

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XIV.

No. 223.

JULY, 1919.

The Stonyhurst Association

Founded 19th May, 1879.

PRESIDENT (1919) Lieut-Col. Sir JOHN LANE HARRINGTON, K.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.

OBJECTS :

- To revive and keep up the memory of College Days.
- To encourage greater " Esprit de Corps " amongst former Students.
- To assist present Students and the College by judicious Grants and Prizes.
- To stimulate many to greater exertions to become a credit to the College, to the Society of Jesus, and to the Catholic Religion.

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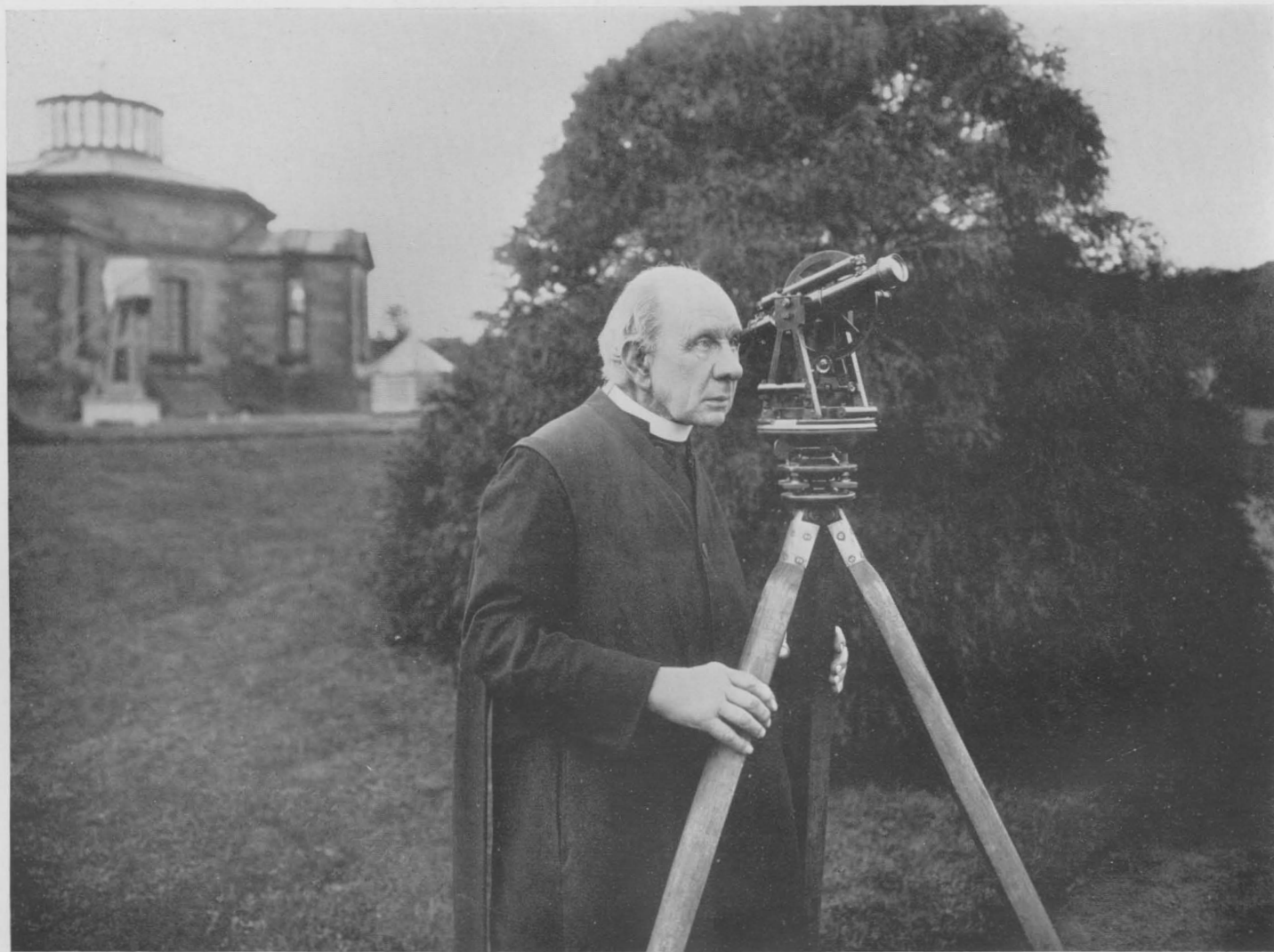
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Director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory from 1863-1868, and from 1890-1919.

Died June 12th, 1919. Aged 82.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL.

 Our June number we published the list of our War Honours and of O.S.'s who served in the Forces during the War. It was accompanied by an appeal to all O.S. readers who know of distinctions, promotions, and names of O.S. in the Forces, not hitherto noted in our lists, to forward their corrections and additions to the Editor of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. We beg to thank those who have already responded to our appeal, which we renew herewith.

As previously announced, we have in preparation a record in book form of what Stonyhurst men have done in the War. To make this as complete as possible, without delaying its publication unduly, it is desirable that all such corrections and additions should reach us soon. As regards the contents of this war record, it will, of course, contain our War Honours and list of those who served in the Forces during the War, together with a Roll of Honour, consisting of notices, with portraits, of the fallen.

In order that the book may be something more than a mere Army List, with a necrology attached, we hereby invite suggestions as to what else might be included in it. It has been proposed to include the official grounds for the award of each distinction, and a dated and detailed record of service with each name on the War List. The objection to these two proposals is the length of time it would require to make either complete, thus delaying publication indefinitely.

In our final war list we propose to retain the highest rank (even if only temporary or acting) held by each before demobilisation or reversion to substantive rank.

Stonyhurst and the War: Roll of Honour

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

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R.N.A.S.

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

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 Major J. H. RATTON.
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 Lieut. E. McGUIRE.
 Lieut. H. J. BURKE.
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 Lieut. M. AMOROSO.
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 2nd Lieut. G. TOBIN.
 2nd Lieut. P. W. COLLEY.
 Sergt. C. CAFFERATA.
 C. O'KELLY.

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 2nd Lieut. A. G. R. SMITH-SLIGO
 (Wounded).
 2nd Lieut. J. F. P. B. QUINLAN.

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 Lieut. H. F. SLATTERY.
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Lieut. G. C. COOPER.
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 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.
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 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.*
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 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.
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 A. J. HOTTLET.
 J. FOX.
 J. E. KELLY, *m.m.*
 H. P. BLOOMFIELD.
 BASIL LEICESTER (Gassed).
 A. ALGAR.

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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.).

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LIEUT.-COLONEL P. E. LANGDALE.
MAJOR E. B. KIRBY.
MAJOR R. J. WATTS.
CAPTAIN J. A. LUCIE-SMITH.
DR. E. J. BLACKETT.

Distinguished Service Order :

MAJOR L. F. BODKIN.

Military Cross :

LIEUTENANT E. W. CROUCHER.

Brevet Rank :

BT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.
BT.-COLONEL F. P. C. KEILY, C.M.G., D.S.O.
BT.-COLONEL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Meritorious Service Medal :

SERGEANT G. E. HEMELRYK.

Mentioned in Dispatches :

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, K.C.B., C.V.O.
MAJOR R. J. WATTS, O.B.E.
CAPTAIN J. A. LUCIE-SMITH, O.B.E.
LIEUTENANT C. J. IRWIN.

War Honours.

Victoria Cross :

CAPTAIN J. A. LIDDELL, M.C.
CAPTAIN G. G. CORY.
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.

War Honours—Continued.

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.

Officer of the British Empire :

COMMANDER H. A. B. DIGBY-BESTE, R.N.
 SURGEON-LIEUTENANT J. A. PRENDERGAST, R.N.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL H. M. L. MANSFIELD.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL P. J. I. SYNNOTT.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL G. C. ST. P. DE DOMBASLE.
 LIEUT.-COLONEL P. E. LANGDALE.
 MAJOR C. J. VAUGHAN.
 MAJOR E. B. KIRBY.
 CAPTAIN F. B. BARKER.
 CAPTAIN V. B. HOLLAND.
 CAPTAIN W. J. RONAN.
 CAPTAIN J. A. LUCIE-SMITH.
 REV. P. D. DEVAS, O.F.M., C.F.

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

War Honours—Continued.

Distinguished Service Order—Continued.

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.
LIEUT.-COLONEL W. J. H. HOWARD.
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.
MAJOR L. F. BODKIN.
CAPTAIN A. V. JARRETT.
CAPTAIN D. G. J. RYAN.
CAPTAIN C. M. S. MANNERS.
CAPTAIN T. D. MURRAY, M.C.
2ND LIEUTENANT S. H. D'ARCY.

Distinguished Service Cross:

SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE

Distinguished Flying Cross:

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

Air Force Cross:

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

Second Bar to Military Cross:

MAJOR F. G. LESCHER, M.C.

Bar to Military Cross:

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

War Honours—Continued

Military Cross:

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MACCARTHY-O'LEARY, D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. S. COX.
MAJOR G. AYLMER.
MAJOR A. F. V. JARRETT.
MAJOR G. F. CALLAGHAN.
MAJOR W. J. TEMPEST, D.S.O.
MAJOR F. X. CARUS.
MAJOR L. M. HASTINGS.
MAJOR V. F. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON.
MAJOR F. G. LESCHER.
MAJOR W. J. W. COLLEY.
MAJOR J. C. CALLAGHAN.
MAJOR W. O. RYAN.
MAJOR B. J. MOORE.
MAJOR B. E. FLOYD.
MAJOR C. E. RYAN.
MAJOR B. GLASSON.
MAJOR H. P. RADLEY.
MAJOR E. R. PARSONS.
MAJOR A. J. BLAKE.
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.
 LIEUTENANT E. W. CROUCHER.
 2ND LIEUTENANT C. W. S. LITTLEWOOD.
 2ND LIEUTENANT E. F. REEVES
 2ND LIEUTENANT E. ST. J. KING.

Brevet Rank :

BT.-COLONEL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O. (twice)
 BT.-COLONEL W. J. MAXWELL-SCOTT, D.S.O. (twice)
 BT.-COLONEL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O. (twice)
 BT.-COLONEL F. P. C. KEILY, 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.-LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. D. MacCARTHY-O'LEARY,
 D.S.O., M.C.

War Honours—Continued,

Brevet Rank—Continued.

BT.-LIEUT.-COLONEL P. R. BUTLER, D.S.O.
 BT.-MAJOR F. W. PERCEVAL.
 BT.-MAJOR R. C. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, D.S.O.
 BT.-MAJOR R. G. S. COX, M.C.

Distinguished Conduct Medal :

2ND LIEUTENANT A. W. POWELL.

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.

Italian Honours.

Silver Medal for Military Valour :

MAJOR THE MARQUIS CARLO TORRIGIANI.
 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.

Egyptian Honour.

Order of the Nile (2nd Class) :

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

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.
BRIG.-GENERAL R. S. TEMPEST, C.M.G., D.S.O.
BRIG.-GENERAL E. W. COSTELLO, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.
LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. S. COX, M.C.
MAJOR W. M. A. MacGRATH, M.C.
MAJOR B. E. FLOYD, M.C.
2ND LIEUTENANT P. DUCORNET.

Croix de Guerre :

LIEUTENANT R. LANGTON-JONES, D.S.O., R.N.
SQUAD-COMMANDER J. J. PETRE, D.S.C., R.N.
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.
J. F. FRANCK.
B. MELLERIO.
JEAN FLICOTEAU.

Médaille Militaire :

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

Nischen Infanterie :

CAPTAIN A. J. J. GWYN.

Greek Honour.

Order of the Redeemer :

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

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.
2ND LIEUTENANT B. HEPPEL.

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).

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. (seven 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. (six times).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HON. 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 DOMBASLE, O.B.E.

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. (five times).

MAJOR B. J. MOORE, M.C.

MAJOR R. J. WATTS, O.B.E. (twice).

Mentioned in Dispatches—Continued,

- CAPT. H. A. J. ROCHE (twice).
 CAPT. J. A. LIDDELL, *v.c.*, *m.c.*
 CAPT. A. V. JARRETT, *d.s.o.*
 CAPT. SIR P. G. J. MOSTYN, *BART.*,
m.c.
 CAPT. C. H. LIDDELL (twice).
 CAPT. G. W. B. TARLETON, *m.c.*
 (twice).
 CAPT. J. N. GILBEY.
 CAPT. F. R. COPPINGER.
 CAPT. C. M. S. MANNERS, *d.s.o.*
 (twice).
 CAPT. B. J. SMITH
 CAPT. J. J. F. BERKELEY.
 CAPT. V. B. HOLLAND (twice).
 CAPT. A. J. HORNE.
 CAPT. G. T. C. PERRAM.
 CAPT. J. McCUSKER.
 CAPT. K. R. O'BRIEN, *m.c.* (twice).
 CAPT. N. H. B. HASTINGS.
 CAPT. E. D. METCALFE, *m.c.*
 CAPT. T. D. MURRAY, *d.s.o.*, *m.c.*
 CAPT. P. A. LEICESTER.
 CAPT. H. CHRONNELL, *m.c.*
 CAPT. B. G. HOLLAND (twice).
 CAPT. C. A. MAGUIRE, *m.c.*
 CAPT. F. B. BARKER, *O.B.E.* (twice)
 CAPT. R. B. HAWES.
 CAPT. G. M. McKAY, *m.c.*
 CAPT. L. N. LOCHRANE.
 CAPT. J. A. LUCIE-SMITH, *O.B.E.*
 (twice).
 CAPT. W. G. FANNING, *m.c.*
 CAPT. C. B. CRAWFORD.
 CAPT. P. W. CHAPMAN.
 CAPT. R. A. FOX.
 CAPT. F. X. RUSSELL.
 CAPT. E. HULL, *m.c.*
 CAPT. E. V. PARSONS.
 CAPT. G. E. T. EYSTON, *m.c.* (twice)
 CAPT. B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, *m.c.*
 CAPT. R. J. YOURELL.
 CAPT. H. J. WALMESLEY.
 CAPT. F. R. VERDON.
 CAPT. E. M. F. NICHOLSON.
 CAPT. D. G. J. RYAN, *d.s.o.* (twice).
 REV. J. B. MARSHALL, *m.c.*, *C.F.*
 REV. W. FITZMAURICE, *s.j.*, *m.c.*,
C.F.
 REV. C. MCGINITY, *s.j.*, *C.F.* (three
 times).
 LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, *v.c.*
 LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY.
 LIEUT. E. A. CAPEL.
 LIEUT. C. D. W. ROOKE.
 LIEUT. F. O'NEILL.
 LIEUT. H. W. CRAMER.
 LIEUT. V. T. THIERENS.
 LIEUT. E. CHADWICK.
 LIEUT. H. BLAKE.
 LIEUT. W. H. DENSHAM, *m.c.* (twice).
 LIEUT. R. F. E. BELLASIS.
 LIEUT. L. L. THWAYTES.
 LIEUT. P. M. J. FEILMAN.
 LIEUT. G. F. LEYLAND.
 LIEUT. C. J. IRWIN.
 2ND LIEUT. J. B. LYNCH.

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, O.B.E.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. JERRARD.

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

MAJOR J. B. MONTEITH.

MAJOR E. B. KIRBY, O.B.E.

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	1005	A.F.C.	2
Killed	146	M.C.	74
Died	19	Bar to M.C.	7
Missing	3	Second Bar to M.C.	1
Wounded	218	Brevet Rank	15
Prisoners of War	22	D.C.M.	1
Total Honours	203	M.M.	2
V.C.	3	M.S.M.	1
K.C.B.	1	Mentions in Dispatches	206
C.B.	3	French Honours	26
C.M.G.	8	Belgian	3
C.B.E.	2	Russian	8
O.B.E.	13	Serbian	5
D.S.O.	30	Italian	6
Bar to D.S.O.	1	Egyptian	1
D.S.C.	1	Greek	1
D.F.C.	2		

ROLL OF HONOUR.

We have hitherto been unable (through lack of information and our inability to obtain photographs in uniform) to publish obituary notices of the following two officers:—

LIEUTENANT CECIL CHESTER-WALSH (1908),

1/5th London Rifles.

Killed in Action at the Battle of Langemarck, in August, 1917.

LIEUTENANT HATTON C. CONRON (1912),

R.A.F.,

Missing since May 21st, 1918 (Mesopotamia), presumed Killed or Died of Wounds.

We shall be very grateful to any reader of these lines who will kindly supply us with the required information in order that adequate notices of these two officers, together with their portraits in uniform may appear in the Stonyhurst Memorial Book on the War, now in course of preparation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

DEATH OF FATHER WALTER SIDGREAVES, S.J., F.R.A.S.

Our frontispiece affords a very good likeness of Father Walter Sidgreaves, S.J., F.R.A.S., Director of the Stonyhurst Observatory, who died here on June 12th, at the age of 82.

Father Sidgreaves had been for so many years a member of the College staff that his was a well remembered figure to the generations of boys who passed through the school during his time.

In spite of his great age he retained almost to the end considerable vitality and quite remarkable powers of physical endurance. Even during the past few years he might have been seen late on a keen frosty night, bare-headed, lantern in hand, with no protection but an old shawl about his shoulders, making his way across the garden to the observatory to photograph some star when everyone else was in bed.

Only the owls know the number of his nocturnal excursions.

On another page we give an appreciation of Father Sidgreaves and his work from the pen of his friend and coadjutor, Father Cortie.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE O.T.C.

The inspection of the Stonyhurst O.T.C. was held on Thursday morning, June 12th, by Brigadier-General Walter Maxwell-Scott, D.S.O., as already announced in our June number. But, as in that issue the announcement was in print before the event, we were unable to provide details. Those will be found on another page under "O.T.C. Notes."

As the Inspection day was already a half-holiday, freedom from "Night Studies" took the place of the usual half-holiday granted at the request of the Inspecting General.

LECTURE ON Q.-BOATS.

At 8-0 p.m. on June 12th, a lecture was delivered in the Academy Room by Lieutenant-Commander Auten, V.C., of Q.-Boat fame, on the subject of Q.-Boats, or Decoy-Ships.

In breezy unconventional style the lecturer prefaced his remarks by observing that he was no lecturer, and had told the Admiralty so when they directed him to lecture to Public Schools. "But they told me to carry on, so here I am. I shan't attempt to lecture, I shall just talk to you." The ensuing "talk" was vastly more interesting and more highly appreciated by the boys than the majority of the formal lectures they have listened to.

The yarns were racily spun and illustrated by a well-chosen series of lantern slides. Unfortunately the end came before the lecturer, who had anticipated a longer allowance of time, could deal exhaustively with the most interesting portion of his subject, that concerning Q.-Boat warfare in particular.

The greater portion of his time had been spent in describing in general the share taken by the Navy in the War.

The lecturer was loudly cheered at the finish.

LIEUTENANT RILEY'S LECTURE.

On June 16th, Lieutenant R. R. Riley (1908), *South Staffs. Regiment*, who was here on a visit, gave a lecture to the boys in the Academy Room. His subject was his sojourn for three and a half years in German Prisoners-of-War Camps. He had already, at the invitation of the Army Authorities, been lecturing on the same subject to various units of the British Army on the Rhine.

He met with an enthusiastic reception from his audience, whom he held throughout by his realistic descriptions of German prison-camp life and of the indomitable gaiety and endurance of his fellow prisoners under the hardships of their long internment and the insolent brutality of their gaolers. He has kindly supplied us with a condensed version of his lecture in writing, which we print on another page of this issue.

LIEUTENANT HAWE'S LECTURE.

On June 19th the tedium of a wet half-holiday was relieved by a lecture given to the boys by Lieutenant J. A. Hawe (1909), *Dublin Fusiliers*, his subject being his experiences of trench life, raids, etc., on the Wytschaete—Messines front in 1916. In spite of the fact that it was the first lecture which the speaker had ever delivered, it was brimful of interesting matter, presented clearly and picturesquely. It gave a good idea of the mingled hardships, dangers and monotony of life on the Belgian sector, broken only by an occasional brief day's leave in Bailleul or some other hitherto unbattered haven of rest in their immediate rear.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

On Corpus Christi day, June 19th, rain confined the procession to the indoor route, on the very occasion when a wider outdoor tour to take in a circuit of the gardens had been planned in advance. In spite of the threatening weather, a large crowd of visitors had assembled to see the procession debouch from the West Front on its way to the Church, the only portion of its itinerary to be seen by those who have not permission to enter the College or its grounds.

There were the usual number of Catholic visitors who came armed with the supposed open-sesame of letters of introduction from their parish priests. These good people were unaware that owing to the limited space available for ourselves, our parishioners and our specially invited guests, admission is only to be gained by ticket. These tickets should be applied for to the Rector at least a fortnight before the day. Had these regulations been remembered, fewer pilgrims would have experienced the disappointment of being cast forth by the redoubtable Robert into the exterior dankness of that wet and dreary afternoon.

The procession started from the Church, where the first Benediction was given, the celebrant being Father Rector, assisted by Father Keane (Superior of St. Mary's Hall), and by Father Watts (Superior of Hodder).

A sermon was preached at this service by Father Francis Devas, S.J., O.B.E., D.S.O., a recently demobilised military chaplain who had held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and had served in Gallipoli, Belgium, and France.

An altar of repose was prepared in the Academy Room. Benediction was celebrated as on former occasions. As usual, the O.T.C. lined the route, and provided a guard of honour and bugles to sound the salute at the Elevation of the Host during Benediction.

A contingent of officers, nurses and patients from Queen Mary's Military Hospital, Whalley, formed a conspicuous feature of this, as of previous processions held here during the war. Our illustration shows the congregation in the Church, with the preacher in the pulpit and the Benediction Service in the Academy Room. After the Service tea was provided for the visitors, for the officers, nurses, and the rest in the "Do Room, and for the military hospital patients in the Ambulacrum."

We had hoped to be able to report some cricket out-matches in this number, but of those due to be played in June, the match with Sedbergh School was cancelled owing to an epidemic there, and others were rendered impossible by rain.

The Blackburn Holidays, which begin this year on July 19th, made it necessary for us to go to press by the last day of June, and in consequence the reports of the July out-matches will have to be deferred to our next issue (October).

One of the signs of a return to peace conditions is the restoration of the golf links, or rather its reclamation from the condition of a cattle-ranche. During the war the greens had suffered sadly, their fences having been demolished by the local kine during their athletic sports.

