

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XIV.

No. 220.

FEBRUARY, 1919.

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VISITORS TO STONYHURST
IS CALLED TO

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AND Bayley Arms Hotels,
HURST GREEN.

Both houses having Private Telephonic Communication with
Stonyhurst College, and preference being given to Parents and
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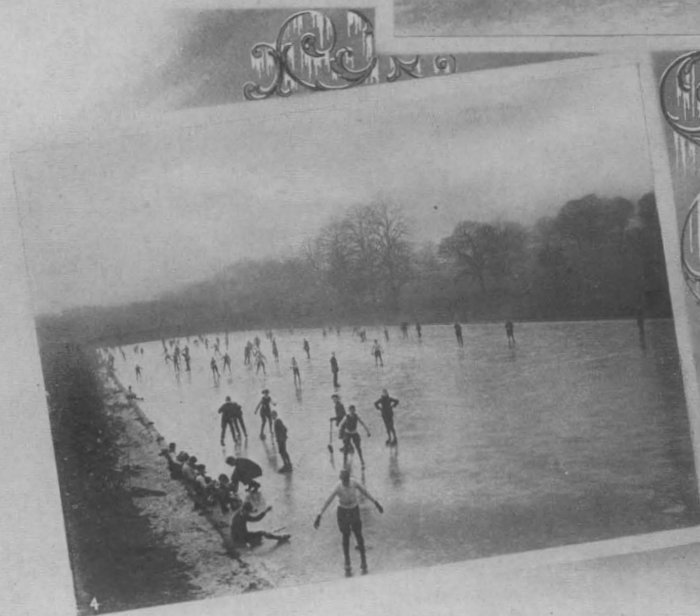
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with Stonyhurst College can be met at Stations and
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WINTER SPORTS, 1919.

1.—Poetry Academy. Preparing to go on the ice.

2.—Skating on the Mill Pond.

3.—Tobogganing.

4.—Skating on the Infirmary Pond.

5.—Skating on the Reservoir.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

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EDITORIAL.

WE again defer printing a final Army List of O.S.'s who have served in the War. The last list appeared in the October, 1918, number, Volume xiv, No. 218. The reason is, that besides the Lists of Honours, which are appearing from time to time in the *Gazette*, we understand on good authority that there is to be a final *Peace Gazette*. As Stonyhurst men are likely to figure largely in this List, it is advisable to await the appearance of this *Gazette* before publishing our final Army List. We would again appeal to our readers to help us to make the final List as correct as possible.

In the present number we print five more obituaries, with portraits, of our gallant dead. Also Flight-Sub-Lieut. Thomas Seymour Spencer, Capt. Edgar Parsons, and Lieut. O. Tempest, reported as missing, are now officially posted as presumed killed in action; Sergt. Clement Cafferata has died while on active service; and Cecil Chester Walsh, reported wounded and missing, is also presumed to have been killed. There are others, too, of the missing, whom we are afraid we must now number among the killed.

The subscriptions to the War Memorial grow surely but slowly, possibly too slowly. Over £9,000 has now been subscribed or promised. The energetic Secretary, Mr. H. C. John, is sending out another circular letter. We hope it will meet with a generous response. We also commend the claims of the Stonyhurst Hut, and an appeal by Father Woodlock, A.P.C., for funds to send soldiers on pilgrimage to Lourdes, to the kindly notice of our readers.

Stonyhurst and the War: Roll of Honour

KILLED.

Lieut. A. C. MONTAGU, *R.N.*

Lieut. F. P. O'REILLY, *R.N.*

Squad-Commander J. J. PETRE, *D.S.C., R.N.A.S.*

Flight-Lieut. O. N. WALMESLEY, *R.N.A.S.*

Flight-Sub-Lieut. T. J. SPENCER, *R.N.A.S.*

Brigadier-General P. A. KENNA, *V.C., D.S.O*

Brigadier-General F. E. JOHNSTON, *C.B.*

Lieut.-Colonel G. H. SWINDELLS.

Bt. Lieut.-Col. A. L. BICKFORD, *C.I.E.*

Major C. H. B. JARRETT.

Major H. J. J. MONTEITH.

Major C. B. LUMSDEN.

Major G. P. LINDREA.

Major W. N. TEMPEST

Major J. H. RATTON.

Major J. C. CALLAGHAN.

Major T. F. P. BREEN.

Capt. T. CREAN.

Capt. E. E. WHITE.

Capt. L. CREAGH.

Capt. H. C. H. O'BRIEN.

Capt. H. A. J. ROCHE.

Capt. J. F. A. KANE.

Capt. L. W. CORBALLY.

Capt. H. DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY

Capt. H. M. FINEGAN.

Capt. A. V. JARRETT, *D.S.O.*

Capt. J. A. LIDDELL, *V.C., M.C*

Capt. H. J. DE TRAFFORD.

Capt. T. C. DE TRAFFORD.

Capt. O. J. BAMFORD.

Capt. F. R. E. SAVORY.

Capt. V. C. BLAKE.

Capt. LE COMTE DE BERMOND DE VAULX.

Capt. C. J. GRIFFIN.

Capt. N. H. B. HASTINGS.

Capt. F. F. RYAN, *M.C.*

Capt. H. CHRONNELL, *M.C.*

Capt. G. T. C. PERRAM.

Capt. S. C. CALLAGHAN.

Capt. S. C. DAY, *M.C.*

Capt. H. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.

Capt. W. FOGARTY.

Capt. EDGAR V. PARSONS.

Rev. R. J. MONTEITH, *S.J., C.F.*

Rev. W. P. MONTAGU, *S.J., C.F.*

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

Lieut. E. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.

Lieut. R. P. D. NOLAN.

Lieut. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK.

Lieut. G. E. A. PARKER

Lieut. A. F. O. DOBSON.

Lieut. C. D. W. ROOKE.

Lieut. G. ARCHER-SHEE.

Lieut. K. E. O'DUFFY.

Lieut. E. L. W. LEAKE.

Lieut. E. McGUIRE.

Lieut. H. J. BURKE.

Lieut. F. T. HAY.

Lieut. E. J. MAXWELL-STUART.

Lieut. R. P. W. GETHIN.

Lieut. M. AMOROSO.

Lieut. W. F. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY

Lieut. C. F. PURCELL

Lieut. E. F. S. LANGDALE.

Lieut. R. F. GRECH.

Lieut. P. J. McCUSKER.

Lieut. J. M. J. KENNY.

Lieut. B. W. DEVAS.

Lieut. J. C. G. COUPLAND.

Lieut. P. W. FLINN.

Lieut. C. H. E. BOULTON.

Lieut. P. V. A. RADCLIFFE.

Lieut. J. E. WATERTON.

Lieut. J. H. TREVOR SHIEL.

Lieut. W. J. MASSEY-LYNCH.

Lieut. W. H. DENSHAM, *M.C.*

KILLED—(Continued).

Lieut. T. S. O. DEALY.
 Lieut. B. J. TOLHURST.
 Lieut. J. H. McKEEVER.
 Lieut. J. B. PILKINGTON.
 Lieut. J. A. C. TAYLER, R.N.
 Lieut. W. G. ALLANSON.
 Lieut. W. St. JOHN COVENTRY.
 Lieut. O. A. TEMPEST.

2nd Lieut. T. J. CLANCEY.
 2nd Lieut. C. J. O'CONOR-MALLINS.
 2nd Lieut. L. C. WILDSMITH.
 2nd Lieut. W. A. J. DAVIS.
 2nd Lieut. M. O'C. CUFFEY.
 2nd Lieut. H. J. LYNCH.
 2nd Lieut. J. D. LAVELLE.
 2nd Lieut. C. A. P. TAUNTON.
 2nd Lieut. E. J. WELD.
 2nd Lieut. W. F. J. CLIFFORD.
 2nd Lieut. J. MAXWELL-STUART
 2nd Lieut. A. MAXWELL-STUART.
 2nd Lieut. R. A. J. GWYN.
 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, D.C.M.
 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.
 2nd Lieut. A. C. R. TATE.
 2nd Lieut. S. H. D'ARCY, D.S.O.
 2nd Lieut. B. M. CASSIDY.
 2nd Lieut. J. C. SHEPHERD.
 2nd Lieut. J. H. T. SHIEL.
 2nd Lieut. D. C. BURNS.
 2nd Lieut. H. C. CONRON.

Cadet J. de B. DOMVILLE.

Sergt. R. H. KANE.

Sergt. W. E. UDALL

Corpl. V. T. J. EYRE.

Lance-Corpl. H. KELLY.

Lance-Corpl. F. DEALY

E. K. ROCHE.

V. S. GALWEY-FOLEY.

W. J. BELLASIS

P. WALTON.

D. A. QUIN.

J. E. QUIN

W. HAY.

N. T. E. SOMERS.

L. D'ABADIE.

P. L. NASSAN.

G. W. HOGAN.

JEAN FLICOTEAU.

C. CHESTER WALSH.



DIED.

Lieut.-Col. J. B. NOBLE.
 Capt. J. ESMONDE.
 Rev. H. C. MCGINITY, S.J., C.F.
 Lieut. W. I. G. FARREN.
 Lieut. J. C. WATERTON.
 Lieut. R. H. E. MAUDE.
 Lieut. A. J. K. FERGUSON.
 Lieut. W. P. SYNNOTT.
 Lieut. A. DE LALOUBÈRE.
 2nd Lieut. W. H. RATTON.
 2nd Lieut. G. TOBIN.
 2nd Lieut. P. W. COLLEY.
 Sergt. C. CAFFERATA.
 C. O'KELLY.

MISSING.

Lieut. R. CANNON (Wounded).
 2nd Lieut. C. B. GIBBONS (Wounded).
 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, C.M.G.,
 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.
 Lieut.-Colonel W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel H. M. L. MANSFIELD, O.B.E.
 Lieut.-Colonel P. A. MELDON, D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel R. G. S. COX, M.C.
 Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. THOMPSON, D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel G. M. J. MOLYNEUX, D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel H. L. KEEGAN, D.S.O.
 Lieut.-Colonel S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O.

WOUNDED—(Continued).

Lieut.-Colonel W. J. H. HOWARD.
 Bt.-Major R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CON-
 STABLE, D.S.O.
 Major H. G. SIDNEY.
 Major E. L. CARUS, V.D.
 Major P. H. CREAGH, D.S.O.
 Major C. A. J. S. LANGDALE
 Major W. R. RUSSELL.
 Major P. R. BUTLER, D.S.O.
 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.
 Major W. N. TEMPEST.
 Major W. W. MELDON.
 Major F. X. CARUS, M.C.
 Major J. C. CALLAGHAN, M.C.
 Major B. J. MOORE, M.C.
 Major A. F. V. JARRETT, M.C.
 Major W. J. W. COLLEY, M.C.
 Major V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON,
 M.C.
 Major C. J. FORDER.
 Major B. GLASSON, M.C.
 Major S. I. QUIN.
 Major W. J. BARROW.
 Major J. R. CREAGH.
 Major J. H. S. MONTEITH.
 Major I. F. BODKIN.
 Capt. H. J. F. MAXWELL-SCOTT (Gassed).
 Capt. E. L. MANSFIELD.
 Capt. J. P. W. FORD.
 Cap. H. JUMP (Repat'd. Prisoner of War).
 Capt. J. N. GILBEY.
 Capt. J. H. C. COULSTON (Exchanged
 Prisoner of War).
 Capt. T. F. O'MALLEY (Repat'd. Prisoner
 of War).
 Capt. J. H. DE M. H. KNIGHT.
 Capt. F. X. RUSSELL.
 Capt. Sir P. G. J. MOSTYN, Bart., M.C.
 Capt. E. K. CAMERON (Prisoner of War)
 Capt. P. F. HARRISON.

WOUNDED—Continued.

Capt. G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C.
 Capt. T. D. MURRAY, D.S.O., M.C.
 Capt. G. L. McELLIGOTT.
 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. J. D. SMAIL.
 Capt. F. F. RYAN, M.C.
 Capt. S. C. DAY, M.C.
 Capt. G. R. BARTON.
 Capt. A. L. BRODRICK.
 Capt. J. J. CRABTREF, M.C.
 Capt. G. McKAY, M.C.
 Capt. W. FOGARTY.
 Capt. C. H. LIDDELL.
 Capt. E. A. MAYNE.
 Capt. E. A. HASKETT-SMITH.
 Capt. N. B. H. HASTINGS.
 Capt. J. C. HOWARD.
 Capt. C. B. CRAWFORD.
 Capt. B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, M.C.
 Capt. H. S. F. AGOSTINI.
 Capt. E. V. PARSONS.
 Capt. G. E. T. EYSTON, M.C.
 Capt. R. J. TUKE.
 Capt. G. R. TOPHAM.
 Capt. T. B. TRAPPES-LOMAX.
 Capt. B. G. HOLLAND.
 Capt. E. M. F. NICHOLSON.
 Capt. J. H. LE BRASSEUR.
 Capt. A. J. KERWICK, M.C.
 Capt. M. J. McGAHEY, 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. C. D. W. ROOKE.
 Lieut. R. MacGRATH.
 Lieut. V. A. P. HASKETT-SMITH.
 Lieut. A. A. FILOSE.
 Lieut. P. DAVIS (Gassed).
 Lieut. A. H. R. PRIMROSE.
 Lieut. M. I. WHYTE (Gassed)

Lieut. E. J. BAMFORD.
 Lieut. G. F. LEYLAND.
 Lieut. H. HARVEY.
 Lieut. B. F. P. MULHOLLAND, M.C.
 Lieut. K. V. RYAN.
 Lieut. E. T. RYAN.
 Lieut. P. R. TANKERVILLE - CHAMBER-
 LAYNE, A.F.C.
 Lieut. W. F. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY.
 Lieut. C. M. KENNEDY (Gassed).
 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. 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. B. O. FOX.
 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.
 Lieut. E. W. LUCIE-SMITH, M.C.
 Lieut. J. J. CUNNINGHAM, M.C.
 Lieut. L. V. NAUGHTON.
 Lieut. A. CRAVEN, M.C.
 Lieut. V. T. THIERENS.
 Lieut. W. J. MASSEY-LYNCH.
 Lieut. C. C. S. QUIN.
 Lieut. R. A. IRWIN.
 Lieut. W. I. G. FARREN.
 Lieut. H. F. SLATTERY.
 Lieut. R. CAFFERATA.

WOUNDED—Continued.

Lieut. G. C. COOPER.
 Lieut. C. A. GORDON.
 Lieut. F. W. LYNCH, M.C.
 Lieut. W. G. MAGNIER.
 Lieut. A. P. A. H. KINLOCK.
 Lieut. H. J. TOBIN (Gassed).
 Lieut. H. F. SLATTERY.
 Lieut. W. P. WADDINGTON.
 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. A. J. J. GWYN.
 2nd Lieut. J. A. FIDDES.
 2nd Lieut. C. S. FORSHAW.
 2nd Lieut. P. J. MURPHY.
 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. D. SMITH.
 2nd Lieut. G. A. GILLINGS.
 2nd Lieut. E. MORIARTY (Gassed).
 2nd Lieut. S. H. D'ARCY, D.S.O.
 2nd Lieut. C. F. HOLTOM.
 2nd Lieut. J. MAXWELL-STUART.
 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. C. F. SHACKLES.
 2nd Lieut. G. N. GOSLING, M.C.
 2nd Lieut. H. WESTWOOD.
 2nd Lieut. S. J. DE LA MOTHE (Gassed).
 2nd Lieut. T. G. B. SUTHERLAND.
 2nd Lieut. W. St. JOHN COVENTRY.
Sergt. N. WORSLEY.
Sergt. H. A. THORNTON.
Lance-Sergt. J. J. WELD.
Corpl. B. H. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.

Corpl. H. J. STANDEN.
Lance-Corpl. E. S. DAVIES.
 Lance-Corpl. R. WALKER.
 H. M. DE TRAFFORD.
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, M.M.
H. P. BLOOMFIELD.
C. CHESTER WALSH.
BASIL LEICESTER (Gassed).

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Lieut. T. Y. DOBSON, R.N.V.R. (Interned in Switzerland)
 Major F. G. LESCHER, M.C. (Repat'd.).
 Capt. O. DE TRAFFORD (Repatriated).
 Capt. C. H. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.
 Capt. W. R. O'FARRELL (Repat'd.).
 Capt. C. M. S. MANNERS, D.S.O. (Repat'd.).
 Capt. H. JUMP (Repat'd.).
 Capt. E. K. CAMERON.
 Capt. A. P. V. DALY (Repatriated).
 Capt. T. F. O'MALLEY (Interned in Holland).
 Capt. A. S. TRIGONA.
 Capt. J. H. C. COULSTON (Repatriated).
 Rev. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J., M.C., C.F. (Repatriated).
 Lieut. R. R. RILEY (Interned in Holland).
 Lieut. H. CLEMENTS-FINNERTY (Repat'd.).
 Lieut. V. T. THIERENS (Repat'd.).
 Lieut. G. HULL.
 Lieut. G. C. COOPER (Repat'd.).
 2nd Lieut. J. H. WELLARD.
 2nd Lieut. W. U. TAYLER (Repat'd.).
 H. P. BLOOMFIELD (Repat'd.).
 F. G. MCGINITY (Repat'd.).

Recent War Honours.

Companion of St. Michael and St. George—

COMMANDER M. W. P. CONSETT, R.N.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. BOYD, D.S.O.

Commander of the British Empire—

COMMANDER F. H. POLLEN, R.N.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. R. V. DE BURY ET DE BOCARME.

Order of the British Empire—

COMMANDER H. A. B. DIGBY-BESTE, R.N.
LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. I. SYNNOTT.
MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN.
CAPTAIN F. B. BARKER.

Distinguished Flying Cross—

LIEUTENANT J. R. RANDELL.

Air Force Cross—

CAPTAIN W. ROCHE-KELLY.
LIEUTENANT P. R. T. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Military Cross—

MAJOR B. GLASSON.
CAPTAIN E. HULL.
CAPTAIN K. R. O'BRIEN.
REV. M. T. INGRAM, S.J., C.F.

Brevet Rank—

BT.-LIEUT.-COLONEL W. T. SYNNOTT, D.S.O.
BT.-MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE., D.S.O.

Croix de Guerre (with Palms)—

BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O.
MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Croix de Guerre—

BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.
MAJOR A. J. BLAKE, M.C.

Order of St. Vladimir—

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Recent War Honours—Continued,

Order of St. Stanislas—

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Order of St. Anne—

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Croce di Guerra—

CAPTAIN E. A. DE TRAFFORD, M.C.

Croix de Guerre (with Silver Star)—

REV. F. DONOHUE, S.J., M.C., C.F.

Order of the Redeemer—

LIEUTENANT J. R. RANDELL, D.F.C.

Mentioned in Dispatches—

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

BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. KEEGAN, D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. BOYD, C.M.G., D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. S. COX, M.C.

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

D.S.O., M.C.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. E. ST. P. DE DOMBASLE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. I. SYNNOTT, O.B.E.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. H. SWINDELLS.

BT.-MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O.

MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN, O.B.E.

MAJOR A. J. BLAKE, M.C.

MAJOR B. J. MOORE, M.C.

MAJOR R. G. DAWSON.

MAJOR J. R. CREAGH.

MAJOR P. H. CREAGH, D.S.O.

CAPTAIN V. B. HOLLAND.

CAPTAIN G. E. T. EYSTON, M.C.

CAPTAIN F. R. VERDON.

CAPTAIN F. B. BARKER, O.B.E.

CAPTAIN R. J. WATTS.

CAPTAIN E. M. F. NICHOLSON.

CAPTAIN J. R. YOUNG.

CAPTAIN H. J. WALMESLEY.

CAPTAIN D. G. J. RYAN, D.S.O.

REV. C. MCGINITY, S.J., C.F.

LIEUTENANT G. F. LEYLAND.

LIEUTENANT P. M. J. FEILMANN.



Photo: Lafayette, London.

2nd Lieut. PHILIP W. COLLEY

R.F.A.

Born 1887.

O.S. 1899.

Died of gas-poisoning, Oct. 31st, 1918.

War Honours.

Victoria Cross :

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, M.C.
LIEUTENANT M. J. DEASE.

Knight-Commander of the Bath :

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

Companion of the Bath :

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

Companion of St. Michael and St. George :

COMMANDER M. W. P. CONSETT, R.N.
BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, D.S.O.
BRIG.-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., D.S.O.
BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
HON. BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. DOUGLAS-DICK, C.B.
LIEUT.-COLONEL D. F. MACCARTHY-MORROGH.
LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. J. RADCLIFFE.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. BOYD, D.S.O.

Commander of the British Empire :

COMMANDER F. H. POLLEN, R.N.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. R. V. DE BURY ET DE BOCARME.

Order of the British Empire :

COMMANDER H. A. B. DIGBY-BESTE, R.N.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. M. L. MANSFIELD.
LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. I. SYNNOTT.
MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN.
CAPTAIN F. B. BARKER.

Bar to Distinguished Service Order :

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

Distinguished Service Order :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, R.N.
BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G.
BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G.
BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

War Honours—Continued.

Distinguished Service Order—(Continued)

BRIG.-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, v.c.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. MACKESY.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL G. M. MOLYNEUX.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY, m.c.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL W. H. WHYTE.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL P. A. MELDON.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL E. R. L. CORBALLIS.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL J. T. C. THOMPSON.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. KEFEGAN.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL S. A. PEARSE.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. BOYD, c.m.g.
 MAJOR P. R. BUTLER.
 MAJOR W. T. SYNNOTT.
 MAJOR W. P. STEWART.
 MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, m.c.
 MAJOR G. A. S. WILLIAMS.
 MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.
 MAJOR P. H. CREAGH.
 CAPTAIN A. V. JARRETT.
 CAPTAIN D. G. J. RYAN.
 CAPTAIN C. M. S. MANNERS.
 CAPTAIN T. D. MURRAY, m.c.
 2ND LIEUTENANT S. H. D'ARCY.

Distinguished Service Cross:

SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE

Distinguished Flying Cross:

LIEUTENANT B. R. WORTHINGTON.
 LIEUTENANT J. R. RANDELL.

Air Force Cross:

CAPTAIN W. ROCHE-KELLY.
 LIEUTENANT P. R. T. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Second Bar to Military Cross:

MAJOR F. G. LESCHER, m.c.

Bar to Military Cross:

MAJOR F. G. LESCHER, m.c.
 MAJOR W. J. W. COLLEY, m.c.
 MAJOR A. J. BLAKE, m.c.
 CAPTAIN A. D. PLACE, m.c.
 CAPTAIN G. M. MCKAY, m.c.
 CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON, m.c.
 LIEUTENANT W. P. ODDIE, m.c.

*War Honours—Continued.***Military Cross :**

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY, D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. S. COX.
MAJOR G. AYLMER.
MAJOR A. F. V. JARRETT.
MAJOR G. F. CALLAGHAN.
MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
MAJOR F. X. CARUS.
MAJOR L. M. HASTINGS.
MAJOR V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON.
MAJOR F. G. LESCHER.
MAJOR W. J. W. COLLEY.
MAJOR J. C. CALLAGHAN.
MAJOR W. O. RYAN.
MAJOR B. J. MOORE.
MAJOR B. E. FLOYD.
MAJOR C. E. RYAN.
MAJOR B. GLASSON.
MAJOR H. P. RADLEY.
MAJOR E. R. PARSONS.
MAJOR A. J. BLAKE.
CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, v.c.
CAPTAIN SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, BART.
CAPTAIN G. W. B. TARLETON.
CAPTAIN A. D. PLACE.
CAPTAIN E. DE TRAFFORD.
CAPTAIN F. M. HARVEY.
CAPTAIN F. G. J. BERKELEY.
CAPTAIN J. G. RONAN.
CAPTAIN H. CHRONNELL.
CAPTAIN A. P. BETHELL.
CAPTAIN F. F. RYAN.
CAPTAIN J. J. CRABTREE.
CAPTAIN S. C. DAY.
CAPTAIN G. M. McKAY.
CAPTAIN B. P. P. WITHALL.
CAPTAIN E. D. METCALFE.
CAPTAIN B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX.
CAPTAIN E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.
CAPTAIN C. A. MAGUIRE.
CAPTAIN W. G. FANNING.
CAPTAIN R. A. FOX.
CAPTAIN T. D. MURRAY, D.S.O.
CAPTAIN E. A. MAYNE.

War Honours—Continued

Military Cross (Continued) :

CAPTAIN G. E. T. EYSTON.
 CAPTAIN W. M. A. McGRATH.
 CAPTAIN A. J. KERWICK.
 CAPTAIN M. J. McGAHEY.
 CAPTAIN E. HULL.
 CAPTAIN K. R. O'BRIEN.
 REV. M. T. INGRAM, S.J., C.F.
 REV. F. DONOHUE, S.J., C.F.
 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.
 REV. E. COLLEY, S.J., C.F.
 LIEUTENANT B. F. P. MULHOLLAND.
 LIEUTENANT O. W. LATHAM.
 LIEUTENANT J. J. CUNNINGHAM.
 LIEUTENANT W. H. DENSHAM.
 LIEUTENANT W. P. ODDIE.
 LIEUTENANT E. V. C. FOUCAR.
 LIEUTENANT E. W. LUCIE-SMITH.
 LIEUTENANT A. CRAVEN.
 LIEUTENANT J. R. CALLAN-MACARDLE.
 LIEUTENANT G. O. FAIRLIE.
 LIEUTENANT F. W. LYNCH.
 LIEUTENANT E. A. W. BARRON.
 LIEUTENANT G. N. GOSLING.
 LIEUTENANT M. N. J. CHEVERS.
 2ND LIEUTENANT C. W. S. LITTLEWOOD.
 2ND LIEUTENANT E. F. REEVES.
 2ND LIEUTENANT E. ST. J. KING

Brevet Rank :

BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.
 BRIG.-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O. (twice).
 BRIG.-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.
 BT.-COLONEL B. R. HAWES, C.B.
 BT.-COLONEL R. C. COX.
 BT.-LIEUT.-COLONEL A. I. BICKFORD, C.I.E.
 BT.-LIEUT.-COLONEL W. T. SYNNOTT, D.S.O.
 BT.-MAJOR F. W. PERCEVAL.
 BT.-MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O.

Distinguished Conduct Medal :

2ND LIEUTENANT A. W. POWELL.

War Honours—Continued.

Military Medal :

CORPORAL J. E. KELLY.
GERARD QUIN.

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.

Belgian Honours

Order of Leopold (Chevalier) :

CAPTAIN E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.

Croix de Guerre (with Silver Star) :

REV. F. DONOHUE, S.J., M.C., C.F.

Croix de Guerre :

CAPTAIN E. C. L. VAN CUTSEM.

Italian Honours.

