January 11th, 1918.

We had a most lively and enjoyable Christmas here. I had midnight mass in my little kirk, which was 'ram full,' as Owd Till would say. Our crib was a work of art—made of genuine rocks, with live rock plants and creepers. To get the rocks a British V.A.D., a French poilu priest and I piked off together to the stone-heap of the local mason, pinched his most picturesque-looking pierres, and carted them off on a wheelbarrow. In the roof of the thatched stable of the crib I inserted an electric torch, which switched a beam of light down on to the bambino. Never in all my rubrical career have I felt so pleased with a crib.

The staff of the American outfit, who run this hospital, gave the British wounded Tommies a real "bully Xmas," a right down "peach of a time." M.O.'s, nurses, and all subscribed out of their own pockets to buy the Tommies the best that could be had—Turkeys, geese, plum puddings, fruit, sweets, cigarettes, and Christmas trees loaded with presents.

At the same time the Americans gave dinner and Christmas trees and presents to the 250 Orphelins de la Guerre of Etretat and to the village children.

On New Year's Day they gave a great banquet to the French wounded soldiers of the convalescent hospital here.

They entertained in all at this 62 French soldiers, together with the director and three ladies of the hospital. I had the Curé of Etretat invited also to speak for the townspeople. Likewise I arranged with the editor of the principal local paper, the *Havre Eclair*, to have an article on all the Americans had done here for French and British, winding up with an account of the banquet, at which all the American and British officers were present. I made a speech in French, full of jokes and compliments. Twenty American nurses waited on the guests. I secured their lasting friendship

by referring to them in my speech as "*belles filles de l'Oncle Sam*" véritables anges de miséricorde," a sentiment which was loudly cheered by the French poilus.

Thus have I been cementing the Entente. I think this last was quite a "bully chunk of cement." Don't be scandalised at my liberal use in my speech of the pithy little expletive "Dame!" It sounds the same as our great national swear-word, though spelt differently. To a British ecclesiastic it is quite refreshing to be able to detonate a few hearty "dames" in public without shocking his audience.

In all humility I must admit that it gave me some moments of unholy satisfaction while watching the faces of those Americans and British in my audience who did not know enough French to differentiate between the D—s and their meanings.

Two days after Christmas Day the Americans gave a most elaborate and exceedingly well staged "Revue" of the Christmas pantomime type. There were 70 officers and nurses in the cast, and the performance lasted three hours, but it was really so varied that no one found it too long. It was got up and taught by a British convalescent officer in the hospital who had been before the war a professional actor and producer of plays. All the wounded Tommies and French poilus who could come were present.

The programme was printed in Paris, the ornamental designs being by an American orderly, or "Enlisted Man," who was before the war a special artist to the *New York World*. He also edits and illustrates the weekly hospital journal, entitled *Doings*. Certainly these sons of Uncle Sam are "live wires," and if their fighting comrades the "Sammies" up the line are charged with half their voltage, the gentle Boche is in for a thin time.

I have just had a letter from my late Brigade Major and brother angler. He said that a Boche shell landed in our favourite pool opposite Brigade H.Q., and necked four pike, two weighing 11 lbs. and two 8 lbs. each. Unscrupulous poachers, those Fritzes! May they choke on fish bones.

We append the resumé of Father Irwin's speech, as it appeared in the local French paper:

DISCOURS DU CAPITAINE IRWIN.

Après avoir fait l'éloge de notre belle langue française qu'il parle d'ailleurs correctement, il félicite les Américains qui ont eu l'ingénieuse idée de donner aux blessés français un moment de joie,

et d'associer ainsi des sujets des trois nations amies communiant dans la ferme intention de bousculer le Boche.

"Faisons la bombe," ajoute-t-il, "mais celle-là nous ne l'enverrons pas aux boches."

Revenu récemment du front, le capitaine Irwin dit qu'il a vu Anglais, Ecosseis, Irlandais, Canadiens, Australiens, rivalisant de bravoure, tandis que les canons français balayaient les plaines voisines; mais au-dessus des nuages de fumée on entrevoyait les pays envahis et la gloire de leur rendre la liberté."

Parlant ensuite des temps passés, où Anglais et Français étaient ennemis il rappelle la bataille de Fontenoy où furent prononcées ces paroles chevaleresques: "Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers!"

"Nous sommes," ajoute-t-il, "réunis aujourd'hui, en amis et alliés, sous les toits hospitaliers de nos aimables cousins les Américains, assis côte à côte avec les fils de l' "Oncle Sam," autour d'une table, dont les honneurs nous sont rendus par ses belles filles, véritables anges de miséricorde."

Autrefois combattant à la musique funèbre des coups de canon, aujourd'hui mangeant et buvant ensemble à la gaie musique de coups de bouchon.

Aujourd'hui, c'est nous Anglais qui vous dirons: "Messieurs les soldats français, blessés dans notre cause commune, buvez les premiers. Buvez à l'alliance anglo-franco-américaine."

Sydney Dealy (1905), *Australian Flying Corps*, who was seriously injured in a flying accident in Lincolnshire last October, was promoted Lieutenant on December 29th, and is expecting to join an Australian Scout Squadron in France in the near future. His brother Frank has been having a strenuous time lately in the trenches. He is a Lance-Corporal in the Australian Imperial Forces.

We were very pleased to welcome Father M. King (1869) amongst us recently wearing the ribbon of

the M.C., a decoration which he had received a few days before his visit from the King, and also the 1914 ribbon. His Majesty noticed the 1914 ribbon, and commended Father King on his long service.

From the *Gazette* of February 5th we learn that Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Maxwell-Scott, D.S.O. (1885), *Scottish Rifles*, is to be temporary Brigadier-General on the General Staff. We congratulate him heartily on this appointment.

A correspondent sends us the following account of the bravery and devotion to duty of Captain Robert Segar (1895):—

"In the spring of 1917 Captain (then 2nd Lieut.) Robert Segar was taking a draft of 120 men to Mesopotamia. When they were crossing the Mediterranean they were torpedoed. The enemy submarine appeared when they were well out to sea, but before they had had time to have a boat drill. They were, in fact, lined up in order to have their first boat drill when it happened. A second torpedo was fired into the transport, rendering her condition so serious that she was in danger of making the final plunge at any moment. The escorting destroyers, seeing the situation, came alongside, the order was given to break ranks, and for each man to fight for himself. There was a rush in consequence for the destroyers. There was a place on one of them for Mr. Segar and all his men, though not for all drafts. They saw that inevitably these drafts must be left stranded on the sinking ship, so without any hesitation they gave up their places on the destroyer and remained on the ship. When the destroyers had left, no further chance of rescue seemed possible, but he paraded the men, and sent some N.C.O.'s to see if a store of rafts that he had noticed before the torpedoing had, by any chance, been forgotten in the rush. They were still there, and by means of keeping the men in perfect order and marshalling them in small bodies to the bows, where each raft was floated as it was wanted, he managed to save them all, to the number of 108. When all the men were safely off he dived into the sea, but was, unfortunately

wounded in the head. However, after many more vicissitudes and hours of exposure he was at last picked up. He considers his escape entirely miraculous. The gallantry of his performance consisted in the fact that when he decided to stay with the abandoned men he saw no prospect whatever of saving his life. He was giving up what he and everyone else thought was his last chance of being saved. The men were delighted when they heard he had been saved, and wrote him a letter of thanks for saving their lives, which each one of them signed. This, along with medals given him by the Italian peasants amongst whom he was landed, he has hung up in the family chapel. The men went on to Mesopotamia, but he, of course, had to go into hospital. He has been many months in hospital, but is now much better."

Among the O.S. visitors whom we have been able to welcome recently to Stonyhurst were: Lieut. P. W. Colley (1889), Lieut. P. W. J. Cannon (1908), Lieut. B. D. O'Neil (1909), Paymaster M. A. W. Sweny (1907), Lieut. R. Irwin (1908), 2nd Lieut. J. V. Bell (1908), Cadet A. Bisgood, *R.N.* (1914), Cadet J. Lynch, *R.N.*, Midshipman J. Hull (1909), *R.N.V.R.*, Lieut. B. Worthington (1905), 2nd Lieut. L. Naughton (1907), Rev. F. J. Irwin (1878), S.J., C.F., Rev. M. King (1869), S.J., C.F., M.C., Rev. W. Fitzmaurice (1891), S.J., C.F., M.C., Rev. L. O'Hea, S.J. (1895), Rev. J. Morrison (1896), S.J., C.F.

In Memoriam.

MR. CECIL DWYER, O.S. 1890.

It is with very sincere regret that we chronicle the death on Christmas Eve of Cecil Dwyer, of 4, Essex Court, Temple, barrister-at-law, at the age of 47 years. His death took place suddenly at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, where he had gone to spend Christmas. After dinner he went to the ballroom, and had taken part in one or two dances, when he collapsed and died. Heart failure was found, at the inquest, to be the cause of death.





THE HIGHER LINE FOOTBALL XI.

A. Smail.
R. McLaughlan.

D. O'Sullivan-Beare.
Jas. Ferguson.
R. Danson.

A. Isola.

H. R. Firth.

P. Bell.
J. Neely.

R. Gibson.

H. Broadbent.

Cecil Dwyer was the youngest son of the late Hon. Edward Dwyer, LL.D., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, Cape of Good Hope, and of his wife Adelaide, daughter of Henry Darley, of Aldby Park, Yorkshire.

Cecil Dwyer was first at Beaumont, and came to Stonyhurst as a Philosopher in 1890, to study for the English Bar. In 1891 he gained the prize for French Language, in 1893 the Certificate for Proficiency in Philosophy, and the first prizes for the subjects The Law of Property, and Equity in the course on English Law. In 1894 he obtained two first prizes in the same course, for Common Law, and Outlines of English Law, beside the Stonyhurst Association Essay Prize, and the second Debating Prize. He was also awarded a prize for passing his examination in Roman Law. He passed his final examinations for the English Bar from Stonyhurst in 1894.

Cecil Dwyer, though a busy barrister, devoted considerable time to the interests of Stonyhurst, of which he was a devoted son. For several years he acted as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer to the Stonyhurst Association, and up to the time of his death as Secretary of its Scholarship Committee. He was a staunch and loyal Catholic gentleman, and as such an honour to the sister Colleges of Beaumont and Stonyhurst, where he had been educated.

We offer our sincerest sympathy and condolence to his brother, Major Dwyer, and the other members of his family.

♦ ♦ ♦

SPECIMENS OF APPLICATIONS FOR SEPARATION
ALLOWANCES.

"I have received no pay since my husband has gone nowhere."

"We have received yours truly—I am his Grandfather and Grandmother, he was born and brought up in this house in answer to yours truly."

"In accordance with instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to twins enclosed in envelope."

VARIA.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On the 22nd of November the College XI. played their second out match against an XI. of Officers from St. Anne's. For over a week before we had had bad weather, and even on the day itself it rained incessantly, causing the ground to be at its worst. Nevertheless, the XI. won 2—0. Higher Line formed the majority of the spectators.

The Second Playroom had a Swimming Competition on Sunday, November 25th. The whole Playroom was allowed to attend. The following competed:—R. McQueen, N. Pringle, A. Robinson, A. Tully, A. Waterkyne, H. Cave, H. F. Robinson, F. Bloomfield, T. Fagan, C. Kenna, W. Jones, B. John, H. Devaux, Jos. Ferguson, A. Hunt, G. Harrison, P. Kennedy, E. Warneken, J. Harling, J. Caron, E. Rooney, A. Warneken. In the final competition were A. Warneken, C. Kenna, and E. Harrison. It was a very exciting and close race, ending up with—1, Kenna; 2, Harrison; 3, Warneken.

By the kind permission of Father Rector we were freed from 10-15 a.m. till dinner for football on November 30th. Thus we were able to have a match after two weeks without any football.

The Third and Fourth Playrooms each had Swimming Competitions on November 27th. There was good swimming shown in both sets. Several of the heats were very close, causing great excitement in both playrooms. Hall and M. Rodrigue were the winners in the Third, while in the Fourth, Fogarty and Fraser. Owing to the number of competitors we are unable to print a full list.

The 1st XI. played a return match against the Community on December 1st. This time the eleven were successful, and beat the Community by 2—1. A fuller account will be found in our Football Notes.

Since the last issue of the Magazine 1,454 Holy Communion have been offered up for O.S.'s engaged in the war.

On December 1st the two divisions of Lower Rudiments had an aquatic race in the swimming bath. The first division soon proved the superior class, for only three of the second division were left after the first round of heats. These were defeated in the second round. Then the upper class had a test all to themselves, in which Edleman proved to be the best swimmer.

Stonyhurst Second Eleven, the Lower Line Eleven, and Third Playroom met three elevens of St. Francis Xavier's on Dec. 3rd for their annual matches. Although Stonyhurst won the day, the St. Francis Xavier's teams are worthy of praise for the splendid way in which they played right through. By request the boys were freed from schools to watch the matches. The scores were—for 2nd XI. 8—3, Lower Line 13—1, and Third Playroom 2—1.

The First Eleven played Whalley Hospital on the 13th December at Whalley. At the end of a fast, but muddy game, the score was 3 to 1 in favour of Stonyhurst. After tea, by the kind permission of Capt. Kaye, R.A.M.C., the eleven were shown over the Hospital. Many thanks are due to Capt. Kaye for the enjoyable afternoon the eleven spent.

The College was entertained by a first-rate boxing competition on the 8th and 9th December. All thanks are due to P. Bell for supervising the boxing during the absence of our instructor since 1914.

J.A.D.F.

The following advertisement of Hodder House is taken from Cuddon's New Year's Gift, or Catholic Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Book for the year 1826, p. 107 :—

"At the distance of a mile from Stonyhurst College there is a separate establishment in a beautiful, pleasant, and healthy situation, where children, too young to begin a regular course of classical education, are placed under masters from Stonyhurst College, and where they

are taught to spell, read and write, the rudiments of the Latin and French languages, and are likewise carefully instructed in their religious principles, and how to prepare themselves for the Sacraments, with regulations adapted to their tender years. Children are admitted in this school from the age of six to that of ten years old. The annual pension is 10 guineas, to be paid half-yearly in advance. In lieu of bed linen, table service, ordinary school books, and other such articles usually required, each scholar must pay two guineas entrance. The dress is uniform, and consists of a plain coat of blue cloth, with yellow buttons, red cloth or Kerseywre waistcoats. Every scholar shall bring with him this uniform dress, besides a suit for daily wear, six shirts, six handkerchiefs, six pairs of stockings, and three pairs of shoes. Any deficiency in the above will be charged to the parents. On the above terms the scholars are furnished with board, lodging, fire, candle, necessary clothing (excepting as above), linen, washing, ordinary school books, pens, ink and paper. Parents will be charged with all expenses occasioned by illness, medicines, medical attendances, etc., etc.; also postage, pocket money, other trifling objects of convenience or indulgence, etc., etc. Applications may be made to the College, or to the Rev. Edward Scott, as above."

With regard to the College, we are told that "The plan of education and the terms are the same as usual, and may be had by applying to the President, or to the Rev. Edward Scott, 85, Norton Street, Portland Road, London."

An O.S., whose record of years spent at Stonyhurst was a long one, kindly sends us the following translation in verse of Vergil's *Aeneid* ii. 361—370. The passage can be applied to the wanton destruction of Louvain, or of Rheims Cathedral :—

"BELLÆ. HORRIDA BELLÆ."

(*Aeneid* vi. 86).

