

# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XIV.

No. 221.

APRIL, 1919.



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HURST GREEN.

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Flight Sub-Lieut. THOMAS SEYMOUR SPENCER,

R.N.A.S.

Born 1894.

O.S. 1904.

Missing, presumed killed, February 16th, 1915.

# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

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Vol. XIV. No. 221.

April, 1919.

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## EDITORIAL.

THE President of the Stonyhurst Association for 1919 is Lieut.-Col. Sir John Lane Harrington, K.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B., but by mistake his name has not been substituted for that of the late President, the Hon. Joseph Maxwell-Scott, to whom we offer our grateful thanks for his good work during his year of office, 1918.

Towards the beginning of the next school year we intend to publish a book which shall combine a record of our Old Boys who have served in the war, with a collection of memoirs and portraits of those who lost their lives on active service. Their assistance to make this record as complete as possible. The list of O.S.'s in the services which we shall republish in our June issue will show what information we have in hand up to date.

In republishing our next list we are not clear as to how we are to attain anything like accuracy and completeness in chronicling demobilisation. In the case of some we know that they are demobilised and have noted the fact. But we may as well warn our readers that when our next list appears we shall make no claim to have noted all those who have been demobilised. The final list, whenever that shall be completed will, of course, be simply a record of those who served in the war, with no reference to the date when they left the Army on demobilisation.

The annual Stonyhurst Association Dinner will take place this year at Stonyhurst on or about June 22nd.

In this issue we publish a further instalment of subscriptions to the Stonyhurst War Memorial. This records an increase of some £6 thus raising the total to £9

C. John, is to be congratulated on his energy and success as evidenced by the sum subscribed in this interval. The progress of the Stonyhurst Hut now erected at Dunkerque is described in this number.



# Stonyhurst and the War: Roll of Honour

## KILLED.

Lieut. A. C. MONTAGU, *R.N.*  
 Lieut. F. P. O'REILLY, *R.N.*  
 Lieut. J. A. C. TAYLER, *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. 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.F.*

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, *M.C.*  
 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.

**KILLED—(Continued).**

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

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. C. CHESTER-WALSH.

Cadet J. DE DOMVILLE.

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

Corpl. V. T. J. EYRE.

Lance-Corpl. H. KELLY.  
Lance-Corpl. F. DEALY.

E. J. 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.



**DIED.**

Lieut.-Col. J. B. NOBLE.  
 Capt. J. ESMONDE.  
 Capt. E. DE PENTHENY-O'KELLY.  
 Capt. H. C. PERRAM.  
 Capt. N. STAPLETON.  
 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. JAMES ROCHE-KELLY.  
 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.**

2nd Lieut. C. B. GIBBONS (Wounded).  
 2nd Lieut. A. G. R. 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.*

**WOUNDED—(Continued).**

Lieut.-Colonel S. A. PEARSE, *D.S.O.*  
 Lieut.-Colonel W. J. H. HOWARD.  
 Lieut.-Colonel C. J. FORDER.  
 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 B. GLASSON, *M.C.*  
 Major S. I. QUIN.  
 Major W. J. BARROW.  
 Major J. R. CREAGH.  
 Major J. H. S. MONTEITH.  
 Major L. 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.  
 Capt. G. W. B. TARLETON, *M.C.*

**WOUNDED—Continued.**

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. CRABTREE, 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.  
 Capt. C. H. STEWART.  
 Capt. A. J. GWYN.  
 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. 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. 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. 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.  
 2nd Lieut. C. CHESTER WALSH.  
 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.  
 BASIL LEICESTER (Gassed).  
 A. ALGAR.

**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 (Repat'd.).  
 Lieut. H. CLEMENTS-FINNERTY (Repat'd.).  
 Lieut. V. T. THIERENS (Repat'd.).  
 Lieut. G. HULL (Repat'd.).  
 Lieut. G. C. COOPER (Repat'd.).  
 Lieut. J. H. WELLARD (Repat'd.).  
 2nd Lieut. W. U. TAYLER (Repat'd.).  
 H. P. BLOOMFIELD (Repat'd.).  
 F. G. MCGINITY (Repat'd.).

## *War Honours.*

### **Victoria Cross :**

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, M.C.  
CAPTAIN G. G. COURY.  
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. 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.  
COLONEL P. J. J. RADCLIFFE.  
LIEUT.-COLONEL D. F. MACCARTHY-MORROGH.  
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.  
 LIEUT.-COLONEL W. T. SYNNOTT.  
 MAJOR P. R. BUTLER.  
 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.



*Photo. Iliffe, Worcester.*

**Captain EDGAR V. PARSONS,**

**3rd Worcestershire Regiment.**

**Born 1893.**

**O.S. 1903.**

**Wounded and missing, presumed killed, April 26th, 1918.**



*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.  
MAJOR A. P. BETHELL.  
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 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. L. 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.

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## *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 :**

MAJOR THE MARQUIS CARLO TORRIGIANI.  
CAPTAIN E. A. DE TRAFFORD, M.C.

### **Medaglia al Valor Militari :**

MAJOR THE MARQUIS CARLO TORRIGIANI.



## *French Honours.*

### **Legion of Honour (Croix D'Officier) :**

CAPTAIN M. W. W. P. CONSETT, C.M.G., 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.  
MAJOR B. E. FLOYD, 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 W. W. MELDON.  
MAJOR A. J. BLAKE, M.C.  
2ND LIEUTENANT S. H. D'ARCY, D.S.O.  
2ND LIEUTENANT P. DUCORNET.  
J. F. FRANCK.  
B. MELLERIO.  
JEAN FLICOTEAU.

### **Médaille Militaire :**

2ND LIEUTENANT P. DUCORNET.  
LANCE-SERGEANT J. J. WELD.

### **Nischen 3ftikar :**

CAPTAIN A. J. J. GWYN,

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## *Egyptian Honour.*

Order of the Nile (2nd Class):

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

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## *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.

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

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.

LIEUT.-COL. H. A. BOYD, C.M.G., D.S.O. (twice).

LIEUT.-COL. S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O.

*Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued.*

LIEUT.-COL. COUNT G. ST. P. DE DOMBASIE.

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

LIEUT.-COL. W. T. SYNNOTT, D.S.O. (twice).

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. 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.

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. (twice).

MAJOR V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, M.C. (twice).

MAJOR B. E. FLOYD, M.C. (three times).

MAJOR W. O. RYAN, M.C.

MAJOR R. G. DAWSON (twice).

MAJOR G. AYLMER, M.C.

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).

MAJOR B. J. MOORE, M.C.

MAJOR R. J. WATTS.



*Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued,*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| CAPT. H. A. J. ROCHE (twice).                            | CAPT. C. B. CRAWFORD.   |
| CAPT. J. A. LIDDELL, <i>v.c.</i> , <i>m.c.</i>           | CAPT. P. W. CHAPMAN.  |
| CAPT. A. V. JARRETT, <i>d.s.o.</i>                       | CAPT. R. A. FOX.  |
| CAPT. SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, <i>BART.</i> ,<br><i>m.c.</i> | CAPT. F. X. RUSSELL.  |
| CAPT. C. H. LIDDELL (twice).                             | CAPT. E. HULL, <i>m.c.</i>                                      |
| CAPT. G. W. B. TARLETON, <i>m.c.</i><br>(twice).         | CAPT. E. V. PARSONS.  |
| CAPT. J. N. GILBEY.                                      | CAPT. G. E. T. EYSTON, <i>m.c.</i> (twice)                      |
| CAPT. F. R. COPPINGER.                                   | CAPT. B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, <i>m.c.</i>                          |
| CAPT. C. M. S. MANNERS, <i>d.s.o.</i><br>(twice).        | CAPT. R. J. YOURELL.  |
| CAPT. B. J. SMITH  | CAPT. H. J. WALMESLEY.  |
| CAPT. J. J. F. BERKELEY.                                 | CAPT. F. R. VERDON.   |
| CAPT. V. B. HOLLAND (twice).                             | CAPT. E. M. F. NICHOLSON.                                       |
| CAPT. A. J. HORNE.                                       | CAPT. D. G. J. RYAN, <i>d.s.o.</i> (twice).                     |
| CAPT. G. T. C. PERRAM.                                   | REV. J. B. MARSHALL, <i>m.c.</i> , <i>c.f.</i>                  |
| CAPT. J. McCUSKER.                                       | REV. W. FITZMAURICE, <i>s.j.</i> , <i>m.c.</i> ,<br><i>c.f.</i> |
| CAPT. K. R. O'BRIEN, <i>m.c.</i> (twice).                | REV. C. McGINITY, <i>s.j.</i> , <i>c.f.</i> (three<br>times).   |
| CAPT. N. H. B. HASTINGS.                                 | LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, <i>v.c.</i>                                 |
| CAPT. E. D. METCALFE, <i>m.c.</i>                        | LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY.                                      |
| CAPT. T. D. MURRAY, <i>d.s.o.</i> , <i>m.c.</i>          | LIEUT. E. A. CAPEL.   |
| CAPT. P. A. LEICESTER.                                   | LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE.  |
| CAPT. H. CHRONNELL, <i>m.c.</i>                          | LIEUT. F. O'NEILL.  |
| CAPT. B. G. HOLLAND (twice).                             | LIEUT. H. W. CRAMER.  |
| CAPT. C. A. MAGUIRE, <i>m.c.</i>                         | LIEUT. V. T. THIERENS.  |
| CAPT. F. B. BARKER, <i>o.b.e.</i> (twice)                | LIEUT. E. CHADWICK.   |
| CAPT. R. B. HAWES.                                       | LIEUT. H. BLAKE.  |
| CAPT. G. M. McKAY, <i>m.c.</i>                           | LIEUT. W. H. DENSHAM, <i>m.c.</i> (twice).                      |
| CAPT. L. N. LOCHRANE.                                    | LIEUT. R. F. E. BELLASIS.                                       |
| CAPT. J. A. LUCIE-SMITH.                                 | LIEUT. L. L. THWAYTES.  |
| CAPT. W. G. FANNING, <i>m.c.</i>                         | LIEUT. P. M. J. FEILMAN.  |
|  | LIEUT. G. F. LEYLAND.   |

## *Mentioned for Valuable Service*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. LEE (twice).

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.

MAJOR W. P. STEWART, D.S.O.

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

CAPTAIN P. W. KENNY.

CAPTAIN H. M. PINTO-LEITE.

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

## *Summary.*

Serving in the Forces .....	1003	D.F.C. ....	2
Killed .....	145	A.F.C. ....	2
Died .....	18	M.C. ....	73
Missing .....	3	Bar to M.C. ....	7
Wounded .....	217	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 .....	189
C.B. ....	3	French Honours .....	26
C.M.G. ....	8	Belgian .....	3
C.B.E. ....	2	Russian .....	8
O.B.E. ....	5	Serbian .....	5
D.S.O. ....	27	Italian .....	6
Bar to D.S.O. ....	1	Egyptian .....	1
D.S.C. ....	1	Greek .....	1

# 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.
- 

**T**HE 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.

## SEVENTH LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

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An Old Stonyhurst Boy .. .. .	10 10 0	Hoseason, Mrs... .. .	1 0 0
Anonymous .. .. .	1 0 4	Kassapian, Mrs. .. .. .	5 0 0
Anonymous (L.S.) .. .. .	1 1 0	Kelly, Krs. (In memory of Lance-Cpl. Hubert Kelly) (R.I.P.) .. .. .	2 2 0
Bamford, Rev. J. H., C.F. (2nd Sub- scription) .. .. .	3 0 0	Kent, James, Esq. .. .. .	3 3 0
Banks, Lieut. William D. (2nd Sub- scription) .. .. .	3 0 0	Kilgour, Mrs. M. B... .. .	2 2 0
Blount, Edward J. V., Esq. .. .. .	1 1 0	Laing, Warrington, Esq. .. .. .	5 5 0
Broadbent, R. L., Esq. .. .. .	5 0 0	Lightbound, Randall, Esq. .. .. .	5 0 0
Cannon, W. J., Esq. (In memory of Lieut. Richard Cannon, 5th Wilts, killed in the relief of Kut, April 5th, 1916) (R.I.P.).. .. .	5 5 0	Lindsell-Hunt, E., Esq. .. .. .	2 2 0
Carrigan, W., Esq., K.C. .. .. .	5 0 0	Lynch, T. Massey (In memory of Lieut. Wilfrid John Massey Lynch) (R.I.P.)	25 0 0
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		Patchett, Dr. Leo .. .. .	2 2 0
		Peliti, Mrs... .. .	1 1 0



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Ryan, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. . . . .	2 2 0	Udall, William, Esq. (In memory of Wilfrid E. Udall, Sergt. <i>King's Liver-</i> <i>pool Regt.</i> ) (R.I.P.) . . . . .	5 0 0
Smail, Capt. J. D. . . . .	30 0 0	Warrington, J. L., Esq. . . . .	25 0 0
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Spencer, Mrs. Seymour (In memory of Flight Sub-Lieut. Thomas Spencer, R.N.A.S.) (R.I.P.) . . . . .	25 0 0		

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The amount subscribed to 30th April, 1919, is £9



## ROLL OF HONOUR.

### Flight Sub-Lieut. THOMAS SEYMOUR SPENCER,

R.N.A.S.

Born 1894. O.S. 1904.

Missing (Presumed Killed) February 16th, 1915.

"Tommy" Spencer came to Hodder in 1904, and remained at Stonyhurst till 1914, in which year he was "Senior Philosopher." He was an amiable, cheery boy and a "good sort," whom everyone liked. As a member of the College Choir, he was a regular performer at College concerts and entertainments.

Though a keen all-round sportsman, I think his tastes lay more in the direction of shooting and fishing than in that of games. He was a good shot and an ardent angler.

The interest he displayed in mechanics, which led him afterwards to join the Air Service, was evinced while at Stonyhurst by his enthusiasm for motor-cycling. He was probably the first Stonyhurst student to take a successful part in local motor-bicycle races, carrying off one, if not more, prizes in races held in our neighbourhood against competitors of mature age who had been driving these machines for years.

Shortly after leaving school at the outbreak of the war, he joined the *Royal Naval Air Service*, and soon passed his qualifying tests at the Netheravon Flying School, going from there to the Isle of Grain to complete his course.

He was appointed to H.M.S. *Empress* in February, 1915. But his term of active service was destined, unfortunately, to be brief. In February, the very month in which he went to sea for active operations against the enemy, he was selected to take part in a raid on Zeebrugge. On the 15th, the first day of the raid, he made a very successful flight. As he did not return after the raid on the following day, the 16th, the coast was patrolled all night and next day in hopes of a rescue, but without avail. Ever since the raid, his mother, who has our deepest sympathy,

has clung to the hope that he has survived perhaps as a prisoner of war.

Inquiries have been made through the Paris and Geneva branches of the British Red Cross, and, by the courtesy of the King of Spain, through the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin. But no news of him has been obtained, so we are forced reluctantly to conclude that he was killed during the raid, shot down it is thought probable by the German gunners while trying to make a forced landing after his machine had been damaged.

He was the elder son of the late Thomas Seymour Spencer and Mrs. Spencer, of Greenhaugh Hall, and "The Birks," Northumberland.

The two letters given below supply additional information as to the part taken by Lieut. Spencer in the raid, together with an appreciation of his character and capacity.

On hearsay evidence from an officer of the R.N.A.S. who took part in the raid we are told that "his engine was blown out by a bomb which refused to be released, and that his machine was riddled with shot. He was trying to make a forced landing, but the German gunners were concentrating all their guns on him as he came down."

H.M.S. *Empress*, c/o G.P.O.,  
25th February, 1915.

DEAR MRS. SPENCER,

Commander Samson has handed your letter over to me to answer, as your boy was appointed to my ship.

He left in a 100 h.p. Short Seaplane with three others of the same type to attack a certain place on the coast, and I deeply regret having to state that he did not return. When the other two seaplanes returned I questioned them carefully to find out if they had seen your son's machine, but they could throw no light on the matter.

I cruised round all that night in the hopes of picking the machine up; also the next day, but with no success. You must not give up hopes by any means; we do not here, as it is quite likely that he is a prisoner of war, and the Germans do not let you know for some time.

Your son was liked and respected by everyone on board, and they all join in sending their sympathies to you in your trial. Please let me know if I can do any more.

Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) F. W. BOWHILL,  
Lieutenant in Command.

H.M.S. *Empress*,  
17th April, 1919.

DEAR MRS. SPENCER,

I am so awfully sorry that I have had no time to answer your letter, but I have not been anywhere where I could write.

Your son would have been at Zeebrugge about 4.42. That was the time I logged as returning, having made my attack.

I saw one machine below me while off Blankenbergh, but that one turned in towards the coast, and looked as if it were going home—that was about 4.25—I don't think that was he.

Your boy in the first day of the raid flew through five snowstorms, which were the most unpleasant things that I ever drove through in my life, and came back as cheery as ever. He did well. He was a born flyer, and just cram full of, well, I don't know how to describe it in ordinary language; in aviation there is a monosyllabic word signifying capacity to overcome difficulties, and he was full of it. Whatever has happened to him I am confident that he did what he was told, and that he did it well. Personally I hardly knew him; he joined the ship such a short time before.

The machines were unsuitable for flying over the highly-trained anti-aircraft gunners at Zeebrugge, but there is a fearful shortage of seaplanes, and will be for months to come. No, he would not have got inland. He might have had an engine failure and been picked up by a German submarine. There were illustrations in the German papers, I am told, of a gallant U-boat rescuing a British aviator.

In any case, we all lose so many friends in this war, the great thing I think is that we should have done so well. He did very well, and if you don't hear again about him, I trust that that will give you content. He came to me from Douglas Oliver at the Isle of Grain with a magnificent report, and lived up to and beyond it.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed), ———, Squadron Commander.

### Captain EDGAR V. PARSONS,

3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regt.

Born June 14th, 1893. O.S. 1903.

Wounded and Missing, presumed Killed, April 26, 1919

Edgar Parsons is well remembered at Stonyhurst, where he made his mark as a very popular and energetic boy. He was prominent in the games all through his school career, and represented Stony-

hurst in many outmatches as a member of the cricket and football elevens.

In 1909—10, his final year at Stonyhurst, he was Second Head of the College. To his family, who have kindly supplied us with a portrait of Edgar and letters and details which we print below, we offer our most sincere sympathy on their loss.

"Edgar was born on June 14th, 1893. On leaving College he entered the engineering works here for a course of training, which was nearly completed when war broke out. In September he joined the *Public School Corps* (21st Batt. Royal Fusiliers).

After a year's training at Epsom and Mansfield Camps, he went out to France with his battalion with the rank of Sergeant. During the following months he saw a good deal of trench warfare. In March, 1916, he returned to England to follow a course for cadets at Oxford.

In the following June he received his commission in the 5th Reserve Battalion of the *Worcestershire Regiment*. He was then sent out to France, being attached to the 2nd Battalion of the same regiment.

In November the same year he was wounded and gassed. After three months in hospital he again went to France, being attached to the 3rd Battalion of his regiment. For his work at the Messines Ridge affair he was mentioned in dispatches, and promoted to the rank of Captain.

We have not been able yet to learn from the War Office anything definite as to Edgar's fate, but there is little doubt that he was killed at Mount Kemmel on April 26th last year. We know that he was severely wounded, and we also know that he was not a prisoner at any of the camps in Germany.

Among the many who made enquiries respecting Edgar was the Church of England Chaplain of his battalion. He told me that the day before the Mount Kemmel affair Edgar asked for leave to go to Confession to the Catholic Chaplain of a neighbouring battalion. He remarked how few young fellows would have had the same moral courage."

The following letters, which incidentally contain high encomiums on his devotedness to duty and his gallantry, have been received by the late officer's father:—



*Photo.: Wellington Studios, Aldershot.*

**Lieutenant WILLIAM ST. JOHN COVENTRY,**  
1st Batt. Bedfordshire Regiment.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1907.

Wounded and missing, presumed killed, October 23rd, 1914.



FRANCE,

May 6th, 1918.

DEAR MR. PARSONS,

No doubt you have had a line from Major Trail, that your son, Captain Parsons, was wounded and taken prisoner. At the time I was not with your son, as the C.O. decided to let me have a rest, as I had been in the two previous battles, but went up a couple of days later to take over the company after Captain Parsons was wounded.

On my arrival I made enquiries from all the men, and from the only officer who was left out of the original four, and they all informed me that Captain Parsons was hit only in the leg by a machine-gun bullet during the attack. Several of the men stopped to bring him away, but he ordered them to go on with the attack and leave him, as they were not stretcher-bearers. Private Westwood, who was with Captain Parsons last, tried to bring him away, but unfortunately the other men who were going to give him a hand also got wounded, as there was a machine-gun covering the spot where Captain Parsons was lying.

I am pretty sure that Captain Parsons is all right, and before long information will be received, as several officers in the division who were reported missing have been reported already.

Allow me to say that I was with your son for ten months, and could not have had a better O.C. He was always thinking of the comfort of his men and subalterns, and is a great loss to the battalion. Hoping you will receive favourable news before long.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

KENNETH T. STEPHENS,

2nd Lieutenant.

The next letter gives further details of his being wounded, and appreciation of his conduct:—

June 5th, 1918.

I very much regret that I have very little information concerning Captain Parsons. The last I saw of him was about 3-15 a.m. on Thursday, April 26th. He was then giving me my final instructions preparatory to attacking Kemmel. At that time he was unhurt.

At 6 a.m. I myself was hit, and on the way to the dressing station met with Captain Hardman, also of the 3rd Worcesters, who told me that Captain Parsons had been hit in the leg about an hour before, but was still "carrying on" with his company. More than this he could not tell me, and I have not been able to glean any other news.

I may say that Captain Hardman spoke of Captain Parsons very highly indeed, saying that his conduct throughout the whole engagement was magnificent, and

I can heartily endorse this statement. I was only under Captain Parsons' command a few days, but I can assure you that even in this brief time, I was more attracted by him than by any other officer I have served under. It came as quite a personal shock to learn that he is missing, and I sincerely hope you will hear good news of him soon. However, I will not fail to inform you if I hear anything myself.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

BERNARD J. MASON,

2nd Lieutenant.

His Colonel wrote:—

16th June, 1918.

It was with very great sorrow that I heard on returning to the battalion after two months' absence, that nothing appears to have been heard of your son, who was wounded near Kemmel in April. I trust that you may yet hear that he is a prisoner, as I fancy there is more delay hearing of wounded, than in the case of unwounded prisoners.

I miss your son very much; for the last twelve months he has been a most energetic and conscientious company commander, in whom I had complete confidence; he always placed his duty, and the welfare of his men before everything, and is a very great loss to us.

Please accept my deep sympathy in the anxiety you must be suffering.

Lieut. WILLIAM ST. JOHN COVENTRY

11th Bedfordshire Regiment.

Born 1893.

O.S. 1907.

Wounded and Missing (presumed Killed), October 23rd, 1914.

Our long delay in inserting a notice of St. John Coventry has been due, as in other similar cases, to the hope that on the return of British prisoners from Germany some news of him might come to light.

His relatives have now been at last compelled to presume that he was killed on October 23rd, 1914, the date on which he was reported missing, and have kindly supplied us with a portrait of him, and what little information they could glean as to the circumstances of his death in action. St. John came to Stonyhurst in 1907, and remained with us till 1910.

He was a good-natured quiet boy, industrious and interested in his work. Everyone had a good word

for him. He possessed some musical ability, and was for a long time a member of the College choir. He had decided early in his school course to enter the army, and his concluding years with us were spent in the army class. In 1911 he passed into Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the *1st Bedfordshire Regiment*, with whom he went to Ireland, and from thence to France in August, 1914.