Silver Medal for Military Valour :

CAPTAIN E. A. 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.

Croce di Guerra :

CAPTAIN E. A. DE TRAFFORD, M.C.

French Honours.

Legion of Honour (Croix D'Officier) :

CAPTAIN M. W. P. CONSETT, R.N.

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

Legion of Honour (Chevalier) :

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

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. R. L. CORBALLIS, D.S.O.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. L. KEEGAN, D.S.O.

Croix de Guerre (with Palms) :

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

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. S. COX, M.C.

MAJOR W. M. A. MacGRATH, M.C.

Croix de Guerre :

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

SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE, D.S.C., R.N.

BRIG.-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.

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

BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. M. J. MOLYNEUX, D.S.O.

MAJOR G. AYLMER, M.C.

MAJOR B. E. FLOYD, M.C.

MAJOR W. W. MELDON.

MAJOR A. J. BLAKE.

2ND LIEUTENANT S. H. D'ARCY, D.S.O.

2ND LIEUTENANT P. DUCORNET.

J. F. FRANCK.

B. MELLERIO.

JEAN FLICOTEAU.

Médaille Militaire—

2ND LIENTENANT P. DUCORNET.

LANCE-SERGEANT J. J. WELD.

Egyptian Honour.

Order of the Nile (2nd Class):

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

Russian Honours.

Order of St. Stanislas, 3rd Class :

BRIG.-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G., D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. H. SWINDELLS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. M. MOLYNEUX, D.S.O.

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Order of St. Anne, 3rd Class :

COMMANDER G. F. MONTAGU, R.N.

Order of St. Anne, 4th Class :

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

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

Order of St. Vladimir :

MAJOR W. M. A. MACGRATH, M.C.

Serbian Honours.

Order of the White Eagle, 4th Class :

LIEUT.-COLONEL 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).

Greek Honour.

Order of the Redeemer :

LIEUTENANT J. R. RANDELL, D.F.C.

Mentioned in Dispatches.

COMMANDER F. H. POLLEN, C.B.E., R.N.
LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N. (twice).
FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. J. HALLINAN. R.N.A.S.
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O. (six times).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. E. JOHNSTON, C.B. (three times).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL P. A. KENNA, V.C., D.S.O., A.D.C.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O. (five times).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G., D.S.O.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O. (six times).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O. (three times).
HON. BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. C. DOUGLAS-DICK, C.B., C.M.G.
COLONEL H. J. ROCHE, C.B.
BT. LIEUT.-COL. A. L. BICKFORD, C.I.E.
LIEUT.-COL. SIR J. L. HARRINGTON, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B.
LIEUT.-COL. D. F. MACCARTHY-MORROGH, C.M.G.
LIEUT.-COL. J. P. MACKESY, D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COL. G. W. KENNY.
LIEUT.-COL. H. W. D. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY, D.S.O., M.C. (four times)
LIEUT.-COL. W. H. WHYTE, D.S.O. (four times).
LIEUT.-COL. G. H. SWINDELLS (twice).
LIEUT.-COL. J. P. MACKESY, D.S.O. (twice).
LIEUT.-COL. H. M. L. MANSFIELD, O.B.E.
LIEUT.-COL. P. A. MELDON, D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COL. R. G. S. COX, M.C. (twice).
LIEUT.-COL. E. R. L. CORBALLIS, D.S.O. (three times).
LIEUT.-COL. A. J. THOMPSON.
LIEUT.-COL. P. J. I. SYNNOTT, O.B.E. (twice).
LIEUT.-COL. H. A. BOYD, C.M.G., D.S.O. (twice).
LIEUT.-COL. S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O.
MAJOR H. SIDNEY (three times).
MAJOR E. L. CARUS, V.D.
MAJOR R. C. MAYNE.
MAJOR F. B. J. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON (twice).
MAJOR P. R. BUTLER, D.S.O. (three times).
MAJOR A. E. O'MEARA.
MAJOR W. T. SYNNOTT, D.S.O. (twice).
MAJOR W. P. STEWART, D.S.O. (twice).
MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN, O.B.E. (three times).
MAJOR T. A. WHYTE.
MAJOR G. A. S. WILLIAMS, D.S.O. (twice).
MAJOR D. G. J. RYAN, D.S.O. (twice).
MAJOR C. E. RYAN, M.C. (twice).
MAJOR G. F. CALLAGHAN, M.C.
MAJOR A. F. V. JARRETT, M.C.

Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued.

- MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, D.S.O., M.C.
 MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O. (four times).
 MAJOR B. GLASSON, M.C.
 MAJOR P. H. CREAGH, D.S.O.
 MAJOR V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, M.C. (twice).
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 MAJOR J. A. MELDON.
 MAJOR J. H. S. MONTEITH.
 MAJOR J. R. CREAGH (twice).
 MAJOR A. J. BLAKE, M.C.
 MAJOR H. P. RADLEY, M.C. (twice).
- | | |
|--|--|
| CAPT. H. A. J. ROCHE (twice). | CAPT. L. N. LOCHRANE. |
| CAPT. J. A. LIDDELL, <i>v.c.</i> , M.C. | CAPT. J. A. LUCIE-SMITH. |
| CAPT. A. V. JARRETT, D.S.O. | CAPT. W. G. FANNING, M.C. |
| CAPT. SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, BART.,
M.C. | CAPT. C. B. CRAWFORD. |
| CAPT. C. H. LIDDELL (twice). | CAPT. P. W. CHAPMAN. |
| CAPT. G. W. B. TARLETON, M.C.
(twice). | CAPT. R. A. FOX. |
| CAPT. J. N. GILBEY. | CAPT. F. X. RUSSELL. |
| CAPT. F. R. COPPINGER. | CAPT. E. HULL, M.C. |
| CAPT. C. M. S. MANNERS, D.S.O.
(twice). | CAPT. E. V. PARSONS. |
| CAPT. B. J. SMITH | CAPT. G. E. T. EYSTON, M.C. (twice) |
| CAPT. J. J. F. BERKELEY. | CAPT. B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, M.C. |
| CAPT. V. B. HOLLAND (twice). | REV. J. B. MARSHALL, M.C., C.F. |
| CAPT. A. J. HORNE. | REV. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J., M.C.,
C.F. |
| CAPT. G. T. C. PERRAM. | REV. C. MCGINITY, S.J., C.F. (three
times). |
| CAPT. J. McCUSKER. | LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, <i>v.c.</i> |
| CAPT. K. R. O'BRIEN, M.C. (twice). | LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY. |
| CAPT. N. H. B. HASTINGS. | LIEUT. E. A. CAPEL. |
| CAPT. E. D. METCALFE, M.C. | LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE. |
| CAPT. T. D. MURRAY, D.S.O., M.C. | LIEUT. F. O'NEILL. |
| CAPT. P. A. LEICESTER. | LIEUT. H. W. CRAMER. |
| CAPT. H. CHRONNELL, M.C. | LIEUT. V. T. THIERENS. |
| CAPT. B. G. HOLLAND. | LIEUT. E. CHADWICK. |
| CAPT. C. A. MAGUIRE, M.C. | LIEUT. H. BLAKE. |
| CAPT. F. B. BARKER, O.B.E. (twice) | LIEUT. W. H. DENSHAM, M.C. (twice). |
| CAPT. R. B. HAWES. | LIEUT. R. F. E. BELLASIS. |
| CAPT. G. M. MCKAY, M.C. | LIEUT. L. L. THWAYTES. |

Mentioned for Valuable Service

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. LEE.

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

COLONEL R. CRAWFORD.

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

BT.-COLONEL R. C. COX.

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

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

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. E. LANGDALE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. JERRARD.

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

MAJOR J. B. MONTEITH.

MAJOR E. B. KIRBY.

BT.-MAJOR F. W. PERCEVAL (twice).

CAPTAIN P. W. KENNY.

CAPTAIN H. M. PINTO-LEITE.

Summary.

Serving in the Forces	972	D.F.C.	2
Killed	145	A.F.C.	2
Died	14	M.C.	74
Missing	4	Bar to M.C.	7
Wounded	211	Second Bar to M.C.	1
Prisoners of War	22	Brevet Rank	9
Total Honours	195	D.C.M.	1
V.C.	3	M.M.	2
K.C.B.	1	Mentions in Dispatches	181
C.B.	3	French Honours	24
C.M.G.	8	Belgian	3
C.B.E.	2	Russian	8
O.B.E.	5	Serbian	5
D.S.O.	27	Italian	4
Bar to D.S.O.	1	Egyptian	1
D.S.C.	1	Greek	1

OUR DEAD.

Out on the plains of Flanders lie our dead,
Mere lads among them, once so full of trust,
Their skies all sunlit, health and strength robust.
Then the war-trumpet, sounding, smote with dread
Fond hearts that loved them ; but they rose and sped
Upon their way rejoicing, keen to joust
In the great cause, where fame that doth not rust
Was to be won, that fame with honour wed.

For right and freedom, country, hearth and home,
For all worth living for, they gladly died.
Can we forget them ? Shall the trampled loam
That from our love their mangled limbs doth hide
Cover their glory too ? Did Greece or Rome
Breed nobler sons ? England ! they are thy pride.

RED ROBIN (O.S.)

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.

Subscriptions may be sent either to PHILIP W. COLLEY, Esq., 13, Hyde Park Terrace, London, W. 2; or to The Rector of Stonyhurst.

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Anonymous, "J.L.M."	10	0	0	Monahan, G. J., Esq. (by Monthly			
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Barker, H. Y., Esq.	5	5	0	Mozart, George, Esq.	10	10	0
Barker, Mrs. H. Y.	5	5	0	Newdigate, Lieut.-Commander S. F. ..	5	0	0
Bartlett, Mrs.	2	2	0	Obregón, Señor Mauricio	20	0	0
Basset, Capt. H. F.	1	1	0	Obregón, Señor Pedro M.	10	0	0
Bowen, Capt. H. G.	2	2	0	Obregón, Señor Rafael	20	0	0
Bracken, Capt. J. P., R.A.M.C.	5	5	0	Patchett, John D., Esq.	5	0	0
B——, G. (In Memory of 2nd Lieut.				Powell, Charles M., Esq.	1	1	0
David C. Burns), (R.I.P.)	5	0	0	Radcliffe, Cyril, Esq. (In Memory of			
Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. Vere	100	0	0	Lieut. Percival V. A. Radcliffe,			
Colley, Major F. J. W.	25	0	0	M.G.C.), (R.I.P.)	5	5	0
Collingwood, Mrs.	1	1	0	Riddiford, Mrs. D. H. S., and Miss			
Dawes, J. W., Esq.	2	2	0	Nancy Johnston (In Memory of			
Digby-Beste, Commander H.	50	0	0	their father, Sydney Johnston),			
Fagan, Thomas, Esq.	1	0	0	(R.I.P.)	200	0	0
Fairhurst, G. N., Esq. (2nd Subscription)	5	0	0	Roche, Col. H. Y.	1	1	0
Farren, Mrs. (In Memory of Lieut.				Roche, Mrs. Knight	1	0	0
William J. G. Farren), (R.I.P.) ..	25	0	0	Roses, Señores Manuel, Thomas and			
Feeny, Evelyn, Esq.	2	2	0	Antonio	20	0	0
Feeny, Felix, Esq.	5	0	0	Sire, Henry A., Esq.	50	0	0
Fogarty, Mrs. (In Memory of Capt. W.				Snead-Cox, J. G., Esq.	10	0	0
Fogarty), (R.I.P.)	10	0	0	Sullivan, Mrs.	1	1	0
Fuller, A. W., Esq., M.D.	1	1	0	Swindells, G. C., Esq. (In Memory of			
Gilbey, H. N., Esq.	10	0	0	Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey H. Swin-			
Gilbey, Capt. J. N.	3	3	0	dells), (R.I.P.)	100	0	0
Gwyn, 2nd Lieut. P. J.	5	5	0	Synnott, W. T., Esq. (In Memory of 2nd			
Harvey, Mrs. J. M.	2	2	0	Lieut. W. P. Synnott), (R.I.P.) ..	2	2	0
Hobbs, Mrs.	2	0	0	Tempest, Major A. C.	30	0	0
Hobbs, Arthur, Esq.	1	0	0	Tizzard, Mrs.	5	5	0
Holtom, W. Fifield, Esq. (In Memory				Tolhurst, Wilfrid H., R.A.F. (In			
of 2nd Lieut. Charles Fifield				Memory of Lieut. Bernard Tol-			
Holtom), (R.I.P.)	2	2	0	hurst, <i>Duke of Wellington's</i> and			
Howard, Philip T. C., Esq. (2nd Sub-				R.A.F.), (R.I.P.)	50	0	0
scription)	5	0	0	Walsh, Richard W., Esq.	5	5	0
Jones, Mr. and Mrs. E. P.	2	0	0	Walton, Lady	25	0	0
Jurgens, H. W., Esq.	100	0	0	Williams, Ernest E., Esq.	2	2	0
Larrañaga, Señor Pedro	5	0	0	Woodlock, Thomas, Esq.	1	0	0
Macadam, Edward H., Esq.	1	1	0	Worthington, B., Esq.	5	0	0
McGinity, F. P., Esq.	5	0	0	Worthington, Frederick, Esq.	50	0	0
Manners, Capt. C. M. S., D.S.O.	10	0	0	Wynter, Lieut.-Colonel C.	10	10	0
Marchant, William S.	2	2	0				

LETTERS FROM THE WAR ZONES.

SURRENDER OF GERMAN WARSHIPS OFF MAY ISLAND,
November 21st, 1918.

Account given in letter by SURGEON-LIEUT. J. A. PRENDERGAST, R.N. (H.M.S. Greenwich, Depot Ship, 14th Flotilla).

"It was a wonderful sight. I took over our trawler nominally, to take boarding parties from our destroyers to the Hun destroyers. Hoisted the largest White Ensign at the peak, and set out to make the ——— lightship (about three hours' run from the Forth Bridge), but we had to gang very warily, as it was very thick. However, beyond an interchange of animated repartee with some destroyers, there was no excitement. I made the lightship about 11-50 a.m. (sailed at nine), cruised round it and waited. Then the sun appeared and the fog lifted.

About noon I saw Cardiff leading a lot of big ships, and knew they must be the Huns by the smoke they were turning out. Our Fleet steamed about two miles on their beam on a parallel course; took up screening position on the bow of *Seydlitz*, leading van of Hun ships. It was rather amusing, there was only my trawler on one beam of them, and an "oily wad" on the other, bringing in the High Sea Fleet with Cardiff.

Dropped back along the line and photographed them as they went past, and fell in behind the last one, for a while, like a policeman at the tail of the procession. We steamed up behind them for a spell, then turned eight points and went to meet Hun Light Cruisers, led by *Phæton*. The Hun Light Cruisers were quite good-looking ships; all *Emden* class, and *Bremse* and *Brummer*.

The last part was a splendid scene, the whole horizon being black or grey with destroyers, led by *Castor*. There were five lines of Hun destroyers, with 120 of our boats, and we anchored all round them. Disappointing was not the word for their

destroyers. They are small, filthily dirty, have no freeboard, and are almost impossible to fight in a seaway. Our V's and W's† looked like Light Cruisers beside them. Some of these German boats looked as if they had never been painted, and their big ships were not much better. Altogether, it was a great day. Navigated back after dark, having a little back-chat with the boom trawlers on the way."

† V's and W's: The new and large British destroyers of the V and W Classes, having names beginning with those letters, e.g., *Vortigern*, *Verdun*, *Vanity*, *Vectis*, *Wolsey*, *Whirlwind*, *Wessex*, *Winchester*, &c.—M.P.

Extracts from Letters from Lieut. Philip B. Anderson, 101st Grenadiers, I.A. :—

E.E.F.,

19th September, 1918.

In addition to other jobs, I have always been Signalling Officer since I joined this Regiment, and am continually training new men as signallers. Signalling is a big job now-a-days. The establishment of signallers per unit is 52, and there is work for that number if communications are to run without a hitch. When this battalion was formed (Feb. 3rd, 1917), I only had two signallers of any value. I now have about 30, out of which I have had to give some to another regiment; some are sick, etc., so my job becomes rather trying. It is enough to turn one's head grey to lecture on the telephone to a class of sepoys, who have as much intelligence as an old cow.

12th October, 1918.

On the 19th our Brigade remained quietly under cover just behind our line. We were apparently unobserved, as there was no enemy shelling throughout the day. Operation orders were kept very secret, for we did not know till after noon at what hour we would move. After a preliminary bombardment the attack commenced by night. Of the four regiments of our Brigade, we and another regiment were in reserve for the first part of that night's operations. The other two regiments started our attack, and carried their objectives, meeting little or no opposition. We marched some time after them, and at

*"Oily wad": this, I understand, is the nickname for the small oil-fired torpedo boats of the No. 1-36 classes.—M.P.

dawn arrived just beyond the positions which they had taken, and nearly in sight of our first objective. Upon halting we came under some desultory and very futile shell fire. The other regiment with whom we were operating immediately proceeded to commence their attack. They were supposed to carry all their objectives before we were even to have started on our first. Unfortunately they were held up before carrying their first objective, and we were ordered to push on without waiting for them. So we advanced with enemy on our flanks and to our front, and with their numbers of machine guns they made things very unpleasant for us. One company got in such a position that they were almost getting fixed on from their rear. We took our first and second objectives all right, but our third objective was a village which was strongly held by a German machine-gun company and a company of Turks (as we afterwards discovered), and we could not take it till dusk. By then we had had a hundred odd casualties (over 25 per cent. of our strength), while the Regiment on our right, who had also been held up, suffered nearly 300 casualties.

The whole day provided an excellent test for the men, for it was the first attack in which the *whole* of this Battalion had been engaged since formation in this country. We had just lost nearly a hundred men, owing to fever and influenza, during the previous three or four days, and we had just received a draft of entirely new men. They were fighting all day, and acquitted themselves very creditably indeed.

The same night we formed up again at 1 a.m., and the whole Brigade marched off with all speed on their next objectives. We met with no opposition. Our regiment then managed to get a four or five hours' halt, after which we were ordered to march on —. This proved to be a most trying march. We started at 2-30 p.m., and arrived near our destination about 11 p.m. Our Company was then ordered to put out picquets on the spurs of a hill, which was 3,000 feet high. Unfortunately I had to go with them. The hill being very steep we had to search for a path for about an hour; eventually we found one, though it went no where near the summit, but could not get the mules up as far as the Company.

We arrived near the top about 2-30 a.m. ! It was not known beforehand whether there were any enemy on it or not, but we were too tired to worry about them. Next day we picked up four machine-guns on the hillside.

There is a road skirting the east of this hill, and on both sides of it the ground rises and drops rather precipitously. The Turks evidently made use of it as their main road of retreat. When their limbers and guns were moving along this road where it was too narrow to turn, our aeroplanes (40 planes at a time, I hear) flew over them and bombed and fired their machine-guns on men and animals. Consequently the road became blocked with traffic, until there was a string of guns, limbers, lorries, carts, packed along eight miles of road. I was unable to see it when it was in this state, and when we came back to this area again it was completely cleared.

Since that day we have been engaged on salvage work. We have collected many machine-guns, and other valuable material. This Division has to its credit the capture of 100 guns (other than machine-guns), and over 6,000 prisoners.

News is splendid from everywhere, isn't it ? Good progress in France, peace with Bulgaria, and the annihilation, or capture, of the 7th and 8th Armies in this country, where very little remains of the Turkish 4th Army either.

We are wondering where we will go next. Fighting is over in Palestine.

*Aden Field Force,
December 17th, 1918.*

From Aden we sailed to Perim, where we stopped a day. Thence accompanied by a cruiser and a few other ships of various descriptions, we sailed under operation orders for our present location, which we were ordered to occupy by force if necessary. This is a seaport town.

We arrived in sight of the town at dawn on Friday, the 13th, and dropped anchor $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from land. Big ships cannot get closer in owing to the shallow water ! At this time of the year the sea is always rough. It is calm for about six months in the year only.

At 7 a.m. on the 13th (Friday), we sent an officer, with a guard of three men, under a white flag to demand of the Turkish Commander the surrender of the town. The officer took with him a copy of Turkey's Armistice terms. We were to wait four hours for the reply. The Turkish Commander was to decide in that time as to what action he would take. At about 11 a.m. the officer returned and gave us the following information: The Turkish Commander refused to surrender the town. He had heard nothing of our armistice with Turkey! When he wired to higher authority they replied that the papers of the armistice which had been shown him were all lies! He said he was bound, therefore, to hold the town at all costs!

At 1 p.m. we started to disembark with a view to capturing the town by force. One company got into the ship's lifeboats, after which they hung around near the ship in a pretty rough sea. Our ammunition and some rations were loaded in a lighter, after which two companies got into the lighter, together with Regimental Headquarters. One company got on to a drifter. At about 3-30 p.m. the drifter started to tow the lighter and all the lifeboats to shore. Considerable delay was caused by two, and sometimes more, lifeboats breaking loose, owing to the tow ropes snapping. Then we had to wait for a message which was coming from the shore under a flag of truce. The message proved unimportant. Eventually we got to within 200 yards of the beach. There the drifter anchored and the lighter followed suit a little closer in. The lifeboats sailed on to the beach. Two were smashed. The men got ashore all right. The plan now was that the lifeboats should come back and take off in relays all the troops from the drifter and the lighter. The sea was so rough that this could not possibly be done. So we sailed the lighter on until we were stranded. We were then about 20 yards from the beach, so we managed with the help of three lifeboats, to get the remainder of the men off the lighter, together with some ammunition, on to the shore by about 2 a.m. next morning. The tide was going out fast, so lifeboats could no longer be used for this work. Only two remained in order. These proceeded to bring ashore the troops from the drifter. The remainder of the

stores on the lighter had to be man handled ashore.

I left the lighter at about 3 a.m. next morning absolutely drenched, as indeed was every other person, especially the men who had been in the lifeboats. All of us had been tossed about for over 12 hours, and most of the men were very ill throughout that time naturally enough. I thought I would have to pocket my dignity once and follow suit, but as it grew cooler I began to feel better!

Luckily the enemy did not oppose our landing. With one machine-gun they could have prevented it absolutely, I think, as it was such a slow affair. They had thought that we would land south of the town, and had made good preparations with that object, as you will see later.

At 5-30 a.m. that morning (Saturday, the 14th), we commenced to advance on the town. When about 1,200 yards from it we met with opposition. But there was no stopping our advance. The men were splendid. They swept straight on. The extended lines could not have been better on a "field day." The Lewis guns were working well, and were turning the old Turks out of every position they held. In the advance up to the city wall we had only one man killed and one man wounded, the slight casualties being entirely due to the unhesitating way in which the lines swept on. Sharp house to house fighting took place in the town. Turkish gendarmes did most of it. Our bombs, however, cleared out the houses. The Turkish Commandant was bombed out of his house, as also was the Post Commandant, and taken prisoner.

Owing to naval guns not ceasing to fire we could not get round the east of the town to prevent the enemy escaping that way, and unfortunately 150 got away. On one occasion when asked to open fire the Navy did not do so because, as we found out afterwards, they saw that a white flag had been hoisted over the town. I did not see it myself, but I believe there may have been one hoisted and pulled down again. One officer during the attack saw a party of Turks on his left holding up their hands. He sent a section to capture them, and the Turks lay down and fired on them. So the white flag may very probably have been a trick like this latter incident.

The remaining enemy were driven south of the town. Our leading company occupied a black sand dune, the only bit of high ground, overlooking them. Here they were held up by about 300 enemy with five Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns. This was about 12 noon. Towards evening an enveloping movement forced them out of their position and captured all five guns. The enemy retired completely defeated. A few of the Arab townsfolk did a little sniping throughout the remainder of the day.

At about 11 a.m. another light vessel, proceeding with baggage and rations from the boat came moderately close in to the town, as the enemy had been driven south. When dhows had been brought up alongside her the enemy opened fire with their Nordenfeldt guns on her, and killed the naval engineer, and wounded one of our officers.

Thus you can see that we would have met strong opposition if we had attempted our ludicrous landing south of the town !

Disembarkation is so difficult that not yet have we managed to get all our baggage ashore. We have mules and horses on board yet awaiting disembarkation. I hope we shall not have to embark them again. I think that would be impossible.

The situation is at present doubtful.

If the tribes turn hostile to us we shall have our hands full. There are still some Turks in the neighbourhood, but there are thousands of Arabs who are infinitely more dangerous owing to their numbers. But we are a match for them, unless they absolutely outnumber us ; but why be pessimistic ?

We are settling down in quite comfortable quarters now. They require cleaning, as all Turkish habitations do. The men are very cheerful. Some of them have been on service since 1914, and it is extraordinary how cheerful they remain. Water here (and you know how much the Indian loves water), is very, very brackish, quite salt ; we get moderately good water for the mess from a village four miles away !

We brought a sum of money to this country to defray local expenses. What do you think the coinage is ? Maria Theresa dollars, dated 1760 ! I shall get you one as a curiosity.

I think the local villages are quite pleased at our occupation of this town. There used to be a British

Consulate here, and we have a former British Consul with us who knows the people and is consequently of very much help to us.

I shall not be sorry to leave for a happier station ! We are too isolated here.

The Navy had a very difficult job to do to land us, and did well considering the heavy sea, though I think their own officers were disappointed with the work. It is impossible for a person like myself to criticise them though. They managed to save the lighter all right and the broken lifeboats. A naval signal officer accompanied our leading company throughout the whole day and did some very good work indeed. He told me afterwards that before that day he had never known what it was to be hungry and thirsty ! One of the attractive points about the navy I think is that they fight their action, sink or swim, have a bath, a meal, and turn in. Exaggerated, perhaps, but still our most wearisome time begins after the show ! Consolidating our position, etc. There is a rumour that the naval guns killed 40 Turks. It is probable ; but our information is not at all reliable.

ADEN FIELD FORCE,

January 1st, 1919.

We had quite a cheery New Year's dinner last night—a Turk and an Arab were our guests. They belong to the Imam's delegation, which is en route for Aden to endeavour to come to some agreement concerning the surrender of the Turks. The Imam will not permit the Turks to surrender !

These two guests were shocked when they heard of Germany's and Austria's downfall, and other war news. They knew nothing of it. German papers were publishing victories just before the armistice ! Our illustrated papers which they saw in the mess must have given them food for thought.

Lieut. E. St. John King, M.C., 2nd Bengal Lancers,
writes :—

BEIRUT,

January 10th, 1919.

At Cairo I went up to the Pyramids and museums. I met Henry McIntyre there. H. V. French was in

hospital there somewhere or other, but I never saw him.

I wonder if it would interest you to hear an account of our doings in the push here. As the war is over I don't expect the Censor will mind. We had been in the Jordan Valley for a fortnight before the push, engaged in the usual work of patrolling and out-posts; all our spare time we spent in making dummy horses and camps to deceive the wily Turk, but from all accounts, given by prisoners, we did not succeed.