Who could the carnage of that night disclose—
Utter its toll? What tears could match its throes?
An immemorial burgh, from lordly sway
Of countless years, in wreckage falls away;
And passage, house, and temples' hallowed ground
Are starkly strewn with corpses all around.
Bloody the quittance paid, but not alone
By Teucrians: anon is Valour's throne
E'en in the breast regained of conquered wights;—
The Danaan, too, the dust in conquest bites.
Widely the sounds of piteous wailing rise;
Widely are spread dismay, and death in myriad guise.
(*Aeneid* ii. 361—370).

T.M.W. (O.S., 1886).

In the *Messenger of Mathematics*, New Series, No. 553, May, 1917, lately to hand, we note a paper on "Factorisation," by Lieut.-Col. Cunningham, R.E., and Mr. H. J. Woodall, A.R.C.S. In this paper a considerable section is devoted to "Cullen's Numbers," and to a discussion of the formula from which they are derived. To the uninitiated we may remark, that "Cullen's Numbers" are a method of factorisation of very large numbers, invented and devised by that able mathematician, the Procurator of this College. He would be able to factorise even the very largest sum that any benevolent benefactor might wish to contribute to the Stonyhurst War Memorial Fund.

Our South American eagle, hearing of the arrival of the doctors from the North American States, at Queen Mary's hospital, with true homeing instinct, broke from her leash, and flew away to Whalley to pay a visit to her cousins from the North. Her kindly intentions were frustrated by a mere Britisher, who shot her at sight as an intruding alien. Alas! that virtue should have been so unsympathetically unrecognised.

Father Bellanti, whose visits to the College in which he spent so many years as a master, are always most welcome, passed the major part of his leave with us, about the middle of January. He kindly said the Boys' Mass every morning in the Chapel, and on Saturday, January 19th, gave them an eloquent and fervent address. He left us on the 21st, and attended on the 23rd at Buckingham Palace to receive his Military Cross from the hands of His Majesty the King. As he speaks Italian fluently, he has been transferred to the Italian front from France. His present address is c/o Assistant Principal Chaplain, Italian Expeditionary Force.

We are very much indebted to Mr. Charles Ryan (1877), for sending us the issues of the War Numbers of *United Empire*, the Royal Colonial Institute Journal, to be placed in the Higher Line Playroom.

After forty-four years of devoted service Mr. Tipping, or "Jim Gas," as he is known in the country, has been compelled to relinquish the care of our gas-works. He has retired to a house where he will be able to look after his fowls and feathered tribe. He will also be employed on light work in the College. "Owd Till," in spite of his eighty odd years, is still going strong. A recent article in an American fishing paper described him as "a converted preacher!"

At a meeting of the Association of Science Masters in Public Schools, held at the City of London School, on January 8th and 9th, Father Cortie read a paper on "Descriptive Astronomy as a subject for the science for all classes." It excited an interesting discussion, and is to be printed at full length in a coming number of the *School World*.

Father Cortie has also given astronomical lectures since our last issue at Preston, Liverpool, Leyburn, Rochdale, Hull, York, Manchester, Accrington, Southport, and to the boys of Asygarth School, Yorks, and the Bootham's School, York. In its report of the anniversary meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, the *Times* for February 9th noted that the astronomers at the Oxford University Observatory and at Stonyhurst had gladly responded to appeals to give lectures to the troops.

We wish to call the especial attention of boys, old and young, to the needs of the Stonyhurst Settlement for working boys at Liverpool. There are many calls upon our charity during war time, but hardly one that is more meritorious than this work for boys who have just left school, and whose faith might be seriously jeopardised, had they not this club to keep them together, under the watchful guardianship of one of the Fathers of St. Francis Xavier's. Lately, the interest taken in this branch of Stonyhurst's social work, has seemed to be somewhat lessened. It is the earnest desire of the managers of the settlement that it should be revived. It would be very lamentable should it be found necessary to abandon this laudable work for want of the necessary financial aid.

THE BOXING COMPETITION.

The Lower Line Boxing Competition, which took place on December 8th and 9th, presented the most thrilling spectacle that has yet been witnessed in the new gymnasium. Comprising no less than twenty-two encounters, the great majority of which were of the keenest interest, it was an event to which an abridged account must fail to do justice—yet space precludes a detailed report.

An extempore ring was contrived, with chairs for its moorings, and four stalwart stewards anchored it infallibly. As seconds there stood those enterprising members of the management—P. Bell, H. Firth, H. Croucher, and G. Burns, who ministered to and advised their clients with infinite exactitude and zest.

To the earlier series of fights the Lower Line play-rooms were admitted, third or fourth playroom swarming in the gallery, the other spectators below. To the finals everyone thronged, and the presence of Father Rector, with several of the College Staff, and Major Corbett-Smith, added special éclat to the occasion.

The umpires were: Rev. V. Watson and Rev. H. Mather; Time-keeper: Rev. Fr. Sharkey; Referee: Rev. Fr. Ireland.

The contests consisted of three rounds of two minutes each; in the case of a draw, a fourth round determined the winner.

The following is a list of the competitions:—

FLY-WEIGHT (Under 6 Stone).

C. Brand		F. Rain		
F. Rain	}			
T. O'Shea	}	T. O'Shea	}	F. Rain
M. Pizarro	}			
H. Gormley	}			
L. Guilly	}	H. Gormley (bye).		H. Gormley (Winner).

BANTAM-WEIGHT (Under 7 Stone).

C. Pyke		A. Merry del Val		
A. Merry del Val	}			
E. Biller (bye).				
H. Barton	}	H. Barton (bye)		
A. Darwood	}			
P. Merry del Val	}	I. Shaughnessy		
I. Shaughnessy	}			
R. Barton	}	R. Barton		
S. Jardim	}			
				H. Barton
				H. Barton, Winner

FEATHER-WEIGHT (Under 8 Stone).

E. Green		E. Green (retired with sprained thumb).	
C. Eastwood	}		
B. Cragg	}	W. Cole	
W. Cole	}		W. Cole (Winner).
S. Cockshutt (bye).			

LIGHT-WEIGHT (Under 8 stone 6 lbs.).

E. Green		E. Green		
S. Cockshutt	}			
B. Cragg	}	B. Cragg		
P. Hoseason	}			
V. Grunhut	}	V. Grunhut		
W. Cole	}			V. Grunhut (Declared Winner).

WELTER-WEIGHT (Over 8 stone 6 lbs.).

W. Jones		W. Jones		
D. de Yturralde	}			
C. Cagger	}	A. Warneken		
A. Warneken	}			W. Jones (Winner).

The first two competitors to enter the ring were Brand and Rain. In the opening round Rain was quick to assume the aggressive, and, keeping an effective guard himself, put in a series of sharp blows to his opponent's head. Throughout the second and third rounds Brand was severely tried, and maintained a plucky defence. Rain boxed well, and won an easy victory. Brand, whose tuition in the art of boxing commenced so very lately, is to be congratulated for his courage.

The next match—Guilly *v.* H. Gormley—was one of the most inspiring of all—Celt met Celt. Guilly, erect, and making the most of his height and reach, shot out a telling straight left that frequently staggered his intruding opponent. The latter, undaunted, continued his onslaughts, dodging and ducking, counter-hitting with his right to the body, or plying a tight-clenched glove to the face. At the end of the third round honours were evenly divided. Gormley's features were flushed with marks of heavier usage, but Guilly seemed further spent; both recked naught of their scatches, and a fourth round was called for. In this Guilly's hitting was less accurate, and Gormley, who put in a number of sound punches, secured the victory.

O'Shea now met Pizarro, and, though the former was the smallest of all that entered the ring, he brought into it sufficient experience and pluck to score in this fight a good majority of points.

Soon after this O'Shea was matched against Rain. The latter's dogged and powerful attacks encountered a fine defence; indeed, O'Shea's fiery resistance suggested a hunted badger at bay. But Rain's more punishing blows and careful guard prevailed, and qualified him for the final fight with Gormley.

The fight between Cole and Grunhut caused the management to introduce a new weight into the competition. Grunhut won and won well, but exceptional praise is due to Cole for his splendid display of pluck. Bespattered with blood and badly hammered, again and again he flung himself at his heavier opponent. It was decided that Grunhut was too heavy for his class, and being obviously the prospective winner, would be awarded the Light-Weight's Medal. An additional Medal was then set up for the rest, who formed a separate weight.

An exceedingly promising boxer, who eventually fought his way to the final, was I. Shaughnessy. He showed an intuitive ring-craft throughout his fights, and possesses an admirable temperament.

The quickest boxer was B. Cragg. His style is rather unorthodox, yet very effective. In his bout with P. Hoseason his quick footwork and feinting not only enabled him to dart in and out on the aggressive, but also saved him from several of Hoseason's very menacing

rushes. In his subsequent fight with Cole, his swiftness almost gained him the victory. The salient feature of Cole's tactics was the strategic way he steered with his left for a smart upper-cut with his right. E. Biller adopted the same device against A. Merry del Val, but in rather more reckless fashion. He wore himself out with a series of brilliant rushes, and Merry del Val, who was taller and heavier, was not embarrassed by Biller's cuffs—well-ironed as they were. Biller's boxing, however, was of no mean order; for one of his size he possesses a remarkable punch.

The arduous and sporting spirit which animated the whole competition, attained its climax in the semi-final of the Bantam-weights, when H. Barton was pitted against Merry del Val. Boxing in exquisite style, now one would gain an opening, follow it up, and drive his opponent before him with a series of stinging punches; then the positions would be reversed. There were moments when both were too exhausted to do more than tap one another. Three vigorous rounds admitted of no decision, but after the fourth Barton was declared the victor. A. Merry del Val was handicapped in having already fought Biller the same afternoon. We are glad to be able to congratulate him on gaining the medal awarded to the best loser in the competition.

The final in the Fly-weights was one of the closest fights of all, and extended to four rounds. Gormley, whose hits were more strenuous, boxed with more dashing style, but left himself sometimes exposed, and Rain was quick to attack. Both struck with smart, clean hits. After the fourth round victory went to Gormley.

Throughout the competition the standard maintained was remarkably high; yet certain faults were evinced which call for correction. E. Green has acquired the habit of flipping and touching with the tip of the open glove. His movements are swift, and his style effective, but disinclination to hit will gravely retard his progress. Apart from this his boxing gives singular promise.

C. Pyke, whose agility and grit were conspicuous in his encounter with A. Merry del Val, placed himself at a great disadvantage by constantly changing feet.

Jones, the winner in the Welter-weights, when he led with his left frequently turned his head to the right and failed to watch his objective.

In conclusion, the sincerest acknowledgments of all are due to the "Management," headed by P. Bell and H. Firth, for their painstaking efforts and stirring enthusiasm. The unique success of the competition they promoted, for which they themselves are awarding the prizes, is the most significant proof of their disinterested endeavours. The achievements of their pupils are their proudest tribute, and our gratitude the least of their deserts.

H. M.

THE BATTLE OF ARRAS.

In this account of the battle of Arras (April 9th—12th, 1917), I have no intention of writing as a historian or a military critic, even if I thought myself competent to do so. I mean simply to set down what I myself saw of the battle on the divisional front which came under my own personal observation: to relate, in other words, the experiences of one who, though not a combatant, yet had the luck to be present on the field during the fighting of those three decisive days.

The battle of Arras was a rout. The enemy was rushed off his feet in the first two hours. His trenches were beaten flat; his concrete strongholds battered into shapeless heaps, his wire blasted into shreds, his immensely strong positions—formidable enough by nature, and yet further strengthened by two years of scientific engineering—stormed and shattered, his guns blown up or captured by batteries, and by the evening of the first day he was frantically digging himself in four miles behind his line which he had held in force in the morning.

Preparation for this advance had been on a grand scale. Far behind the line the German system of trenches had been faithfully duplicated with tapes and shallow earthworks over a large expanse of country, and over these the division was daily drilled and exercised until the higher command judged that the preparation was sufficient. Ours was the *Umpteenth* Division, consisting of Brigades A, B, and C, and I was attached to Brigade C. We had held our sector of the line before Arras on several previous occasions. In some places where the German trenches cut through the northern and eastern suburbs of the city there were barely twenty yards between our respective front lines, where sentries stood staring into their periscopes, and if talking were necessary it had to be done in a whisper, any noise being likely to bring over a fusillade of bullets or rifle-grenades. The town was under constant shell fire; all foot passengers were ordered to keep upon the pavement close to the house fronts in order to baffle the efforts of observing aircraft, and no one

was allowed to be abroad in the streets before 5-30 p.m. without a permit.

An illustration of the terms of intimacy on which we dwelt with the enemy is the unpleasant quarter of an hour which the M.O. and I spent when we went up the trenches to see the vast crater caused by the explosion of a T.M. dump the day before. Part of our way lay down the remains of a sunken wad, and we had not proceeded along it more than a few yards before we were spotted by the Boche, who at once opened on us with rifle-grenades. We flung ourselves under a bank and crouched there while the grenades piped and cracked around us. Fragments whistled over our heads, or spat, smoking hot, round our feet. We stayed there until the display was over, and we judged that the Boche must believe that he had laid us out, and then made a dash for the sheltering trench across the road.

On another occasion the Second-in-Command and I were walking along the main street when we heard the familiar screech of a shell behind us, followed in rapid succession by others, apparently coming closer. The explosions were far less loud than ordinarily, and the Major remarked on the pungent smell that they made. I said, "I believe it's gas," and we both jumped for our masks. I was carrying the new "box-respirator," but the Major had only the old P.H. helmet. It took me a little time to disentangle the various strings and elastics of mine, and I had a gulp or two of the gas before I got my mask into position. But the unfortunate Major couldn't get his on at all, so he crumpled it up and held it over his nose and mouth, and strode along with the tears streaming from his unprotected eyes. The only bad effect that we felt was that for the rest of the day food and tobacco alike tasted indescribably beastly.

Our final entry into Arras, before the battle, was by a devious route, late at night. It is extremely probable that the Boche knew vaguely that something was impending, and that he had the wind up badly. His aerial observation, at least, must have warned him of the immense concentration that was proceeding behind our lines. So we took no avoid-

able risks. We reached our billets, however, without casualty, and settled down to wait for "Z" day. For four days we lay in the cellars. These cellars were extraordinarily deep and strong—some of them descended for two, or even three, stories below ground—and our pioneers and the *R.E.* had connected them all up so that one could make the tour of all of them without once emerging on top. They afforded ample shelter for two entire brigades. In our particular cellar were the C.O., Adjutant, Second-in-Command, Intelligence Officer, M.O., and myself—a pretty tight fit—and there we lived from Wednesday night to Monday morning, only coming up when our duties called us, or the need for fresh air and daylight became imperative. The roads outside were shelled all day, yet it was no uncommon sight to see men in their shirt-sleeves washing or shaving right out in the open. During the whole of these four days our bombardment of the German positions continued, growing hourly more intense, until, when the moment of the advance arrived it rose to one incredible roar. At the south-eastern corner of the cellars a tunnel had been constructed leading from the cellars to the town sewers. These latter had been cleared and extended and electrically lighted, and trolley lines had been laid along them for the transport of stores and munitions. This was to be our path of egress. Rumours (I give it for what it may be worth) had it that two days before the battle a brace of German spies, dressed as British artillerymen, were caught in these sewers.

In the light of after events I am inclined to think that our attack came upon the enemy as a surprise. There is no doubt that he was suspicious and nervous about this time, and he, perhaps, even expected an attack on Easter Sunday, as on that morning he had opened a violent bombardment on the city and on our lines. But as we made practically no response to this demonstration, and—to my thinking, at least—even diminished, our artillery activity during the rest of that day, he probably thought that either his information was faulty, or that we had deferred our offensive till much later. So that when, on Easter Monday he awoke to find himself under one of the most terrific tempests of shell that even this war of crushing artillery concentration has ever known, and

saw his defences collapsing under it like sand castles before a rising tide, his plans must have suffered considerable disorganisation.

