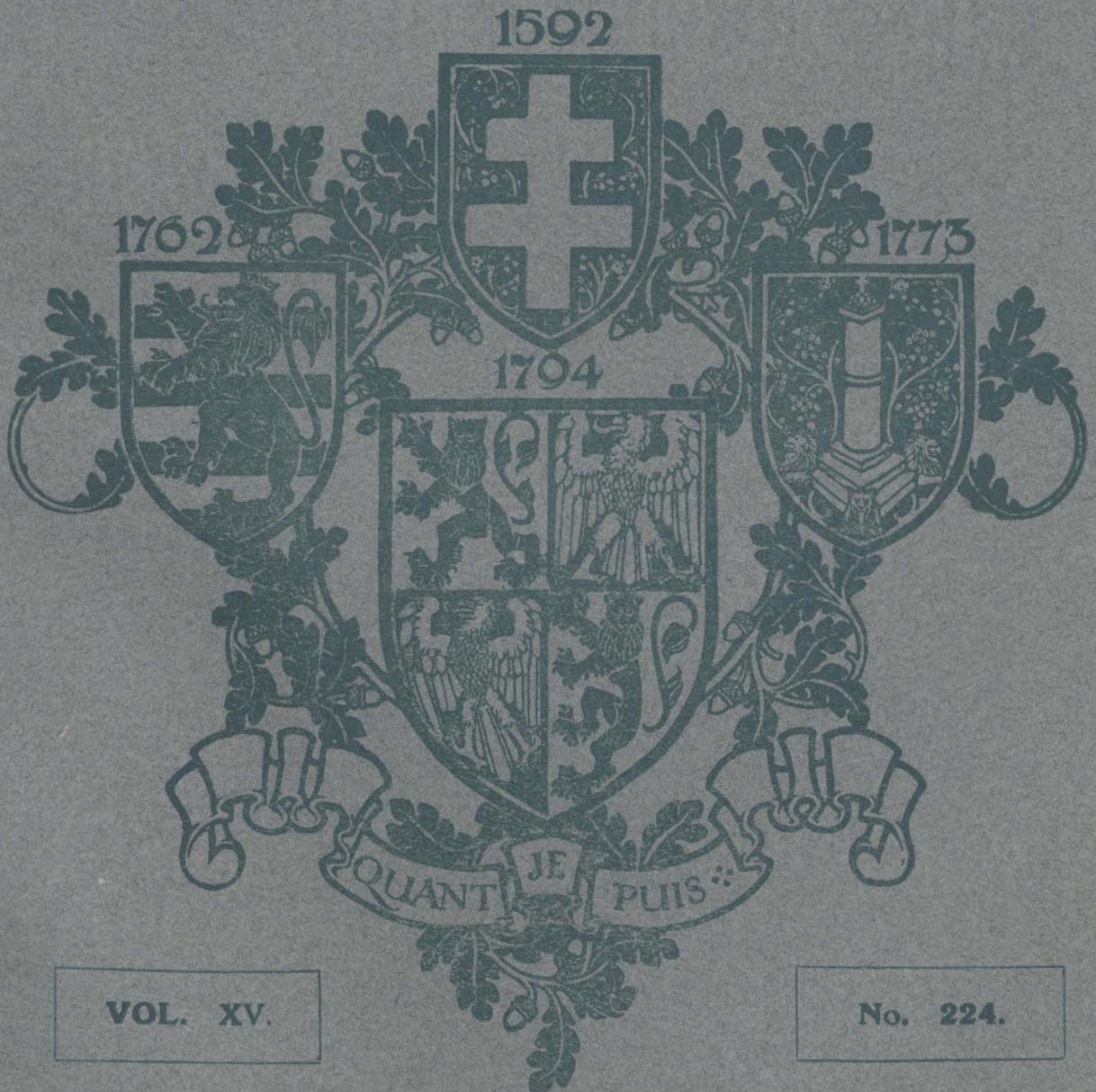


# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XV.

No. 224.

OCTOBER, 1919.

THE ATTENTION OF  
VISITORS TO STONYHURST  
IS CALLED TO

The Shireburn Arms  
AND Bayley Arms Hotels,  
HURST GREEN.

Both houses having Private Telephonic Communication with Stonyhurst College, and preference being given to Parents and Friends of Clergy and Students wishing to visit the above.

---

---

**MOTORS AND CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.**

*N.B.—Anyone visiting friends or being directly connected with Stonyhurst College can be met at Stations and conveyed at Special Rate of Charges for Stonyhurst.*

---

---

FOR TERMS &c., APPLY TO

**W. F. DUCKETT, Shireburn Arms Hotel,  
HURST GREEN.**

Telegrams: "Duckett, Shireburn Arms, Stonyhurst."