During the retreat from Mons he was Transport Officer to his battalion, and brought his transport through Mons without any loss, and this, although his division, the 5th, had a very trying time.

His Major wrote saying how very reliable he was, and always to be trusted to get his job through.

It was while St. John's company was attached to the *1st Cheshires* that they were rushed by the enemy before daylight on October 22nd, and nearly all the company were lost. A few of them who returned reported that he fell, shot through the head while leading his men at the outset of the attack.

His Colonel, one of the few surviving officers of his battalion, spoke of St. John as one of his most promising officers.

He was killed at Violaine la Bassée. He was mentioned in dispatches (May 31st, 1915) for good work during the Mons retreat.

St. John Coventry was the son of Mr. John Coventry and Mrs. Coventry, of Burgate Manor, Fordingbridge, Hants. To the surviving members of his family we offer our sincerest sympathy and thanks for sending us a photograph and materials for compiling this brief notice.

*Copy of letter from MAJOR ALLISON, 1st Bedfordshire Regt., to CAPT. BASSETT, 2nd Bedfordshire Regt., dated January 16th, 1915:—*

"I have seen Capt. Davenport, who was commanding the Company at the time young Coventry and Litchfield were lost. He says the Company had been on outpost duty at Violaines, near La Bassee, attached to the ——— Regt. for the time being. A ——— Company had relieved them during the night 22/23 October, and Captain Davenport had directed Coventry and Litchfield each to dig supporting trenches with their platoons, and he himself went a little further back still; this happened before dawn. There was suddenly a hurroosh, and the ———'s came running back on our men without any warning. They also held an attack, which was made during the day, but at night the whole

British line was moved back at that position. Nothing has since been heard either of Coventry or Litchfield, or the greater part of their platoons.

Coventry had been in charge of the Regimental Transport, but owing to our losses at Givenchy he could no longer be spared for that purpose. He did his job extremely well, and kept the whole of his transport intact during the retirement from Mons to Touraine. I don't think the same can be said of any other transport officer of the 5th Division, and the 5th Division had the most trying time of all during the retirement."

### Lieut. OSWALD TEMPEST.

*A.S.C., attached W. Yorks Regt.*

*Born January 17th, 1892. O.S. 1904.*

*Wounded and Missing (presumed Killed in Action).  
March 28th, 1918.*

Now that it seems to be established that Lieut. Oswald Tempest was killed or died of his wounds on the date given above, we may preface our account of him by the expression of our heartfelt sympathy with his father and mother, Mr. Aidan Tempest and Mrs. Tempest, of 7, Derwent Square, Stonycroft, Liverpool.

We thank Mr. Tempest also for the photograph and information which he has kindly sent us.

Oswald came to Stonyhurst with his brother Hugh in 1904, and throughout their Stonyhurst course they were inseparables, always together in class and playground. Both were hard students and keenly interested in their studies, especially in mathematics, for which they possessed considerable aptitude.

Oswald was a cheery fellow, and seemed on the best of terms with everyone. He was as happy at work as at play, and thoroughly enjoyed his school-days at Stonyhurst.

He was a steady worker and a prizewinner, and showed the makings of a character which would win him success in any profession he should adopt in after life.

Consequently one is not surprised to read in the letters from his brother officers of the feelings of respect and friendship which he inspired in those who met him during his brief military career.



**Lieutenant OSWALD TEMPEST,**

A.S.C., attached West Yorkshire Regiment.

Born 1892.

O.S. 1904.

Wounded and missing, presumed killed, in France, March 28th, 1918.

The details of his life after leaving Stonyhurst are thus summarized for us by a correspondent :—

"Oswald left Stonyhurst in December, 1910, to pass his preliminary examination in Manchester for Chartered Accountant, and afterwards was articled to Mr. Frank Holt, of 8, Cook Street, Liverpool, for five years, and on passing his final became an Associate of the Institute in January, 1915.

"He enlisted as a private in the A.S.C. in February, 1915, and after a month or so at Aldershot he went to Woolwich, where for six months he worked all night in the Record Office.

"On September 24th, 1915, he got his commission and went to Newhaven, and in about six months was given his second star.

"At the end of 1916 he was made Audit Officer in Newhaven, but a general order from the War Office that all young officers must go to France, and much to the regret of his C.O., who did all he could to keep him in Newhaven, he left for Woolwich, and on to Bath, where he had charge of a butchery department.

"In February, 1917, he left with some of his men for Boulogne, and was 10 days on the way, two nights anchored off the Isle of Wight on account of fog, and two nights on the rocks near Havre, and six days in trains from Havre to Boulogne.

"On an order that all young officers of the A.S.C. must be attached to a fighting regiment, he left Boulogne at the end of July, 1917, and after training in Brockton and Rugeley Camps was sent, on November 5th, to Whitley Bay, Northumberland, attached to the 2nd West Yorks. He crossed over to France on November 29th, 1917, after being in St. Omers and Flixecourt, was sent to the front at Passchendaele. On the great German push to Amiens the 8th Division was moved South. On March 28th Oswald was wounded and left between Ressières and Caix.

"On October 2nd, 1918, a letter was received from the Vatican that Oswald was killed in battle, the information being from the War Office in Berlin, and confirmed by the War Office on January 20th, 1919

*His Colonel writes :—*

*April 15th, 1919.*

DEAR SIR,

I have your letter of the 8th April just received. I fear I can give you no definite information about your son. This I know, that he was wounded about 6 p.m. on the 28th of March, and like the good chap he was he stuck to his men, and was helping me with those of us who were left to fight against heavy odds. We were nearly surrounded in our position, and though some of us got clear, I am afraid he was too exhausted to do much. He was wounded by a bullet in the neck. I do not think it was serious though it had shaken and weakened him a good deal. I think you ought to hold out hopes of his being alive, but a prisoner. I felt very strangely about leaving him, but it was one of those occasions when the wounded must be put second. My official report about him was: "wounded and missing, believed prisoner, 28th March." I do hope he is all right.

He was a gallant officer, and had been commanding his company all through this action, and was doing well. He was one of the keenest I had, and was always cheerful, and looked after his men with the greatest unselfishness. More news I am afraid I cannot give you. They all did so splendidly, both officers and men. I fear this uncertainty is very trying. I hope you will get definite news before long, and I deeply regret I am unable to help you. Please accept all my sympathy. I feel so much for you all at home.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. C. LOUREY,

*Lieut.-Col. Com. 2nd W. Yorkshire Regt.*

*A brother officer writes :—*

*218th M.G. Coy., B.E.F.,  
1st April, 1918.*

MY DEAR MRS. TEMPEST,

It is very difficult for me to say first what is in my heart about poor Oswald. Last night, weary and foot-sore, I came to a village thinking that at length we had come to the end of this orgy of anxiety and suffering. I met some men of the West Yorks, and enquired after Oswald. Mr. Tempest went under on Thursday morning\* they said, and all at once I was tasting the dregs of the cup. I culled what particulars I could from the men, and came away sad at heart for myself for the loss of my friend, but far more for you and Mr. Tempest, who had lost a son.

I had grown to love Oswald, and now he is gone. I can measure the poignancy of your grief by my own. I

\*Mr. Coates is making a mistake in saying "morning," it ought to have been evening.



offer you from my heart the fullest measure of sympathy. It will always be an additional grief to me that ever since I was last on leave our ways have lain apart, always very near, but just too far to meet.

I cannot say much now, but when I come I will perhaps be able to give some idea of Oswald's experience and mine. He has gone a soldier's way, and in the midst of all your sorrow never forget that his life was not given for nothing. Historians will record that of every dead Englishman during this battle.

Some day I should like to have a photograph of Oswald to hang on my walls. He is gone now, alas! and sorrowfully I am measuring the affection of a devoted friend oft ill requited while he lived.

(Signed) JOSEPH H. COATES.

NOTE.—Mr. Coates was in the same office, was attached to Mr. Holt, and they were both in the same division, neither knowing it. Mr. Coates came to see us on Dec. 19th, when we told him Oswald's regiment.

### **Corporal FRANK H. DEALY,**

*43rd Batt. Australian Infantry.*

*Born 1895.*

*O.S. 1905.*

*Killed in Action on August 26th, 1918.*

A notice of Frank Dealy has already appeared in the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, together with a photograph of poor quality. Through the courtesy of his relatives we are now able to supply a better portrait, together with further information on the subject of his life on active service.

The last letter from Frank which reached Stonyhurst was an application from him to the Rector for a certificate of character as a preliminary to his admission to the Cambridge University.

In this letter, written August, 1918, he adds :—

"I am keeping very fit. Took part in recent offensive, and up to date have pulled through. There is still further work ahead, but I am confident that all will be well. The work has been very strenuous."

The Australian Military Records contain the following brief account of his death :—

"Corporal Dealy was struck in the head by a fragment of steel and died instantly. The battalion was doing an open advance at the time.

"He was buried on the spot where he fell, 1,500 yards N.N.W. of Suzanne, France, time not permitting us to remove him to a cemetery."

Suzanne is a little distance E. or N.E. of Bray. The Australians captured Cappy and Suzanne on August 26th.

The subjoined letters from Frank's Captain and another officer give fuller details :—

Captain H. W. B. Cairns, *A.A.M.C.*, South Australian Rhodes Scholar, writes from France September 16th, 1918, and says :—

"Lance-Corporal Dealy and two of his comrades—all members of a Lewis-Gun team in 'D' Company—were standing in a trench at 1 p.m. on August 26th. They were sharing their rations, when a shell landed near by and killed them all instantaneously. Lance-Corpl. Dealy was wounded in the head and suffered no pain. He was buried that night very near the spot where he was killed, and that is (Sheet 62c) G1, b. 60, 75, 1,000 yds. N.W. of the village of Suzanne, on the N. bank of the Somme, seven miles West of Peronne. A temporary wooden cross was placed over his grave, and it will be well cared for. I will go and see it myself before going on leave. I got the above details from Lance-Corpl. Giles, 'D' Company, 43rd Battalion. He was in the same company, and a few yards from Frank when he fell. He liked him very much, and says he was a fine chap. The Adjutant of the Battalion told me the same thing. He also said that Dealy's Company-Commander, Lieut. Martin, had said to him when the news reached him: 'One of the best fellows in the company gone!' The names of the two others killed at the same time are Theobald and Peters."

Lieut. Jack Brake, *A.F.A.*, 8th Field Artillery Brigade, Orderly Officer, Headquarters 3rd Div., also writes on the 15th September, 1918 :—

"August 26th was the morning that our infantry made an advance eastwards from the vicinity of Bray. The stunt opened about 5 a.m. . . . All three were killed instantly, and were buried at G.I. b. 60, 75, on map of France 62c. The grave

NOTE.—The village of Suzanne is clearly marked as indicated, on the map of operations given in the *Times* of the 28th August.

is registered and will be marked with a cross. I was told all this by the man who buried them."

A friend tells us how eagerly he was looking forward to going to Cambridge. "Do you know he was working through a correspondence course in French? I used to send him the books. In his very last letter, two days before he died, he writes: 'We have been down here since March, with scarcely any respite.' One thing always stood out in his schooldays—his devotion to his brother Sydney. His was a very unselfish nature; he was very reserved and did not show his best to a stranger, but there were great depths in his nature."

Frank was the elder and only surviving son of Mr. Thomas Kirkman Dealy, formerly Head Master of Queen's College, Hong Kong, and of Mrs. Dealy, of 45, Brougham Place, North Adelaide, S. Australia.

We have to thank his father, Mr. T. K. Dealy for the following extract from the *China Mail* for October 19th, 1918, which we print below:—

"The community will learn with the deepest regret that Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Dealy have recently lost their elder and only surviving son in the great war.

Frank Dealy was born in West Terrace, Hongkong, on 26th May, 1895. In 1905 (Easter Term), he and his younger brother Sydney—who was killed last March—entered the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst. In his last year there, 1912—13, he obtained the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate, as well as that of the London Matriculation. During each school year at Stonyhurst, he was awarded prizes for class work. In 1908 and 1909, he won prizes for Latin verses. In 1909 and 1911 he obtained the 'Macaulay Geography Prize.' In 1911 he was second for the Mathematical Prize. In 1912 he gained the Science Prize for his papers in Chemistry in the Higher Certificate examination. From the first he was a leader in all school games; and in his last year was Vice-Captain of the School, and Captain of the Cricket, Football and Hockey teams. He was also President of the Athletic Sports Committee and Senior Sergeant of the Stonyhurst Contingent (three companies) Officers' Training Corps. In the returns of the Annual Musketry Course he was a first-class shot in the years 1909—10 and 1911—12.

In October, 1912, he entered the State Agricultural College of Roseworthy, near Adelaide, South Australia, for the usual three years' diploma course. At the end of the first year, he was third in Order of Merit, with

prizes in Botany and English. He also passed the Higher Public Examination, and qualified for a Government Bursary. At the end of his second year, he was placed second in the Order of Merit, and at the end of his third year, he was awarded the College 1st Class Diploma, with Honours in Viticulture, Chemistry and Bookkeeping. During this year he was also Vice-Captain of the Tennis Team, and a member of the Football team. The Principal of the Roseworthy Agricultural College, Mr. W. J. Colebatch, B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S., in a leaving certificate, speaks of Frank Dealy as "a distinguished graduate of Roseworthy in agriculture and the allied sciences," and further says that, "he possesses personal qualities which foreshadow high distinction in his future career." On leaving Roseworthy, Frank Dealy was awarded the 'Ridley Scholarship' of £80 per annum and tenable for two years at the Adelaide University. In his first year there he won the 'Bagot Scholarship' (1915). Immediately, on completing his University course for the B.Sc. (in agriculture), he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces on November 1st, 1916. He sailed in the s.s. *Berema*, with the 6th reinforcements of the 43rd Battalion on the 15th of December, 1916. After seven months' training in England he crossed the Channel to France on July 17th. He had tried to join his younger brother Sydney in the Aviation Corps; but his eyesight, although good enough for an observer, was not equal to that needed in a pilot; and, to his intense disappointment, observers at that time were not called for. He saw fighting about Ypres and Armentières; he was once slightly gassed. On the occasion of his first leave in 'Blighty,' in March, 1918, his brother, Lieutenant T. S. O. Dealy, *Australian Flying Corps*, met with a fatal accident, while engaged in aerial evolutions at Ayr, and he was present at his brother's military funeral in the grounds of their old school, Stonyhurst.

Official news of Frank's death in action on August 26th last reached Adelaide on the 9th September. Had he lived to be released from military duties, he was to have gone to Cambridge (Gonville and Caius), for three years' further study, ere he finally returned to the Commonwealth. He had, in fact, already begun to lay his plans to this end, when his death in action occurred. He himself had constantly expressed the opinion that he would 'pull through' all right. Both he and his brother disliked a military life; and nothing but a sheer sense of duty carried them forward. They realised their country's need, and promptly answered her call. Literally and splendidly, both boys lived up to the fine Stonyhurst motto: *Quant je puis!* Better far to have thus nobly died, in honour's cause on the stricken field, than to have lived by lagging ignobly behind!"

**Private EDMUND KNIGHT ROCHE,***Leinster Regiment M.G.C.**Born August 13th, 18**Killed in Action, September 20th, 1918.*

Edmund Knight Roche was a son of the late Thomas Knight Roche, and Mrs. Knight Roche, of Avonmore, Stillorgan, co. Dublin.

We are indebted to the kindness of Edmund's mother, Mrs. Knight Roche, for his portrait, which accompanies these lines, and the details of his military life. We offer her the sympathy of her son's friends at Stonyhurst in her bereavement.

It was in September, 19

Hodder, remaining with us until 1916, when he left from the class of Syntax to join the Army. He is remembered here as a quiet, somewhat reserved boy, but possessed of a keen sense of humour and an independent character. Although not sufficiently robust to take a prominent part in the school games he was able to make his influence felt and gained many friends.

He joined the Army as a Private in the Leinster Regiment, refusing all the appeals of his relatives to try for a commission with the characteristic words : " I am determined not to take charge of any man's life but my own." He persisted in this determination to the end, his very last letter, written the day before his death, containing the expression, " I cannot do as you ask. I am quite comfortable where I am."

He was in a Cadet Corps when the *Machine Gun Corps* was formed, and volunteers for it being asked for ; he offered himself, was accepted, and went to France. While there he was attached to the *7th Leinsters (M.G. Section)*.

When that regiment had suffered severely, and after being himself twice wounded, he was attached to the *2nd Leinsters*. He saw fighting at Cambrai and Bullecourt, and was with his battalion during the disastrous retreat in March, 1918, besides taking his share in many other engagements of minor importance.

He was killed instantaneously by a bullet during the fighting near Gheluveltdt, in Flanders, on September 20th, 1918.

A friend, writing to his mother, said of him : " He led such a good life, he was well prepared to meet his God. He had been to his religious duties, we are told, the day before he fell, and on the morning of his death he had received general absolution with the men of his battalion. He was buried by Father MacSheehan, S.J., C.F., near Gheluveltdt."

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**DONATIONS.**

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations :—

TO THE MUSEUM

Stations of the Cross incised on shells. The donor, Father Henry Marchant, S.J., says of them : " The Stations are the work of Franciscan Friars of Jerusalem, and were bought from them by my grandfather about the beginning of the 19th Century." This incised work on mother-of-pearl was practised widely in the East, and the quaint designs and general style of execution suggest that these particular " stations " are of considerable antiquity"; *presented by* Rev. H. MARCHANT, S.J.

German Machine-gun Belt and Steel Helmet ; *presented by* MAJOR BIDDULPH.

Austrian Medal, 191

Officer's Star ; Shrapnel Bullets ; *presented by* LIEUT. R. IRWIN.

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TO THE LIBRARY.

A copy of the Pentateuch, London, " printed by John Bill and Christopher Barker, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty, 1676, Cum Privilegio." Contemporary morocco binding, blind tooled after Mearne (the royal binder), quaint engraved title page ; a very interesting example of the period ; *presented by* CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM (1871).

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TO THE COLLEGE.

An antique oak sideboard ; *presented by* THE MISSES SMITH.



*Photo. : Emberson & Sons, Chertsey.*

**Private EDMUND KNIGHT ROCHE,**

**2nd Leinster Regiment and M.G.C.**

**Born 1895.**

**O.S. 1908.**

**Killed in action in Flanders, September 20th, 1918.**





several days. The finals were contested during the two weeks before Easter. A full account appears elsewhere.

We are very pleased to welcome back our excellent printer, Mr. Tom Briggs, recently demobilised.

He joined the R.F.C. in August, 1915, as Mechanical Transport Driver, and went to France with the No. 20 Squadron in January, 1916, remaining with that unit on the Ypres Sector for two years. He saw much active service while engaged in the sometimes hazardous operation of bringing in wrecked aeroplanes, especially in the neighbourhood of Hill 60, Messines, Passchendaele and Armentières, having brought in many machines from various parts of this sector during his stay there.

We congratulate him on his safe return, and ourselves on being able once more to profit by the services of one who has for so long displayed a keen and intelligent interest in the production of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*.

Laurence Bamford, until lately gardener at the Seminary, died on April 1st, at the age of 85. He had been a servant of the College in various capacities for a period extending over 70 years.

He entered the College service at the age of eight years, when he "did for Father Tracy Clarke, as cow-lad at Hodder." Later he became "cow-lad" at the College farm, then assistant-gardener at the College gardens, from which he passed to the charge of head gardener at the Seminary, a post which he held for 50 years. His fiftieth anniversary as gardener was celebrated by a dinner given in his honour by the Superior of the Seminary.

Laurence was a genial, kindly "owd lad," whom everybody liked, deeply religious, and a hard-working reliable man at his job.

"He wor a very quiet, steady mon. I corn't tell o' onybody as iver seed 'im fresh. Not but what he could sup his hale," was one of the tributes to his memory I collected from one of his admiring cronies.

At the time of his death he was the oldest member of St. Peter's Guild (the Hurst Green Club).

## HODDER NOTES

Father Watts' lecture on Canada was a most exciting one. He started off by telling us about Halifax and the Niagara Falls and the cheeses and farms in the Prairies. He also told us about the Rockies, where the glaciers are as big as houses. It is a pity that cow-boys are dying out. He jolly well deserved the cheers he got at the end, for he is always so decent to Hodder boys.

We had an awfully topping concert on the Feast of St. Joseph, but I think the sword display by Sergeant-Major Hill was the best part of it. It was wonderful. I really thought he was going to cut his head off two or three times. (By way of thanks Father King made cigarettes appear all over Preparatory schoolroom). We were sorry when it came to an end, and thank him very much.

We saw a priest fishing in the Hodder the other day. He is the first we have seen for a long time. Why don't more fish? The river is crammed with trout. You can see them jumping about. If the fish they catch are too heavy to carry back to the College they could easily leave them here. We would be very grateful.

We have had some spiffing fights in the wood lately. Some chaps call themselves the Naval Brigade, and attack a lot of others who are supposed to represent brigands and Wa-Wa Red Indians. We have such fun, because Father Cullen is cutting down heaps of trees, and is making the wood look like a real battlefield at the front. We thank him very much.

The Billiard Tournament has just finished. Russell got the first prize on First Board, and Murphy the second. Grant won the prize on Second Board. Father King gives lovely prizes.

We have had class matches down in Paradise. Second Elements won the first match by 1-0. First Elements the second by 2-1. When are the College coming to play us?

## HODDER PLAYS.

*"Tracking the Traitors."*

The First Elements' play was a spiffing success. We had it on two nights. Father Rector came and a lot of visitors. The boys liked it very much.

The scenery was very good, especially Act 3. It was the scenery of the cannibal play painted over. The dresses also were very nice. The Patrol leaders looked the nicest, because they had real scouts things on. It was topping to see them march on to the stage.

It was an awfully exciting play. Two German spies, called Naish and Kerker had a wireless transmitter inside a cave on the East Coast, and they thought that everybody knew they were spies, and so they were always getting the "jumps." They suspected Meff, an old mad hermit, to be a detective. One day some scouts came along, and then! They told the Scoutmaster that the place where the scouts were going to camp was dangerous. Then the Scoutmaster got in a sweat and made them bunk. But in the end they were both arrested.

The actors must have practised very hard to make the play such a success.

PATRICK CORBALLY.

*"The Queen of Hearts."*

On Sunday, March 30th, Miss Coghlan gave us a lovely play about the King of Hearts and his family. The Queen looked very ladylike in her apron, with a big plate of real tarts. Her daughter was so beautiful, and was so well acted by Hastings that three other Kings wanted to marry her on her birthday. But the King of Clubs was a swank and the other king a poet, and so the King of Diamonds won her. The actors were very funny, and all did their parts very well, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. The dresses were very pretty; they were all made at Hodder; so were the programmes. Miss Coghlan did them all herself. We thank her for the splendid play, and all of us are very grateful to her for the pains she took in getting it up.

## OLD ALUMNI.

*The Tablet* for March 29th, 1919, contains the following appreciation of General Sir Edward Bulfin, K.C.B., C.V.O. (O.S. 1873):—

"The appointment of General Sir Edward Bulfin to the command of our troops in Egypt is made at an anxious moment.

"As a commander, Sir Edward won successes on stricken fields which encased, along with so much flesh and blood, not a few first-class military reputations.

"His was the Second Brigade of the First Division during the retreat from Mons, a prelude to his leadership of the 28th Division, and much hard fighting on the Western Front, in the course of which he was wounded.

"He took the 60th (London Territorial Division) to Salonika; but in Palestine he rose from divisional command to the command of an army.

"In the operations which led to the capture of Jerusalem he had the satisfaction of beating the German strategist opposed to him, Liman von Sanders, in a square fight, plan for plan, as well as man for man.

"No less signal was the part he played as commander of the 21st Corps, in the final victory which carried General Allenby's arms to Damascus.