Half-past five, "ac-emma," on Monday, April 9th, was zero hour. We were up and had dressed and breakfasted and seen to our equipment and water-bottles (mine contained a bottle and a half of whisky, and I also carried a flask of rum, and it was all needed !) long before that time. There was very little talking and much consultation of watches, but of excitement, far less of nervousness, I, at least, saw no trace. It was just a good-humoured football crowd waiting for the game to begin, with the whole crowd backing one side and certain that that side was going to win. When the hour struck—exact to the second—down came the barrage like an unimaginable steam-hammer, and for two unbroken hours there stormed and screamed and roared over to the German lines such a weight of death-dealing metal—shells of every size, trench mortars like flying mines in shoals, machine-gun bullets sweeping across in continuous sheets, as no language can describe. Our Brigade was to be the last of the three to go over. The three objectives of the first day were known as the Black, Blue, and Brown lines. Brigade A was to take the Black line, B was to pass over them and take the Blue, and we were to go through them both and take the Brown. Before we had started on our way through the cellars Brigade A had flung the enemy out of the Black line, and prisoners were streaming back through the town to the P.O.W. cages. We saw them by dozens and scores crossing the Grande Place, a thoroughly demoralised mob, hurrying along as fast as their grinning guards would let them. Then our time came, and we started through the broken passages, the tunnel, and the sewers, many men carrying candle ends stuck on the top of their steel helmets to supplement the electric light, all cheery, joking, and chaffing with the troops still waiting underground for their turn. Of the pandemonium raging overhead nothing could be heard but a dull murmur and an occasional thud. When at last we came out into the daylight the uproar was such that one had to shout to make oneself heard.

A few hundred yards across the open brought us

to the first communication trench along which we had to file up to our jumping-off point. It was here that I witnessed a rather tragic episode. The trench ran in one place close to some half-mined houses, the walls of which there formed its parados. Out of a hole in one of these walls leant a man—a *Cameron*, if I remember aright—and chaffed our boys as we went along. The M.O. and I, who were walking one behind the other, had just passed him by perhaps ten feet when a shell swished past us and struck him full in the face, blowing him and the wall to rags, and at the same time burying some of our own men beneath the debris. This communication trench led us finally through the town cemetery, which for months past had been the hottest corner in Arras. Graves had been burst open and bones and fragments of coffins lay at the bottom of the trench and scattered among the broken tombstones. Pieces of these latter indeed were flying about as we passed along, for the Boche, after his first rude shock, was putting up a fierce artillery retaliation. As someone said at the time, it would have been a grim joke to be knocked on the head by a chunk of marble inscribed "In loving memory." Erect among the shattered stones and twisted railings stood the great cemetery crucifix, unharmed after all those months of bombardment and destruction. On coming out of the cemetery, thankful to find ourselves still alive and whole, we had to pass along the captured Boche front line. Many of our brave fellows lay dead on either side of it, some horribly disfigured, and here the enemy fire was very intense. Whizzbangs whizzed and banged, pipsqueaks squealed, heavier shells howled and cr-r-r-r-rumped, and bullets tapped and whistled invisibly around us. The ground was terribly heavy, and we were often knee-deep in viscous mud, so that in spite of our very genuine desire to move quite quickly, we were forced into a slow and dignified gait, which must have horribly irritated such of the Boche as could see us. At last we descended thankfully into a sunken wad, some ten feet deep, and here we halted, heartily grateful for the temporary shelter and the banks of chalky mud on which we rested. A drizzling rain fell from time to time during the hour that we lay there, and there was a raw chilly wind blowing fit-

fully. But it was luxury compared to the nightmare tramp through the cemetery and intervening ground. Not, however, that we enjoyed much peace even here, for shrapnel burst continually above us—one long jagged fragment, smoking hot, bored into the ground just between my right foot and my neighbour's left—and several men were hit. Here we also received a number of prisoners, and I incurred the wrath of the C.O. by giving a cigarette and chatting to one of the less scarred and sullen amongst them whose wound the M.O. had just dressed.

Our state of comparative restfulness, however, was before long broken into by a tank, which came clucking and chuckling round the corner and at once drew a devastating fire upon itself, and simultaneously upon us. Here I saw some German prisoners do a thing which we who know them know that British soldiers could never do. Four of them had been told off to carry a wounded Highlander on a stretcher, and as they passed us one of the enemy shells burst some twenty feet away. Instantly they dropped the wounded man and flung themselves on their faces. What retribution their guard exacted I did not look to see. But there are some forms of selfish cowardice on which even our goodnatured long-suffering fellows have no mercy.

When at last we received orders to advance (there had been a slight hitch on the Blue line, and we were to help them on our way to our own objective) we moved up a long slope which simply piped and droned with snipers' and machine-gun bullets, and many men were hit, mostly about the legs. The sound of a bullet passing close to one varies considerably, I do not know from what causes. Sometimes it is a sharp crack, sometimes a thin whine, sometimes a dry whisper. But always it is an uneasy and menacing sound. Here I came across a sight which haunted me for long afterwards. A *Gordon Highlander* lay on his back in a broken-up trench dying. Both eyes had been forced right out of their sockets and a ghastly hole had been torn in the left side of his face. He was trying to say something, but as we bent over him all we could catch was the word "trench." I gave him absolution and a tot from my flask, and the M.O. put a bandage over his face and

left a rifle sticking in the ground to mark the place for the stretcher-bearers. We could do no more as we had to hurry on.

It was now about half-past ten. The German front line was completely in our hands and the second, or Blue line system nearly so, and we subsided into shell-holes until the time should come for the final push of the day. We lay thus for more than an hour, the M.O., his sergeant and I emerging at intervals to attend to the wounded as they were reported. Here one of our officers was hit, receiving several frightful injuries, the least of which was a broken jaw. He died as he was being carried down. About this time, too, Fr. H. Collins, R.C. Chaplain in A Brigade, was killed instantaneously by a shell on our left. We filled in the rest of our time nibbling biscuits and chocolate, and smoking "gaspers," being, however, very careful not to light three cigarettes from one match, that being, as is well known, a far more fateful thing than spilling salt, or walking under a ladder.

The weather had now improved very much, but it was still extremely cold, and I think that everyone was glad when at last we began our final advance. The first stage of this was rather nerve-racking. It consisted in our standing, packed like herrings in a barrel, in a just captured trench, while Lewis-gun drums, bomb-buckets and bandoliers were collected and passed along. Meanwhile the Boche was crumping on both sides of us with desperate regularity, and I am sure that the main thought of all of us was whether the next one would land right amongst us. If the aim had been more accurate we should have been wiped out by platoons. When everything was ready the advance began. Of this I am afraid I cannot give a very coherent account—no one but the Commanding Officer, or a company or platoon commander could do so. To us it seemed very erratic and confused, and for the most part not at all spectacular. But one incident occurred just here which I must relate, as it was probably among the most daring actions of the war. One of our companies found itself confronted by two 77 mm. batteries whose fire had been worrying us for some time past. The company commander (a subaltern, by the way) made up his mind to silence them, and

snatching up a rifle and calling to his men, in Glasgow phrase, to "ca' the feet from the beggars," charged the first battery, which was firing point blank at them, shot the commander, bombed and killed or captured the gunners, and then, turning half-right, treated the second battery in the same way. It was a magnificent feat; all the odds were against its success. It only proved once more what has long ceased to need proof, that in sheer fighting quality the German soldier is not in it with ours. We prove it every time we meet them, and the French prove it every time they meet them. It is a commonplace with everyone who has had any experience with which to back his opinion.

The M.O. and I followed close on the heels of this adventure, and as the captured battery seemed suitable for a temporary Aid Post, we determined to establish ourselves there for the time. While exploring the gun-pits and adjacent shelters we discovered an unwounded Boche, who stood up trembling in every limb when he saw us. He told me that he had had nothing to eat for two days, as their transport had been caught by our shell-fire on Saturday evening and completely destroyed. We sent him back under escort and then resumed our search for quarters. Incidentally we found some very good specimens of helmets, bayonets, etc., and, to our surprise, a quantity of women's underclothing, stockings and boots. From various indications I am inclined to think that this was loot from French villages; some of it was made up into bundles as if for transmission to Germany. Our explorations, however, were brought to an abrupt end when we found that the Boche, having lost his guns to us, had determined that at least we should not have the benefit of their use, and began shelling his abandoned batteries with eight-inch shells. We were now on the top of the western slope of what has since been christened Battery Valley, and for a few minutes we watched his fire creeping up towards us. The pits were full of ammunition, and a direct hit would have involved us in a volcano, so we side-stepped and sought shelter in an adjacent trench. We must have been under close observation, for the line of fire immediately changed and approached us diagonally up the slope. Our party consisted of the M.O. and

I, the sergeant, and two others, and this new turn of events suggested to us a temporary retreat "according to plan." It was well for us that we did move, as before we had got 100 yards further up the trench an eight-inch shell landed close enough to our late resting-place to have blown us away had we remained there. This fire died down in about ten minutes, and we returned to the battery, where our search was finally rewarded by the discovery of an excellent dug-out some twenty feet deep, which had been the dwelling-place of the *Batterie-Chef*, just lately deceased. Here we found excellent beds, a complete set of crockery, and knives and forks, etc., books, papers, pictures, a large amount of clothing, and even a bag of sweets. There was also a case of bottled beer. This, according to an Army Order, should have been submitted to analysis, as numerous examples had recently occurred of that *Kultur* which considers it to be honourable warfare to leave poisoned food and drink behind in abandoned positions. But this beer never came to the test-tube. I do not know where it went, but evidently someone didn't mind chancing it—and there were no casualties. Here, then, we established ourselves and put up our sign. We had been on foot and under fire, in rain and mud and wind since half-past five in the morning, and it was now past three in the afternoon. It was a luxury unimaginable to sit down in warmth and dryness to hot, strong tea, bread and butter and bully beef. I believe there was jam too; not plum-and-apple, either. Our medical orderlies were wonderful. Out of next-to-nothing they never failed to produce a satisfying meal anywhere and at any time.

Our final objective was taken by four o'clock, and once more the *Umpteenth* Division had justified its reputation for quick and complete success in the shortest possible time. Meanwhile our stretcher-bearers were clearing the field, and this they did with their habitual thoroughness and contempt of danger—there is no finer body of men in the Army—so that long before dark they were able to report that not a single wounded man remained on the ground. The snow now began to fall, and the country-side was very soon completely white. It stopped snowing after a couple of hours, and a brilliant moon shone

over a scene which would have been one of perfect peace but for the intermittent crack and whistle of bullets from outlying snipers. After the snow had stopped we heard that the Second-in-Command had been rather severely wounded and was awaiting attention in the Brown line. The M.O. and I accordingly set out to find him. We had to run the gauntlet of the snipers—one in particular had just killed three men—for whom we made an attractive target in the moonlight against the snow. However, we found our man without accident in a concrete "pill-box," and dressed and dispatched him to the main dressing station at Feuchy. It was nearly five o'clock in the morning before we were able to go to bed, and at six, to our bitter disappointment, we were roused out to go to the Battalion H.Q. dug-out, the M.O. to attend to a wounded prisoner, and I to question some others.

The rest (in two senses) of that day was very pleasant. The sun was shining, the air was keen and brisk, the Boche was growling sullenly, but harmlessly, more than a mile away, and we expected to be relieved before dusk. So we strolled happily about the scene of yesterday's battle—it was strange to be able to look back and see Arras in the distance behind us—and watched the artillery streaming up to new positions, cavalry massing along the roads and tracks, pioneers laying trolley lines over the uneven ground, and the thousand and one activities that follow in the wake of victory. One might have thought oneself to be in the midst of a field day at Aldershot but for the ghastly reminders of yesterday's fierce fighting which confronted one on every side. One man I found just in front of our battery who must have been struck point blank in the face by a shell at short range, as his head had absolutely disappeared. Another there was, also headless, and with a leg, an arm, and the other foot, lying at various distances around him. The *batterie-chef* lay dead close to our dug-out. I have his photograph (there were several among his papers), and a piece of his Iron Cross ribbon.

A few wounded prisoners were brought in to us during the day. One in particular, I remember, a huge *Unteroffizier*, who appeared to think that the war should stop while his wants were attended to.

It is, I think, characteristic that the attitude of our men towards the enemy is in general one of amused contempt—Fritz, Johnny, Jerry, the Hun, the Boche, is the subject of innumerable witticisms, poor enough in themselves, perhaps, but symptomatic. The worst that a prisoner has to fear from them is a dose of chaff, not usually couched in the language of Mrs. Grundy, but still immeasurably further removed from the *ethos* of the Hymn of Hate.

The remainder of that day passed without incident. The enemy had been so thoroughly broken that he had not yet been able to recover the "offensive spirit." However, there was little doing on our front that day, though on our left we could both hear and see the gigantic struggle going on for Vimy Ridge, and from further north there reached us the muffled rumble of the attack round Lens. We, in the battery dug-out, rolled ourselves in our blankets early that night and slept sound.

About 7-30 next morning we were roused by a H.Q. orderly, who brought us a message from the Colonel to the effect that the battalion was advancing to the attack on Monchy-le-Preux, and that we were to make our own arrangements. We decided to follow them up, and after a hasty breakfast, and filling our pockets with biscuits and chocolate, the M.O. and I and the sergeant set off. The cavalry had attacked Monchy at dawn. But the place was a nest of machine-guns, and they were mown down in the narrow streets. Their brigadier, who led the advance in person, was shot through the head and killed instantly.

The position now was that though some elements of our forces had penetrated into the village and were holding on in cellars and ruined houses, the Boche was still present in it in great force; and, moreover, with that utter disregard for the lives of his own men, which is one of the most brutal of his characteristics, was shelling it heavily from a distance with his big guns. Our way lay over Orange Hill, between which and the village of Monchy lies what is now known as Happy Valley. As we approached the nearer side of this hill we found ourselves among the returning cavalry—riderless and badly wounded horses for the most part—over whom the Boche was still bursting "Woolly bears," or heavy shrapnel.

But when we reached the crest and began to descend the further side, we walked straight into a formidable barrage of heavies, shrapnel, and whizz-bangs. In the midst of it all was a terrified hare doubling to and fro among the spouting shell-bursts, and on the very top of the hill I picked up a freshly killed part-ridge, still warm and bleeding. A sudden shout of "Snipers on the left, sir!" sent us plunging into the nearest shell-hole, we three and two others, where, as it was a small-sized hole, we lay literally one on top of the other, while the bullets sang over our flattened bodies, in many cases sending up puffs of earth from the margin of our shelter. As the sniping ceased at the end of a few minutes, and we were becoming cramped, we decided to risk it and strike down the hill again. So we emerged—quite hastily—and made for a Boche communication trench which led down that way. We were the more willing to change our quarters as the "crumps" were very thick at that point, and the uncanny fluttering wail of the big splinters was too loud and too frequent for comfort. This trench, which we reached without accident, was badly knocked about, but it was valuable, not merely as a shelter (poor enough at that) but as a guide to our objective. So down it we went, halting every now and then to crouch as a shell shrieked towards us and burst just in front or just behind. I wish I were able to draw a really faithful picture of the scene. I am afraid that I should incur the suspicion of bombast, or exaggeration, or journalese, or purple patchery, or something equally unlovely, if I were to try. So let me say in as few words as possible, that death—grisly, gory, cataclysmic death—howled and screamed and roared at us before and behind and on either side; that we were deafened and shaken by it, and that yet it seemed to be a thing aloof and remote from us, like a cinema show or a play. We smoked innumerable cigarettes on a zig-zag course down the hill, and exchanged common-place remarks with the men as we passed along or stepped aside to attend to the wounded. It was not that we were extraordinarily cool and courageous, but that we did not fully realise our situation. As the M.O. said to me afterwards, on talking it over, we were like two little dogs running about among the traffic, uncomprehending. Before

us raged the assault on Monchy in full view. What would I not have given to have possessed a camera that day ! Below, the assaulting lines, continually torn and checked by the swirl of machine-gun fire, but always reforming and pressing on : above the ragged village melting away under the frightful concentration of heavy guns—walls, bricks, and rafters flying into the air, with spurts of flame and clouds of black smoke. It was one of the bloodiest struggles of the war, and the issue was not finally decided for some days afterwards. The casualties were ghastly—we had many to deal with later—and the patience and courage with which these splendid men bore their fearful injuries was beyond belief. Oddly enough the noisiest "casualty" which we came across on our way was a man with nothing worse than a small piece of shrapnel sticking in his back, which I flicked out with my thumbnail. Those with limbs shattered or blown away, or with other shocking mutilations, were the quietest, the most cheerful, the most uncomplaining, and the most grateful. In this trench we overtook an ammunition party carrying up sorely needed supplies to the front line, some 400 yards further on. We were proud to be able to help them over the broken ground, and I think that our presence, as non-combatants, who really need not have been there, was a moral help to them.