Stations: Whalley, Clitheroe, Blackburn, Preston and Longridge.



*Photo. by Debenham & Gould. Bournemouth.*

**Lieut. W. ULRIC CHEVALLIER-TAYLER,**

**Royal West Kent Regiment**

*(Attached 46th Battalion Royal Fusiliers).*

**Born March 26th, 1898.**

**O.S. 1908.**

**Killed in Action at Archangel, Russia, on August 10th, 1919.**



## ROLL OF HONOUR.

### Lieut. GERALD GOSLING, M.C.

*Gloucester Regiment.*

O.S. 1910. Killed in action at Archangel, Russia,  
on July 7th, 1919.

Gerald Gosling was the eldest son of Mr. Cecil Gosling, British Minister to Bolivia. He passed his childhood at La Paz, Bolivia, and came to Hodder on September 6th, 1910, at the age of 12. He was evidently a boy of great natural pluck and hardihood, as evidenced by an incident of his early boyhood, told by his father to the present writer.

The father was startled one day to see his son Gerald enter his room in triumph carrying a wounded Ocelot, strapped up in his braces. The boy had apparently surprised the animal asleep in the forest, stunned it with a blow on the head, and then carefully tied its legs together and muzzled it by means of his braces.

Those who remember the Ocelot we once kept at Stonyhurst, and the way it "bote" and "scratted" our friend Jim Gas, before it finally "went bad" and had to be presented to the London Zoo, will realise the nerve required to "tackle" this particularly savage species of tiger-cat.

Gerald was much liked by all at Stonyhurst. A sound, sensible fellow he was, hardy, athletic, and a capable student at any subject that interested him. He was just the type to make a good officer. He left the College on December 18th, 1918, on passing into Sandhurst. From Sandhurst he was gazetted to the *Gloucester Regiment*, and served with it in France and Belgium continuously from 1916 onwards, taking part in much severe fighting.

He was wounded on September 16th, 1918, receiving the Military Cross for his gallantry on that occasion. After the cessation of hostilities in France he volunteered for active service in Russia, and was posted to the British Expeditionary Force at Archangel.

There he was one of the staff of British officers attached to a Russian battalion formed of prisoners from the Bolshevist Red Army who had volunteered to serve with the British. The battalion treacherously mutined early in the morning of July 7th, 1919, and shot their officers, including Lieutenant Gosling.

The subjoined account of the mutiny, written by the *Times* correspondent during July, supplies full details as to the manner of his death:—

"Let me tell the story of the revolt in the early morning of July 7th. It was composed of ex-Bolshevist prisoners. Among them were ex-Russian officers of pronounced Bolshevist views—men who had served as commissaries in the 'Red' Army. Months ago, when our command was sorely in need of soldiers and Britain did not appear to be in any great hurry to send out fresh troops, General Ironside conceived the idea of reasoning with these prisoners, turning them from their inclinations, making soldiers of them, and persuading them to fight against their late comrades.

The Russians who criticise to-day say that the idea was as theatrical and Utopian as Bolshevism itself. The General refused to believe that a little perseverance would not achieve the results at which he aimed.

The men were formed into a battalion; they were clothed in khaki, fed and paid on the same scale as the British soldier, and only a few short weeks ago were presented with colours in the presence of a vast crowd of Archangel citizens.

In forming the battalion General Ironside placed British officers with Russians, believing that they would inculcate the splendid spirit of *camaraderie* that exists between the British officer and the British soldier.

To-day five of those officers are in their graves. They were murdered by the ex-Bolsheviks among whom they had lived during the last few months. It availed them nothing that they had sought to treat the men as men, scorning the traditional harshness of the Russian officer. They were attacked while they were asleep in the early hours of July 7th.

The battalion had gone forward up the Dvina, and was to be taken into battle at Taoitsa. They gave not the slightest sign that any conspiracy was being organised. They had behaved in a most exemplary manner, so much so that Colonel B. C. Wells, in command, was more than satisfied that they would render a striking account of themselves when they were put into action.

Captain A. E. M. Finch, *Seaforth Highlanders*, was the first to be shot. The assassin fired at him through the window as he lay asleep in bed.

He must have found death easily and quickly, for the officer who found him after the mutiny told me the boy's hands were folded across his breast and there was a smile on his face. He was only 23, and was married just before he left England.