Jim "Doc" (Holden), trapper of "mould-warps," "mowdiewarps," "mowdies," or moles, to the Stonyhurst estate, expert restorer of gardens, tennis lawns, and golf links, etc., assisted by one satellite, is "agate on t'job," and "happen should do summat, if ye gie 'im time."

The news of the signing of the Peace Terms on Saturday, the 28th, was heralded by a serious attempt at a joy-peal on the College big bell at 8-0 p.m. At this signal the boys streamed out of the playground, after three cheers for the King, and dispersed, making cheerful noises far and wide. Drums and bugles were got out and buglers marched through Hurst Green village. A merry mob of boys encountered the village policeman escorting a tipsy reveller to safety. They surrounded him, patted him on the back, and much to his apparent relief, parted from him, after a rousing "three cheers for the bobby." There were other unofficial rejoicings which we may be able to chronicle on another page, if the report on them reaches us in time.

At the Benediction on Saturday evening a solemn Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving for the Peace.

The photographs illustrating this issue (excepting that of Sergeant Cafferata), are the work of our special artist, Brother William McKeon, S.J., to whom the *Stonyhurst Magazine* owes a debt of gratitude extending over many years. The excellence of these photographs is an indication of the tireless vitality of our veteran illustrator.

On Wednesday, June 25th, at the annual *conversazione* of the Royal Society, the Stonyhurst College Observatory exhibited a frame of enlarged spectra of the new star of 1918 (Nova Aquilæ), and some drawings of sun-spots and faculæ for the months of May and June, 1919.

EXCHANGES.

The Aloysian (St. Aloysius' College, Galle, Ceylon), *The Belvederian*, *Clongownian*, *Xaverian* (Liverpool), *Ampleforth Journal*, *Bombay Examiner*, *Zambesi Mission Record*, *Beaumont Review*, *Mountaineer*, *Sons of the Eagle* (Preston Catholic College), *Month*, *Elizabethan*, *Rossallian*, *Castleknock College Chronicle* (Castleknock College, Dublin).

HODDER NOTES

We were all very sorry that Father Weld was still ill when we came back, and hope he will be quite well again soon. Hodder is not the same without him, and we are glad this term is such a short one, because we shall not miss him for so long.

The new Committee is a jolly good one. The Heads are: O. Finch and Garth Bird; then come O. Earle, A. Cotman, and T. McEvoy.

On June 4th Father Provincial came down here with a lot of priests from the College after him. Finch made a speech, so he gave us a holiday. We thank him very much. Later on we had the College Provincial's Day too.

The out-match against the Seminary was a great success. The Seminary won the toss, and chose to go in first. The way we got them out was splendid, especially McEvoy's catch at the end of their innings. Their first man was good, but he did not equal our best, who got 45 runs. We began to win as soon as Father Gruggen arrived, and we beat them by forty runs. Father Moncel was their Captain, but Father Colley played best. We think they were a bit too sure of winning at the beginning, but after tea they all seemed very tired.

We were very kindly let off schools to go and see the Review at the College. The boys looked very smart, especially in khaki, but after a time they took off their coats and began to drill ordinarily. We can do a lot of military drill now. We do it twice a week, with Sergt.-Major Hill, and we think the College quite good.

Corpus Christi.—Four boys made their First Communion to-day. They were: Frederick Peliti, Joseph McCaffrey, John Addison and Ambrose Trappes-Lomax. We had a lovely breakfast in the Gallery. Afterwards Lieutenant Riley gave us a lecture on how he was treated in Germany. We could not go up to the College for the Procession as it rained all the afternoon, but Father King gave us a lecture on "Lord Roberts" in the evening.

Father Bernard Vaughan came to see us one day, and told us some very funny stories. The next day he came and gave us Benediction. We thank him very much. He was a Hodder boy sixty years ago. Father Goodier had a fine talk with us one Sunday.

A lot of birthday cakes have been coming lately. We have them for tea. Mr. Belton often comes down.

We went roggig on the Victory Walk in Bailey Brook. Mr. Hill made the net. It took him all the holidays to do it. We caught one minnow and three frogs. Louis Murphy and Peliti owned the frogs.

Father King has taught signalling to some boys. They send messages from long distances. Hastings started a caterpillar rage, and it went on until Trappes and others began the cigarette rage; some of the cigarettes look very like real ones in the distance.

The Hodder garden is splendid now. James has got a lot of things in it in rows. He has a hard time keeping the rabbits out of it. He shoots rats every night.

We are very glad to hear that the thistles in Paradise are going to be cut down. They are awful. They hurt our legs, and we don't know how we are going to play football next term. One day James went to get the pony, but could not see him. At last he found him hiding amongst the thistles. If the trippers who come across the valley would only trample them down it would be all right.

One day Mr. Hill showed Ossie Finch and Garth Bird a young cuckoo in a lark's nest. Mr. Will Wilson had found it weeks ago, and it was almost ready to fly, and attracted heaps of people. The lark must have had a hard job feeding it.

We are all very proud of the Hodder pony and cart. Everybody wants to use them, and James is kept frightfully busy. He helped the Seminarians to get some food up the river, and Mr. Hill said it was an Ethnic Party. Then the College asked for James for one of their Good Days. I expect Father Cullen's horses don't know the way to the river, but we are going to ask for the "Tank" for the St. Aloysius Good Day.

SODALITY NOTES.

A Council Meeting was held on May 31st to elect the Candidates for the next admission. Instructions have been given regularly by Father Director, and it is hoped that they will be admitted at the earliest possible date.

We wish to thank Father Provincial, who kindly addressed the Sodalists on Sunday, June 1st. He emphasised the fact that even now Catholics might at any time be called upon to uphold their Catholic principles.

Our thanks are also due to Father Goodier who kindly addressed the Sodalists on Sunday, June 22nd. In the course of a very interesting talk, illustrated by true Indian stories, he pointed out how great was the influence of the good Catholic layman in that country.

W. MURRAY.

OLD ALUMNI.

We congratulate Captain Charles Manners, D.S.O., 104th (Wellesley's) Rifles (O.S. 1895), on his marriage to Miss Maisie Calder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Calder, of Ardargie, Forgandenny, Perthshire, which took place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on July 10th.

R. P. S. Walker (1910), who was in the *East Kent Regiment*, was demobilised in December, and went to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was here for the Stonyhurst Association Dinner on June 21st, and gave us a list of the following who are among our O.S. at Oxford:—De Villa-Urrutia (Magdalen), J. J. Danson (Trinity), G. McElligott (Hertford), W. Dalton (Hertford), R. L. Smith (Balliol), E. Peeler (Wadham), M. Sidley (Christchurch).

We print on another page an article from *Sea Power*, an American Naval periodical, on the remarkable achievement of an American O.S., Lieut. Leo Thébaud (1903), U.S. Navy, in saving his destroyer, the *Paul Jones*, during a storm lasting over many days, and navigating her safely into a Bermuda harbour.

Captain P. R. Tankerville-Chamberlayne (1910), *Hussars* and *R.A.F.*, took part in the "Air Derby" round London on June 21st, on a Grahame-White bantam called *Le Rhone*. He has taken part lately in many experimental long-distance flights.

Flight-Lieutenant Charles J. Hallinan (1907), paid us a visit lately for the Stonyhurst Association Dinner. He is now demobilised, after nearly three years' service with the seaplane patrols on the East Coast, during which he made successful flights from the Humber defence base to Heligoland and other objectives of the offensive expeditions of this force. The latter part of his service was passed at Felixstowe, from which he made numerous flights for the detection and bombing of submarines, and in attacks on the enemy aircraft during their raids on England.

Surgeon John A. Prendergast (1899), has lately been awarded the O.B.E. It is understood that this is a reward for various confidential services, including work as a King's Messenger. He also invented some new gunnery "gadgets" (some form of fire-control) which were extensively tested by boats of the destroyer flotilla.

Lieutenant R. R. Riley (1908), *South Staffs. Regt.*, paid us a visit in June, remaining for the Stonyhurst Association Dinner. It was the first we had seen of him since his departure with the Expeditionary Force in 1914. Taken prisoner in Belgium on October 27th, 1914, he remained at various German prison camps until exchanged for internment in Holland on February 24th, 1918.

He has been until recently with the Army of the Rhine, where he was employed in giving lectures to the troops on his prison experiences in Germany, with a view to checking fraternisation with enemy civilians in the Cologne area.

Lieutenant J. A. Hawe (1909), *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*, made a few days' stay with us in June. It will be remembered that he was twice severely wounded, first in the Dublin Rebellion during Easter week, 1916, and again in Belgium, in front of Wytschaete, in 1917. The after effects of the latter wound (a shell fragment fracturing the skull and penetrating the brain), will permanently prevent him from leading an active life, so he tells us. But as he came to us after a long trip on a motor-bicycle, and left us on the same rather nerve-shaking vehicle, his health may be regarded as sufficiently robust for the practical enjoyment of life.

During his visit he was kind enough to give the boys a lecture in the Academy Room on the subject of Trench Life on the Belgian Front during 1916.

Brigadier-General E. W. Costello, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O. (1889), has had the honour recently of being mentioned a *sixth* time in dispatches.

G. Hemelryk (1891), who, during the war served as a Sergeant in the *A.S.C.*, was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal (January 18th, 1919).

Captain J. N. Greene-Nolan, *R.A.M.C.*, writes to draw our attention to the fact that his name has not appeared on our list of O.S. in the Forces. We are grateful to him for calling our attention to the fact, and hope that any other O.S. serving who find that we have omitted their names from these lists will apprise us of the omission as soon as possible in order that they may appear in our final war list which will be incorporated in our record in book form on the subject of Stonyhurst and the War.

Captain Nolan has recently returned from India, and is stationed at the Northumberland War Hospital, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Another who holds a long record of such mentions is Major H. P. Radley, *M.C.* (1903), of the *Punjabis*. He was mentioned in dispatches five times, lately receiving in addition a brevet majority. The dates of his mentions are as follows:—April 28th, 1916, Euphrates Operations; July 27th, 1916, Bushari; October 19th, 1916, Kut Relief; October 12th, 1917, Hai-Baghdad; 23rd August, 1918, Jebel Hamrin.

Major Radley made a stay of some days at the College in May during his leave. He is due to return to India shortly.

Captain (Temp. Major) J. C. Wilfrid Barrow (1907), *Royal Fusiliers*, was with us also for a few days in May, during a leave from Germany, where he is with the Army of Occupation.

Taking part in the last advance before the Armistice he was temporarily (for a fortnight) in command of his battalion in the course of some of the heaviest fighting.

Lieutenant Bernard Jackson (1913), *R.G.A.*, attached *Anti-Aircraft Artillery*, came to us for a few days in June while on leave from the Army of the Rhine. He is in the Cologne area, where he is comfortably billeted and enjoying life.

Dr. Joseph Fox (1901), of Accrington, has been awarded an *O.B.E.* for Services during the War in connection with a military hospital of which he was the director.

Mark Sweny, *R.N.* (1907), writes while on leave during May, to say that he has now left the *Queen Elizabeth*, and has been appointed to the staff of Admiral Green, *C.B.*, the Senior Naval Officer in the White Sea, "and I shall be accommodated shortly in *H.M.S. Glory*, the oldest man-of-war afloat in actual commission."

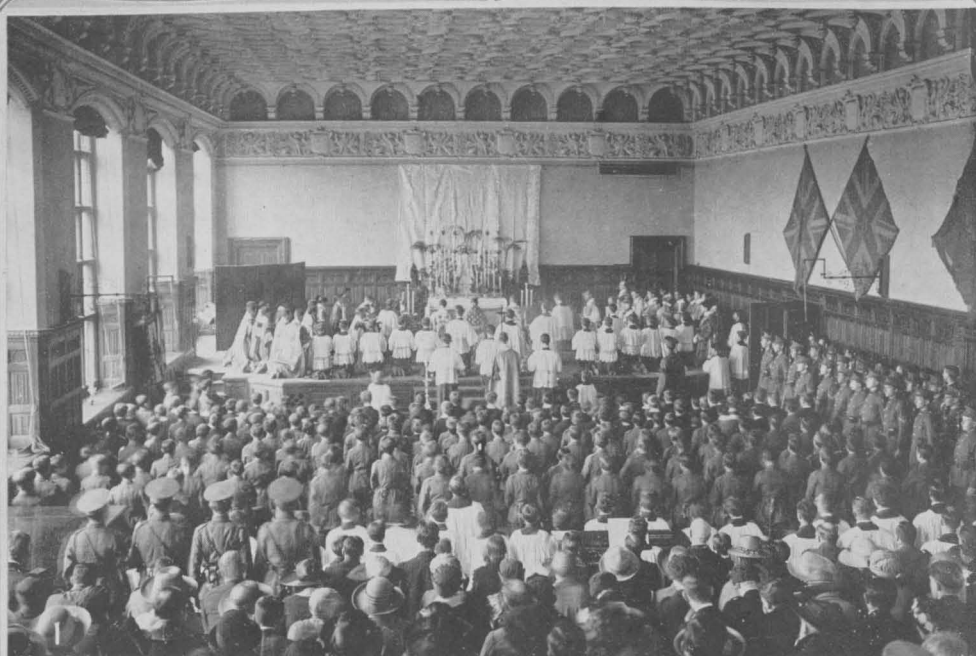
He adds that any O.S. in those regions of North Russia "who is starving, or would like a meal will be welcomed by me. If they ask for the Admiral's office, I am certain to be found within a few minutes."

Lieutenant J. F. O'Ferrall (1913), *21st Gurkha Rifles*, writes from Nowshera, India, informing us that he is at present assistant Adjutant to his battalion and regretting that the battalion was not ordered on active service during the war.

He sends us news of two other O.S. in the Indian Army. "The last time I heard from Power (F. W. Power, 1915), he was on a three months' signalling course. He was stationed with the *41st Dogras*, at Bareilly. I do not know what regiment Eric Waters (1913) got, but I think it was cavalry. He got his commission in December."

W. F. Taunton (1904), in a letter to one of the community written some months ago from Casilla 43 Valparaiso, which has just come under our notice, gives us the following items of information about himself and other O.S.

"I was ashamed of myself for being unable to go to the war and do my bit, but the doctors were all against me, and the Consul-General presented me with an official exemption certificate instead of a passport. However, I have to help in the persecution of the 'Blonde Beast' out here by reporting what I could find out of his trading operations with British firms, etc., and I think I have been useful. The people went mad here over the victory—processions were got up. The President gave a *Te Deum* (surface thanks only, as he was not pro-Ally), people danced and champagne flowed as never before. I believe that six days after the celebrations there was not a bottle of whisky or champagne



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

- 1.—Benediction in the Academy Room.
- 2.—Benediction in the Church.

to be had in the towns of Valparaiso, Santiago, Concepcion, Iquique, or Antofagasta, for love or money. I have formed a Sodality here ; it is called the ' Sodality of St. Patrick.' I'm Secretary, and we have an Irish Chaplain and two Prefects, with meetings twice a month. We have 45 members, and are more or less enthusiastic.

"As regards O.S. out here, there are a few. I met one brother of Father Newdigate, who was Lieut.-Commander on the *Avoca* (Lieut.-Commander Sebastian Newdigate, 1890). There are also Willie Eyre, Emilio and Antonio Carrasco, and A. Noel-Morgan (1884), Lucho Ossa is also a Chilean. W. Eyre got married on the 18th January, 1919, to a Miss Pellé."

Lieutenant E. C. Gallwey-Foley (1899), *5th Royal Irish Regiment*, writes giving us information about himself and some O.S. friends. He is with his battalion attached to "The Light Division," Germany. He says, "I have not met many Stonyhurst past pupils, especially since I received my commission on May 15th."

"Captain Place (A. D. Place, M.C., *Royal Irish Regiment*, O.S. 1895), who was in our 2nd Battalion before and after the Armistice, is now demobilised, and has gone to America to take up a very good position with a wealthy American whom he met while instructing the American Army early in 1918.

"H. Nugent and Chudleigh (C. Chudleigh, 1910), both originally *Dublin Fusiliers*, are attached to this regiment at present.

We have been here since Christmas, and like it very much. We are at present billeted in some villages among wooded hills, about 20 miles from Duren, and the scenery is magnificent.

"I enclose you a photo of one of our shooting parties, which I organised near Mons just after the Armistice. (A heap of twenty brace of partridges and some hares are shown in the foreground of the photograph). A few days before we attacked Messines Ridge, in June, 1917, I was in the Officers' Club at Bailleul. There were some sixty officers in a room, and I made a bet with one of them that if there was a Stonyhurst chap in the room I would

find him without asking. I sat down at the piano and played the Stonyhurst Chorus, and immediately an officer in a Scotch regiment came up and asked me whether I was at Stonyhurst. He had been there a few years after I had left. I cannot recollect his name."

Father Bernard Marshall, M.C. (1892), who has been appointed Chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates at Cambridge, has kindly undertaken to send to the *Stonyhurst Magazine* particulars of the doings of O.S. undergraduates each term.

A "D.S.O." was recently awarded to Major L. F. Bodkin (1890), *113th Infantry, I.A.*

The official grounds for the award of Major Bodkin's D.S.O. are as follows:—

"Major L. F. BODKIN, *1st Batt. 112th Infantry, I.A. (Mesopotamia)*.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an attack at Shergat on October 29th—30th, 1918. Although wounded in the knee he made light of the pain and gallantly carried on with great determination and initiative all night, till the enemy surrendered at dawn. He was then unable to move, and was evacuated to hospital. His fine example had an inspiring effect on his men.—(*War Office, June 27th, 1919*)."

Lieutenant E. W. Croucher (1911), was recently awarded the Military Cross on the following grounds:

"Lieut. E. W. CROUCHER, *I.A.R.O., att'd. 32nd Lancers (Mesopotamia)*.—For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty near Shergat on October 24th, 1918. He commanded the leading squadron in the pursuit under heavy fire with marked ability and judgment. His personal courage and fine example inspired his men at a critical time, when the advance was checked by a heavy enfilade fire.—(*War Office, June 27th, 1919*)."

2nd Lieutenant R. A. S. Edgecombe (1913), *R.F.A.*, who passed out of Woolwich early this year, went out to India in May.

Among the promotions which have not hitherto been noted in our lists are those of N. D. Place (1893), from Captain to Major, in the *8th Rajputs*, and of H. L. Place (1904), from Lieutenant to Captain, in the *A.S.C.*

Lieutenant T. B. Robinson (1911), *R.F.A.*, has recently joined the British Military Force at Constantinople. He went to France with the *R.F.A.* on August 23rd, 1918, and was severely wounded on October 24th (double fracture of the lower jaw) whilst acting as Forward Observing Officer to his battery during an attack.

Lieutenant J. B. Lynch (1909) *R.A.F.*, who was recently (*Times*, June 1st) mentioned in dispatches is at present with the *British Air Force* on the Caspian Sea.

At the end of June we had the pleasure of welcoming on a visit here Captain (Acting-Major) Gerald R. McElligott (1906), now demobilised and an undergraduate at Hertford College, Oxford. He had joined the *3rd Royal Munster Fusiliers* in August, 1914, went to France in July, 1915, was severely wounded in the same month, returned to France in April, 1916, remaining till August, 1916. He then transferred to the *Gold Coast Regiment*, serving in German East Africa from April, 1917, to August, 1918. He was in West Africa from that date till February, 1919.

Walter Dalton (1914), who came to see us at the same time, was with the Guards O.C.B. at Bushy, and later at the *Irish Guards'* depôt at Caterham before demobilisation.

COCK-FIGHTING IN CLASS ROOMS.

On Shrove Tuesday ye scholars did use to bringe their fyghtynge cockes to their maisters, and all the mornynge did they merylye watch the cockes a-fyghtinge in the schooleroome.

In Memoriam.

FATHER WALTER SIDGREAVES, S.J., F.R.A.S.

O.S. December 28th, 1848.

Father Walter Sidgreaves, S.J., the director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory, died at Stonyhurst on June 12th, in his 82nd year, after a long and lingering last illness, borne with exemplary courage and patience. His strength had been visibly failing for the last year, but up to a month before his death he insisted on following the common life of the community duties, and doing his routine work at the observatory. He was a model religious and a holy Jesuit. He had a great devotion to the Holy Mass, and dragged himself to the altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice when he could hardly stand. He had all the dogged perseverance and determination of the Lancashire man's character, but sublimated and ennobled by grace. He was a most kindly, gentle and amiable character, distinguished by great sympathy and charity for all who came in contact with him. Even as a boy, we are informed by one of his contemporaries, he was noted for his great piety.

He was born on October 4th, 1837, the second son of Edward Sidgreaves, Esq., of Grimsargh, near Preston, and was educated at Stonyhurst College. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1855 and was ordained priest in 1871. Among the offices he held in the Society were Minister of Mount St. Mary's, at Beaumont, and at the English College in Malta. He was also for several years Superior of the scholastics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst.

But his principal work was in connection with the observatory at Stonyhurst. He was responsible for the erection and adjustment of all the instrumental equipment of the observatory. He was, especially in his later years, very deaf. Naturally of a disposition that avoided public appearances, he effaced himself, and carried on the drudgery work of the institution so that others might devote themselves more freely to scientific research. Nevertheless he had a long and distinguished scientific career and was greatly respected in scientific circles.

His first directorship of the observatory was during the years 1863—68, while the late Father Perry was engaged in his theological studies. He was a pioneer in the science of terrestrial magnetism, and in 1863 commenced the regular series of magnetic observations which have been continued, mainly by himself uninterruptedly since that time. His last observation at the observatory was on May 3rd, of the magnetic dip. In 1866 he installed all the self-recording meteorological instruments in the observatory, which had been chosen by the Board of Trade as one of the seven principal stations for meteorology in the British Isles. In the following year he was the means of acquiring an eight-inch equatorial telescope, which permitted of great development in the astronomical work of the observatory. Up to that time the only refractor possessed by the observatory was a four-inch equatorial, which, however, has the honour of being the first telescope systematically used by the famous Father Secchi, who came to Stonyhurst as an exile in the revolutionary troubles in Italy in 1848.