When we reached the bottom of the valley—where a large number of prisoners were formed up ready to be marched off—we found there a company belonging to another division digging themselves in. I am mentioning no names, so I shall do no one any harm if I say that they looked far from happy. But the M.O. and I had now got thoroughly into our stride, and we walked through them and up the opposite slope till we reached the high ground just captured and now being held by our own battalion. Here we were spotted by Boche machine-gunners and were forced to dive into a shell-hole for shelter. There were three men already in it, and there we sat while the Boche literally put a lid of bullets over us. This is no exaggeration. They streamed over us so low that if one of us had stretched up his hand it would have been riddled. From the other occupants of this retreat we learnt that the C.O. and the Adjutant were in another shell-hole close by, and we

established communication with them. But the bullets were not the worst of it. Shells were pitching very near, and we had an idea that the Boche was holding us—and the many others similarly situated—in our holes by means of his machine-guns while he got his artillery ranged upon us. We felt that the situation called for immediate action, and we decided to leave the spot two at a time (in order to minimise possible casualties), and to return to the shelter of the bank that we had just crossed.

It is curious how ostrich-like the average soldier is. If he can't see the enemy he feels that the enemy can't see, much less reach, him. I have seen men under heavy fire contentedly sitting under a shelter consisting perhaps of a single strip of corrugated iron, or a mere waterproof sheet. And in defiance of reason one feels the same oneself. It was, therefore, believe me, not a pleasant or an easy thing to do, to come out of a deep shell-hole which was at least a safe refuge from bullets, with the prospect of a trip of some two hundred yards in the open before one. However, as I say, the shells decided us, and out we came. I cannot understand to this day how it was that we were not hit on the way. We were in full view and at short range, and yet, we crossed those two hundred naked yards with no heavier casualty than a devastating rent in my breeches, caused by a lurking strand of barbed wire. Once on the friendly side of the bank we set about looking for a shelter in which to establish an aid-post. There were dead men and grievously wounded men all about us, and the need was imperative. By the greatest of good luck we stumbled on a row of abandoned gun-pits and their concomitant dug-outs. These pits had contained four eight-inch howitzers, which, as we learnt, had been chief among those that had made life in Arras so insecure for months past. The guns themselves lay wrecked or capsized under their camouflages, a splendid testimony to the excellence of our air-craft observation and the accuracy of our gunnery. Here we established ourselves and were immediately overwhelmed with work.

It now began to snow again heavily ; we were only three, coping with a tremendous flow of more or less seriously wounded from all units, and it was impossible to give them all immediate attention, much

less shelter. To our great regret many died from exposure as they lay there. Imagine it ! Men with ghastly wounds—with shattered limbs, or grisly rents in their tortured bodies, parched, fainting with shock and hunger, lay silent, with hardly a moan, waiting their turn, while the snow whirled about them and chilled them to the marrow. We did what we could to erect some sort of shelter over them, and finally succeeded in getting them all under cover of a kind. The M.O. in particular worked like a hero that he is, and before long the quite wonderful medical orderlies of our battalion were supplying the poor suffering fellows with hot strong tea. It must have been nectar to them. Our army loves tea above everything. The stronger it is and the sweeter, and the more of it there is, the happier they are. Little by little we got them evacuated to the nearest Field Ambulance at Feuchy, but it was dark before the work was nearly finished, and still the wounded came in. All this time, be it remembered, the Boche was trying, as before in Battery Valley, to blow us out of the pits. Two of them he succeeded in setting on fire, and as they were all stacked with ammunition and explosives, we felt far from secure. But our luck held, and though we were many times missed by inches, we were never hit. Soon we were joined by the C.O. and Adjutant and the *liaison* officers, and with them, in the intervals of attending to the wounded, we regaled ourselves on bully beef, biscuits, and chocolate, helped down by sparing draughts of the too precious tea.

Meanwhile the assaults on Monchy were renewed again and again. Captured papers told us that the enemy were under orders to hold the place at any cost ; and indeed it was worth their while to make almost any sacrifice for its retention. The village dominates the country for miles round, and commands the great National Road that runs straight as an arrow from Arras to Cambrai. But the unconquerable obstinacy of our troops prevailed now, as it always does, and the position from which we gradually pushed the enemy foot by foot was finally occupied by the division that relieved us, and held against all the repeated and furious counter-attacks that succeeded one another for days afterwards.

It was now the evening of the eleventh, the third day of battle, and we were waiting eagerly for relief. Our casualties had been severe, and the weather was terrible. When the snow ceased for a while a withering east wind swept across the open country, numbing and paralysing everyone. We were under shelter it is true, but the hole into which we huddled in the intervals of our work among the wounded was just large enough to hold us in very cramped positions, and moreover the entrance faced eastwards. Our feet were soaking wet, and we had not taken off our boots and socks for three days. Added to which, our stomachs were beginning to revolt against the unending bully, biscuit, chocolate, and tea.

We dozed uneasily at intervals during the night until, at five o'clock next morning, when advance parties of the relieving division began to arrive, a number of us, including the M.O. and myself, started back to our post of the preceding day. The wind was more bitter than ever, and a blizzard was driving in our faces, and we had to halt again and again to rest the small party of men who accompanied us, and who were at the point of utter exhaustion. Poor fellows, we were glad and proud to carry their rifles for them, and it was a great pleasure when—after many strayings—we reached our old Aid Post and were able to give them a good breakfast, including, of course, the ever-blessed tea.

It was six o'clock in the evening before the battalion re-entered Arras, wet to the skin, muddled to the eyes, unshaven, unwashed, but as happy as larks. I had had the luck to come through without a scratch, but the M.O. had a small cut on one hand from a bit of shrapnel.

There was nothing of the nature of a triumphal march in our draggled procession through the town to our quarters. The streets were crowded, not with applauding sightseers, however, but with troops hurrying up to complete and consolidate our work, with G.S. waggons, rushing up supplies, with artillery and ammunition columns, and with labour battalions clearing away the debris of fallen houses and shell-torn roadways.

Our one thought was a meal with no bully, or biscuit, or tea in it, and then a long, long night of oblivion. We got them both. And two days later, with our pipers breathing their souls into their instruments, we marched out of the town that we had helped to deliver from her long nightmare, to a richly deserved rest.

R.H.J.S.,
Chaplain to the Forces.

SODALITY NOTES.

On November 24th, Mass was said in the Oratory for all Sodalists deceased since October 23rd.

On December 7th, a solemn office was sung in the Oratory at which the new members were allowed to attend.

The following were enrolled in the Sodality on December 8th:—W. Marchant, W. Toner, R. de la Touche, R. Gibson, M. Trappes-Lomax, B. Tarleton, F. Andersen, D. O'Shea, J. Howitt, A. Harvey-James, F. Wellard, I. Stourton, H. Robinson, H. Gurrin, P. Malone, R. C. Wilton, G. Cole, O. Frodsham, A. Smail.

January 19th. Mass was said in the Oratory for all the living Sodalists engaged in the War, as well as for those who have died since November 24th.

Owing to the departure from School of R. McLaughlan and H. Broadbent, the two assistants, Jas. Ferguson and G. Imossi have been asked to take their places. Also, as some of the Councillors have left, their places have been filled, and the Council now comprises:—

C. Taunton	D. Ward
E. Pyke	R. Smith
H. Sire	C. Skrimshire
M. de la Bédoyère	W. Murray
G. Burns	A. Gibbs
N. Treneman	J. Neely.

A.R.I.

MAGISTRATE: "What's brought you here?"

PRISONER: "Two policemen, y'r Honour."

MAGISTRATE (*severely*): "Drunk, I suppose."

PRISONER: "Both of them, y'r Honour."

THE GRAMMAR PLAYS

The dullest day of man and boy is a blend of comic and mildly tragical elements. So we are all interested in Comedy and Tragedy, and the psychologically wise Grammarians this year gave us an experience of both. The pieces indeed were not in Shakespeare's vein. The comic situation, or theme, or *motif*, or whatever you care to call it, of the first piece, "At the Savoy," is a rather outworn device, as old as the hills, and nothing like so substantial. "In the Library," is commonplace melodrama, with no glamorous suggestiveness to relieve its crudity. But herein, please note, lies the chief glory of the Grammar Boys and the capable men who trained them. Out of such unpromising material, like conjurors from an empty hat, they produced something that was quite delightful to watch, and the critic's very pleasant duty to praise. Anybody can make you a carriage out of wood and iron, but it takes a fairy to make one out of a turnip. There is a moral in the matter, too, which a benevolent critic should point out. The play is not *the* thing, in spite of Shakespeare, who has something to that effect. It is the *acting* that makes the difference—a fact well illustrated by a foolish piece called "The Thirteenth Chair," which is attracting huge audiences in London as I write. The crowds come because the rubbish is being extraordinarily well acted. The Grammarians, in their smaller way, acted extraordinarily well too. Indeed, it was astonishing—and inspiring—to see boys who had never faced an audience before carry through so manfully.

D. Kane shone in both pieces, "a bright particular star." But even Suns have their Spots, and perhaps for a hoary-headed Major, he carried his years a little too jauntily. And do Majors, who are also "jolly good fellows," usually talk with that almighty intonation? But Kane put great zest into his performance, and he had the cardinal virtue of naturalness. C. Marchant, in his character of the ecstatic lover was scarcely less admirable. He had a great deal of fussy soliloquising to do, and he did it with the most excellent fussiness. E. Leicester, as the waiter, saw to the comfort of the above gentleman

in the most approved fashion. In fact, like the famous Mr. Turveydrop, Senior, he was a "Model of Deportment."

In the second piece, "In the Library," the palm goes, I think, to W. Jones. His village constable was a very life-like and convincing piece of work. He showed all the gravity (and perhaps a little more than all the astuteness) that we usually associate with those pillars of the Constitution. His colleague, C. Frodsham, supported him ably. Their hand-cuffing was quite a masterly affair. The acting of G. Holmes was also conspicuously good. It was no fault of his that he could not tower aloft, or assume the big manly voice. No one by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, nor have we any laryngeal apparatus to tune down our treble to a needful basso profundo. So Holmes deserves all praise for his natural and energetic bearing, in spite of his difficulties. J. Caron made an effective burglar, but rather marred the effect by some ill-timed fooling. The fooling in this instance looked as if spontaneously generated—by all accounts, a most unscientific process. J. Cagger was a business-like Doctor, and showed marvellous skill in diagnosing the trouble, without any observable examination. But these Doctors are wonderful fellows!

The staging arrangements were admirable, except for a certain lazy determination on the part of the curtain, to stay down at one point longer than the audience could quite commend. Altogether it was a most satisfactory evening, and we hope to see these boys distinguish themselves in a higher flight on some future occasion. The critic that night had a dream in which he saw Kane, Marchant, Jones, Holmes, and the rest, with others who made reputations twelve months ago, acting in "Henry IV., Part I.," "The Merchant of Venice," "As you like it," "Julius Cæsar," and acting splendidly. But it was only a dream, and dreams, I suppose, are very unpractical things.

J. B.

Appended is the programme:—

"AT THE SAVOY,"

By R. C. CARTON.

Major Powenby	DOMINIC KANE
Captain Kidbrooke... ..	CUTHBERT MARCHANT
A Waiter	EDWARD LEICESTER

—AND—

"IN THE LIBRARY,"

By W. W. JACOBS AND F. J. S.

Ronald Quorn	GEOFFREY HOLMES
Philip Howard	DOMINIC KANE
A Burglar	JOSEPH CARON
Sergeant of Police	WILLIAM JONES
Constable	LEO FRODSHAM
A Doctor	JOHN CAGGER

The College Orchestra played—

"Second Symphony—Allegro Spiritoso"Haydn
"Standard Bearer"	Fahrtach
"El Capitan" Sousa

Notes from a General Knowledge Paper, by Natu Minimus.

Esperanto is a pill for headaches.

A Suffragette is a grown-up person who suffers from not getting married.

A Parliamentary Whip is a man who chucks people out of Parliament.

Acorns are found on corn trees.

A Bradshaw is a thing my father uses for boring.

A Red Letter Day is a day when you get a lot of telegrams and your letters are sealed.

A young swan is called a duck.

The National Gallery is a place where the pictures painted by Shakespeare are on show.

Where do the Serbs live? In the sea.

A volcano is a big mountain with a lot of saliva coming out of it.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A REGIMENT IN THE YPRES BATTLE, 1917.

NOTE.—In case it is not known, the expression "Zero" means the exact hour of attack. The three days before attack are known as X, Y, and Z (Zero) days. Zero and 20 means 20 minutes after hour of attack; Zero - 20 means 20 minutes before, and so on.

British Expeditionary Force,

FRANCE.

The following is a more detailed account of the experiences of this Regiment in the recent fighting round Ypres from July 30th to August 18th, on which date we left that part of the front.

My object in writing is to bring home to people who have not experienced the actual battle of Ypres (4th), what a human being can go through when put to it, and also to show the wonderful spirit of Irish troops in particular. It is well known to everyone that this was, and is, the worst place on the whole front, and right through the war the fiercest fighting has always been round Ypres. From prisoners we captured it was discovered that this part of the front is held by the best troops in the German Army, and their main object is to prevent us breaking through there. In several speeches the Kaiser said that no troops would ever break the line at Ypres, as he fully realises that if this was done Germany has no chance.

Since July 30th, up to the time of my writing this, we have made three absolutely separate attacks on this front, and our advance has cost us much suffering and very heavy casualties.

The two main things which stopped our advance were: 1st, the failure of our tanks, which were stuck in the marshy land, and could neither go backwards nor forwards, and up to the time we left were still lying out, some behind our line, and some between us and the Germans.

2nd, the German system of defence. This was composed of very strong concrete dug-outs, occupied by machine-guns, on which you would have to get sometimes three or four direct hits before even

damaging them. I was in one of these dug-outs when a German gun (5.9) got a direct hit on it, which made practically no impression. When the tanks were unable to attack these, owing to the weather conditions, the infantry were subjected to machine-gun fire from them; in some cases our infantry followed up the retreating Germans and were caught in the rear.

In my opinion, if the weather had been favourable the attack would have been a complete success.

Part 1.

FIRST ATTACK AT YPRES, 1917.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH BATTALION.