"General Bulfin was literally in at Armageddon. There, on the plain of Jezreel, the immemorial battlefield from Saul to Napoleon, was wrought the most striking *débacle* of the whole war. The western half of the plain is still called Mageddon, and here, according to local tradition, was to be fought the final fight, after which peace for a thousand years.

"If his new work in Egypt is not to be on the battlefield, it will at least make demands on his wisdom in judgment and his readiness in resource. Sir Edward has never failed in these essentials from the old days at Stonyhurst even until now, and we congratulate the Government on its choice."

Basil Macdonald Hastings (1892), who served during the war first in the K.R.R., and was latterly attached to the R.A.F., has lately produced, as many

are aware, two very successful plays. His piece, "A Certain Liveliness," is spoken of by the critics as "a brilliant satire." Of his play, "Victory," acted at the Globe Theatre, the *Daily Telegraph* critic writes: "There was great and increasing applause for every act, and loud enthusiasm at the end."

Of his brother, Major Lewis Hastings, M.C., R.F.A. (1892), we are sorry to learn that "he gets no better. He is suffering from mustard gas poisoning, and goes from one hospital to another, where they don't seem to be able to do anything practical for him."

Bernard Newdigate (1878), who, during the war, was a Captain in the *R. Warwick's Regiment*, has been demobilised, and recently appointed a sub-editor of *The Field* and *Land and Water*.

Lieut. Anthony Gwyn (1910), *Norfolk Regiment*, has received a French military decoration which is apparently the only one of its kind hitherto received by a British officer. In reply to our inquiries about it he writes:—

"As you have asked for particulars about my French decoration, I herewith enclose as much as I know about it.

The decoration I have received is the 'Michen Iftikar,' which is given by the Dey of Tunis, and is a French Colonial decoration equivalent to the Order of the Indian Empire or the Star of India.

"I am very proud of the decoration, chiefly for these reasons:—Firstly, because I am the only officer in the army who has so far received it; and, secondly because I have been given the Croix d'Officier, a rank which is usually only given to Colonels and Brigadier Generals. I was much amused at the War Office when I went to see about it.

"At the Department of Foreign Decorations this one was, of course, unknown, and they had to find out from the Foreign Office whether such a decoration really existed.

"Having proved that to be the case they asked me to give them a small portion of the ribbon and stick it up on a large board where a specimen of every foreign decoration given to British officers

was posted. In fact the Colonel in charge of the department seemed to be just as pleased as I was with it all."

His brother, Lieut. P. J. Gwyn (1909), *24th Punjabis*, writes under date February 24th, 1919:—  
"Just a line to let you know that I am in Batum, or rather about three miles outside it. We are stuck in an old Russian fort, quite a good place for a billet, and expect to remain a long time. When I get leave I shall look up the old place (Stonyhurst). This will not be before the end of June."

"Among the members of the Royal Commission on the Income Tax is Mr. Nicholas J. Synnott (1868), Chairman of the Bank of Ireland, and director of the Great Southern and Western Railway."—*Times*, March 28th, 1919.

Mr. Nicholas Synnott was born in 1856, and after his school days at Stonyhurst, when he obtained Honours in the London University Matriculation, with prize marks, took Intermediate Honours in Latin in 1876, and B.A. Honours in Logic in 1877. He was called to the Bar in 1879. He has served as High Sheriff of County Kildare and as Chairman of Haas Board of Guardians. He has twice given evidence before Royal Commissions, those on Irish University Education and on local taxation. Mr. Synnott married in 1891 Miss Barbara Netterville, and has two sons and four daughters. Two of his brothers, Major Wilfrid Synnott, D.S.O. (1887), and Major Percival Synnott (1897), have served with distinction during the war.

H. F. McIntyre (1908), who, after passing out of Wellington with marked success in June, 1917, was gazetted to the *37th Dogras (I.A.)*. He had plenty of active service in Mesopotamia, and was then transferred to the *38th Dogras*, and served under General Allenby in Palestine. On the termination of hostilities his regiment was stationed in Cairo, where he writes, he met Philip Anderson, Ernie S. King, and Victor French. It was while in Cairo that he got a temporary appointment on the Staff at G.H.Q., and after holding that post for a month and a half, they discovered he was "a bit of a genius in the map

line," with the result he was pushed off to G.H.Q. up the line in Palestine, where he is at present. His present job is to supply, issue and control maps for the E.E.F., which is a pretty big job, so he writes, as it means the topography of three countries. "I am immensely bucked with my work," he continues, "as it is a subject which greatly interests me, and of which I am very fond." He had the opportunity of visiting Jerusalem a few days previous to his last writing (April 3rd), and he gives a very vivid and interesting account of his visits to all the Holy Places. He gives a short narrative also of the "Gyppies" rising in Egypt, but adds that all is quiet now, and no more danger when the troops began to lock up many and killed a few hundred to show they would stand no nonsense. His promotion has been rapid, for he is now a full captain, and only in his twentieth year. We wish him all further success, and hope ere long to see him visiting his Alma Mater before he returns to India. He will have a hearty welcome.

Lieut. Michael Sullivan (1906), *M.G.C.*, visited us for a few days in April. He had recently returned from India, where he had been stationed with his regiment during the past three years. It will be remembered he joined up early in 1914, and has thus spent over four years of the war with the colours. He is now awaiting demobilisation.

In the world of sport we note that G. E. T. Eyston (Stonyhurst and 1st Trinity), rowed as bow in "A" crew in the Cambridge Trial Eights Semi-Final. Also J. H. Danson (Trinity) plays back in the Oxford University Association Football Team. Father A. A. Brogden (Stonyhurst and St. Edmund's House), played in the Association Football Trials at Cambridge.

We hear from Philip Anderson (1907), under date February 21st, 1919, that he is with the Aden Field Force, that he was then well on the road to recovery from an attack of enteric which had kept him in hospital since January 8th. The British force to which he is attached have been busy receiving the surrender of the local Turkish forces. He tells us

that "the whole town is in a dilapidated condition after the shelling that the Navy gave it on one or two occasions."

We congratulate Robert Fry (1913) on his success in passing the February examination for the Navy. He goes to the R.N. College, Keyham, on April 11th.

Dr. John Prendergast (1899), who was until recently a Naval Surgeon, has just been demobilised and gone into partnership with another doctor in Huddersfield.

Captain T. D. Murray, *D.S.O.* (1901), who has recently returned from service in Palestine, has volunteered for foreign service, and expects soon to go to India. A regular soldier before the war, he had seen much active service in France since 1914, and completed his war service in Palestine.

In a letter to the Rector from Brigadier-General E. Costello, *V.C.*, *C.M.G.*, *D.S.O.* (1893), commanding the 12th Brigade in Mesopotamia, he encloses a pamphlet which he has written, entitled, "A Guide Note to the Ruins of Babylon." He says: "I wrote it for the men of my brigade here, and for parties from other brigades. It is very simple—just to guide men round the ruins."

Nevertheless, from the list of authorities consulted, and the general erudition displayed in its pages, it reflects no small credit on the industry of a busy Brigadier.

General Costello, we are glad to learn from the same letter, hopes to pay a visit to the College during his leave this summer.

The present editor, while on a visit to Paris in March last, met Lieut. J. Addes (1913), of the 11<sup>me</sup> *Cuirassiers à pied* (dismounted cavalry). Many of us will remember Lt. Addes, who was a <sup>Philosopher</sup> here immediately before the war. He served for three years on various sectors of the French front, and was finally taken prisoner at Lassigny on June 9th, 1918.

He was first sent to a prisoners-of-war camp at Rastadt, and from there to Burg, near Magdeburg. In September, in company with another French officer, he made his escape from Burg, and after some exciting adventures, succeeded in making his way back to France in time to participate in the final offensive.

Cyril Irwin, I.C.S. (1891), who has been serving in France, Palestine, and Egypt since December, 1917, with the rank of Lieutenant in the *2nd Bengal Lancers*, has recently been demobilised, and is on leave in Ireland.

Before the war he had been for some 15 years in the Indian Civil Service, and at the outbreak of war was acting Deputy Commissioner at Seonee, Central Provinces, and a Captain in the *Nagpur Volunteer Rifles*.

Having accumulated nearly two years leave, he applied for and obtained permission to go to England to try for a commission in the British Army.

His application for a commission in the British Army being refused on account of his age, he obtained through the Indian Office a commission in the Indian Cavalry (*2nd Bengal Lancers*), and after joining their dépôt at Rouen, served later with the Indian troops in Palestine and Egypt. Through some oversight his name has continued to appear in our War List without the asterisk denoting "on active service in the war zones."

Lieut. R. A. Irwin (1908), *2nd East Lancs.*, stayed a few days with us early in April. He was on leave from Serbia, where he had been attached to the *9th East Lancs.* during their advance with the victorious armies of the Allies under General Franchet d'Esperey. On the termination of his leave he was sent to the *East Lancs. Regt.* depot at Buttevant, co. Cork, Ireland.

A chaplain writes, regarding Father Montagu's death last October, that he carried the Blessed Sacrament to the Church when he was hit, and that he had enough presence of mind to consume the sacred Host as he lay wounded. He does not, however, give his authority for this statement.

E. H. Macadam (1911), writes to inform us he received a commission (2nd Lieut.) on the General List on March 8th. He says: "My one regret is that my service with the British Army has been so short." He adds that he is returning to his home in Buenos Aires on April 24th, together with Jack Hughes (1905).

Capt. Charles Manners, D.S.O. (1895), visited us during the Easter vacation. It will be remembered that with his battalion, *Wellesley's Rifles*, he took part in all the operations of General Townshend's army in Mesopotamia. After being taken prisoner at Kut he passed two years in various Turkish prisons in Anatolia. From one of these, Yousgad, he made his escape with eight other officers, and after a week of wanderings, during which the party were held up by brigands and robbed of all they possessed, they were finally recaptured and condemned to punitive imprisonment, remaining in Turkish hands until the armistice, when they were repatriated.

Edward Blount (1881), in response to our appeals for further information as to O.S. serving in the Forces for the completion of our War Lists, kindly writes:—

"My eldest son Edward H. A., joined up last August in the *H.L.I.*, as soon as he was old enough. He has been demobilised after serving six months. My second boy Wilfrid was too young, but he is a member of the Edinburgh Academy O.T.C., and was a drummer in the *3rd Midlothian Volunteers (3rd Vol. Bn. Royal Scots)*, in which I held a commission.

My youngest, who was not at Stonyhurst, is also in the O.T.C. and a drummer in the Volunteers. So we did our best, although being at the extreme age limit, we could not take a noble part in the great effort."

We congratulate Arthur Woodroffe (1881), *R.E.*, on his promotion to Lieut.-Colonel (as from September, 1918), and on his appointment as *C.R.E.* (Commanding *Royal Engineers*), in Jamaica. He goes there about the end of May.



Capt. Roger Radcliffe (1882), A.S.C., has, we are glad to hear, succeeded recently in finding the grave of his nephew, Lieut. Percy Radcliffe (1906), M.G.C. (Cavalry), killed at Bourlon Wood, November 25th, 1917, and buried near the spot where he fell. As there was no Catholic Chaplain present at the time of his death, Capt. Roger Radcliffe brought with him Father Michael Cullen, S.J., who read the Catholic burial service and blessed the grave.

Walter Dalton (1914), writes that he expects to enter Hertford College, Oxford, next October, together with Gerald McElligott (1906).

We are pleased to hear that Lieut. G. Hull (1907), *West Lancs. Brigade R.F.A.*, taken prisoner on April 9th, 1918, has been repatriated.

Our old friend and popular C.O. of our O.T.C., Lieut.-Colonel S. A. Pearse, D.S.O., was gazetted out of the Army on February 27th last, "with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, on account of ill-health, due to wounds."

He adds after this announcement: "Here the Red Indian puts his copper-coloured finger against his burnt-amber nose (vide Max Adeler)—They did it off their own bat, and so must take the consequences! (cf. R. Warrant as to possible results!)."

His present address is Hotel d'Albion, Boulevard, Dubouchage, Nice, A/M., France. He anticipates remaining there till the end of May. "After which (tentatively) England—Stonyhurst, and possibly Ireland."

Lieut.-Col. J. D. Roche, R.A.M.C. (1896), was home on leave recently from the Mourmansk Expeditionary Force, Russia. He describes the climate as arctic, and the attitude of the natives whom they had come to liberate as distinctly hostile. In fact a favourite form of sport with them seems to be the sniping of officers at dusk.

Among our O.S. visitors for Holy Week and Easter we had the pleasure of welcoming the following:—Pedro de Zulueta (1898), Wilfrid Anderton

(1885), Major John Berkeley (1896), Major Frank Berkeley (1895), Capt. Bernard Newdigate (1878), Lieut.-Cdr. Sebastian Newdigate (1890), E. Pyke (1909), 2nd Lieut. D. Lawson (1912), F. Rodrigue (1912), Fred Anderton (1908), Lieut. R. A. Irwin (1908), Lieut. M. Sullivan (1906), Harry Brand (1885), George Spencer (1883), Rev. J. L. Morrison, S.J., C.F. (1896), Rev. A. Goodier (1881), Capt. J. D. Smail (1905), Major K. O'Brien, M.C. (1907), Capt. W. Maxwell-Stuart (1908), P. W. Campbell (1900), O. Goodier (1885), R. Gibson (1911), Rev. W. Brand (1887). Many others had applied, but, owing to lack of rooms in the College, we were unable to receive them.

### In Memoriam.

MR. REGINALD VAUGHAN (O.S. 1861).

Mr. Reginald Vaughan, brother of Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., died on April 1st, quite suddenly, seated in his chair, while on a visit to his youngest married daughter, Gwladys, at Blackrock, co. Dublin. We take the following notice from *The Tablet* for April 19th:—"Though the call was sudden, he was well prepared, as his custom was to hear Holy Mass and to receive Holy Communion every morning. His late chaplain, Rev. E. O'Connor, writing to Reginald Vaughan's youngest brother, the Bishop of Sebastopolis, bears the following testimony to his earnest and practical piety. He writes:—'For himself, I have only a feeling of congratulation. I am sure of his faith, and of his strong love of God. He was just the one to say his *adsum* promptly and joyously the moment the call came. *Cupio dissolui*, etc. How well I remember his half-hour's meditation before Mass, and his hour's vigil in the dark *coram Sanctissimo*, both summer and winter, without intermission. Thus, my dear lord, his soul was in constant training for the Beatific Vision.' The Bishop of Sebastopolis adds:—'May we not say, indeed, that he was one of those hidden saints, of whom the world knows nothing, but whose example is an immense encouragement to the many laymen living uneventful

lives in the world. May our end be like unto his, and as well prepared for.' "

Mr. Reginald Vaughan, of Glen Trothy, Abergavenny, J.P. for Monmouthshire, was born in 1849, and was the seventh son of the late Colonel John Francis Vaughan, J.P., D.L., of Courtfield. He was educated at Stonyhurst and at Downside. He was twice married, and had four sons living, and four daughters by his first marriage. His youngest son, Second Lieutenant Kenelm C. Vaughan, of the *Irish Guards*, was killed in France, September 13th, 1916, aged 30.

#### ERNEST O'BRYEN (1878).

The numerous friends of Ernest O'Bryen, who was Mayor of Hampstead during the whole period of the war, will have heard with surprise and regret of his death on April 27th, following upon a severe operation. His death is particularly sad at this time, occurring as it did only twenty-four hours before the intended announcement in the *Gazette* of the honour of knighthood about to be conferred on him for his signal services to his country while Mayor of Hampstead. It was due to his energetic administration, encouragement and tireless zeal that his borough raised, equipped, and sent to France several batteries of artillery which performed brilliant service during the war.

His son Alan writes from Daleham Lodge, Daleham Gardens, Hampstead, on April 27th: "My father died last night about 7-30 p.m. He had all the Last Sacraments and Holy Communion yesterday morning. Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., was with him at the end. He never really got over his second operation, and had not the strength to fight it, though he did his best."

The funeral took place at St. Dominic's Priory, Haverstock Hill, on the 30th.

Father Bodkin performed the burial service and the Rector of Stonyhurst (Father O'Connor), was among those present.

The *Times* for April 28th, 1919, contains the following brief obituary notice:—

"Alderman Ernest A. O'Bryen, the Mayor of Hampstead, died last night (April 27th), at Hampstead. He was taken ill some days ago, and underwent an operation.

"Mr. O'Bryen was for many years in the Burma Woods and Forestry Service. Retiring in 1895, he started business in the import trade in the City. In 1913 he was elected Mayor of Hampstead, a position he filled until his death. He was 53 years of age."

As we were going to press when the news of Mr. O'Bryen's death reached us, we shall be obliged to defer a fuller obituary notice till our June number, and conclude here with the expression of our profoundest sympathy with his widow, Mrs. O'Bryen, and her family.

#### DUNCAN A. J. FERGUSON.

*Extract from St. Lucian papers:—*

"On November 19th Mr. Duncan Ferguson died at his residence, Mont Plaisant, near Castries, St. Lucia. Born in 1856, he was the eldest son of the late P. J. K. Ferguson, Attorney-General of St. Lucia. On his return from England, where he was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, he entered his father's office, and later occupied a most distinguished position as Barrister and Notary Royal; he was also a leading unofficial member of the legislative Council of St. Lucia, and a Justice of the Peace."

"Nine of his sons were educated at Stonyhurst, three of whom—Duncan, at present a Chaplain to the forces, Archibald, and Charles—entered the Society of Jesus. Lieut. Kinnier Ferguson, the eldest, served in Egypt with the British West Indies Regiment, but was invalided to England, where he died on February 2nd, 1917. Sidney served for several years with the Army Ordnance Department in France, and held the rank of Captain before being transferred to the Infantry, from which he has lately been demobilised. Donald died at Stonyhurst on February 8th, 1904, while a boy in the Third Playroom. Herbert, James and Joseph were also at Stonyhurst."

## DEATH OF SIR NORMAN PRINGLE, BART.

We record with regret the death in London on Good Friday of Sir Norman Pringle, whose three sons, Norman, Ronald, and James, are at Stonyhurst. Among those who attended the funeral at Brompton Oratory, on April 24th, were the Rector of Stonyhurst (Father O'Connor), and the Rector of Beaumont (Father Bodkin).

## WILLIAM B. SWARBRICK (1908).

We are very sorry to hear of the death, on April 15th last, at Preston, of William Swarbrick, who was at Hodder, and afterwards at Stonyhurst, from 1908 to 1912. He left us in that year in May to be treated in hospital for an illness, a chest complaint, from which he never fully recovered. Ever since his departure from Stonyhurst he had been in delicate health. We offer our hearty sympathy to his father, Mr. W. J. Swarbrick, of Ryebank, Garstang Road, Preston, and to his other relatives on his untimely death.

While this issue was in the press we have heard with regret of the deaths of Geoffrey William Scrope (1883), who died on April 11th, and of Cornelius Nash, who was a boy here quite recently.

## EXCHANGES.

*The Month, The Examiner* (Bombay), *The Raven* (Downside School), *The Yellow Dragon, The Ratcliffian, The Ushaw Magazine, The Mountaineer, The Rossallian, The Elizabethan* (Westminster School), *The Cottonian, The Xaverian, The University Correspondent, The Ignatian Record, St. Xavier's College Magazine* (Bombay), *The Beaumont Review*.

## PLAYROOM NOTES.

## HIGHER LINE.

The monotony which is so often experienced during this Easter term, has been successfully relieved by a Boxing and a Swimming Competition, full details of which appear elsewhere.

The Higher Line Leagues have been terminated with the following results :

- |                         |           |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Lower Line XI. .. .. | 5 points. |
| 2. Syntax .. .. .       | 4 „       |
| 3. Rhetoric .. .. .     | 2 „       |
| 4. Poetry .. .. .       | 1 „       |

In their recent success, the Lower Line XI. have kept up their last year's record ; they have, of course, a decided advantage over any class team, in that they are a trained XI., where the Class League is but a scratch team, with no very great choice of men, and an XI. who have never played together.

Owing to the departure of one or two of our members, and that of their gramophone records, we have raised a subscription for a fund for the purchase of new records. The sum raised amounted to £3, and with this we have been able to purchase several new Revue Selections and songs. Our thanks to all subscribers. Our fund, though low, is not yet exhausted, and any suggestions for the purchase of more records will be gratefully received (also subscriptions). In this connection we must not omit to thank Father Ireland for the use of his gramophone.

Our best thanks are also due to the Rev. Sir William Heathcote, Bart., s.j., Naval Chaplain, who has presented "Sea Fights of the Great War" to our Playroom Library ; also to Father Cortie, who has supplied our Playroom with magazines and other periodicals.

H. A. S.  
W. H. M.

### SECOND PLAYROOM.

The gardens have again begun in Second Playroom, and it is noticeable that considerably greater interest has been evinced in them this year than has been shown for some time; so we hope that this portion of the playground will form a pleasant oasis in a somewhat dreary waste. Unfortunately the making of seats, a time-honoured custom, has been forbidden, on account of the occupants making illegal excursions to the neighbouring fields and uprooting the turf for the purpose.

The chief feature of the term, apart from the sports, has been the Lower Line Leagues. These were carried through with great success and enthusiasm from beginning to end, all exhibiting a keen but friendly rivalry. The winner of the Leagues was Lower Grammar I., to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations, especially to its captain, H. F. Robinson, who had an anything but easy task in getting them to play in unison. The only defeat that the winning class encountered was sustained while playing Lower Rudiments. After playing a fairly even first half, Lower Grammar I. collapsed in some mysterious way in the second half, and were badly beaten, the score being 4—0. Upper Grammar I. and Lower Grammar I. played a very good game, and, though eventually Lower Grammar I. gained the victory, both sides were very evenly matched. Upper Grammar, under Drake-Bee, distinguished itself chiefly by beating Lower Rudiments I., under A. Barrow, in a most unexpected manner, thereby ruining the latter's chances of winning the League, which had been a possibility before, as they had up till then met with practically an unbroken succession of victories. I think that all of us will agree that most credit is due to Figures and Elements who, under the leadership of I. Shaughnessy, contrived to put up a most plucky defence against teams composed of players whose weight was overwhelming. This team actually drew with Upper Grammar I., a thing unprecedented in the history of Lower Line Leagues. Though they were beaten by Lower Grammar I. 2—1, that

class could not claim much superiority, as the two goals scored by A. del Val and B. M'Auliffe, could not be regarded as anything else but chance ones, greatly assisted by the wind, whereas the goal shot by Crewe-Reid early on for Figures and Elements was the reverse. They finished up, however, badly, Lower Grammar II., under C. Eastwood, defeated them 7—2.

The Upper Rudiments team proved very disappointing, not gaining a single point, and yet it is hard to say why, as they had good men in their League, and one could reasonably have expected a better show.

Once again we have the great satisfaction and pleasure in congratulating Lower Line XI. on winning the Leagues. This is the second year in succession, and all praise is due to its able and efficient leader, John Booth.

Though the Boxing and Swimming Competitions are being recorded elsewhere, we feel that we ought to congratulate C. Kenna and B. Cragg on their splendid victories.

V. S. G.

### THIRD PLAYROOM.

When we came back after the Christmas holidays we were surprised to see a large framed illumination at the end of the playroom. On it are written the scores of the football matches played by Third Playroom XI. against St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Preston College. At the bottom of the illumination a space is ruled where the future Third Playroom winners of sports' events will have their names written. We all thank Mr. Pendlebury very much for doing it.

We are now the possessors of a gramophone, which Father Ireland very kindly gave us at the beginning of the term,

Later on in the term a large oak Ping-Pong Championship Shield was placed at the end of the Playroom. It was very enthusiastically received and makes a great difference to the appearance of the Playroom. E. Santos, who won the ping-pong tournament last term, has had his name put upon it.