Starting on the 11th we marched back by night about fifty miles behind the line, stayed there a day, and then marched forward to Ludd, where we stayed another day. The concentration of troops there was immense—all hidden in olive and orange groves. On the 17th we marched further north, up to a place near Jaffa, where we remained until the 18th. On the morning of the 19th, at 3-0, we moved off to our place of assembly, just behind the infantry line. The barrage started at 4-30, and continued for an hour; when that was finished our infantry started their attack and took the Turkish trenches with hardly a casualty. The plan was for the infantry to make a large gap in the line from the coast inland, the 5th Cavalry Division were to go through on the coast, with Nazareth as their objective, while we, the 4th Cavalry Division, were to go through on their right across the plain of Sharon through the Mush-Mush pass to Aguleh, and finally to Beisan, with the object of getting round behind the main Turkish army on the Nablus front and Jordan Valley, and also the division east of the Jordan. Of course we had to go as hard as we could. We arrived at Beisan on the evening of the 20th, having ridden 86 miles in about 30 hours continual riding. We crossed the Plain of Sharon and arrived at the Mush-Mush pass without seeing a sign of the enemy. We watered and fed at a place called Derkur. By this time it was quite dark, and you could see all along the hills and plain huge fires—Turkish dumps and stores which they had set alight in their retreat. About 7-0 o'clock we started again up the pass, with the regiment as advance guard; we had not gone a mile when we ran into them. They were streaming along the road to Aguleh with transport, paying not the slightest heed to us, we got about 500

in three hours. It was rather an eerie business, as we were in a pass with high hills on either side, never knowing when they were going to start shooting at you from the hill tops. There was a particularly strong position in the pass, by name, Umus Famus. If that had been held I don't think we could have got any further without a big scrap; luckily it was unoccupied. We arrived at Leggin at 3 o'clock in the morning, where we captured many more prisoners. Here we heard the astounding news that the rest of our brigade, having gone the wrong road, was lost, for which mistake our Brigadier got a bowler hat, or in other words, was Stellenbosched. We were then attached to another brigade, who sent the regiment on to capture Aguleh, about eight miles across the plain of Esdraelon, while they watered and fed, a usual form of exercise with them; since then they have got the name of the "water and feed" brigade.

This is where we came across the Turk for the first time, at any rate, the fighting Turk. As my Squadron Commander was sick, I was very lucky in having command of my squadron. The plan was that one squadron should go straight along the road to Aguleh, with another squadron in reserve, another squadron on the right, while my squadron was on the left. I first had to go and take up position on a hill called Tieh-el-Mutaselim, supposed to be the site of Migiddo, then we were to act as left flank guard. When we had gone about two miles the centre squadron came under machine-gun fire. The C.O. called in the right hand squadron, and charged with three squadrons, leaving me on the flank to get in their rear. They made a very fine charge; you could hear them yelling about a mile away. Only one of our men was wounded, while we killed and captured over 500 Germans and Turks. I was hoping they would break and run right into me, where I had a very good piece of ground to charge over; no such luck, not a man got away. While the regiment was reforming I received orders to go and get right round behind the village, and attack it with the railway station as my objective. After about half-an-hour we started off again. When about half-a-mile from the village the two armoured cars which we had with us came under machine-gun fire. I put

on the pace and got right round behind the village and then galloped it. We had a few shots fired at us. It was a bloodless victory as we did not kill a soul ; still we got lots of prisoners and machine-guns, three aeroplanes, and a lorry-full of Bosches, who were just starting. I rode up brandishing my revolver, to the great danger of those near me. They stopped quick enough. The next squadron, which came in through the centre of the village, swung out to the right flank, and had some shots at Turks who were running as hard as they could go. We arrived there about 10 o'clock and left again at one. It was a marvellous village, full of all kinds of stores, canteens, etc. I got a very good Mauser automatic, and a brand new pair of Zeiss glasses. We also replenished our mess stores from the canteens. There was a story that there was £20,000 in gold in one of the trains, but unfortunately none of it came into our hands, though we did get bundles of notes, hardly worth the paper they were printed on.

At one o'clock we moved up the plain of Jesrael to Beisan, where we arrived at four o'clock without any opposition whatsoever. I was immediately sent out on out-post duty. I collected a few hundred prisoners that night ; they strolled in quite casually. One of the other brigades in the division had some pretty stiff fighting right down by the Jordan ; they got a V.C., but unfortunately the fellow, an Indian officer, was killed while getting it. We got the main Turkish army and most of the division (east of Jordan). You cannot imagine the number of prisoners—mostly Turks, with a few Germans. Absolutely famished and broken-hearted they used to walk in through the out-posts in thousands. When they did not come fast enough the aeroplanes used to go out and bomb them.

On the 25th we moved on again towards Doroa. We crossed the Jordan by the Jisr Mejaune bridge, and arrived at Sibid on the evening of the 26th. At Beisan my squadron commander had come back, and as the transport officer was sick I took his place. A bit of bad luck for me. At Sibid the regiment got rather badly knocked. The village was situated on the top of a small hill, very steep and strong, and full of Turks and machine-guns. One squadron was

ordered to gallop the village, which they did, but came under very heavy machine-gun fire. Practically all the men and horses were hit, only about 12 men and a British officer, who was wounded, managed to get into the village. It was no use their staying there, so they left ; the officer was again hit very badly, and had to be brought in by dark.

In that squadron alone there were about fifty casualties out of a strength of 70. The regiment went in again next evening and found the village empty, so they marched to Er Remte, where the other two regiments of the brigade had a good show, one of them getting into the Turk with the lance. We stayed the night there and moved to Doroa the next day, where we met the Hedjaz Army, under Colonel Lawrence. An appalling place, the station buildings all burnt out, and piles of dead bodies ; the Hedjaz had been killing their prisoners.

From there began an awful march to Damascus across a stony plain, the only road being a railway embankment with the rails taken away and the ballast left. We went straight up till we came to Kiswe, where we were again opposed, but not for very long. The whole march was a nightmare, not a blade of grass anywhere, stones for miles, the inhabitants very wild and rather hostile. The Turks had been killing lots of them, and they were out for blood, no matter whose it was.

On the 1st of October we were in sight of Damascus ; what a relief to see a large valley green and full of trees, with Damascus just showing in the distance. After the first view one says " The Pearl of the East " ; when one has seen its population and streets one says, " a sink of dirt and iniquity." We stayed there a week, then marched to Zebedani, along a road covered with dead men and animals which were being burnt. The Australians had chanced on a column here, which they proceeded to annihilate. We stayed at Zebedani for a week, being very thankful for the rest. We marched again to Zahleh, at the foot of the Lebanon range, where we stayed a day, then on to Baalbak. We stayed there a month, and then went to Beirût, where we have been ever since.

I was lucky enough to get some rather good photos on the march up, and what with getting prints from

other people, I have got quite a good collection. I expect my account is very garbled and disconnected, but I never was particularly good with my pen, as you may remember.

I read in the Magazine a description of the Jordan Valley by someone who did not give his name. I am rather anxious to know who it was,* as the only O.S.'s I knew were there were Irwin, Filose, and Sellier, of the *Dorset Yeomanry*. I should very much like to have a letter from you some time telling me the news of Stonyhurst.

*[Captain A. L. Brodriek.—ED. S.M.]

ROLL OF HONOUR.

**Father WALTER PHILIP MONTAGU,
S.J., C.F.**

Born 1886.

O.S. 1895.

*Died of Wounds received in action in France, Oct. 31st,
1918.*

We have already had to record the death from wounds received in action of one O.S. chaplain to the forces, Father Robert Monteith, and now Father Walter Philip Montagu has joined him in making the supreme sacrifice of his life in the service of God and of his country. The fifth son of Lieut.-Commander R. A. C. Montagu, *R.N.* (retired), of Cromore, Portstewart, Co. Londonderry, he was born in 1886, came to Stonyhurst in 1895, and, after the completion of the College course, entered the Society of Jesus in 1903. As a boy he was of a quiet, unassuming nature, but one whose piety and thoroughness were unmistakable. He had six brothers, all of whom were at Stonyhurst; four of the brothers were serving in the war, and of these, besides Father Walter, his younger brother, Lieut. A. C. Montagu, *R.N.*, has been killed by the explosion on the *Bulwark* on November 26th, 1914. After his noviceship and studies Father Montagu taught at St. John's, Beaumont, remaining there six years from 1909. During this time he also held a commission in the O.T.C.

After his theological course at St. Beuno's, he was ordained priest on April 25th, 1918, and went to France as an Army Chaplain on May 21st, 1918.

After being attached to various units, he was, at the time of his death, with the 22nd Brigade *R.G.A.* It will interest Stonyhurst boys to know that on the feast of St. Ignatius, 1918, he said Mass in the chapel of the old English Jesuit College at St. Omer's, the cradle of our school. After his own Mass he served that of Father L. Morrison, S.J., C.F., another O.S.

Father Montagu was wounded on October 28th. On the 30th, Father W. MacNeely, C.F., wrote:—"Father Montagu, S.J., was admitted to the 45th Casualty Clearing Station on Monday evening, the 28th, suffering from very severe wounds of thighs. I administered the Last Sacraments at his request. He has since improved somewhat, but is still very weak. It may be some days before he is able to proceed to the base." Next day a nurse at the C.C.S. wrote:—"I have just seen Father Montagu, whose wounds are being dressed in the theatre. He seemed quite bright this morning and cheerful, but his surgeon tells me he is very seriously ill." He died that day, the fourth chaplain of the English Province to lose his life in the war. We have mentioned the name of Father, Robert Monteith and, in the last number of the Magazine, we printed an obituary notice of Father Cuthbert McGinity who died in Italy. The fourth chaplain was Father Denis Doyle, who, although not an O.S., was assistant Prefect of Philosophers here. Father Montagu was a priest for only eight months. "*Cor summatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa.*"

Father McKeown, who has succeeded Father Montagu, writes:—"The village in which Father Montagu was billeted, was being badly shelled when he left the billet to go to the church, and, on the way, a few yards from his billet, he was mortally wounded. He had the immediate attendance of two doctors, before he was taken to the C.C.S., where he died three days later.

I knew the late Father Montagu very well, and saw him frequently since his arrival in the Fifth Corps. On his appointment I introduced him to the 22nd Brigade, and on his being wounded, was appointed to succeed him. His modesty and other priestly qualities endeared him to all. The officers of the 265th Battery speak most highly of him, and



Photo: Swaine, 146, New Bond Street, London.

Father WALTER PHILIP MONTAGU. S.J.

Chaplain to the Forces.

Born 1886.

O.S. 1895.

Died of wounds in France, Oct, 31st, 1918.

say that, time after time, under shell fire he seemed to be without fear."

The following letter, which Father Montagu wrote to the Editor of the Magazine, contains some interesting details of news about O.S.'s whom he met during his short career as a chaplain to the forces :—

July 3rd, 1918.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR,

Many thanks for the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, which will always be heartily welcomed. When I first arrived here (58th C.C.S.) we had rather disturbing nights, but things have since quietened down; it is quite an enjoyable spot, and pretty near a fairly large town of historic interest, which affords some attraction to visitors. I have had an old Mount boy to see me once or twice, named Cave, a Lieutenant in the R.F.C. I also discovered an O.S. in the wards a few weeks ago, one I expect you will know pretty well—Basil Leicester. He had been badly gassed, and had his eyes covered with bandages, and it was only when I asked him where he came from that I got to know that he was an O.S. Only a week ago I met Father Donohoe, O.S., who had come from the trenches and gone into billets for a brief respite. He is getting on very well with his regiment, and has quite a busy time with converts.

There may be time for you to make an alteration in the next number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*; just this, that my brother Freddy has been transferred from the Navy to the R.N.A.S. or R.A.F. (as I suppose it must now be called), and has the rank of Lieut.-Colonel; those are the only details I can give as he is naturally very secretive about his job, which is connected with some invention. I have also had news of my brother Gilbert having joined some troops out in California—whether U.S.A., or a British detachment, I can't yet say.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

W. P. MONTAGU, S.J., C.F.

The only photograph of Father Montagu that seems to be obtainable is one taken of him when he was an officer in the O.T.C. at Beaumont. Through the courtesy of Mr. F. A. Swaine, 146, New Bond Street, London, W.1., we are permitted to reproduce this portrait to illustrate his obituary notice.

Lieut. PHILIP WELLESLEY COLLEY,

R.F.A.

Born 1887.

O.S. 1899.

Died from the effects of gas poisoning, Oct. 31st, 1918.

Philip Wellesley Colley was born at Writtle Park, Essex, on July 7th, 1887. He was the seventh son among eight brothers and two sisters of a father and mother who have been devoted patrons of Stonyhurst. His father, after whom Philip was named, passed through Stonyhurst from Hodder, and spent four years in Philosophy with his brother, Reginald Colley, who died while filling the post of Provincial of the English Province. His mother was the eldest daughter of the Honourable William Petre, the eldest of fifteen children. Philip had a sweet cheery disposition, and because he was so consistently thoughtful of others he had no touch of shyness; those who lived most closely with him can truthfully say that they never knew him to do an unkind act. He reaped the fruit of his unselfish character, for his fascinating ways won him many devoted friends. His character was determined and self-reliant, and he was highly gifted, both physically and mentally, but he never displayed any taste for a student's life; his predilection lay in the field of action, and from his earliest years he showed an extraordinary, and often amusing, gift of *savoir faire*.

His early years were passed at Writtle Park, afterwards in London, and the summer months at Shinglestreet, a small village six miles north of Felixstowe. Here, before following his brothers to Stonyhurst, he and the youngest boy, Willie, displayed extraordinary skill as yachtsmen. These two, aged eight and ten respectively, sailed in the Oxford Whitewing Class against first-class opponents, and many were their victories. In 1898 Phil. came to Hodder and passed through the College, leaving Rhetoric in 1906. In his studies he maintained what he would have called with a smile his golden mean; he found no difficulty in his work, but he was troubled by sleeplessness, and the nights in the dormitories were well-nigh unbearable; yet he endured seven years of this without complaint. In 1905 he was Head of the Line,

Colour-Sergeant in the Cadet Corps, as it used to be, and Assistant in the Sodality of Our Lady. In the life of sports he was an adept; he played in the College cricket team while in Grammar, and his neat powerful play as full back on the football field was a feature of his team. After his last match against Rossal, the well-known Mr. J. Lewis, who always was referee for the Schools, wrote an appreciation of his play to the *Athletic News* :—

"The annual encounter between Stonyhurst and Rossal was played on Thursday. The match was remarkable, because the Stonyhurst side included two brothers named Colley, the seventh and eighth sons of one father who have played in the College teams. I have seen all the Colleys in their turns, but the one who played left-back on Thursday was, in my opinion, the best player this remarkable football family has produced, and I know many Leaguic clubs who would be glad to give him a place in their team. . . ."

In Rhetoric Phil. passed the qualifying exam. for Chartered Accountants, and the next year took up this profession in London. The sedentary life did not suit him, and much to the regret of the firm with which he was training he decided to give up the profession and to join his brother-in-law's firm—Messrs. Martin & Co., engineers, with their large business centred in Calcutta—and spent the next eight years working in the metal department of the Indian firm. When he left he was in charge of a large and very successful department. Phil's life in India was successful from every point of view. His business capacity and shrewdness developed enormously, and yet he never took advantage unfairly of another in his dealings, his eminently Catholic principle was ever, "Do as you would be done by." He threw himself into the social life of the city and became a general favourite; he was a good dancer, fine golf and polo player and keen horseman. He had joined the Calcutta Light Horse at the commencement of his life in India, and to these manifold duties, in the enervating climate of Calcutta, he was consistently faithful. There he proved himself a son of whom Stonyhurst may well be proud, for he was not satisfied with a bare fidelity to his Catholic duties, "*quant je puis*" remained his motto; he was

a weekly communicant, no light obligation to take on oneself in that climate, especially for one in his position, and he led others by the same path of loyalty. His principles, too, led him to speak openly and strongly more than once, in the knowledge of the writer, to acquaintances whom he found failing in the observance of the laws of Christian life, and this, his sterling qualities, enabled him to do without offence—a rare power given to few, and of the possession of which he was conscious and made great use.

A brother-in-law writes of him :—"He was a general favourite with all in the office, always cheery, even under the most trying circumstances. He worked hard and played hard, living a clean, wholesome life—one that could ill be spared. I was hoping that after the war he would settle down with us, as he had made for himself a position in the office from which success was assured. There is perhaps little I can say to lighten your sorrow, but I felt I would like Phil's father and mother to know in what high esteem and affection we held him out here."

In 1916 Phil decided that he must come home and fight in France for his country, but every man was needed in India, and no one was allowed to leave. At last, after much scheming he obtained a pass and in May, 1917, he sailed for home. Soon after arrival he obtained a commission in the R.F.A., and went to the *Royal Artillery Training School* at Brighton. There he spent four strenuous months and in December was posted at Preston, prior to going out with a draft to France, and during his stay at Preston he twice visited the College. In January 1918, after a fortnight's leave, he went to France, and was posted to 'A 1' Battery of the 156th Brigade. His battery was in the line, and, except for a spell of three weeks in February for training, seems to have been continually at work, either in the line or moving off to another part of the line. The Division was in the northern part of the line, and so escaped the first German onset in March, in which his younger brother, Major W. Colley, was wounded. But in April, and onwards, there was no respite for his Division had to stem the German attack in the north. Through all the rush and worry his letter home never failed, nor did they ever lose the cheer



Photo : Forbes, Dublin.

Captain WILLIAM FOGARTY.

South Irish Horse, attached Royal Irish Regiment.

Born 1894.

O.S. 1907.

Wounded and missing, presumed killed, Mar. 21st, 1918.

tone of quiet fun which was characteristic of him. So, from a critical position, he wrote:—"We are still winning; remember we don't retreat, we only 'lead them on,' and one day we shall turn and rend them. I have command of two guns, detached from the battery for a few days; the first day spelt disaster; when the rations arrived they consisted of a lump of raw beef, three aged and powerful onions, and a tin of jam; this for ten men and myself! Nothing to cook it with and no water, we managed to get some sort of cooking done eventually, and found some wet in the ground. Fortunately I had a good supply of father's chocolate, and we are keeping the onions to throw at the Bosch." And then in God's own way the longed-for leave to visit home came about. "We have been in both battles for Wytchaete and the one for Kemmel Hill. I think your prayers are answered; one day I was missed four times by a sniper, and hit twice by bits of shell, once through the sleeve of my tunic and once through my gas helmet . . . a strenuous day yesterday, on top of a busy night. Fritz in a very playful mood. We are now behind the lines counting what's left of the brigade, and it doesn't take long!" Indeed all the guns of the battery were shot to pieces and half the personelle were killed. When hit through the helmet, and the air full of gas, of course he should have retired, but he knew no man could be spared, and he carried on through the day. "They say we did very well; I know I ate a lot of gas, if that helped at all; it reminded me of a very small boat in a very rough sea." The gas he had "eaten" was a new kind, and its effects were not known. Chest and heart attacks followed, and he was returned to Havre and then to the Russian Hospital in London. While there he was able to spend the day at home, and he even managed a quiet game of golf at Ranelagh. The attacks, however became more frequent and more violent. The doctors could not understand them.

"Fever has laid me low this last week; I asked the doctor man what it was, and he says it belongs to the genus he calls G.O.K. (God only knows), but I am now about through with it."

As the attacks became worse he was sent down to Miss Russel's private hospital, "Normanswood,"

at Farnham. Here, as everywhere, his fascinating personality attracted all around him.

"All who knew him loved him," writes his kind hostess, who had turned her house into a hospital; "his personality was charming, and one felt his goodness."

On October 3rd he went up to town to see the family and a brother who had returned on leave; then shortly after his return a more violent attack came on, and on the 26th the family were summoned. He died peacefully after receiving all the Last Sacraments, on October 31st, happily and confidently, as he had lived. "It was a privilege," said his confessor, "to do what I could for your dear son; the sting of death is taken away when it is so beautifully entered upon."

Phil's death was a crown to a fair life, and a promise fulfilled. "Thanks," he wrote to his mother from France, "for all the prayers; I will help by always being ready, and it's not a hard journey then, is it?"

Capt. WILLIAM JOSEPH FOGARTY,

South Irish Horse, att'd. Royal Irish Regiment.

Born 1894.

O.S. 1907.

Wounded and Missing, now reported Killed, March 21st, 1918.

William Joseph Fogarty was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Fogarty, Artane House, Artane, co. Dublin. His preparatory school was Castleknock, and he came here, into Elements, in 1907, leaving when in Syntax, in 1911. He was fond of science, and, when in Syntax, gained the Higher Certificate Class prize in Physics. Among his class fellows S. Dealy, R. Gethin, L. Purgold have, like himself, been killed in the war, and G. Tobin was killed in an accident. He was a lively character, full of fun, and hence generally popular.

He was at Trinity College, Dublin, when war broke out, and at once joined the army, being gazetted to the *South Irish Horse* in September, 1914. He went to France in 1915, and there he served until his death. He was reported wounded and missing on March 21st, 1918, and now he is officially reported as killed in action on that date. The only

details obtainable are from a letter from one of his brother officers, who writes : " He was without fear, and gave his life in a noble cause, and gave it dearly too, fighting with desperate courage against overwhelming odds. His body, when found, was covered with bayonet wounds. He was buried near the place where he fell."

His parents deserve, and receive, the expression of our sincere sympathy, for the anxiety of not knowing what had happened to him, after he had been reported as missing, was very trying.

We are indebted to one of his former class-fellows, the Rev. Rupert Hoper-Dixon, O.P., for the following appreciation of his character :—

" Willie Fogarty came to Stonyhurst from Clongowes in the autumn of 1907. There were already taking definite form within him all those characteristics which were to make him so attractive and loveable a personality when Stonyhurst had done her work for him, had fostered the growth of his character, and had fashioned him as one of her sons. Naturally at the time (I was in the same class as himself, under Father, then Mr. Devas, S.J.) one saw little deeper than the externals, but we were already won by the laughing blue eyes, the utterly irrepressible cheerfulness, the unfailing generosity, the quaint independent indolence of manner—an indolence easily thrown off when action was decided upon, and which was in fact only the outward manifestation of a thoughtful and observant mind to which came later on, so richly, the gift of humour.

He had his part in all the jokes and rags of classroom, or play-room. Who will ever forget that disturbing sneeze of his in the study-place, a sneeze which he gravely assured us was second nature to him?

And Willie Fogarty, who had been a thorough boy, naturally enough became a thorough man. He left Stonyhurst in 1912 for Trinity College, Dublin, with a character remarkably formed.

The blend of cheerfulness and humour is almost invariably the index of a soul possessed of depth and seriousness of purpose.

His frank, open nature, his loyally Catholic soul, kept his heart young, and made him chivalrous

and cheerful. But a young heart and an old mind are an ideal Catholic blending ; and a deep seriousness of purpose underlay all his apparent light-heartedness. There was nothing shallow or superficial about his views.

I have a letter from him in front of me as I write. It was written from the front, with all his jolly cheeriness, but there are passages in the letter which show that he clearly understood the dangers he had elected to face—and he faced them.

Every man, for better or for worse, has one prevailing characteristic round which the others gather. It was generosity in the finest sense of that term which one associates with all one's recollections of Willie Fogarty at Stonyhurst. It was his generous nature which won for him friends and popularity both at Stonyhurst and afterwards. Generosity took him from a well-loved home at Artane and all prospects of a bright future to the grey uncertainty of war.

His death was his last act of generosity ; no greater act of love could be performed ; his life history was perfect. And now there is laid up for him the reward.—R.I.P.

2nd Lieut. WALTER PIERRE SYNNOTT

6th Inniskilling Dragoons, att'd. M.G. Cavalry.

Born 1897.

O.S. 1908.

Died of Pneumonia, on active service, Oct. 11th, 1918.

Walter Pierre Synnott was a member of a family which has had a long and honourable connection with Stonyhurst. His father, Mr. William Synnott, came here in 1868, and Pierre, as he was always called, came to Hodder in 1908, and passed through the school, leaving in 1914. He gained several prizes, and before joining the Army passed the Lower Certificate Examination in 1912. He was of a shy, nervous, and retiring nature. He left Stonyhurst in 1914, and after the usual course at Sandhurst, where he was known as a good horseman and revolver shot, received his commission in the *6th Inniskilling Dragoons* on April 25th, 1917.



Photo: Keith Dannatt, Surbiton.

2nd Lieut. WALTER PIERRE SYNNOTT.

6th Inniskilling Dragoons, attached M.G. Cavalry.

Born 1897.

O.S. 1908

Died on active service in India, Oct. 11th, 1918.

He was immediately attached to the *Machine Gun Cavalry*, and after following the course at Uckfield and Grantham, was sent with his squadron to India at the end of November, 1917.

He died in hospital at Mhow, in Central India, of pneumonia, after a short illness on October 11th, 1918. He was a thoroughly good young man, remarkable for his devoted love for his mother, and his obliging kindness to all. He was loyally attached to Stonyhurst. We offer our sincerest condolences on his early death to his bereaved parents and relatives.—R.I.P.

We append letters which have been received from the Chaplain and brother officers :—

MACHINE GUN CENTRE,
MHOW, C.I.,
15th October, 1918.

DEAR MR. SYNNOTT,

I regret deeply to have to announce to you the death of your son from pneumonia at the hospital here, on the 11th of this month. Everything possible was done for him, but without avail, and he died peacefully in the early morning, after having received Extreme Unction the day before from the Reverend Father Cyril. He was buried in the Catholic Cemetery with full military honours, all his brother officers attending, and officers of the Garrison.

I am having Masses said for the repose of his soul. Again offering you my heartfelt sympathy,

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,

(Signed) G. A. P. SLAUGHTER, Major.

MHOW,
December 5th, 1918.

DEAR MR. SYNNOTT,

I have just received the letter regarding your dear son, 2nd Lieut. Walter Pierre Synnott, of the *Machine Gun Cavalry*, who died on the 11th October, 1918. I am glad to tell you that I was near him during his very short disease; he received the Last

Sacraments, and made twice his confession, and had the consolation to receive all the spiritual comforts of the Holy Church.

He was buried in the Government Cemetery, but in the Catholic plot.

Lieut. Synnott was a good Catholic, regular to Church and to his Christian duties, *i.e.*, Holy Communion and Confession.

Mon cher Monsieur Synnott veuillez, s'il vous plait, accepter mes plus sincères condoléances et dire à Madame Synnott que je prends bien part à sa grande douleur et que je prie pour ce cher fils que j'ai eu comme paroissien.

Un regard vers le ciel, et benissons la main qui semble nous frapper !