When Father Perry took charge of the observatory in 1868, he found a well-equipped establishment awaiting his scientific activities. Father Sidgreaves accompanied Father Perry in several of his scientific expeditions. He took part with him in the magnetic survey, first of West, and then of East France, in the years 1868—69. He also served as companion to him in the two Government expeditions to observe the transit of Venus across the sun's disc in Kerguelen Island, in 1874, and in Madagascar in 1882. When Father Perry died, in 1889, on the total solar eclipse expedition, at Salut Isles, French Guiana, Father Sidgreaves resumed the direction of the observatory.

While he maintained the solar observations inaugurated by his predecessor, he devoted himself more particularly to stellar spectroscopy. In this branch of astrophysics he devised some very efficient instruments with which he took a whole series of remarkable photographs of stellar spectra, notably of the new stars which appeared in 1892 and 1901. He was a most painstaking, accurate, and methodical observer. Not only were these spectra much ad-

mired in expert scientific circles, but they were awarded a gold medal in the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and a Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908. But what he prized most was the recognition of his work, and a special blessing sent to him by our late Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. Averse to public appearances, he lectured but rarely, but in 1904 his original researches on the spectrum of the star Beta Lyræ formed the subject of a lecture which he delivered before the Royal Institution.

Among other notable scientific work communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society was a memoir on the relations between sunspots and terrestrial magnetism. At the commencement of this second directorship of the Stonyhurst observatory, he installed a fine fifteen-inch refracting object glass, the memorial subscribed for by the friends of the late Father Perry; he acquired a seismograph and set up a powerful wireless telegraphic plant. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1891, and served for many years on its Council.

As a scholastic he had taught chemistry and mathematics, and as a priest for twenty-five years he taught physics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. His lectures were marked by much originality in exposition and a very remarkable skill in the arrangement and performance of his experiments.

He was buried at Stonyhurst on June 14th, the celebrant at the Requiem Mass being the Very Rev. Father Wright, S.J., the Provincial of the English Province. He lies between the Church and the Observatory, the two objects of the long life of this holy priest and religious and devoted son of Stonyhurst.—R.I.P.

From an article in *The Tablet* for June 21st, 1919, by Father A. L. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S., Director of the Stonyhurst Observatory.

The chronological table of his career which we print below in small type will give some idea of the varied activities of his long and busy life:—

1837 —October 4th, Born at Grimsargh, near Preston

1848.—December 28th: came to Stonyhurst.

1855.—September 7th: Began Noviceship at Beaumont

1857-8.—Junior at the Seminary.

- 1858-61.—Philosopher at the Seminary.
 1861-62.—Stonyhurst. Prefect. Teaching Writing.
 1862-63.—Stonyhurst. Prefect. Teaching Chemistry and Mathematics.
 1863-64.—Ditto. Observatory.
 1864-65.—Ditto.
 1865-66.—Stonyhurst. Prefect. Teaching Mathematics. Observatory.
 1866-67.—Stonyhurst. Teaching Mathematics. Observatory.
 1867-68.—Ditto.
 1868-72.—Theologian at St. Beuno's. Ordained there September 24th, 1871.
 1872-73.—Tertian at Tronchiennes.
 1873-75.—Assistant to Father Perry in Observatory.
 1874.—February 2nd. Professed. Accompanied Father Perry to Kerguelan Island to observe Transit of Venus, December 9th, 1874.
 1875-77.—Minister at Mount St. Mary's.
 1877-80.—Minister at Malta.
 1880.—Returned to England in May. Accountant at Beaumont.
 1881-93.—Superior at Seminary.
 1882.—Accompanied Father Perry to Madagascar to observe the Transit of Venus of December 6th, 1882. Absent August 29th, 1882, to January 28th, 1883.
 1883.—Became Professor of Experimental Physics.
 1890.—Had continued astronomical work, and assumed charge of the observatory in 1890, owing to death of Father Perry on December 27th, 1889, on his return journey from the Iles de Salut, where he had observed the solar eclipse of December 22nd, 1889.
 1892.—Appointed President for three years of the N.W. Branch of the British Astronomical Association.
 1893.—Ceased to be Superior at the Seminary and went to live at the College. He continued, however, to be Professor of Experimental Physics to the Seminarians until 1905.
 1904.—Awarded Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition for his work on stellar spectra.
 1908.—Awarded a *Grand Prix* by the Franco-British Exhibition for same.
 1919.—May 25th. Anointed on account of dropsy and other ailments.
 1919.—June 12th. Died at 2-30 a.m.—R.I.P.

FRANK KELLY (1905.)

We record with deep regret the death in France on April 10th of Frank Kelly, who was at Stonyhurst from 1904 to 1910. Beyond the announcement that he was killed in a railway accident, no further details have reached us. Frank is well remembered here as a very prominent member of the College football eleven, and a leader in all games. Even when quite a small boy he was a remarkable player, and became later one of the best footballers this College has seen.

Frank Kelly was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, of Thornhill, Blantyre, Scotland.

SERGEANT CLEMENT CAFFERATA,

158th Duke of Connaught's Own, and Canadian Forestry Corps.

Born 1886.

O.S. 1905.

Died on Active Service on February 8th, 1919.

We have deferred an obituary of Clement Cafferata whose sad death, from exposure, occurred on February 8th last, until we should receive the necessary details, together with a portrait. For these we have to thank his brother, Mr. Louis Cafferata.

Clement Cafferata came to Stonyhurst as a Philosopher in 1905, and remained two years with us. He was a cheery, energetic boy, very fond of games and sports, and a most enthusiastic angler. With his fellow Philosophers he was always very popular. He took a prominent part with them in plays and other representative reunions.

His brother Louis sends us the following details of his career after leaving Stonyhurst:—

"He spent two years at Edinburgh University, studying for medicine, and passed all his exams. bar the final, when he gave up the idea of becoming a medico, and left the University. He went to Canada in the Autumn of 1909, and after spending some time prospecting for mica, he started a land agency. Finally he went to Corteny Island, near Vancouver, where he farmed, and did a good deal



SERGEANT CLEMENT CAFFERATA.

Canadian Forestry Corps and 148th Duke of Connaught's Own.

Born 1886. O. S. 1905.

Died on Active Service, February 8th, 1919.

PLAYROOM NOTES.

LOWER LINE.

On returning, we were considerably surprised to find that the whole of Upper Grammar had gone into the Higher Line. This, needless to say, considerably upset arrangements of various kinds for the term.

Two new heads had to be appointed, and in due course Henry Robinson and Norman Pringle were chosen, Victor Grunhut being appointed head of the Lower Line Sodality.

The Lower Line eleven, despite the loss of its members promoted to the Higher Line, is promising well under the guidance and the assistance of Professional Peters. It may be noted that this is the first time Lower Line have had a professional of their own since the war began.

The under sixteen eleven were unexpectedly deprived of their out-match against Sedbergh at the last moment, owing to an epidemic at that school.

V. S. G.

THIRD PLAYROOM.

The following were the winners in the tournaments which took place last term:—*Ping-Pong*: J. Whyatt; *Billiards*: E. Whiteside; *Bridge*: R. Sutherland and Barrow; *Chess*: W. Unsworth. There were quite a good number in for these tournaments

At the beginning of the term more boys than usual were promoted to Second Playroom, and so our Cricket thirteen was somewhat weaker than was expected. The following are the members of the Cricket Thirteen: H. Gormley, A. d'Abreu, G. Malone-Lee, D. Laing, J. Fletcher, M. de Yturralde, J. Whyatt, R. Sutherland, F. Lynch, R. Pringle, K. Horton, A. Kennedy, F. Walmsley. We have had several indignation matches but chiefly owing to rather weak fielding we have not been too

successful with them. We all wish to thank Father R. Colley for helping us with our cricket.

On Friday, June 27th, the feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Colley kindly got up a team to play against our eleven. An account of the match is given elsewhere. We wish to thank Father Colley and all the other players, among whom were Dr. Orme and Mr. Lewis-Jones, for enabling us to have a most enjoyable day. We hope that in future Third Playroom may be able to have an equally enjoyable day every year.

H. GORMLEY.

FOURTH PLAYROOM.

There were a lot of changes in the Playroom when we came back this term. The most important one was the new library. The shelves are covered with green cloth and there are a lot of new books, including fifteen volumes of the "Boys Own Paper." The pictures have been cleaned and rearranged, and now we have three plants on top of the cupboards. They look very nice, and we thank Father Ireland very much for them.

A large photo of the football eleven has been hung up in the playroom. We hope soon to have one of our cricket eleven too. Mr. Clarke has very kindly been coaching the eleven, and we are going to challenge a lot of people now, including the winners of the Lower Line Leagues. We want to thank Mr. Clarke for coming and helping us, and Mr. McQuillin for helping Second Match as he has done.

We have got a Tennis Club now. Alphonse Cassidy is Secretary. We are sorry there has been so little enthusiasm shown in tennis. There are only twenty members of the club, and they don't seem to like it. It is a pity, because Third Playroom have lent us their court on whole school days, instead of playing on it themselves. We thank them very

much for helping us, and we still hope the tournaments which have just begun will prove that we appreciate it.

It is rather late, but these are the first playroom notes this term, and we have not yet announced the winners of last term's sports events. We congratulate M. Fraser on winning the third set High Jump, and also on being second in the third set Hurdles. Halliday has since left us for Third Playroom, but it was he who carried off the third place in the 440 for Fourth Playroom. We announce here also and congratulate the winners of last term's tournaments. John Russell won the Billiards and Justin Feeny the Ping-Pong. David Perry again carried off the prize for the Chess Competition. This is the second time running that he has done this. He must be a regular champion. Their names have been put up in the playroom.

Father King has just sent us a nice book for our library called "The Sub and the Submarine." We thank him very much for it.

J. W. R.

ELOCUTION COMPETITION.

On Sunday, June 22nd, the Elocution Competition took place in the Academy Room. Father Bernard Vaughan kindly consented to act as judge, and spoke a few words at the end which should prove extremely useful to the competitors on future occasions. These, summarised, were: That the average was lower than might have been hoped; that acting is not elocution; that the amusing and non-classical should not be chosen; that gestures should be such as to give the idea to the eye before the actual words are spoken; and that knowledge of one's piece is essential. Without in any way wishing to dispute his decision, we would like to mention that Malone's piece, which was ruled out as unsuitable, was entirely in keeping with the Stonyhurst tradition, and, in fact, won the prize a few years ago.

I.—P. J. Malone recited "Dot Baby of Mine," by Charles Follen Adams, a difficult piece, owing to

the Anglo-German phraseology. When taking into consideration this, and the extremely bad acoustic properties of the Academy Room, surprisingly little was inaudible. It was adjudged that he had destroyed his chances in the competition, in spite of his obvious ability, by his choice of a piece of such an unclassical nature.

II.—L. Robertson recited Gilbert Murray's translation of the dying speech of Hippolytus in Euripides' play of that name. This recitation was energetically done; so much so that his agonised expression tended to draw one's sympathy from the dying Hippolytus and centre it upon the suffering Robertson. At one time the last remarks of Phædra appeared to become involved with those of Hippolytus. He lost his chances of success owing to his piece requiring more acting than elocution.

III.—D. Kane recited the Dying Speech of Cyrano de Bergerac. In this he failed to satisfy our expectations. It is a piece which needs great energy of acting, but, until the last few lines, his enunciation was so slow as to be almost insipid. Further, his acting, in which he excels, greatly helped to disqualify him as an elocutionist.

IV.—C. Carrigan recited Launcelot Gobbo's speech from "The Merchant of Venice." He was unfortunate in not having learnt his piece, but for some time managed to disguise his pauses as the meditations of the queer-witted Gobbo. Eventually this proved impossible, but, in spite of the disadvantage under which he laboured, he managed to give a most amusing version of the speech, partly Shakespeare's and partly his own.

V.—L. Sullivan recited Satan's Address to the Sun from Book IV. of "Paradise Lost." He certainly deserved his win, as no one, excepting Kennedy, approached him in what one might call the Pseudo-Classic style of elocution which appears to be necessary on these occasions. He should try and realise the import of the words, "For singing loudly is not singing well" from the "Ballata of True and False Singing," and try to find some other means of "expression" besides an increase in the volume of sound.

VI.—P. Kennedy recited the Dying Speech of Faustus from Christopher Marlowe's "Faustus." His chief fault was in his footwork, which frequently reminded one of certain "Physical Training" exercises. He seemed to forget that, as the feet are the natural basis of the body, it is useless to have them classically placed if the body is not poised naturally above them. However, he thoroughly deserved his second place.

M. R. T-L,

THE STONYHURST ASSOCIATION DINNER.

The Stonyhurst Association Dinner, which took place this year at the College on June 21st, was one of the most successful meetings of its kind.

The President of the Association for 1919, Sir John Lane Harrington, K.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B., presided, and the following members were present : Mr. O. Goodier (*Secretary*), Mr. N. J. Synnott, Mr. W. P. Whitaker, Father Bernard Vaughan, Dr. E. J. Blackett, Mr. H. Weld-Blundell, Mr. H. C. John, Mr. P. W. Colley, Mr. R. W. Colley, Mr. W. F. Anderton, Mr. C. Ryan, Captain Chas. Manners, D.S.O., Mr. P. Hallinan, Mr. C. Hallinan, Mr. F. Kirby, Mr. C. Eastwood, Mr. Christopher Trappes-Lomax, Mr. Robert Trappes-Lomax, Mr. J. Brand, Mr. H. Brand, Mr. T. A. Thornton, Mr. F. Weld Lieutenant R. R. Riley, Mr. R. P. S. Walker, Mr. A. G. Wingfield, Mr. H. R. Feeny, and Mr. R. Gibson.

The guests of the Association present were : Doctor Orme, Mr. Walter Illingworth, Father Vignaux, Father Alban Goodier, Father E. Colley, Father R. Colley, Father R. Bartley, Father Ireland, Father F. Irwin, Father Gruggen, Father Watts.

A glance at the appended menu will show that the dinner was worthy of the occasion.

It fell to the President to propose the toast of "The King, Duke of Lancaster," which he did in brief and well chosen terms.

Mr. P. Hallinan then rose to propose the toast of "Stonyhurst" and "The Stonyhurst Association," for which purpose he had come all the way from Cork. "Gentlemen," he said, "why you summoned me, a poor *bosthoon* from Cork, to undertake the honourable and onerous task of proposing this toast, I am at a loss to explain. At the prospect me heart fails me—(interruption)—'Your heart?'"

"Ye can't see me heart, but ye can see the rest of me—(hear, hear!)—and me heart is fuller than the rest of me, and that is saying a good deal."

(A Voice) : "It is !" (Laughter).

"Me heart is proud of me old college. That's why I sent me son to Stonyhurst, and if I had more

of them that's where I'd send them too. (Hear, hear !) As I once said to Father Bodkin, 'If all old Stonyhurst men sent their sons to Stonyhurst they would be only discharging a small portion of the debt they owe their Alma Mater. When he and I were boys together, and members of the Stonyhurst Union Debating Society—a Society, which, I'd have ye know, was founded before the Oxford Union Debating Society was thought of—we passed a resolution bearing on this subject.

I am always glad to return to the old place and see again around me the faces of old friends and schoolfellows.

Of my old class, of which Father Sykes was the Master, I think I am the only one left."

Mr. Charles Ryan : "I am one."

"Shure ye are, now ; more power to ye !"

"Shure, it's great bhoys we were entirely in those days, and ye'll not persuade me that the present generation love their old college better than we did.

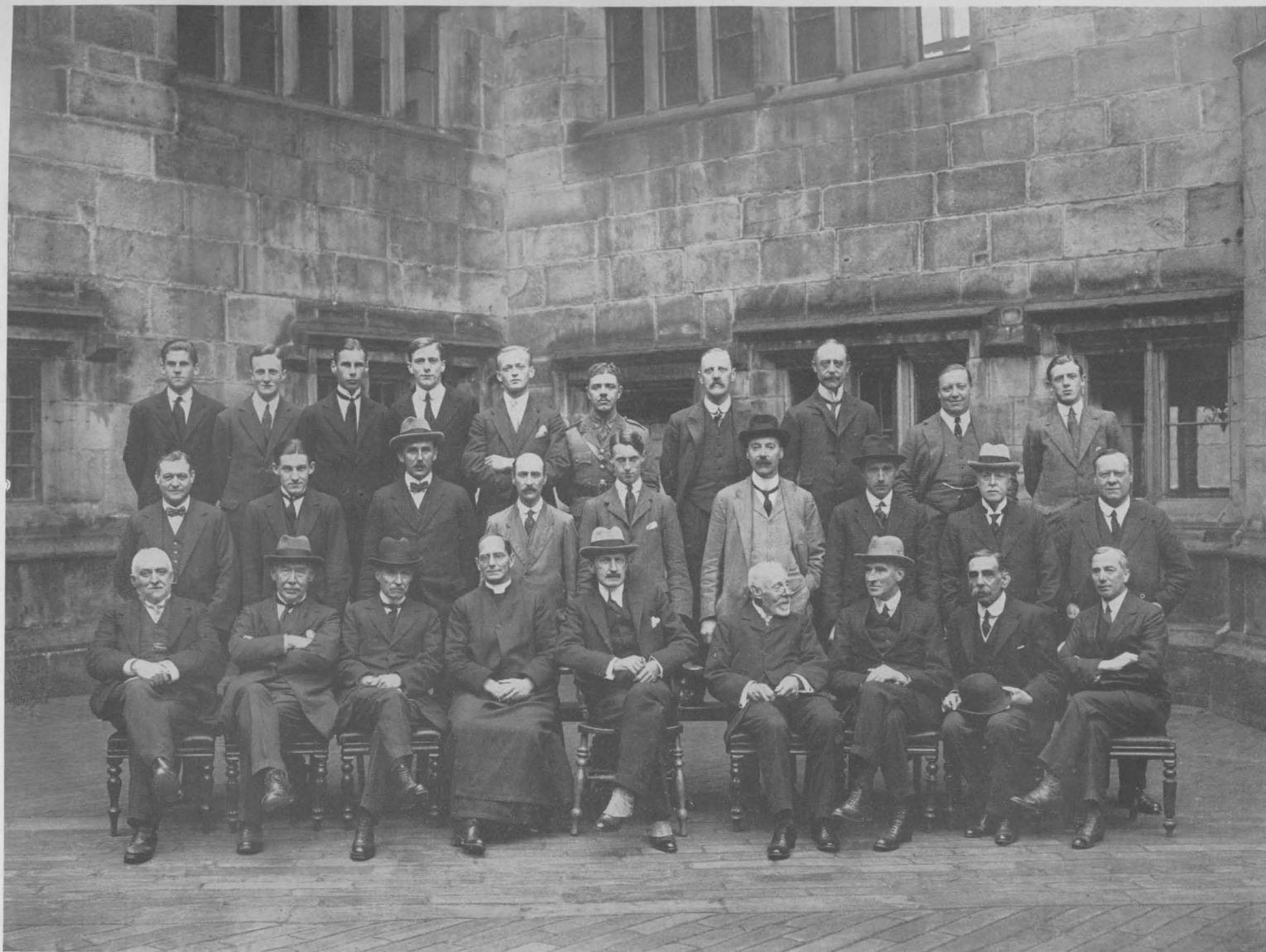
And now I've got to say a word about the Stonyhurst Association. Bad cess to the Secretary of it that brought me here all the way from Cork to occupy this embarrassing position. I've addressed recruiting meetings in Cork in spite of the boisterous interruptions of Sinn Feiners, but this is a more trying ordeal, Bedad !

We are in an age of Trade Unions. The Stonyhurst Association should be the biggest trade union of all, in which all Stonyhurst boys should unite to promote the best interests of their school.

I see here to-night the two Heads of Line, Murray and Neely, to represent the present school.

I'm glad to see ye, me bhoys ! You'll be proud of it some day, so ye will. Here's a health to Stonyhurst and the Stonyhurst Association. Hooroosh ! Slaunthe !" (Prolonged applause).

The Rev. Father Rector then rose to respond. "My first word to you all," he said, "is the word 'Welcome.' My only regret is that I have not the pleasure of welcoming you in greater numbers. I miss some whom I had hoped to see here to-night. Mr. Joseph Maxwell-Scott, Captain Coury—our youngest V.C.—and others. I miss, too, and we all miss, with the deepest regret, that well-known, universally popular, and most loyal son and friend



SOME MEMBERS OF THE STONYHURST ASSOCIATION, JUNE, 1919.

Top Row.—J. NEELY, A. WINGFIELD, W. MURRAY, L. GRADWELL, R. WALKER. Lt. R. RILEY, C. EASTWOOD, F. WELD, H. BRAND, H. FEENY.

Second Row.—O. GOODIER, G. BURNS, CAPT. C. MANNERS, T. THORNTON, R. GIBSON, R. COLLEY, F. KIRBY, J. UNSWORTH, J. BRAND.

Bottom Row.—W. P. WHITAKER, N. J. SYNNOTT, P. W. COLLEY, REV. E. O'CONNOR, SIR J. L. HARRINGTON, W. ANDERTON, E. LESCHER, H. C. JOHN, DR. E. J. BLARETT.

of Stonyhurst, a former President of our Association, Mr. Ernest O'Bryen, whom an untimely death has recently removed from our midst. And there are many others, too, whom death—a glorious death on the battlefield, has claimed in defence of their country—the 145 Stonyhurst men killed in this war. They are with us in spirit to-night, and we shall drink to their memory in silence, later, from the golden loving-cup which a Stonyhurst well-wisher has presented for this purpose." The speaker then referred to the reputation gained by Stonyhurst men for their College during the war, and the many distinctions they had won.

The Rector went on to say that our present College O.T.C. was maintaining its best traditions of efficiency. He quoted the encomiums passed on it by various inspecting officers. He added that the College was as full of students as it could be, and praised the excellent spirit now existing among the boys—"a spirit of work and a spirit of loyalty to their school."

He passed on to enumerate various educational successes recently won by college boys in examinations for the Universities and for the professions.

Finally he alluded to the material progress of the College as displayed in the institution of a Fourth Playroom and the prospective erection of a Fourth Playground, etc., concluding in an optimistic vein with references to the installation of electric light and central heating as possibilities of the future. (Prolonged applause).

Mr. Philip Colley said that after the amusing speech of Mr. Hallinan, and the extremely interesting and exhaustive address they had just listened to from Father Rector, there was not much left for him to say on the subject of this toast.