In spite of bad weather we have made up our football eleven. But, unfortunately, we could not play Preston College on account of the "Flu." We challenged an XI. from Second Playroom instead, but the weather prevented us from playing even this match. However, the colours were given out, and that made the disappointment less. The eleven is as follows:—

*Goal-keeper* : F. Lynch ; *Backs* : E. Santos, S. de Sa ; *Half-backs* : I. Shaughnessy, H. Gormley, A. d'Abren ; *Forwards* : A. Barrow, J. Whyatt, C. Crewe-Read, L. Robinson, D. Metcalf ; *Twelfth Man* : E. McLachlan.

Those who did not play in the class leagues picked up teams under various war-like names and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We have had "Stonyhurst Football" goal-posts put up in the playground, but so far we have only had one proper game.

Tournaments have been on for the whole term and have helped to pass the time very quickly. The winners will be announced in the next number.

The sports at the end of the term were very popular in the playroom, and we hope to see the space at the end of the illumination well filled with names of Third Playroom winners.

An enlarged and printed copy of Bernard Partidge's famous cartoon, "Unconquerable," has been put over one of the bridge tables. Father Rector has kindly presented the playroom with a statue of Our Lady, for which we are all very grateful.

H. G.  
A. d'A.

#### FOURTH PLAYROOM.

We are all so glad to find another playroom set up when we came back last term. It has made such a difference, especially to the boys of Fourth Playroom. We wish to thank Father Rector, Father Robinson and Father Ireland very much for all their generosity to Fourth Playroom. We also want to thank Mr. Gurrin again for making us such a nice ping-pong table.

The heads of the playroom are Maurice Fraser and John Russell.

Owing to the help of Mr. Beisly we have been able to get together a Fourth Playroom Eleven. So we thank Mr. Beisly very much. We got such a good eleven that Charlie Brand said he had one just as good in Second Playroom, so we challenged him. Our eleven was as follows:—Fraser, *goal* ; E. Taunton, *left back* ; Carroll, *right back* ; A. Feeny, *centre half* ; B. Brand, *left half* ; Moran, *right half* ; McEvoy, *left out* ; Mortimer, *left in* ; Russell, *centre forward* ; Kassapian, *right in* ; Horton, *right out* ; *twelfth man* : J. Arundell.

We played on the Avenue, and Father Ireland had to come and referee, and the result was 3—2 for Fourth Playroom. Charlie Brand was very angry and he went away and quietly practised boxing, and when the Boxing Competitions came off he beat Mortimer.

We have Fourth Playroom gardens in the playground now. The ground is very stony. Some of it is sand, which makes very nice paths. There is going to be a prize for the best garden.

Thanks are due to Mr. Pendlebury, who painted a picture to record the names of those who win the Ping-Pong and Billiard Tournaments till 1921. Last term we had to hurry over the tournaments on account of the influenza. The Ping-Pong was won by F. McEvoy, the Billiards by W. Waring, and the Chess by Dr. Parry.



The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes has been painted and makes a great difference to the look of the Playroom. Our library and games are increasing every term. We hope to have a very good library in the course of the coming term.

We must not forget to thank Father Vignaux for a lovely picture of Marshal Foch which he gave us this term, and also Third Playroom, who have helped us in a great many ways.

M. F.  
J. R.

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### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a result of the advent of Peace, the enthusiasm for military affairs, which during the war has been such a marked trait in most boys, has greatly diminished.

That it should do so at a time when things are more favourable to tiros than perhaps they have ever been is a pity, but, at all events, let us hope that interest in military affairs, aroused by the war, will not altogether flag, for, to quote Mr. Hiller Magnier : "The lessons of antiquity have been rewritten in the largest letters in the annals of our own time ; and it behoves all who govern or guide their fellow citizens to study these lessons well, and, taught by the dread experiences of others, to be wise in time." Or, again, "Machiavelli laid it down in his great masterpiece that a prince is not fit to rule who does not know war. As people nowadays govern themselves, they need this knowledge for themselves."

Writing of Napoleon, the late Colonel Henderson, the military author, asked : "What did he find in the history of the Campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, and Julius Cæsar? Not merely a record of marches and manœuvres, of the use of entrenchments, or of general principles of attack and defence. This is the mechanical part, the elementary part of the science of command. No ; he found in those campaigns a complete study of human nature affected by discipline, by fear, by the need of food, by want of confidence, by over-confidence, by the weight of

responsibility, by political interests, by patriotism, by distrust, and by many other things." . . . "He played upon the hearts of his enemies and of his own men with a skill which has never been surpassed."

I take it that most would consider the ideal that which, while encouraging boys to take an interest in military history, would help those who are desirous of entering the Army, and would educate all by broadening their ideas and making them think.

Bearing these things in mind, might not what for want of a better title, we may call "A Military Historical and Geographical Society" be formed, somewhat on the lines of the existing "Popinjay," where papers on military subjects might be read and afterwards discussed. To prepare these papers boys would have to read and think, and subsequent discussion would not only teach them to debate, but would tone down their views. Thus, I fancy, the advantages of essay-writing and debating would be combined.

I cannot think, too, that the records of stirring times would receive a less favourable reception than the sometimes somewhat "heavy" works of our great authors ; for, to quote Mr. Miller Maguire once more : "Narratives of campaigns must ever attract the attention of the intelligent and the curious. . . . The history of mankind is the history of armies."

I am aware that there may be a dislike for the multiplication of societies, but here if we consider the human element at all, we are forced to realise that with the diversity of tastes, these societies, if properly controlled, should be of advantage in catering for all.

I have no doubt that such a society, if formed, would in time prove worthy of official support, but should some encouragement prove useful, I should personally be very happy to provide a little practical support in the shape of £ (starting prizes) to the society if it appeared to be seriously at work and likely to be permanent.

In that I have taken up much of your valuable time, sir, I must apologise, but, if good result, I have no doubt that you will forgive

Yours, etc.,

R. A. I.



*Photo: The Swiss Studios, Adelaide.*

**CORPORAL FRANK H. DEALY,**

**43rd Battalion Australian Infantry.**

**Born 1895.**

**O. S. 1905.**

**Killed in action in France, August 26th, 1918.**

## THE PRIZE DEBATE.

The Prize Debate was held on Tuesday, April 8th. The motion read as follows:—"This House deplores the present growth of Democracy." Of the ten members, who had qualified to speak in the Prize Debate, five supported and five opposed the motion. The following is the list of speakers:—

For :	Against :
D. Ward.	A. Gibbs.
M. de la Bédoyère.	G. Baron.
N. de Larrinaga.	P. Kennedy.
F. L. Sullivan.	J. Malone.
O. Fox.	F. Hannan.

D. WARD (London University) opened the debate with a speech that was, for a debater of his ability, disappointing. He began by stating that the question turned "on the rights and wrongs of Democracy as a form of Government." But one waited in vain for a discussion of these "rights and wrongs." He admitted the necessity for some form of Government, and defined the end of Government as "the common well-being of the citizens of a nation." At this point he seemed suddenly to relinquish all intentions of dealing with fundamental principles, and he launched forth into a diatribe on the evils of what he called Democracy, not in principle but in practice. He asserted that "Democracy lowers the standard of Morality." Why? Because, to use his own words, "Democracy leaves no representative class to keep up the Moral standard." This is hardly conclusive, seeing that the second statement requires at least as much proof as the first. Again, he declared that "Democracy is inimical to Christianity," and to establish this *universal* statement he appealed to the most peculiar of *particular* examples—France! It is strange, too, that at that moment he could see only France. Ward then soared to his climax on these winged words:—"The culmination of the Democratic idea is the ravening wolf called Bolshevism!" We live and learn; and yet there are many men who still go on believing that the Russia, which gave birth to the Bolsheviks, was not thoroughly Democratic.

A. GIBBS (Clyst St. George) began most impressively by informing his audience that they were, of course, "familiar with the fusion of offices in the growth of nations." Everyone looked as intellectual and as learned as he could, and one, at least, felt conscious of his own unworthiness; however, though, in the presence of such urbane condescension, the effort to refrain from giggling and blushing like a bashful bumpkin was confusing, still I am not aware that I lost consciousness, and yet I must confess that I could see no connection between this noble exordium and anything that followed. The ordinary ratiocinative mind is dazzled rather than illuminated by the flashes of intuitive genius, and doubtless that is why of a sublime symphony I heard but the overture. The speaker told us that "the frailty and malice of human nature" is better checked by Democracy than by Autocratic governments. Then there was some exceedingly humorous remark about a mass meeting of ex-Presidents in Mexico. The speaker preferred "an educated Atheist to a savage Catholic," and considered a man named 'César' (sic) Borgia one of the most notorious villains in Italy. He contradicted Ward's statement that "the culmination of the Democratic idea is the ravening wolf called Bolshevism," by asserting that Bolshevism is not even the natural tendency of Democracy, but merely "the result of extreme conditions"—there was no gainsaying this—it was information obtained in the course of a tête à tête with Mrs. Snowden! After this climax, Gibbs very skillfully calmed his hearers in an atmosphere of Eternal Truths and Ecclesiastical Traditions.

M. DE LA BÉDOYÈRE (City of London) then arose. If this person felt any diffidence, he concealed it manfully. He began by a semi-facetious attack on Gibbs, who had made the meek and perfectly intelligible remark that he preferred "an educated Atheist to a savage Catholic." Bédoyère, however, assured him that the educated Atheist would go to Hell and that the savage Catholic would not. Now, apart from the Theological accuracy of the statement, what on earth had it to do with Gibb's preference? Whatever his ultimate destiny may be, an educated acquaintance is conceivably prefer-

able to a savage. To hear a debater refute triumphantly his own mis-interpretation of a remark is—I speak solely for myself—infuriating. This adroit move was followed by another, a very subtle point, in the wording of the motion:—it was the *present* growth of Democracy that the House deplored and, argal, all, except *extreme Democrats*, must vote for the motion. A more egregious example of the logical solecism—the *Petitio Principii*,—it would be hard to conceive. After this supreme effort the speech seemed to become a series of disjointed assertions, and its conclusion was only memorable for the fact that the speaker's ignorance of the etiquette of the Club provoked a reminder from the Hon. President that members should address the Chair. Such a manner—and no epigrams!

G. BARON (Cambridge University) spoke next. This speech was, in some respects a pleasant change, as there was some semblance of order in the development of his arguments and some attempt at rational support for his own statements. He began with two definitions, and he made quite clear what he meant when he used the word "Democracy." This in itself was a vast improvement on the methods of the other speakers, and freed one from that uneasy suspicion, felt in the course of every other speech, except Hannan's, that the speaker regarded Democracy as synonymous with Ochlocracy. After exposing several fallacies in the Ministerial assertions, not omitting the "ravens wolf" theory, he proceeded to show that the first effect of true Democracy is, in general, to make the wishes of a people coincide with their best interests, and that Bolshevism not only *is* but *can* be the outcome solely of Autocracy. He then inquired into the mental condition of which the Ministerial assertions were symptoms and, with some plausibility, diagnosed it as a fever of Selfishness, Sickly Sentimentality and Prejudice—the loathing of refinement for coarseness and of education for ignorance. He concluded his speech by prescribing the Febrifuge, pointing out how foolish such fears were in view of the fact that real Democracy means essentially only Political not Social equality. An excellent speech, but marred by the slipshod and too conversational manner of delivery. Still, however regrettable

Matter without Manner may be, it is infinitely preferable to a cock-sure Manner devoid of Matter.

N. DE LARRINAGA (Sefton Park), with considerable tact, set about disarming Democratic hostility with a tribute to Athens, to her generals, "sculptures," and martyrs, *v.g.*, Socrates. After this soothing introduction he declared with some truth, that conditions of life were very different now, and that he would endeavour to prove that Democracy meant Bolshevism. In the course of an analysis of the banalistic citizens' attitude he displayed an amazing knowledge of recent Economic history, and demonstrated "beyond a peradventure" that the workers meant to attain their ends, not necessarily by Constitutional methods, but by holding up Industry, or by any means that might be, from their own point of view, expedient. Such actions he branded as the behaviour, not of loyal citizens, but of highwaymen. A smooth journey—but we set out for Russia, and here we are in Peru! The argument showed clearly that organised Labour in England was prepared to use unconstitutional methods, but organised Labour is no more essentially Democratic than unconstitutional methods, however extreme, are essentially Bolshevistic. The argument was beside the point which the speaker had proposed for himself—a serious weakness.

P. KENNEDY (Athlone), consciously or unconsciously, I know not, sowed the seeds of discord in the Ministerial garden. Amidst horrified silence he calmly attributed to the Hon. Member for London University a statement which had been made by the Hon. Member for the City of London. The *sæva indignatio* with which Ward repudiated Kennedy's accusation was, perhaps, intelligible, but it was hardly tactful treatment of his Ministerial colleague. "It wasn't wot 'e said, but the nahsty wye 'e said it." At this stage my notes become a trifle incoherent, as I was well out in mid-sentence battling with the cross-currents of inordinate and insubordinate clauses, which surge through this orator's Miltonian periods, until at last "seized with a wave which is sweeping over Europe," I was washed ashore. With a winsome air, but firm withal, the speaker refused to give a definition of the Democratic Ideal, but chose rather to set before his

audience its exemplar—Mr. Wilson. Now while one might be pleased by this intelligent diffidence, in refusing to give a definition of what is not easy to define, one could hardly congratulate him on his taking for granted that Wilson was at once acceptable to all. He went on to discuss the general sense, or nonsense, of his opponents' remarks, and pointed out that what they deplored was not always Democracy, and that even when they did deplore real Democracy they had never suggested any recognised system of Government as an alternative. With less felicity he tried to prove that Democracy does away with favouritism. He concluded his speech with an inspiring peroration, reminding his hearers that man could rise to his full moral stature only when given the human responsibility and the human freedom of Democratic institutions. The substance of this speech was, in the main, good, but it was concealed by an involved style of expression which was hardly ever precise. The delivery was rather too conversational.

F. L. SULLIVAN (Cork City), at once appealed so the House—"would you have the country ruled by men like the member for Clyst St. George?" As for the Hon. Member for Athlone, he was a "muddle-head!" This invective was diverting but hardly wise, when one has but a few minutes in which to establish a position by means of sound argument. However, like one of the larger plantigrades in its aquatic haunts, he splashed about recklessly in cascades of humour, with digressions on the only true Democracies, that of Adam and Eve, and later, of Noah in the Ark. Passing on from Ararat he came to what he declared was his chief point, the practical impossibility of any genuine application, under modern conditions, of Democratic principles. Owing to the vast numbers of the electorate, the machinery required would be too unwieldy. He succeeded in drawing a picture which, for anyone who desired to see the application of Democratic principles, was quite depressing, but the effect was spoiled by the frivolous statement that great errors were impossible under hereditary rulers, owing to their profound knowledge of History! Here he declared that he had made his point, but after some slight hesitation, and vaguely dreading, perhaps,

a horrible clock-cleft silence till his unused minutes should elapse, he decided to spend what remained of his time on topics of more general interest, including a dissertation on Autocratic Monarchy, followed by a character-sketch of Napoleon. This speaker gave one the impression of calm indifference to the issue of the Debate, and he can certainly deliver a far better speech than he did on this occasion.

J. MALONE (Milngavie), by way of introduction reminded the House of his three well-known characteristics—"brief, concise and brief," the pleonastic third feature being ultimately changed to "clear." First of all, he had a few things to say about the Ministry, and he said them with a certain grave emphasis; and then, like every other speaker for the Opposition, he worried the poor corpse of Ward's "ravening wolf" theory. This done, he turned again upon the ranks of the Ministry and asked them what they were doing. They were brandishing aloft blades, yes, blades on which was engraved the shameful word "Self!" Who caused Bolshevism? The Ministry, of course! They had ventured to tabulate charges against Democrats, had they? Democrats are "unlearn'd," are they? Well, whose fault is that? What about the Chartist risings? Eh? This was the end of a long series of searching questions, far longer than what I have been able to reproduce, and moist with his exertions the orator paused for a reply, or for breath. He at once proceeded to relieve the mental strain and nervous tension of his audience with a simple but touching anecdote of a little boy who, under great provocation, had used a familiar expletive, only to be rebuked by the very person who was in the first instance responsible. And then, without more ado, the speaker, convulsed with fervour and indignation, resumed his relentless impeachment of the Ministry. What about Burns? What about Thomas? What about Clynes? Eh? And now moved to pity, no doubt, by the cowed and repentant attitude of his political opponents, he assumed a calmer and more kindly tone, a tone of reminiscence, and he told us of Becket at the Constitutions of Clarendon, how, after his fruitless opposition, he retired muttering "*Vox Dei vox populi*." Then, in an exalted peroration he



animadverted, in no uncertain terms, to the inevitable immorality of the Autocrat, whereas "the kindly Democrat is always sympathetic, for is he not always suffering?"—this last attribute, by the way, struck one as being hardly a good advertisement for Democracy. But all such cold-blooded reflections were swept away in the torrent of eloquence, nor can anyone who heard him forget Malone's last appeal to the Ministry to look about the world and see the havoc wrought by Autocracy; simple words, perhaps, but words charged with pathos—"Look at Russia, Portugal, and other places in Mexico!"

O. Fox (Warrington): This speaker shares with Malone and Hannan the distinction of having delivered his speech with at least some attempt at declamation. He spoke, however, rather too rapidly, and did not vary his tone sufficiently. He began with an admission which, for what it implied, could hardly have been welcomed by his opponents—he stated that Democracy is certainly growing in England, and that in Germany and Austria it is an accomplished fact. Now I strongly suspect that the speaker was thinking of the activities of the Socialists and Labour Agitators, activities which have as their aim the usurpation of power for the lowest classes; but that is not Democracy. Autocracy, whether Aristocratic or Ochlocratic, is the reverse of Democracy, which means simply the government of a nation in the interests of the whole and not of any particular class, high or low. He spoke of the Republican motto "Equality," and he declared that it was wrong. Why? Because "Rich and Poor there must always be." This is only one more Ministerial argument quite beside the point. Republican "Equality" has never meant a mechanical distribution of wealth, independent of inheritance or toil, but means, simply, equal fundamental rights and responsibilities—Ethical, Legal, and Political; whereas Economic and Social equality are not at all *essential* notes of true Democracy.

F. HANNAN (Dublin) chose as his definition of Democracy—"The rule of the people for the people by the people." Abraham Lincoln's definition is, no doubt, correct, but for the benefit of slovenly

thinkers, the word "people" should be explained as meaning *populus*, not *plebs*. Besides, such an explanation would have served the purpose of an antiseptic against the poisonous sophistries of the Ministry who, throughout the debate, either ignored, or were ignorant of this distinction. Instead, however, of destroying the Ministerial toad-stool, Hannan delivered a panegyric on Democracy as exemplified in Switzerland, in America, and in ancient Athens. The arguments were well developed, the language was dignified and worthy of the theme, the delivery was impressive, but—one experienced that feeling, felt so often in reading novels, that the villains in the piece were escaping condign punishment. Oh, would that the closer had thrown his opponents' assertions on the operating-table for a final autopsy, or that he had devoted a minute, at least, to kicking the pedestal from beneath the beggar of questions!

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

<i>F. Hannan</i>	.. .. .	1
<i>M. de la Bédoyère</i>	.. .. .	2
<i>D. Ward</i>	.. .. .	} 3
<i>G. Baron</i>	.. .. .	

V. C. W.

## THE SWIMMING COMPETITION.

This year the Swimming Competition was a very marked success, owing chiefly to the fact that only two people swam in the bath at the same time. In latter years the heats were often composed of four or five people, thus giving rise to a great deal of controversy in the event of a close race. The number of entries for the Senior's Medal was not very edifying, and those for the Middle and Junior Medal respectively were not very much better. On these occasions we would wish to see many more come forward to swell the number of competitors in this aquatic sport.

The Senior's Medal was very keenly contested by the few who entered. In the heats Carrigan and Hunt provided us with a very enthralling race,

both men swimming breast to breast over the whole course until, just within a few yards of the winning rail, Carrigan made one determined effort and managed to grasp the rail half a second before his adversary. Neely and Jones both swam well throughout the competition, but they were, unfortunately, unable to stand the stubborn test of the semi-finals.

In the finals Malone and Kenna swam excellently over the difficult course of five lengths. After three lengths Kenna began to tire gradually, and Malone's sweeping strokes propelled him forward, leaving Kenna about three-quarters of a length behind. The latter, however, made one final effort to reduce the lead which Malone had gained over him, but he only managed to pick up half a length, and Malone succeeded in reaching the rail six or seven yards ahead of Kenna, covering the distance in 1 min. 21 secs.

In the Middle Division the swimming was perhaps a little disappointing. The sight of people falling out when being beaten by two or three yards in the course of the race was deplorably frequent. Bartlett was one of the few members of this division whose swimming was really praiseworthy, and it is to be expected that in years to come he will turn out to be an excellent swimmer.

Kennedy and Warneken put up a very good race in the final. Warneken might have very well won the race only he did not over-exert himself; his action was too slow, and there was too little energy in his strokes. However, with an easy and graceful style as a foundation, he ought, with practice, to make a first-class swimmer. Kennedy, although he swam with a good racing style, took 1 min. 32 secs. to cover four lengths. This, however, was excusable, as he had already won two heats earlier in the afternoon.

In the Junior Division there were some quite good exhibitions of swimming, the most prominent exponents being de Landa and Fogarty. It was disappointing to note that a few of the swimmers were unable to complete the course; we venture to suggest that if some of the energy used in creating unnecessary splash (to the detriment of the public)

had been put to its proper purpose there might have been different results to some of the races. de Landa and Fogarty both swam excellently in the final. The former easily outstripped Fogarty, who used a neat crawl stroke rather to his disadvantage, as he wavered periodically off the course. de Landa's over arm stroke was very effective, and he managed to cover the distance of three lengths in 57 secs., which is a very creditable performance.

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### SODALITY NOTES.

The three names of those eligible for Prefect having been chosen by the Council, the Elections took place on Sunday, April 6th, with the following results:—  
*Prefect*: W. Murray; *Assistants*: J. Neely, G. Imossi; *Councillors*: (1) A. Gibbs, (2) L. Robertson, (3) M. de la Bédoyère, J. Malone, F. Bloomfield, G. Baron, D. Ward, C. Carrigan, F. Considine, B. Tarleton, M. Trappes-Lomax, S. Gomes.

The above-mentioned will not come into office until next term.

We wish to thank Father Colley, who kindly addressed the Sodalists on February 23rd. He urged all to act for the love of God, and to think less of themselves and more of others. Our gratitude is also due to Father Faulkner, who came over from the Seminary on March 9th to address the Sodalists on the "Friendship of Christ."

On Sunday, March 23rd, Father Barrett, who has just returned after an absence of two years as Chaplain to the Forces, gave the Sodality a very interesting discourse, in which he drew a parallel between discipline in the Army and discipline in the Church.

W. MURRAY.

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"Talk about sea-sickness. I never saw anyone suffer like my pal, Sam. I tried every remedy I could think of without avail. At last in despair I said: 'Can't you keep anything on your stomach, Sam?' 'Only my 'ands, George,' he groaned, 'only my 'ands.'"

## THE SHROVETIDE PLAY.

The long tradition of Stonyhurst acting was well maintained on Shrove Tuesday last, when an adaptation of *Monsieur Beaucaire* was presented and applauded by a large audience.

The play turns upon the fortunes of an exiled French prince—a grandee of the highest rank and innumerable titles. He figures for a time as a "barber" in Bath society, and incurs the hostility of the Duke of Winterset, who is ignorant of his identity and jealous of his relations with Lady Carlisle.