Je savais que Pierre avait été élevé par les Pères Jésuites. Il profita des bonnes leçons de ses maîtres. Maintenant prions pour le repos de sa chère âme.

Avec mes plus religieuses condoléances mon meilleur souvenir au Saint Autel.

FATHER CYRIL, O.M.C.,
Catholic Chaplain,
Mhow, C.I.

23rd Squadron, Machine Gun Corps (Cav.)
MHOW, CENTRAL INDIA,
October 12th, 1918.

DEAR MR. SYNNOTT,

It is with the very greatest grief and sympathy that I write to you in your sad bereavement. As I am the only officer of the 23rd Squadron who has met you, I feel that I am the only one who can write to you in your great grief.

I am very very sorry to say that your son, Pierre, passed peacefully away in the Section Hospital, Mhow, at 3-33 a.m. October 11th, 1918. We came out into camp just over a week ago, and on Saturday, October 6th, your son did not come into dinner, as he was not feeling well—he was all right the previous day, as he had cycled into Mhow and back—a distance of eight miles altogether. On Sunday morning the Assistant Surgeon told him to have a day in bed, and he would visit him again in the evening. I believe at the time the Doctor thought

that he had got a touch of influenza, of which there is at present a very bad epidemic existing in Mhow.

In the evening the Doctor carefully sounded Pierre, and decided to send him into hospital. Although other officers and myself called at the hospital, we were not allowed in to see him, owing to the influenza prevailing. Your son's name was posted up as suffering from pneumonia. I saw the Matron, both on the Thursday evening and Friday morning, and I am sure that he had every possible treatment and attention, and she informed me that the Catholic Minister had spent a long time with him, and administered the Last Rites of the Church.

The funeral took place at 5 o'clock on Friday evening, October 11th, 1918. It was a Military Funeral, such as Pierre would have desired, as a soldier. The coffin was taken on a gun carriage, which was driven by artillery officers—Major Eastwood, in command of the 1097th Battery R.F.A., himself acting as a driver. Three officers of the 23rd Squadron and three of the 24th Squadron acted as bearers. All the M.G. officers in Mhow, and most of the Senior Officers in the Station followed the gun carriage. The whole of the 23rd Squadron also followed. At the graveside a firing party of one officer and forty men fired three volleys, and three trumpeters sounded the Last Post. Pierre's favourite charger—Julius Cæsar—followed immediately behind the coffin. The coffin was draped with the Union Jack, and had your son's sword and helmet and a wreath and a cross from Lady Kemble—the wife of the G.O.C. 5th Mhow Division—resting on it.

The loss of your son has thrown a gloom over the whole Squadron, as he was so popular, well liked, and highly esteemed. His Sub-Section Sergeant and Sub-Section thought everything of him. I, in particular, miss him, because, with the exception of the time on the boat, and just after we arrived in Mhow, I have shared quarters with him ever since we left Maresfield Park. Pierre was a very efficient and willing officer, always taking a very great pride and interest in his work. He was always extremely willing to do anything for any of us. Throughout everything he was a most perfect gentleman, and

gained the affection and esteem of everyone with whom he came into contact.

I should like to add that always he was most devout in his religion, and never missed an opportunity of going to Church every Sunday morning.

Please excuse me writing a long letter to you in your great bereavement, but I feel sure that you would like to know how greatly esteemed and loved Pierre was by everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him.

Will you please again accept my very deepest sympathy in your great loss.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) LIONEL LAVIS.

Lance-Corporal HUBERT KELLY,

East Surrey Regiment.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1900.

Killed in action in Belgium, September 4th, 1918.

Hubert Kelly came to Hodder in the year 1900, his elder brother Felix having entered in the preceding year. He was two years at Hodder, but only a short time at the College. The two brothers were noted as precocious and excellent musicians, a family trait, for their mother was a Withall, and older generations of Stonyhurst boys will recall the quite exceptional musical abilities of Leonard Withall (1868). We understand that he was following the career of an engineer when he joined the forces to fight for his country. He was killed at Verstraate, near Ypres, on September 4th. The following letters bear eloquent testimony to his worth, and his truly Catholic spirit.

To his wife, his father and mother, and all his family, we offer the expression of our condolence in their loss. His epitaph might well read, in the words of his company-commander:—"He did his duty thoroughly and splendidly."

September 6th, 1918.

DEAR MADAM,

It is with the deepest regret that I write to inform you that your husband, Lance-Corpl. H. Kelly, was killed in action on September 4th.

I can assure you that it is a great loss to the Company, as he was popular with all ranks. He did his duty thoroughly and splendidly, and I can only conclude by offering my deepest sympathy in your bereavement.

Believe me to be, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) CHARLES F. W. FAITH, 2nd Lt.,
O.C. "B" Company.

"A" Company, 3rd Platoon,
12th E. Surrey Regt.,
B.E.F., FRANCE,
Sunday, Sept. 8th.

DEAR MRS. KELLY,

Probably you have received official notification of poor Hubert's death. I do not wish to encroach upon you in your sorrow, and only do so because I think you would like to have news of him. He was killed instantly, and it may be some comfort to you to know that his end was sudden and without any pain. His last action was one of kindness, as it was while bandaging up a wounded man that he was killed. Words are of little comfort to you I know, but I feel I must offer my sincere and heartfelt sympathy to you in your sorrow. I had not known Hubert very long, just since the course, but I found in him a good and true friend, and I feel that I have lost a good chum. He was an excellent fellow, had a wide circle of friends in the battalion, and was popular with all. May God comfort you and help you in your great loss.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

(Signed) E. H. HEARD.

P.S.—Enclosed find rosary, purse, and cigarette case, which Hubert was carrying at the time. I thought that perhaps you would care to have them.

September 10th, 1918.

DEAR MRS. KELLY,

I feel I must write to tell you how very sorry I was to hear of the death of your husband. I used to be his platoon commander and was very fond of him. He was splendid, so good and so manly, qualities which are seldom found. He hated the war, as so

many of us do, and I feel sure loved his God; he was always so earnest in his faith. I found him a good friend also, and excellent company. I know only too well what it will mean to you, and I feel for you from the bottom of my heart.

I was at Saltash when you were both there, though I have never had the pleasure of meeting you. Please accept my true and heartfelt sympathy, though I know that little can comfort you now. The veil between us and these loved ones is very thin, and we are nearest them when nearest Him in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I remember how dear all this was to your husband, and how it was always his first thought to be present with his Saviour on every possible occasion. Hoping to see you some day,

I am, sincerely yours,

(Signed) GERALD P. COOPER, Captain.
12th E. Surrey Regt.

DONATIONS.

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations to the Museum:—

Inca skull from Chimbote, Peru; gold, silver, copper, and tin ores, from Caldero, Peru;

presented by Lt.-Com. S. F. NEWDIGATE, R.N.R.

German sandbag, made of paper;

presented by Capt. P. LEICESTER.

German Maps of British trench systems;

presented by Rev. F. IRWIN, S.J., C.F.

Alabaster carving of St. Michael scourging the devil: unearthed during the excavation of the foundations of St. Walburge's, Preston;

presented by RICHARD WESTHEAD, Esq.

Specimens of Kauri Gum;

presented by T. MARSH-DAVIES, Esq.

Specimens of Minerals;

presented by CLEMENT GOMES, Esq.

Beads (blessed by Pius X.), which belonged to Nicholas Furey (O.S.), shot at Castelfadato, 1860; left by him for Stonyhurst Museum;

presented by Miss FUREY.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Feast of Blessed Edmund Campion and Companions, S.J., which is also Father General's Day, fell this year on the first Sunday in Advent. Consequently it was displaced. But the whole day's holiday was kept next day. In the evening there was a successful concert and entertainment.

The Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, December 8th, was this year shorn of much of its customary splendour of celebration, on account of the prevalence of influenza in our neighbourhood. There was no High Mass or evening service in the Church. The evening service was held, with the time-honoured Consecration of Studies to Our Lady, preceded by a feverino by the Prefect of Studies, and followed by Solemn Benediction, in the Boys' Chapel.

But the Sodalists celebrated the feast with the usual admission of new members, the recommendation to their prayers of absent members, and Mass in their Oratory.

In the evening the two classes of Grammar presented their plays, of which a criticism appears in another column.

As a preventive against possible infection by the influenza, which claimed several victims in the village, the boys were allowed to go home a week earlier than the day fixed for the beginning of the vacation, if their parents were willing to take them. There was a speedy exodus.

The second term commenced on January 17th, a day later than had been originally fixed. This was in order to allow such boys, as could conveniently do so, to be present at the solemn Requiem in London, for old Stonyhurst boys who had lost their lives in the war.

On Thursday, January 16th, the solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at Farm Street Church. Father Rector was the celebrant, his predecessor in office, Father Bodkin (O.S.), Rector of

Beaumont College, being deacon, and Father Fitzmaurice (O.S.), C.F., M.C., being sub-deacon.

There was a very large congregation, among whom O.S.'s, as well as present students at the College, were largely in evidence. Captain the Hon. E. Fitzgerald, C.B., represented the Secretary of State for War. The Master of Ceremonies, Mr. G. Gurrin (O.S.), the altar servers, and the members of the O.T.C., who stood with reversed rifles about the catafalque, were all Stonyhurst boys. In the stalls were, among others, Father Provincial, S.J., the Dominican Provincial, Father Bede Jarrett (O.S.), and members of the Farm Street community. Books with the "Order for the Burial of the Dead," prefaced by a list of the names of the Stonyhurst fallen, were distributed among the congregation, as were also candles, which were duly lighted at the appointed times. At the end of Mass, Father Vaughan (O.S.), delivered a very eloquent sermon, which struck a note of victory rather than one of mourning.

After the sermon the Absolutions round the catafalque were pronounced, and finally the Dead March in "Saul" was played on the organ, while all stood in silence. The whole ceremony was exceedingly impressive.

When the service was ended a meeting of O.S.'s took place in the Sodality Hall, Mount Street, by kind permission of Father T. Donnelly (O.S.), in connection with the War Memorial.

Father Vaughan's sermon, "Our Heroic Dead," has been printed, and every boy at the College has received a copy.

On January 24th our old traditional game, "Stonyhurst Football," was reintroduced, and a preliminary match was played by the Higher Line.

Skating and tobogganning filled up the last days of January and the first days of February. These winter sports are illustrated as our frontispiece, the larger photographs being the work of our veteran photographer, Brother W. McKeon, and the smaller ones of J. Malone.

On Sunday evening, 26th January, Mr. Philip Gibbs was kind enough to give us his reminiscences of the war. As was to be expected, the lecture proved intensely interesting from first to last, for without any attempt to stir our feelings, he made all present vividly realise the ordeal, the suffering, and, despite all, the irrepressible gaiety of the British Army. No person, probably, knows more of the actual behaviour of the troops than Mr. Gibbs. Many of us have learnt of it from his brilliant and graphic writings, but it was a great privilege to hear the most distinguished correspondent of the war tell the tale by word of mouth, and give us his personal impressions. We wish him every success in his lecturing tour in the United States, and feel sure that his audiences there will find his lectures as enjoyable as we did.

Our sincerest congratulations to the Rev. J. P. Brodrick, a member of our staff, who, at the November examinations of the London University, qualified in Philosophy for entrance for the M.A. Examination.

Also to R. L. Smith, who had the great distinction of gaining a Domus Exhibition in History at Balliol College, Oxford.

In the School Certificate Examinations of the Oxford and Cambridge Board, held in December, all our eight candidates passed. The following is the list:—

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Passed with Credit.</i>
R. P. CORKERY ..	English, Latin, Greek, Mathematics.
J. E. DE FREITAS ..	English, Latin, History, and Mathematics.
S. GOMES	English, Latin, Greek, French Mathematics, and Drawing.
G. F. IMOSI	Spanish and Mathematics.
E. V. IRWIN	English, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics.
W. H. MURRAY ..	Mathematics.
J. C. NEELY	English and History.
A. J. WINGFIELD ..	Latin and Mathematics.

Of students recently at Stonyhurst Laurence Vickers passed the London Matriculation in the First Division, and John Dove in the Second Division.

Poetry gave us their Academy, a very enjoyable one, on February 11th. Samuel Pepys Redivivus gives us his impressions of it in another column.

HODDER NOTES

On the Feast of the Purification two boys—Fawdry and More O'Ferrell made their first communions here. Father Rector came down to say the Mass, and in the evening Father King gave us a very nice lecture on the Blessed Sacrament.

Now that the War is over we have started being drilled by Sergeant-Major Hill. It is awfully interesting to know the different parts of the body. He gives us physical training on Monday, and battalion drill on Thursday. We like it very much, but it sometimes causes very great pains. I even thought I had lumbago the other day. I would not like to join the Army from that point of view.

We thank Mrs. Maloney very much for sending us a lot of her own birthday cakes. They were very nice indeed, and it was one of the finest teas we have had at Hodder. It was so nice of her to think of us.

Father Waddington (a geologist) came down to Hodder and gave us a very interesting lecture on "Dredging," in which he explained to us why you have to use different nets; the different kinds of nets, and the animals brought up in the trawls. He brought down a real trawl to show us. He told us about a fish that could be made into two fishes, if you cut it in half. This was done by the end half growing a new top, and the top half growing a new end. We thank him very much.

Miss Coghlan lately got up a very good concert

which contained a play named "The Golden Goose," the first scene of which was a wood-cutter's drawing-room, the next a wood (or forest), and the last the drawing-room again. It was ever so good, and we laughed very much, and thank her for it. Some of the boys recited and played the piano very well, and Russell and Lescher did some excellent conjuring tricks. He turned wine into water very well and water into wine. But he would not let us drink it; he said we were too young!

Russell has very kindly picked up the Eleven. It is very strong and we almost always beat the Second Eleven. The *Football* colours are Dark Blue and Lite Blue.

EXCHANGES.

The Xaverian, The Month, The Examiner (Bombay), *The Downside Review, The Ignatian Record, The Ushaw Magazine, Loyola News* (Chicago), *The Sphinx, The Oratory School Magazine, The Elizabethan* (Westminster), *The Yellow Dragon* (Hong Kong), *The Mountaineer, St. Aloysius College Magazine* (Malta), *The University Correspondent, Sons of the Eagle* (Preston Catholic College), *The Magazine* (Trichinopoly), *The Zambesi Mission Record, I.C.A.I.* (Madrid), *The Rossallian, The Georgian, The Ampleforth Journal.*

From an Essay, by Natu Minimus.

"The source of 'As you like it' was a novel by Sir Oliver Lodge."

With regard to this statement Sir Oliver Lodge writes to the Editor: "The 'howler' you speak of has often been perpetrated. The origin of it is the fact that Thomas Lodge, the Poet, wrote a thing called 'Rosalind,' of the plot of which Shakespeare made use in 'As you like it.' I have generally found that 'howlers' have some sort of rational explanation, like most other things perpetrated by poor humanity."

OLD ALUMNI.

With very great pleasure we are able to announce that at the examinations for Scholarships at Balliol College, Oxford, held at the beginning of December, R. L. Smith gained a *Domus* Exhibition in History. We wish him all success in his career at the University.

We also congratulate our old alumnus Reverend R. Worsley (1898), of *Campion Hall*, Oxford, who took his B.A. degree on February 15th.

BRAVE DEEDS.

The following are the official terms of the awards of the subjoined distinctions:—

D.S.O. :

Lieut.-Colonel HERBERT LEO KEEGAN, *47th Canadian Infantry Battalion, W. Ontario Regiment.*—"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an attack. In conjunction with another battalion he stormed and successfully captured enemy positions through uncut wire. Throughout the engagement, fought with his right flank exposed, he displayed marked courage and cheerfulness, and, in face of the greatest difficulties, advanced and held ground gained for three days."

M.C. :

Temp. 2nd Lieut. (Temp. Capt. and Local Major) W. M. A. MACGRATH, *R.E. (N. Russia).*—"As British military representative in Archangel, previous to the occupation, he ran great personal risk daily in maintaining communication with the forces at Murmansk, and the information he supplied was of great value and saved a number of casualties. During the revolution, which coincided with the occupation of Archangel, he behaved with marked gallantry, and by his conduct and control of Russian troops was instrumental in preventing opposition to the occupation of the town."

D.S.O. :

Captain TERENCE DESMOND MURRAY, *M.C. (1901), 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment (Egypt).*—"For

conspicuous gallantry during the night of August 12th—13th, 1918. He led two companies against the east end of Ghuraben Ridge. By his skilful leadership and fine example of courage he was responsible for the capture of 110 prisoners and five machine-guns. He subsequently organised and carried out with conspicuous success the withdrawal of these two companies from a very extended and difficult position."

The following cutting is from the *Lancashire Daily Post* :—

"Captain Ernest Hull, 286th Brigade, R.F.A., fourth son of Mr. Robert Hull, J.P., of Preston and Claughton, one of five brothers who have served and are serving, has this week been awarded the Military Cross for 'most conspicuous gallantry on the 29th September, 1918.'

The battery position was severely and accurately shelled with high explosives. During the bombardment a gunner took refuge under an ammunition waggon. The waggon was hit, and set on fire, and the gunner severely wounded and pinioned down by the wreckage. Captain Hull immediately left his own cover and went to the assistance of this gunner, whom he extricated and carried away to a place of safety.

'This feat was carried out while the bombardment was in progress, and was rendered still more difficult and dangerous by the fact that the ammunition in the burning waggon, which was both H.E. and shrapnel, had already begun to explode. Captain Hull went to almost certain death.'

Some time ago Captain Hull was mentioned in dispatches."

Captain James Cashman writes :—

HEADQUARTERS 104,
27th November, 1918.

I have been very surprised to find out that if the Armistice means less work for everyone else, it means very little less, if any, for me. What with court-martial, summaries of evidence, etc., I have my day completely filled. It's a good thing I have got another "pip" to console me, isn't it? Who would have ever thought when I joined this brigade, nearly two years ago now, a very raw and junior subaltern, that I should be lucky enough to end up a captain and adjutant of the same crowd. Still, they say some people are born lucky.

Well now that censoring is relaxed, what about it? August 8th saw us with the Canadians at the beginning of the battle, as far as the British front was concerned. On August 19th we marched north to Bonny (east of Amiens), and on the 21st saw the start of that show. We fought straight through Bray-sur-Somme, Crulu, Moislains, just north of Peronne, Mount St. Quentin, Roisel, up to Hargicourt, Bellicourt, and Beaunevoir. After seeing the three Hindenburg lines broken we rested for four days, and then caught the battle up just about a week before Le Cateau. We helped in the taking of that place, and then passed on, and at the end of October found ourselves face to face with the Forêt de Mormal—a tough proposition. However, nothing venture, nothing win; so on October 4th we started off in close support of the infantry. By the 5th we were between the Forest and the Sambro, just north of Landrecies, and on the 6th a pontoon bridge was put across the river and two batteries crossed, they being the only artillery on the divisional front. All others were debarred from crossing, as they could not be fed. These two batteries worked in close support of the infantry the whole time, and one section even went so far as to get in front of the infantry at one time, and captured a 5.9 gun! We went on in this way through Leval to just north of Avesnes, and the pursuit was taken on from there by another brigade on the night of the 8th—9th. Our 5.9 gun is now in a trophy park at Busigny, and is the only one there of that calibre. It will eventually roll up at the Rotunda, Woolwich, inscribed "B. and C., 104"—always provided that the munition makers don't pitch it on a bonfire at Trafalgar Square!

We are now near Avesnes, and move forward again to-morrow en route for the happy hunting ground—Boschland.

Father Bernard Marshall, C.F., writes :—

50, BRIDGE STREET,
CAMBRIDGE,
December 2nd, 1918.

I have long meant to send you my change of address. I left the front in the middle of September. I was brought home from the front in order to come here and take up the duties of Chaplain to the Catholics of the University. In the time being I still have some military duties, and remain in uniform. But it is only playing at soldiering. My "fighting" days are over. I am sorry to see the last days provided some more S.J. casualties, and particularly grieved to see the death of Father McGinity. I saw him on duty in a grim place near Ypres once. He was on day and night duty at a dressing station, and declined to let me relieve him so long as any of "his own boys" were passing through.

There are, of course, very few Catholic undergraduates in residence now, but I was glad to find Stonyhurst with a proportionately big representation. We have A. R. O'Bryen, I. M. Collins, M. W. Coury, at various colleges, and Father A. A. Brogden at St. Edmund's. They were all in my house here last night and we sang the Stonyhurst Chorus.

Father Edward Lucas (1870), died at Mount St. Mary's on January 31st, having been seized with a sudden paralytic stroke on the previous day. Born at Preston on April 10th, 1852, he was educated at Mount St. Mary's, Preston, and Stonyhurst. He entered the Society on September 7th, 1871. He taught at Liverpool and Beaumont, and was prefect at Beaumont, and first prefect at Mount St. Mary's. After his ordination at St. Beuno's, September 20th, 1885, he was on the Mission at St. Helen's, and subsequently at Liverpool, and at Accrington. But his priestly life was identified mainly with Mount St. Mary's, to which College he returned in 1894, and after being minister for six months he became the Missioner, which post he retained, beloved by all his parishioners, for the last quarter of a century.—R.I.P.

We have also to deplore the death of that sterling Catholic gentleman Mr. Robert Chadwick (1852), who died on February 12th. He was born in 1842, the second son of John Frederick Chadwick, R.N. (1809), of Alston, near Preston. His mother was Alice, daughter of Robert Gillow, of Clifton Hill, Forton, Lancashire. He married, in 1870, Gertrude Frances, daughter of James Francis Anderton (1815), of Houghton, who predeceased him in 1909. He had four sons at Stonyhurst, Edgar (1889), Lieutenant, *Middlesex Rifles*; Evan (1890), Wilfrid (1891), and Hubert (1892), now a priest of the Society. The family has a very long connection with Stonyhurst, as Mr. John Chadwick came here on September 3rd, 1795. The late Mr. Chadwick was a fervent Sodalist, and recommended himself annually to the prayers of the sodalists on December 8th. A dirge for the repose of his soul was sung by the Sodalists on February 22nd. We offer our sincere condolence to his family on the death of such an exemplary Catholic, one who most worthily upheld the best traditions of Stonyhurst.

Edmund C. Thompson came here in 1889, and remained for seven years. He was in the same class as Lieut. E. Chadwick, Father Ord, D. di Luggo, and Captain J. Colley. He obtained a commission on November 2nd, 1916, on the General List for Recruiting Work, and in December, 1917, obtained a transfer to the *R.F.C.*, where he remained as Equipment Officer, mainly at Yate, Gloucestershire, for about fourteen months, until his discharge in January, 1919.

Gerald Coventry, who enlisted as a private in the *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*, is retiring from the Army, and is going out to India.

Major Leo F. Bodkin (1890), of the Indian Army, was wounded on October 29th. His knee was badly damaged. Apparently, we are glad to hear, he will not be permanently crippled. He was in hospital at Bombay.

We very heartily endorse the following appreciation by the Editor of "Town Topics," for December 21st, 1918:—

"Gladly as we welcome the end of the war there are certain war features which we part from with the deepest and most sincere regret.

Such is 'Roosters and Fledglings,' that super-excellent regimental journal, the organ of the cadet wings of the *R.A.F.*

Its Christmas number is apparently the final issue, and it may be said that it dies at its zenith—a fitting and splendid end for a journal of the *Royal Air Force*. For I have seen no Christmas number displayed upon the bookstalls which pleased me better than this, and no coloured plates better than the exquisite little centre-piece, 'Crashed,' by Milne MacMichael. The editor, in a final word to his readers, gives praise to his staff. Let the Editor of *Town Topics* do his duty by his brother editor. Lieut. Macdonald Hastings is not only a most admirable playwright, but he has proved himself in this war to have been as good a sportsman.

We do not know what difficulties he has had to overcome—if we know anything about the Services they were heartbreaking—in producing from month to month this best of corps journals. He has maintained a fine magazine standard throughout, and has attracted to his pages writers and artists who will make their mark in that world which Hastings adorns. A poem from the last number appears on our front page this



Lance-Corporal HUBERT KELLY.

East Surrey Regiment.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1900.

Killed in action in France, Sept. 4th, 1918.

week; it bears comparison with anything which has been written on the Flying Service, and is infinitely better than anything we can call to mind.

An editor of a Service journal who can get good stuff out of his contributors must be himself a genius, and it is common knowledge that *Roosters and Fledglings* and its predecessor have been uniformly excellent. We take farewell of our splendid little contemporary in a spirit of pride and thankfulness, pride in all that it held which was of our race the best, thankfulness that we have lived in its cheerful company for so long a time. Macdonald Hastings will do great work for the stage and for letters, but this labour of his for the bright youth of Britain in its most radiant moment of endeavour is an achievement which attaches to his name as a brilliant decoration more precious than any in the gift of Ministers."

—
"SED ANGELI."

(The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has initiated the Guild of St. Michael for Airmen).

By those primeval Flights that kept
Your empyrean tryst,
And starkly out of Heaven swept
The hosts of Antichrist—
By that first glimpse of Wings revealed
Above Creation's brim,
When through the zooming meteors wheeled
Your squadroned Seraphim—
By Gates ye held with Flaming Sword,
Michael the Sentinel!
Hold for us still your watch and ward,
Strike! as you struck the paynim horde,
And the smitten hawks of Lucifer reeled
Crashing down to Hell!

Now in a later battle-zone
Prevail the new Crusades,
From myriad eyries roar and drone
The trimmed propellor-blades—
Above the drift the gleaming scouts
Rocket and loop and spin,
The smoke-whorls hang, the maxim spouts
In scarp and ravelin.
Swift from the sun the foe patrols
Dive on our ranging flight—
The wind shrieks through the taut controls—
Into your guardian hands our souls!
Close to the foremost, throttle-wide!
St. Michael for the right!

LEWIS HASTINGS, *Major R.F.A.*
(O.S. 1892).

The following cutting is from a Bournemouth paper:—"Mr. P. Skellon (1903), of Southern Road, West Southbourne, formerly of the *Middlesex and Hants Regiment*, and lately attached to a wireless squad *R.E.*, after serving for four years in India and Mesopotamia, has been granted a commission in the Indian Army Reserve of Officers for services in the field." We also hear that Paul was married on Christmas Eve in the Church of the Holy Name, Bombay. We congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion, and also on his marriage.

—

In the December number of the Magazine we announced the death of Captain A. P. Algar (1892). On writing to Mr. Alfred Algar we find we were mistaken in having entered Captain Arthur Algar as a Stonyhurst boy. Alfred and Albert were here in the nineties, and it was the initial "A" that led to our imagining that Captain Algar was Albert Algar. The following letter, which will be read with interest, explains matters:—

c/o Messrs. SHAW WALLACE & Co.,
POST BOX 203,
BOMBAY,
1st December, 1918.