He remembered, he said, once meeting his old friend, Father Hunter, in a state of distress because someone had passed an adverse criticism on the effects in after life of the Stonyhurst school discipline, which was so severe, the critic alleged, that the reaction experienced after leaving school tended to drive them "to the bad."

"I replied," he said, "by quoting straight off the reel the cases of every Stonyhurst man whose career I had followed after he had left school. This

practical refutation of the libel opened his eyes, and the good old man went away consoled."

In a reminiscent mood the speaker passed on to allude in affectionate terms to his old College masters and personal friends, Father Pinnington, Father Walter Sidgreaves, "whose recent death is fresh in our memories," Father Charnley, that wonderful veteran who still carries on gaily at Stonyhurst undismayed by the burden of his 82 years." (Cheers) "What a brilliant class his was in my time." (Oh! oh! laughter). "I am not referring to my share in its brilliancy."

In illustration of his point he might cite the case of Sir Nicholas O'Connor, Ambassador at Constantinople and St. Petersburg.

"I remember him as a giant six feet high when he was in Figures. He was not then thought to promise well intellectually." Then came references to Sir Joseph Walton, Father Perry, Alfred Austin, General Paul Kenna, v.c., Sir John Moriarty, (Irish Chief Justice), Sir Thomas Hughes (of Australia), General Bulfin, General Maxwell-Scott, General Costello, v.c., General Johnston, General Keily, Colonel McCarthy Morrogh, and the two Colonels McCarthy O'Leary, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Cardinal Vaughan, artists such as Bernard Partridge and Paul Woodroffe, Mr. Nicholas Synnott, Director of Banks and Railways.

"Our President to-night, whose romantic career in Abyssinia, of which he was the British uncrowned King, is well known to all who have followed the history of the making of British influence in Africa. (Loud applause). This may seem rather a medley of names, but it will illustrate the point I wish to make, the point contained in the words of the Stonyhurst Chorus: 'Thy sons in every land are known.' (Cheers). The speaker then made allusion to the debt he owed personally to Stonyhurst and to the "good, kind men who had presided over his early education," and added a feeling tribute to the sons of Stonyhurst who had fallen in the War.

"In speaking of my old Stonyhurst College friends, I have reserved to the end the pick of the bunch, our premier British pulpit orator, who sits beside me and is to speak after me—Father Bernard Vaughan. (Cheers.)

"His eloquence may be trusted to supply the deficiencies of my poor efforts to say what I could in praise of my old Alma Mater—Stonyhurst." (Loud applause).

Father Bernard Vaughan said that he had come to Stonyhurst after a strenuous week's work hoping for a little rest, hoping to be a listener and not a speaker at this dinner.

He then proceeded to illustrate his preliminary remarks by a series of comic stories so well told and so amusing that the present reporter dropped his pencil to listen, and thus failed to record them.

Then followed reminiscences of his early days at Stonyhurst, to which he came in 1859. He was proud of being a Stonyhurst man. The College had proved its prowess in the past and had done so in the present war. Of the 50 V.C.'s gained by Lancashire three were won by Stonyhurst. (Cheers.)

It should be our ambition to make Stonyhurst not merely the greatest school in the North of England, but in the whole of England." (Cheers.)

Mr. T. E. Lescher was the proposer of the toast "The Guests." It gave him great pleasure, he said, to say something in appreciation of the guests he saw around him to-night. He was sorry that one of those whose name was down to respond to his toast was prevented by illness from attending. He referred to "our dear friend Father Cortie." (Hear, hear)—in whose absence Father Goodier had kindly consented to fill the vacant office. He referred to Father Cortie's eminence as a scientific man, which had reflected so much credit on the College, and wished him in the name of the Stonyhurst Association a speedy recovery. (Hear, hear.) "In another of our guests," he continued, "Dr. Orme, Stonyhurst has been indeed fortunate in securing the services of one who stands high in the ranks of his profession, but whose personal devotion to the College sick has gone far beyond the limits of mere professional duty and interest. His name is a household word at Stonyhurst." (Cheers.)

The speaker then passed on to say a few words of appreciation about each of the other guests—Mr. Illingworth, Father Goodier, Father Ireland, Father E. Colley, Father R. Colley, Father Vignaux, Father Gruggen, Father Bartley, and Father F. Irwin, con-

cluding by thanking them in the name of the Stonyhurst Association for affording it the pleasure of entertaining them that night.

To Mr. Lescher's speech Father Goodier, who took Father Cortie's place, replied as follows:—"Mr. Lescher's speech has freed me from a great anxiety. The name down on the card as of the one responding for the guests is that of Father Cortie, and I was afraid that perhaps at this stage of the dinner my audience might not carefully notice that I was not Father Cortie—(laughter)—but only a feeble substitute, and might expect of me the brilliance and wit and excellence they would certainly have received from him. However, Mr. Lescher has assured us all that Father Cortie is not here; under that protection I speak with more courage.

It is common for guests to bring news to a house; hence in responding for the guests, since I am by accident here from a very far distance, I may be expected to bring some news of Stonyhurst men from there. And I think I can. During the course of this evening we have heard much, and that with great rejoicing, of the Stonyhurst men who have distinguished themselves in the war. But there is another class, of those whose place prevented them from being distinguished, and yet whose work was no less vital for their country's welfare, and proved no less the stuff of which they themselves were made.

Let me illustrate this from my own little corner. During the war my lot has been cast in and about Bombay; it is there that I have had to "do my bit." When I first arrived there I soon discovered that one of the most responsible, most esteemed and most efficient men in the city was its solicitor-general. He was a Stonyhurst boy—the Hon. Mr. Nicholson. (Cheers.) About a year after the war had begun, when things were going bad with us in Mesopotamia, a comparatively young man was given the command of the Government dockyard, one of the most responsible posts in the war, since it entailed the control of all the shipping connected with the Mesopotamia and the German East African campaigns. That young man was also an old Stonyhurst boy—Commander Digby Beste. (Cheers.) We know the scandal of the bad supply of medical materials in Mesopotamia at the beginning of the

war. One day I discovered a fresh British officer had been sent down to control and reorganise these supplies. That man was an old Stonyhurst boy—Colonel Matthew, of the Indian Medical Service. (Cheers). As time went on, and troops increased in numbers, the problem of their healthy accommodation became very serious. The problem was given to a well-known engineer to solve, and in a year or so he had built a town for the army, which is likely now to be a permanent depôt. That engineer was an old Stonyhurst boy, known to us all—Mr. Moylan. (Loud cheers).

I quote these four instances from a single corner of the Empire, the one with which I have been most in touch during these terrible five years. With a little thought I know I could add to the list. But these suffice for the short time at my disposal, for they show that Stonyhurst men have grit in them, and when the testing time comes it is soon seen how they can be relied upon. It is men like these that have made the name of Stonyhurst honoured and respected; and that it is honoured and respected I have good reason to know. I have always thanked God that I was a Stonyhurst boy, but never more than in these last few years; and I thank you, gentlemen, for giving me the opportunity of saying this in public, as one of your guests this evening. (Cheers).

Doctor Orme, speaking on behalf of the guests, said that the honour conferred on him by the College in choosing him for its medical adviser carried with it no small responsibility. It had been his duty, and at the same time a very great pleasure to discharge this responsible task to the best of his ability.

If the compliments paid him by Mr. Lescher were a shock to his modesty, they gave him at the same time the opportunity of acknowledging in public to-night the unfailing courtesy and kindness which he had always received from everyone at Stonyhurst during the very pleasant twelve years during which he had been associated with the School.

During this period, he said, "I, too, have in a sense been at school." My association with Stonyhurst has, among other lessons learnt, enhanced my appreciation of the value of comradeship and good

fellowship. In my interest in the success of the College I am second to none. (Applause). I desire to see it create for itself as a school a record second to none. In the Stonyhurst Association I recognise another proof of its vitality.

Schools which can produce such energetic, loyal, and enthusiastic associations of old boys cannot fail to flourish. (Loud applause).

The toast of "The President" was proposed by Mr. Henry C. John. He began by a brief sketch of the brilliant military and diplomatic career of Sir John Lane Harrington, dwelling especially on the striking success achieved by him during the long period of his sojourn in Abyssinia as British Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Emperor Menelek.

Even in that distant land, in spite of constant preoccupations with affairs of the highest importance among the dangers and vicissitudes of life passed in the midst of those turbulent and capricious tribes his interest in and affection for his old school remained unflagging. (Hear, hear).

Souvenirs of this period of his career, proofs at the same time of his prowess as a big game hunter, and of his affection for Stonyhurst, look down upon us from every wall of the College in the shape of the magnificent collection of heads of big game which adorn our dining hall and galleries and playrooms.

Our library, too, has been enriched by him with gifts of rare Abyssinian manuscripts. (Cheers). He has been President of the Stonyhurst Association in 1910 and is so again this year. He is one among many Stonyhurst men who have reflected credit on their school by their services to their country in the war. He raised a battalion in England and commanded it in France. And now, to-night, as a final proof of his abiding interest in Stonyhurst, he has intimated his intention of founding a "Harrington Scholarship," the details of which will be announced in due course. (Prolonged cheers).

In replying to Mr. John's speech, Sir John Lane Harrington said: "After the display of oratory you have listened to to-night, it will be needless for me to detain you long.

On the subject of after-dinner speeches there is a wise saying attributed to a certain old skipper.

According to him there are three essentials for a good after-dinner speech : First to be able to *stand* up ; second to be able to *speak* up ; third to be able to *sit down*. (Laughter).

Even after five glasses of Stonyhurst port I think I can do all three. (Loud applause). But before attempting the third movement in the skipper's trilogy, I must carry out the second, and say a few words from my heart on the subject of my old school. I owe a debt of gratitude to Stonyhurst which I can never repay. It is to my education at Stonyhurst that I attribute whatever success I have achieved in my public career. I appeal to you to do all you can to further the aims of the Stonyhurst Association, which has always taken such an intelligent and practical interest in the success of the College. In conclusion I will invite you to drink to the health of the Association, coupling with it the name of Father Rector, who, as I have good reason to know, is devoted heart and soul to the interests of Stonyhurst. (Loud applause).

Suggestions, first muttered in low tones, and gradually swelling into a vociferous chorus, now arose inviting the Head of the Line, W. Murray, to address the meeting.

After the usual courteous preamble dealing with the "excellent speeches already made," Murray thanked Father Rector on behalf of the College boys for his eulogistic reference to the good spirit which existed amongst them. This spirit, he suggested, was rather to be attributed to Father Rector, Father Ireland, and those of the College staff who were in closest association with the boys.

He hoped, as all hoped, that Stonyhurst would continue to improve and flourish, and attain and retain a leading position among the public schools of England. (Cheers).

He alluded to the successes recently won by the College in scholarship examinations, and to the high standard attained in our recent athletic sports.

He was proud to be head of this great school, and he hoped that he and those who came after him

would be privileged to emulate the example offered them by the lives of the eminent old Stonyhurst men whom he saw around him to-night. (Prolonged applause).

Father F. Irwin was then called upon for a speech. He said : " I suppose it really does not matter very much what one says at this stage of the dinner. The potent products of Brother Bolton's cellar have already circulated freely, and the spirits of this merry meeting are by this time above proof. (Cheers and laughter). By this time you have no doubt all reached the stage when, according to the best traditions of our race, a Scotsman is becoming argumentative, an Irishman is feeling round for his shillelagh, and an Englishman is surreptitiously preparing to slide under the table with a smile of fatuous benevolence. (Laughter).

I speak, of course, as one addressing the laity only. But I have mentioned no names. I have not mentioned the name of Jimmy Brand, or of Pat Hallinan, or of Doctor Orme. (Laughter). However I must be careful. It is not always safe for the clergy to twit the laity on their alcoholic failings. For attempting this the tables were once rather neatly turned on old Father Meyers by one of his Stonyhurst parishioners, a noted toper named Tom —

Meeting him one day "under the influence," Father Meyers accosted him reproachfully, " I am sorry, Tom," he said, " to see that you have taken too much beer again."

" Why, Feyther," said Tom, " arta sorry ? Is't i'th wrang belly ? " (Laughter).

But this is a digression. In a layman a digression at this stage of the banquet would be a suspicious symptom. In a clergyman—well, gentlemen, you have listened to sermons, so you will recognise nothing abnormal. (Laughter).

I am at a loss, gentlemen, to know in what capacity I have been invited to address you to-night considerably after the eleventh hour. My name is not on the toast list and I have had no notice.

I ask myself whether I am to address you in my capacity as Managing Director of the *Aviary*, or as Editor of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. In either

capacity, I warn you, I am 'out for brass.' (Laughter). In either capacity, as I look around me to-night, I see before me a majestic vista of plunder, a priceless opportunity for pillaging the laity. (Laughter).

As Director of the Aviary, I have already drawn your attention in the *Stonyhurst Magazine* to the needs of that institution. I have recorded what the Aviary has done for the war, and pointed out that the war has *done for* the Aviary. I also hinted with no uncertain voice that subscriptions should be addressed to the Managing Director of the Aviary. You know your duty. I need say no more. (Laughter).

As Editor of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, I cannot conceal from myself the fact that not every member of the Stonyhurst Association is also a subscriber to the *Stonyhurst Magazine*. (Laughter and cries of 'Shame.').

As the hour is late and I have now shot my bolt with both barrels I shall conclude by drinking the health of the Stonyhurst Association. But my empty glass warns me that the mess has gone dry, so I shall wish you good-night instead." (Applause).

After a few valedictory good wishes from Father Rector and a notice from the Secretary that a meeting of the Association would be held at 11-0 a.m. next morning the meeting came to an end.

MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRE

Variés.

POTAGE.

Potage aux queues de bœuf.

POISSON.

Saumon—sauce mayonnaise.

ENTRÉES.

Canard. Poulet.

Salade de saison.

ROTIS.

Selle d'agneau—sauce menthe.

Filet de bœuf—sauce raifort.

Petits pois.

Pommes de terre Nouvelles.

Asperges—sauce au beurre.

ENTREMETS.

Geleés et crème variées.

Friandises.

FROMAGE.

Crème de Stonyhurst.

Dessert.

Café.

Cigars.

VINS.

Sherry.

Champagne : Perrier Jouet.

Port.

'TOAST LIST.

"THE POPE" AND "THE KING, DUKE OF LANCASTER."

By *The President*

"STONYHURST" AND "STONYHURST ASSOCIATION."

By *P. Hallinan, Esq.*

STONYHURST CHORUS

Responded to by *Very Rev. Father Rector, S.J.*

P. Colley, Esq.

Rev. Father Vaughan, S.J.

"THE GUESTS."

By *T. Edward Lescher, Esq.*

Responded to by *Rev. Father Ccrtie, S.J.*

Dr. Gilbert Orme.

"THE PRESIDENT."

By *Henry C. John, Esq.*

THE RULING PASSION.

Said a parson to a dying Wigan collier who had been a pigeon flyer, "And when you die, my poor friend, you will be as an angel."

Collier : A hangel? And am I bahn to hev wings?

Parson : "So we may devoutly hope."

Collier : "And wilta hev wings thisen?"

Parson : "Ahem!—I hope so."

Collier : "Then I s'flee thee for a bob!"

SYNTAX ACADEMY.

The Syntax Academy was held on June 16th, and consisted of four extracts from plays, orchestral selections, and a chorus by the singing class. The Prologue was very well recited by P. Kennedy, and was a praiseworthy composition.

As regards the acting, the two Shakespearian excerpts were both well chosen, though the latter from "The Tempest," was possibly a trifle long. The lines were taken rather too quickly as a whole, and it is to be doubted if they always proved audible at the back of the hall. But some commendable dramatic talent was displayed. In the "Julius Cæsar," Antony (F. Sullivan), Brutus (P. Kennedy), Cassius (D. Kane), Cæsar (C. Unsworth) were all good in their respective parts and did justice to their lines. There is a certain melodic beauty about the poetry of Shakespeare which might perhaps have received rather more attention—a matter which concerns most the training of the ear.

D. Kane, as Caliban, is to be congratulated upon a difficult piece of acting, successfully carried through, and F. Sullivan was amusing, as the tipsy Stephano, without over-acting his part.

The passage from "The Frogs" was also entertaining. Is it necessary that the Greek should be translated after each few lines? The obvious reply is, "Yes, if it is to prove intelligible to most of us," but the main objection seems to be that it must render the acting very difficult, being broken as it were, by the interpretation of the lines. In this case at any rate the play would probably have interpreted itself without translation. All four characters were good, but there was a tendency to hurry through the Greek and get on to a very modern and expressive rendering in the vernacular.

The French play ("Les Plaideurs") was well acted, and J. de T'Serclaes, as Dandin, F. Sullivan as L'Intimé, and J. Cagger as Léandre all played well, and brought out the points of the scene.

The merit of the whole performance seemed to be that each piece stimulated further interest in the authors of the respective plays. There is, for instance, a prevalent idea that classical authors are necessarily dry and ponderous. And yet, as

we can see, the farce of Aristophanes can be made as jolly as the farce of any other age, and the world would surely be the poorer if these mellow old jokes were lost.

C. G. M.

We append a programme of the entire Academy :

OVERTURE "The Doge's March" ... Rosse
THE ORCHESTRA.

Pars Prior.

Prologum (a quodam contubernali scriptum) pronuntiabit... .. P. KENNEDY.

Shakespeare "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Sc. i. agent.

Julius Cæsar	...	C. UNSWORTH.
Antonius	...	F. SULLIVAN.
Brutus	...	P. KENNEDY.
Cassius	...	D. KANE.
Casca	...	L. PEARCE.
Trebonius	...	K. O'BRYEN.
Decius	...	W. JONES.
Cimber	...	C. MARCHANT.
Cinna	...	B. JOHN.
Servant	...	E. LEICESTER.

Scenam ex Aristophanis "Ranis" agent

Dionysus	...	J. DE T'SERCLAES.
Æacus	...	C. MARCHANT.
Xanthias	...	G. HOLMES.
Ancilla	...	D. KANE.

INTERLUDE "Fifinette" Fletcher
THE ORCHESTRA

Pars Altera

Scenam ex "Les Plaideurs" (Racine) agent

Dandin...	...	J. DE T'SERCLAES.
Léandre	...	J. CAGGER.
L'Intimé	...	F. SULLIVAN.
Petit-Jean	...	D. KANE.
Chicanneau	...	W. SUTTILL.
Le Souffleur	...	

Shakespeare "The Tempest," Act II, Sc ii : Act III,
Sc ii agent.

Stephano	...	F. SULLIVAN.
Trinculo	...	B. JOHN.
Caliban	...	D. KANE.
Ariel	...	P. KENNEDY

CHORUS "A Right Good Crew" ... Vincent
THE SINGING CLASS.

SERGEANT-MAJOR MARCHANT.

Instructor of the Stonyhurst O.T.C. from September, 1903, to September, 1919.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Marchant, formerly of the *Royal Sussex Regiment*, came to Stonyhurst in September, 1903, as Instructor to the Cadet Corps, formed in 1901. Through these last 16 years he has trained the contingent, as cadet corps, and then as O.T.C., in Drill, Musketry, and Field Work, and has obtained for the Company a standard of efficiency of which any instructor should be proud.

His determination to get work done in the short hours allotted to training, and his unfailing discipline, have always been so tempered by tact that, though we have a saying now "as hard to please as the Sergt.-Major," we all have affectionate memories of "the Sergt.-Major who always pulls us through."

It is a severe test of a man's powers of discipline, tact, and patience, to take in hand a body constituted as is an O.T.C., including the age when fidgeting limbs and wagging tongues are beyond control, and the age when, alas! in some cases energizing of any sort becomes a bore. How familiar to all of us has become the stentorian voice, when we are all standing to attention, and being in the rear rank do not expect notice—"Number — in the rear rank moved his hand. Boys! when will you learn to stand still?,"

In the days of single corps, the Juniors formed a strong and efficient company of their own, but the "sizing parade" was always a severe trial. The inevitable tongues would break loose and the lethargic would fall asleep somewhere. At last the S.M. is satisfied—"Number!" and he moved down the line—121—122—then from a cadet suddenly aroused from his reverie—ten! "I'll knock your—head off!" the only time I have heard the S.M. use strong language!

The orderly room is a symbol of the efficiency which surrounds S.M. Marchant. He has drawn up a large ledger with the names, dates, and records of all cadets and officers who have passed through the Corps. When the war broke out and the

Territorial Musketry return forms were no longer issued, he drew up on blank paper the complete forms required each year, much to the astonishment of the W.O. inspecting officer. This year the inspection report forms were not sent in time—by the evening all the forms were made out in triplicate!

During the 16 years that S.M. Marchant has trained the contingent he has been faced by many difficulties; not the least has been the want of a suitable rifle range. The mill range can only be used in fine weather, and the Drill Hall only accommodates a firing party of four. Hence all the winter months are taken up with training and firing recruits, and the classification test for cadets over 13 is fired on the open range from June onwards. This would seem to bar the training of any special teams, but each year S.M. Marchant has trained a team to compete for the *Country Life* Trophy, and though he can only give the team one month of intensive training, he has invariably obtained a good position—this year the sixth place. In addition to this, he usually trains a junior team, under fifteen, for the Imperial Service Challenge Shield, the results of this year's shoot will appear in September.

We conclude by wishing our departing Sergeant-Major all success in finding a nice home in his native county of Sussex, and all health and happiness there. May he not find it too far to pay us a visit now and again.

Will all those who read this and have any connection with Sussex kindly inform the O.C. if they have any knowledge of a cottage for sale or to let in Sussex.

Appended are letters from former officers commanding the contingent:—

R. COLLEY, S.J. (*Lieutenant*),
(*Present O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C.*).

From *Lieut.-Colonel S. A. Pearce, D.S.O.* :

"Superlatives are so squandered nowadays by the Press and everyone who writes or scribbles that they seem to have lost all meaning. However, as regards Sergt.-Major Marchant I can use nothing but superlatives. He is a perfect specimen of a magnificent type—the genuine old-fashioned non-commissioned officer

who knows his work perfectly, commands respect from all ranks, and is, above all, absolutely and invariably and always loyal and staunch and faithful."