On the evening of July 30th, 1917, the Division moved up to ———, and the following morning moved off to entrain for the forward area. On the march all eyes were on their watches, anxiously waiting for zero, and, correct to the second, there was a terrific report of guns from every direction, and the country was one mass of fire from the thousands of guns which were in action. By the time we were on the train we were more or less used to the roar of the guns, and as it was dawn the flashes did not appear so terrible. We then had our breakfast—bully beef, water, and biscuits—and in half an hour's time the train was compelled to stop as the railway was being shelled. We detrained, and marched to a field, where we were to await further orders. Here we rested, made up fires, had tea, and a fairly respectable meal, as there were only a few shells landing around us, and watched some prisoners coming down from the line. At zero plus — hours, 31st July, we were ordered to move forward to the old front line and start digging a cable. We "bury" tools, and moved off, having to pass through all our artillery positions. There seemed to be a gun in every inch of ground for miles; guns of every size, from heavy naval to "Light Hows." The concussion was enough to knock you down, and we had to walk with our fingers in our ears owing to the deafening sound.

On July 31st, at zero, plus — hours, we started digging the "bury" just behind the advancing troops, and were welcomed by a shower of shells, the first of which landed on the exact place where we were starting work, killing six and wounding eight men, including a Church of England Padre, who had his head blown clean off, and our Company Sergt.-Major, who had the back of his head taken off, besides several other wounds.

We were then visited by a German aeroplane, flying so low that you could see the pilot and observer with the naked eye. This plane flew along our line of cable, and then along a line of our artillery which was ready to move forward, and then returned without having a shot fired at it, but "mirabile dictu," instead of the shelling getting worse, it practically ceased, except for a few occasional shots. At about 7 p.m. we had the cable buried six feet deep, which was marvellous work under the circumstances, as some men had to do double work to make up for casualties, and we then returned to bivouac in an open field, but with the knowledge that we were the only regiment that completed its day's work in the cable digging. During the night we had the heaviest rain I have experienced, and the bivouacs were useless, so everyone was soaked to the skin. However, none grumbled, though we guessed the weather would spoil the advance, but were consoled by a rumour that we were to be relieved that evening. However, at 4 p.m. on August 1st we were ordered to go forward to Ypres and we prepared for action. We moved off with full packs, absolutely soaked by the continuous rain, and hardly able to walk in the thick mud, to a cellar in Ypres, where we were packed like sardines, so there was no chance of sleep. At six o'clock a.m. on August 2nd we received orders to move forward by companies to our old front line. After a hurried meal of bully and tea and a "tot" of rum we again started off in heavy rain and very thick mud across desolate country to a point we had never heard of before but eventually reached at noon and took shelter from the shell fire in some old Sap-heads. At one o'clock p.m. we received further orders to go to our new support line, about half a mile further on. On arrival here we found

a German concrete dug-out capable of holding about twenty to thirty men, which was occupied by machine gunners, stretcher bearers, and stragglers and wounded of every regiment. This we made our company headquarters, the remainder of the battalion having moved further on. The Company had to take up positions in shell holes all round and make cover for themselves from very heavy shell fire, which was kept up all during our stay there. All these positions, including the concrete dug-out, were at least six inches deep in water, and kept on filling in places; the water was up to your waist. The night was a miserable one, the men could not keep awake, and as soon as they fell asleep they fell head first into the water. About midnight nearly all the men were in such agony with their feet that we had to squash them as well as possible into the concrete dug-out, which, though wet under foot, was dry overhead and shell-proof. We spent the remainder of the night all leaning on top of each other, and were relieved when dawn came, and with it the rain cleared slightly. After a cup of tea people got more cheery and tried to pass off their sufferings as a joke, so we christened the concrete dug-out "The Black Hole of Calcutta," which was very appropriate from the moans of wounded men and several in agony with their feet or fever, not to talk of the howls of the "Shell Shock" cases, who were trying to fight everyone, and their shrieks when a shell burst near would madden anyone. We spent the 3rd and 4th of August here, also the nights of the 2nd and 3rd, which passed in much the same way, but if anything a little worse owing to the deepening water, the vile smell, and the shortage of drinking water, which compelled us to drink the water out of the shell holes, which may have been full of dead bodies. On the evening of the 4th we expected a relief owing to the condition of the men, but instead were sent to the front line. Here, however, we were better off, the position being very much drier, the rain having stopped, but it was impossible to get your feet dry as the mud was very deep in places, as much as three feet. In some cases shell holes over six feet deep were levelled with the ground by the mud draining into them, and men walking about at night walked straight into them and would have

been drowned if assistance was not near. We spent our time here examining the country in front through our field glasses, as we knew we would attack across it at an early date. It seemed like a huge wilderness, absolutely ploughed up with shell fire, and dotted with German Strong Points of Concrete. There was a river about 400 yards in front which would have to be crossed, and in the distance you could see the remains of Zonnebeke. On our right ran the Ypres-Roulers Railway, which was practically blown to bits. On the whole we had a quiet two days here, and what we suffered from most was the filthy water. The shell fire was not very effective, and though we were shelled very heavily with the new Mustard Gas Shell, we suffered no casualties from it, although other regiments suffered very severely, as it eats through your clothes and irritates and blisters all your body.

On the evening of the 6th August, 1917, the long wished for relief orders came, and we were all ready to leave the line when our relief arrived; but the game was not over. At about 10-30 p.m. the "S.O.S." was fired on our right, and we perceived by the light of "Very Lights" that the enemy were forming up for attack. In a second, without a murmur all men ran, or rather rolled, as well as they could on their poor feet, to their positions, and our artillery barrage started. Between the noise and blinding flashes you could not tell where you were, but some of us tried to get to our advanced outpost line only to find we were checked half-way by the enemy barrage, and had to return. For some time we could get no communication with the outposts, but later a corporal got through the barrage and informed us that everything was alright, and later on everything quietened down, and it was a relief to feel a regiment in such a state as we were managed to repulse what would have been a very serious attack. The Higher Command themselves have told us they never shall forget our work.

At about 2-0 a.m. on the 7th August a heavy fog settled over the country, and because of it and the enemy gas shells it was very difficult to carry out the relief. However, at about 3-0 a.m. the relief was complete, and we started to try and find our way

down an unknown road which was wiped out by shell fire, so we had to march on a compass bearing. This was, in my opinion, the worst part of our whole tour. The officers or men could barely walk as their feet were too swollen; yet it had to be done, and we knew we had at least five miles to go before we could get rest, as if we waited a moment we would be caught by the fast approaching dawn.

The road was paved with dead bodies of every regiment, and in places you had to crawl over them, some lying there for days, some shot down in front of you as you pressed on. The scene is too disgusting to go into fully, and no imagination could extend far enough to believe the real horror we spent getting by that spot, and to make things worse the roar of our guns on each side of you and the enemy shells all round made you wonder if you were really alive. As we got further away things improved; there were comparatively few dead men, but dozens of horses blown to bits. However, it is best to leave this scene as it makes one sick to think of it. At about 7-0 a.m. we rested outside Ypres and had some tea, and met the rest of the battalion as they crawled in. Everyone was anxiously watching for their pal's faces in other companies, wondering if he would turn up or not, and all the officers wore sad faces, but for a very good reason, as the best officer in the battalion was killed while commanding his company. At about 8-0 a.m., 7/8/17, we got into motor lorries and went to our huts, where we had a good feed and sleep, and were not sorry to get away from the Ypres death-trap and the "Black Hole of Calcutta."

End of the First Advance, 1917.

Part II.

COMPRISING SECOND PHASE OF THE BATTLE OF YPRES, 1917.

None can realise the relief it was to get a decent sleep after being awake for a week, and to get some decent food and water.

We rested here till the 12th of August, when we received word that the Brigade had to be split up to

reinforce some of the other brigades. Over half the remains of our battalion were sent up the line that night in support. The remainder (90 men) were to form a wiring party under the *Royal Engineers*, and I was attached to this party, who spent the remainder of their time in this camp practising putting up barbed wire.

On the evening of the 14th the party returned from the line, having had comparatively few casualties, and their feet not being in too bad a condition, though they were standing in water all the time.

The following morning, 15th August, I went off with the wiring party to a more forward area, where we were to receive further orders and move up to the line that night. Our orders were to move forward that evening and early the following morning we were to await further orders, on receipt of which we were to move up to the *R.E.* Dump and draw wire and the necessary tools, then follow up the attack and put up the barbed wire fences in front of our strong points in broad daylight. It seemed a very risky job and we were not very sorry when we heard the wiring was cancelled.

At 10-0 p.m. we had a meal in a field beside some of our heavy guns, and then moved up to the old German support line, which was blown to pieces by our artillery fire prior to the attack, so we had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in shell holes so as to try and get some cover from the enemy artillery.

We arrived here at 3-0 a.m., 16th August, and at 4-0 a.m. settled down to try and rest, having been on the move for the whole day and night, but it was impossible to sleep owing to the artillery fire and constant roar of the guns. We knew that zero hour was sometime that morning and at any moment the artillery barrage would start.

Sharp at 4-45 a.m. there was a sudden burst of fire from every inch of ground for miles round. The ground trembled under your feet, the whole country blazed with fire, and almost immediately the enemy artillery retaliated, and shells were bursting all round. In the distance we could see our own barrage, a long line of flame, and mud and

rocks flying sky high. We waited and waited, but no orders came, so when the light improved we started to try and make our position a bit more shell-proof and comfortable. So we remained like a lot of lost sheep till about 3-0 p.m., when we saw a regiment coming up behind us. This, and the fact that we had seen few prisoners pass down told us the attack was not pressed home, and we were very disappointed, till we recognised that it was the remnants of our own battalion coming up. They brought the news, but ended up with the statement, which was always ready, "Wait till we get at the devils." They remained with us for about an hour, and we all clubbed together and had some grub. Then they moved off to reinforce the front line, a lot of worn out men, but determined to do or die. This was the last we saw of our battalion till we met again behind the line.

At 7-0 p.m. we received orders that we were attached to another brigade, and were to report there at once. This was a relief to us, as we then knew the wiring was cancelled, so moved off to reinforce the support line of our new brigade. On our way the Germans made a counter-attack, and again we had to sit down and wait until the barrage ceased, and we proved to be very lucky, as though the shells were falling all round us, we had not a single casualty at that point.

At about 10-0 p.m. the barrage ceased, and we moved on and got into our new position and settled down for the night. On the morning of the 17th inst. we started to clean up the trench, which I will not go into in detail; it is enough to mention that we were picking up skeletons, and bits of arms and legs, etc. In one place we entered, the remains of a dug-out, we found a man of a Scotch regiment sitting upright with his head blown clean off. However, after the cleaning up we settled down to rest again, and had a fairly quiet day, the only thing of interest being a certain Irish battalion who took shelter in the remains of a farm which was one of the German headquarters and got a very bad shelling. Later on I visited the spot and found the dead lying three deep and dozens of wounded; in fact they were badly mauled. This was the first

time I have seen the *R.A.M.C.* come really up to the firing line, but they spent the whole day carrying down the wounded, and were still at it when we were relieved.

At 10-0 p.m. on the evening of the 17th August the whole division was relieved, and we walked back by the same road as the previous relief to our camp behind the line. We rested here on the 18th, and on the morning of the 19th entrained and got well away from Ypres and no one ever wants to see the place again.

We then rested a few days 21 miles behind the line, but were visited by aeroplanes, and just before leaving were shelled by a 15 in. gun. This is the heaviest gun the Germans have, and to give an idea of its power it is enough to say that the shell weighs over two cwt., and in this case was fired at least 21 miles. Well we are now in a comparatively quiet front, and to use the General's own words, are "licking our wounds" for a few days, and will then start doing our bit again.

We are now the proudest division in France, and are spoken of by everyone as heroes.

When writing this I cannot forget to mention the work of the Scottish Division. We had the pleasure of relieving them when we first went into the line. They had been right through the attack, resisted two counter attacks, and held the line for three days till we relieved them. Together, with this, they were one of the few divisions that reached their objective, but had to retire owing to their flanks not being up with them.

This will give you a slight idea of what our men have to go through, but yet their spirit is ever unchanging, and they would go through it all again if called upon.

The following is an extract from a letter received by the Company Commanders from the Commanding Officer while in the front line at Ypres in the First Phase of the Battle, 1917:—

Sunday, August 5th, 1917.

Generals — and — have written me words which thrill me with pride for the honour of com-

manding a battalion with so grand a fighting spirit. Both generals write that they personally will speak to and thank the men as soon as we are out.

Tell all your officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of what I am telling you. We are not yet out of the wood; let us all see to it that at the eleventh hour nothing is done to detract from the high honour that has come to us. I appeal to you once again, officers and men, let us pull ourselves together for the last lap, let us carry out the relief in silence, cheerfulness and order, with no stragglers, no missing men, and no rifles or packs abandoned. Let us march out to the *Leinster* standard, of which the old —th has always prided itself.

As for the men, my heart has bled for you all during those days and nights of trial. I shall thank God when I see you all safely out, and there is no prouder Colonel in the whole British Army than I am to-day.

You have, one and all, officers, N.C.O.'s, and men, behaved magnificently.

Yours ever, ———.

ST. CECILIA'S ORGAN.

The Sacristan of St. Cecilia's, Rome, was showing the relics to a party of American tourists. "But where's her organ?" asked a lady. "Oh, Madam," the sacristan, with ready wit replied, "don't you know the Saint took that to Heaven."

**Eat less
Bread**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

SIR,—In the December number of the Magazine I notice that some one in the B.E.F. writes a final plea for Soccer. May I crave your indulgence and answer him.

I, not being so military, have no hesitation in "asking the reason why *not*?"

B.E.F. finds that "picked up" sides at Rugger make "a tedious and slow game." Might not one say the same of Soccer?

I fancy that the whole thing lies in the hands of those playing the game. If there is always keen competition for places in the first and second fifteens, for victories over other public schools (and one would always find it so, surely!) for winning the class leagues, etc. I am convinced that the game could not be described as either tedious or slow. I know it is neither at the schools where Rugger is played.

Again, B.E.F. played both Soccer and Rugger. So did I. And why? The answer is that we played Rugger after we left the Alma Mater, because we found that it is the game played by the majority of men with whom we mix after we leave school, viz., old public school men. Indeed we found it well nigh—if not altogether—impossible to get Soccer.

I agree that the fact of most other schools playing Rugger is the chief reason for our changing too, and the way I view it is this: Competition is essential to proficiency; if there is no competition keenness decreases and the game certainly does become dull and tedious.

I ask B.E.F., "In the old days which was the chief match of the year, the one which aroused the most enthusiasm?" The Rossall match, of course. Why? But my point is obvious. So let it be with Rugger. I believe that Rossall has taken to Rugger and I am confident that the same interest has never been taken in any soccer match since the Rossall

match was discontinued. (I have a brother 10 years my junior who keeps me informed on these matters; he is there).

I apologise for upholding what B.E.F. terms a "not very Catholic reason," but I fancy that the majority of O.S., and especially those who wish to see the Alma Mater prominent in games, agree with me.

For the latter half of his argument I would merely point out (a) that the authority of the monitor did not cease outside the Church (as many have occasion to remember who were at Stonyhurst with me): (b) What's in a name? By calling Rhetoric Upper VI. we gain nothing. There is no more efficiency or advancement attained. And finally, while being just as conservative about doing away with "old institutions, names, and customs," I am quite willing—indeed anxious—that improvements should be introduced into the Alma Mater. Rugger would be an improvement, and that is the opinion of all the O.S. I have met.

One more word. I see an appeal for some one to support the re-introduction of the old Stonyhurst game. There, sir, you have something which appeals to me very strongly. There we have something of which we can rightly be proud, something peculiar to ourselves, and something which really is a very old institution. Re-introduce it, and it will help the Rugger. The day of Soccer is over.

Yours,

"IRON RATION," I.C.C.