DEAR FATHER,

I find it exceedingly difficult to adequately thank you for your kind letter of the 8th October, which I received a few days ago.

I have to thank you for your sympathy, which I appreciate more than I can say, for you are, dear Father, my last actual memory of Stonyhurst, for it was towards the end of November, 1897 that you saw me safely in the train on my journey to the East.

Now as to facts. I am Alfred Algar. I have never been on military service, being rejected by the doctors as physically unfit.

Albert got the war fever during the South African War, and joined the *93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*, but never had any chance of seeing active service till the great war, when he again joined up at Calcutta, was attached to the *Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry*, and sent to Mesopotamia. He was seriously wounded at Kut-al-Amara in 1915, at the first battle immediately preceding General Townsend's unfortunate advance on Ctesiphon. He had a most miraculous escape, the bullet entering his forehead and changing direction immediately inside the frontal bone, passed down behind his right eye, and came out shattering the

right side of his jaw. Beyond the loss of his right eye and rather ghastly disfigurement, he is quite recovered.

The Captain A. P. Algar, I.A.R.O., who was killed at Khan Bhagdadie, was the youngest of us three brothers, and his name was Arthur Patrick. He never had the good fortune of being at Stonyhurst.

With best wishes from us all to yourself and all the happy memories of boyhood's days,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ALF. ALGAR.

We were very sorry to hear of the untimely death of 2nd Lieut. J. Roche-Kelly, by being fatally mauled by a panther, and we offer our sincere condolence to the members of his family. We take the account of the accident from *The Times of India* for November 28th, 1918 :—

"The death occurred at the General Hospital yesterday of 2nd Lieut. J. Roche Kelly, 1/3 Battalion M. & S. M. Railway Rifles, as a result of wounds caused by being mauled by a panther on the previous day near Arkonam. It would appear that deceased, who was at Arkonam, heard news of a panther lying about three miles off. He and another proceeded to the spot on a trolley and spotted the animal in thick jungle. They both fired shots and apparently hit the animal, inflicting wounds which, however, were not mortal. The animal turned upon its assailants and charged deceased. Though he and his friend fired repeatedly, their shots were ineffective and the panther sprang upon the former, causing several wounds, and bolted before the other could save his friend. Lieut. Kelly was taken to Arkonam and thence to the General Hospital, Madras, where he was treated. Deceased was educated at Stonyhurst College and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his Engineering Degree. The funeral took place yesterday."

Among those who have received distinctions for services rendered during the war, no one is more worthy than Dr. Edward J. Blackett (1880), for his long and devoted labours in hospitals for officers. He has been decorated with the O.B.E.

He was in charge of an officers' hospital from the very first days of the war, and had under his care some of the first wounded officers who came to England on August 31st, 1914.

The following are the grounds on which he received the distinction :—

Dr. Edward J. Blackett acted as M.O. in charge of the following Officers' Hospitals :—H.R.H. Princess Louise's, Kensington Palace, Oct. 28th, 1914—March 22nd, 1916; The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett's, 34, Grosvenor Street, Aug. 31st, 1914—April 1st, 1915—Sept., 1915—April, 1916; Bathurst House, 12, Belgrave Square, June 19th, 1915—Jan. 17th, 1919; Theodore Hospital, 53, Mount Street, Aug. 8th, 1917—Dec. 27th, 1918; Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, Sept. 18th, 1916—July, 1918; Feb., 1919—

Our thanks are due to Mr. Charles Ryan (1877) for sending us for the Higher Line Playroom the successive numbers of *United Empire*, the Royal Colonial Institute Journal. More than this, in order to encourage entries for the prizes offered by the Royal Colonial Institute, for essays on subjects selected by the Council, Mr. Ryan has offered additional valuable prizes for the Stonyhurst competitors. The conditions regulating the award of these prizes will be duly announced by the Prefect of Studies. We are very grateful for this further proof of his continued and practical interest in the work of the College.

Brigadier-General W. Maxwell-Scott, D.S.O., writes :—

22nd January, 1919.

"As Brigadier-General, General Staff of the Corps, my chief work nowadays is supervising the education of officers, N.C.O.'s and men, preparatory to their return to civil employment. We have a Higher Commercial Course now running, in addition to dozens of 'Education Centres.' About 25 to 30 per cent. of the rank and file are taking advantage of free education. I am assisted in the 'technical' sense by Captain Morrow, one of the lay masters at Beaumont. We are scattered about in the St. Omer, Cassel, Poperinghe district. Blendecques (the origin of 'Blandyke'), a small town close to St. Omer, I know well. The Trappist monks are back at their damaged monastery on the Mont des Cats, but there is nothing left but a heap of bricks of the Hospice (orphanage) at Loere. I was there a few days ago and went into the nuns' garden to see whether anything was left of Major Redmond's grave. I found the mound of the grave and the wooden cross intact between two small holes! The three or four other graves of officers along-side, which I remembered seeing in October, 1917, when I went to the Hospice to help in welcoming Cardinal Bourne, could not be recognised. The place

was untouched till last April, when heavy fighting took place all round it, and Bailleul was also lost. That town is a heap of rubbish ! ”

Lieut. R. A. Irwin (1908), writes :—

ON ACTIVE SERVICE, GREECE,

17th February, 1919.

We are living a patient but monotonous sort of existence here at present. We are about a mile and a half from Sariguel and a mile or so from KuKus (sometimes written Kou-Kouch, or Kilkis). Sariguel is on the Salonica-Doiran-Constantinople Railway, and is a miserable village. Ku-Kus is a little better, and gains a little notoriety through the battle that was fought near it in a previous war. I have been round many of these old trenches and gun-pits, and there is quite a lot of “old iron” on one hillside—“15 in. shrapnel cases, with E.E. stamped on the base.” Behind Ku-Kus is a very high hill, with a Church on top, which, like Mont des Cats in Belgium, is quite a landmark. From it one can see right over the Jane’s plain towards the “P” Ridge and Grand Couronne, where we had some “thrillers ! ”

I am at present in command of the Company, but, owing presumably to the Armistice, do not get the acting rank of Captain. I have a horse, and get a fair amount of riding. We have a truly excellent Divisional Theatre Party, which has produced the “Chocolate Soldier” at Gugunia, some miles from here ; it has been a most successful show.

Among the recipients of New Year’s Honours was “Wilfrid Edward Francis Jackson, Esq. (1895), Colonial Secretary, Bermuda,” who received the C.M.G. As this is a civil distinction it is not entered in our list of War Honours. We heartily congratulate our distinguished alumnus.

The following engagement is announced :—Mr. Francis Macadam (1905), to Miss Marjorie M. Browne, daughter of Mr. P. J. Browne, of Buenos Aires.

Lieut.-Colonel J. J. D. Roche (1896), *R.A.M.C.*, writes :—

SYREN,

British North Russia Exped. Force,

27th September, 1918.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR,

I wonder whether you know any O.S.’s out here ?

So far I have not met one, but it is not easy to discover where a man has been at school, and so far we have not had any Mass on Sundays. Lately an Italian priest arrived, so this will be different in future.

I have been here on the Murman coast since June 23rd, and have until very recently lived exclusively in the local type of hotel, *i.e.*, an ordinary goods wagon.

I had a little trip down the line, a distance of 300 miles, some time ago—no worry about changing trains—my goods wagon was shunted on at Murmansh, and shunted off the other end. I lived in it at Kem, and had it shunted to another train for the homeward journey. The trains do not go too fast—300 miles takes three days and nights !

The weather was lovely at first—Midnight Sun. Recently we have begun to get darkness, and in another month darkness from five may be expected. Later, light will only be present from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. (three hours). Frost up to 51 degrees is not uncommon.

Until to-day I have been D.A.D.M.S., but now have taken command of 86 General Hospital.

If you have any spare literature, it would be received very gratefully by the patients of my hospital. They will have a depressing time of it in the winter.

I see that A. J. Blake has become an Acting-Major. I also had that honour on June 12th, but have now become a Lieut.-Colonel.

[The only other Stonyhurst boy we know of as serving in the British Expeditionary Force in North Russia is Captain Walter M. A. MacGrath (1894), M.C., who probably was a contemporary of Colonel Roche at Stonyhurst —EDITOR S.M.]

The following marriages have lately taken place :

Captin W. R. O’Farrell (1899), *R.A.M.C.*, to Miss L. Brennan, at Bromley, Kent, on February 18th. Captain O’Farrell had been a prisoner of war in Turkey, and has but recently returned home.

On March 4th, at St. Joseph’s, Birkdale, Mr. Frederick Joseph Weld (1881), late of Federated Malay States Civil Service, third son of the late Sir

Frederick Weld (1833), G.C.M.G., and Lady Weld, of Chideock Manor, Dorset, married Miss Mary Josephine Weld, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Weld (1846), and of Mrs. Weld, Weld Road, Birkdale. The ceremony was performed by Father George Weld, S.J. (1893), the brother of the bride, and Major R. Mayne (1900), was the bridegroom's best man. Bishop John Vaughan was also present. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Francis Weld (1885).

The issue of the *Rangoon Times* for December 18th, 1918, contains a long account of the marriage of Captain Douglas David Malcolm Urquhart (1904), Indian Army, only son of Sir James and Lady Urquhart, Magdala House, Dundee, and Miss Kathleen May Craddock, younger daughter of His Honour Sir Reginald Craddock, K.C.S.I., I.C.S., Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, and Lady Craddock. The marriage was solemnized at St. Mary's Cathedral by His Lordship Dr. Alexander Cardot, Vicar-Apostolic of Lower Burma. A very distinguished company attended the ceremony.

Captain Douglas Urquhart was a trooper in the *Scottish Horse* at the outbreak of the war, and in December, 1914, received a commission in the *Scottish Rifles*, with a battalion of which regiment he went to France in September, 1915. He served on the western front, and later at Salonika, till early in 1917, when he was appointed to the Indian Army. He is attached to the *63rd Palamcottah Light Infantry*. In 1918 he officiated as A.D.C. to the Lieutenant-Governor.

We regret to announce the death on December 6th, 1918, suddenly, at Rouen, of heart failure, of Captain Nicholas Stapleton (1885). He was Captain 39th Company, 43rd Garrison Battalion, *Royal Fusiliers*. During the war he served for three years with the Canadians, both in Canada and in England. Latterly he was stationed in Rouen for garrison duty. He was sixty years of age, and before the war belonged to the *25th London Cyclists*. He was at Stonyhurst for one year only, as a Philosopher.—R.I.P.

Captain Edmund de Pentheny-O'Kelly (1871), died very suddenly in London on February 14th, after an attack of influenza. But Father Bampton was with him at the last. He was aged 57, and was the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel de Pentheny-O'Kelly, and Mrs. O'Kelly, of Dun Esk, Westgate. He was educated at Stonyhurst, as was also his brother Raymond (1871), who was killed in the South African War, and Henry (1882), killed in the great war.

Edmund also served through the South African War, where he had enteric fever very badly. During the war he performed home service duties, being over age for active service. He was Captain in the *Lancashire Fusiliers*. We offer our sincere condolence to his mother, brother, and sister.—R.I.P.

We have already recorded the death in action of Captain G. T. C. Perram, killed August 3rd, 1917. His younger brother, Captain Henry Charles Perram (1898), 84th, attached to 66th *Punjabis*, died on February 17th, of pneumonia, at Dera Ismail Khan, N.W. Indian Frontier Province, at the age of twenty-nine. He was the only surviving son of Mr. G. J. Perram, C.I.E., and Mrs. Perram. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to his bereaved parents on this the second heavy loss which they have sustained.—R.I.P.

In the July Magazine, 1918, page 398, an unfortunate misplacement of type occurred in the printing, so that in our account of the memorial erected to the memory of the late Noel Somers (1908), the opening sentence read as if Dr. James E. Somers (1877) was the late Dr. James E. Somers, instead of the adjective evidently referring to Noel. We are happy to say that Dr. Somers, who is a very busy man in Monnington, Victoria, Australia, is quite well.

We make the correction in case any of his friends and contemporaries at Stonyhurst should have been misled by the error in typesetting. We take this opportunity of expressing to Dr. and Mrs. Somers our sincerest sympathy in a second bereavement they have suffered, by the death in action in France of their younger son, Gervase, who was only 19 years old.

Among the visitors whom we have welcomed to the College since the last issue of the Magazine were : Rev. C. King, S.J. (1894), Rev. J. Bader, S.J. (1869), Rev. F. W. Plant, S.J., C.F. (1894), Cadet A. Bisgood, R.N. (1914), Midshipman L. Gradwell, R.N. (1910), 2nd Lieut. H. Firth (1908), Lieut. G. Hull (1907), Midshipman J. Hull, R.N. (1909), Midshipman P. Bell (1908), Rev. M. King, S.J., C.F. (1869), F. McAdam (1905), Lieut. V. Thierens (1910), 2nd Lieut. J. H. Wellard (1908), Rev. F. V. Keating (1872), S.J., C.F., 2nd Lieut. H. S. Hoseason (1912).

In Memoriam.

FATHER FRANCIS GREEN, S.J. (O.S. 1875).

Father Francis Green, S.J., who died in his sleep on November 24th, 1918, was born of convert parents at Norton, Yorkshire, on April 7th, 1864. He came to Stonyhurst April 5th, 1875, and remained until July, 1883. He will be remembered by his contemporaries as a boy of a very gentle and refined disposition.

He entered the Noviciate of the Society at Manresa House, Roehampton, on September 7th, 1883. After his noviceship and studies he was prefect at Mount St. Mary's College, 1888—91, and first Prefect there in 1891—5. He commenced his theological studies at St. Beuno's College in 1895, and was ordained there on July 31st, 1898. He made his Tertainship at Tronchiennes, in Belgium, and returned to the post of first Prefect at Mount St. Mary's for the period 1899—1901. He was then Minister at that College, 1901—06, and at Beaumont 1906—1908, when he was appointed Superior at St. John's, which position he held until his health finally broke down. He suffered from heart failure. One of his last duties at Beaumont was to instal Father Bodkin as Rector on August 15th, 1917. He retired to Manresa House on January 22nd, 1918, and at first improved in health. But after a time dropsy in a very pronounced form set in, and on several occasions he seemed to be dying. Resigned in all things to God's holy will, he finally passed away in his

sleep on the morning of Sunday, November 24th, 1918. His administration of St. John's, the Preparatory School of Beaumont College, was most successful, and he will be remembered with feelings of kindly affection by several generations of Beaumont boys.—R.I.P.

MR. GUSTAVE DELISLE (O.S. 1880).

Mr. Gustave Delisle, one of the most highly respected and esteemed citizens of St. Kitts, died on Thursday, October 10th, 1918, as the result of an apoplectic seizure. We take the following account of his death and funeral and appreciation of his character from *The St. Kitts-Nevis Daily Bulletin* for October 12th, 1918 :—

" Basseterre received a shock on Thursday morning when the news flew around that Mr. Gus Delisle had been taken suddenly ill at the Telegraph Station and was not expected to recover from the apoplectic seizure.

Leaving his office after breakfast in apparent good health, and, in good spirits, he had gone to the Telegraph Station, as was his daily habit, to get the early tidings of the day's war news being received, and, while conversing with Mr. Todd, he was suddenly seized.

Medical aid was immediately summoned ; everything that could have been possibly done was done to snatch from the jaws of death a valuable life.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of his death all the business places closed their doors.

The body was removed to his home on Fort Street at about 7 p.m., and was followed by a silent mournful crowd.

The funeral procession left the house at 9 a.m. on Friday, the 11th, for the Roman Catholic Church, where the Rev. Father Hermans conducted the funeral ceremony.

The funeral cortege, which wended its way to the Springfield Cemetery was one of the largest we have seen here, and represented every class, profession, and creed, an eloquent testimony to the revered memory of the deceased.

The large number of floral tributes which were heaped on the grave were heart tributes to his untold goodness and kindness to one and all.

All business places remained closed yesterday in respect for his memory.

The death of Mr. "Gus" Delisle, as he was best known to us, is a stunning blow to St. Kitts, and represents an irreparable loss to this community. The friend of rich and poor alike, he was ever ready in that well-known open-hearted and sincere manner to render assistance, to offer his services when necessary. His charity knew no bounds, and the poor have lost a friend.

Averse to public life, Mr. G. S. Delisle would never accept any appointment which would have brought him into the limelight, yet, through his knowledge of men and things, the weight of his influence and advice, were felt in every circle in this community.

He acted on several occasions as Consular Agent of France, and till recently was Vice-Consul for Denmark, a post which he resigned in 1917.

In financial and commercial circles his opinions were most valued and sought because of the business acumen which was unreservedly placed at the disposal of those who sought it.

A man unafraid of his opinions, a gentleman, whose honour was unimpeachable, whose word was his bond. A staunch, earnest and practical Roman Catholic, the Church has lost one of its principal supports and models.

The many good works of the deceased hidden from view on earth will be found engraved on the Book of Life, and his memory will ever live in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

To his bereaved family and relatives we tender our condolences in the hour of sorrow."

MR. KENNETH FORD CALLAGHAN (O.S. 1900).

We are sorry to have to announce the untimely death, on February 16th, 1919, of Mr. Kenneth

Callaghan, of double pneumonia, aged 29 years. Kenn Callaghan was the youngest of the three sons of the late William, and of Mary Callaghan, of Parkside, Ravenscourt Park, London, W. Kenn Callaghan came to Stonyhurst in 1900. He had been previously for two years at St. John's, Beaumont. While at Stonyhurst he was distinguished for elocution and his histrionic and debating powers. Twice he gained, in the Second Division, the Elocution Prize, and twice in the First Division he was next in merit. In 1907 he carried off the Stonyhurst Association Debating Prize for the Philosophers.

In 1908 he went up to Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, and at once made his mark in the University by his exceptional oratorical powers. On December 1st he made his maiden speech at the Union. The *Granta*, an Undergraduates' weekly paper, December 8th, 1908, recorded: "Mr. Callaghan made one of the soundest speeches we have heard for a long time. We spot in him a future President."

His career at the University as a speaker and debater was phenomenal. He was President of the College Debating Society, twice President of the C.U. Law Society, which was a record, President of the New Carlton Club, successively Secretary and Vice-President of the Union, and in 1911 President of the Union. He was the third Catholic to obtain that position in the history of the Union. He took his degree in 1911, and Third Class Honours in Law, and the L.L.B. in June, 1912, after a four years' residence at the University.

Nor with all these activities did he neglect Catholic interests, for he was Secretary of the Fisher Society, and in 1911 read a paper on the Catholic Church to an Anglican Society at Caius College.

He also took an active part in politics while in residence.

We append the following short obituary notice which appeared in the *Times* for February 18th, 1919:—

"A great many members of the Bar will learn with regret that Mr. Kenneth Ford Callaghan, President of the Hardwicke Society, died of pneumonia on

Sunday night. He had been associated with the Society for some time, and he had brought to it a reputation from the Cambridge Union, which he justified, for eloquence in debate. He was one of the best debaters that the Hardwicke Society has had during recent years. Although he was a young man—only about 29 years of age—his example inspired many a junior member of the Bar, and evoked the admiration of several experienced counsel.

Educated at Stonyhurst and at Caius College, where he graduated in 1911 and took his L.L.B. in 1912, he joined the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar there in 1913. He was a pupil of Mr. McArdie (now the Judge of the King's Bench Division), and his abilities led his fellow students to prophecies of his future which were gratifying to their sentiments of affection towards him as a colleague. Two of his brothers were serving in France at the time of his death."

These brothers are Major Edmund F. Callaghan (1894), *R.F.A. (T.F.), Intelligence Corps*; and Major Geoffrey F. Callaghan, *M.C. (1894), Connaught Rangers*. To them and to all the members of his family we offer the expression of our sincere sympathy. A Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at Farm Street on February 21st.—R.I.P.

Mr. EUSTACE FERRERS NICHOLSON (O.S. 1868.)

Father Goodier, S.J., writes:—

November 23rd, 1918.

DEAR FATHER EDITOR,

Mr. Eustace Ferrers Nicholson (O.S.), brother of Father Charles Nicholson, S.J., Government Solicitor and Public Prosecutor for the City of Bombay, died this morning at 6-30. He was a very prominent figure in the city, was President of the Yacht Club, took great interest in the Catholic charities of this place, and showed his loyalty to Stonyhurst by the prominent part he played at the Stonyhurst dinner here some months ago. May he rest in peace.

We take the following account of his career from *The Times of India* for November 25th, 1918. While at Stonyhurst Eustace Nicholson was a prominent member of the Choir, being leading alto in the year 1872.

"We much regret to announce the death, on Saturday morning, from enteric, of Mr. E. Ferrers Nicholson, Government Solicitor and Public Prosecutor.

Mr. Eustace Ferrers Nicholson was the youngest son of the late Major William Nicholson, of Thelwall, Cheshire and Bath. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, and after he had matriculated in the London University was articled at Warrington to his uncle, the late Mr. James Nicholson. After serving his articles, he joined the firm of Gregory, Rowcliffs and Rawle, solicitors, No. 1 Bedford Row, London, and in 1879 he was taken on the staff of that firm in the Common Law (Agency Side) Department, but after being admitted as a solicitor in 1880 he came to India and joined the firm of Hearn, Cleveland and Little. In the year 1898 Mr. Nicholson, who had acted as Government Solicitor, and Public Prosecutor in 1894 and 1897, and who had been specially appointed as Public Prosecutor in certain important cases in Poona, was confirmed in the Government appointment which he held till his death.

Apart from his professional work, Mr. Ferrers Nicholson was one of the best known men in Bombay. Not the least useful of Mr. Nicholson's activities was his share in the management of the Bombay Gymkhana. He had himself taken an active part in cricket and tennis in his earlier years in Bombay, and until comparatively recently he was among the best of the club's golfers. It was natural, therefore, that he should pass on from the playing field to the committee room. He took an active share in the erection of the club building, and when the late Mr. Justice Russell resigned the presidentship of the club on leaving India, Mr. Nicholson was the most obvious and suitable successor. The President of the Gymkhana has not merely to guide the destinies of a club which provides many forms of sport and entertainment for its members: he may be said

to hold a semi-public position because the organisation and control of the great inter-communal cricket matches fall upon the Gymkhana committee. The same committee is responsible for the management of the principal Hockey Tournament, the Aga Khan Cup. The success of the club has been in no small part due to Mr. Nicholson's sound judgment and his unwearying interest in every detail of management. He was naturally a member of the leading clubs in Bombay, and was a valued member of many club committees at the disposal of which he readily placed his legal knowledge and long experience of men and affairs.

As a Volunteer Officer he took a considerable part in the public life of Bombay. He joined the Bombay Volunteer Rifles in 1885, and was for many years one of its most active and efficient officers. In 1899 he succeeded Colonel R. S. Brown in command of the Battalion, and during his tenure of the command was able to raise the physical standard of the Volunteers as well as to introduce a more practical form of training—including an annual camp at Santa Cruz—than they had received up to then. Old Volunteers will remember the gallant fight that Colonel Nicholson made to get a range after the old range at Kurla had been condemned in 1903, as unsafe for practice with the Lee-Metford rifle. Government met his perpetual requests for the Ghatkopar site with an apathy that would have disheartened a less persevering commandant, but he went on undaunted with his demands. Colonel Nicholson resigned, however, in 1906, and his successor, Colonel Dunlop, had to carry on the contest until, in 1910, the site of the range was granted. In various other ways Colonel Nicholson did much for the B.V.R., not the least of his achievements being materially to improve the financial position of the Battalion. It is characteristic of the apathy with which the Government of India treated the Volunteer Force that his services received no sort of recognition, yet they were rendered at a time when the Volunteers were in peculiar need of encouragement, and Bombay was fortunate in possessing a man so inflexible in purpose at such a time. It is a matter for comment also that his long years of service to Government were similarly ignored.

The fault, we believe, lay with Simla—always grudging in recognition of public service rendered in Bombay—and not with the Government of Bombay, for here at least there can have been no shadow of doubt about the excellent work which Mr. Ferrers Nicholson performed, not least of all in many important sedition cases.

Mr. Ferrers Nicholson is survived by his widow and daughter and two sons, who have recently been on active service.

The funeral took place at Sewri on Saturday evening, the officiating clergy being the Rev. A. Goodier, S.J., and the Rev. J. S. Schroeter, S.J. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Ferrers Nicholson; Captain Rigby, representing H.E. the Governor; Sir Basil Scott, Sir John Heaton, Mr. Justice McLeod, Mr. Justice Marten, the Hon. Mr. Curtis, the Hon. Mr. Strangman, Lieut.-Col. Novis. The 15th Bombay Battalion, I.D.F., which has taken the place of the Bombay Volunteers Rifles, was represented by a number of officers.

VARIA.

Gladly do we make public the following gracious message from the students of Fordham University Graduate School:—

October 24th, 1918.

VERY REV. EDWARD O'CONNOR, S.J.,

Rector Stonyhurst College,

Blackburn, Lancs., England.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

The students of Fordham University Graduate School have directed me to forward the enclosed Resolutions passed at the first Seminar with reference to the loss sustained by the Society of Jesus in the death of one of its famous scholars, Rev. Michael Maher, S.J.

May I add an expression of my personal regret to this message from our School?

Sincerely yours,

T. F. MULHOLLAND, *Registrar.*

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF REV. M.
MAHER, S.J.

WHEREAS the Graduate School of Fordham University, City of New York, U.S.A., has learned of the loss to the Society of Jesus caused by the death of the eminent psychologist, Rev. Michael Maher, S.J., and feels impelled to record its immediate sense of that loss, and

WHEREAS, the Graduate School views the death of Father Maher as affecting both the Society and itself,

BE IT RESOLVED that the Graduate School in body assembled, hereby extend to the Fathers of the English Province of the Society of Jesus its profound sympathy, and express at the same time the general estimate of those interested in higher Catholic Education in America of the work of Father Maher. His "Psychology" is most widely known of the volumes of the Stonyhurst Series of Philosophy; it is consulted alike by Catholic and non-Catholic as the ablest statement in English of the time-honored philosophy of the Scholastics, distinguished alike by grasp and sanity and width of learning; it has begun an era of understanding that may widen to immortality, instructing many unto justice.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that, in the presence of this untimely death on the eve of the period of social reconstruction, the Graduate School emphasises the loss that has befallen its sister, Stonyhurst College; its beloved, Scholastic Science; and its mother, Holy Church—the three dear interests of the heart now stilled by death.

The above resolutions were duly noted to be forwarded to the Rector of Stonyhurst College, England, and to be entered upon the minutes of the Fordham Graduate School, this eighteenth day of October, A.D. 1918.

New York City, U.S.A.