S. A. PEARSE, *Lieut.-Colonel*,
(*Late O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C.*).

From Captain N. Ryan :

"So the Sergt.-Major is retiring! Well, his loss is a great one. That is frequently said of people, isn't it? But with how much truth of Sergt.-Major Marchant only they who know him personally, and have had an acquaintance with his work can fully realise. What confidence all in the Corps—both officers and cadets—reposed in him! And when one recalls his well-known figure on the parade ground, such confidence is not surprising. Though there may be some instructors whose knowledge of drill and musketry is as thorough as his, how few of them possess his gifts of instructing and his powers of control! To hear him instructing, for instance, in Arms Drill, was a lesson in itself. His clear exposition, his smart illustration of the movements, and last, but not least, his patience in correcting faults—all these were examples which many a cadet, through impressions perhaps unconscious, must have valued when for him, too, the time came to train others during the war. But behind all his work was his main object—a personal, ever present purpose—to make the Stonyhurst Corps *facile princeps*. Do you remember how he would sacrifice his spare time to effect any improvement so long as he could keep up before the boys the ideal he had set out to accomplish? And this was, I think, more apparent in work which many did not see. Many and many times have I found him, late in the evening, checking returns, or poring over his neat records and clearly written ledgers, so that he could spend some time next day in trying to improve some hopeless dullard of a shot who would otherwise pull down the contingent's average. It is a pity one of his ambitions has not been realised. I know he cherished it. It was the winning of the *Country Life* Trophy. But the failure to achieve that success is most decidedly not his. Yet really when he has gone, he has far greater triumphs to recall to mind. He has had the privilege of seeing that all his many labours were not thrown away, but they were all a direct preparation of those who, when the crisis came, had been imbued with a spirit which I personally know is peculiarly his own—the spirit of Duty. His conscientious work, his efficient keenness, and his characteristic kindness have not then, been in vain, and in consequence there is no one but has for him and always will have an affectionate remembrance. He has well merited it.

N. RYAN, S.J. (*Captain*),
(*Late O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C.*).

From Lieutenant Hull :

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I avail myself of the present opportunity of stating publicly my deep respect and feelings of personal regard for Sergt.-Major Marchant. The praise of a good man can be brief. The position he has won for himself, in the course of a well-nigh twenty years' service at Stonyhurst, as one of the most respected and popular figures in the College, is ample proof of this. My impressions of him date back to the first years (about 1900, I think) of his connection with Stonyhurst, and for three years (1915—18), as an officer, I worked with him in the Corps. During the whole of that period I never heard the slightest whisper of complaint about him; on the contrary, there was nothing but commendation on every hand. And my more intimate knowledge of him, gained when commanding the O.T.C. (1917—18) only served to justify and develop my belief in his sterling qualities. Needless to say, he was a born instructor. This, perhaps, was more evident in his handling of the smaller boys. The mixture of sympathy, sternness, encouragement in his manner, would work wonders with the most nervous boy at the range, or most careless on the square. And with the whole Corps he was no less successful: his earnest keenness, tempered with a nice perception of what could reasonably be expected of boys, enabled him to get hold of them, and instruct them as he wished. It would be impertinent in me to say that he knew his work; but besides this, he was always alive to new developments, and eager to learn, e.g., the peculiarities of the 'Chelsea' drill, the new P.T., the latest bayonet exercises. He was in fact an ideal instructor. In matters of organisation and administration, too, the Sergt.-Major was invaluable. He brought the same enthusiasm to bear here as in the actual handling of the boys. Absolutely trustworthy, and most conscientious in the smallest details, he was a man with whom it was both a pleasure and an education to deal. His accounts, record books, musketry rolls, correspondence, files, etc., were kept in perfect order. Nothing was left to chance. Always most respectful to any authority, he was a man characterised by great self-respect. Neatly dressed, a straight back, and a marching step—I can imagine him, as I write, going to or from the College to his work. I use the last phrase advisedly, for the Sergt.-Major was not idle when off duty. His garden at Fairfield claimed his leisure hours. His chief recreation was walking, and during the vacations he tramped a good deal of the country round Stonyhurst. His tastes and pleasures were of the simplest nature. Of his devotion to the Corps and to the College, the length of his service itself would afford strong presumption; while anyone who worked under, or with him, could readily testify to the same. His record is a conspicuous example of duty cheerfully,



SERGEANT-MAJOR MARCHANT
(Late Royal Sussex Regiment).

Instructor of the Stonyhurst O.T.C., from September, 1903,
to September, 1919.

VARIA.

AN AMERICAN O.S. NAVAL OFFICER.

We print below an article from the American Naval periodical *Sea Power*, which describes the remarkable feat of an O.S. Naval officer, Lieutenant Leo H. Thébaud (O.S. 1901), in saving the destroyer *Paul Jones* (which he commanded), during a heavy storm lasting over several days. The article is taken from *Sea Power* for May, 1919, and is entitled "*Paul Jones* in 1918."

The U.S.S. *Paul Jones*, destroyer No. 10, was commissioned in 1902. Her normal displacement is listed at 420 tons, full load displacement, 592 tons. Her length is 245 feet, beam 23 feet, and normal mean draft 6.5 feet. She and her sisters, designed in Spanish War days, have long since been outbuilt by modern craft and are now classed as "Coast Torpedo Vessels." During the war her complement was four officers and 85 men.

On January 15th, 1918, the U.S.S. *Stewart* (flagboat of the squadron), the *Worden*, *Hopkins*, *McDonough* and *Paul Jones* left the Philadelphia Navy Yard under emergency orders to proceed to Brest, France, via Bermuda and the Azores. Ice was so thick in the Delaware River that the division of "tin-clads," as the 420-ton destroyers are called in the flotilla, made only twenty miles on the first day. The following day they reached Delaware Breakwater and headed for Bermuda, where they arrived on January 18th, and began coaling. The distance from Bermuda to Ponta Delgada represents a strenuous cruise for the "tin clads" because of their limited fuel capacity, consequently they loaded their bunkers to the limit and then took coal on deck. All of the boats had left the United States with a full load of stores and provisions, and the *Paul Jones* had a mean draft of 8 feet 9 inches after she had filled her bunkers. Since the *Hopkins* is a heavy consumer of coal, and very shy on bunker space, the *Paul Jones* took on board 66 tons as a deck load, three-fourths of which was to be transferred to the *Hopkins* at sea. When this coal was on board, the *Paul Jones* was drawing 9 feet 8 inches—compare this with her theoretical mean draft of 6 feet 6 inches! Low sided at best, this meant that she was over three feet deeper in the water than normal.

The division left Bermuda at dawn on January 22nd, 1918, starting for the Azores. Heavy seas were running and, due to their deck loads, the destroyers rolled deeply and sluggishly. Shortly after the land was

left behind the barometer began to drop rapidly. The wind died down and became dead calm in the afternoon, but not for long! The bottom continued to drop out of the barometer, and the wind rose during the night. On the *Paul Jones* the coal bunker scuttle plates (closing the openings in the deck through which coal is put into the bunkers), started to leak, due, probably, to the shifting of the deck load, and a quantity of water was taken into the ship. The dogs which secure it in place were sheared off a square spring-top bunker escape hatch by the shifting load on the weather side, thus admitting more water to the bunkers. These troubles arose during the night, but were not discovered until morning because of the seas which were coming over the deck.

By the morning of January 23rd the ship had acquired a marked list to port and had lost thirty tons of her deck load overboard. During the morning watch the after motor dory hoist was carried away and it was necessary to cut the dory adrift, since the location of the davits and the list of the ship made it impossible to swing the dory inboard. The weather then became squally, so that the column of boats ahead could rarely be seen. The wind continued to rise and the barometer was still falling slowly. At 7-30 a.m. the *Hopkins* dropped out of the formation, having developed shaft troubles and lost all her deck load. She started to return to Bermuda. During the morning nearly all of the remaining deck load of the *Paul Jones* was lost overboard, together with all of the mess tables and benches which had been lashed on deck to assist in bringing the ship to an even keel.

At noon the list was twelve degrees to port and increasing. The skipper had then decided that she must have a leak somewhere on the port side aft. The *Paul Jones* was, therefore, ordered to return to Bermuda. After turning around course was set for St. David's Head and at a speed of 11 knots she drove into a head sea, which was already high and steadily becoming worse. During the afternoon large quantities of water were taken into the engine room through the hatches and blower cowls. The *Hopkins* was called by radio all the afternoon, but no answer was received. At 8-30 p.m. the list was noticeably interfering with accurate steering of the ship. All of the loose coal was already overboard, but some of the sacks remained on deck and, these having been split by the seas, coal was carried down into the engine room and got into the bilges, where it clogged up the suction of the bilge pumps. The wind shifted to the northwest and increased in intensity. The captain ordered radio distress signals to be sent out. On this day a man was caught on deck by a sea and his spine injured by its force,

During the mid watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) on the morning of January 24th, the port whaleboat was lost, being smashed in two and splintered by the seas. At 2-10 a.m. a bucket brigade began bailing in the after engine room and after fireroom, as the pumps were plugged with coal and the bilge strainers could not be kept clear. The ship's list was still increasing. At 2-45 a.m. the mainmast carried away with all the radio aerials. At 3-30 a.m. the starboard foremast stays snapped and ten minutes later the foremast fell. An effort was at once made to rig an emergency aerial, but during the attempt the radio set became short-circuited through the deck and went out of commission entirely. At daylight the engines were turning over at a rate which would have meant nine knots in smooth water, but the ship was making good only three or four. *The main deck was awash from No. 4 stack aft*, and water was over the main bearings in the engine room. During the forenoon watch (8 a.m. to noon) the bucket brigade was working in the after fireroom and in the wardroom. (On the *Paul Jones* class the wardroom is aft, and one fireroom is abaft the engine room. The C.P.O. quarters are abaft the wardroom). Smoke having been sighted on the horizon, minute guns were fired and the whistle blown regularly, but without result.

At noon the engines were making eight knots, and during the afternoon the sea moderated somewhat. The after fire-room was then flooded to within a few feet of the main deck and there was five feet of water in the wardroom and in the Chief Petty Officers' quarters. The ship was stopped for about two hours and all hands turned to with the bucket brigade in bailing the after compartments. At this time the water was over the floor plates in the engine room, but the pumps were keeping it steady there. While the ship was stopped the galley was wrecked by heavy seas, and for the remainder of the eventful voyage all hands lived on salmon and hardtack—and very small rations of both. The drinking water supply had also become low due to the salting up of some of the tanks. The men in the forward fireroom were working in water up to their ankles, and when the ship rolled water would come up over the grate bars at the sides of the boiler. Seas were going down the stacks at intervals. Provisions were put in the two small boats remaining and on the life rafts, because the skipper did not expect the ship to remain afloat till morning. Bailing operations aft were stopped at four o'clock and the ship went ahead again, steaming on the two forward boilers and using salt water feed.*

The sea and wind increased again as night came on,

*Salt water would be used in a torpedo boat boiler only in desperate circumstances.—EDITOR.

and star and rocket distress signals were fired at intervals until dawn.

During daylight the next day, the 25th, the engines were turned over at nine and one-half knots—when they were being turned over at all—and the ship was making three or four knots. All day the ship steamed ahead for a while and then stopped to bail. The bucket brigade was kept going to the point of exhaustion. The wind increased during the day and the vessel's list increased slightly. The forward fireroom was leaking badly, hence the frequent stops for bailing. Besides all this, the drinking water was nearly gone! At 7-30 a.m. an extremely heavy squall hit the ship—the wind was "force 11." (*Beaumont Scale*).

At noon conditions were very serious and the ship was stopped. All hands were turned to cleaning fires and bailing the forward fireroom. The crew were very tired, but the spirit of the men was as good as ever. Then the last fresh water tank was found too salty to drink—no more fresh water on ship! Efforts were made to catch the rain water for drinking purposes, but the rain was intermittent. The crew completed cleaning fires and the ship went ahead again at 3-30, speed 11 knots. At 4-20 she slowed and fires were cleaned again. She proceeded at 5-10, ploughing into heavy head seas, but the sea was moderating and the ship made only one more stop before midnight.

At 1-35 a.m. on the morning of January 26th the white flashing light on St. David's Head, Bermuda, was sighted, the ship at that time steaming into very heavy head seas. At 2-10 she picked up St. David's Head Light slightly on port bow. At 3-30 she started firing rockets, stars, and a six-pounder gun. At 3-15 changed course for Gibbs Hill Light and headed in, the seas calming as the ship reached a partial lee. At 5-10 she anchored in eight fathoms of water and began signalling to the forts for assistance. Shortly afterward the wind caught the bow, tending the chain to starboard, and—the chain parted and the anchor was lost! At 6-50 a.m. a pilot came aboard and the ship proceeded into the British Naval Dockyard at Ireland Island. Meanwhile the bucket brigade was still working at all possible speed. At 9-22 the *Paul Jones* moored alongside a dock in the Navy Yard with the assistance of a tug, and H.M.S. *Drudge* came alongside with fresh water, two fire engines and wrecking pumps, and began pumping the water out of the ship.

Thus did the crew of a grimy coal-burning destroyer uphold the traditions of the Service and of the flotilla! Comment would be superfluous, but the skipper and the exec. rate a word or so, and also the chief petty officers, for the magnificent manner in which they did their

work and kept up the spirit of the men through three and a half days of the hardest kind of work, without sleep or food.

The commanding officer of the *Paul Jones* was Lieutenant L. H. Thébaud, U.S.N., Class of 1913, U.S. Naval Academy. Had it not been for his accurate navigation, under the most adverse circumstances, the ship would never have found the little spot in the ocean which is Bermuda. His spirit was unquenchable, for while he did not see how the ship could remain afloat under the circumstances he had no intention of abandoning her until she sank under him or of leaving undone anything which might aid in keeping her on the topside.

VERSE.

LET HER ALONE.

God made England. Yon broad sea
Holds not another isle so fair.
Dale and upland, coppice and lea,
Harbour and headland—tell me, where
Find ye her like in any zone?
God made England; let her alone.

Let her alone! That will we not.
Leapeth a brook down the green hillside,
Welleth a spring by the shepherd's cot,
There the smoke of our mills shall hide
The land you love.—Oh, hearts of stone!
God made England; let her alone.

Meadow and cornfield all give way
To teeming cities, where stalwart men
Shed their strength and grow lean and grey,
And, cribbed like beasts in an iron den,
Weaklings breed that no land would own.
God made England; let her alone.

God made England for Englishmen,
That they might live on her acres broad;
Not in foul alleys, but and ben,
Toiling and moiling to swell your hoard
Who coin hard money of flesh and bone.
God made England; let her alone.

RED ROBIN.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

"POPINJAY."

On Wednesday, 28th May, Gradwell read a paper on "Humour and the Victorian Era." Messrs. Watson and Southern were present as visitors. In this extraordinarily amusing paper he maintained that the Victorian Era surpassed all others in the quality of its literary humour, giving as examples Thackeray, Meredith, Gilbert, and Lear. In contradiction, Murray quoted "Much Ado About Nothing" to show that the humour of Shakespeare was not mere buffoonery. Mr. D'Arcy and others immediately held that buffoonery was the highest form of humour. An animated discussion then ensued as to what humour really was. In the course of this Mr. Watson was unexpectedly presented with one of his own definitions, over which he could exercise no control. Wit became frequently entangled with humour, and buffoonery with tragedy, leading to an uproarious series of minor witticisms, which lasted till the end of the most amusing of the Club's sittings.

On Saturday, June 14th, Gorham read a paper on "The Importance of Wordsworth and Coleridge in the English Literature." Messrs. Brodrick and Mortimer, and Gradwell, Neely, Sullivan, and Kane attended as visitors. The object of this excellent and lucid paper was to show that, although Wordsworth had greater influence on English Literature owing to his larger and steadier output of good class verses, Coleridge, some of whose poems had never been surpassed, was a greater poet and a true Romantic. In the interesting discussion which followed there was but little directly concerning the subject, except some extremely disparaging remarks concerning Wordsworth, most of the time being spent in an animated discussion on the respective merits of Classicism and Romanticism in Poetry. One party held that Classicism implied that ideas were mummified into dead conventional forms, and that Romanticism implied the breaking through convention into the glorious freedom of romance, while the other party held that Classicism meant the enjoyment of reality and the ordering of chaos, and that Romanticism meant a cowardly escape from the world, and "the bitter of it and the sweet," into decadent realms of unreality. Mr. Southern languidly held that Romanticism meant revolt. Mr. D'Arcy, Neely, and the Secretary upheld Classicism; Gorham, Baron, and Carrigan were staunch Romantics. A few, including Gradwell, who seemed doubtful whether to be bored or shocked by the "Rape of the Lock," held aloof. It is noticeable that, although the same poems—"The Rape of the Lock," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Kubla Khan"—were drawn upon for proofs by both parties, no one changed his opinions in the least before the end of the meeting.

MY GERMAN PRISONS.

By LIEUT. R. R. RILEY (1908), 3rd Batt. South
Staffordshire Regiment.

In response to an invitation from the Editor of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, I have hastily thrown into brief article form the substance of a lecture delivered to the boys here on June 17th.

I was captured by the Germans on the 26th of October, 1914, at the village of Kruisecke, south of Ypres.

At the time I was serving with the 1st South Staffs., attached to the 7th Division, which arrived in France on October 1st, 1914.

Previous to the time of my capture the Division had been retiring before the enemy from the direction of Ghent, and at the moment we were holding the line at the extreme apex of the then Ypres salient.

Our line formed a loop round the north side of the little village of Kruisecke, and on this front the 7th Division was being attacked by two German Army Corps.

On the night of the 25th, "D" Company of the S. Staffs. was sent up to retake some trenches in front of Kruisecke which had been captured from a Guards' battalion. Three platoons of the Company had gone forward, and I was in reserve with the fourth behind the village.

After waiting for half-an-hour I decided to advance to the village, which was on fire. There I met Captain C. Fox, who was about to search the right side of the village to look for the enemy, who were in hiding there, and he directed me to search the left side. This was duly carried out, and resulted in a bag of 200 Boches for Captain Fox, and 20 for my men.

I then made my way to the trenches, where my platoon was attached to a company of the 2nd Scots Guards, commanded by Major Dalrymple.

We held the trenches all day, under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire. Towards evening news came that both our flanks had given way, leaving us more or less in the air. But our orders were to hold on at all costs, in spite of casualties, which had reduced our defending force at this point to 20 men. Machine-guns in houses some 600 yards, and others later from a house 100 yards in our rear, were firing into our trenches, enfilading them in places.

Then at 6 p.m. came a heavy attack from our right flank, which was pressed home till we were encircled and forced to surrender. We were then marched off to Menin, where the officers were separated from the men.

The group of captured officers, of which I formed one, were conducted to the local German Brigadier, who was dining with his staff at the time.

He had us ranged up along one side of the dining room, and did not condescend to notice us further till the end of dinner. He then curtly asked us for papers, maps, and information as to our artillery positions.

As this proved a waste of time, we were entrained in cattle-vans and sent on to Courtrai. Here we were served with a cup of coffee, and re-entrained in closed vans in a train bound for Cologne.

At Cologne station the doors of our vans were thrown open to expose us to the view of the expectant mob who had gathered there to see the first batch of British prisoners. How they howled and jeered and spat at us! It was a revelation of the depth of Boche hatred for England.

Finally these excited creatures became so demonstrative that the doors of our van had to be shut to protect us from the stones and other projectiles they were sending us.

CREFELD.

It was a relief to us all when the train continued its journey to our destination—Crefeld—where we were to be interned in the Husaren Kasern, or Hussar Barracks.

From the station to the barracks our way led through two lines of German soldiers, formed up to guard us from the attentions of the townspeople, who hated us vociferously till we passed out of their sight.

At the barracks the rooms assigned to us were those used before the war by the rank and file of the German Hussars quartered there, twelve British officers occupying rooms designed for six German soldiers.

The rooms were at least clean; the mattresses contained shavings and paper, and the furniture consisted of a deal table and cobblers' stools, no chairs being provided.

The Kommandant (Kort) received us politely, hoped we should be comfortable, sympathised with us at being taken prisoner, and kindly intimated that we could buy an endless variety of luxuries at exorbitant prices. At Crefeld we met many others, British, French, Russians, and Belgians, captured at Mons or on the Aisne.

At this period our treatment was comparatively lenient. Our food, German prison diet, supplemented by some parcels from home, which had begun to arrive, was cooked for us, and we were allowed a sufficiency of servants.

The day after our arrival we were paraded for an inspection by General Von Bissing, later the notorious Governor of Belgium. Naturally, at this moment we were in no fit state to present a smart appearance on parade. Our uniforms were mud-stained, torn, and crumpled from our journey; some were wounded, and all were too dog-tired to begin the work of cleaning up.

Then this amiable man withdrew from us the light of his presence.

Our dietary at Crefeld consisted of bread, margarine, and coffee for breakfast, a lunch of potatoes, vegetables, and horse-flesh, and more potatoes and coffee for supper. We rose at 7-30 a.m., and paraded for roll-call at 8-0.

The most sensational escape made by a British officer during this, my first term of imprisonment at Crefeld, was that of Major Vandeleur. He could speak German fluently, and obtained leave to visit under guard the dentist in the town. At the time

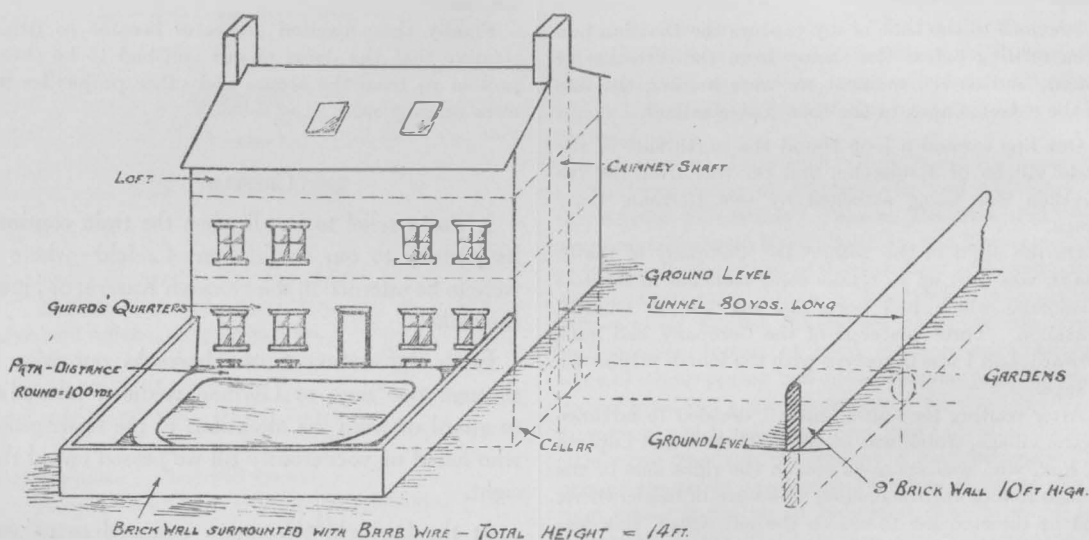


Figure 1. Werl.