There were two other British officers in the billet—Lieutenant J. W. Gosling, M.C., and Lieutenant Bland. They rushed into the village street, only to be killed before they could get 20 yards away.

The next victim was Lieutenant T. C. Griffiths, and then the mutineers attacked Captain D. B. Barr, a close friend of poor Finch.

Barr, defenceless, made for the river. They fired volley after volley, and with 10 wounds the young officer dived into the water and swam out to the monitor 500 yards away.

No one shall say how he was able to perform the feat, for he was lacerated in two vital places. But he reached the boat, was taken on board, and conveyed the same morning to the hospital barge at Beresnik. He did not recover sufficiently to give any statement. He was buried in Archangel on Tuesday last.

Eight or nine Russian officers were murdered before the mutineers were subdued. Nearly 200 of the ex-Bolsheviks escaped into the woods, but cavalry went in pursuit and 35 were caught.

A Russian officer's comment on the affair was: 'You British do not understand the Russian character. You blamed us for harshness, but that is the only way to deal with these people. These people do not understand kindness, and what they don't understand they suspect.'

---

### Lieut. WILLIAM ULRIC CHEVALLIER-TAYLER,

*Royal West Kent Regt. (attd. 46th Bn. R. Fusiliers).*

*Born March 26th, 1898. O.S. 1908.*

*Killed in action at Archangel, Russia, on August 10th, 1919.*

---

Ulric Tayler, born on March 26th, 1898, was educated at Arnold House and Stonyhurst, remaining at Stonyhurst from September 1908, to July, 1915. He was the elder son of the well-known

artist, Mr. Albert Chevallier-Tayler, and Mrs. Chevallier-Tayler, of 58, Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, W, 8. His younger brother Jack (1908), who was in the *R.A.F.*, was killed in action on August 7th, 1918.

Ulric left behind him at Stonyhurst the reputation of a fine, manly boy, of good abilities, very cheery and popular with everyone. He was prominent in all school games, and had he remained to complete his course here would, no doubt, have represented his College in the cricket and football elevens. But he left at the end of his year in the class of Syntax, July, 1915, to enter Sandhurst, from which he was gazetted to a commission in the *Royal West Kent Regiment*.

He went to France in the autumn of 1916. He was severely wounded on November 8th, 1916. He spent some months in England, returning to France in February, 1918. He was taken prisoner on March 21st, 1918, after a long period of continuous service at the front in Belgium and France, during which he earned the reputation of being an efficient and gallant officer, well versed in all the tricks of trench warfare, and a capable leader in the field.

On being repatriated after the armistice, as he had adopted the Army as his profession, he volunteered for active service in Russia. He joined the Russian Expeditionary Force and sailed for Archangel at the end of May, 1919.

His commanding officer writes that he was shot dead on August 10th, 1919, while gallantly leading his platoon in action, and he adds that he was "a fine soldier and beloved by officers, N.C.O.'s and men, and that he was always bright and cheerful."

He was buried with a brother officer at Archangel, and a solemn requiem mass was celebrated for him attended by all the Catholics.

Portraits of Ulric Tayler and his brother Jack appeared in *The Graphic* and *Illustrated London News* for the first week in October.

The portrait we reproduce was kindly lent to us by their father, to whom, and to Mrs. Chevallier-Tayler, we offer our deepest sympathy on the loss of both their sons.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

The boys returned from vacation on September 23rd. A week's extra holidays had been granted to commemorate the Peace in response to the King's request to this effect, addressed to all the schools of the country.

During the last summer term a Peace Holiday was granted to the boys. An account of it appears on another page. It was spent in riverside picnics, bathing and fishing.

Mr. T. J. Priestley, who had been German Master at the College for 40 years, resigned his post last August, and has retired to live with his married son in London. Many generations of Stonyhurst boys will remember him, for he was a well-known and popular personality. Elsewhere in this number will be found a notice of him commemorating his long service at the College, together with an excellent portrait by Br. William McKeon, taken on the morning of the day he left Stonyhurst.

The Boys' Retreat, which began on October 2nd, was given by Father J. Welsby, Rector of the Catholic College, Preston. Father W. Bartley gave the Hodder Boys' Retreat.

We offer a hearty welcome to the following new members of the College staff:—Father F. Woodlock, Father Baines, Fr. Carter, Fr. Faulkner, Fr. S. Jones, Fr. Morrison, Fr. J. Rowland, Fr. O'Hea, Mr. O'Carroll, and Mr. Widdowson.

The members of last year's staff who have left us are: Father Gruggen, Fr. Barrett, Fr. Sharkey, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Derbyshire, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. McQuillin, Mr. Pendlebury. Their many Stonyhurst friends bid them farewell and good luck.