We heartily congratulate L. Robertson upon a really notable piece of acting as the adventurous "Beaucaire." His interpretation of the part was good throughout, his speeches well delivered, and his management of his voice excellent.

M. de la Bédoyère is also to be congratulated as the Duke of Winterset, his restrained and truculent manner contrasting well with this flowing period of the romantic "barber." In fact the chief criticism we should make would not be in reference to the acting at all, but rather to the length and distribution of the speeches. The Duke of Winterset was compelled to be silent too much, and we felt that there must have been many retorts upon his tongue he was not permitted to utter. The plot, moreover, is a trifle thin, and possibly obscure to those unfamiliar with the subject; and thus the speeches of Beaucaire lost in point, and the silences of the other characters before this "upstart" lacked in any case an explanation. For this reason we think it would have been an advantage if a short synopsis had been given to the audience, say, in the last page of the programme.

None the less there were some dramatic moments in the play which were well represented, especially the duelling in Act III., and the final recognition of Beaucaire by the Comte de Beaujolais (T. Mac Grath) in Act IV. Again the play lent itself well to scenic effects. Act I. (Beaucaire's lodging) was excellently staged. The moon shone brightly and realistically on the Garden of Malbourne's House (Act II.), and the Assembly Rooms at Bath were

really a triumph. The costumes were also well chosen and successful, though now and then a rather peculiar medley of colours manifested itself, as in the dress of the French Ambassador (D. Ward).

Some of the minor parts are well deserving of notice. R. Corkery, as Lord Robert Carlisle, gave a sympathetic rendering of his part; B. Tarleton was quite in character as Beau Nash; the friends of Winterset (C. Carrigan, A. Gibbs and W. Murray) all acted with distinction. J. Neely was good as Mr. Molyneux, and S. Gomes as Captain Rohrer; the latter's costume, by the way, was very effective.

J. Malone was eminently suited with his part as Boddles, a real barber, in which his natural gifts of humour found expression, though it seemed a little out of place that he should have been allowed to put himself forward at the great reception in the Bath Assembly Rooms.

As regards the grouping and behaviour of the stage crowds, the only weakness was that they were scarcely given enough to do while one or two characters did all the talking. The French and English lacqueys did well enough, and the duellists, though a trifle cramped for space, fought with energy and fell with conviction. But in the last act it appeared that the spectators were left unmoved by the startling turn of events, and some means should have been devised here of accentuating the dénouement of the play.

D. Kane, as Mr. Bicksit, did his best to brighten the proceedings at this point, but the general air seemed to be one of *indifference* where surely it should have been tense and emotional.

Apart from these few criticisms, it only remains most heartily to congratulate Mr. McQuillin and Mr. D'Arcy and all who had any share in the proceedings. It is obvious that an enormous amount of conscientious work and attention to detail must have gone to make up this well acted and well staged play, which gave genuine pleasure to all who viewed it.

We append the full programme of the play; also the musical selections, contributed by the orchestra:—



# THE SHROVETIDE PLAY, 1919.

1.—Boddles and Lackeys.

4. Boddles and Servants.

2.—Mr. Molyneux and Lord Townbrake.

5. Sir H. Rakell and Mr. Bicksit.

3.—Monsieur Beaucaire.

6.—Act IV. Unmasking of the Duke of Winterset.

Scene of the Play ... .. BATH CITY.  
Time ... 1730—5.

Act I. ... .. M. Beaucaire's Lodging.  
(Evening).  
Act II. ... .. Garden of Malbourn's House.  
(Same Night).  
Act III. ... .. A Wood near Bath.  
(Three Weeks Later).  
Act IV. ... .. Assembly Rooms, Bath.  
(A Week Later).

## MUSIC.

- |               |     |                |                |          |
|---------------|-----|----------------|----------------|----------|
| 1. INTERMEZZO | ... | "Rhodora"      | ...            | Devaux   |
| 2. INTERMEZZO | ... | "Fifinette"    | ...            | Fletcher |
| 3. GAVOTTE    | ... | "Higher Line"  | C. Lewis Jones |          |
| 4. MARCH      | ... | "Gay Wedding"  | ...            | Anon     |
| 5. VALSE      | ... | "Valse Triste" |                | Sibelius |

The Music of the Fourth Act supplied by an  
Orchestral Quintette under the direction of  
MR. C. LEWIS-JONES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. Beaucaire	...	...	...	L. Robertson.
H.R.H. Le Comte de Beaujolais	...	...	...	T. MacGrath.
Marquis de Mirepoix (French Ambassador)	...	...	...	D. Ward.
Duke of Winterset	...	...	...	M. de la Bédoyère.
Lord Robert Carlisle	...	...	...	R. Corkery.
Beau Nash	...	...	...	B. Tarleton.
Lord Townbrake	} Friends of	...	...	C. Carrigan.
Sir Hugh Guilford		...	...	A. Gibbs.
Squire Bantison		...	...	W. Murray.
Sir Henry Rakell	...	...	...	F. Wellard.
Sir Herbert Fitzwarren	...	...	...	E. Cosgrove.
Mr. Molyneux	...	...	...	J. Neely.
Mr. Bicksit	...	...	...	D. Kane.
Mr. Mountjoy	...	...	...	H. O. Robinson.
Mr. Sheringham	...	...	...	F. Considine.
Captain Rohrer	...	...	...	S. Gomes.
John Boddles (a Barber)	...	...	...	J. Malone.
Francois	} French Lacqueys	...	...	F. Sullivan.
Louis		...	...	M. Gorham.
Berquin		...	...	F. Bloomfield.
Jacques		...	...	F. Bahr.
Maurice	} English Lacqueys	...	...	G. Imossi.
Vincent		...	...	M. Trappes-Lomax
James		...	...	G. Lennane.
William		...	...	D. O'Shea.
Robert		...	...	O. Fox.
John	...	...	...	E. de Freitas.
An Attendant	...	...	...	C. Marchant.

Coachmen, Chairmen, Footmen, Highwaymen, etc.

## VARIA.

## THE "STONYHURST HUT" AT DUNKERQUE.

Mr. Stephen Harding, the founder and brilliantly successful organiser of the Catholic Huts for soldiers in France, writes to Bernard Radcliffe (1880), who has for so long been his coadjutor in this good work, "You will be glad to hear that the 'Stonyhurst Hut' opened three weeks ago, and is a great success. Dunkirk, the foulest camp I have ever seen, Sandy, black, flat, dismal are the surroundings. There are hardly any permanent buildings, and next to no sanitary arrangements.

"The Hut is not as nice looking externally as some of our old ones, being made of corrugated iron panels (so as to be portable), but it is delightful inside, with decorations in brown and white. The tables are brown stained and polished, and there are flowers everywhere. The Chapel was not quite finished. The altar a very good 'eredos' and a vestment-press had not yet arrived from Cayeux. The Chapel will be as good as any when all the furniture has come."

Mr. Harding adds, that he has applied for a Jesuit Chaplain for the Stonyhurst Hut.

He says that his only fear is that the life of the hut in its present position may not be of long duration; for this reason it was built in sections, so that "if Dunkirk camp shuts down we shall try to remove it elsewhere, and let it have another term. I ordered 'Stonyhurst Hut' to be painted up under 'Catholic Club,' and I hope that some of your old boys will come upon it."

Readers of past numbers of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* will remember the correspondence urging the foundation of a Stonyhurst Hut and appeals for the financial support of old Stonyhurst men towards its working expenses.

The funds already collected for this object have been duly acknowledged by the Hon. Secretary of the Stonyhurst Hut Fund, Bernard Radcliffe, Esq., Springfield, Clevedon, Somerset, to whom future subscribers to this excellent work are hereby invited to send their contributions.



## STONYHURST PHOTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A Photographical Society has been started under the direction of Mr. O'Hea, in order to facilitate Photography among the boys. The number of photographers in the College is well over a hundred, but they are severely hampered by having no facilities for developing and finishing their work. The membership subscription will be 1s. 6d. a term, which will be sufficient to defray the cost of chemicals, etc. A dark room is being fitted up, with all the necessary apparatus. The Society will probably prove useful to mitigate the tedium of wet days, as it is hoped to provide lectures on Photography and Photographical processes, such as Elementary Photography, developing, etc., Architectural Photography, Colour Photography, Enlarging, and the various printing processes, photo-micrography, etc.

It is also hoped to start a Photographic Library for the use of members. Perhaps there are readers of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* who are interested in Photography who possess books on the subject which they would be glad to give to the library to start it going.

Photographic Competitions always stimulate interest, and it is hoped to promote such a competition among the members of the club this year. Though, indeed, there is no lack of interest, as has been shown by the keenness of so many to join the Society, so much so that it may perhaps be necessary to curtail the number of members.

The following cutting is from the *Eton College Chronicle* of March 20th, 1919:—

"By invitation of the Scientific Society, the Rev. A. L. Cortie, S.J., of Stonyhurst, gave a lecture on 'The Formation of the Sun and Stars.' Father Cortie is a distinguished astronomer, whose original work in Solar Physics is well known in the scientific world, and he possesses in addition the gift of clear exposition and a sense of humour. His Lancashire stories and his description of the big reflector of the Mount Wilson Observatory were much appreciated. So also were some beautiful slides of Nebulæ, taken by means of that telescope, and giving to some of the audience new ideas of the immensity of space."

Father Cortie also lectured at Beaumont on the succeeding evening on "The eclipse expedition to the Tonga Islands." The lecture on "The Formation of the Sun and Stars" was repeated in the Town Hall, Blackburn, on March 19th. Two lectures were also delivered in St. Philip's Hall, attached to the Oratory, Birmingham, the first on March 30th, on "Shooting Stars," and the second on April 1st, to a crowded audience, on the subject, "The System of the Sun and Stars." His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham was present.

## O.T.C. NOTES.

A certain amount of time this term has been devoted to extended order drill and field work, several complete attacks being carried out with more or less success. March 28th was a full field day, operations commencing at 14-00, after an early lunch, and continuing until 17-30. No. 1 Platoon (White Force) acted as the rear guard of force retreating up the fells; Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 Platoons (Red Force) formed the advance guard and main body of the attacking force. It was the object of No. 1 Platoon to delay the advance of the Red Force as long as possible, covering the retreat of the main body, with orders to hold the quarry at all costs till 16-30. The whole operation was carried out most satisfactorily and reflects great credit on the N.C.O.'s. The difficulty in successfully carrying out an operation of this kind is always one of control; and cadets must not forget that acting on their own initiative, instead of waiting for any carrying out exactly the orders of their unit commander results in chaos. N.C.O.'s, too, should remember that they are individually responsible, and that they are in charge in no superficial way, and must have their men under absolute control, and keep them so.

Corpls. Tarleton and Robertson passed the test for the 400 marks this term.

The *Country Life* Competition was fired under somewhat unfavourable conditions; the score, however, showed an improvement on last year. The Imperial Challenge Shield Competition will be fired in June.

We hope to see the new Miniature Rifle Range up and ready for use by September next at the latest.

The "best Section parade" for the Seniors will be held early next term. The Juniors "best section parade" resulted in No. 1 Section receiving most marks, and consequently they will get the "do." They are to be complimented on the excellent show they made of the P.T. The Juniors deserve a word of praise for their work this term, which has greatly improved, and for the keen spirit which they display. We hope to see them in uniform again soon.

The following communication, addressed to the Corps, has been received from the War Office:—

WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL,  
S.W., 1.  
20th March, 1919.

SIR,—I am commanded by the Army Council to express their appreciation of the great work carried out by Contingents of the Officers Training Corps during the recent war.

In the early months of the war the number of vacancies filled in the commissioned ranks of the Army by ex-cadets of the Officers Training Corps fully justified the formation of the Corps in 1908, and afforded an able testimony of the standard of training and powers of leadership which had been inculcated.

The Council have had before them the records of many schools. The lists of those who have fallen, and of those who have been mentioned in dispatches, and decorated, show how grandly the ex-Officers Training Corps cadets have fought for King and Country, and form a record of which the Schools may justly be proud.

I am to ask you to convey the appreciation of the Army Council in this matter to all present officers and members of your Contingent, and I am to express the hope that this letter may be published in the School Journal so that those who have left and their relatives may be informed of the appreciation by the Army Council of the work of the Officers Training Corps.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

B. B. CUBITT.

*To Headmasters and Officers Commanding  
All Junior Division Contingents,  
Officers Training Corps.*

## SPRING NOTES ON LOCAL BIRDS.

People who think that the proper study of mankind is man pursuing a ball need not trouble to read what follows.

It is written for those who are not bored by a country ramble, and might care to have their attention called to some of the birds they are likely to meet with within a five mile radius of the College—the usual ambit of an afternoon's walk.

Towards the close of February many will remember seeing flocks of what looked like small thrushes feeding in the fields, or flying from tree to tree, uttering at intervals in their flight a faint "clucking" note. One of them, seen at close quarters, would show on the flanks below its wings a patch of chesnut colour and bands of white over the eyes—markings not seen in the common song Thrush. They are Redwings, small migratory thrushes from the north of Europe, which pass the winter with us, and are gathering together as they move towards the East Coast, from which they will soon fly across the North Sea to Scandinavia. Very few have been known to remain and breed in this country, though the late Mr. Thomas Altham, of Bashall Hall, once picked up some of their eggs with those of Fieldfares in a field from which a combined flock of these two species had taken flight at his approach. These particular birds had overstayed their usual visit, for the time was late in April, when they should have been sitting on their nests in Norway, instead of mislaying their eggs in Lancashire.

The Redwing has a pretty thrush-like song which has gained it the title of the Norwegian Nightingale, but its songs, like its eggs, are usually reserved for its native home.

The Fieldfares, which often accompany the Redwings on migration, and are commonly seen associated with them at this season, are much larger members of the thrush tribe. A grey neck, chesnut back, black tail and flight feathers are the points of plumage which distinguish the Fieldfare from the Song Thrush and the Missel Thrush. To these differences we

may add the white patch which shows under their wings when in flight, and a chuckling cry, like the jingle of a bunch of keys.

Redwings and Fieldfares are almost the only winter migrants likely to be seen near Stonyhurst.

Before passing on to the summer migrants we may pause to notice briefly those of our resident native birds, whose songs and nests may be looked for in April and early May. In a mild and early Spring it will be no surprise to find the nests and hear the songs of Blackbirds, Thrushes, Chaffinches, Robins, Hedgesparrows, Wrens and Skylarks before the end of the first week in March.

All these birds, and the Dipper, too, may be heard in song whenever a premature warm day upsets their calculations.

Among the nature freaks produced by the premature spring weather of 1914 we may record a litter of leverets seen near Mytton on January 16th, and a water hen with her newly-hatched chicks observed on a pond near Dinkley about the same date. Moreover, the observer who reported the young waterhens to us remarked that "he reckoned nowt o' yon January leverets," as he had already seen several litters of them on his farm in January.

The "drumming" of snipe is another signal of the Spring which may be heard during April all around us.

For those who have never heard a snipe "drum," this weird noise and its method of production are well worth investigation. Even among our country-folk who hear the sound regularly one meets with some who are ignorant of its origin. One of these on his way home to Bankhurst towards evening, was struck "all of a tremble" when his ear caught the uncanny moaning note coming from somewhere overhead. "Eh, ma word!" he said, "Didsta hear yon? It'll be 'Owd Un, happen, a-coomin' to fotch someone."

It is certainly a strange sound to come from a small bird. An acute controversy rages amongst naturalists as to its method of production. It is heard only on the downward swoop of the bird,

and one theory holds that it is caused by the rush of air through the webs of the tail feathers, the other theory being that it comes from the wing feathers.

Our neighbourhood holds few of the more interesting members of the crow family. Hooded Crows are rarely seen, and then only on migration. Carrion Crows prefer the more distant fells to our lowlands, and the few Jays who find their way to our woods are soon espied by the keen-eyed Till. Two or three have visited the Gas Wood every year leaving their corpses in Owd Till's gibbet and their feathers for salmon flies.

Magpies, which are scarce, may still be seen daily in the neighbourhood of Jumbles Farm by the Ribble. The riverside here is also a favourite resort of Kingfishers, Dippers, and Waterhens, and in March of passing couples of Redskanks, red-legged sandpipers, with an unmistakable flute-like call. About this point, too, and at Hacking Boat, Herons and Gulls of various kinds congregate at times to feed upon fish poisoned by the chemicals of the ineffable Calder.

Redpolls, Brown Linnets, Chaffinches, Yellowhammers, Bullfinches, and occasionally Bramblefinches are to be found in varying quantities in all the woods near the College. Yellowhammers have been scarcer of late years, and Bramblefinches have not often been noticed, though two or three were trapped in the Gas Wood three years ago.

Such characteristic songs as those of the Chaffinch and Yellowhammer, Hedge Sparrow and Brown Wren are very easily learnt, and would serve well as first lessons to the would-be student of birds' music, a knowledge of which adds vastly to the interest of a country walk in spring.

We have no space here to describe in detail the appearance of all the summer migrants which reach our neighbourhood before the end of April. We shall content ourselves with giving a partial list of them, with the average date of their arrival and the localities they frequent.

Ring Ousel: end of March, far side of Longridge Fell.

Wheatear : last week in March, seen at first near Hacking Boat.

Stonechat : early April : Kemple End, Longridge Fell.

Whinchat : middle of April : Longridge Fell.

Redstart : middle of April : more common on Yorkshire side of Hodder.

Greater and Lesser Whitethroats : mid April : found everywhere.

Blackcap and Garden Warbler : former late in April ; latter first week in May : all woods in Hodder Valley.

Willow Wren : mid April : abundant everywhere.

Chiff-Chaff : early April : somewhat scarce : Hodder Wood.

Wood Wren : last week in April : fairly common, especially in Mill Wood.

Sedge Warbler : middle of April : in all our larger woods.

Reed Warbler and Grasshopper Warbler : mid-April : uncommon near College.

Medow Pipit and Tree Pipit : mid-April : common everywhere close to the College.

The above list is comprised for the most part of songsters, prominent among which are the Blackcap and Garden Warbler, whose songs are much alike, the notes of the Blackcap being clearer and less of a throaty warble than those of the Garden Warbler. The quavering song of the Willow Wren is easily recognisable, while that of the Wood Wren, when once heard, can scarcely be forgotten. It has been compared to the sound of a clock, ticking loudly, and then suddenly running down. Another comparison likens it to the ringing noise made by a shilling dropped on a flag floor : hence its local name of the Shilling-ringer.

The Chiff-Chaff has no song, but only two monotonous notes, supposed to resemble its name, but really sounding more like the syllables "chip-chop."

A venerable padre of our acquaintance, now a Bishop, whose ear for music had been mislaid at his birth, used to observe of the Chiff-Chaff, "now *that* bird makes a *sensible* noise. His is the only song I can distinguish," and this, after listening to some Nightingales.

Pied or Common Wagtail : a local migrant, absent from us till April : very abundant then.

Yellow Wagtail : last week in March : very numerous then in the College garden and on lawns opposite West Front.

The Grey Wagtail, which is a resident bird, is abundant on our rivers, and comes up the brooks and drains near the College in March.

Though it has a yellow breast, its larger size and black throat in summer easily suffice to distinguish it from the Yellow Wagtail.

Swallows and Sand Martins reach us about the middle, and House Martins towards the end of April.

The nearest large colony of Sand Martins is to be found on the Ribble immediately above Waterworks Bridge. Here they nest freely in the sandy river bank.

The last member of the swallow tribe to reach us are the Swifts, which do not arrive before May.

The Goatsucker, Nightjar or Fern Owl, a distant relative of the Swifts, though his plumage and nocturnal habits are owl-like, also comes to us in May. They rarely approach within our five mile radius to woods accessible to Stonyhurst rambles, though they nest regularly at Browsholme.

Their presence can be at once detected on a still night by their jarring note, which resembles the rattle of a distant mowing machine.

The Common Sandpiper is very numerous on the Hodder from mid-April onwards. This April for the first time on record, a pair have taken up their residence on the North Pond opposite the College. Its ringing pea-throated whistle as it skims over the water is a familiar reminder of April to the angler on the reach between Hodder House and Lower Bridge. The wing display of the cock as he struts up and down with up-raised wings before the hen is always worth watching.

In conclusion we may note that the Cuckoo never arrives in the neighbourhood earlier than April 16th, and is usually here by the 20th. On arrival, two of their favourite resorts near the College are the trees on the north side of the North Pond, and those surrounding the first green on the Golf Links.

## THE LAST LAP.

I think that by September, 1918, everyone in the Allied Armies understood that the War had entered upon its last phase, and no one had the smallest doubt that the final defeat of the enemy was close at hand. After the offensive of September 28th on the Ypres front, an American officer, who was attached to our battalion, was offering bets all round that the war would be over in the first week in November, and the event proved that he was very nearly right. I can only speak for the feeling in Plumer's "immortal Second Army" (as *The Times* called us a little later), but I believe that from one end of the line to the other the spirit was the same—an unbounded confidence, and a certainty of speedy victory, which morally doubled our powers of resistance and attack. It must be remembered that those in the actual fighting line see only a small part of the fight, just as much as is covered by their own brigade or battalion front; and that the newspaper correspondent, collecting and collating the stories brought to him at headquarters by eye-witnesses from a dozen different points of the action, is in an immeasurably better position for putting together a coherent account of the whole. I cannot pretend, therefore, to do more than present here a very partial and limited sketch of the Last Lap, such as I saw it with my own eyes from the day on which we started from Zillebeke Lake, on the old Ypres front, to that other day when, within a mile or two of Grammont, deep into Belgium, the Divisional General caught us up in his motor car and announced that the War was over.

If on our side there was unlimited confidence and that certain "will to victory" of which the Germans earlier made so much among themselves, it was very evident that the other side was a prey to anxiety, uncertainty and gloomy foreboding. This was shown no less by the unfeigned satisfaction with their lot which was displayed by the prisoners we captured, than by the nervous "counter-preparation" with which the enemy artillery saluted every dawn. They knew that an attack on a colossal scale was impending, and the

longer we kept them guessing about it the more bewildered and apprehensive they grew. The "Kaiser Battle" of the Spring had come back at Ludendorff like a boomerang, and the frightful price that the German nation had paid for that illusory success had terribly strained its physical and moral resources. September 28th was the appointed day for the beginning of the end, and 5-30 a.m. was zero hour. To my disappointment I was detailed for duty at the A.D.S. at Belgian Battery Corner—a road-junction of dismal reputation just south-west of Ypres—so that I had to leave my battalion the evening before the attack. However, the Senior Chaplain promised to relieve me at the first opportunity, so that I might rejoin it. He was better than his word. I was relieved by midnight, and so was in time for the barrage. Our jumping-off line ran roughly south-west from Zillebeke Lake, and our objective was some two-and-a-half miles distant, our right flank sweeping the lower contours of the famous Hill 60. The men were in the highest spirits. A few casualties, due to the counter-preparation fire already mentioned, had not damped them at all. We were all damp, however, in another sense, for there was little cover either above or below ground, and the rain which throughout the war has almost invariably accompanied our advances, did not fail us this time either. But rain or no rain, and in spite of brimming shell-holes, and all the nameless *débris* of a three year's battlefield, the crumbled masonry and rusted wire and rotting timber, and the mud—the stinking grey mud of the Ypres front—our advance was rapid, amazingly rapid, and our losses incredibly small. The truth is that the Boche did not wait for us. His artillery retaliation was late and half-hearted, and before our barrage lifted the field was full of running grey figures, some making back to their own rear, but the greater part, with hands above their heads, towards us.