Father Steuart, C.F., writes under date January 15th, 1919:—"I visited a camp of Boche prisoners a short time ago and found nearly a hundred R.C.'s all of whom went to Confession and Communion. One of them had been a waiter at the Trocadero. I have come across a Hodder House in Belgium. On the war maps all known German trenches or pill-boxes were named by us, and this Hodder House was a pill-box not far from a place called Dadizee,

which we captured in October. I don't know who was responsible for this particular name. The attached document may interest you. It was thrown into one of our saps in Avelny Wood, near Albert, where the Boche line was hardly twelve feet away, on May 3rd last year. It reads:—"Comrades, why are we fighting? We are sacrificing our blood and our property for the sake of Capitalism, which is not yet satisfied. Yes, dear comrades, if only we could have a talk together the end would soon come." It looks like an early Bolshevik feeler."

Under the exhilarating effects of tobogganing one of our minor poets has expressed his feelings in verse:—

With a syncopated splash,
And a bumpifying bash,
And a stupefying crash,
Like a shot down hill I flew;
When I asked where was my sleigh,
I could hear some person say
I had left it on the way—
The remark was very true!

As I stood there very still,
With my back towards the hill,
And was catching quite a chill,
I was startled by a noise;
With an elevating rush,
And a scintillating brush,
I was landed in the slush
Beneath a crowd of boys!

F. H.

THE STONYHURST HUT.

Mr. Bernard Radcliffe desires to acknowledge subscriptions up to date of £108 10s. 0d. towards the Stonyhurst Hut, and to say that the subscription list is still open. When the armistice was declared the subscriptions ceased, but there is as much need as ever for huts, and will be for a long time to come. The boys at the College and Hodder contributed very well, and Mr. Radcliffe would appeal to the generosity of old boys, as well as to present boys, to help to make the hut worthy of the name it bears.

A very old and faithful servant of the College died on Christmas Eve, Mr. James Tipping, for over

forty years the College gasman, a great favourite with generations of Stonyhurst boys, on account of his ever ready kindness in taking care of their multitudinous feathered and reptile pets. His domain at the gas-works was a sort of miniature "Zoo," a place of pilgrimage on walks and excursions. But a more eloquent pen has furnished a character sketch of this good old man, in another part of the Magazine, that of his great friend, Father Frank Irwin, C.F. His many friends will not forget to say a prayer for the repose of his soul. He had been evidently failing in health for some time, and had relinquished the care of the gas-works for some months before his death.—R.I.P.

In connection with the educational work which is now organised among the troops, Father Cortie has given lectures at Shoreham and Rugeley Camps, and at Military Hospitals in Manchester, on astronomical topics. He has also lectured at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on February 10th, on "New Stars," and to the Preston Scientific Society, on February 21st, on "The Spectrum of the Stars."

He was privileged, on February 27th, to lecture to the Dominican Community, at Hawkesyard Priory, Rugeley, on "The Formation of the Sun and Stars."

COLLEGE NOTES.

This term we have been lucky enough to enjoy both tobogganing and skating. On January 28th we woke up to find the ground covered in thick snow, and consequently after dinner Rhetoric set off with toboggans for Paradise, where they spent a most enjoyable afternoon. In two days all those in Higher Line who had been able to obtain, or make for themselves, toboggans, were enjoying the sport. In a week's time the scene of operations was transferred to Composition Hill, the snow elsewhere having disappeared. This, too, soon came to an end, and reluctantly we put aside our toboggans.

Our hopes of skating expressed in the last Magazine were soon, however, to be realised, for on February

6th the Ponds were covered with ice. True it was only a very thin sheet, but then the veteran weather prophets predicted frost, and so we all felt sure that the beginning of the next week would see us on the ice—we were not disappointed. On Monday, the 10th, the Mill Pond and Reservoir were bearing, and consequently the boys were freed at 9-45 a.m. for the rest of the day. For many the morning was occupied in obtaining skates and fixing them on boots, but by the afternoon nearly all who were lucky enough to get skates were "finding their sea legs."

Tuesday marked a thaw of extraordinary rapidity. It was Poetry Academy, and some who had been able to get on to the Mill Pond before the Academy were sadly surprised on their return to the pond to find it covered with water. Despite the fact, skating continued until dinner, after which, however, the surface became so soft that it had to be abandoned, and with it our hopes of further skating.

But to our great surprise and joy the next day we found the Infirmary Pond and the far end of the Reservoir, both hitherto unsafe, in splendid condition; we were freed, therefore, from afternoon schools, and there disported ourselves. Thursday saw us still skating, but for the last time, for the next day brought rain and a thaw.

We wish to thank Father Rector for freeing us from schools. We also wish to thank Father Ireland for the trouble he took during his early morning strolls over the ponds and up to the Reservoir, testing the ice, that all might enjoy the skating while it was possible.

As may have been surmised, Football has, under these circumstances, been impossible, and we have only played one or two matches. We now, hope, however, to commence Class Leagues as soon as possible; we trust that thus greater interest will be added, and more keenness shown in a game which is not always very thrilling for all.

"Stonyhurst Football" has been revived, and the goal-posts from the Ambulacrum have been set up in Higher Line Playground. Tobogganing and skating have interfered with this game also, but we have already played one or two games. The first was rather a blood-thirsty affair—the result of too large a number of players, and of not observing the rules. Unfortunately some foolish people have formed an opinion of the game from this first attempt, and in consequence have dubbed it by such names as "Suicide" and "Murder." The subsequent attempt was much more successful, owing, no doubt, to the assistance lent by one or two of the Community, who, having played in days of old, were able to show us how *not* to play the game; for this we tender them our thanks. In time we hope to be able to play the game as it should be played, when we trust keen interest will be taken in it. Meanwhile we must persevere—and may Grand Matches be no longer a thing of the past!

We are glad to be able to announce that to the appeal made for candidates for the Stonyhurst Association a splendid response was made.

H. A. SIRE.

W. H. MURRAY.

THE GRAMMAR PLAYS, 1918.

It could not be truthfully stated, even by the most indulgent of critics—and we have been dubbed as such—that the acting in these plays, which were performed on December 8th last, was above the average. We freely admit that, it was no easy task for Messrs. Flynn and Brodrick to select pieces suitable to the capacities of their youthful artistes, who had to make their first bow to one of the most exacting of audiences. Again, one must remember that "The Grammar Plays" are in no way in competition with those of "Philosophy" or "The Higher Line." We must bear in mind also that on this occasion those fashionable epidemics—the mumps and the "flu"—had invidiously invaded

(only for a short spell, it is true), our classic halls, thus compelling important changes—even at the eleventh hour—in the *dramatis personæ* of both plays.

We will begin with a plaint. What struck us most painfully, during an otherwise pleasant evening was the appalling long waiting during the acts. Why was this necessary, when there were so few changes of scenery or dress? To add to our discomfort, Mr. Belton made little use of the services of that first-class Orchestra of which we are justly proud, and of which he is the worthy chief. There was little or no cheerful harmony to beguile the time, so when we had discoursed with our neighbours on the armistice, the probable terms of the great peace, our approaching vac., etc., our budget was exhausted—and still, no music. It was too bad!

The entertainment opened with an overture by the Orchestra. Mascagni's "Ave Maria" is always appreciated, for it is one of the sweetest melodies of that short opera which made its author famous in a day; doubtless, the selection had been made to do honour to that feast-day that we were celebrating, and which deservedly holds such a conspicuous place in the Stonyhurst calendar.

The boys of Upper Grammar then took possession of the stage in an adaptation of C. A. Pellanus's "Lost Chord," a light farce, which we fancy to have seen before under another name. The plot is in no way deep, for it simply revolves round the theft of a false bank-note, which passes through various hands; and the *dénouement* is happy. The chief character was allotted to Basil Mostyn, who impersonated Sir Giles Hyebrough in a dignified manner. He looked and bore himself as a typical country squire. He was at first somewhat wooden, but he had greatly improved before the curtain dropped. In due justice to him be it said, that he took the part at a few days' notice. We were particularly delighted with the acting of Owen Fogarty and Philip Conron, who seemed to revel, respectively, as the Village Constable and the cutest of Detectives. Both of these young actors did much to enliven a rather dull play; the former's loquacity was really amusing; we hope to see them in more ambitious parts in the near future. Roland Thomas, despite

his stature, did well, but his constant and unique gesture—by which he seemed to be on the point of chanting “*oremus*”—was a trifle boring, while his costume was too old-fashioned. The minor characters were well delineated.

After the interval the Orchestra obliged with Elliot Smith’s “*Drummer’s Birthday*,” in which Albert Waterkeyn, as the soloist, gave such a masterful display on the drums that he was encored.

The success of the evening was, however, “*Choice Spirits*,” which had been entrusted to the boys of Lower Grammar, and so well had they been coached, and so well did they act (in a new style of play, to boot), that they gave satisfaction to all. Who among us has not read and enjoyed the sea-faring stories of W. W. Jacobs, which smack so delightfully of our lordly Thames and Cockneyland? Consequently (as our space allotment is meagre), we deem it unnecessary to dilate on the intrigue more than to state that the crew of the *Arethusa* was in a state of mutiny owing to the wretched food, that their complaints had not been remedied, that they had been compelled to throw their rations overboard, that two of the boys had pretended to commit suicide, that their accent reeked not of Wapping, but was, at times, broad Lancastrian, and that after several amusing episodes all concluded as merry as a marriage bell. We frankly confess that we could not name a *facile princeps* among these youthful actors, for all did remarkably well in characters which suited them. We were, above all, pleased with the efforts of H. Robinson and Norman Pringle, who played, and looked like, true old salts, as to the manner born. H. Bartlett was very good as the Skipper, though his physique contrasted unfavourably with the afore-named. W. Drake-Lee gave a good account of himself as the burly mate, while J. Booth, as Jenkins, was excellent as an old man, both in voice and make-up. We were agreeably surprised by the acting of the youngsters of the players—E. Biller and P. Bartlett, who, as Tommy Brown and the Cook did much to promote the hilarity of the audience.

And now, we must imitate our younger brethren at Hodder by expressing our acknowledgments all round. Our grateful thanks are due, first of all, to

Messrs. Flynn and Brodrick; we take off our hats to Br. Morhke, of St. Mary’s Hall, who designed and painted the scenery; his “*Deck of the Arethusa*” was one of the prettiest and most realistic of the masterpieces that we have had from his artistic brush; finally, we thank all the actors and musicians very much. We append the programme:—

Overture “*Ave Maria*” *Mascagni*
THE ORCHESTRA.

“THE LOST CHORD.”

Sir Giles Hyebrough BASIL MOSTYN
Timothy Lightfoot, the Village Constable
OWEN FOGARTY
Oliver Kewte, a Detective ... PHILIP CONRON
M. Descordes, Chef d’Orchestre.
ROLAND CHILTON THOMAS
B Sharpe, Musicians ALFRED SIRE
A Flatte } JOHN BANKS
Silas Menniworde ELLISON AWDE

Scene I. Sir Giles’ Study.
Scene II. A Corner of the Park
Scene III. Sir Giles’ Study.

“*The Drummer’s Birthday*” Elliot Smith
DRUMMER ALB. WATERKEYN.

“CHOICE SPIRITS.”

Characters :

The Skipper H. BARTLETT
The Mate W. DRAKE-LEE
Bill Smith H. ROBINSON
Ned Simmonds N. PRINGLE
George Jenkins J. BOOTH
Tommy Brown E. BILLER
The Cook P. BARTLETT

Scene I. The fo’c’s’le of the *Arethusa*
Scene II. The Same.
Scene III. The Same (three days later).
Scene IV. The Deck of the *Arethusa*.

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

Extract from a letter from a British Tommy to his mother, during the retreat in March, 1918:—
“Dear Mother: We’ve fairly got the Huns on the run this time, but they haven’t caught us yet.”

JAMES TIPPING, THE GASMAN.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Stonyhurst has lost another landmark. One of the choicest characters of the countryside has passed away in the person of my old and valued friend "Jim Gas."

What a host of memories his name recalls. It summons up visions of the motley collection of fowls, owls, ostriches, animals of all sorts, snakes, lizards, tortoises—a veritable Noah's Ark of creatures who flew, flapped, crept, crawled and squeaked in and around the precincts of that fascinating curiosity shop and rustic zoo—the gasworks. The gasworks was the paradise of all small boys, and of some elderly naturalists and students of Lancashire life and character.

The place was also an informal club-house, where the characters of the neighbourhood foregathered to discuss local gossip.

There one might meet on common ground game-keepers and poachers, policemen and tramps, guardians of the law and breakers of the same. Tipping's taste in companions was tolerant and comprehensive, and the warm gashouse was a cosy shelter in hard weather. How many masters in charge of small boys will remember the oft repeated request: "Oh, Sir! Do take us down to Tipping's!"

And the goodnatured gasman was ever ready to attend to their multifarious demands to keep or obtain for them a bewildering variety of pets.

He loved to see "yon College lads" around him, even if they occasionally ran wild over his premises, fiddling with his caged live stock, opening his incubators, and breaking or disorganising many of his tools and implements.

All these mishaps were met with the philosophic reflection, "lads mun be lads."

His domains presented a weird assortment of rusty machinery.

Into his cramped dwelling-house were crowded pianos, cameras, gramophones, bird cages, incubators, cinematographs.

Guns, pistols, telescopes, and tools of all kinds, and in every stage of disintegration littered his sheds and workshops.

Of all his hobbies I think the incubator was his favourite.

This was always worth examining, as it might contain anything from the eggs of poultry, ducks, and pheasants, to those of hawks, owls, magpies, and snakes.

I have even known him to hatch out and rear a clutch of Capercaillies, no mean feat, as those know who have attempted it. In the warm upper chamber of the incubator, designed for drying off the plumage of the newly hatched, might be seen an ill-assorted company of poultry and game-bird fledgelings, jostling, gaping, and shrieking young hawks and owls, while in a corner stood a nest of baby Bullfinches, being hand-fed for pets.

This drawer also acted as a convalescent home for sick birds from the aviary, of which "Doctor James Gas" was for many years the consulting physician, and in this capacity provided endless "copy" for our Aviary Notes.

Any bird that looked "peaky" was handed over to him. He would even "tackle" fractures. A young heron had broken its leg. "Doctor Gas" set it effectually, if not artistically.

He would point with pride to a lump the size of a blackbird's egg that marked the junction of the bones. "I reckon it's mended champion. T' boon is double as thick as it wor."

One of his bird-patients, a Burrowing Owl, was being nursed by him in the incubator, and I went down to inquire after its health. When I arrived Tipping was cutting the hair of a tramp. As a barber he had a *clientèle* among those of the country folk whose hair was not their special pride. A towzled tramp would slouch into the gasworks with a "wilta pow me, lad?" "Aye, set thee dahn, and I'll tackle thee," and then the gasman would fall upon him with his rusty shears.

But to return to our owl. "How is the owl, to-day?" I asked him. With grave deliberation Jim cut an extra deep step in the tramp's back hair.

"He wor doin' ever so fur," he replied, "up to t' last minute afoore he deid; but all on a suddent he bethowt hissel 'o' his dinner. He staggers over to a chicken as wor walkin' by, swallies him head fust, and then lays him dahn and dees."

As a rearer of fowls Tipping's reputation was widespread, and poultry farmers often entrusted him with prize-birds to rear for show.

His profits from the sale of eggs added steadily to his income.

The gasworks was a dump for a variety of malodorous refuse which he collected to boil down for hen food. Offal from the slaughter-house, fish remains from the hawkers' fish carts, and the like went to form the savoury stews with which he persuaded his hens to lay when his neighbours' fowls had struck work in winter.

Some of his hen medicines were original. "Dosta see yon hen," he said to me, one day, "she'd given over layin', so I studied on her till I bethowt me to try paraffin. I gave her a teaspoonful of it, and, ma word! she *did* lay! Next week I geet a letter from t' Blegburn dealer what bowt ma heggs. 'Dom thee!' he said, 'whativer's to do wi' tha heps? Yon heggs as yo sowld me last week welly ruined ma trade. T' customer as bowt 'em 'e coomed back in a proper hig. Doesta soak tha heggs i' paraffin, 'e says. Ma fambly wor nigh pisoned wi' 'em, tha girt tup-heid!' So I give over using yon hen-medicine."

Jim loved to rear young birds of all kinds, and he was especially successful with hawks and owls. He preferred to hatch them from the eggs and feed them by hand. Never having known their wild parents, these young birds became wonderfully tame. Many of the choicest birds in the aviary were trained by him.

With animals he was equally successful. No species came amiss to him. Rats, rabbits, monkeys, mongoose, coatimundi, ocelots even, were equally welcome.

Scratches and bites from those beasts troubled him but little. Doubtless his skin was so well sterilised by its permanent coating of tar and coal-dust that no microbe dared lodge therein for fear of being gassed.

When badly "scratted," or bitten by ferrets, rats, tiger-cats, etc., he would "let it be," and took no harm. I have seen him plunge his hand into a box of newly-arrived ferrets and bring it out with ferrets hanging by their teeth from his knuckles. "They con bite seemin'ly," was his placid comment as he disengaged them one after another by a finger-flip on the snout.

I was once offered a pair of young leopards, and told friend Jim, who bustled round in great glee to find a shed for them.

On another occasion came an offer of a young jaguar. "Come and hear how Tipping receives the proposal," I said to some friends. "A jagewaar," he observed thoughtfully "Yon'll be a kind 'o leopard. Aye, I'll fix him up fine in yon shed, and feed him on lights frae t' slaughter house."

As a professional man and a maker of gas his methods were often the subject of acute controversy. On this question I always was and shall continue to be a whole-hearted partisan of my friend Jim.

To me the wonder was that a man of his age—he was nearing seventy, and had spent over forty years at his job—could continue day and night in all weathers the heavy labour of emptying and charging his "returts," and this often single-handed—besides the perpetual worry of tinkering his rusty tackle.

There was surely some foundation, too, for his sarcastic criticism of the prehistoric apparatus over which he presided, and to which he ascribed the occasional eclipses of the College gas-jets.

"It's time as we got shut of this 'ere Stone Age tackle," he would say in his wrath, as he contemplated leaky mains, defective furnaces, and antiquated "'Omers" perspiring through every tarry pore the precious element produced by him at the price of many a pint of sooty sweat.

The gasman perched on an "'Ometer" (his abbreviation for "gasometer") patching its punctures with pitch was a familiar spectacle to all who visited him.

His sarcasms at the expense of "them hexperts," who were sent down to inspect his works and advise him, were always a source of joy to his friends. Not that the owd lad had a bitter tongue. Whe

his feelings were too deeply wounded for words he would content himself with the cryptic aphorism "Thur's nowt so strange as folks."

There was a refined, sub-acid humour about his comments on men and events which was far removed from the crude bludgeon-work of average rustic criticism.

Enthroned on an inverted carbide tin, making clog "soyles," treating a raven for gapes, or an ostrich for bronchitis, amid a circle of his cronies on similar perches, he was ready to discuss any subject under the sun—and above it too—for his mind had a scientific bent, and he had gleaned some facts about astronomy from his "cyclopedias." Fiction he despised. He dismissed it with the words, "I reads nowt as isn't true."

Readers of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* will recall a ballad entitled "The Odyssey of Jim Gas," which was inspired by the following original suggestion of his. One day as he sat in conclave with some of his favourite gossips, Owd Till, Water Dick, Howker Tom, and others, the conversation turned on aeronautics. "If I had a balloon," said Jim, "I reckon I wouldn't be long gettin' to Australy."

"Ow 'd ye reckon to do it, Jim?" asked his mates.

Jim: "I'd do it this road. I'd get into ma balloon and then I'd rise till I wor aboon the hearth's hatmosphere. I'd bide theer while the hearth spinned round hunder me, and when I seed Australy coomin' by, I'd just drop on it."

His contributions to the general conversation were terse and pointed at times.

An old College servant had died of apoplexy, and these were the comments of the gas-house club, of which I was an honorary member.

Owd Gaffer Hothersall: "He piked off tur'ble sudden, did Dick. It wor happleplexy as did poor Dick's job for him. They're bad uns to live are them as is all thrutched up i' t' neck, like poor Dick wor."

(Dick had a short puffy neck.)

Howker Tom: "Aye, t' Club 'll miss Dick. They will for sure. He wor hale-taster to t' club, wor Dick."

(The "Ale Taster" was an official of the Hurst Green Club. The office can be traced back to medieval times.)

Jim Gas: "Aye, and mony a quart he'd sup afoore he'd reckon to taste it."

Water Dick: "He wor a good mon, wor Dick. They reckon yo hear nowt good o' a mon till he dees."

The kindly gasman was ever ready to offer a helping hand to any tramps, or "roadsters" as he called them, who came his way looking for a meal, or the facilities for heating water to make tea, or "drummin' up." In return for a little assistance in charging his "returts" they would receive sixpence and some food.

It must be admitted that he used them occasionally as the *corpus vile* for some of his experiments.

Thus, desiring to test the efficacy of some whisky which he had made in his little private still, he gave some to a tramp who complained of being wet and cold. "Ma word, but it waarmed him proper. When he'd gotten over gaspin' he axed for more. It worn't no wallow belly-wash worn't yon brew o' mine. If yo thrun it on t' fire it'd fur blaze. I made it out o' barrel-bottoms mostly" (i.e., the lees of beer barrels).

He had learnt the illicit art from some itinerant gaol-bird whom he had befriended, fed and hidden from the police, like the good little grimy Samaritan he was.

This was how Jim once disposed of a rabbit which he had killed with a charge of dust-shot.

"I wor jealous as he wor shotten a bit too thick for comfortable ayтин', so I cooked yon robbit for a roadster. He did more spittin' than chewin' did that theer roadster. 'Whoever dolled yon robbit, he says, 'mun ha shotten 'im wi' sand.'"

There was something youthful in the eager interest in life which Tipping maintained even in old age. Who but Jim Gas, for instance, would have ventured at the age of sixty-five to purchase a motor-bicycle and attempt to drive it himself. Timid wayfarers on the roads around the College would spring aside in terror as his snorting, rattling chariot hurtled past in a cloud of fetid smoke, with the gasman

perched like a little black monkey on top. "They thowt I wor th' Owd Un (the Devil) at fust," he chortled in his glee.

If the machine was rarely in working order the fact in no way worried its owner, whose happiness would not have been complete without a pretext for tinkering its works.

And who again but the enterprising Jim would have risked his hard-earned "brass" and braved the sneers of his unsympathetic "owd lass" to buy a cinematograph. He had given quite a series of exhibitions at the Hurst Green Club, before the law, in the person of the village Bobby, intervened to point out that a license was needed. Also there was no local fire brigade capable of coping with an instrument which, under his energetic handling, had developed many of the properties of a first-class *flammenwerfer*.

When the craze for "Limericks" was at its height Tipping felt that he ought to be in the movement. For many months his weekly effort was sent off to one of the prize competitions.

It was a common sight in those days to see him and his mates seated on their carbide tins, pencil-stump and paper-scrap in hand worrying out their rhymes, and reading aloud the quaint results. "Let me hear your latest," I asked him one day. "I reckon this 'ere's a reet good 'un," he answered:—

"Thur wor a young lady from Rhyll
Whose voice was remarkably s'rill;
She went to the city
And heard something witty—
And th' owd lad swallowed th' wrong pill."

"But I don't see the connection between your last line and the rest," I objected.

"I don't reckon nowt o' connections, so long as I gets a good rhyme," was his conclusive rejoinder.

Tipping's services to the Stonyhurst Ratting Club deserve the gratitude of all the members of that hunt.

He was our kennel-huntsman, kept our ferrets, provided dogs and sticks, suggested likely rat-coverts, and made himself generally indispensable. His dog "Vick" shared some of her master's originality. In her old age, feeling inclined to nurse

something, she fetched a young rabbit out of the wood and kept it for days in her sleeping box, where she tended it assiduously, while her master fed it on grass and photographed the couple.

With the countryfolk of the neighbourhood Tipping was deservedly popular—though I once heard him refer to a rival ratting party of them as "the peasantry." This was, of course, a touch of subtle humour, for Jim was no aristocrat. Indeed, naturalists of all classes who were interested in curious experiments in the rearing of wild birds heard of him, visited his zoo, and photographed his specimens.

A few months before his death Tipping had retired from active service at the gasworks, and went to live with a married daughter in a cottage near Hurst Green village, occupying himself with poultry keeping and light work at the College. It was here that he died last December, after a brief illness.

I could have wished for a portrait of him to accompany these lines. But Jim's work-a-day complexion was the despair of photographers.

During the brief periods which intervened between the weekly "wesh" on Saturday night and the next "stoking do," when one caught a transient glimpse of the real man that underlay his dusky camouflage, the transformation was too complete to seem natural.

On such occasions even his old acquaintances sometimes failed to recognise him.

As is often the case with men of genius, his eyes were his most arresting feature. Like diamonds set in coal, these little twinkling orbs, alight with humour and intelligence, gleamed through their sombre surroundings. The rest was coal-dust. But what of it? Jim was a "white man" for a' that.

Those who knew him will need no portrait to recall his unforgettable figure, no eulogy to appreciate his sterling character.

I can picture to myself Owd Jim now, as he sits up aloft. (He will be stoking no Stygian "returts," for he was a good Christian if ever there was one.) I can see him seated in a cosy corner of Elysium watching the planets "coomin' by," or wandering blissfully through an antediluvian zoo,

splicing the fractured flipper of an Ichthyosaurus, purging a Palaornis with paraffin, stroking the bristles of a Cave Bear, or off for a ride on a Mastodon.

But a truce to such idle speculations ! The Editor is pining impatiently for this overdue article, so I must perorate forthwith.

Owd Jim has gone. He has charged his last "returt." His rustic parliament is dissolved, and his matchless collections are dispersed. The ancient and fish-like smells of his hen-stews no longer assail the nostrils of visitors to the gasworks. The babbling squawks of his baby ravens, magpies, hawks, and owls are stilled for ever.

Modern machinery may even now have begun to replace "Yon Stone Age tackle" over which he presided so long and so faithfully. But no power on earth can ever replace for us our incomparable Jim Gas.

F. J. IRWIN, S.J., C.F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

SIR,—We want new blood, and especially young blood to recruit the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. Boys leaving school and coming to London will be welcomed, and they will find it a great advantage to belong to a Spiritual Association having its being in the centre of things.

They will meet men of all ages and professions, most of whom have in their day been pupils at one or other of our great Catholic Colleges.

We meet every Saturday for Office, Instruction and Benediction in the Sodality Chapel, followed by tea and smoke in our smoking room. Once a month there is the Sodality Mass and Communion in the Chapel, after which we breakfast together in the Sodality Hall.

I should be grateful if you would publish this letter in your Magazine, adding that proposing members should write to the Father Director at the address at the foot of this letter.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY C. TOPHAM, *Prefect.*

114, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.,

21st Feb., 1919.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine

DEAR SIR,—As an old Stonyhurst boy, it is a disappointment for me not to see the name of my old College ever figuring in the Public Schools Sports, such as Cricket, Football, Shooting, etc.