(Why "Iron Ration?" Because it's only to be used in the front line in cases of extreme emergency.)

THE BOURBON-PARMA PRINCES.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

B.E.F.,

December 28th, 1917.

DEAR FR. EDITOR,—In the December issue of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* you ask if anyone can clear up a difficulty about the de Bourbon Parma princes. I think I can oblige.

I stayed in the Parma household in attendance on the princes Felix and René for six weeks in the summer of 1912, and so know the whole family, including the present Emperor and Empress.

"My" two princes—who next year were at Stonyhurst—are still in Austria. It is two elder brothers, Siste and Xavier, who are with the Belgian Army. I met them in Paris in October, 1914, while on my way to Rome. I expressed my surprise on seeing them on this side of the battle line, and they said it was impossible for them to be on the same side as Germany. They were ready to stand by Austria in a punitive expedition against Serbia, but not to support Germany in a European war. They regretted the family division, but they were in earnest. They wanted to join the French Army but could not because they were barred for being Bourbons. They wanted to join the British Army, but could not because our law insisted on their becoming naturalised as Englishmen. They were then applying to the King of the Belgians, and if that failed, they told me they thought of trying Japan. For the time being they were doing Red Cross work in Paris, but they did not find sufficient scope for their zeal there. I asked them about the brothers Felix and René. They told me, I think, that the latter was doing ambulance work and that Felix, though a dragoon, was not fighting, and they did not think he would. Probably they both hold ornamentation positions round their brother-in-law now.

I hope this much, written in haste, will settle the matter for you.

What an inspiration the Magazine is! The stories of the fallen brave are magnificent tributes to our faith and our school. It is enormously gratifying to see how every Stonyhurst boy is recognised for courage and cheerfulness, straightness and cleanliness. Those four marks cannot be found together so commonly as those who only read the accounts of the Stonyhurst boys might suppose.

I hope I shall visit the old school again some day. There are two Stonyhurst boys in my division now—Fanning, Captain and M.C., who has become O.C. of his M.G.C., through his previous command—a Beaumont boy curiously enough, Hallinan, I think, was his name—getting wounded, and Verity,

who is in the R.F.A., whose acquaintance I have not yet made, but who has more than once been at my mass and received Holy Communion from me—the last time Christmas midnight. We have had in this division Major Synnott (now in England), Cassidy, late A.S.C., transferred to infantry, and Eyston, M.C., of the R.F.A., who got wounded and is now on Corps Staff somewhere.

One other note: Amoroso, who was killed at the beginning of the Somme offensive was in this division. He used to be very regular in making long journeys from a forward battery position to get to his duties.

Yours sincerely,

———, Chaplain, O.S., S.C.F.

THE BOURBON-PARMA PRINCES.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

THE FRONT,

December 30th, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received the December Magazine and have read the notice about the Princes de Bourbon. I am able to give you precise information about what you mentioned in the Magazine. Both Prince René and Felix never left the Belgian Army, where they are Artillery Lieutenants, and decorated with the "Croix de guerre Belge." Until quite recently, a month, perhaps, they were in my regiment, *Fifth Artillery Regiment*, Fifth Division; they have just been transferred to the *8th Artillery Regiment* of the Second Division. All these details I hold from my Major, who knew them intimately. The reports of the papers must be untrue; they have been misinformed. I think the matter will be thus cleared up.

I am still on observation work and will most probably be released in a short time.

Yours sincerely,

J. H., 79th Battery.

[This is still an interesting puzzle. Another correspondent kindly sends a picture from the *Daily Mail* undated, described as "An interesting Decoration;

President Poincaré decorating two princes of Bourbon Parma at the Western Front." Which two? Another newspaper cutting forwarded, paper and date not given, states: "Honours for Princes. Paris, Tuesday. During his visit to the front President Poincaré personally conferred the decoration of the Croix de Guerre on the two Princes Sixte and Xavier of Bourbon Parma, sub-lieutenants in the Belgian artillery, and brothers of the hereditary Arch-duke of Austria."—*Wireless Press*. Here is another incorrect statement, seeing that the Princes, all four of them, are brothers of the Empress of Austria. Where are the O.S. two? —Ed. S.M.

"RECORDS AND RECOLLECTIONS."

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

SIR,—In a letter which you wrote to me you hinted that you would be not unwilling to consider a contribution to the Magazine, and you furnished an opening for one by throwing out what seemed like a challenge: How many years as boy and philosopher was I at Stonyhurst? Exactly twelve; but even had this been the record number, I should gladly have owned to sharing that record with my venerated friend and early rector, the late Fr. Reginald Colley. If, as you say, Mr. O'Gorman was a student at Stonyhurst for 13 years, my claim is undone; though it may be added that years ago, I know not with what authority, Richard Ishmail told me that a record of 13 years could be claimed by the founder of the Moylan "Salmonship"—a friend and fellow-philosopher, I believe, of Fr. Ignatius O'Gorman, the brother of your claimant.

There is another record, however, which probably I am safe in claiming to have made jointly with my old school-fellow, J.B.T.-L. (R.I.P.). Between us we achieved the respectable total of 23 years, and our paternal grandfathers were both at St. Omers. With us, from Hodder up to Philosophy, was his brother E., who compiled either ten or nine years, *i.e.*, the three of us collectively had, at least, 32 years. Not so bad, was it? As Hodderitians, J. and I sat next, or near to one another at meals (in '86—7), and

again (in '95—6) in the Philosophers' Refectory, where we strove to compute, albeit most indifferent mathematicians, how many yards of the avenue could be covered with the stones of all the plums (more correctly, perhaps, damsons) from all the jam-flats that we had devoured in the different Refectories. About that time, to our great relief, the seemingly inexhaustible supplies of this particular kind of jam began to run low, and J., as ambassador, was deputed to lay before Father Pinnington the rival merits of other condiments. Debonnair as always, the G.O.M. courteously heard our plaint, but asked with a sly twinkle, "What will X. say?" What X. (who had a notorious tenderness for plum-jam-flats) may have said, chroniclers have never divulged; but the old "plum, plus, plum, multiplex, multiplum," was largely discontinued, and henceforth we revelled frequently in what Thackeray would have called "a rapture of" apricot.

Of other old stagers who were in Philosophy between '94 and '98, V. de V. had ten years to his credit; *cum laude contenderunt*, to mention only some, J.B.A., E.D.C., J.deG., L.R., and R.D.C. By himself must be put J.W., who, but for two biennial "alleybier," could perhaps have snatched the palm even from your record-claimant, O'G. Entering at Hodder, J.W., at the end of Poetry, withdrew for two years to learn farming; but before adopting this career, he returned as a Phil. in the autumn of '94 and stayed till Easter. For the next two years he was in Canada; but his *lode-Stonyhurst* (pardon the wretched pun) drew him back to Philosophy, to fill in his uncompleted summer term in '97. In '93 or '94 (I forget which), he had, as a visitor at Easter, played soccer for Past *versus* Present; in the summer of '97 he played cricket for Present *versus* Past. Collectively, these facts must be unique. With R.D.C., also, he figured in the athletic part of what (for aught I know) was the only "Vocal, Instrumental, and Pugilistic Concert" ever held in the Academy Room. This entertainment was organised by P. de Z., and included a gavotte composed by him, his musical gifts being always put ungrudgingly at the service of the College, especially of his fellow-Phil's. Throughout the winter each night

after supper he was at the piano, where Gilbert and Sullivan was freely, so to speak, "on tap." Other musical stars of magnitude were J.B., von S., and K.B. Looking back on this period, they might exclaim, as Dr. Johnson, with a complacent smile, said of the poets who had gone forth from Pembroke College, Oxford: "Sir, we were a nest of singir g-birds."

The foregoing facts and figures may seem trivial to a more recent generation, yet, possibly, in connection with "records" they are worth setting down for the benefit of statisticians, now that Philosophy is for the present (to use a bull) a thing of the past. More topical, to judge from recent issues of the *S.M.*, is the question of Stonyhurst Playground Football—a game of which, in some sort, the present writer may be said to have penned the panegyric. This, under the title of *Shrovetide Musings*, must have appeared in the *S.M.* shortly after the first Grand Match-less Shrovetide, and turned on the purely rhetorical question, "What play are they having at Stonyhurst for Shrovetide this year? *Hamlet*, doubtless—but without the Prince of Denmark; for it was the play upon the sunlit gravel, not the play upon the limelit boards, that made the marrow and joy of Shrovetide." What piece was to be staged, the writer had no inkling; curiously enough, however, it actually was *Hamlet*. To another question—"Who gave the old game its *ictus gratiosus*? Who was it that, in the last playground match, kicked the last of the little footballs into Limbo?"—might have been added the inquiry: "Did his toe feel no remorseful twinge, as the Baron of Shurland's toe twinged painfully in kicking away the skull of that nobleman's faithful old charger, Grey Dolphin?" Men trembled when "the Baron of Shurland called for his boots"; the classical parallel taught us at Stonyhurst was that of a neighbouring inn-keeper, Black Jack, who, having vainly asked a party of rowdies to quit his tap-room, gave his wife the laconic mandate, 'Fotch ma clogs!' These were straightway brought; already, however, the rowdies had hurriedly vanished. Gone, like them, at any rate for the nonce, are Stonyhurst Football and the "Gentlemen" (quaint prefix) Philosophers. But

Shirk stands perennial, although—*heu devota domus!*—it is said to have been threatened with speedy demolition for more than half a century. Will its present inmates ever have to bewail its disappearance.

Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
Trojæ: Nos fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum?

If so, theirs too will be the gracious impulse to add, in the words of that other Baron, the Bradwardine of *Waverley*: "Fuimus Troes—and that's the end of an auld sang; but houses and families and men have a' stood lang enough when they have stood till they fall with honour."

I am, Sir,

Yours *ex corde*,

T.M.W.

O.T.C. NOTES.

We regret to announce the departure of C.S.M. P. Bell, C.Q.M.S. H. Broadbent, Sergts. H. Firth and R. McLaughlan, Dr.-Sergt. G. Mitchell, Corpls. W. Withall, H. Hoseason, and D. O'Sullivan-Beare, and Lance-Corpl. T. Robinson. We offer them our heartiest thanks for their good work, and wish them all success in their new careers

With the departure of the first four of the above, the O.T.C. loses four Musketry Instructors, who were in the original party that attended the course at Altcarr last Easter.

Sergt. C. Taunton, and Corpls. H. Croucher, and J. Howitt passed the Efficiency Test for 400 marks on December 5th, their Musketry being especially praised.

Second Lieutenants R. Hull, B. Swindells, and P. Beisly, attended a three weeks' course at Chelsea during the vacation. 2nd Lieut. I. O'Hen and four N.C.O.'s attended a course at Chester, an account of which we print below.

The following is the list of promotions and N.C.O.'s :
C.S.M. : J. A. D. Ferguson ; *C.Q.M.S.* : C. Taunton ;
Platoon Serjts. : A. Isola (No. 1), H. Croucher (No. 2),
 F. Bloomfield (No. 3), E. Pyke (No. 4) ; *Corpls.* : A.
 Harvey-James, H. Sire, D. O'Shea, C. Skrimshire, R.
 Smith, R. Danson, G. Burns, J. Howitt ; *Lance-Corpls.* :
 A. Wingfield, R. Gibson, G. Imossi, W. Dalton, R. Camp-
 bell, H. Gurrin, M. de la Bédoyère ; *Signallers* : Lance-
 Corpl. D. Ward ; *Assistant Q.M.S.* : Lance-Corpl. F.
 Andersen ; *BAND—Sergt.* : P. Malone ; *Corpl.* : Jos.
 Ferguson.

Physical Training, under 2nd Lieut. I. O'Hea, is
 already in full swing. The staff is divided up as follows :
C.S.M. Jas. Ferguson, No. 1 Platoon ; *C.Q.M.S.* C.
 Taunton, No. 2 ; *Sergt.* F. Bloomfield, No. 3 ; and
Sergt. P. Malone, No. 4. It is hoped that, if satis-
 factory progress is made with the essential parts of the
 training, a course of Bombing may be started before
 the end of the year.

Two teams, one in each division, will be entered for
 the Imperial Challenge Shield Competition. Those
 selected to shoot must do their best to put the Corps
 as high on the list as possible, *i.e.*, first.

THE CHESTER COURSE.

"Well, what was Chester like ?" one is sometimes
 asked. It is really rather a large question to be an-
 swered all in one breath, as is often expected. Perhaps
 a sort of time table is the best thing to start off with.

8-45 saw the whole school assembled in the drill hall
 for roll call and inspection by the orderly officer.

9-0. Parade till 12-30, with two breaks of fifteen
 minutes each.

2-0 p.m., parade till 4-15, with one 15 minutes break ;
 after 4-15, fatigues (such fatigues).

5-45 till 6-45 (which somehow was at 7-15) was the
 compulsory voluntary parade.

Then just time to get back to billets, have dinner
 and go to bed, at the earliest opportunity, which
 generally meant 10-0 p.m.

This time table looks formidable enough, but put in
 incessant bending and stretching of arms, punching
 and parrying and what not with the bayonet ("bar-
 nacle" is what the instructor has called it, more in
 sorrow sometimes than in anger), raising and lowering
 of every conceivable limb, doing "abominable exer-
 cises which have a beneficial effect on the colonel's
 organs (that's here)," scampering about the drill hall,
 sitting down suddenly and standing up again equally

suddenly, suffering mental and bodily anguish of the
 deepest dye, and you'll get a fair idea of our "daily
 bread" at Chester ; be assured that we did not pray for
 it in this case.

It would take too long to tell of all those who, at
 least in the instructor's mind, were fed on springs,
 wires, or porridge, of the officer who was always gazing
 heavenwards, of the one (you can guess why), we called
 "ole Bill's little brother," and the thousand and one
 things which went to brighten the monotony of work.
 But just one word of advice to any who might have the
 good fortune to go to Chester for P.T. or B.T., if you
 have any feeling for your fellow creatures, avoid mis-
 takes when in such a position as "on the hands down, or
 one hand turn, leg raise," or "on guard," or you will
 spend a lot of time in these, and other, most strenuous
 positions, and will call down many maledictions, not
 least of all, your own.

We were stiff, eased and "fed up" in turns, that
 latter only when off parade, for our instructor had a
 marvellous way of infusing vigour into the most languid.
 If we did not show enough fight when using the bayonet,
 we were shown pictures by Bateman, of "the recruit
 who took to it kindly" ; we were introduced into the
 instructor's domestic circle ; why, he had three old
 women of ninety with rheumatics, numerous little boys
 and girls between two and six years of age at home
 who could "put more ginger into it" than we could,
 besides the instructor was getting on for eighty himself,
 he ought to have been a fisherman, and would have
 made a good golfer, in an unparliamentary way.

But whatever weeping and gnashing of teeth, what-
 ever grumblings or ideas of revenge against *C.S.M.*
 Darrell, the fact remains that Stonyhurst was able
 to show her prowess by obtaining an average of 46.875
 out of 50, and being beaten by only four marks. It
 therefore behoves all true Stonyhurst boys of the present
 generation to keep up the reputation which has been
 made for them at Chester, and to put their heart and
 soul into the P.T. work ; and besides this, they must
 remember that physical fitness means national pros-
 perity, never losing sight of the ideal, "*mens sana in
 corpore sano.*"

We may also whisper that at the Annual Inspection
 it will be P.T. to which the Inspecting Officer will
 especially look.

The following attended the course : 2nd Lieut. I. J.
 O'Hea, *Sergt.* Jas. Ferguson, *Sergt.* P. Malone, and
Lance-Corpl. Bloomfield.

J. A. D. FERGUSON, *C.M.S.*

C. TAUNTON, *C.Q.M.S.*



STONYHURST UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.