As soon as these latter had made certain that their lives were in no further danger from us, they broke into delighted smiles, and as they were formed up and marched back to the collecting cages they waved their hands and shouted gleefully to our advancing troops. It is worthy of note that our men made no



sort of response, good or bad, to these pitiable demonstrations. When after the armistice we marched back to France, part of our way lay along the Menin—Ypres road, across that stretch of country whose nightmare ruin and desolation no language can describe, nor anyone who has not seen it imagine. Here, at frequent intervals, were gangs of German prisoners engaged in filling in trenches and shell-holes. They ceased work as we passed and stared at us with curious eyes, making remarks to one another in an undertone. But from our ranks not a word was spoken, and most men barely paid them the compliment of a fleeting glance. One could not help wondering how victorious German troops would have behaved under similar conditions had our positions been reversed.

Practically the only definite resistance which we encountered this morning was from the enemy pill-boxes—a nickname, by the way, which most conspicuously fails to describe the appearance of these formidable defences. The average pill-box is oblong and flat-topped, built of reinforced concrete, six feet thick on front, sides and roof, and rather thinner in rear, where the entrance is placed. The floor is usually below the level of the ground so that one may stand upright inside. There are sometimes several interior compartments. Front and sides are pierced for machine-guns, and the structure is capable of resisting all but the very heaviest artillery. A very large shell, penetrating the ground just at the foundation, might partially overturn an average pill-box, and one often sees them with their corners knocked away, or loopholes blasted open, showing the network of steel rods that underlies the concrete. But, practically speaking, they afford one complete security under any normal bombardment. For a long time these blockhouses were an almost insuperable obstacle to our advance. But on this morning our boys took them in their stride. They stalked and surrounded them and flung bombs in at the loopholes, and after an ineffectual splutter or two from their machine-guns, they gave up their garrisons hands in air, the officers sullenly and resentfully, but the men with a significant alacrity. One of these officers,

a very boyish-looking young man, came up to our adjutant and asked him in perfect English what his age might be. The adjutant replied, with some reluctance, that he was not quite twenty-one. "And I'm not quite twenty," said the other; "it's a d—d shame; baby-snatching, I call it!"

It was a whole holiday for souvenir-hunters. One man I saw with thirteen watches; another had a mandoline; others, the really lucky ones, had field-glasses or automatic pistols. These latter are much sought after, particularly those that have a light detachable stock and butt by means of which they can be converted into repeating rifles, and the man who finds one ("wins" one, is the expressive idiom of the Jock), has a ready market for it among the officers.

Everybody remembers how at the beginning of the war the Germans denounced the British Army to the world at large for using Dum-Dum ammunition. I am naturally not in a position to say whether or not old stocks of cartridges of this type had found their way into the regulation issue in the breathless rush of a sudden mobilization. It is quite certain, however, that nothing of the sort has been used by us at any rate since those very early days. On the other hand, during more than two years of war I have examined many German automatic pistols, and I cannot remember to have seen a single clip of cartridges belonging to them which did not contain *at least one, and more often two, flat-nosed bullets!*

Meanwhile the battle swept along unchecked. On the left the French and Belgians, who had started an hour before us, were pushing ahead rapidly, and on our right the Messines Ridge—from which the Boche had looked down upon us for weeks past—had been cleared from end to end. Company and platoon commanders, using to the full the initiative wisely allowed to them, had penetrated deep into the enemy lines, jumping the smashed trenches, rushing machine-gun posts, scooping their inhabitants out of dug-outs and tunnels. It was like a gigantic Rugby match, and one experienced almost a shock of surprise, as of something out of place, when one noticed the dead or wounded, though indeed these were wonderfully few.

Our objectives were reached by mid-day and our headquarters established in Hedges Street Tunnels, a perfect warren of connected dug-outs bored into a small hill, like its neighbours Tor Top and Canada Tunnels. As another battalion and part of the Brigade Staff were there too, I had to look elsewhere for my night's lodging, and eventually found a cubby-hole in an undamaged bit of trench close by. The roof of this shelter would not have kept out an umbrella, so I strengthened it by piling on it stones and baulks of timber from an adjacent sleeper track. But I spent a miserable night. It was very cold and damp, and I had no other covering than my trench-coat; and we were, besides, subjected to a nightlong series of bombing raids. Hedges Street Tunnels had been a Boche headquarters until we captured it, and the enemy could not doubt that we would put it to a similar use. So all night long his planes came over in relays, and tried to blow it up. One heard the deep menacing hum, with its distinctive double pulsation, growing louder and louder, until it was right overhead. Then there was *crash, crash, crash*, as the bombs swished down to earth, the ground rocked and trembled, and from my frail ceiling came showers of dust and stones. Not once or twice, but a dozen times during the night did they renew their efforts. Night-bombing, as one lies practically unprotected, is a thing which never stales by repetition. We had had to stand it night after night, and many times a night, for months. But no one was ever heard to say that he grew used to it. I wish, though, that I could let our visitors of that night know that neither man nor beast amongst us was a penny the worse for all their frightfulness.

Next morning early we were off again, and before evening had captured the villages—or rather, the sites of the villages—of Zandvoorde and Ten Brielen, and had advanced to Wervicq. That afternoon I lost my best friend, Major J. A. Cox, D.S.O., one of the bravest of men and a first-class soldier. He seemed positively to revel in danger. In the trenches, where no-man's land was barely a stone's throw wide, I have seen him jump gaily on to the firestep, and head and shoulders

above the parapet, search the enemy lines with his field-glasses. He once went out beyond our wire in broad daylight and brought back a man wounded in a raid of the preceding night. He had missed death by a hairsbreadth time and again, yet in all his three years and more of war he had never received a scratch. He was killed by a shell, terribly mutilated, and his clothes stripped off him, less than ten minutes after he had lent me a map and asked me not to forget to return it. I was in rear of the battalion as it advanced up the slope towards Zandvoorde in the midst of a hail of shells. We should have been wiped out, but the ground was so swampy that the shells penetrated very deep before bursting, and so did little harm. There were a handful of casualties, due most of them to snipers, but few of them were really grave, and I little thought as I came up the hill that one of the few effectual shells had caught my friend, whom I had come to consider invulnerable.

Wervicq gave us a lot of trouble. It was well prepared for defence with wire and machine-guns, and was practically impregnable to infantry. With a tank or two, and some heavy guns we could have taken it. But the state of the ground made it impossible to use either of these weapons, and though we got into the town, we were obliged to come out of it again, and had to content ourselves with containing it until the sweep of the advance north and south of us should compel the Boche to evacuate it. Comines, a half-Belgian half-French town, nearly three kilometres south-west of Wervicq, was already partly in our hands. The Boche had machine-guns in the Church tower, and our 18-pounders did some excellent fancy shooting with shrapnel round about the louvre windows in order to discourage the enemy from using them.

On October 2nd we were relieved, and made our way back through pelting rain and bottomless mud to an improvised camp near Gheluvelt on the Ypres-Menin Road. The preceding night I had spent in a dripping pill-box, on which we had three direct hits from five-nines. The spot chosen for our first halt must have been selected by someone with extraordinary ideas of the fitness of things. It had been in our possession barely twenty-four

hours, and comprised a cross-roads, a railway siding, and an R.E. dump—each of these items being in itself a perfect magnet for enemy artillery. I shared a tent with eight other officers, all of us too dog-tired to sleep. Punctually with the first streaks of dawn the inevitable shelling began with high velocity stuff—*boom! swish! crash!*—at two-minute intervals. The roads were ploughed up, the railway track torn away, the material in the dump sent sky-high. A whole brigade, with transport complete, was crowded into that narrow area. I do not remember that we suffered any serious casualties, but it was very bad for men whose nerves were still jangling from a five days' battle, and before mid-day the Brigadier moved us into some fields about a kilometre distant from the immediate zone of fire. That night we marched off again, back to Ypres, where we remained at rest until the 7th.

The next great attack was on October 14th. In the interval we had done the usual preliminary trench-tours (without trenches), lying under hedge-rows in pits dug by ourselves, and lined with grass and branches. There was a row of observation balloons some way behind us, and one afternoon two Boche planes came over, sailed down the line of balloons, and set three of them on fire before being shot down themselves. It was a smart piece of work, though I once saw them destroy seven of our balloons in a morning just west of Ypres. On that occasion the parachute of one of the observers failed to open properly, and he was killed. It was here that I first picked up a German propaganda leaflet. One often saw their counterparts being sent off from our own "sausages," suspended in bundles from small white balloons, which drifted over the enemy lines, and then, by some automatic device, released their load. On this occasion I happened to be standing outside our shelter, when I noticed what I took to be dead leaves fluttering down apparently from nowhere. One of them caught in a bush not far away, and I retrieved it. It proved, like another which I picked up later near Knokke, to be a diatribe against America, solemnly warning us, with a comical show of anxiety for our interests, that the

United States had entered the war with the sole purpose of getting the Entente nations irretrievably into her debt, and so collaring the financial supremacy of the world. This particular broadsheet was composed in a serious and statistical vein. The one I got later on was familiar and slangy :— "Look here, you fellows," it ran, "I wish I could shake you up and make you see what you're letting yourselves in for. I admire you chaps for fighting, as you think, for your country. But the trouble is that it isn't really your own country that you're fighting for at all : it's America, the fiercest money-lender in the world, etc., etc." One of our own leaflets which I found about the same time in the pocket-book of a dead German consisted of an excellent map of the St. Mihiel salient and its environs, showing the depth of the American advance there, and giving the tale of casualties and prisoners in the margin.

At our first taking over this sector our Headquarters Company very narrowly escaped disaster. Close behind our new line was the Terhand cross-roads, which for some time past had been systematically "crashed" by the Boche at irregular intervals during the day and night. This company, with which I was marching, had approached to within a hundred yards of these cross-roads when the expected crashing began. The officer in command at once, and very wisely, fell his company out, and we lay under the lee of a bank while the shelling lasted. Now, when the Boche is shelling a particular spot he often pauses for five or ten minutes in order to lure the other side into the belief that his show is over, and then suddenly starts again in the hope of catching his intended victims unawares. So on this occasion. But our company commander was wise to this little ruse, and we did not move. No so the company behind us. They at once rose and pressed on—and were caught. In a couple of minutes they lost their M.O., a sergeant-major, and half-a-dozen other ranks, besides many wounded. Three days before the attack the Brigade was withdrawn to a nest of pill-boxes and dug-outs, somewhere near the Zonnebeke Polygon. We moved up again into position in the afternoon of Sunday, October 13th.

That morning I said Mass in the open in the midst of the usual drizzle. My altar was a five-foot length of duckboard, supported on six screw-pickets, and I had to put stones on the corporal and altar cloth to keep them from being blown away. I had no candles, and the ground-sheet which I had rigged up over the altar as a shelter from the rain was resting on the top of my head most of the time. It reminded me of a former occasion when, owing to somewhat similar weather conditions, I had to move my "altar" to a different site twice during Mass. To the best of my belief every R.C. in my three battalions, besides a number of sappers and stretcher-bearers from various squads in the neighbourhood, received the general absolution and communion that morning.

Hardly had we got to our positions at night than heavy shelling started, and we suffered a number of casualties. The reason of this probably was the presence of numerous batteries in our rear and on either side of us. A group of ten men, lying together in the middle of a field, had a shell right in amongst them. Running in the direction of the cries, we found nine desperately wounded and one lying dead. Strangely enough the dead man had not a mark upon his body. I buried him where he lay, but as it was pitch dark and we were not allowed to show a light, the service had to be entirely extempore.

The attack began at 5-30 a.m. on October 14th. Our barrage was stupendous. Our artillery strength in all calibres was so great that it was calculated that we had a gun to every seven feet of our front. The objective of the company to which I was attached was a pill-box named Debenham House, just beyond the German second line. In the British maps of the enemy defences every known farm, trench, or pill-box is given a name, and I was interested to notice that one of these last, on our left, was marked Hodder House. We advanced under the barrage as in a cage of flying shells, the heavies moaning overhead, and the lighter ones swirling past with a sound as of a gigantic sheet of calico being rent from end to end. We were firing the terrible thermite, too, which showered down over the enemy lines in cascades of golden rain. This

time the retaliation was prompt and vigorous; but, as before, the enemy was hustled out of his positions with extraordinary celerity, though at greater cost to ourselves than on the former occasion. Within an hour a dense white fog came down and blotted everything out. We had cleared the first and the second line, but by then our company was isolated and completely lost in the mist. We blundered about in a circle, trusting to the compass and an uncertain map-reference, and encountered some nasty shelling from whizzbangs. At last we emerged on the Gheluwe—Dadizeele road, and located our position. As we went along the road, which, of course, was now under fire, a company of prisoners passed us. Into their midst swooped a large-size shell, killing or wounding, I should think, at least a third of them. As the shelling grew in intensity the officer in command put his men into a trench by the roadside, and he and I hurried a bit further along to a ruined estaminet, marked Cavander House on the map, where we expected to meet another of our companies. As we neared it we heard a heavy coming right at us—a shell coming straight at one has a peculiar hollow roar. We made a dash for the house just as the shell burst on the road in front of it, and blew us like feathers through the doorway. It was like being slammed with a gigantic bolster. I took no harm beyond the shock, but my companion got a small piece of shrapnel in the leg.

It was not long before we found Debenham House after this. The place was a perfect shambles, and before long the light railway that ran past it was lined with dead, most of them horribly mutilated. Later in the day the M.O. and I went along the line to attend some wounded, and ahead of us, perhaps some fifty yards away, was a N. Staffs. officer going in the same direction. A shell screamed overhead and burst on the line in front of us, and when the smoke cleared away, the officer had disappeared. We hurried to the spot, but what was left of him was not enough to fill a sand-bag. The shell must have hit him as it burst.

The day now cleared up and the sun came out brightly, and early in the afternoon the battalion moved on again, and passing through Kezelberg,

distributed itself among the neighbouring deserted farms for the night. We had at last left the devastated area behind us, and now emerged into an unspoilt country, with tiny hedges and cultivated fields all about us. The shell-holes were all new, and mostly of our own making. We of Headquarters Company had Violin Farm allotted to us; but some enterprising R.E.'s had already allotted it to themselves, so we had to make the best of a row of crazy outhouses close by. A good many Boche planes now made their appearance, and, in spite of our Archies, managed to make a useful reconnaissance. The walls of our shed, in which were the C.O., Adjutant, Lewis-gun officer, M.O., and myself, were like a sieve, and our efforts at patching with paper, straw, and mud were not entirely successful, so that after dark every time that the customary three whistles warned us of the approach of "E.A." (enemy aircraft) we had to put out our candles and sit in the dark until two further whistles announced the All Clear. This made our supper rather a *staccato* performance. After we had finished our Maconochie and sardines we filled one end of the hut with straw and packed ourselves into it with great satisfaction. Just before dawn I awoke. I had for some time past been dimly conscious in my sleep of thuds and the sound of someone speaking, and now I found that the C.O., my neighbour, still fast asleep, was vigorously pounding the floor with his foot, and ejaculating: "Good shot, Mackenzie, good shot! well done, sir!" At the same time I became aware that we were being shelled, at very close quarters too. The C.O. explained afterwards that he had dreamt that he had sent Mackenzie, the Lewis-gun officer, down the line to bring up rations, and that Mackenzie, with a commendable desire to get his job done quickly, was loading the rations into howitzers and *firing* them up, every successful shot being loudly applauded by his commanding officer. The source of the dream was no doubt the sudden outburst of shelling which very shortly made our hut untenable, and drove us out into the fields.

Next day was very fine, and we lay about resting. I had the job of interrogating some prisoners who

had been taken during the night, and I was disgusted to find how readily they supplied information. By individual and separate examination we found out from them where the reserves were massed, and the Brigadier at once telephoned the location and range to our heavy guns. As soon as night fell we were off again, passed through the town of Moorseele, which one of the other brigades of our division had captured during the morning, and at dawn came up with the retreating enemy. A running fight ensued, which resulted in his being driven across the Lys, blowing up the bridges behind him. We then occupied the village and aerodrome of Bisseghem, and prepared to force the passage. Barely five hundred yards separated our two fronts, and we had a good deal of trouble from machine-guns. Moving about by day or night one had to be ready to fling oneself on one's face at any moment, while the bullets whanged overhead.

We established our R.A.P. in a roadside estaminet facing the river. The first night we were incautious enough to open the front door to a wounded man without first putting out our light, and the immediate result was a stream of bullets through the open door. Fortunately no one was hit.

Our first attempt to cross the river was only partially successful. A pontoon bridge had to be pushed out under cover of darkness, and the R.E.'s found it a very stiff piece of work in face of the incessant machine-gun fire. We established a bridge-head on the other side, but had to withdraw it before morning. Next night, however, Friday, October 18th, we succeeded. Aided by a terrific barrage of machine-guns and trench-mortars, we got two floating bridges across, and then carried the enemy position—Marcke, a suburb of Courtrai—by assault. By mid-day next day the whole division was over the river, and that night we lay in Marcke, where we were vociferously acclaimed by the inhabitants. Courtrai, which was assaulted at the same time on our left, fell simultaneously. We were off again very early next morning, Sunday, October 20th, and remained all day in support to the attacking brigade in front of us. Meanwhile the liberated inhabitants were streaming back to their farms and villages. They did not look as if they



had had to suffer very great privations, but it was noticeable that the children were sickly and ill-nourished. This was due, no doubt, to the total lack of meat, and especially of milk, for the Germans had long before emptied every farm of its live stock. Whenever any of our horses or mules were killed they were at once pounced upon by the nearest inhabitants, who cut them up and carried off the dismembered carcasses to their kitchens.

After darkness fell we were pushed forward to attack the rear of the now thoroughly broken enemy, and a very curious and bewildering night it was. We were soon through them in many places, so that here and there a machine-gun or a sniper was firing at us from our rear, bullets not infrequently smacking on the roads at our feet, and striking sparks from the cobbles. In the farm which we made our headquarters for the night were still standing cups containing the dregs of the coffee which, according to the owner, the Boche had been drinking half-an-hour earlier. And in a neighbouring farm one of our companies was less than ten minutes behind the enemy. There was some inevitable confusion, and at one time we came under the fire of one of our own battalions.

Next day we were relieved, and marched back five or six miles to Courtrai, where we found billets. On the way our notice was attracted by a crowd of young men, who were shouting and dancing in a field. On a closer inspection we discovered that they had tied a rope to the feet of a dead German, and were dragging him about the field. Finally they dumped him into a shell-hole and left him. It was a revolting sight, but one had to remember that these people had for four years suffered at the hands of the invaders a very harsh tyranny, which had not tended to refine their manners. Some time later I saw a farmer, who was burying a German outside his shattered barn, throw a dead dog in beside him before filling up the grave.

We lay at Courtrai till the 26th, when we moved up north-east to positions on the Bossuyt Canal, midway between the villages of Knokke and Keiberg, close to the Scheldt. We relieved the 41st Division, which had just captured these positions, and had forced the enemy to retire beyond the river. We

were in support here for five days, which time I spent going about our area with a party of eight men, collecting and burying the dead. We buried some thirty British, and about half as many Germans. Of these latter we found seven in the cellar of a shattered farm, all smashed and pounded up together in the most ghastly fashion. Never have I seen such a loathsome conglomeration of severed limbs and mangled bodies. Their brains and entrails were plastered together into the mud and straw, and twisted among the splintered joists and fallen brickwork; some of the bodies had been blown clean in half, and none had their full complement of limbs. We had to smoke furiously all the time that we were occupied in getting them out. Most probably they had been caught when asleep by one of our "nine-two's."

I suppose it is true that constant familiarity with violent death, if it does not make one callous, at least lowers one's susceptibility to the pity and horror of it. When you, or the man next to you, may be dead before you have gone another hundred yards, and when any dark object on the ground before you may be a dead or dying man, it is inevitable that you lose a great deal of the awe with which death, in easier times, would have inspired you. This was brought home to me one day during this time when I was burying some men of the *Queen's* and *Hants. Regiments* close by a high road. Some refugees from Avelghem, which was then being bombarded with gas-shells, came hurrying past. When they came up to us the women of the party, seeing the pathetic row of eight khaki figures lying by the open grave, stopped, and after a minute of horrorstruck silence, burst into tears, and remained sobbing passionately beside me while I performed the last rites. A large number of civilians were killed at Avelghem, women and children particularly succumbing to the effects of the gas. I was able to give the last sacraments to one of these women whom I found in a dying condition in a farm. But we had to move off before I had time to bury her.

One of the British whom I buried had been previously attended to by a Boche doctor, and evidently well cared for. The label attached to his shoulder

strap described him as an "*unbekannter Tommy*," and noted that he had had an injection of morphia, and was "*nicht transportfähig*."

At the end of this tour we took part in a ceremonial parade in the Grande Place at Courtrai, marching past the Corps Commander while the town band—looking quaintly out of place—played the French, British and Belgian national anthems. We then settled into billets, which would have been comfortable, and even luxurious, had there but been a little glass in the windows. The town was already recovering its normal aspect. It was not greatly damaged, but a house to house search by the R.E.'s revealed the presence of many thousand tons of explosives in the cellars, all ready prepared for detonation. In these last desperate days of defeat the enemy High Command was seeking grace by sparing from their customary wanton destruction the towns and villages which they were forced to evacuate. From the beginning of the Push in September up till quite recently, every night had been illuminated by the glare from burning towns behind the enemy lines. The countryside was, of course, stripped of everything worth carrying away, particularly livestock of every description. As we penetrated further and further into Belgium we were followed by an army of returning refugees, who set to work at once to make the best of what was left to them. On a farm near Belleghem I one day saw ploughing in progress, within range of the enemy artillery, the team which drew the plough consisting of ten persons, men and women; and a tough job they seemed to find it. In Courtrai itself the inevitable concert-parties and cinemas ("*The Thistles*," "*The Sparklets*," "*The Wranglers*," etc.), had installed themselves, and it was at one of these latter, on November 7th, that the news of the departure of the German delegates for the Headquarters of the Supreme Allied Command was thrown on to the screen in the midst of wild applause.

However, the war was still on, and next day we received orders to set off again on Saturday, the 9th, our task this time being to force the passage of the Scheldt between Ten Hove and Berchem. We marched up to a village called Tieghem, about a mile and a half from the left bank of the Scheldt, and

lay there for the night. The place had been savagely wrecked by shell, bomb, and mine, and the only undamaged building that I saw was a small way-side shrine, full of plaster statues and china vases which, together with the large pane of glass which enclosed them, were absolutely whole and uninjured. I heard many curious comments on this remarkable exception.

In a house occupied as one of our company headquarters, we found the skeleton of a tragedy which I present to any Sherlock Holmes who thinks that he can reconstruct it—a pool of dried blood on the threshold: further smears and splashes on doorpost and lintel: a hatchet in a corner of the kitchen, with suspicious stains on head and haft: and just outside, a freshly-made grave. To which side did the victim belong?

The attack was to be at dawn next day. Our side of the river was very flat, while on the other side steep and densely-wooded hills rose almost straight up from the river bank. All the bridges were blown up, and it was known that the bed of the river was thickly wired, so that though we had an enormous concentration of artillery up to the very largest calibres, the forcing of the passage would have been a formidable and probably very costly task. But about three o'clock in the morning news was brought that the enemy had abandoned his positions, and was again in full retreat. As soon as light floating bridges could be thrown across we followed, and the passage of the Scheldt was accomplished without the necessity of firing a shot. We never came into fighting contact with the enemy again. Another Division, on our left, had crossed before us, and cavalry was maintaining touch with the Boche rearguard.