I understand that the reason the College is never represented in the Public Schools Shooting Competitions is because it has no "open" range for practice, but having regard to grounds at the disposal of the College there would only be the cost of erection to be considered, and the necessary funds for this purpose would, I feel sure, be promptly provided in response to an appeal to the old boys.

Surely Stonyhurst, as the leading Catholic College of England, should be represented in the sports, and I feel sure that, if it were, Stonyhurst would hold its own.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

L. V. NAUGHTON.

Doctor, visiting a Scotchman whom he had ordered to bed, and for whom he had prescribed two pills every night, and a small dose of whisky.

"Well, Sandy, how are you getting on with my prescription?"

"Awel, Doctor, I'm a bit behind with the pills, but I'm a fortnight ahead with the whiskey."

THE MARCH OFFENSIVE, 1918

A couple of months before the first great German offensive of this year my battalion, under the new system of three instead of four battalions to a brigade, was detached from the old 15th Division with which it had first come overseas three years earlier, and transferred to the Scottish Brigade of the 35th Division, then lying in the Ypres Sector. I did not go with it immediately, as the attachment of chaplains is to brigades, not to battalions, and it was some weeks before I was able to catch the A.P.C., at Bapaume, and have my transfer arranged. The last duty that I had to discharge before leaving the Arras front, whither the old Division had returned, was to attend a man who was to be shot for desertion. The poor fellow had quite lost touch with his religion, and had passed for a Presbyterian during the whole time of his service. The Presbyterian chaplain who was called to attend him in the first instance discovered, however, in the course of conversation with him that he had been baptised and brought up a Catholic, so he at once sent for me and handed him over to my charge. I found him quite knocked over, sobbing, and mopping his eyes with a wretched rag of a handkerchief. It was pitiful. He had up to the last believed that he would escape the supreme penalty. But it was not long before he quietened down and became quite wonderfully resigned. He made his confession with extraordinary care and contrition, and received communion, after which he remained for nearly an hour on his knees praying, and from then till the moment of his death he never showed the smallest sign of fear or despondency. I spent the night with him, and at five o'clock next morning I woke him and gave him absolution and communion once more. He ate a good breakfast and smoked a couple of cigarettes, and gave me a letter for his wife, in which, in a very simple and manly way he told her what had happened.

A few minutes before six the A.P.M. and a medical officer entered his cell, and he sprang to attention and submitted to have his eyes bandaged and his arms bound without a tremor. A piece of white lint was pinned over his heart as a mark, and we marched

out to the place of execution arm in arm. The firing party was already drawn up there, facing away from the post to which he was to be bound. I stood beside him till the last moment, and we recited some short prayers together, and when the A.P.M. motioned to me to stand aside I gave him the final absolution and he kissed the crucifix. His voice was steady and he stood absolutely firm.

At a signal from the A.P.M. the firing party faced about and took aim; at a second signal they fired, and he slipped down as far as the ropes would let him go, with five bullets through his heart. I buried him immediately in the war cemetery close by. The most painful part of my duty was composing a letter to his wife, for contrary to what I had up till then believed, the next of kin is regularly and unequivocally informed in such cases.

Two days later I rejoined my old battalion, which was then at rest some three miles north-east of Poperinghe, close to the Cistercian Abbey of St. Sixte. The "rest" did not last long. Before the week was out the preliminaries of the great offensive—rumours of which had been waxing and waning for some time past—commenced in the familiar form of long-distance shelling of the back areas. Our camp was clustered about the railhead, an obvious target for this kind of fire, and during the remainder of our stay in it we were subjected day and night to hourly bursts of shelling.

The nearest Boche battery cannot have been closer than nine miles, but so high is the velocity of this type of shell (known as the H.V.), that one hears the boom of its discharge, the whistling swish of its passage through the air, and the crash of its burst almost simultaneously. Sometimes, indeed, one sees the shell burst before one has had any inkling of its approach. One afternoon, for instance, I had taken the C. of E. padre to visit the Abbey, and on our way back to camp, by the side of the road, not fifteen feet from us, without a sound, there suddenly spouted a volcano of turf and black mud, which spattered us from head to foot. The shell had arrived with such velocity that the noise of its departure and of its journey only reached us when the whirr of fragments, and the patter of falling debris had deafened us to every other sound.

On the night of March 21st we learnt that the long-awaited offensive had begun in the Somme area. The first news that reached us was cheering. The attack, we heard, had been held up—or, at least, had made little headway—and the enemy had suffered heavily. Next day there must have been intelligence of a very different nature to hand, for we found ourselves under orders to break camp and proceed immediately southwards. Our precise destination, of course, was known only to those in command. Accordingly, in the early morning of Saturday, the 23rd, while it was still dark, we marched out to our entraining station, some six or seven miles away. I think everyone was glad to go. The shelling for the last week had been incessant, and there was no one whose nerves were not the worse for it. The shooting of the Boche had been so good that though he hit the railway line, which was practically through our camp, again and again, we had had no casualties. But splinters were constantly falling among the huts, and mud flopping on to their roofs; and, as everyone knows, few things are more trying than having to sit silent under bombardment.

Apparently the enemy advance was threatening our lateral railway communications, for we took a very circuitous route by Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Abbeville and Amiens. Apparently, too, there was need for haste, for the train went very much faster than I have ever known a troop train in this country travel before—some ten or twelve miles an hour being what we are most accustomed to. We were a very hilarious party in our carriage; but of the six who occupied it three were to die within forty-eight hours.

We arrived at Amiens about seven o'clock in the evening—or “19.00 hours,” as it would now be called—and here we began to meet the first lot of wounded from the Peronne front. I think it was then that we first began to realise the gravity of the situation. By all accounts the enemy was advancing in very great force, and with extraordinary rapidity. Between Amiens and Heilly (on the Ancre, about two-thirds of the way to Albert), our train had to halt and extinguish all lights on account of enemy aircraft, which were vigorously bombing the city and its environs. At Heilly we detrained—always

a long and weary performance—and somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock we set off on our march to Bray, about nine miles away.

For the first part of the way there was nothing to enliven our march, but as we neared Bray we met an endless procession of refugees and non-combatants plodding wearily and silently down the road. There were old men pushing their wives or children along in wheelbarrows, or walking by the side of farm-carts piled high with bedding and such furniture and provisions as they had had time to remove, often with a cow or two tied to the cart-tail, or a pig or a few sheep driven before them. There were men belonging to labour battalions who had been marching continuously for two days from Peronne, or even from St. Quentin, and from these we were able to glean a little (rather confused and contradictory) news. Peronne had fallen and the Boche was pressing rapidly on—that was the sum of it all.

Soon the long trail of refugees gave place to a more ominous procession, and we had to squeeze up to one side to let the retiring heavy guns pound and grind down the road past us. Their number seemed to be countless, and the sight did not lead to cheering reflections—we were going in, and the guns were coming out! It was steadying, however, to notice the nonchalant air of the gunners, who lounged smoking on the limbers and tractors as if nothing in the world was the matter. So ineradicable is the conviction of the British soldier that he cannot be defeated that he refuses to be depressed by the most adverse portents. By the time that we had reached the outskirts of Bray we learnt that the Boche was no more than five or six miles distant, and we were given only a couple of hours rest before pushing on to meet him.

At five o'clock in the morning we fell in and set off for Maricourt. There was very little gunfire on either side at this time. We had a big naval gun in Bray, which fired at regular intervals, but the Boche advance had been too rapid to allow of his heavies keeping pace with him, and there was very little response. It was a beautiful morning, and the broad highway from Bray to Maricourt was alive with movement; but, except for ourselves, the traffic was almost entirely in the opposite direction. We

were buoyed up, however, by circumstantial rumours of the speedy arrival of a French and an American corps. Needless to say, this rumour, like ninety-nine per cent. of the similar stories (e.g., the capture of Ostend and the landing of four divisions there), had no foundation in either fact or possibility. We halted before Maricourt for a meal and a long rest, and it was after mid-day when we passed through the town, which was now under intermittent fire, and pushed out into the open country, where we expected to meet the enemy.

Except for a rare shell-burst at long and irregular intervals, which accentuated rather than disturbed the silence, an uncanny peace brooded over the scene. With memories of Martinpuich and Le Sars, Arras and Ypres in our minds, it was difficult to realise that this was a battle. We knew that the enemy was before us, just behind the rim of low hills that skirted the open moorland over which we were advancing, and we knew that he was probably creeping round our flanks; but there was hardly a shot fired on either side to remind one of the fact. Here and there a wounded man supported perhaps by a stretcher-bearer, or more often three or four wounded helping one another along, toiled back over the rough broken ground. We were on the old Somme battleground of 1916, and grass-grown shell-holes, collapsed trenches, and shreds of rusted wire were all about us.

Arrived at the base of the low barrier of hills, the Battalion H.Q. established itself beside a withered tree-trunk, the M.O., the C. of E. Padre and I, the medical-sergeant, and two orderlies, found a shell-hole just behind them, where we established our aid-post, and three companies advanced to the attack. Our fourth company was still some way behind.

We lay and watched our line deploying up the slope and disappearing over the top. Still not a shot. A tank, returning from a reconnaissance, lurched and rooted past us. An aeroplane snored overhead. We lay and watched it idly, and noted the blue, white and red discs under its wings. It rather puzzled us when it suddenly dropped down very low and swooped straight at our hole, passing over us at a height of not more than forty feet or so, and then turned and disappeared over the Boche positions. It may have been no more than a coincidence, but

heavy shelling with "woolly bears" followed almost immediately on its disappearance. Later on, during the succeeding week or two, we heard more than once of suspicious aircraft, bearing our distinctive marks, that circled over our lines; and on one occasion we received orders to fire at sight on one such specified machine.

Before long our three companies reappeared on the creast of the hill. They had located the enemy, but at the same time had discovered that he had pushed far forward on both our flanks, and was rapidly encircling us. As our flanks were very precariously defended—practically open, in fact—there was nothing for it but to fall back to our former position on the Maricourt-Maurepas road, and this we did to the accompaniment of a *crescendo* fire of heavy shrapnel, which followed us with remarkable accuracy back across the moorland. Our casualties, as it happened, were only one killed and four or five wounded. But retreat of this sort was a new and disquieting experience for us, and I think we all felt rather bewildered and uneasy.

It was now just after five o'clock. The position was extremely anxious, and we found great difficulty in getting into touch with the Brigade. The C.O. therefore sent a runner with instructions to find it at all costs, and decided that if he received no orders by 7 p.m. he would fall back to Maricourt. We then sat down in a depression on the top of a low knoll and had tea. Boche forward observers who may have seen us must have been sorely puzzled. The "woolly bears" still sang and crashed about us, but the mess waiter, bare-headed, calmly took the tea-pot round and brought up relays of bully and bread and jam.

Imagine an elliptical saucer—or, better still, a salad plate. Inside the plate, but near the concave side, our tea-party was in progress. Just over the brim, everywhere, but immediately behind us, was the Boche, observing and getting ready for nightfall. At times we could even see groups of three or four on the sky-line evidently watching us; and still no orders from Brigade. It was not a hilarious hour and a half.

By 7 p.m. no orders had reached us, and accordingly we fell in for the withdrawal. It was getting

dark; the Boche had almost certainly begun to descend the hill-barrier of the moor towards us, and the frequent appearance of stragglers from other units each claiming to be the sole survivor of his platoon or company (one even, unblushingly and quite cheerfully, announced that he was all that remained of the —th Brigade), bred in us no desire to dawdle over our preparations. When we started it was nearly dark. We had gone three-fourths of the way, and had reached the lowest point of the road, where it dips into a narrow valley just below Favières Wood, when a Brigade runner met us with orders to remain in the valley and hold it against the impending advance of the enemy. Almost simultaneously a Boche *Véry* light went up not five hundred yards away on our right flank and rather behind it. As the battalion was quickly placed in position a tank came down the road by which we had marched, carrying with it the crew of its companion "ship." The Commander halted for a few minutes to tell us (1) that the Boche was close behind and moving rapidly; (2) that he had had to fight his way through the enemy's advance parties; (3) that the other tank had stuck and had been abandoned and set on fire. He then wished us good-night and good luck and lumbered off to Bray and dinner. In that short time he had made himself very unpopular with us. In accordance with the best military traditions the M.O. and I then set about making sure of our rear communications. Strict orders had been issued by the A.D.M.S. that medical officers should take every reasonable precaution against possible capture. There had been too many casualties amongst them in the last few days, and he was hard pressed for men. Consequently we assured ourselves, by going down it some way, that the road in our rear was clear both for the evacuation of wounded and as an avenue of retreat if the worst came to the worst. Then we returned to the battalion and awaited events. My reason for mentioning this detail will be apparent in a moment.

The battalion was now in position. Outposts, sentries, signallers, Lewis-gunners and all the other details were in their places. Silence was of the first importance; so, after giving a whispered general

absolution to the dark clusters of men about me, I lay down on the slope beside them and wondered what was going to happen. Artillery fire was very intermittent, and in the long, silent intervals so close had the enemy approached that we could distinctly hear the rumble of their transport and the whistle-calls of their officers. We knew the weakness of our position and the openness of our flanks, and we knew nothing of any supports or reserves, and I believe that the very great majority of us expected nothing better than death or capture—and the Boche was not then inclined to trouble much about prisoners. I was not afraid, but I felt rather sickish. As an accompaniment to our thoughts we had the fitful blaze of the burning tank just above us, and the muffled tinkle of the ammunition exploding inside her hull. I had been lying there for some twenty minutes when, finding the ground too bumpy for comfort, I and a young officer (since killed in Aveluy Wood), who was beside me, got up and strolled down to the road a few feet away. We had not taken more than a step or two along it when suddenly the darkness was split by flash after flash of blinding light, and the valley was swept by a swirl of machine-gun fire. The bullets whined and swished through the air (like the sound of wet corn being cut, was the phrase that came into my mind) and smacked viciously on the hard road. At the same time magnesium flares were flung into the valley and voices shouted (in a strong German accent!) "Dey are on us!" We turned, and in the scurry of men leaping to their feet and snatching up their rifles, we saw a small detached body of Germans rushing up the road at us. I was unarmed; my trench-coat and tin-hat hid my chaplain's insignia, and to be taken prisoner (even had that been likely to happen under the circumstance) was unthinkable. So, while they were still some yards away, I side-stepped into the ditch and under cover of an interval of darkness, retreated. I think that is the best way to put it!

Almost precisely similar circumstances had befallen the M.O., and together we went down the road, thankfully remembering how we had reconnoitred it earlier in the evening. Imagine, then, our feelings when at the end of a hundred yards we found

ourselves up against a double frame of barbed wire fixed right across the road. The only possible inference is that so far had the Boche crept round our flanks that he had been able undetected to drop this obstacle across our retreat. Luckily the wire was not thick, and we were able to get over it at the cost of a rent or two. For myself some mysterious instinct guided me through the less thorny parts, for all my thoughts were concentrated on the back of my head, where I every instant expected to receive one of the swarm of bullets which were snapping and singing all about us. It was not many minutes, however, before "A" Company, upon whom the brunt of this attack had fallen, got their Lewis guns into play, and the raiders were thrown back again with the loss of half-a-dozen prisoners and some dead and wounded. One of these prisoners, a great hulking Prussian, was in a very truculent mood. "You no bloody good!" he shouted to a certain corporal of ours who was standing near. Now this corporal is the heavy-weight champion of three divisions. No one has ever lasted more than three rounds with him. The last time I saw him fight he knocked out in fifty seconds a husky Northumbrian who was reputed to have stood up to both Wells and Carpentier. So his answer to the Prussian was in character—a terrific upper-cut to the jaw, which lifted him off his feet and flung him into the ditch. It is believed that the man was killed.

The battalion now drew back from the valley to a better position above it in Favières Wood, and here for nearly twelve hours it maintained its position against terrible odds. Out-numbered, out-manœuvred, short of ammunition, with both flanks in the air, almost entirely surrounded, it attacked again and again, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy in killed and wounded, and actually capturing over eighty prisoners and twelve machine guns. But at a cost. The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Anderson, fell at the head of a company while leading a counter-attack. He has been awarded a posthumous V.C. for his gallantry on that terrific day, and later his example and heroic death were cited by Marshal Foch in an address to a famous Scottish Division. Besides the Colonel, five of our best officers were killed and five wounded, all in

hand-to-hand fighting. When at length the fabulous odds against us enforced a withdrawal, the battalion had lost half its effectives. But it was not a defeated, much less a disorganised body of men that fell back on Bray and Morlancourt. It was still fighting, still formidable, ever and again turning to face—and to beat back—the advancing waves of the enemy; up to the last taking prisoners from him against odds of twenty to one. There is no science of war or weight of material or perfection of preparation that can in the long run avail against an army of men such as these. I remember after the battle of Arras, which was one of the fiercest of the war up to that date, that the Corps Commander, while inspecting the remains of our division stopped and spoke to one of our Jocks. "Well, my man," he said, "you've had a pretty bad time, eh?" "Aye, sir," he answered, "it snawed in the night." On the other hand, what may we not legitimately infer as to the individual quality of troops which even in the march of victory, backed by overwhelming superiority of numbers and material, can yet—as I myself have seen—throw up their hands with their hybrid whine, "Mercy, kamerad!"? Cruel and brutal in success, cowardly under defeat, they were foreordained to failure even should the war have lasted fifty years.

When darkness fell it was obvious that Bray would have to be evacuated. No shell had yet fallen in the town, but Maricourt was lost, and the vast enveloping movement of the enemy made the place absolutely untenable. So, about 10 p.m. on Monday, the 25th, we began the distasteful business of retreat. As our column wound slowly along the road to Morlancourt it was interesting to notice how calmly and in what a matter of fact spirit the troops accepted the new situation. But for the evidence of the compass the procession might have been thought to be the orderly advance of a victorious army. We all knew that we were going back on the dearly bought gains of three years of war, but I am quite sure that no one saw defeat in this action, and that the least optimistic amongst us took it for granted that the positions would very shortly be reversed. The anxiety and pessimism which I understand were rife at home in those days, found no sort of echo at the front. But it was a weary march. We had had no

more than two or three hours sleep since Friday night; this was the fourth successive *nuit blanche*, and one was conscious as one trailed along of frequent intervals of a kind of stupor, hardly distinguishable from sleep, in which one moved like an automaton, and in the midst of a kind of waking nightmare exchanged irrelevant and incoherent remarks with one's neighbours.

At Morlancourt we halted for a few hours and "drummed up" some sort of a scratch meal, and then off again, sleep-walking among returning limbers and whippet-tanks, until, close to Henencourt, we lay down in a field of growing corn, swept by a withering east wind, and waited until what was left of the battalion had reformed. In this connection we were amused to see in an illustrated paper which reached us some time later a picture entitled, "British transport and reserves moving up to the line," which we who know the place well, recognised as a photograph of Henencourt with "transport and reserves" (ourselves amongst them) retreating busily from the line!

On this sector the Boche advance was finally held up and remained stationary until the day when the irresistible counter-advance of the Allies began.

Many indelible memories, tragic and comic, I have of our life in the succeeding weeks. I shall never forget our advance in artillery formation, one sunny afternoon, down a grassy slope in full view of the enemy artillery, which opened on us at point blank range with 77 mm's. Men were flung dismembered high into the air, and the whole earth seemed to rise and throw itself upon us. My flesh still creeps at the recollection. Nor shall I forget the *Royal Scots'* stretcher-bearers solemnly stalking along with two fine pigs, looted from an abandoned farm, swathed in blankets on their stretchers; nor the valley on the edge of Avelny Wood, where one crept on one's belly under a layer of machine-gun bullets; nor the faces of the Australians when a specially deputed officer visited the cellars of the evacuated villages and smashed all the bottles in their bins with stone-breakers' hammers. War is a ghastly thing, but it breeds a very intimate brotherhood among won-

derfully dissimilar brothers, and when it is over leaves a gap that all the arts and blandishments of peace can never fill. Viximus!

R. H. J. STEUART, S.J., C.F.,
Highland Light Infantry.

THE POETRY ACADEMY.

BY SAMUEL PEPYS REDIVIVUS.

February 11th—To-day to the Academy. The Poets did perform it, which is very strange for Plato that did found the Academy liked them not. The Master of the Musick did first present a slow solemn piece by Mr. Handel. But God forgive me! it did not please me overmuch, though he had brought his men by much practice to play very just. There lacked methought body in the performance. But I am no great critick. Then a Prologue, a mightily merry piece by one C. Carrigan, a Celt. He did himself invent it. He did speak it though with such hot haste that many caught not his brave conceits. I was much minded of the game they do play when the snow falls deep. They do sit on a plank and slide it down an eminence such that it goeth slow at first and with many a jog, but soon doth get wonderfull pace, and cometh up with a mighty rush and commotion. But Carrigan hath a very ingenious wit. I did ask myself could I write such merry rhymes, and my conscience did straightway answer, No; whereat I was mightily sorrowful.

Thereafter a piece from the Ancients, with a curious long name which I did hear for the first time. In it I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Messieurs O. Frodsham, E. Cosgrove, N. de Larrinaga, and F. Sempill did act it, and skillfully withal. de Larrinaga pleased me much with his prattle. And now *paullo majora canemus*, as Virgil hath it. Comes on the stage a scene from "Twelfth Night," a most laughable piece. Carrigan did play Malvolio with much emotion, but me thought too much motion. B. Tarleton, J. Malone, and H. O. Robinson did

threaten dire things on him from their cunningly-contrived hiding-place, to wit, a box on which they did sit in full view of Malvolio, which was very strange.

An interlude of musique, a sweet thing which did mightily ravish me. The measure would methinks offend Plato mightily (he that did found the Academy), for it was in the Lydian mood, soft and enervating, and not meet for boys who should have the stout Doric mood which do stir the blood and rouseth manly ardour as is set forth in the Fourth Book of the *Republique*. But the viols and hautboys did play judicious, and, blessed be God, made me feel mightily content.

Anon there was a little play in the French tongue, "L'Avocat Patelin," a mightily funny play. Malone a Scot, did make us merry enough to burst. He is a most comical fellow, and did most skilfully mind us of the long alliance between the French and the Scots by allying the Gallic words to a Scots tone, which to me seemed mightily clever. Tarleton hath an engaging way, and did speak the French as they did speak it at Versailles. Wellard did impersonate the rogue Patelin, and right natural methought, and de Larrinaga did bleat like any ram, which did make the press of people mightily mirthful. A very good play altogether.

And now did science descend from the empyrean to make us grave. G. Lennane did discourse learnedly *de re chemica*, which minds me that I did once draft a pass for Mr. Boyle that was the Father of Chemistry and the Brother of the Earl of Cork. The discourse was of nitrogen, a gas they do tell me that is in the air. Lennane did show how it was taken from the air and turned to many uses by chirurgeons, farmers, butchers, and other learned people. But God forgive me, it was sometimes too deep for my comprehending. He did illustrate his lecture with skillful drawings by a notable artist, who hath often been to dinner with me—a very fine man. I was mightily impressed by Lennane and his Nitrogen.

In the morning of Creation the stars did sing together, and a trumpet will sound the call on the day

of Doom. The Academy did open with musique. It did close with a song. It was methought an indifferent piece, "There is Music by the River," and God forgive me, I did have a desire to go to the river and hear it. But the Choir did sing their numbers tunefully. It was Ciro Pinsuti that was wrong, or perhaps I dare swear it was Samuel Pepys, which is *not* very strange. I to my chamber, and did read Aristotle on Friendship for one hour, then to dinner, thanking God for a mighty pleasant morning. The Bill was thus :—

Overture "Largo" *Handel*
THE ORCHESTRA.

Pars Prior.

Prologum a se conscriptum recitabit ... C. CARRIGAN

Scenam ultimam ex Terentii Comœdia "Heautontimorumenos" agent :—

Menedemus	O. FRODSHAM
Chremes	E. COSGROVE
Soctrata	N. DE LARRINAGA
Clitipho	F. SEMPILL

Shakespeare "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. V., agent :—

Sir Toby Belch	...	J. MALONE
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	...	B. TARLETON
Fabian	...	H. O. ROBINSON
Maria	...	F. WELLARD
Malvolio	...	C. CARRIGAN

Valse "Valse Triste" *Sibelius*
THE ORCHESTRA.

Pars Altera.

"L'Avocat Patelin" (Brueyes) :—

Agnelet	...	N. DE LARRINAGA
Patelin	...	F. WELLARD
Guillaume	...	J. MALONE
Bartholin	...	B. TARLETON
De re Chemica	...	G. LENNANE

(Fixation of Nitrogen from the air).

Chorus "There is music by the river" *Ciro Pinsuti*
THE CHOIR.

From Essays, by Natu Minimus.

"A Star differs from a Planet, because a Planet has a tail, and a Star hasn't.



THE FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

Alb. Waterkeyn.	W. Jones.	F. Bloomfield.	D. O'Shea.
J. Malone.	J. Neely.	W. Murray.	A. Wingfield.
F. Edlmann.		R. Danson.	J. Booth.

MUSIC NOTES.

On the feast of the Purification the Choir sang Dr. Terry's Mass of "St. John the Baptist," which was greatly marred by the shouting of the Altos. Nevertheless, the singing shows clear signs of improvement, except when the Choir is tripped up over an unexpected response, or a new version of the "Ite missa est." In fact, the occasions on which the priest's chant is answered by a discordant murmur at the back of the Church, and the sound of a rapid turning over of pages are becoming deplorably frequent.

A concert on February 2nd was very successful. A. Barrow thrilled us with his rendering of "Oh, dry those tears," a song which, we are bound to confess, generally has a precisely opposite effect on us. A word of praise is due to F. Hall for his playing in the violin obligato to the song. The programme is appended :—

"GOD SAVE THE KING."		
March	"Nelson's Call"	<i>Vanis</i>
THE ORCHESTRA.		
Song	"The Wanderer"	<i>Schubert</i>
MR. D'ARCY.		
Trio	"Faint Heart" ("Iolanthe")	<i>Sullivan</i>
D. EDMONDSON, J. CASSIDY, S. DE SA.		
Song	"A May Morning"	<i>Denza</i>
MR. COMERFORD.		
Pianoforte Solo	"Valse Légère"	<i>Spindler</i>
A. MACLACHLAN.		
Song	"O! Dry those Tears"	<i>Del Riego</i>
A. BARROW.		
Selection	"Lubly Lulu"	<i>Fletcher</i>
THE ORCHESTRA.		
Sketch	"Shell Shock"	<i>Anon.</i>
THE BOYS.		

On Poetry Academy the Orchestra performed two pieces, and the second—that perfect thing, Sibelius' "Valse Triste," was hopelessly bungled by the flutes. We are indebted to the programme for the information that the Choir sang "There is music by the river." For all the words we heard, it might have been "Soldier Rest," set to fresh music.