Father Joseph Martin, s.j. (1870), who had been in charge of the Stonyhurst rural parish for the last five years, was transferred in September to the staff of the Catholic Church, Lauriston Street, Edinburgh.

Many a lad and lass, "owd" and young of the Stonyhurst countryside had grown attached to their big genial missionary with his ready smile and hearty sympathy for all, and will wish him well in his new home. Will "Hoo's a' wi' ye the noo" ever sound so pleasant to him as their cheery "How arta doin', Feyther?"

Father Martin's successor in the charge of the Stonyhurst parish is the Rev. Sir William Heathcote, Bart., s.j.

Father Heathcote, who is a past Rector of Beaumont and Minister at Stonyhurst, was during the war a Naval Chaplain. Most of his parishioners remember him well as Minister at Stonyhurst, so he comes among old friends.

### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SCHOOLS EXAMINATION RESULT.

*Higher Certificates*.—M. de la Bédoyère (*Distinction in French*); Guy Baron (*Distinction in French*) Clifford Howell, Dudley Ward (*Distinction in Mathematics*).

*School Certificates*.—W. Collingwood, F. Considine, N. de Larrinaga, O. Frodsham, F. Sempill, F. Wellard, J. de T'Serclaes, G. Holmes, D. Kane, P. Kennedy, F. Sullivan, C. Unsworth.

### PASSED WITH CREDIT IN THE ABOVE EXAMINATION:

*Latin*.—W. Collingwood, F. Considine, N. de Larrinaga, O. Frodsham, F. Sempill, D. Kane, P. Kennedy.

*Greek*.—F. Considine, O. Frodsham, D. Kane.  
*French*.—W. Collingwood, F. Considine, O. Frodsham, F. Sempill, F. Wellard, J. de T'Serclaes, G. Holmes, D. Kane, F. Sullivan.

*English*.—W. Collingwood, R. Birmingham, F. Considine, O. Frodsham, F. McArdle, F. Sempill, J. de T'Serclaes, G. Holmes, D. Kane, P. Kennedy, F. Wellard, C. Marchant, L. Pearce, F. Sullivan, C. Unsworth.

*English History*.—W. Collingwood, O. Frodsham, F. Wellard, J. de T'Serclaes, D. Kane, P. Kennedy, C. Unsworth.

*Elementary Mathematics* :—R. Birmingham, W. Collingwood, F. Considine, N. de Larrinaga, O. Frodsham, F. Sempill, F. Wellard, J. de T'Serclaes, D. Kane, P. Kennedy, C. Marchant, K. O'Bryen, L. Pearce, F. Sullivan, C. Unsworth.

*Additional Mathematics* :—R. Birmingham, W. Collingwood, N. de Larrinaga, F. Wellard, F. Sullivan.

*Physics and Chemistry* :—R. Birmingham, and N. de Larrinaga.

*Spanish* :—N. de Larrinaga.

#### LOWER CERTIFICATES.

(The number after the name denotes number of subjects in which the candidate has passed).

J. Cagger (5), C. Curran (5), R. de Larrinaga (5), L. Frodsham (7), B. John (5), J. Keegan (5), E. Leicester (7), E. Awde (6), C. Brand (5), L. Buckley (7), R. Chilton-Thomas (6), H. David (7), P. Devlin (7), W. Drake-Lee (5), A. Fox (7), L. Guilly (5), Q. Gwyn (7), A. Maclachlan (6), J. Parker (5), V. Porter (5), C. Purgold (6), P. Rooney (6), W. Savage (6), A. Sire (6), L. Smith (5), F. Walsh (6), V. Waring (7).

#### FIRST CLASSES :

*Latin* :—E. Awde, L. Buckley, H. David, P. Devlin, A. Fox, A. Gordon, Q. Gwyn, A. Maclachlan, J. Parker, A. Sire, F. Walsh, V. Waring.

*Greek* :—A. Sire.

*French* :—J. Cagger, W. Suttill, W. Savage, A. Sire.

*English* :—J. Keegan, A. Fox.

*English History* :—A. Fox, L. Smith.

*Arithmetic* :—J. Cagger, C. Curran, R. de Larrinaga, L. Frodsham, J. Keegan, E. Leicester, A. Fox, V. Porter.

*Additional Mathematics* :—R. de Larrinaga, R. Chilton-Thomas, A. Fox, Q. Gwyn, V. Porter.

*Spanish* :—A. Merry del Val.