The roads along which we marched were mined in many places, particularly at junctions, and for miles the trees on either hand were felled, or where their had not been time to do that, destroyed by being sawn or chopped half-way through. The R.E.'s had to precede us in order to probe for mines, in locating which they were considerably helped by the civilians. The railways, too, were very thoroughly destroyed. One section I noticed between Renaix and Oudenarde which had been

blown up at intervals of about a hundred yards, the permanent way being completely wrecked, and the metals either flung into the fields on either side, or curled up into the air like the tusks of a mammoth. In every village through which we passed we were received with tremendous enthusiasm, the inhabitants singing and dancing along the road beside us, waving flags and throwing flowers and rosettes of the Belgian colours. We halted that night at the village of Sulsique, and rumours of the abdication and flight of the Kaiser, with every sort of circumstantial detail came in from all sides. When we set off again next morning, November 11th, in the direction of Grammont, we knew that the Last Lap was almost finished. Just before mid-day, when the column was still four or five miles from the town, the Divisional Commander, Major-General Marindin, caught us up in his motor-car and announced that the war was over.

For all the excitement that his announcement caused amongst the troops it might have been no more than the news that rations were up, or that the mail was in. Everyone looked, as no doubt he felt, pleased and satisfied. But there were no wild demonstrations of delight, and late that night when we were settled in billets at Leynstraat, I heard a group of men seriously debating whether the war was really over or not. It was difficult to realize, and I am sure that for many days no one did fully realize, that the war actually *was* finished and done with, and that an end had come at last to shells and bombs and machine-guns, to raids and zero-hours, to duckboards and dug-outs, and all the mole-like life of the trenches.

A few days after the signing of the Armistice our Division was transferred from the Second to the Fifth Army, much to our disappointment, for the Second Army marched on into Germany (which so many croakers had so often said that we should never reach), while the Fifth turned back into France. The Division took its ninety-odd mile return journey by easy stages. It was interesting, in spite of the vile weather which accompanied us most of the time, to retrace our steps through

the country over which we had just been fighting, almost incessantly, for six weeks.

Particularly interesting to most of us was our journey through The Salient which we had known so well in the summer and autumn of '17, in the first three months of '18, and now again during these final days of the war.

The march down the famous Menin Road by Gheluwe, Gheluvelt, and Hooge—places existing now only by virtue of a signboard—through Hellfire Corner and the Menin Gate of "17-inch" fame, was like a cinema film reeled backwards. One's memory was busy all the time. But I think it was with very little regret that we finally took our leave of that desolated, blood-soaked, shell-blasted morass which we know, collectively, as Ypres.

R.H.J.S.

## THE LITERARY CLUB.

POPINJAY.

On Wednesday, February 19th, a meeting was held in the Square Library, Messrs. Brady, Burns, Gradwell, and Murray attending as visitors. The paper under consideration was one by Gorham, entitled, "The Spirit of Adventure in the Nations," the object being to show that the Scandinavian spirit, as gathered from Sagas and other sources, was more attractive, and akin to that of the modern Englishman than the spirit of Rome, Greece, and Mediæval times as gathered from their literature. The line of argument appeared to be this: the Romans were hard-headed, practical, and scientific; the Greeks had no idea of sport (witness the unwarrantable interferences of the gods); the Mediæval men were fired mainly by a love of glory; and only the Scandinavians liked adventure for its own sake; the spirit of adventure and the spirit of sport were allied; the English had the spirit of sport; therefore the English and the Scandinavians are akin. Greece and Rome had strong defenders in Mr. D'Arcy and Burns, while others favoured the theory that the Scandinavian spirit consisted mainly of a desire for food and plunder, Carrigan appearing mainly concerned with the Irish Coast; but the rest, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things." Many were on the verge of making most enlightening remarks, but seemed rather deterred by the thought of the wild and war-like Scandinavians, culture succumbing to the Barbarians. Difficulty was caused by the indefinability of a spirit of sport, and eventually the meeting resolved into a

kind of triangular duel between Gorham, Gradwell, and Carrigan on the motives of Scandinavian raids, the remainder of the Club being almost overcome by the erudition displayed by the three members.

On Thursday, March 6th, the Club had one of the pleasantest Meetings of its career. Sire read a paper on Father R. H. Benson, and Father Watts and Messrs. Gradwell and Burns were present as visitors. The paper, which seemed to claim almost Shakespearian (or should one write Baconian ?) powers for its subject, remarked mainly on Benson's wonderful human touch, the fact that the stories were the natural results of the situations of the characters and not the characters the results of using dummies in a story, his wonderful descriptive powers, as for instance the bathe in the lake in Initiation which ended in the gruesome Blind Man's Buff and the rack scene in Come Rack ! Come Rope ! his extraordinary powers of psychological analysis as in the tortured soul of the Coward, and the fact that his heroes and heroines were not charming masks, but real men and women who usually had more human failings than the rest of the characters. It met with strong opposition from Mr. D'Arcy, but was stoutly defended by all present, except those who contented themselves with silent hard thinking. Over one point, the fallacy of Benson's idea, expressed in all his writings, of suffering being the major portion of life, Mr. D'Arcy scored an unopposed victory, but over the main point at issue proof was accepted by neither division. This point seemed to be whether an author ought to put his own experiences in book form or should, by an effort of imagination, try to express the experiences of others so that they, in reading, should see, as it were, fragments of themselves appearing in the chapters. Mr. D'Arcy defended the latter point, while the majority of the Club held that to follow nature in expressing one's own natural experiences was at least as good. The paper and the meeting were a great success, the one paralysing moment being when Carrigan nearly led us into a debate on the Irish Question, but, luckily, he relented in time, and the meeting pursued its course to a successful issue.

On Wednesday, March 26th, a paper on John Ruskin was read by Carrigan, Father Vignaux, and Messrs. Kenworthy-Browne being visitors. The paper, which was well thought out and lucidly expressed, had the main object of showing Ruskin to be the greatest writer of English prose of the 19th Century and the only infallible writer on Art. In places the rhythm of the sentences was broken, to our surprise, by almost Chestertonian turns of speech. No one criticised Ruskin as either a prose writer or an authority on Art, and the first attack was on the man himself, the point being that Ruskin, a man greatly gifted for drawing and similar arts, wasted his abilities in that respect and

confined himself to criticising the works of others. He was saved from this charge by the President, who held that, in spite of his undoubted skill as a draughtsman, he had some ineradicable faults of technique which quite ruined his chances of becoming a great artist. From that the conversation passed on to the subjectivity or objectivity of art, and Carrigan once more surprised us by a tendency towards a belief in the former. Some, in their new-found delight in Social Study, evidently relished anything which bore on Ruskin's ideas on Social Reform, and presumably looked forward with more than usual gusto to the following Saturday afternoon. Strangely enough, in spite of the scientists present, Ruskin's interest in science was coldly received, and at least one seemed surprised to hear that our chief draughtsman had not read Elements of Drawing. Such things were quickly passed over, and the end of the meeting came in the middle of an enlightening discussion on the uses of the antique, brought about by Burns.

On Wednesday, April 9th, Ward read a paper on Francis Thompson. Major Heurtley, Mr. Watson and Gradwell were present as visitors. In the middle of the paper, of which the object was to show Thompson to be less obscure than usually represented, we were treated to an oratorical rendering of two long pieces from the Ode to the Setting Sun, which were said to be examples of the style altering to suit different moods, but which, contrary to the paper's object, were to at least one member exactly similar and equally meaningless ! With the exception of Mr. D'Arcy, all present were temporarily overcome by the depth of the paper and of its subject, but others soon followed the President's lead, and the meeting became more brisk, Ward making great efforts to prove logically, in contradiction to the experiences of most present, that Thompson was not obscure. About this time one member received a severe shock on hearing the President condescend to quote "the last great poet of civilization," to wit, Alexander Pope. Major Heurtley then threw much light on an argument on obscurity between Gradwell and Baron by showing how many things, obscure at first sight, cleared and improved on repetition. Shortly afterwards Mr. Watson and Gradwell, with Baron's assistance, entered into a learned explanation of either the goodness of complexity or the complexity of goodness, or was it the superficiality of good music ? Anyhow, even Ward himself was unable to settle the point satisfactorily before the meeting's close. This meeting, which exceeded most previous ones in the heights of intellectuality reached, owed much of its success to the witticisms of Gradwell and the remorseless, though possibly obscure (!) logic of Mr. Watson and Baron.

M.R.T.-L.

## THE BOXING COMPETITION.

In the First Set we must congratulate W. Jones on his victory. He has made marked improvement on his last year's form, particularly in the matter of being able to hand out good straight rights and lefts with some sting in them. But his speed, *et pede et pugno*, still leaves something to be desired. Our condolences to G. Cole who, considered prospectively by many to be the probable winner in his set, was compelled to retire with a badly damaged thumb.

In the Second Set B. Cragg is easily the best boxer. The way in which he extracted the sting from W. Cole's redoubtable "shift" was a credit to his judgment and skill. In the Final, A. Waterkeyn, with his advantages in weight and reach, gave Cragg a hard fight. The latter had decidedly

the best of the first two rounds, and was just leading on points after the third round. He deserved the victory at that stage, but after the fourth round it looked more like a win for Waterkeyn.

In Third Set (A) H. Gormley won without much difficulty, although in the Final he was giving away more than a stone.

In Third Set (B) G. Malone-Lee has initiative, speed, a good punch in either glove, and the *avoids*, but he is not quite so skilful a boxer as T. O'Shea, who kept him going and guessing all the time in the Final.

We regret the meagreness of this report, but owing to circumstances, some of which could not be avoided, and others which could not be foreseen, anything like an adequate account is impossible.

AUJOURD'HUI.

### FIRST SET.

st. lbs.		st. lbs.			
E. Irwin	... 10 8	v. A. Warneken	... 10 11	} A. Warneken v. J. Harling	} Winner : J. Harling (Medal not awarded).
J. Harling	... 10 1	Bye.			
E. Cosgrove	... 8 9	v. D. O'Shea	... 8 11	} D. Kane v. E. Cosgrove } G. Cole v. W. Jones	} D. Kane v. W. Jones.
R. Danson	... 9 3	v. W. Jones	... 9 8		
H. O. Robinson	... 9 2	v. D. Kane	... 9 7		
G. Cole	... 9 10	Bye.			

Winner and Medal—W. Jones.

### SECOND SET.

st. lbs.		st. lbs.			
E. Green	... 8 12	v. W. Cole	... 8 8	} W. Cole v. B. Cragg } A. Waterkeyn, Bye.	} B. Cragg v. A. Waterkeyn.
A. Waterkeyn	... 8 13	v. N. Pringle	... 8 11		
A. del Val	... 8 2	v. B. Cragg	... 7 5		

Winner and Medal—B. Cragg.

### THIRD SET.

A.	st. lbs.		st. lbs.			
R. Boyle	... 6	7 v.	V. Rigby	... 6	0	} V. Rigby v. M. de Yturralde } D. Laing v. H. Gormley } P. del Val, Bye.
P. Lescher	... 7	1 v.	P. del Val	... 6	12	
F. Lynch	... 6	7 v.	M. de Yturralde	... 7	0	
D. Laing	... 5	11 v.	A. Kennedy	... 6	5	
L. Guilly	... 6	1 v.	H. Gormley	... 5	12	} M. de Yturralde v. P. del Val. } H. Gormley, Bye.

Final—H. Gormley v. M. de Yturralde : Winner and Medal—H. Gormley.

B.		st. lbs.		st. lbs.			
D. Mortimer..	5	2 v. B. Brand	...	...	5 10	} D. Mortimer v. C. Brand } T. O'Shea v. E. Tully } G. Malone-Lee, Bye.	} G. Malone-Lee v. C. Brand. } T. O'Shea, Bye.
A. Gordon ...	4	3 v. T. O'Shea	...	...	4 10		
G. Malone-Lee	5	7 v. J. Russell	...	...	5 4		
C. Brand ...	5	4 v. J. McIntyre	...	...	5 1		
E. Tully ...	5	8, Bye.					

Final—G. Malone-Lee v. T. O'Shea : Winner and Medal—G. Malone-Lee



## ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1919.

It was a misfortune that the writer of the present article could not be a spectator at the finals of one or two important events in the sports which took place this year, and, therefore, must apologise if he seems to dismiss without comment these events, and merely gives a very brief account as supplied by eye-witnesses. It would seem that competition ran very high in the various items, if one can judge from the long list of competitors, making it necessary to run many heats before arriving at a suitable and convenient number for the "finals." It is seldom that one hears of the eliminating process for the mile, but such was necessary this year, and we can easily imagine that the Committee must have had to utilise many afternoons to weed out starters for the hundred yards. The Third Set, we understand, had actually a hundred and thirty entries for this one event alone. Practice, too, had been very keen, and bore excellent results, for in every case the qualifying standard was reached, with one exception. All this speaks well for a good "sporting" spirit which exists in the School, and it was highly gratifying to notice that several of the "youngsters" give good promise for future years. One might throw out a suggestion, however, that may be helpful for the Committee in subsequent years, and it will have reference to the arrangement of the various events. No hard and fast rule, one must admit, can be laid down, and there are always bound to be difficulties no matter what may be settled, but it was strange to see both the Hundred and 440 Yards following upon the Long Jump. As a rule your "sprinters" always compete in this event, and nothing is more trying upon the hips and thighs than this competition. The continuous jolting is bound to tell, and thus militate against a "good time" if the "sprint" races follow, more especially in the quarter-mile, which, all admit, I think, is the most punishing race of all.

The present writer also would like to emphasise the importance of securing a good performance in the quarter and half-mile, and also the mile race, for the time taken, even by the amateur with the watch,

is pretty correct, whereas an expert is necessary in taking correctly the fractions or fifths of a second between ten and twelve seconds in the hundred yards. In the Amateur Athletic Sports held at Stamford Bridge each year three time-keepers are appointed to give their verdict in this race. It is needless to add that for the jumps also every endeavour should be made to secure a good record. This is merely stated that our records may show well by comparison with those of other public schools.

In the Mile Neely proved himself an easy winner, though John must be congratulated on the plucky way in which he hunted Neely home. The time, 5 min. 7½ sec., is a good school performance, and the winner ran his race with good judgment, finishing, one was glad to say, very strongly. The rest of the field also still "kept going," though evidently beaten, a fact which showed grit and determination, for in previous years one had grown accustomed to see many give up the race after having run a couple of laps.

*Hurdles.* Danson reached the tape first, in 20 sec., with Jones second. The latter, though beaten, seemed to take the hurdles in better style, and so should win races in the future. Several gave the impression of hesitating somewhat before rising to the hurdle—a like remark which applies to the second and third sets—and naturally the time was not as good as in previous years. In the second set Pringle proved himself the winner; time, 18½ sec. His style is good, and he recognised the importance of running strong in the few yards that remained before reaching the winning-post. How many races one has seen lost by the leader over the last hurdle through disregarding this obvious necessity. Gormley, in the third set, followed the example of Pringle in the second, by fast running at the finish, and actually won the race, though not the first to clear the last hurdle. Fraser, who was second, thought he had the race in hand, and was beaten. The time was 18½ sec., a very good performance.

*The Long Jump.* The distance cleared by Neely, the winner, was 18 feet. This was not a good performance for the first set, especially when we recall

what has been done by our representatives within the last three or four years. One does not know whether there had been any strenuous practice in this event or not, but all competitors seemed to forget two or three important details in the Long Jump. Scarcely anyone ever thought of jumping well in the air, and shooting out well the legs at the finish of the jump. The take-off, too, was in several cases weak. One noticed, also, how some failed to keep up their speed as they approached the board. One or two actually pulled up as if they were competing in a standing jump. D. Cuffey, who did so well in this event on two occasions two or three years ago, always practiced, to the writer's knowledge, jumping well in the air. It was said of the Oxford athlete, C. B. Fry, that he seemed to rise about 4 ft. 6in. when performing his long jump.

*The Hundred Yards.* First Set: time  $10\frac{3}{4}$  sec. O'Shea won his race in good style and in good time, followed closely by Bloomfield and Waterkeyn. The winner is a good athlete, as he proved himself by his success in gaining the Quarter and Half-Mile, for we seldom associate the winner of a sprint race with the winner of the Half-Mile. Unsworth, in the Second Set, reached the tape in  $10\frac{1}{4}$  sec., an excellent performance. The winner is essentially a "sprinter," and ought to do well in the future. He gets off the mark well, and his finish is very strong.

In the Third Set the time was  $12\frac{3}{4}$  sec., and was won by Turner, closely followed by Gormley and Pizarro. The winner has the very bad habit of turning round during the course of the race. He can never hope to win in the future such a race as the Hundred Yards if he continues this practice. He may be surprised to know that this fault of his may make the difference of a second, and perhaps more in the time set down to his running.

*The Quarter Mile.* As has been already stated, this is perhaps the hardest flat race of all, for the runners must go "all out," and the whole way. It was a hard handicap for the competitors to have to face a fairly strong wind at the finish, and perhaps it was owing to this fact that in the First Set the leading man appeared to finish slowly. The

winner's time was  $58\frac{1}{2}$  sec., and it was a pity that O'Shea failed to qualify by a fifth of a second. Had his finish been more vigorous there would have been no doubt about his securing the necessary qualifying time. Incidentally the writer is of opinion that "the field" was for a final too large.

The Second Set furnished us with perhaps the best-fought event in the whole sports. Unsworth started well, and very early established a lead which he maintained to within about ten yards from the winning-post. But he was evidently "done." Whether the jumping had told on him or not one cannot say, but Pringle, who had been drawing closer and closer to the leader, "spurred" well in the last fifteen yards, and made a dead heat of the race with Unsworth. Pringle's effort was an exceedingly good one, and he deserved to win the race outright. It was a pity that the latter was unable to take any further part in the sports, for the sad news of his father's death on the following day necessitated his going home. This sad incident robbed him of securing, as the writer thinks, the King's Cup. He is a good sportsman, very keen, and we may hope to see him to the fore in the sports of future years.

*The Steeplechase.* Three-quarters of a mile was decided later owing to the impossibility of having a suitable day for any competition within three or four days, the weather being so bad. Neely proved himself the winner, and incidentally became the holder of the Queen's Cup.

*The High Jump.* No comment is given on this event. F. Bahr cleared 5 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in., and was an easy winner.

*The Half Mile.* This proved to be the concluding event of this year's contests, and was won in the First Set by O'Shea, in the good time of 2 min. 16 sec. It was a good race between the winner and Neely, and one might have conjectured that the latter would have won, seeing he already had the mile to his credit, but O'Shea ran his race with good judgment, and finished better than in his Quarter Mile.

In the Second Set Unsworth won with ease in 2 min. 25 sec. It would have been interesting to



# ATHLETIC SPORTS, APRIL, 1919.

1.—Hurdles—II. Division.

2.—G. TURNER wins 100 yards—III. Division.

3.—H. GORMLEY wins  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile—III. Division.

4.—C. UNSWORTH wins  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile—II. Division.

5.—N. PRINGLE (left), C. UNSWORTH (right) (440)—II. Division.

6.—F. BAHR (High Jump)—I. Division.

7.—J. NEELY wins the mile—I. Division.

witness another struggle between himself and Pringle, but for reasons mentioned above, the latter was absent.

H. Gormley took the honours in the Third Set, followed by Turner for second place. The former, by winning this event, secured the right to hold the Junior Cup, and well he deserved it, for in every event he had showed himself very prominent. We shall hear much of him, the writer thinks, in the sports of the future.

The following is a list of the holders of the Cups and the winners of the various events:—

#### 100 YARDS.

1st Division : D. O'Shea (10 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.), F. Bloomfield, Alb. Waterkeyn.

2nd Division : C. Unsworth (10 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.), N. Pringle, N. Sheldrick.

3rd Division : G. Turner (12 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.), H. Gormley, M. Pizarro.

#### 440 YARDS.

1st Division : D. O'Shea (58 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.), J. Neely.

2nd Division : C. Unsworth and N. Pringle (60 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.), K. Coleman.

3rd Division : G. Turner (65 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.), H. Gormley, S. Halliday.

#### HALF-MILE.

1st Division : D. O'Shea (2 min. 16 sec.), J. Neely, W. Murray.

2nd Division : C. Unsworth (2 min. 25 sec.), A. Merry del Val, K. Coleman.

3rd Division : H. Gormley (2 min. 41 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.), G. Turner, M. Pizarro.

#### HURDLES.

1st Division : R. Danson (20 sec.), W. Jones, F. Bloomfield.

2nd Division : N. Pringle (18 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.), P. Correa de Sa, W. Cole.

3rd Division : H. Gormley (18 $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.), M. Fraser, G. Turner.

#### HIGH JUMP.

1st Division : F. Bahr (5ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), Alb. Waterkeyn.

2nd Division : E. Green (4 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.).

3rd Division : M. Fraser (4 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), M. Pizarro, D. Fitzgibbon.

#### LONG JUMP.

1st Division : J. Neely (18 ft. 2 in.), Alb. Waterkeyn, F. Bloomfield.

2nd Division : N. Pringle (17 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), C. Unsworth, P. Rooney.

3rd Division : H. Gormley (15 ft. 3 in.), M. Pizarro, G. Turner.

#### MILE.

1st Division : J. Neely (5 min. 72 sec.), B. John, D. Ward.

#### STEEPLECHASE.

J. Neely, D. O'Shea, D. Ward.

#### QUEEN'S CUP.

J. Neely (45 points); next, D. O'Shea (40 points).

#### KING'S CUP.

C. Unsworth (39 points); next, N. Pringle (38 points).

#### JUNIOR CUP.

H. Gormley (48 points); next, G. Turner (35 points).

## A BALLAD OF A FOOTBALL MATCH.

### HODDER XI. v. RHETORIC LEAGUE.

#### Prologue.

Excuse my effusion, but everyone knows  
My theme is too lofty to deal with in prose :  
For I sing of an outmatch by Rhetoric played  
Against men that were frightful but never afraid,  
The toss for the side was by Rhetoric won,  
Who chose then to play 'gainst the wind and the sun ?

#### Book I.

The team of the Hodderites let me describe,  
Without any malice, without any gibe :  
Their captain was Russell, a youth beyond praise—  
He kicks with both feet, and most cleverly plays ;  
Maloney used wonderful skill in the game,  
Three goals did he shoot, and he shot a man lame ;  
And twice did the leather from McEvoy's toe  
Past Baron, our guarder, most rapidly go ;  
T. Whelan among our men slipped like a snake—  
In taking a corner he quite took the cake ;  
Then Bird in the centre such talent displayed  
That even our captain became quite afraid ;  
Such speed in manœuvring Lescher employed  
That Murray was panting, and I was annoyed ;

Custodian Horton policed in his goal,  
 With vigilance shaming the Cowboy Patrol ;  
 The "pièce de resistance" was certainly Finch—  
 Against him our forwards could not move an inch ;  
 His compeer as back was Davies, who too  
 Gave Rhetoric forwards a great deal to do ;  
 Like ninepins our men were charged over by Hayes,  
 And he tricked their attacks in a million ways ;  
 Then Savory made it too hot for our troop,  
 He peppered them all till they felt in the soup.

#### *Book II.*

Sire's hair was so oiled that what else could befall  
 But when he was heading, he stuck to the ball ;  
 Though Murray, the right back, had plenty of weight,  
 He never kicked hard, and he seldom kicked straight ;  
 Twice neatly de Freitas, while everyone roared,  
 Fell over their guarder, rolled through, and so scored ;  
 Then Neely was slipping like over-hot Marge,  
 And charging ahead and not heading a charge ;  
 A goal was obtained by Corkery too—  
 He tripped over grass blades and bungled it through ;  
 The reason, of course, for Howell's weak play  
 Was bringing two boots in a useless display ;  
 So poor was the kicking of la Bédoyère,  
 He aimed at the ball and mis-kicked the air ;  
 That Ward hurt his leg is undoubtedly sad,  
 But when it was painless, his play was as bad ;  
 Poor Considine's heart is so much in his boots,  
 It hurts when he runs, and it breaks when he shoots.  
 Then Baron, who guarded in boxer-like role,  
 Was hit only once—the rest reached the goal ;  
 The play of M. Trappes was delightfully wide—  
 He charged with his head and he kicked with his side.