The following is a resumé of recent debates:—

On Sunday, November 18th, the Prime Minister moved: "That in the opinion of this House, Academies as such, should be discontinued."

The speakers were as follows:

Ministry:

Hon. Prime Minister.
D. Ward (London Univ.).
*D. O'Duffy (Kilkenny).
A. Treneman (Liverpool).
P. Malone (Dowan Hill).
P. Wellard (Southport).
E. Cosgrove (Kildare).
W. Marchant (Brighton).
L. Robertson (Brehin).
*T. Laughton (Scarboro').
O. Fox (Warrington).
F. Semphill (Perth).
C. Taunton (Taunton).
Hon. Prime Minister.

Opposition:

P. Hannan (Dublin).
*R. Danson (Chester).
*E. Croucher (Land's End).
H. O. Robinson (Singapore).
*B. Feeny (Uxbridge).
E. Pyke (Harrogate).
*D. O'Shea (Kerry).
L. McDonald (Edinburgh).
G. Cole (Londonderry).
Hon. Leader of the Oppos'n

* Denotes Speaker for Admission.

In this debate three kinds of speeches were distinctly noticeable, those which dealt with the meaning of the words "as such," and did not succeed in giving a satisfactory explanation, those which compared the merits of the various styles of academies as a secondary consideration to the merits of their classes, and finally those which treated academies as a bore. It is all very well for A to get up and say that a thing is so, and for B to promptly say "No"; C to say "Yes," and alternately "No" and "Yes," but unless some real argument is produced in support of one side or the other, not even the Z to the nth speaker can clear the mystery, and we get "no forrader." This is a dangerous habit, which is, unfortunately, creeping into the debates.

With reference to the third type of speech above-mentioned, it must be said that it is very trying to hear a continual bleating of the word "bore, bore . . . (ad. lib)" during a debate.

Tradition was an argument adduced against the motion but proved (shall we say it?), a "wash-out." Many speakers were considerably egoistical, some personal, others tried to be funny, a few were so; but on the whole, despite the furious invectives against Second and Third Playrooms, despite the obscure clarity of the motion, the debate was, at least in the President's estimation, an improvement on former debates of the year. Votes:—

FOR THE MOTION	23
AGAINST THE MOTION	18

The Motion was therefore carried by five votes.

A vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. Wilton and D'Arcy for having so kindly attended the debate.

The following have been admitted to the Club:—

D. O'Duffy (Kilkenny).	R. Danson (Chester).
H. Croucher (Land's End).	H. O. Robinson (Singapore).
B. Feeny (Uxbridge).	P. Laughton (Scarboro').
D. O'Shea (Kerry).	

The following has been added to the Rules of the Club:

"No one who leaves and re-enters the Club in the same School year may speak in the Prize Debate of that year."

On Sunday, December 5th, the Motion was introduced—"That this House would view with disapproval the granting of Home Rule to India."

The following were the speakers:—

Ministry:

Hon. Prime Minister.	G. Burns (Wimbledon).
R. C. Smith (Lancaster).	M. Trappes-Lomax (Hurst Green).
C. Taunton (Taunton).	
G. Imossi (Gibraltar).	H. Croucher (Land's End).
D. O'Sullivan-Beare (Kingstown).	H. Firth (Preston).
Hon. Prime Minister.	Hon. Leader of the Oppos'n

15 others did not speak.

The subject on hand in this debate gave at least one speaker a chance of airing his views on the yellow peril, but was certainly too wide a question for discussion by any body other than Parliament. On this account many arguments were vague, and most shewed misapprehension of the facts of the case. One member, indeed, worth quoting, admitted that he couldn't find any sensible argument, and thought that "for England to rule India was quite as absurd as for India to rule England," but he gave no reasons.

It would have been better had the opening speech not dealt with the Council in India and the Council of India, and "nine men who had been in India for ten years" (or vice versa), for the House could not quite understand it all. England was symbolised by one speaker as a "cow-elephant" which sat on a "nest of fluffy orphans" to mother them, but only succeeded in smothering them. Statistics were used by some, Whittaker by one, as a basis for argument.

The Hon. Member for Kingstown was the only speaker who had any clear facts to argue from, and certainly made the best speech of the session. He recounted how some Home Rule literature had been seized in London, and added significantly that the author, an Indian, was an undesirable, with Teutonic support behind him.

Another typical instance of the type of argument now becoming prevalent—if the argument "Why shouldn't India have Home Rule?" is to have any force, the argument "Why should?" is quite as strong, and no reasons were given.

The debate was very short, there being only 11 speeches made, which was owing to lack of (i) time for any more, (ii) enthusiasm to vote for a second session.

Only three members voted for an adjournment! but there was really nothing interesting in the debate, which may possibly be an excuse for this occurrence.

The votes were—

FOR THE MOTION	19
AGAINST THE MOTION	20

The motion was therefore lost by one vote, and (according to Rule 6, S.U.D.S.), P. Bell becomes Prime Minister, A. Isola Leader of the Opposition.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Wilton for having attended the debate.

CYPRIAN TAUNTON, *Hon. Sec.*

FOOTBALL.

STONYHURST v. THE OFFICERS FROM ST. ANNE'S.

November.

VISITORS.—2nd Lieut. Higgins; 2nd Lieut. Groves, 2nd Lieut. Flood; 2nd Lieut. Barron, Major D. J. R. Richards, D.S.O., 2nd Lieut. Haugh; 2nd Lieut. Harley Wilson, 2nd Lieut. Fielden, 2nd Lieut. Rich, 2nd Lieut. Gibson, 2nd Lieut. Inglis. 12th Man: 2nd Lieut. Hunting

STONYHURST.—A. Smail; H. Broadbent, Jas. Ferguson; R. Danson, P. Bell, H. Firth; D. O'Sullivan-Beare, R. McLaughlan, A. Isola, J. Howitt, R. Gibson.

REFEREE: Rev. Mr. D'Arcy.

Our second out match of the season was played under very trying conditions. A steady drizzle had been falling and continued to do so throughout the match: the ground itself had been made extremely heavy by the rain of the past few days. However, despite the weather conditions the match was quite a success.

The visitors, winning the toss, elected to play towards the College. Early in the first half their guarder hurt his ankle while clearing in the goal mouth and had to leave the field, the twelfth man ably filling his post. During this half the play was fairly even on both sides. 2nd Lieut. Hunting distinguished himself in goal and 2nd Lieut. Gibson forced his way dangerously near our goal several times. Bell and Firth, after some neat passing, deserved a goal, and Gibson put in a good shot from the wing. Half-time:

VISITORS	0
STONYHURST	0

On the re-opening of the game play settled down in the visitors' half, with the exception of one occasion on which they got through and nearly scored. Danson, who was very useful on the defensive in the first half, nearly scored soon after half-time. Later, in a scrum in front of the goal-mouth, McLaughlan, who had also played a good game, scored. During this half several openings were wasted owing to our men being frequently offside. 2nd Lieut. Flood played an excellent game as left-back, and 2nd Lieut. Harley Wilson ran the ball up several times, but was unfortunately not supported. Towards the end of the game McLaughlan got through and passed to Howitt, who put the ball into the net. Result:

VISITORS	0
STONYHURST	2

This proved a well-contested and an interesting match. Good individual play was displayed on both sides, but the heaviness of the ground and greasy ball did not allow of much combination. The guarders of both teams are to be congratulated on their play, and 2nd Lieut. Gibson for the energy and skill which he displayed. Broadbent, as back, kept the ball too long, but otherwise he, as well as Ferguson, showed good form, as also did the halves. We would here commend Major Richards, D.S.O., for his pluck in playing out the game, although early in the second half he hurt his injured arm through falling on it.

H. SIRE.

STONYHURST v. COMMUNITY.

December 1st, 1917.

COMMUNITY.—Revs. Mr. Beisly; Mr. Hull, Mr. Campbell; Mr. Watson, Mr. McQuillin, Mr. O'Hea; Mr. Swindells, Mr. Brady, Mr. Mather, Mr. Treanor, Mr. Darbyshire.

STONYHURST.—A. Smail; H. Broadbent, Jas. Ferguson; R. Danson, P. Bell, H. Firth; D. O'Sullivan-Beare, R. McLaughlan, A. Isola, J. Neely, R. Gibson.

The return match against the Community was very disappointing, and this largely owing to the weather, the conditions of which were much the same as in the last match. The ground was, if anything, heavier, and the rain, which commenced after half-time, was more than a drizzle; also there was a very strong wind blowing.

In the first half, having won the toss, the Boys played with the wind towards the College. Play was evenly distributed in both halves, and shortly after the opening of the game McLaughlan scored. Following this Mr. Mather got through and put in a good shot, which the wind diverted from the goal. Mr. Treanor also tried. The Community then pressed for a while; the ball was, however, forced away, and a run up the field resulted in a corner. Taking the kick Gibson placed the ball very neatly, but the forwards failed to put it through. As in the last match, several openings were spoilt by off-sides on the part of the College. Towards the close of the first half Mr. Brady equalised with a beautiful shot from a very difficult angle. Half-time:

COMMUNITY	1
STONYHURST	1

During the second half it was raining very hard, and the match became very uninteresting. Having sprained his ankle, Mr. Treanor was forced to leave the field.

Except for several good attempts by Mr. Mather and Mr. Darbyshire, and some good defence work by Mr. Watson, nothing of importance occurred until towards the close of the match, when Isola scored. Result:

COMMUNITY	1
STONYHURST	2

As might have been expected, the match under such conditions was not as interesting as the first. During the first half Mr. Treanor put in some excellent long shots against the wind. In this half Beare and McLaughlan played a good game together. Gibson was also useful on the wing. The backs, though hard pressed, and in the second half taxed by the wind, put up a good defence, Broadbent clearing several times.

H. SIRE.

STONYHURST v. WHALLEY HOSPITAL.

Played on the Hospital Ground on December 13th.

STONYHURST.—A. Smail; H. Broadbent, Jas. Ferguson; R. Danson, P. Bell, H. Firth; D. O'Sullivan-Beare, R. McLaughlan, A. Isola, J. Neely, R. Gibson.

The weather on this day, considering that of the preceding days, came as an agreeable surprise, and at the opening of the match it was quite mild, with some sunshine. Owing, however, to the recent frost and sudden thaw, the ground was very heavy and extremely slippery. The boys, winning the toss, played with a slight slope against them. Soon after the kick-off Isola pressed forward twice, and should have scored the second time, but an off-side was given. After the kick their right wing securing the ball ran it down and scored with a difficult shot. After much keen, varied, and interesting play the ball was taken up the wing and centred, whereupon Neely scored our first goal. Except for some good defence work on Firth's part, and several good tries from Gibson and McLaughlan, nothing further of importance occurred until half-time. Half-time:

STONYHURST	1
WHALLEY	1

The second half opened with both sides pressing hard alternately. The slope of the ground was now in favour of Stonyhurst, but it was beginning to get colder and appreciably darker. Just after, the centre Gibson ran up the wing and shot well, but failed to score; their guarder kicked off, but our forwards were a little back and consequently got the ball, pushed through and bombarded the goal. The ball was then cleared, but



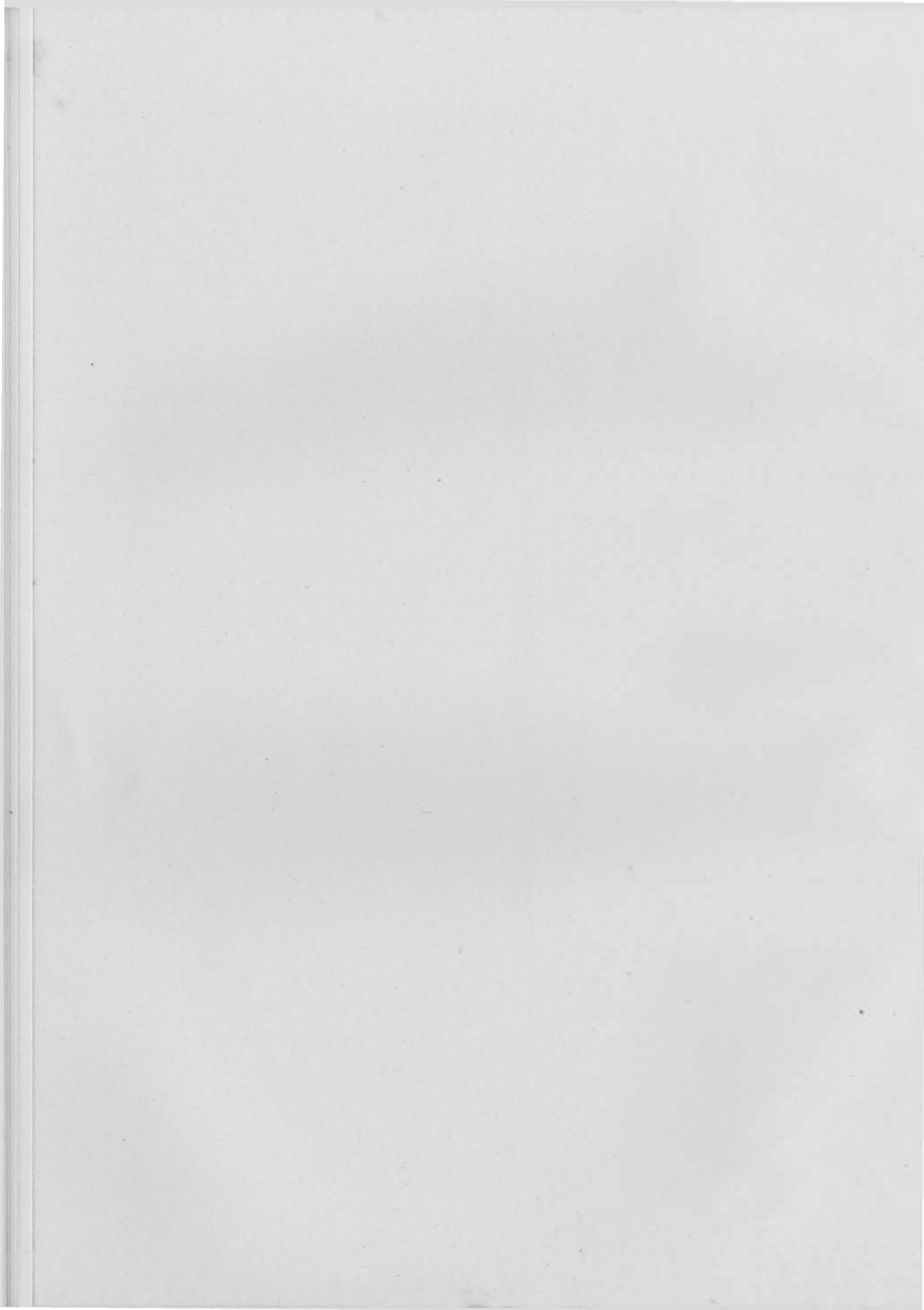
1.—THE SECOND PLAYROOM FOOTBALL XI.

Alb. Waterkeyn. F. Edlmann. W. Haddon-Cave. W. Biller.
J. Booth. F. Bloomfield. Jos. Ferguson. W. Jones. J. Burgess.
G. Holmes. E. Haddon-Cave.



2.—THE THIRD PLAYROOM FOOTBALL XI.