The Blandyke Concert on February 20th fulfilled our highest expectations, and chief praise naturally falls to "The Pirates of St. Anne's." The costumes were extraordinary, the singing remarkable, and the contortions into which the pirates and policemen twisted themselves indescribable. L. Sullivan makes a perfect policeman, and D. Ward, as the house-master (pyjamas and a mortar-board), was a master-piece of make-up.

Mr. Burns held the attention of the audience rapt by his sympathetic playing; it is a long time since we have heard anything so good.

The Choir Supper was, as might be supposed, a great success, and the speech of the youngest member terse and to the point. "I cannot do better than propose three cheers for Mr. McQuillin."

A. G.		
"GOD SAVE THE KING."		
Waltz	"Valse Septembre"	<i>Godin</i>
THE ORCHESTRA.		
Scena	"The Moon"	<i>Monckton</i>
THE CHOIR.		
Violin Solo	"Andantino"	<i>Kreisler</i>
MR. F. BURNS.		
Song	"Lullaby"	<i>Lord Henry Somerset</i>
MR. WATSON.		
Interlude	"Salut d'Amour"	<i>Elgar</i>
THE ORCHESTRA.		

"THE PIRATES OF ST. ANNE'S."

Housemaster ... D. WARD.		
Sixth Form.—J. Neely, J. Malone, C. Howell, C. Carrigan, C. Marchant, H. O. Robinson.		
Upper Third.—A. Barrow, V. Rigby, L. Peulevé, A. Howell, P. Bartlett, G. Turner, S. de Sa, T. O'Shea.		
St. Anne's Police.—W. Murray, M. Trappes-Lomax, L. Sullivan (<i>Sergeant</i>), G. Lennane, B. Tarleton, F. Bahr		
Scene ... Banthorpe House, St. Anne's.		
Accompanist ... G. BARON.		

Our reporter has omitted to notice an excellent concert and entertainment that was given last term on December 2nd. The idea of acting a potted cinema play in dumb-show was quite original, and was worked out with very marked success. All the tricks of the cinema stars had evidently been keenly observed, and were faithfully reproduced. The sketch was one of the funniest things we have seen on the Stonyhurst stage for some time, and the acting was highly commendable. The perfection of the success of the sketch was in great measure due to the suggestive accompaniment on the piano, furnished by Mr. Gibbons. We append the programme :—

"GOD SAVE THE KING."		
Orchestra	"Lubly Lulu"	<i>Fletcher</i>
Song	"Fairy's Lullaby"	<i>Needham</i>
V. RIGBY.		
Song	"My word!"	<i>Sterndale Bennett</i>
D. KANE.		
'Cello Solo	"Berceuse de Jocelyn"	<i>Godhart</i>
E. ELAM.		

Quartette	"Village Pump"	
	H. SIRE AND COMPANY.	
Coon Song	"Mandy"	Pellisier
	L. PEULEVE.	
Orchestra	"Where my Caravan"	Lohr

"A WEB OF INTRIGUE."

Dramatis Personæ:

Harold Upright (Hero)	...	A. GIBBS.
Nurse Belinda Brighteyes (Heroine)		L. ROBERTSON.
Charles Gaybird (her Father)	...	W. TONER.
His Imperial Highness (Kaiser)..	B. TARLETON.	
Count Von Gottshag (his A.D.C.)	W. MURRAY.	
Himmel Von Hertzstren (Arch-Spy)		J. MALONE.
Karl Sloschenpoffer (Accomplice)	S. GOMES.	
Hermann Schweinhund	...	E. DE FREITAS.
Siegfried Sauerkraut	Soldiers	H. O. ROBINSON
Bouser Gottlob	...	ALB. WATERKEYN
Van Grospaunch (Belgian General)		A. WINGFIELD.

Pianist Rev. Mr. GIBBONS

Scene A Belgian Tavern.

ACT I. *Strafe I.*

General Van Grospaunch discloses the fatal plans to Harold Upright and Charles Gaybird. Bent on espionage, Karl Sloschenpoffer succeeds in gaining possession of the coveted documents, owing to the carelessness of the General.

Himmel Von Herzstren, the would-be suitor to Nurse Brighteyes, receives a rebuff. A game of cards ensues, in which the two spies are caught cheating. A fight is about to commence, when the approach of the Germans is heralded. Charles Gaybird and Harold beat a hasty retreat. The Arch-Spy and his worthy comrade commence their diabolical work, but they are seen by the heroine.

ACT II. *Strafe II*

Charles Gaybird, Harold Upright, and the two spies successfully defend the Inn against the invading hordes, until the criminals, awed by the appearance of their War Lord desert their comrades. A martial entry of the Kaiser and his troops is somewhat imposing. Harold escapes, but Belinda and her father are captured. Iron Crosses are lavishly distributed.

Belinda's life is spared by the earnest entreaties of Himmel Von Herzstren. A touching love scene is violated by the entry of Harold, who stuns Himmel and regains the plans. As the Kaiser enters Harold arrests him. Himmel springs on Harold and overpowers him. The love-scene is continued, but Himmel being chided for the second time, quits Belinda's presence in an agony of despair. Belinda damages the rifles.

ACT III. *Strafe III*

Still a third time is the persevering lover unsuccessful in his quest. Karl coming to the rescue summons the Kaiser. His Highness, anxious to show his appreciation of the good work accomplished by his two agents, orders Belinda to embrace Himmel, the price of refusal being the execution of Harold. Belinda remembering that she had damaged the rifles, promptly refuses. The execution is immediately ordered, and it is to be conducted by Himmel himself. The rifles mis-fire, and Harold, like the true hero, prostrates everyone with one shot from his pistol. A short glimpse of happiness is seen for the first time.

ACT IV. *Strafe IV*

General Van Grospaunch is viewed in a state of restless agitation. He has lost his plans, and as yet has not recovered them. His fears are soon to be eliminated, as Harold, Belinda, and her father arrive in due time with the plans. So delighted is the old General that he plucks off a medal from his own breast and places it on that of Harold. This procedure is supplemented by the usual military salutation. The ceremony is repeated, but as the General is about to embrace the heroine the hero intervenes in grand style.

Karl Sloschenpoffer arriving, and seeing the triumph of love, is totally demoralised, and commits suicide. Himmel Von Herzstren in his turn arrives, sees his dead accomplice, and promptly partakes of the "Dope," and so they lived happily ever after.

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From Essays, by Natu Minimus.

"The rotation of the earth means that the world turns on its own abscess."

O.T.C. NOTES.

During the period of recent hostilities, the War Office commanded the Junior Division of the O.T.C.'s to devote at least ten hours per week to parades, instructional classes, shooting, etc. This order has now been cancelled, and, in future, the pre-war régime will be adhered to.

Lieutenant Colley and Lieutenant Derbyshire attended a Drill Course at the Chelsea Barracks, London, from December 29th, to January 18th.

During the Christmas Vacation a course of Physical Training was held at Chester from January 6th to January 18th, and attended by the following :—Lieut. J. O'Hea, C.Q.M.S. O'Shea, Corpl. Cole, Lance-Corpls. Cagger and Mostyn.

The following were present at a course of Signalling at Blundell Sands from January 1st to January 16th : Lieut. Beisley, Corpl. Ward, and Lance-Corpl. Ho-season.

During the short period of skating the C.O. graciously abolished all parades to give place to this rare but favourite sport.

A Solemn Requiem High Mass for Old Stonyhurst Boys killed in the war was celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, on the 13th January, 1919. Seven members of the O.T.C. formed a Guard of Honour round the catafalque.

In addition to the two shooting teams already in being, a third team, composed of selected members of No. 5 Platoon, has been started to facilitate the progress of those who in future years may be called upon to fire in the *Country Life* and "Imperial Challenge Shield" Competitions.

The C.O. has been pleased to make the following promotions, dating from 24th January, 1919 :—Corporal G. Imossi to be Sergeant. Lance-Corporals to be Corporals : H. O. Robinson, G. Cole, L. Robertson. Cadets to be Lance-Corporals : F. Bahr, A. Gibbs, F. Wellard, J. Mostyn

Three shooting teams have been formed, the usual *Country Life* team, "A" team for the Imperial Shield, and "B" team, from No. 4 Platoon to provide recruits for the two competing teams. These teams were firing regularly, but under difficulties at present. It is hoped to build very soon a really good miniature range, which will make the opportunities for practice far more frequent and practice more efficient.

C.S.M. F. BLOOMFIELD.

FOOTBALL.

STONYHURST XI. v. THE SEMINARIANS AND COMMUNITY.

2nd December, 1918.

The College won the toss, and played towards Hurst Green. Mr. McQuillin started play with a dangerous rush up the right wing. The play was all in the College half for the first few minutes, many of the Eleven being obviously tired and stiff after their run of the day before. Waterkeyn eventually took the ball to their half, and Jones had the first shot, but it was cleared by their guarder. From this time the game became more even, there being many exciting moments in both halves of the field. Messrs. McQuillin, Brady, and Rogers nearly scored in quick succession, and then Booth ran the ball up the field and passed to Neely, who, pressed by two opponents, finished the run, and scored the first goal with a high shot. The College goal was several times in danger, Malone on one occasion preventing what would otherwise have been a certain goal by Mr. Weaver, who was a constant danger throughout the match. Mr. Weaver shortly afterwards again nearly scored with a hard low shot. Neely then nearly scored, but was cleverly prevented by Mr. Day. After several more narrow escapes for both sides, half-time was declared, the score being Stonyhurst 1, Seminaris 0. In this half the play of the Eleven halves and the Seminaris' backs was particularly noticeable.

The second half was very like the first in that both goals were repeatedly in danger. Shortly after play recommenced, Wingfield cleared from the goal mouth, the ball being intercepted by Mr. Rogers, from whom it rebounded into the goal, making the score 1—1. Malone, who was excellent throughout, shortly afterwards stopped an awkward rush by a dangerous pass to O'Shea, who cleared. Murray, in clearing, broke the sole of his right boot, Sire taking his place while he borrowed the boot of a spectator. Though obviously incommoded by this, he kept up his high standard of play. Shortly before the end, Mr. Weaver's brilliant rushes received their reward, Mr. Rogers being enabled to score the Seminaris' second goal.

In general it was a fast and even game. The defence on both sides was strong ; Mr. Campbell played with his usual brilliancy, and Wingfield, who took a few minutes to settle down, ably supported Murray. The play of the forwards on both sides was somewhat disconnected through dashing. Danson and Kennedy (12th man), were unable to play, and Rodrigue played right-half. His play deserves special mention. Ordinarily a centre-half, and although totally outweighed, he played

right-half so that practically no diminution of strength on the right was noticeable, and repeatedly stopped the rushes of the redoubtable Mr. Weaver himself.

Score :—

STONYHURST	1
SEMINARIANS	2

STONYHURST XI.—O'Shea; Murray, Wingfield; Rodrigue, Jones, Malone; Waterkyn, Edlmann, Booth, Neely, Bloomfield.

M. R. T-L.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

(“POPINJAY.”)

On the 1st of December a meeting was held in the Square Library, Messrs. Brodrick and Kenworthy-Browne, and Ward and Robertson attending as visitors. Trappes-Lomax read a paper on “Poetry and Life.” It was an attempt, or so I see it, to answer the question, “What is Poetry?” He divided its essential qualities into three: music or rhythm either in words or in the sequence of ideas; remoteness, as of one communing within himself apart from the noise of a vulgar world and the power of incentive upon both the reader and writer, which is a brilliantly complete classification, if examined.

Mr. D'Arcy started the rôle of critic by giving his own impression of Trappes' paper—impressions so varied that they included mentions of such names as Father Hopkins, Aristotle, Pan, and St. Cecilia—impressions with such an incentive to music that they glided into periods, and were certainly remote from at least one understanding.

Mr. Broderick presumed that Trappes' incentive was an incentive to good. This involved the whole question of whether poetry morally bad can be poetically great, and as usual, no final decision was arrived at.

Next came the question of music, and we argued whether music was sufficient in itself, or unnecessary on the other hand, for great poetry. This shows that we really missed the question Trappes asked himself, or rather that he answered it so completely that we turned to the further problem to which it lead.

It was in the midst of this discussion that Robertson discovered, to his complete bewilderment, that the Psalms were poetry.

Eventually Ward helped us to the conclusion that there is music of sorts in every poem, and that by the sort is to be judged the excellence of the poetry.

Mr. Kenworthy-Browne and Smith made a noble stand in favour of music, holding that in itself it could never be an incentive to evil, and that therefore Plato for once was wrong.

Roused immediately, Mr. D'Arcy defended the idol of B. Thomas More, of Erasmus, and incidentally of himself, but it finally fell to Mr. Brodrick to rob the two poor defendants of their pet delusion. So was Plato once more vindicated, and the Club then dissolved after one of the most lofty meetings of its career.

So is the Popinjay's second term safely traversed, a critical period, being the transition from pioneers to successors, and the result has been most gratifying. To the President, to whom all the Club's success is due, we can only wish, and the Club with him, “ad multos annos.”

R. L. SMITH.

R. L. Smith, our able Secretary, and one of the original Five Members, has now left us, and the Club, which greatly misses his knack of inserting a suitable remark at the right moment, and keeping the conversation general and flowing, now consists of Sire, Carrigan, Gorham, Haman, Baron, and Trappes-Lomax.

On January 24th the first meeting of the Easter term was held in the Square Library, a day famous for the reinstitution of Stonyhurst Football. Messrs. Watson, Kenworthy-Browne, Mortimer, Burns (the Club's first Secretary), and Gradwell and Ward were present as visitors.

Mr. D'Arcy read a paper, the object of which was at first hard to discern, on the poems of Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J. He first gave the impression of defending a poet whom none desired to attack, but it eventually became apparent that he was extolling poems which none had read. We gathered that he had, like Swinburne, the gift of song, like Thompson, the gift of unintelligibility, and, like Browning, the gift of “using poetry as a medium for writing prose”! The only serious attack was from Mr. Watson (a firm believer in the Religio Grammatici). He maintained that Father Hopkins's obscurity was often due to his neglect of grammar, but it transpired that Father Hopkins was a super-grammatist.

Mr. Gradwell's remarks on his “laboured alliteration” were also skilfully parried, and it remained for Mr. Mortimer to secure from the Club a unanimous agreement to the merits of Father Hopkins as a poet. Lighter relief was caused by the surprise of our first secretary at a priest being pessimistic, and by the absent-mindedness of the Secretary, who forgot to circulate supplies.

On February 7th a meeting was held in the Square Library, Baron reading a careful paper to show that Shakespeare's villains were better drawn than his heroes. He apparently succeeded, though, once more, no definite conclusion was reached. Gradwell nobly saved him from an unscrupulous attack on the phraseology of one sentence by remarking that the point was unimportant, and that generalities were wanted. From this point conversation became more general. Mr. Watson, Sire, and Hannan enlightening us in turn. Amusement was caused by Burns stating that Macbeth was "possessed by an obsession" when the question of his sanity arose.

To the surprise of all a sudden attack on the whole modern attitude towards Shakespeare was made by the Secretary five minutes before the meeting's close. He was immediately and strongly attacked, receiving little support, the President, however, enabling him to support his contention till the end of an exceptionally lively meeting.

Messrs. Watson, Mortimer, Burns, Gradwell, Murray, and Kane were present as visitors, and Ward became a member of the Club.

M. TRAPPES-LOMAX.

SODALITY NOTES.

On December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mass was said in the Oratory by Father Director, and the following were admitted into the Sodality:—F. Bahr, R. Butler, J. Cagger, W. Collingwood, L. Frodsham, G. Holmes, B. John, W. Jones, J. Keegan, D. Kane, E. Leicester, C. Marchant, F. McArdle, K. O'Bryen, F. Sullivan, C. Unsworth, Alb. Waterkeyn. During Mass the "Missa de Angelis" was sung.

On February 8th Mass was said in the Oratory by Father Director, at which P. Kennedy and T. MacGrath (who were unavoidably prevented from attending the last admission on December 8th) were received into the Sodality.

We wish to thank Mr. D'Arcy, who addressed the Sodalists on November 24th. In the course of a very interesting talk, he impressed upon all the importance of possessing high ideals.

Our thanks are also due to Father Keane, who kindly came over from the Seminary to address the Sodalists on "Our Lady of Lourdes," on Sunday, February 16th.

In the place of Office on Saturday, February 22nd, a Dirge was sung for Robert Chadwick, who had recommended himself to the prayers of the Sodality on the 8th.

On the departure last term of N. Treneman, J. Neely became second assistant.

W. MURRAY.



STONYHURST UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.

On Sunday, December 1st, the Prime Minister moved:—"That in the opinion of this House the Cinema calls for drastic State control."

The Prime Minister being the victim of an unfortunate malady, his place was filled by W. Toner.

THE PRIME MINISTER divided the Cinema into high-class and low, and dealt principally with the latter. He suggested a system of monitors in every second bench, and a prefect to send them out by rows in the interval.

J. MALONE (Milngavie) asserted, amidst a thunder of applause, that it was necessary to draw the line *somewhere*. If the Ministry considered cinemas immoral, why did they go to them?

G. BARON (Cambridge University) said the bad effects were: (1), Moral; (2), Intellectual; (3), Political.

M. TRAPPES-LOMAX (Hurst Green) had the effrontery to admit that he had never seen Charlie Chaplin. It is hardly necessary to add that he quoted Oscar Wilde.

L. MACDONALD (Edinburgh) regretted his inability to delight the House with a long speech, and deplored the general tendency to descend to revolting details.

The HON. SECRETARY then spoke to no purpose.

L. SULLIVAN (Cork) remarked that as the Jesuits went to cinemas they must be all right. He dreaded the day when "The exploits of Euripides" would be Government dole.

C. CURRAN (Sligo) thought it hardly fair to throw away the life work of a man on the whim of an incompetent censor.

The HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION sagely remarked that the censorship of films would incite people to midnight orgies in some disreputable picture palace. Personally he had quite an affection for "Bill, the Bull-necked."

D. WARD (London University) affirmed his intention of being serious. What was the ruin of one man was the salvation of the British public.

The motion was then thrown out by 28 votes to 4.

The debate, which barely lasted three-quarters of an hour, was about the brightest of our recollection.

Second Term.

The following officials were elected :—

C. CARRIGAN	...	Prime Minister.
W. TONER	...	Leader of Opposition.
S. GOMES		
D. WARD.		
G. IMOSI	...	Sergeant-at-Arms.
A. GIBBS	...	Secretary.

On Sunday, February 9th, the Prime Minister moved :—"That in the opinion of this House a League of Nations is purely idealistic and impracticable."

In the absence of the Leader of the Opposition, D. Ward is filling his place.

The HON. PRIME MINISTER rose to open the debate. He spoke of Canning's opposition to the Holy Alliance, and held that the world-army necessary would never get over the language difficulty. It was as difficult to get a man to think internationally as to avoid secret diplomacy.

The HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION took a very sane view of the League. Nothing could prevent wars, but reduction of armaments, the protection of small states, and the adoption of punitive measures would do much to reduce them.

M. TRAPPES-LOMAX (Hurst Green) made use of an analogy. As no party could govern England, so no council of men could govern the world. "Train an Englishman to think for Ireland, —" the Hon. Member grew doubtful.

L. GRADWELL (Anfield) thought this war had shown one could have a very good war without a League, and gave details about the proposal. Proportional representation would drive the smaller nations together, and it was absurd to expect a nation with a large army but few votes to submit to the decision of the League.

G. BARON (Cambridge University) inquired of the previous speaker how a power with a large army could have small voting power. Surely the very idea of P.R. was to prevent that.

M. GORHAM (Westminster) used the usual argument that man is essentially brutish, and inquired with lofty disdain why should England be on a voting level with Holland. (N.B.—There seems to be a great deal of misconception as to the nature of P.R.)

C. BURNS (Fleet) remarked that he had now heard four speeches from the Ministry, and they were about the silliest he could remember. The Hon. Prime Minister's idea of the League of Nations seemed to be that it was a House of Babylon (*sic*) with Lloyd George sitting next to the wild man of Borneo.

O. FOX (Warrington) pointed out that America, the prime mover, had just passed a huge Navy Bill. Besides, what about the Bolsheviks?

P. KENNEDY (Athlone). "I love you all!" (Com-motion). There must be one of two things—the doctrine of "Might is Right," or a League of Nations.

The HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. The Hon. Member for Westminster talked of "turning out maxims by the 100"—he acted it to perfection. Because a thing was difficult it need not be shelved. A little goodwill all round would make the scheme run smoothly.

F. HANNAN (Dublin) declaimed with fervid eloquence about the venerable female who made a domicile of some discarded footwear, and who, overburdened with the superfluity of her progeny, was at a loss as to the best course to pursue.

The voting resulted in :—

FOR THE MOTION	24
AGAINST THE MOTION	17

The motion was therefore passed by seven votes.

ANTHONY GIBBS, *Hon. Sec.*

—————) (—————

From a French Theme, by Natu Minimus.

Et ce vieux homme avec les souliers troués.

TRANSLATION :

And that old man with the soldier's trousers.

REVIEWS.

"RELIGIO RELIGIOSI: THE OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE," by Cardinal Gasquet (*R. and T. Washbourne*), Price 2/6.—Union with God is the object of all religion. But the religious, who strives to follow the law of the Counsels, and who is in the state of acquiring perfection, aims at a higher union with God. All union with God requires self-conquest and self-denial. The life of a religious, in which he or she voluntarily sacrifices his or her free-will, to follow the commands of another, and deliberately embraces a hard rule of life, is a life which cannot be understood by worldlings. In this brochure His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet has set down in luminous language the reasons which induced him to embrace the religious life. This little book ought to be in the hands of all religious, to be not only read, but pondered upon. It is full of beautiful and encouraging thoughts. And not only the religious will find it a source of inspiration, but men and women of good will who live in the world will find its perusal an antidote to the spirit of utter forgetfulness of the rights of God, and to the spirit of mere materialism which is so much in vogue in modern civilization.

Messrs. Washbourne also send us (*price 5/-*), "THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' 'AIDS' TO THE BIBLE" (Part II.). The New Testament in General and the Four Gospels, by Very Reverend Hugh Pope, O.P., S.T.M. Part I. of these 'Aids' treated of the Old Testament, and Part III., which is in preparation, will complete the work.

A book by the learned Dominican exegetist needs no words of commendation from us. This is a book replete with learning, a book that ought to be found on the shelves of every priest's and intelligent layman's library, a necessary book of reference. It is not a commentary upon the episodes of the New Testament, except incidentally, but furnishes aids for its intelligent study and appreciation.

The history, the geography, the life of the Jews in the time of our Lord, the languages then spoken, the Roman Governors, the Kings are all treated of. But the portion of the work that is most valuable, and furnishes a regular armoury to rebut the attacks of the rationalist, is contained in the learned chapters that treat of the Canon of the New Testament, the Greek Testament, the Principal Versions of the New Testament, and in particular the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. To read some of the diatribes of the rationalists, one would imagine that all the learning and critical examination of Holy Scripture was their sole monopoly. The perusal of Father

Pope's work will demonstrate the hollowness of the claim, and will indicate, if indication were needed, the superiority of the solid learning of Catholic exegetists to the windy vapourings of the so-called scientific rationalists.

Father Strappini, S.J., has reprinted a lecture which he delivered on "MODERNISM," in pamphlet form. (*Washbourne, price 6d.*) The treatment of this subject is logically rigid, and tracks the origin of the heresy to its false philosophical foundations. The claim of the Modernist, to so present the old dogmatic truths of religion, as to compel the assent of the modern mind, is shown to be a false claim. The lecture is a scholarly treatment of a subject, which, on account of its nebulous presentment, even by its advocates, is somewhat elusive. The difficulty is to understand precisely what Modernism is. Like the German mustard-gas, it is liable to get into the system before it is detected, unless we are forewarned and forearmed to resist its diffusion.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. send us a volume, also written by Father Strappini, S.J., "MEDITATIONS WITHOUT METHOD" (*price 5/-*). The qualifying phrase does not refer to the Meditations themselves, which are excellent examples of the development of a subject by the consideration of persons, words, and actions, according to the method St. Ignatius calls contemplation. The qualifying phrase refers to the arrangement of nine meditations, on the character and teaching of our Divine Lord, supplemented by three practical considerations on Christian perfection, as an informal retreat for three days. Evidently then, besides being full of unction as spiritual reading, these discourses, or contemplations, are intended for serious and deliberate thought. People who wish to make a triduum without the opportunity of a guide, are often at a loss for a suitable book to supply the want of the living voice. We can heartily recommend these considerations as solid, devout, scholarly, and full of beautiful thoughts. We notice that this is a second edition.

From the same firm we have also received a book of Meditation, entitled "MATER CHRISTI, MEDITATIONS ON OUR LADY," by Mother St. Paul, the Superioress of the House of Retreats, Birmingham (*price 3/6*). There are thirty meditations, embracing the life of Our Lady, and in addition the Salve Regina is treated and developed, according to what St. Ignatius calls the second method of prayer. The book would form an excellent repertoire for spiritual reading and for points for meditation during the month of May, devoted especially to the honour of Mary. Mother St. Paul is no novice at writing meditation books, and those, and they must be many, who have derived spiritual profit from her former works, will welcome the issue of this book of

meditations devoted wholly to the Blessed Mother of God. These meditations, too, are very practical, they help to engender and foster solid virtue, that is virtue which affects a will founded on an intellectual grasp of the maxims and example of Christ Our Lord. There is one point of criticism that we may perhaps offer, and that is that it would be better to allow the one who meditates to draw his own resolutions from his meditation, than to suggest a resolution to him. Some of them too are a bit vague and too general.

In these days, unless political science is to become the monopoly of the atheist, the socialist, the rationalist, the materialist, and all others of the same ilk, who would banish Christ and His doctrines from the world, it is imperatively necessary that the priest and the layman should have some, and if possible, a thorough knowledge of social questions as treated from a Christian

and Catholic point of view. The dull apathy of a great number of educated Catholics in regard to these matters is a distinct danger to the Church in our days. Democracy must be founded upon and imbued with thoroughly Christian and Catholic principles, unless it is to lead the world to moral ruin. And as an incentive to effort in this fruitful field let the reader obtain "The Catholic Social Year Book for 1919," devoted to "THE C.G.S. AND ITS WORK" (P. S. King & Son, Orchard House, Westminster, price 1/-), and there he will find the aims of the C.G.S. and a synopsis of its various activities. And in this connection we wish to give a hearty word of commendation to "A DICTIONARY FOR SOCIAL STUDENTS" (price 6d), *The Catholic Social Guild*, 1, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, by the Rev. J. Murphy, S.J. It is a mine of accurate information on social science subjects, and full of references to standard works.



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