Whether from natural obtuseness or deliberate insolence, or a combination of both, his haughty Excellency proceeded to comment on the slovenly appearance we British officers presented on parade.

Owing to a severe wound in the leg, Captain Fox had been unable to wear his trousers, and appeared attired in a "British Warm" and stockings.

Von Bissing asked him rudely whether he was a Highlander. On learning that his wound prevented him from wearing trousers, the overbearing bully snapped out, "That doesn't excuse your insult to me in coming on parade improperly dressed. You will go to prison for three days."

he was wearing civilian clothes, as his uniform had been damaged.

While under the dentist's hands he obtained permission to leave the room for a few minutes, the guard remaining behind. The moment he was unobserved he made his way out of the house and successfully accomplished the six hours march to the Dutch frontier. Three Russian officers who bribed a guard to hire them a motor car were less fortunate. The guard took the money, and when they were seated in the car informed the sentries.

Commandant Kort was the least unamiable of all the gaolers I met, and under his régime our stay was

bearable enough. We whiled away the time with books, card-playing, learning languages, and organising concerts and lectures.

To preserve our *moral* and lower that of our gaolers we sometimes indulged in gentle pleasantries at his expense when on parade. Here is a typical instance. At one particular morning parade we decided to appear stupid. No one seemed to understand the orders and every evolution went awry. The Kommandant, with a look of puzzled annoyance, called upon a British cavalry captain, who alone had executed his orders smartly, to come out and drill his platoon.

This the officer did, and put his men through their paces with such efficiency that the gratified Kommandant made him a speech of congratulation, ending with a low bow. The moment the Kommandant bent to bow the Captain, placing his hands lightly on the German's shoulders, leap-frogged gracefully over his back. For this insult he was, of course, imprisoned, but he felt that "it was worth it."

On another occasion a Kommandant bowed his thanks to a platoon of officers who paraded smartly, they replied by executing in unison the "Pierrot bow," heads almost to the ground and arms flung wildly up behind their backs.

About the middle of January Captain Fox and I were sent from Crefeld to a Catholic prison at Werl, in Westphalia.

WERL.

Our prison at Werl was a private house, with a high-walled garden behind it, in which we took our daily exercise.

On arrival at this place we were met by a fiery little Kommandant named Kilner (waiter). He had been a schoolmaster in the local town, and he started "right in" with a characteristic little domineering lecture on the necessity of obedience to authority. The moral was that we were to treat the commonest private Boche soldier as our superior.

The diet at Werl was inferior in quality and quantity to that at Crefeld. But by this time our parcels were arriving regularly, and even allowing

for the usual average theft by the Huns of 50 per cent. of them, enough remained to make us fairly independent of the prison rations.

On arrival at a new prison the main preoccupation of everyone was to study the best means of escaping from it.

Fig. 1 in our illustrations gives a rough plan of the Werl prison, sufficiently detailed to understand descriptions of our attempts to escape.

The first prisoner to escape from it was a Russian officer. The Russian officers, especially those captured in the early stages of the war, were fine fellows, full of spirit, well educated, and good linguists. Later we met inferior types.

The Russian effected his escape as follows :-- The church was five minutes' walk from the prison, and thither we were marched for Mass every Sunday.

One Sunday the Russian carried to Church a parcel of civilian clothes, hidden under his great coat. Arrived at the Church, on the pretext that he sang well, he joined the choir in the organ loft, which he had previously reconnoitred. He climbed into the interior of the organ through a trap-door and there changed into civilian clothes, afterwards pushing his uniform out to us for concealment. At the end of service he emerged unobserved from the organ, mingled with civilians of the congregation, and left the church with them.

Werl was 150 kilometres from the Dutch frontier. After a march of eleven days our Russian friend had the misfortune to be recaptured.

Meanwhile the British had been planning a method of escape. It had been decided that the only feasible way was to tunnel out from the cellar. As the Germans occupied the lower story of the house the cellar could only be reached by descending into it through the chimney, descending from the loft. This was done by removing some bricks from the flue in the loft and making a rope ladder of plaited parcel-string, with chair legs and other odds and ends for rungs. Tunnelling tools, such as picks and shovels, were obtained by asking leave to make a tennis court which entailed the use of these implements.

Half the eighty yards of the tunnel had been successfully excavated when, through an untoward accident—the fall of Captain Fox with a crash off the broken rope-ladder into the cellar—the Boche guards hearing the noise, rushed into the cellar and found the tunnel.

The necessary maps for travelling had been obtained by Captain Fox by the simple and audacious expedient of quarrelling with the Kommandant in his office and stealing his map while he

CREFELD AGAIN.

On returning to our original prison we found things changed for the worse. Now only one servant was allowed for 25 officers, with the result that the cleaning up of the rooms, polishing boots, and other domestic services had to be performed by ourselves. Worse still, we had to do all our own cooking, for which only one large stove was provided.

This entailed waiting in long queues at the stove

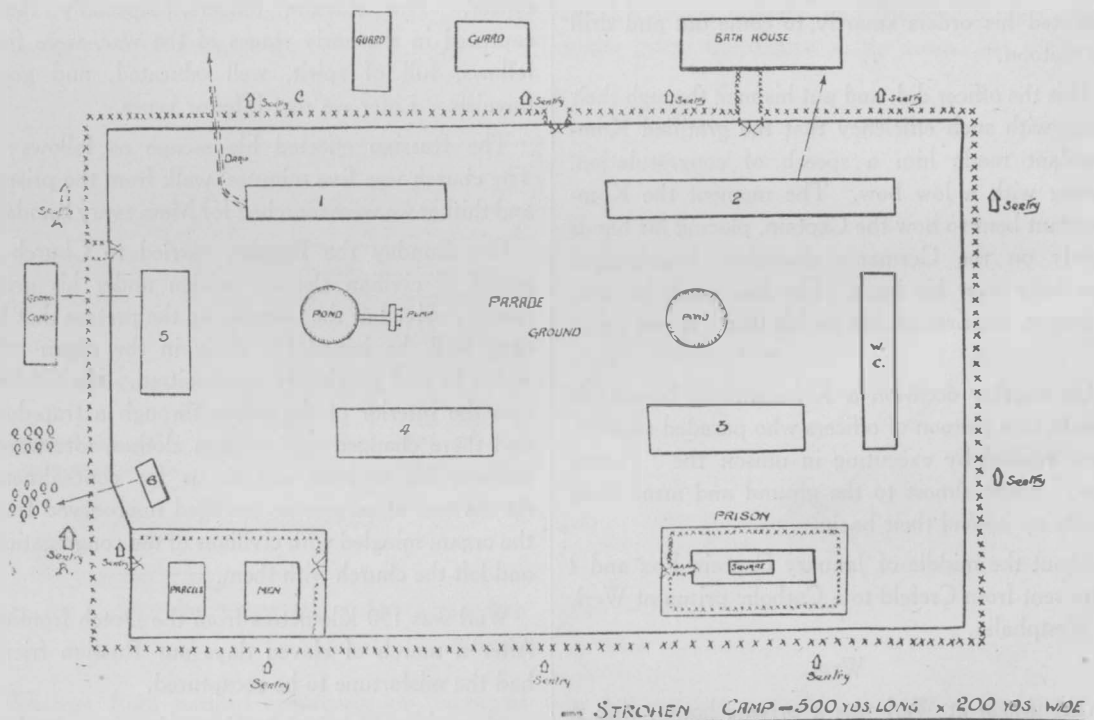


Figure 2.

left the room in a rage to fetch the guard. The map was passed on and multiplied.

The earth from the tunnel had been transported regularly in suit cases and pockets from the cellar to the loft till the weight of it actually began to make the ceiling sag, but this had not attracted notice.

After this Captain Fox was sent back to Crefeld, and in a few weeks the rest of the British officers at Werl were also sent to Crefeld.

before every meal, cooking utensils and food in hand waiting for one's turn.

We had not been long at Crefeld before Captain Fox made another attempt at escape. Joining a party of sailors who were being transferred from Crefeld, and jumping off the train at a deserted spot, he made his way some distance, in spite of injuries to his hands, sustained in his fall, before he was recaptured.

A successful and picturesque escape was brought

off about this time by three French officers. Finding a store of German uniforms in a loft, the three dressed in them. One, who spoke German fluently, wore an officer's uniform, and took the other two in private soldiers' uniforms as his orderlies. They boldly sallied forth through the front door, and the officer ordered the Boche guard to open the gate. The guard demurred at first, but was overwhelmed in such a torrent of fluent German vituperation that he quailed and obeyed.

The guard at the second gate, appalled at the strafing his mate had received, had his gate already opened for them and saluted obsequiously as they passed.

Shortly afterwards the Germans got wind of a projected rising among the prisoners, now 600 strong, who had planned to overpower the guard and fight their way to the frontier.

As the prisoners had among them a collection of revolvers with ammunition, and other weapons, this was not so hare-brained a scheme as it might seem. The discovery of the plot led to the scattering of the English contingent at Crefeld, some being sent to Schwamstadt, and others to the Strafe-camp of Strohen.

STROHEN.

It was in the spring of 1916 that the party to which I was attached arrived at Strohen, after a seven mile march from Crefeld.

Though the distance was not great we were all tired when we got there, as every officer carried his own baggage—no light matter, for each of us bore three suit cases filled with tinned food, and we were festooned with pots and pans and packages of all sorts strung all over our persons.

A hoary old Boche Kommandant—a veteran of 1870—greeted us when we came, but we took little notice of him.

Tired out after our weary tramp, we lay down in the prison square and slept. But the old Kommandant, eager to assert his authority at once, was determined to allow us no respite.

Advancing into the square, he began reading over a roll-call, using only the surname of the officer

called, without prefixing his title. The first name on his list was that of Captain John Coulston, *King's Own* (O.S. 1897), who had been wounded and captured on October 20th, 1914. He read out the name "Coulston" *tout court*. He repeated it in ever angrier tones four times. Then someone answered languidly: "Perhaps you mean *Captain* Coulston. If so kindly say so, and I'll answer to that name." The Kommandant complied, and Coulston advanced.

By this time the German was furious. Handing Coulston a metal disc with a number on it, he snarled out: "In future you'll be known here by a number, not a name." With a graceful bow Coulston took the disc, adjusted it to his eye like a monocle, and then struck an attitude.

This was too much for our venerable gaoler. He turned out the guard and drove us into our huts without continuing the roll call, Coulston being condemned to prison for this insult to his authority.

These huts, of which there were five (*see Fig. 2*), were about 80 yards by 10. We were very crowded in them. They had been previously used by Roumanian common soldiers, and the beds were so verminous that we slept the first night on papers spread on the floor.

For our first meal we were served with a rusty fork, spoon, and tin bowl, and into the latter a Boche cook ladled some mangold-wurzel soup, to be followed later by acorn coffee.

The first attempt to escape took place a month after our arrival. A tunnel, dug with small coal-shovels, was run out from hut 5 to the Kommandant's hut (*see Fig. 2*). The sandy soil made digging easy, but rendered roof-propping more difficult. A heavy sentry discovered this tunnel by falling through the roof of it feet first. He fired his rifle up it each way, and then scrambled out, for the Boche never attempted to go inside our tunnels, always digging them out from above, after firing up and down them. For this we had our letters stopped for a month, and the Kommandant was sent away.

In his place came the notorious Niemeyer, whose persecution of British prisoners will never be for-

gotten, and whose name, together with that of his almost equally odious brother, figures among the first on the list of German perpetrators of atrocities, whose extradition is being demanded by the British Government.

Niemeyer was a German American, a man of about 38, with a strong square face, and fierce little blue eyes. By disposition he was the worst type of bully. He began by an ingratiating speech: "Gentlemen, if there is anything I can do to improve your condition, or oblige you in any way, I shall be

Next morning Niemeyer gave out that all windows were to be shut, the senior officer of each hut being responsible for the discharge of this order. The weather was too hot to make this bearable, with the result that over 100 officers in one month were sent to prison for disobeying it. The difficulty was finally solved by smashing all the windows.

About this time 200 Australian officer prisoners arrived in camp, each wearing his steel-helmet.

Niemeyer ordered that all these tin-hats were to be piled in the prison compound next morning. Instead

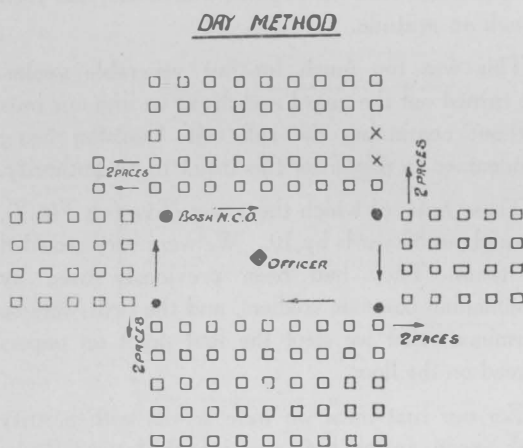


Figure 3.

only too delighted," etc. He spoke fluent English, with an American accent. That very night a British officer attempted to escape by battering down with a beam the wired gate near the German Kommandant's hut (see Fig. 2). Hearing the noise, sentry "B" fired his rifle towards the gate and hit sentry "A."

This incident exasperated Niemeyer, who rushed into the camp brandishing a revolver, and followed by the guard.

We were all ordered to our huts and told to shut the windows.

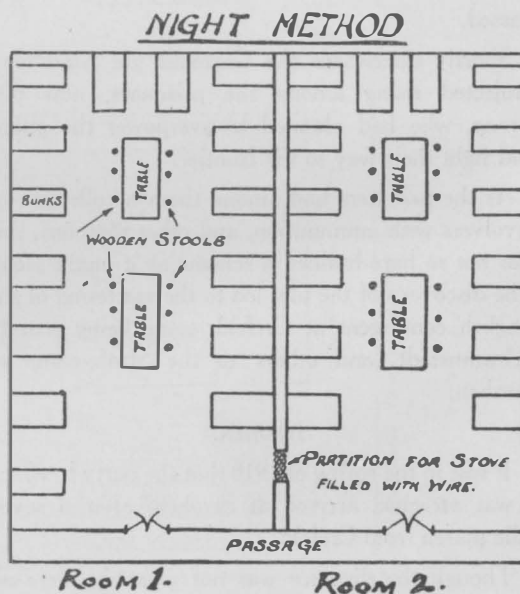


Figure 4.

they were buried or thrown into the two ponds, neither of which had been cleaned for three years—(see Fig. 2)—one tin-hat only being placed conspicuously in the centre of the parade ground. Niemeyer ordered the guards to dredge the ponds with rakes, thus salving a certain number of helmets. When a heap of these had been collected it was surreptitiously upset into the pond again by passing officers. Then the guards, with bayonets fixed, encircled the ponds.

One officer who approached too near received a bayonet thrust in the leg. The doctor was sent for,

and we thereby discovered the scandalous disregard shown in providing for our medical attendance. This doctor, the nearest to us, lived 20 miles away, a distance which he had to cover with pony and trap.

Another officer, wearing a miniature "tin-hat," made of cardboard, and armed with stick, thread, and a bent pin, offered to help the Hun hat-fishers. This annoyed Niemeyer so intensely that he ordered us all into our huts for the rest of the day.

The next escape was effected by way of the Bath House. (*See Fig. 2*).

Among a party of twenty officers who were in the Bath House under guard of an N.C.O., who stood at the door, five had brought fret-saws, with which they cut through the plank floor, and hid themselves under the floor boards. They went in about 4 p.m., remaining until 11 p.m. before they could escape.

At the 6 p.m. parade their absence was discovered, and the huts searched, revealing a tunnel running from hut 2 towards the bath-house. It took them from 6-30 p.m. to 4-0 a.m. to dig out this tunnel, thus distracting their attention from the bath-house.

Niemeyer kept us on parade for two hours that afternoon. Airing his German-American slang, as he loved to do, he informed us that we thought he knew nothing, "but I will show you that I know *damn all*."

For this escape all our parcels were stopped for a period, the usual penalty after an escape. This was a really trying punishment, as the Boche ration was often uneatable.

This consisted of:—

Breakfast: Acorn coffee and 100 grammes of sodden black bread, frequently containing sawdust and potato-peel.

Lunch: Mangold-murzel soup, in which one found a potato about as often as one finds a chop in certain so-called Irish stews.

Supper: Acorn coffee, a small piece of black bread.

As at Crefeld, each officer had to cook his own food on a stove, the surface space of which was very small, causing long waits in queues before each meal.

Our amusements at Strohen were card-playing, reading, and occasional theatricals, and concerts. The dresses for the theatricals came from Brussels. These had to be stored outside the barbed-wire fence of the camp, the officer sent to draw them being always on parole, and it was understood amongst us that none of the theatrical properties were to be used to facilitate escapes.

Our first-night performances were usually graced by the presence of Niemeyer in person. When we knew he was coming we had to expunge from our dialogue all reflections on the Boche.

A glance at the plan of Strohen Camp given under Fig. 2 will show a drain running from Hut 1 through the barbed-wire fence. This was used as a means of escape by three officers, who crawled along the drain to the barbed wire and waited there for a signal from me (the shutting of a window in Hut 1), indicating that both of the sentries "A" and "C" had their backs to the exit of the drain, and were sufficiently far from it. (*See Fig. 2*).

They had to wait in the drain for three-quarters of an hour before this happened.

After they had got through I decided to follow, so I got together my escaping outfit.

We might note here that everyone had practised the preliminaries for escape, and always had ready to hand at a moment's notice a trench-coat, a pack containing the necessary food, maps, compasses, etc.

I was only kept ten minutes in the drain before the sentries were in the desired position. It was towards evening when I emerged from the prison, and I ran straight on in the direction of the nearest point on the frontier, taking refuge at dawn in a copse. These copses were safe refuges, as, being the property of the Government Forest Department, they were out of bounds to the local population.

I travelled thus for ten days, hiding in daytime and marching by night, until on the tenth day I came to a walled farm towards daylight. In jumping down from the wall I sprained an ankle, and crawled for refuge into the most disused of the barns.

Next morning, by ill luck, the farmer came with dog and gun to kill the rats in the barn. The dog

marked me, and the farmer, covering me with his gun, called out to his faithful *frau* to fetch the police.

She returned with three *Landsturm*ers, who took me to their Kommandant, by whom I was sent back by train to Strohen.

My punishment was six months' imprisonment, parcels and letters being stopped for a period.

On my return I learnt that the other officers who had escaped by the drain had been recaptured the same night.

from the Kommandant they all started the roll-call of their respective sides of the square simultaneously.

Each officer called moved two paces to his right. The vacant places of escaped officers had to be filled somehow. It was done thus. If, for example, two officers marked X in Fig. 3 had escaped, it was the duty of the officer for that party whose name was called first to engage in an altercation with his N.C.O. until the N.C.O. of the next section had finished counting his men. Then two or more of

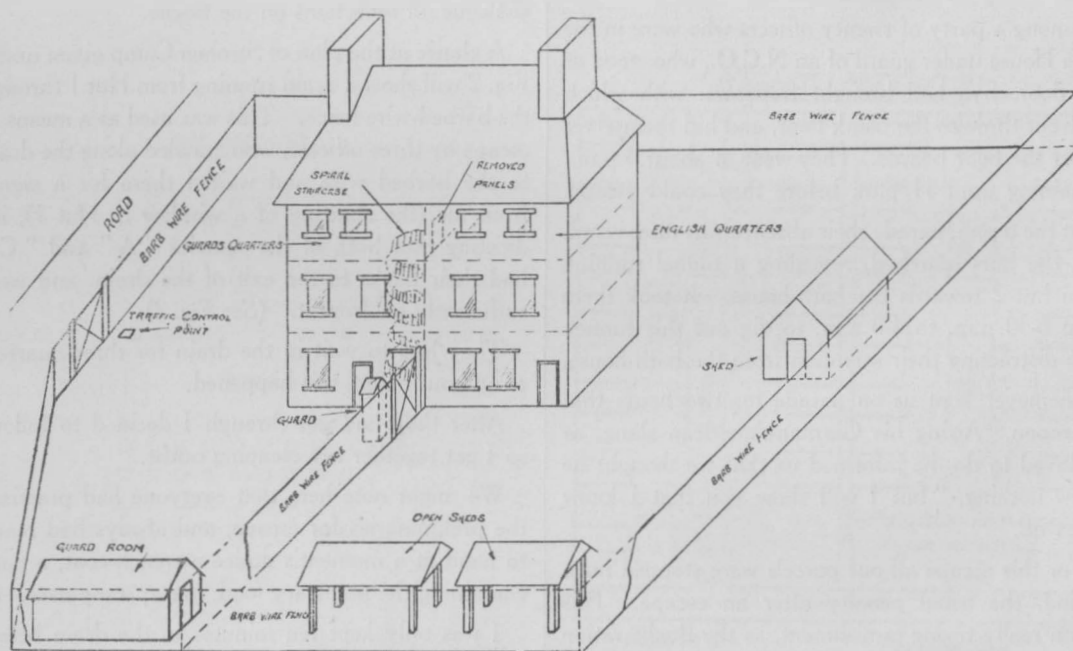


Figure 5. Holtzminden.

Just after the completion of my term of imprisonment at Strohen we were all transferred thence to Holtzminden, in Hanover.

As a help towards understanding how we escaped I should explain a method used by us for bluffing the Boche on roll-call parade in order to prevent him noticing the absence of escaped prisoners.

In Fig. 3 a diagram will illustrate the "Day Method." It was this: When drawn up on parade in square formation the Kommandant stood in the middle and an N.C.O. at each corner. At a signal

these, as the case might be, slipped across into the gaps left by the absent officers whose names they answered to when the delayed N.C.O. resuming his roll call had reached their places.

THE NIGHT METHOD (Fig. 4).