A. Barrow. P. Bouchier. B. Cragg. I. Shaughnessy. C. Eastwood.
G. Fletcher. M. Rodrigue. H. Curley. W. Cole. E. Biller.
C. Pyke. V. Waring.



again the forwards got it and again they bombarded. Eventually, however, the ball was rushed up the field, but Danson, who was always turning up at such moments, dribbled and cleared. Once more Gibson took the ball down the wing, centred, and secured a corner. Taking the kick, he passed neatly to McLaughlan, who then scored our second goal. After the centre they started pressing, but Firth was ready and cleared well. Again they pressed and this time they shot and nearly scored, the ball just rolling on the wrong side of the post. Play then continued for some time without any notable event on either side. A little later Firth, when clearing, passed the ball to Beare, who took it down the wing, he centred, passing to Isola, who then scored our third goal. Play then settled in our half for some time, during which the halves and Broadbent were conspicuous for their defence work. Taking the kick after a foul, the left back for Whalley sent in a splendid shot from a little past the half-way line, which nearly scored a goal, and resulted in a corner.

The light was now rapidly failing, and consequently when Firth, who had taken the ball from their forwards, sent in a magnificent long shot, a question arose as to whether it was a goal or not. The linesmen were consulted and the verdict given was no goal. The last few minutes of play were uneventful, and at the end the score stood:

STONYHURST	3
WHALLEY HOSPITAL	1

Everyone agrees that this was a thoroughly well contested match, and that the sides were very even. The XI. as a whole are to be congratulated on their play on this occasion. Gibson and Neely worked hard in the forward line. Danson, Bell and Firth were excellent throughout, and Broadbent played a steady and useful game. We are all looking forward to a return match.

HENRY SIRE.

STONYHURST 2ND XI. v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

3rd December, 1917.

With a cloudy day and a hard ground, both elevens met on Smith's Field. Our eleven lost the toss, so that they played towards Hurst Green. At the beginning of the game Stonyhurst lacked combination. However, we forced the ball to our opponents' goal, and several shots were taken without result. Still, it was not long before the ball was carried to our goal, and with a long shot St. Francis Xavier's scored. This instead of discouraging encouraged our XI. De Freitas received a neat pass from Howitt, which he returned, thus enabling Howitt to open our score.

As the score on both sides was equal, and it was nearly half-time both teams played hard, with the result that our opponents' right wing shot a goal right out of our guarder's reach.

At half-time the score was 2—1 for St. Francis Xavier's.

In Fr. Rector's presence and amidst clamorous shouts from the spectators the game was resumed, and they had not long to wait, when de Freitas scored two goals in succession, followed by Howitt, thus making a total of 4—2 for Stonyhurst. However, our opponents were not to be baffled, and they scored another. Meanwhile Stonyhurst worked hard until Howitt succeeded in shooting a clear goal. With good centres from Treneman, de Freitas and Howitt both shot into the net, followed by Feeny, who closed the total for Stonyhurst with 8—3.

Great praise is due to our 2nd XI., who once again managed to uphold their good name—especially Howitt, de Freitas, Treneman, and Croucher, who played a very good game.

STONYHURST 2ND XI.—D. O'Shea; W. Murray, A. Wingfield; J. Stourton, H. Croucher, J. Malone; B. Feeny, E. de Freitas, J. Howitt, R. Corkery, N. Treneman.

Many thanks are due to Rev. H. Mather for kindly acting as referee.

G.F.I.

STONYHURST LOWER LINE XI. v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

Choice of sides fell to St. Francis Xavier's, who decided to play towards the College, with the wind behind them. Almost immediately following the kick-off St. Francis Xavier's forward line got away with the ball, but Jones tackling well cleared up-field. Both sides played up well and pressed the attack alternately, the play being very even for the greater part of the first half. Our forwards now worked the ball up the field, and following on a good centre from Waterkyne, Booth put in a good shot, narrowly missing a goal. A strong free kick from the St. Francis Xavier's back gave their right wing the ball, who centred rather too early, but a scrummage before the goal was terminated by a twisting shot from the St. Francis Xavier's centre, which found the net just escaping our guarder's grasp. Stonyhurst now made a determined attack, and Booth trapping a pass from Burgess, found the net with a low, fast shot. Our forwards now warmed to the attack, pressed hard again and forced a corner, from which Edleman shot just over

the bar. The play now moved to mid-field, and when the whistle sounded for half-time the score was still even:—

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S	1
STONYHURST	1

There is much to be said in excuse for the unsteadiness of our defence during the first half. The hard and treacherous ground proved a considerable handicap, rendering long passes both difficult and dangerous. The second half, however, showed that given time, Stonyhurst could well accustom themselves to such disadvantages.

The opening of the second half was marked by very good play in the forward line. The wing men, Biller and Waterkyne, judged their passing well, and Booth, Edleman, and Cave took full advantage of every opportunity, scoring at short intervals. The play now became brisker and more developed and Stonyhurst, now on their mettle, rapidly increased their lead. The halves continued to back up their forwards exceedingly well, and Booth's fine heading came into use periodically in front of the goal.

Goal succeeded goal in spite of the fact that the condition of the ground was inclined to hamper the speed of our wing men, who, however, played a steady game throughout, and full time found the score 13—1 in Stonyhurst's favour.

2ND PLAYROOM XI.—W. Haddon-Cave; Holmes, Bloomfield; Ferguson, Jones, Burgess; Biller, E. Haddon-Cave, Booth, Edleman, and Waterkyne.

W. N. TRENEMAN.

THIRD PLAYROOM XI. v. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S XI.

Having won the toss the Xaverian XI. elected to play down the field. The match commenced with some very pretty play on the part of the opposing forwards, and our backs were hard put to stop them. They nearly succeeded in scoring in the first few minutes, but our backs finally cleared the ball, and some general play followed. The opposing forwards then again made a combined rush, and brought the ball to our goal mouth. Being hampered from shooting, a scrum was formed and the issue was most uncertain, till one of their forwards succeeded in scoring. Following this the forwards of both sides struggled hard for the mastery of the ball, but after some alternate attacks half-time was given, the score being 1—0 for St. Francis Xavier's XI.

In the second half Third Playroom determined to win. Some good combined efforts were made, but each time the Xaverian backs were equal to the occasion.

At length, however, our energy was to be rewarded. Barrow, on receiving a pass from the centre half, very cleverly worked the ball down to the opposing goal mouth, and scored an excellent goal. Play then continued about the centre, and occasionally a rush was made by one of the teams, which only resulted in corners, which did not prove of any use. At this period of the game Barrow again got the ball, and repeating his previous tactics, with the help of his inside forward, he manœuvred the ball down to shooting distance, and then scored with an excellent shot. The Xaverian XI. now made some combined efforts to equalise, and though the ball was dangerously near our goal two or three times, nevertheless the opposing forwards failed to score. The match ended with the score 2—1 for Third Playroom XI.

In this match Third Playroom XI. were not up to their usual form. The opposing team's combination was superior and they lost the match only because of their weak shooting. Their right back played an excellently cool game, and was a constant hindrance to our left. Their halves fed their forwards very well. Their XI. on the whole played very good and scientific football, and many points may be gained from their methods.

R McL.

MUSIC NOTES.

On the feast of St. John Berchman's the "Missa de Angelis," was sung at seven o'clock, the trebles and altos being in the stalls; the quality of the singing was good, but, as is only to be expected at such an early hour and before breakfast, it was not very powerful.

On December 1st, the feast of Blessed Edmund Campion, the High Mass was sung by Silas C. The offertory piece, Crookall's "Justorum Animæ," was executed with more finish and precision on this occasion than on All Saints.

In the evening the Orchestra performed Haydn's "Second Symphony" (last movement), and two marches before and between the plays; the marches, "The Standard Bearer March" (Farbach), and "El Capitan" (Sousa), were well received.

On December 8th Beethoven's Mass in C. was sung, with Abt's "Ave Maria" for an offertory piece; the mass was rendered very creditably considering the difficulty of the composition. In the evening we were greatly honoured by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan; everybody deeply regretted that Mr. Sheridan had been unable to appear at the last Shrovetide concert, and all

were very pleased to see him again. Mr. Sheridan delighted us for an hour and a half by his brilliant rendering and masterful interpretation of a very varied and excellent programme. He was enthusiastically received, and several pieces were encored. Appended is the programme :—

1. ROMANCE	Rehfeld
2. SCHERZO TARANTELE	Wieniawski
3. SERENADE	Townsend
4. GIRSV AIRS	Sarasate
5. BERCEUSE	Tschetschulin
6. MOTO PERPETUO	Novacek
7. LEGEND	Wieniawski
8. OBERTASS MAZURKA... ..	Wieniawski
9. HUMORESKE	Dvorak
10. SWING SONG	Barns
11. AVE MARIA	Schubert-Wilhelmj
12. POLONAISE IN D.	Wieniawski
AT THE PIANO ... Mrs. J. P. SHERIDAN.	

On December 10th a dirge was sung by the Choir for William Copeland, who died at Hodder on December 7th. On the following day the Requiem and the Burial Service took place at ten o'clock.

On December 11th we had the usual Christmas Concert, which was organised entirely by the boys ; it was greatly enjoyed by all, especially the shadow pantomime, which was the concluding item.

On January 27th we were pleased to hear Mr. Mc Ardlo once more at the organ ; we sincerely hope that he will long continue to charm us with his music in the Church.

On February 2nd the music for the High Mass was Gounod's "Messe du Sacré Cœur." At the offertory Acadelt's (A.D. 1490—1556) beautiful "Ave Maria" was sung.

W.A.T.M.

REVIEWS.

MÈRE MARIE DE JÉSUS.

FOUNDESS OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE ASSUMPTION.

PREFACE BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE.

Longmans, Green & Co. Price 3s.

The fruitfulness of the Church of God is shown in its adaptability to the social needs of every age in the course of its existence. Hence, from time to time new religious institutions arise suited to the peculiar conditions of the nations. Such is the religious congrega-

tion of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, whose work is the nursing of the sick poor in their own homes. Hence comes it that by their lives of devotion and self-sacrifice the sisters are able to exercise an apostolate in the families of the labouring classes, and while tending the sick, are efficacious in raising the spiritual tone of the workers. The foundress of the congregation was, under the direction of Père Pernet, a Father of the Congregation of the Augustinians of the Assumption, Antionette Fage, in religion Mère Marie de Jésus. How Almighty God prepared this chosen soul, by an intimate experience of sorrows and sufferings, for the great apostolate that she was to exercise in the Church, the wise direction of Père Pernet, and the history of the first foundation of the Congregation, are fully described in the book under review. It is a wonderful story of a particular vocation, and of its gradual development. The edifying details of the life set forth, the formation of the spiritual character of the foundress, the trials she had to endure, are told in a simple, straightforward manner, which will appeal to all who desire the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

SHORTER BOOK NOTICES.

We can heartily commend the lives of "St. Hugh of Lincoln," and of "St. Theresa," which are published by Messrs. Washbourne, at 1/3 each, written by F. A. Forbes. They form part of the series "Standard-Bearers of the Faith." Written in a simple, clear, and charming style, they extract and weave together the salient facts in the lives of the saints in a most attractive manner. They are admirably suited for spiritual reading for the young, being full of episode, and are not without their appeal to those who are older, and have not the time or leisure for reading longer and more elaborate lives. The printing, in large type, and the illustrations are very good.—From the same firm we have also received two little shilling manuals, "The Boyhood of a Priest," by Armel O'Connor, and "Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," by the late Father R. Ratcliffe, S.J. In the "Boyhood of a Priest," the lessons so well inculcated in a series of short chapters, are appropriate not only for those who have a desire for the priesthood, but for all boys. Every boy who has moral, physical, and intellectual fitness, joined with a desire for that great dignity, has the foundations of a vocation for the priesthood. The author, however, seems to think that the call to the priesthood comes as a sudden inspiration from Almighty God. "Do you often think," he writes, "of that great moment when you discovered that your vocation was for the priesthood?" Boys who think that they have no such call, will probably not read the book, which would be a pity.

Father Ratcliffe's little book is an admirable dogmatic and devotional epitome of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is distinguished by great clearness of thought, and by simplicity and directness of expression. It ought to do much good.

Every Catholic ought to be grateful to Lady Lovat for translating the treatise of Father Nieremberg, S.J., entitled "*Del Aprecio y Estima de la Divina Gracia*." She calls it "*The Marvels of Divine Grace*," and it is published by *Messrs. Washbourne* for the price of 1/-. There is an illuminating Preface to the English translation by the Right Rev. Abbot Hunter-Blair, O.S.B. The study of this little book, for it requires study and meditation, would be a salutary antidote to the spirit of materialism that is so rife in the world at present. How many Catholics, even, realise, all that the participation in the very Nature of God, so far as human nature is capable of such a participation, imports and means. Sound theology, and its counterpart solid piety, are the characteristics of this short but comprehensive treatise. The book is divided into four sections, treating of "*The Nature of Grace*," "*On the Sublime Union with God to which we are introduced through Divine Grace*," "*On the Effect and Fruits of Grace*," and "*On some prerogatives of Divine Grace*."

The same firm has also sent us, price 1/3, "*The Catholic Diary for 1918*." Besides the statistics, which are useful for Catholics, the page devoted to each day in the Diary proper contains the Feast, occurrences which are interesting to Catholics, and an excellent quotation from the spiritual writings of an accredited Catholic author, or an aphorism from the works of a Saint. It can be highly recommended.

Price 2d., we have a very useful "*New Explanatory Catechism of Christian Doctrine*," that is the ordinary catechism taught in our schools, with explanatory notes, and explanations of all phrases or words that might present difficulty to scholars. It is well conceived and executed.

Messrs. Washbourne have also submitted to us "*The Straight Religion*," by Father Benedict, O.S.S.S. The author, who is a chaplain at the front, has learned by his own experience what questions the non-Catholics are asking about the Church. Here is his straight and direct answer, a handy compendium of Catholic doctrine and theology, full of apt illustrations, homely, and to the point. The chapters on finding the True Church of God, Her Infallibility, Her Notes, and on the Primacy of St. Peter, are clear, concise, and well put together. This is a manual which is well adapted for the instruction of converts. The published price is 2/- net.

PASSIO CHRISTI.

MEDITATIONS FOR LENT. BY MOTHER ST. PAUL.

Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1918. Price 4/6.

Anyone who wishes to have a good meditation book for Lent and Passiontide, should procure this work. It is written by one who, as Superioress of the Retreat House, Hagley Road, Birmingham, has had a long and varied experience in dealing with those who have made retreats at various times under her care and supervision. It is full of piety, and of practical and effective, as distinguished from mere affective piety. There is a meditation for every day, beginning with Quinquagesima Sunday, and ending on Holy Saturday. There is also set forth a scheme of preparatory prayers in entering on meditation, and a very short and suggestive examen on the meditation. We would suggest, however, that the sequence of events in the Sacred Passion in the scenes enacted before Pilate, as set forth in these meditations, does not tally with that in the Exercises of St. Ignatius, nor with the concordance of approved spiritual writers. Also in Holy Week there is given for each day a list of events for contemplation. What is meant by Contemplation in this connection? They are simply lists of events without any suggestions for the exercitant. St. Ignatius calls all the meditations on the life of our Lord, in which we study the persons, the words, and the actions, contemplations, and in the contemplation on the Incarnation he sets forth in some detail a scheme of what he means by contemplation. Had Mother St. Paul called her meditations, contemplations, it seems to us she would have been more in accord with the mind of St. Ignatius. However, these are perhaps hypercriticisms which are in no way meant to detract from our appreciation of a very useful meditation book. Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., contributes an appropriate preface.

On more than one previous occasion the *Stonyhurst Magazine* has called attention to "*The Wellcome Photographic Exposure Record and Diary*," which ought to be in the hands of every photographer, professional or amateur. We can unreservedly commend the edition for 1918. It is a compendium of photographic practice, with ready reference tables for development, printing, enlarging, focussing, while the "*Wellcome*" exposure calculator will be found not only a great convenience, but almost indispensable. The diary costs only one shilling, and can be obtained from any photographic stores.