#### *Book III.*

All ended, alas ! with th' unfortunate score  
 Of five for the Hodderites, Rhetoric four.  
 The bias, of course, of their own referee  
 Was favouring Hodder as much as could be,  
 But still he made up for this weakness at last  
 By treating us all to a splendid repast.  
 We thank them all greatly for all they have done,  
 But still we are wond'ring why Hodder team won !

#### *Epilogue.*

A word on the game would perhaps be in place,  
 But I fear I have come to the end of my space,

## THE AVIARY.

After two years' absence on migration in "furrin paarts" the Managing Director of the Aviary is back again on his old perch. Having moulted into his pre-war clerical plumage and settled down, he has had time to look around him and note the ravages made by time, death, and rats in the aviary and its personnel.

First and foremost we must deplore the death of our invaluable Consulting Physician and Surgeon, the late Doctor Jim Gas. As we have already penned a monument to his memory in the February number of the Magazine, our appreciation of his services is sufficiently well known.

A glance into the main aviary buildings suggests one of the devastated areas of the western front. Its merry peace time population has vanished, leaving only a few ragged starvelings to represent its glorious past.

Beyond a pair of Zebra Doves, a pair of Cockatiels, and sundry Goldfinches, Linnets, Greenfinches and Chaffinches, the place is a solitude.

We hereby commend it most earnestly to the charitable purses of the Stonyhurst Association for the Repopulation of Devastated Aviaries.

As the war has nearly done for the aviary, we might ask what has the aviary done for the war? And here we are on strong ground.

It has produced no less than two V.C.'s, who were old "Aviary Boys," to wit:—Maurice Dease, the first V.C. of the whole war, and Aidan Liddell, the first V.C. of the *Royal Flying Corps*, while our other old Aviary Boys have almost to a man joined up and distinguished themselves in the war. We even go the length of suspecting that it was setting up the type for our Aviary Notes which inspired our worthy printer, Mr. Tom Briggs, to join the *Royal Flying Corps*.

"How-it-be," as Owd Till would say, the Aviary has certainly done its bit, and it expects that every Stonyhurst man who reads these lines will do his duty and come to its aid, without forcing us to the ignominious expedient of instituting an Aviary Flag Day. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Managing Director, The Aviary, Stonyhurst.

"Two things fill my mind with ever renewed wonder and awe the more often and deeper I dwell on them: the starry vault above me, and the moral law within me."—EMMANUEL KANT.



## MUSIC NOTES.

With the coming of Lent, there has been a strange dearth of concerts. On Sunday, March 2nd, however, Mr. J. P. Sheridan paid a welcome visit, and gave a delightful recital in the Academy Room. Playing on a superb instrument, and with a dexterity of execution that was almost uncanny, he succeeded in keeping about two hundred boys, many of whom had but the vaguest ideas of music, from fidgeting for an hour and a half. That is a better tribute to his talent than any empty compliment couched in the most graceful of phraseology. Dvorak's "*Humoreske*" is an immortal favourite, while no programme would be complete without that wonderful Schubert's "*Ave Maria*." We have only to add that Mrs. Sheridan showed herself to be a most sympathetic accompanist, and an accomplished pianist.

On Tuesday, April 8th, a Choir Supper was held (or rather, eaten) in the "Do Room." The proceedings were somewhat marred by the superabundance of unoccupied chairs, which always have a depressing effect, but the Choir is always the Choir, and a "do" is always a "do," and we have no right to complain.

The speech of the youngest member was rather inaudible, but who cares?

A. G.

## HOLY WEEK MUSIC NOTES.

We regret being once again compelled to record our disappointment at the abandonment of the full service of Palm Sunday. For the second time in succession the authorities have seen fit to deprive us of the opportunity of witnessing one of the most impressive ceremonies of Holy Week. Being neither aware of, nor concerned with, the reasons which have induced those in power to adopt this course, we can but record our great disappointment at what appears to us a lamentable omission, and pass on.

While the standard of previous years has been, on the whole, fairly well maintained, it is only fair to state that any little defects in the way of omission must be regarded in the light of unfortunate and unforeseen events. The Choirmaster, Mr. McQuillin, was compelled through illness to be away from his post for a considerable portion of Lent, only getting back into harness a few days prior to the commencement of the services. During his absence the vacancy was most ably filled by Mr. Belton, but the results of dual control can never be as satisfactory as when one man

carries on the work from start to finish, and taking this fact into consideration there is every reason for congratulation.

For the Morning Offices this year the choir were in the organ loft, a departure which, by the way, does not by any means strike us as an improvement on the usual custom.

On Maundy Thursday we were pleased to hear once more Lotti's music for the *Kyrie*, *Sanctus*, *Benedictus*, and *Agnus*. This Mass is now well known, and on the present occasion received quite a worthy rendering. There was, however, one circumstance which marred its performance, though for this the Choir were not responsible. We allude to the opening of the *Benedictus*, which was almost inaudible owing to the necessity, real or apparent, of a simultaneous use of pocket handkerchiefs on the part of the congregation. Could not this be deferred to a more suitable moment, or if it is really essential at this particular portion of the Mass, could it not be managed a trifle less obtrusively? We make this suggestion mainly because the habit referred to is by no means confined to the Mass of Maundy Thursday, though, of course, on such occasions it is all the more noticeable on account of the silence of the organ, and the subdued character of the choral music.

For the *Gloria* and *Credo* we had the *Missa de Angelis*. As the use of the organ is permitted for the former, it seemed rather a pity that it was not employed on this occasion, although enthusiasts for Plain Chant tell us that music of this kind is only heard in all its beauty when unaccompanied, a point on which there will no doubt always be differences of opinion.

We regret the absence this year of Rothwell's setting of the Gradual (*Christus factus est*), to which we are accustomed, and for which the ordinary Psalm Tone used in its place proved a very meagre substitute. For the offertory Motet we had once again the "Improperium" of Perti, one of the best introductions of recent years.

We should be glad if it were possible to revive on this day (likewise on Palm Sunday, should its full observance be restored) the Mass, *Aeterna Christi Munera* of Palestrina. To do this necessitates the existence of thoroughly favourable conditions, and the suggestion is made with a full knowledge of the difficulties of the music. Still, it has been given at Stonyhurst not many years ago, and with very considerable success, and there does not seem to be any reason why it should not be heard again on a future occasion.

The music at the Morning Service on Good Friday was as usual, and calls for no special remark. On

Holy Saturday, following the precedent of last year, the boys did not come into Church until close on the time for the commencement of Mass, the singing of the responses and tracts during the previous portion of the function being supplied by members of the community. For the High Mass, Turner's well known setting in F ("*St. John the Baptist*") was given, with the exception of the *Gloria*, which was from the "*Missa de Angelis*," accompanied this time by the organ. We have known occasions when a more attractive Mass has been attempted on Holy Saturday, but there can be no doubt that for a choir more or less tired out with a heavy week's work, and with Easter Sunday still in prospect, simplicity and brevity are the main points to be considered.

In the three Tenebrae services a high standard of excellence was maintained. A noteworthy feature this time was the singing of the *Responsoria* on Friday. There is frequently a certain amount of insecurity at various points which, on this occasion, was almost entirely conspicuous by its absence, in fact in the matter of accuracy and correct intonation the rendering on Friday proved the best of the three. On the other hand, the Choir must be especially congratulated on the very high degree of expression which they manifested in the singing of the "*Tenebrae factae sunt*" on Thursday evening, which we should consider quite the most finished performance of the entire week.

We had the harmonised setting of the 3rd Lamentation on Wednesday evening, and it was a matter of great regret that we were unable to hear its successors on the two following occasions, though it is consoling to know that the omission was unavoidable and not intentional.

A word of commendation is due concerning the singing of the Psalms, which was well sustained throughout, in spite of a certain unsteadiness and indistinctness in some of the longer recitations. With so large a body of voices this is difficult to avoid, though possibly a slight pause at the commas might be of some help in this matter.

As usual, on Easter Day we had Gounod's "*Messe Solennelle*," the main part of the Credo being entrusted (also as usual nowadays) to the congregation. While this arrangement may find favour with the choir as giving them a little welcome relief, we are unable to recognise any other advantage.

In the subsidiary portions of the Mass we have to record one or two changes this year. Westlake's setting of the Sequence, *Victimae Paschali*, gave place to the Gregorian version, as given in the "*Liber Usualis*," while Ett's "*Haec Dies*," which has hitherto

done duty as an offertory motett was displaced by a very fine setting by Father Driscoll, S.J., of the grand old melody, "*O Filii et Filiae*," the plain chant being given successively to different voices in the choir, with varied and elaborate harmonies for the accompanying parts. While inclined to deprecate the former of these changes, we congratulate the Choirmaster on the latter, Father Driscoll's treatment of the plain chant melody being both masterly and brilliantly effective.

In the evening the Proper Vespers of the Feast and Solemn Benediction brought an arduous week's work to a fitting conclusion.

The Choirmaster speaks in the highest terms of the loyalty and great earnestness manifested by those under his control in carrying out his instructions, and we thank them one and all for the excellence of the work accomplished.

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## FOOTBALL.

PAST v. PRESENT.

Easter Sunday, 1919.

STONYHURST PRESENT XI.—D. O'Shea ; W. Murray, M. Trappes-Lomax ; J. Malone, W. Jones, P. P. Kennedy ; C. Howell, J. Neely, J. Booth, J. Wellard, A. Waterkeyn.

STONYHURST PAST XI.—Rev. Fr. Colley ; Rev. Mr. Campbell, Rev. Mr. Clarke ; Rev. Mr. Watson, Mr. Firth, Mr. Pyke ; Mr. Rodrigue, Mr. Lawson, Rev. Mr. D'Arcy, Rev. Mr. Belton, Mr. Gibson.

Referee : Mr. Brady, S.J.

At last year's traditional Past v. Present match, nature seemed conscious of the times ; it rained continually during the game. This year nature remembered that these were days of peace and victory, and put on her brightest garb ; in fact, to judge by the streams of perspiration which poured from the players' faces a few minutes after the kick-off, we should imagine the day was more fit for cricket or tennis than wintry football ; it was by far the finest day of the term. Everything seemed to combine to make the match a pleasant one for the

spectators. The pre-war number of visitors at the college, and the never-ending stream of trippers, who seemed to stroll up and down the avenue ever since Good Friday morning, reminded us that war was now a distant memory, and besides the spirits of all were roused to the highest pitch by the prospect of going home in a day.

A slight wind was blowing from the College, and Mr. Firth, who won the toss, elected to play towards Hurst Green against a brilliant sun. The Present XI. was playing well and owing to better training and longer practise proved very much sounder than the Past. The latter had some brilliant players, but, as must always be the case in a team arranged in a hurry, and at the last moment there were some weaker players, the team never managed to pull together at all.

Immediately the game started Mr. Lawson made a fierce rush, which was well stopped by Jones, and from then till the end of the game, except for occasional rushes, the Present kept the ball near the Past's goal; and indeed it was only owing to their excellent defence that many more goals were not scored. Mr. Campbell was playing with his usual brilliance; Mr. Clarke is a good back, and it is impossible to overpraise Fr. Colley's guarding. He saved magnificently, never showing the slightest hesitation, and astonished the spectators by his powerful clearing.

After about a quarter of an hour Neely put in a low shot, which left Fr. Colley no chance. Waterkeyn's play was especially good, and the Past always felt that the right wing was dangerous; he put in a few beautiful shots by the wing to be saved as beautifully by Fr. Colley. A short time after the first goal, Booth managed to head the ball in again, so that at half-time the score was:

STONYHURST PRESENT XI.	.. ..	2
STONYHURST PAST XI.	.. ..	0

At the beginning of the second half the past appeared to make tremendous efforts to retrieve their

fortunes, but they could not pierce the excellent defence of Murray and Trappes, nor outwit O'Shea.

The Present pressed again and Booth scored his second goal. The Present realising their superiority, and buoyed up by success, were pressing harder and harder, until Howell put the ball in again off a pass from Wellard. The latter, though only a substitute, is a very fast player, who ought in time to become a first-class forward. Howell also played well, considering it was the first time he represented the School.

At last the Past got working together for a short time, and Mr. D'Arcy scored their solitary goal off a pass from the wing. For the last few minutes the Past never gave up hope and played a most gallant losing game.

A good critic spoke of the XI's play as being of a very high standard; the Past on the other hand were comparatively scrappy; they would have done better had they played together once before. When the whistle blew the score was:—

STONYHURST XI.	.. ..	4
PAST XI.	.. ..	1

Our thanks are due to the visitors who kindly played, and so helped us to pass a pleasant Easter Sunday afternoon. We must also thank Mr. Andersen, who acted as linesman in approved Sandhurst fashion.

The reporter apologises for a vague account of the play, but pleads as an excuse that he was only asked to report the match six hours after it was played.

M. D. L. B.

#### HORSE-POWER.

What is horse-power? (*General Knowledge exam. paper*).

*Natu Minimus*: "Horse power is the number of steps a horse takes in a minuet."



## STONYHURST UNION DEBATING SOCIETY.

### THE THREE QUALIFYING DEBATES.

On Sunday, February 23rd, the Prime Minister moved: "That in the opinion of this House, the present industrial unrest constitutes a greater menace to Britain's future as a world-power than did the war."

THE HON. PRIME MINISTER held that "Commerce is to a country as Carbon Dioxide is to a plant." On November 11th there was an immediate rush for the world's trade, but England, like a victorious gladiator stricken with paralysis, was helpless on account of the strikes.

D. FOX (Warrington) held, in opposition to the previous speaker, that trade went naturally to the victor, and though the industrial menace was great, the British Empire was still greater. He then painted in vivid colours the condition of Europe under the German heel.

L. MACDONALD (Edinburgh) informed the House that the German menace had been greatly exaggerated in political speeches, in debate, and from the pulpit. The reason why the industrial menace was great, he said, silencing a dissentient member with a terrible glance, was because it was internal.

G. BARON (Cambridge University) said the Hon. Prime Minister seemed to think we should have been better off, had we lost the war than had we won; and, in any case, the industrial menace was itself due to the war.

G. BURNS (Fleet) minimized the menace of the war by holding it was virtually won at the Marne. At present, the Government were helpless. Cobbett and the Peterloo affair were nothings in comparison to the menace of Ramsay Macdonald.

L. GRADWELL (Anfield) pointed out that the Hon. Prime Minister's argument was that we had lost by winning more than we should have lost by losing. He then discoursed at some length on those incautious men, who, seeing a potato on a plate, proceed to demolish it without looking underneath. The Ministry saw one side, the Opposition saw the other; he intended to cut in half and examine the centre, viz., that sea power was the basis of Empire.

C. CURRAN (Sligo) remarked that the Ministry had merely stated what they wanted to prove. The strikers had nothing to gain by Revolution. They were merely asking for decent conditions.

J. DE T'SERCLAES (Chester): Strikes were only manifestations of Socialism. It would be impossible to maintain the British Empire on a Republic.

G. IMOSI (Gibraltar) held, smiling on the club like the proud father of a family, that industrial unrest was due to the British character, not the war. (The Hon. President here requested the Hon Member for Havenhouse to remove the stick). What could Lloyd George do if the railways struck?

R. LARRINAGA (Victoria Park) seemed a trifle nervous. He urged that the wars which followed the Revolution, and not the Revolution, ruined France.

F. MCARDLE (Havenhouse) observed that though England had blundered through the war, she would never blunder through industrial unrest. He quoted St. Matthew that "Every nation divided against itself shall become desolate."

P. KENNEDY (Athlone) observed that the French Revolution produced Napoleon. His sentences, which were of amazing length, were each greeted with a round of applause. He remarked (after Father Vaughan) that defeat would have reduced England to the Mongolian desert.

T. LAUGHTON (Scarboro') thrilled the House with a remarkable word picture of the prevalent oppression of the poor. If the miners increased their demands, coal would be £30 a ton. (Collapse of the Hon. Member for Londonderry).

E. COSGROVE (Kildare) made a virulent attack on the Socialists. "Socialism is the little sister of Bolshevism."

THE HON. SECRETARY then delivered a little fervorino.

E. IRWIN (Roscommon): The Hon. Member for Anfield spoke of a potato. He intended to speak of an apple, rotten at the core!

S. GOMES (Georgetown): "One thing I'm certain of. The war's over; social unrest is on." "Militarism," he shouted above the uproar, "is at a discount."

B. JOHN (Bournemouth) said that the first camp was the only example of a strike where England lost part of her commerce.

The HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: "What is a menace? If we had lost the war, the industrial unrest would have been worse than at present. The industrial unrest was the menace of the war."

F. HANNAN (Dublin) made a really fine speech. A Revolution which overthrew a democracy would bring utter national ruin in its wake. Labour now had the world at its feet, and at the first sign of Revolution, "the jackals of Europe" would rush in.

This hon. member evidently succeeded in converting many of the opposition to his views.

The motion was carried by 16 votes.

On Sunday, March 9th, the Prime Minister moved: "That in the opinion of this House, the physical benefits of boxing are outweighed by the bad moral effects it produces."

L. McDONALD (Edinburgh) opening for the Ministry, said there were only two physical benefits, quickness of eye, and the ability of self-defence. The former could be obtained by Pelmanism, the second by carrying a revolver.

G. COLE (Londonderry) accused the Ministry of never having learnt boxing. He displayed his chest, and held up a mighty arm, throwing off the while such remarks as, "See what boxing has done for me!" "Boxing has developed my perseverance!"

P. BLOOMFIELD (Great Yarmouth) said boxing could be made more brutal "by putting the belt round a feller's ankles." It was absurd to condemn boxing on account of professionalism.

M. TRAPPES-LOMAX (Hurst Green) argued that the immeasurable evils of boxing were not confined to the boxers. Some had been ruined by the depravity of her gladiators.

C. MARCHANT (Brighton) observed that smoking and drinking were vices, and as boxers had perforce to abstain from these, the moral good was incalculable.

F. SEMPILL (Perth) said prize-money was not the effect but the cause of boxing, and it wasn't everybody who carried "these new-fangled firearms."

M. GORHAM (Westminster) said that the Battersea Bruiser and the Lambeth Lammer could not be made to regard each other as brothers. Jack Johnson had a private record which would make any decent savage blush from head to foot. "Fancy teaching the lower classes to idolize a broken-nosed ruffian!"

E. IRWIN (Roscommon) urged that Jack Johnsons were not very common, and that boxing bred grace and agility. (Commotion).

W. LARRINAGA (Sefton Park) said "What about the discharged Australian soldiers?" We failed to grasp the point of this somewhat obscure argument.

D. KANE (Benburb) again charged the Ministry with not being boxers.

L. GRADWELL (Anfield) burst upon the House like a mighty wind. With the vibrations of ill-suppressed laughter which coursed down our arm, our secretarial pen was quasi-paralyzed. Having remarked that four of the Ministry were boxers, he proceeded to invert each member of the Opposition and deliver a metaphorical spanking. The Hon. Member for Hove (there is no such member) seemed to have written his speech on the inside of his collar and forgotten to insert the stud, so that it went round and round.

The motion was then thrown out by 10 votes.

On Sunday, March 23rd, the Prime Minister moved "That in the opinion of this House, modern civilization is a failure." F. Hannan acted as Leader of the Opposition instead of C. Carrigan.

P. KENNEDY (Athlone) said that civilization had failed internally and succeeded externally, and the internal was worse than external failure. Roman civilization led to the fall of Rome, and modern civilization led to the Great War.

The HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: "Sceptics and pessimists throughout all ages have always inveighed, like Diogenes in his tub, against their own age—chiefly because that age rejected them." No civilization could make man perfect, and even the Bible (parable of the ten talents) sanctioned business at 1,000 per cent.

M. GORHAM (Westminster): Carlisle said somewhere that civilization meant: (1) gunpowder, (2) Protestantism, (3) printing; but Carlisle always said six where other people said three,



L. ROBERTSON (Burlington Arcade) remarked that if civilization were a failure, the world was a failure, which it wasn't. In past ages, the poor had only 2/- a week! "Wasn't that a shame?"

C. CURRAN (Sligo) turned out Socialism by the pint. Evidently of the three-acres-and-a-cow variety.

J. DE T'SERCLAES (Chester) gave his idea of a civilized state, one which could govern itself.

B. JOHN (Bournemouth) compared the Greek civilization with ours, which had never produced a Socrates. His speech had a depressing effect, punctuated as it was, by awful pauses.

M. DE LA BEDOYERE (Houses of Parliament) fired off sentences at an ever-increasing velocity. In about two minutes he had contrived to say what would have taken a normal person fifteen. He thought Conan Doyle was better than Socrates, and as the average man was satisfied, civilization was "tolerably successful."

L. McDONALD (Edinburgh) made a few inaudible remarks, and added "So there you are!" Savages, he thought, made better Christians than modern Europeans.

E. IRWIN (Roscommon): Carlisle was a hundred years stale. The war had been a good thing; it had brought in the League of Nations.

L. SULLIVAN (Cork City): "When I look at the craven ranks of the Opposition, I say with the psalmist, 'I will convert them from their wickedness.' (Ps. 139). Putting his intention into practice, he argued that civilization was only a veneer. It was not pleasant, on consideration, to blow one's nose, and put the handkerchief in one's pocket.

W. JONES (Simla) made rather an ambiguous speech. Men no longer wore bear skins and had 25 wives. He held that the Black Death was due to deficient drainage.

G. BARON (Cambridge University) made four statements, that architecture was bad, Russia an eyesore, the marriage laws unspeakable, and democracy not succeeding. We are very grateful for the information.

G. BURNS (Fleet) complained that his collar was stifling him, and said that a Savonarola was needed for England, which, like Florence, was ultra-civilized.

D. O'SHEA (Kerry), waiving a bundle of notes, apologised for not making up a speech. Nevertheless, assisted by the weak-kneed arguments of the Ministry, he intended to show that civilization was a failure. "The people of England get £5 a week—wish I got that myself!"

J. MALONE (Milngavie), urged with Shakespeare, "Waste no time in windy arguments." His speech would be sweet, brief, and to the point. Who could imagine Tissaphernes going over "The vasty wilds of wide Arabia on a two-stroke?"

The Rev. V. WATSON, S.J., gave as his definition, "The facility for mental and physical activity which characterizes the present day in contradistinction to past ages." In view of this, he felt forced to cast his vote against the side which committed itself to a definite statement.

L. GRADWELL (Anfield) made a bitter attack on the Hon. Member for Sligo, whom he alluded to as a "penny socialist," and an "itinerant sophist," whose arguments appeared, at first sight, convincing like those of his "friends of the cart." To be a failure, one must fail in the object of existence. It was absurd to point to a motor and say, "Absolute failure; won't climb trees!"

The HON. PRIME MINISTER: In the capital of Europe half the population were starving, the other half given over to vice. "Vice cannot be uprooted, but civilization fosters it."

The motion was thrown out by six votes.

ANTHONY GIBBS,

*Hon. Secretary.*



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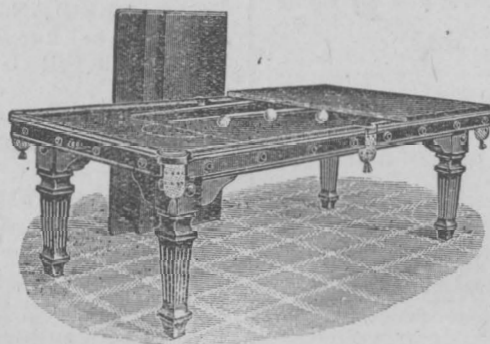
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