A similar method was employed to outwit the Boche in charge of the night roll call who came to count the officers in bed in each hut, flashing a torch on each to make sure it was a live man and not a dummy.

The rooms were divided by a thin boarded

partition, in the centre of which there was a hole, originally cut to receive a stove, now covered only by wire-netting.

If an officer had escaped from Room 1, another officer from Room 2 occupied his bed. He would then be counted in his place, and as soon as the German inspector had left Room 1 he would slip through the wire netting and regain his bed in Room 2 in time to be counted twice.

HOLTZMINDEN.

Great was our relief at the prospect of leaving behind us the detested Strohen, and still more of ridding ourselves of its odious Kommandant.

Imagine our disgust then, when on reaching Holtzminden we found Niemeyer there waiting to receive us. He had been transferred to the command of our new camp. With a sardonic smile on his grim face he welcomed us with the words: "Gentlemen, I am happy to inform you that a supper awaits your pleasure more sumptuous than those of the Ritz or Carlton Hotels."

At this moment some British officers already at Holtzminden caught sight of us, and hailed us from the upper windows.

"Shut those windows," bawled Niemeyer. They took no notice of him. "Fire on them," he called to the guard. They fired, but no bullet took effect.

Next morning on parade, Niemeyer told us that we had come to a very fine camp, from which escape was impossible. We were soon to disprove this prophecy. During the month which followed thirty officers made their escape, but, unfortunately, owing to the winter season and the great distance off the frontier, 180 kilometres, they were all recaptured.

At Holtzminden I met Captain Cecil Chichester-Constable (O.S. 1904), *Warwick Regt.*, who had been a prisoner since August 27th, 1914, when he was captured in the retreat from Mons. He looked very ill and emaciated from his long imprisonment and the many spells of penal incarceration he had undergone as punishments for his numerous attempts to escape. I believe that he had to his credit the record number of attempts to escape.

As Captain E. Kerry Cameron (1908), *Cameron Highlanders*, had come with us from Strohen, there were three Stonyhurst men in the camp.

In the plan (Fig. 4), it will be seen that the prison was divided in halves by a wire fence down the middle of the courtyard, the right half being occupied by the British and the left by the Boche. The only notable escape accomplished while I was at Holtzminden was that made by some *Flying Corps* officers who went to the top of the house and cut a panel out of the door leading on to the stair-head in the German quarters. Then they donned German uniforms, walked down the stairs and out by the main gate of the German quarters, which was guarded only by a traffic-control man, who made no attempt to stop them.

On the 5th of February, 1918, I left Holtzminden for Holland under the Exchange of Prisoners agreement, and thus ended my long association with German prisoners of war camps.

ROGER GILES,

*Surgin, Parish Clark, & Skulemaster, Groser,
and Hundertaker.*

As times is cruel bad I beg to tell ee that i has just begun to sell all sorts of Stashionary ware, cox, hens, voals, pigs, and all others kinds of poultry. Blackin-brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brishes, traykel and godly bukes and bibles. Mise traps, brick dist, whisker seeds, morrel pokker-ankerchers, and all zorts of swatemaits, including taters, sassiges, and other garden stuff, bakky, zizars, lamp oyle, tay kittles and intozzilkatin likkers, dale of fruit, hats, zongs, hare oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones and other aitables, horn and bunyon zalve, and all hardware.

(Copy of an old signboard at Burton's Old Curiosity Shop, Falmouth).

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA.

By the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J.

*An Address delivered to the Stonyhurst Boys,
June, 1919.*

To one who has lived and worked in India even for but a few years, there are few things more depressing than the realisation of the little the average Englishman understands of Indian affairs. Here is a country, a continent rather, with a population greater than that of the whole of Europe put together—India contains some three hundred million inhabitants, about one-fifth of the world—placed by Providence under the dominion of a distant people counting scarcely a tenth of that number, each with a civilisation utterly different from that of the other, each with a different past, a different outlook, a different ideal; the wonder is, not that there should be misunderstanding, but that they should understand each other as well as they do. And the wonder grows when one watches the way the Englishman, in his ignorance, confounds the two, when, in his effort to be generous and fair, he would treat the Indian as himself, or when, at the opposite extreme, he would treat him as of no concern at all.

Both of these results I believe to be at the root of the present unrest in India, an unrest of which we are but seeing the beginning; if we pass through the ordeal without grave evil and bloodshed, we may count ourselves fortunate indeed. To a certain extent it may be said that we have developed India and the Indian; we have kept India at peace for a hundred years, we have built roads and railways across it, to a small section of the people we have given a kind of European education, to a few others we have taught the means of amassing great fortunes by trade and manufactures. But in no sense have we changed the Indian himself; nay more, it would seem that all we have given him threatens but to widen the chasm between East and West. For if these things are all we have to give, if the supremacy

of the European rests only on his railways and machinery, his guns and ships, his knowledge of books and science, then, very naturally, the Indian claims that the difference between the two is not very great after all; that the European is more contemptible than he thought; that even, in so far as he has assumed a dominant rôle which his circumstances do not warrant, he deserves to be detested and put down.

These two conclusions, towards contempt on the one hand, and towards detestation on the other, have only been aggravated by the events of the last few years. The European has prided himself as being above the Asiatic because of his humanity; yet India has witnessed European destroying European for four long years with a ruthlessness unparalleled in history. Now again, he says to himself, will the European be able to boast of his more humane civilisation. In season and out the Allies have declared that they were fighting for the rights of the weaker states, and for the principle of self-determination; the Indian asks, quite naturally, why he should be excluded from the list. Last of all, but in some of the large centres most important of all, Indians have during the war seen the Englishman at times at his worst; they have seen English soldiers fraternising with men and women whom the average self-respecting Indian would not touch; they have seen them flinging about their money at random, while they themselves were almost forced to contribute to war loans; they have seen them reeling home at midnight, howling ribald songs, in a condition that would make the lowest Hindu commit suicide for shame; they have seen their own men made even more of in England than the English soldiers themselves, and they have drawn their own conclusions. They have learnt, or are learning, to set aside their respect, and to substitute contempt; to chafe under control, and to hate the hand that exercises it.

Meanwhile a new situation has arisen which, before the war, may be said not to have existed. Till then Hindu and Mohammedan lived in different camps; it was assumed, even among themselves, that they would never work together. But that has

now changed. The people of India are now learning from Europe and America the strength of combination ; Hindu-Moslem leagues are now common ; the Hindu will accept the lead of a Mohammedan with a good grace, the Mohammedan knows the power at his back if he can get the two hundred and fifty million Hindus to follow him. One fears the warning of Sir Alfred Lyall may be coming true ; If Europe does not win the Indian to his side, he will inevitably be won by the Mohammedan, and when that day comes the European may as well pack up and go.

These are the facts, and they are such as to make every Englishman think. If we are to keep India, and to do good in India—for I assume we do wish to do good there, and not simply to hold the country as a mere hunting-ground for ourselves—then something must be done, both to counteract the evil influences, and to dissipate the bad impression the Indian is fast forming of us. Statesmen are seeing this, and are setting to work at various reforms and commissions of enquiry. They are looking into means of development, under the impression that to increase the wealth and sources of livelihood in the country will pacify the multitude ; they are granting certain measures of Home Rule, to win the more educated classes. But no one who knows India can for a moment suppose that either of these things will really solve the problem. They may put off the evil day ; they will not obliterate the threat of it. The Indian will take them as he has taken everything else that we have given him, and will then again ask why he should not have his full share of the whole.

There is only one solution ; we must learn to think more with the Indian, and we must teach the Indian to think more with us. So long as we live in camps apart, no amount of artificial bonds will make us one ; and the fallacy of British Government of India, with all its undoubted blessings, has been the ignoring of this essential point. The old Portuguese conquerors knew better than we how this was to be done. They went to India with intent to conquer, but their weapons were not only ships and guns, nor merely material education.

They knew that the only thing which had made men think alike in the past was the only thing to-day ; in consequence, from a political motive, if from no other, they encouraged Christian teaching. I am not here in any sense speaking as a missionary, nor with any proselytising aim ; I am merely repeating what men of greater experience have said before me, putting into words what many of experience think to-day. Whether the Indian becomes Christian or not is another matter ; what I would emphasise is that the fundamental difference between the Indian and the European lies not so much in machinery and books and clothes, but rather in the principles of life on which the two civilisations are based ; and until the Indian understands what we mean by Christian ideals, and sees these ideals expressed, however inadequately, in our lives, there is no hope of mutual agreement. Take away these, as some of the European statesmen would take them away, and for the life of me I cannot see what right we have to keep a foot in the East at all ; except the right of force, of militarism, the very thing we have denounced as the curse of the world, and shed our blood to destroy. Let us base our position on Christian ideals, and at once the claim is different ; in these we can see a right to " teach all nations," in the spreading of these we can see that we have materially affected the peoples that have come under us.

And herein lies the opportunity for every individual who professes to make India the field of his future life. I do verily believe that the honour of Europe, the honour and integrity of the British Empire, depends far more on the individuals who carry that honour with them than on all the legislation of statesmen, or all the guns pointed to support it. Let the men who go out to India be unworthy of the land of their origin, and nothing will save us, any more than in the days of the Romans anything save the Empire from the undermining corruption of its representatives abroad. Let our men be true to their principles, their civilisation, their moral standards, their religion, and they will serve their country, and at the same time benefit India, far more than will the ablest wielder of weapons. It is so at the present moment, it will be still more so

in the future ; our best defenders are the men who are truest to principle ; our greatest enemy is the horde that drags the honour of European Christianity through Asiatic ordure. If we wish to win respect we must show ourselves worthy of it ; if we wish to be loved we must not provoke men's hatred.

It may be said that this is very fanciful and ideal, and the charge may well be true. I shall be told that teaching such as this cannot be enforced, or converted into legal terms. That may be so, though I am not so sure that a way might be found if there were only a will to find it. If Government, however large-minded and sympathetic, were only more decidedly on the side of Christianity, encouraging it without any force, supporting its exposition to any willing to learn, I believe it would weld the two countries together far more effectively than by any iron bonds. But apart from this, for here at least it seems hopeless to look for any change of policy, there is the work that can be done by each individual ; and experience has shown me, again and again, what a power for good is a single man who is genuine, straight and true, just and at the same time merciful. That is a character which an Indian respects ; respect wins his devotion ; let his devotion be won, and he will lay down his life in your service. Long ago Lord Roberts taught this, as the lesson of his forty-one years in India. Others have taught the same, in different forms of words ; a practical lesson, surely, and yet it is only a particular application to India of a universal truth—that only the man of principle can hope to be a power for real good in the world.

ROGER GILES,

*Surgin, Parish Clark, & Skulemaster, Groser,
and Hundertaker.*

He sells Godfather's kordales kuts korns bunyons, doctorsh osses clips donkeys wance a munth and undertakes to luke arter everybodys nayles by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brass kanelsticks, frying pans and other moozical Hinstruments hat gratefully redooced figgers.

(Copy of an old signboard at Burton's Old Curiosity Shop, Falmouth).

VERSE.

BOARD-SCHOOLERY.

The craze of our time is for schooling ;
And what will the end of it be ?
To me 'tis no better than fooling,
Mere gammon and fiddle-de-dee.
If I had the law in my ruling
I'd issue a drastic decree.

Arithmetic, writing and reading,
Good housewifery, crafts of the hand,
Religion and true Christian breeding—
These, ay, and these only should stand.
For the rest—well, I'd set me aweeding.
You think my ideas are not grand.

Not showy, I freely confess it ;
Yet better for family life,
For the lot of the toiler—God bless it !
For love between husband and wife ;
And Labour, howe'er you may dress it,
Is meant not for show but for strife.

But now, with your fanciful learning,
You stuff a child's head with conceit.
That washing and milking and churning
For ladies of course is not meet.
Fine gentlemen can't think of earning
Their living by cutting of peat.

And thus the sweet peace, the rich blessing
Of toil counts as dust on the scale.
Your lass thinks of nothing but dressing ;
Your lad will not touch the ploughtail.
All this the result of your messing,
Rare wine served instead of good ale.

For the sweet artless curtsey that met me
I get but a stiff, courtly bow ;
For the dear, rustic speech that once gret me
They give me fine English enow ;
But the change, I can tell you, doth fret me,
Like thoroughbreds hitched to a plough.

That blithe Saxon tongue that was spoken
When Alfred the Great was our king,
Its musical cadence unbroken
As when old Dan Chaucer did sing,
Will soon be a meaningless token
For scholars to jerk on a string.

RED ROBIN.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S LOG.

January—Tuesday.—Sea to-morrow, with *King Alfred* and *Highflyer*. Worse than a merchant convoy, as we leave at 5-0 a.m. Nobody but an H.M. ship would dream of leaving at such an hour. A fifteen-knot trip, too, for our first after commissioning. I don't think much of my quarters. I have got to sling my hammock in the cabin flat, a space about nine feet by four. Rifles on either side, cutlasses overhead. The coxswain has just brought us sea boots and duffle watch-coats. We shall need them to-morrow, I expect. It's blowing up.

Wednesday.—I was awakened this morning, as I expected, by my hammock bumping the rifles. Apparently we were passing the breakwater and meeting the first few rollers. After half-an-hour's bumping and swinging, hitting the rifles with every other swing, I could stick it no longer, and turned out. About three inches of water and no where to sit. Rather a problem to put on socks. But as all my gear was already out of the cupboard and sculling about the deck, wet socks were in any case a necessity. I dressed, pulled on sea boots, and staggered up the ladder. The after part of the watch were standing about under the canopy on the quarter deck, in various stages of collapse from sea sickness. Apparently three parts of the ship's company are on their backs. No new thing after commissioning. Occasionally, on the crest of "a big one," we can catch a glimpse of the other destroyers, strung out far apart, black specks against a grey sea and sky. The cruisers are making very heavy weather of it. About seven bells our helm jammed, and we nearly ran foul of the *Highflyer*. Only a short delay, but we had to increase speed to catch up, and the bumping into the head sea was pretty bad. Below we have troubles too. Both galley fire and ward-room stove are out; only one steward shows any sign of life, and the wardroom has a few inches of water. But I slept in snatches till 4 in a wet arm chair. The dogs, 4-8 p.m., I spent on the bridge. Rather a nightmare. Seas coming over all the time, and intermittent sickness. Our watch was enlivened by the report of a new hand, who, seeing a porpoise, re-

ported that a torpedo was heading for our bows. The First Lieutenant immediately scarified him.

Corned beef and ship's biscuit for dinner. Turn out at 4 a.m. to-morrow, after a night spent in banging rifles. This is going to be rather painful. I don't know how the hands get on in this weather. Their mess deck is in an awful state. The dockyard did not half finish their work—(we ran down a Yankee oiler two months ago, and had a new bow fitted)—so the water is coming in everywhere forward.

Friday—May.—This morning two of us took a convoy up to the Downs. When one leaves a convoy some grateful fellow nearly always signals "Thank you." Rather awkward, as the signal Manual is not written on the lines of a French conversation tutor, and one hardly knows what to say. I hope they are not hurt by our skipper's silence. Just as we were turning towards Plymouth, the beach, and its attractions, and the S.N.O. signalled to us: "Two destroyers are to convoy s.s. *Roma* to Portsmouth." We turned again, and began a hunt in the Downs, where numbers of ships were either anchored or getting under weigh to go up the Thames. We expected to find a large oiler (oilers are the spoilt children of the Admiralty; wherever they go they have destroyers), but none had heard of the *Roma*. Eventually we saw a very humble coaster plugging along at about six knots, about 150-200 tons burthen, crew probably four men and a boy. "Had she passed the *Roma*?" With pride they informed us that "*She was the Roma*; were we her escort?" Sensation! and a dash for lists to discover if she had namesakes. No luck. Two destroyers, each of 1,000 odd tons, carrying crews of 90 men, and capable of 30 knots, were to escort this to Portsmouth, running considerable risk of being pipped themselves, to escort a ship which no torpedo could have hit, and no Hun would have bothered to shell. No reasons were asked for or given. Perhaps the Prince of Wales was disguised as the boy. The skipper's orders were brief: "To do a fifteen knot zig zag, and look as if we did not belong to her." So we set off to Portsmouth, doing wide circles around our shabby relation. The

voyage took well over a day. She took us to Boulogne first, but the people there would have none of her, and we were ignominiously turned away. A fog that night made station-keeping almost impossible, as, of course, their speed depends solely on the energy of their stoker, and when he chose to light his pipe we nearly ran her down. Our confrère nearly bumped us as it was and lost us for a time. But off St. Catherine's the fog cleared, and we sighted two destroyers of the local flotilla. They signalled us: "Are you the *Roma's* escort?" they had been sent out to reinforce and to lead us in. The unique procession formed up; two destroyers ahead, two astern, and the *Roma*, still doing her six knots, in the middle. We tried to hang the pen-pushers later, but they slipped out; they always do.

Wednesday—May.—Quite an exciting day. Turned out at my usual 4 a.m. A splendid morning, calm, and quite warm. No. 1 (the First Lieutenant) took some star sights, while I took the times and kept station on the convoy, about six hundred yards ahead of our commodore, a big meat ship from the Argentine. We heard afterwards that she was one of the biggest meat ships afloat, carrying 10,000 tons of carcases. By about half-past five it was broad daylight. No. 1 and 9, cheered up by our cocoa, which was brought up to us in steaming mugs about five o'clock every morning, started talking. We were just remarking how lucky we had been, as no ships out of our convoys had been sunk since the *Manhattan*, two months before. Suddenly the skipper, who had been asleep in the chart house, dashed up the ladder, and sang out: "Just had this from the *Owl* (a destroyer on the starboard quarter of the convoy): "Torpedo crossing my stern." We fixed our glasses on the *Owl*. The submarine flag was at her yard arm. A minute of suspense went by, while we looked everywhere for the feather of a periscope. Then a muffled roar came from just astern, a column of water as high as her funnel went up alongside the *Cetewayo*; she stopped, began to heel over, and turned to port. "Full speed both—hard-a-port," yelled the skipper. The alarm bell rang. We swung round the telegraphs, and dashed down the ladder to our action stations. I got to mine, the foremost gun, just as my hands came

tumbling up from below. We had the guns ready in a few seconds, and had a chance to look about us. We were dashing along at full speed now, and spray came flying up over the fo'c'sle. All the other destroyers had turned and were racing in and out among the convoy after us. The blind leading the blind, as we knew little more than they did. We merely worked on the supposition that our Hun was somewhere astern of the *Owl*. After a few minutes there was a crash, and the ship quivered as if our stern had been struck—our first depth charge. Others followed at intervals of about five seconds. Soon all the destroyers were "laying eggs," as the process is called, and the sea was boiling all around us. The idea is, roughly speaking, to bomb as large an area as possible, in hopes of hitting something. The Hun does much the same thing, aiming his torpedo into "the brown." In this case the *Owl* and several ships in the convoy had lucky escapes, as the torpedo ran just under their sterns.

We had another "action stations" before our watch closed, but it was only a false alarm. The convoy had "panic" all day. (In the Navy sense it really means "excess of zeal.") One party of heroes gave a howitzer display to lay out the fin of a porpoise. One of our people did a stunt, too. A steward dropped some plates at lunch, and he got nearly half-way up the ward-room ladder before he realised what he was doing.

The *Cetewayo* took some time to sink, and we did not see her take the final plunge.

Thursday—May.—Fog is a beastly affair. May and November are the great months for it in the Channel. You can hardly run up or down without meeting with it somewhere. When this happens, the senior officer of destroyers closes in on the Commodore (in a convoy, one of the merchant vessels, usually commanded by a captain of some experience, is appointed to do this job), and hangs on to her tail. Towards the end of my watch last night a dense fog came on. We closed in on the Commodore and showed lights. The night was quite exciting even in one's hammock, as syrens would suddenly sound, too close to be pleasant, and one had visions of the bows of a tramp suddenly pushing

in the plating and invading the ward-room. Moreover, we had to go full speed astern once to avoid a ship crossing ahead. We ran into the cross Channel traffic, and when we reverse our engines suddenly the ward-room is like a menagerie. I turned out late next morning, having been on the bridge during part of the first watch (8 till 12 the night before). The mist had partially cleared. We were trying to hit Folkestone Gate, and were somewhere near Dover, but no one knew our exact position. We wandered on, looking for a sign, like the Biblical people, and hoping that we were not in one of the mine fields which abound up here. Eventually we saw a tug towing a barge. They get a lot of stuff across to France this way in fine weather, as the neighbourhood is comparatively Hunless, and no one is going to torpedo a barge. We went up close and saw a soldier on the barge. The skipper hailed him through the megaphone. "Where is Folkestone Gate," meaning, of course, how did it bear from us. Back came the answer, in best Army semaphore: "Folkestone Gate is three miles from Dover." Collapse of skipper! We found the Downs in the end, after nearly visiting the Belgian coast.

Wednesday—August.—I had an hour longer in this morning, owing to the skipper's thoughtfulness, as I stayed up late on the bridge last night doing the dogsbody jobs, which always fall to my lot when we meet convoys. But last night's convoy was really a stunt. Eight of us made a long trip out from Devonport to meet an H.C. (Homeward Canadian) convoy. It is a new idea altogether for getting Canadian troops across. Twenty large merchant vessels, each carrying 2,000 troops, in addition to their cargo. Quite a nasty job, as you can't possibly afford to have even a single sinking. It would be almost impossible to save everybody. The *Spitfire* saved some men off a transport once. She had every inch of space packed: bad weather, too, so the wretched Tommies had to hang on to lines on the upper deck, drenched to the skin.

Anyway, we met this convoy, to the accompaniment of loud cheers, which are quite pleasant when well out to sea. They all had bands too, and each ship played "God save the King" as we passed,

so that the skipper suggested a signal to ask the next in the line to change the programme. After one or two stunts we got to Dover without losing a single ship—rather an achievement.

Wednesday—June.—When we came on the bridge this morning the gunner who had kept the Middle had a depressing tale for us. While we had been asleep a ship had been sunk and 18 or more men had been drowned. At 2 a.m. he had sighted a ship ahead, and had made U's to her by Morse. (U means, "You are standing into danger.") She altered course to pass across the convoy from starboard to port. But the port was a long one, and she had run foul of the port hand ship, bumped her, and sunk almost immediately. In the pitch darkness hardly anyone could be saved. I believe the *Laurel* picked up two. We ordered her to stand by the damaged ship, which eventually got into port. Incidents of this kind, frequent though they are, shake one up a good deal. They seem so very sudden. This affair did not take more than ten minutes, and the watch below were not even turned out. But the risks of war time navigation, without lights, are a very good second to the submarine risks.

Monday—July.—The sea-going section of the R.A.F. are a funny crowd. We had a Flight-Sub. once for a week, to see how it was done. He didn't see much, except the ward-room settee, but he was a great fellow—a Yank. He used to stand on the bridge, and in exciting moments, such as when we were going alongside, he would come out with a string of questions to the skipper. His formula always was: "Say, Captain, why, etc., etc." But he was such a gay sight that we felt his loss deeply and missed his imitations of American jazz bands and his comic songs.

But his more active friends are just as amusing, in a quiet way. They come out in good weather, fly over the convoy, and ask damp questions. This afternoon being fine, and neither a Sunday nor a Bank Holiday, we had quite a lot of them. After a good many of these heroes had demanded our course and speed, a large seaplane flew up and made, "Where are you going?" It would not be the least

help to him to know, of course, so the skipper turned to our signalman and said, "Make to this fellow 'To Hull,' and don't be too careful with the 'U.' " "Anyway," he said, "one of this party is down in the sailing orders to arrive at Hull some day, so we are all right." We had some fun with a blimp later, who wanted some food. After long manœuvres with the object of tying a sack containing beer and biscuit to their trailing rope, we had to give up. But the blimps are hard to handle, as the wind has such an effect on them.

L. J. G.

O.T.C. NOTES.

The General Inspection took place on June 5th. Brigadier-General Maxwell-Scott, D.S.O., himself an old Stonyhurst boy, came from the Rhine to inspect the corps. The usual routine of the Inspection was gone through, and then followed a display of the work done by the Company during the year. This included Physical Training in classes and in mass formation by the entire company, after which each platoon carried out a particular part of the year's training as follows :—

No. 1 Platoon	Musketry.
" 2 "	Platoon Drill.
" 3 "	Extended Order.
" 4 "	Squad Drill.
" 5 "	Physical Training.

In his address to the corps after the Inspection, Brigadier-General Maxwell-Scott pointed out that although an armistice had been signed, the war was by no means over, and that, therefore, all the training which we had received since last October was not wasted, as many more men might still be required to serve in the forces in one way or another. The Inspecting Officer then urged us to carry on the good work of the O.T.C., for the qualities which were gained as a cadet and afterwards as an N.C.O. were in no way unbecoming to a Britisher, whether as a soldier or a civilian. The General then spoke of the coming camp, and asked all present to show their readiness to do something for their country's cause

by attending, if they possibly could, at the first regular O.T.C. camp to be held since the War commenced.

One fault was especially brought to notice. The members of the corps must hold their heads up, and in so doing show that they are proud to wear the King's uniform; and not only while actually in uniform, but also all through life.

The results of the *Country Life* Shooting Competition are now published. Stonyhurst was placed sixth on the list with a total of 478.

The Imperial Challenge Shield Competition was fired on June 13th. The team was composed of the following :—H. Bartlett, H. David, F. Feeny, L. Penlevé, P. Rooney, A. Sandeman, W. Savage, F. Walmsley.

F. Feeny is to be congratulated on his excellent shooting. The results will be made known at a later date.

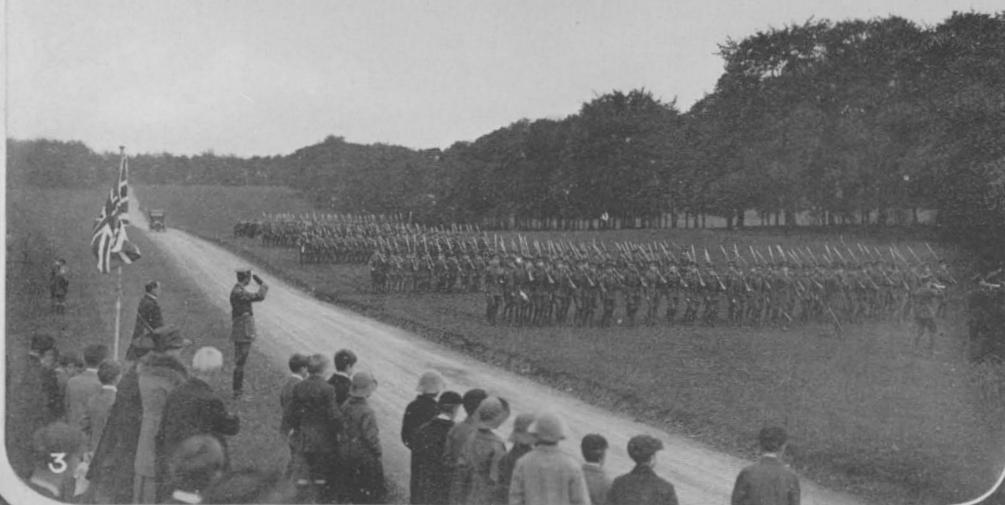
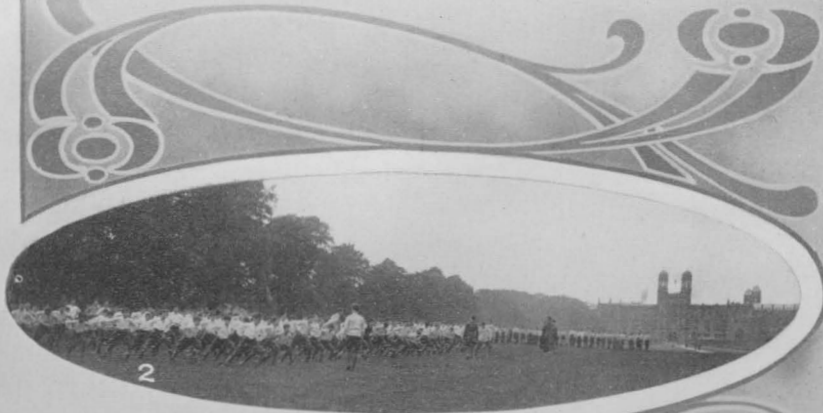
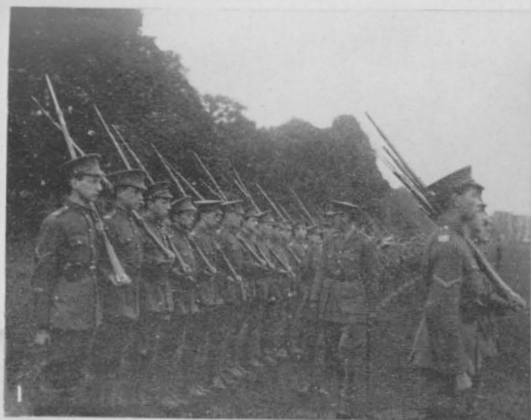
An O.T.C. Camp will be held at Welbeck for ten days at the beginning of the Summer Vacation. It is to be hoped that the Stonyhurst Party will number at least a hundred, as it has always reached this figure in former years.

F. BLOOMFIELD, *Co.-Sergt.-Major*.

"CALLING THEM CRYPTICALLY."

A preacher, wishing to test the intelligence of a rustic congregation addressed them as follows on the subject of the co-operation of the laity with the clergy :—

"Lest, my brethren, in your humility, you should feel dismayed at the lofty character of the work in which you are invited to co-operate, it may console you to reflect that the Prophet Balaam once received enlightenment from a very unexpected quarter, and that, in his controversy with the lion, Sampson derived his most decisive argument from the same humble source."



ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE STONYHURST O.T.C., JUNE 5th, 1919, BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. MAXWELL SCOTT, D.S.O.
(O.S. 1885).

1.—The General Inspecting.

2.—Physical Drill.

3.—The March Past.

4.—Lt.-Col. S. A. PEARSE, D.S.O., late O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C., with FATHER BARTLEY.

MUSIC NOTES.

Every Choirmaster at Stonyhurst must scratch his head in dismay when he comes to the Summer Term. So many Feasts, High Masses, and Proper Vespers and swell Benedictions, and so little time to prepare for them. The task has been particularly hard this year, as the great feasts have fallen together. It is a tribute to the present Choirmaster and the Choir that the results have not fallen far short of what was expected after the high standard reached in the past two terms. That there has been a falling off is undeniable. Overwork and strain can account for that and the lack of incisiveness in the singing—also no doubt Mr. McQuillin could have a tale to tell of overwork. How can a Choirmaster demand the impossible on sultry evenings from 8-15 to 9-0 p.m.!

Yet there was little fault to find with the first High Mass of the term, Gounod's "Sacré Cœur," on Ascension Day, with Kammerlunder's "Ascendit Deus" as an offertory piece. I don't like Gounod or "Ascendit Deus"—I wonder who does—but they were sung with gusto. The Vespers, too, for the feast, were learnt well—if unintelligently. I am sure some of the Choir watch the Choirmaster's face as the sure test to know if they have got the Falsi Bordoni right. The congregation follow with their books perhaps—they still can sing the alternative verses. And what practice is needed! The effort was too great for Whitsunday, and so we were given the Vespers of Our Lady. It was impossible to learn in time the proper Vespers Falsi Bordoni, but one would have liked to hear the proper psalms chanted; besides one could then have heard the Veni Creator Spiritus, which was not attempted once during Whit-week. The reason for this was a good one—namely, there was no opportunity of practising the congregation—still, it's a pity. The High Mass was the oft-reiterated Silas—a favourite at Stonyhurst for obvious reasons, and the Choir made the best of it.

On June 13th the Sodality and boys sang the Dirge for Father Sidgreaves. The singing was good and sustained. The harmonised Credo Quod Redemptor was beautifully rendered, the tone of the first tenor being admirable. The Requiem in the Burial Service next morning were sung devoutly and with expression. More could not be expected. The trebles are always husky in the early morning, and easily become flat. This last failing, by the way, has been rather noticeable throughout the term. Despite improvement in keeping time in attack and production, this strange malady has again and again inflicted the Choir. And the effect is awful—what, no doubt, the old cow died of. The leaders of the trebles are not so much to blame. They have clearly taken pains—it is the rank and file

who droop and wilt. In the Gounod's Messe Solennelle, on Corpus Christi, for instance, the flatness of the trebles was worse than the scrapings on an old fiddle, and I am afraid the basses and tenors didn't give them much help. A ragged performance! The tenors made amends in the procession in the afternoon, and to their example is due the high level reached by the Choir throughout, despite the fatigue of the long singing and the rather baulking corners which the procession had to sweep round. Father de Zulueta's Lauda Sion was sung well by the Choir and lustily by the congregation. The venture of making the congregation join in Elgar's Ave Verum, chosen for the offertory piece in the morning, was fairly successful, but it was not well enough known. I have said the High Mass on Corpus Christi was ragged. Let us dismiss the rendering of Gounod's Sacré Cœur with the same epithet, or call it simply bad. The Choir chose to be slack, and turned up its nose at the wooing (?) of the Conductor. Alas! that the beautiful 17th century O Quam Amabilis was not given a chance. The change from the tuneful ● Cor Amoris Victima could not be appreciated. The choice of Turner's mass for St. Aloysius shows the dilemma in which the Choirmaster is in at Stonyhurst. If time permits—and it never really permits—he can attempt a difficult and ambitious mass consecrated by tradition, *e.g.*, Beethoven or Gounod. If he can't find time at those pestilential evening practices he has to fall back on a hurdy-gurdy, but also traditional, piece of music. Turner's Mass is better than most of its kind, it can't be condemned with a shrug, and it was sung this year with a swing. But now that an admirable selection of melodies is provided by Father Driscoll, and there are quite a number of simple masses, can't it be ordained from above that simplicity is a good thing and desirable, and therefore to be aimed at, or else let the harassed Choirmaster be given greater opportunities and more time—choir singing be recognised as an important item in the time tables.

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CRICKET.

STONYHURST C.C. v. ST. MARY'S HALL, C.C.

June 29th.

St. Mary's Hall won the toss and batted first. The weather was very unfavourable to cricket. A strong gale was blowing across the wicket and there was intermittent rain. Mr. Cullinan and Mr. Dean opened the innings for the visitors. The former was soon despatched, being bowled by a yorker from Coleman. The bowling of Green and Coleman on a somewhat trying wicket appeared to be too much for the visitors, who never looked like making a stand, and were dismissed for the small score of 28 runs. Green bowled well, taking seven wickets for 14 runs. Three of these he obtained in one over. But he was a trifle fortunate in one or two cases. Coleman kept a steady length, but the wicket was a little too hard for his bowling. The fielding of the XI., though not subjected to any severe test, was very creditable.

Stonyhurst opened quietly, making but little off the first few overs. Coleman and Edlemann appeared to be settling down, when the bowling was changed, and Mr. Wilkin despatched the former by a ball which kept very low. Trappes-Lomax was dismissed after two balls, and a collapse appeared imminent, especially when Rodrigue was run out shortly after. Murray and Edlemann, however, soon got the better of the bowling, and their partnership produced 29 runs. The latter was eventually caught at mid-off, after a faultless innings of 23 runs. When Murray and Neely got together some bright cricket was witnessed, and the pair knocked up 34 runs in 20 minutes. Neely made 18 by brisk hitting, till he was out leg before off Mr. B. J. Weaver's bowling. It was now raining hard, and the teams adjourned for tea. The weather cleared up enough, however, to enable them to resume play at 5.15. After Murray and Tarleton had added 18, the latter was caught off Mr. Bévenot's bowling. His partner, trying to hook a well-pitched ball, followed later in the over. He had played a highly creditable innings, giving one chance at 16. His strokes on the off were particularly good, and he entirely justified the promise he gave last year of developing into a first-rate bat. The remaining wickets soon fell, though Green gave us a minute of lively hitting. As a batting side, Stonyhurst showed up well. Owing to the large variety of their bowlers, the visitors' bowling was not to be treated lightly, and their excellent fielding considerably reduced the score. It is to be hoped that a return match will be arranged, when they will not be handicapped by the absence of two of their best players.

J. L. G.

ST. MARY'S HALL C.C.

R. J. Cullinan, b. Coleman.....	6
R. Dea, c. and b. Green.....	3
M. Bévenot, b. Green.....	0
W. Sharp, b. Green.....	2
B. J. Weaver, c. Green, b. Coleman...	5
V. Wilkin, b. Green	2
M. Mooney, c. Tarleton, b. Green.....	0
J. N. Weaver, c. Rodrigue, b. Green...	1
L. Batley, not out.....	1
J. Marrion, b. Green	0
G. Savage, c. Rodrigue, b. Coleman...	1
Extras.....	7

Total 28

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
Coleman	7	3	10	5	2.3
Green	14	7	9	3	2.0

STONYHURST C.C.

K. Coleman, b. Wilkin	1
F. Edlemann, c. J. N. Weaver, b. Sharp	23
M. Trappes-Lomax, b. Wilkin	0
M. Rodrigue, run out.....	4
W. Murray, b. Bévenot.....	47
J. Neely, l.b.w. B. J. Weaver	18
B. Tarleton, c. J. N. Weaver, b. Bévenot	2
R. Corkery, c. Wilkin, b. Bévenot....	6
F. Bloomfield, l.b.w. Bévenot.....	0
W. Jones, b. B. J. Weaver.....	1
E. Green, not out.....	10
Extras.....	1

Total 117

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
J. N. Weaver	10	0	5	2	—
M. Mooney	4	0	1	6	—
V. Wilkin	12	2	7	2	6.0
P. Cullinan	24	0	9	2	—
W. Sharp	20	1	4	0	20.0
B. Weaver	22	2	7	2	11.0
M. Bévenot	14	4	4	1	3.5

THIRD PLAYROOM v. FATHER R. COLLEY'S XI.

Teams :

THIRD PLAYROOM.—H. Gormley (Capt.), D'Abreu, Fletcher, Horton, Laing, Lynch, Malone-Lee, Pringle, Sutherland, Whyatt, Yturralde.

FATHER COLLEY'S XI.—Rev. Father Colley, S.J., Dr. Orme, Mr. Lewis-Jones, Mr. Bernard Jackson, Mr. Gradwell, Mr. Burns, Barrow, A. Maclachlan, Keegan, Radcliffe, Rooney.

On Friday, June 27th, Third Playroom played their first "out match" of the season. The weather, which had threatened rain in the early morning, luckily did not disappoint our hopes, and a full day's cricket was enjoyed.

Gormley won the toss, and elected to bat first. Yturralde and Fletcher opened to the bowling of Mr Gradwell and Barrow. Fletcher soon left, but Yturralde and Whyatt continued to make some good strokes. The early batsmen were never, however, quite at ease with the bowling, and when Horton was clean bowled by Barrow, Third Playroom were not in a very happy position. Laing and Gormley looked like staying, until the latter was brilliantly caught by Mr. Jackson at square-leg. Laing proved to be the saviour of his side, and deserves all credit for a sound innings of 36. Not even the formidable bowling of Dr. Orme and Mr. Lewis-Jones could break up his last wicket partnership with Sutherland. The lunch interval found Laing and Sutherland still playing steady cricket, and on resuming they carried the score to 92. Taking into consideration the strength of the opposing team, this was really a highly creditable performance.

Dr Orme and Mr Lewis-Jones opened for Father Colley's XI. at 2.45. The former hit lustily, and the score was soon carried to 30. D'Abreu, however, was not to be disturbed and kept up a very good length. Dr Orme, attempting to hit the Eagle Towers (?) was clean bowled by him, and even from the "long grass" one could hear a sigh of relief. Mr. Gradwell and Barrow proved themselves factors to be reckoned with. The good fielding of Third Playroom came to their aid here, and the former was very well run out. Barrow and Father Colley carried the score to 92; excitement was tense; Barrow played forward and was caught at mid-on.

Tea was then taken (many thanks to Mr. Campbell for this); cameras clicked, and eventually Third Playroom opened their second innings.

The distinct feature here was certainly the bowling of Maclachlan. In the course of an innings of 35 he took six wickets for 14 runs. He was backed up by some good fielding at point and slips. All the catches of the innings were taken from these positions by Dr. Orme and Mr Gradwell. It is difficult to account for this rather sudden collapse on the part of Third Playroom. Certainly the Windermere cakes had not been doped!

Father Colley's XI. were left with 36 for victory, and Dr. Orme and Mr. Lewis-Jones made the result a certainty. The former made a mighty hit for six into the corn fields, and soon followed it with another. Mr. Lewis-Jones made the winning stroke.

In conclusion, the respective teams can do no more than thank Father Colley and Mr. Campbell for all the trouble they took in arranging the match. The result justified their expectations, and we must congratulate them, too, on their coaching of a team of such excellent promise.

THIRD PLAYROOM (*First Innings*).

Yturralde, b. Barrow.....	8
Fletcher, c. Lewis-Jones, b. Gradwell.....	0
Whyatt, b. Barrow.....	4
Malone-Lee, b. Gradwell.....	0
Horton, b. Barrow.....	10
Laing, b. Father Colley.....	36
H. Gormley, c. Jackson, b. Orme.....	2
D'Abreu c. Fr. Colley, b. Lewis-Jones.....	4
Lynch, b. Orme.....	0
Pringle, b. Maclachlan.....	3
Sutherland, not out.....	12
Extras.....	13
Total.....	92

THIRD PLAYROOM (*Second Innings*).

Yturralde, b. Gradwell.....	4
Fletcher, c. Burns, b. Gradwell.....	1
Horton, b. Maclachlan.....	3
Whyatt, c. Orme, b. Maclachlan.....	10
Laing, c. Orme, b. Maclachlan.....	0
Sutherland, c. Orme, b. Maclachlan...	3
H. Gormley, c. Gradwell, b. Maclachlan	6
Malone-Lee, c. Gradwell, b. Orme....	0
D'Abreu, c. Gradwell, b. Orme.....	0
Pringle, c. Orme, b. Maclachlan... ..	1
Lynch, not out.....	3
Extras.....	4
Total.....	35

FR. COLLEY'S XI. (*First Innings*).

Dr. Orme, b. A'Abreu.....	17
Mr. Lewis-Jones, c. Gormley, b. D'Abreu.....	12
Mr. Gradwell, run out.....	18
Mr. Burns, b. D'Abreu.....	8
Radcliffe, c. Whyatt, b. Malone-Lee.	2
Mr. Jackson, c. Lynch, b. D'Abreu...	3
Barrow, c. Whyatt, b. Gormley.....	11
Keegan, c. Whyatt, b. D'Abreu.....	2
Rooney, c. Gormley, b. Sutherland...	3
A Maclachlan, c. Whyatt, b. Laing...	1
Father Colley, not out.....	5
Extras.....	12
Total.....	92

FR. R. COLLEY'S XI. (*Second Innings*).

Dr. Orme, b. D'Abreu	22
Mr. Lewis-Jones, not out	7
Mr. Gradwell, st. Lynch, b. D'Abreu.	7
Mr. Burns, not out	0
Total	36

The game thus resulted in a win for Father R. Colley's XI. by eight wickets.

G. B.

PAST v. PRESENT.

On June 22nd an attempt was made to revive the Past v. Present Match. Unfortunately, after about twenty minutes of fairly consistent wind and rain, it became necessary to draw stumps.

PAST.

R. Riley, b. Coleman	26
C. Hallinan, b. Coleman	4
F. J. Kirby, b. Tarleton	13
G. Burns, not out	3
H. C. John, not out	1
R. Walker	} Did not Bat.
J. Gradwell	
A. Smail	
R. Gibson	
A. Wingfield	
H. Feeny	

PRESENT.

K. Coleman, F. Edlemann, M. Trappes-Lomax, M. Rodrigue, W. Murray, J. Neely, B. Tarleton. R. Corkery, F. Bloomfield, W. Jones, E. Green.



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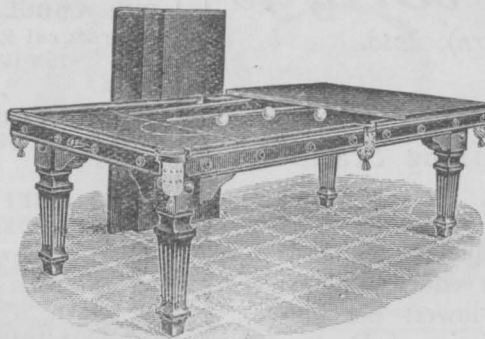
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