#### OWD TILL RETIRES.

Owd Till, our veteran Head Gamekeeper, resigned office last August. He had been gamekeeper at Stonyhurst for 62 years, and is now 88 years of age. His predecessor, Owd Harry Holden, also

retained his job to a ripe old age, but not so long as Will. For some years before he became keeper Till had taken a keen amateur interest in game and its capture by methods lawful and otherwise, so he was well qualified to "step into Owd Harry Keeper's shoon." With Till as Head Keeper, game preserving at Stonyhurst was taken in hand more vigorously. "The year after I tackled t' job," he told me, "we killed 97 pheasants in one day in Hother Wood. That wor a record i' them days. We had nobbut fower guns shootin' that day, and no beaters, but we had some tur'ble good dogs, and we walked up t' birds. I mind me that Mr. Philip Colley wor one o' t' guns that shot that day, and thur wor three other Philosophers.

Thur wor a dale more partridges and hares i' them days than what thur are now. I've seed me goo out shootin' partridges i' t' Chapel Field wi' Kornel Trappes, and me and him shot 42 brace of partridges all in yon one field in t' same afternoon. Now it'll tak ye a two-three days to kill that number shootin' over the whole o' t' Stanihurst land. I could walk i' them days and shoot. I con shoot still. When I puts up ma goon at t' birds I'm mostly on 'em still; but the rheumatics has gotten into ma owd legs, an' I corn't walk t' same as I did; soa I give over. How-it-be, if they'll let me, I con rammle round quiet like still wi' ma goon, and happen doll a hodd stort, or a two-three cats. But, Jod blame it! cartridges is gotten tur'ble scarce seemin'ly. Some time sin' they axed me to kill nine robbits, and they gave me nobbut eight cartridges! Well, nah then, I dolled the nine robbits, and I saved two cartridges! Hah! hah! hah! And I've not given over fishin', not yet. How-it-be, t' river seems a long walk away now. But, happen I's cast another flee for a salmon yet afoore t' season is out.

And I s'tell thee, folks is gradely mista'en what thinks as I cornt walk fur enough and see weel enough to find t' grins (snares) and steel traps what they'n setten aninst t' robbit hoyles on t' College land; I'm an owd lad, happen, and not far-larned (well-educated), but I'm turble peevish (cunning) still an' o', an' fause (sly) enough for ony folks what poarches hereabouts."

---

 HODDER NOTES
 

---

On Peace Celebration Day we had glorious fun. First of all we had eggs and jam for breakfast, and then we went up to the Cricket Field for sports.

First of all we had to carry an egg on a tiny spoon—it was jolly difficult. Then we had a potato race. But the race I liked most of all was the obstickle race. We started off and had to jump a stick put across two wickets. Then we had to drink some water, and if we spilt any we had to have another glass. Then we jumped over another stick, and then through a lot of string all muddled up, and after that we had to thread a needle and get under a net. But the greatest fun of all was what we called the tuppenny tube. It used to be the fire escape before we got the new fire stairs. It was very stuffy inside. It was great fun watching the others go through. It looked like a huge serpent!

---

When we came back from the holidays we found all the big fellows had gone up to the College. It seems so funny to be in First Elements, and so be looked up to by the smaller boys. I remember how I used to envy them when I came to Hodder.

---

Father Watts has gone back to the College. It was very kind of him to come and entertain us while Father Weld was away.

---

But another master—Mr. Clarke—has come down from the College to teach us in the place of Mr. Hill, who has gone to get ready for being a priest. He is going to go on looking after our splendid library that Mr. Hill made so big.

---

We had the voting for the Captain of the School, and Cape got everyone's vote except his own. McEvoy is the second Captain. One boy who has been here two years said the Committee was the best that we had ever had at Hodder.

---

On the Rector's Day we played against Fourth Playroom. We almost always win all our out-

matches, but I must say we lost this time. Still, it was very exciting, especially as Mr. Staunton, who was once a boy at Stonyhurst, very kindly offered a pound to the boy who made the biggest score on each side. It was awfully kind of him to offer us such a splendid present, and I am only sorry that I did not win it.

---

Father Bartley has just been giving us our Retreat. Everyone enjoyed it, and he told us tons of stories. I really think he ought to write a book on the War; he would make a lot of money, for I am sure every boy here would do his best to buy a copy.

---

We have just had our first Concert; it was great fun. We had conjuring and songs and funny stories and music and recitations, and some of the new boys did very well, especially little Campbell.

---



---

 DONATIONS.
 

---

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations:—

## TO THE MUSEUM.

Helmet of an officer of the Kaiser's bodyguard; *presented by* Lieut. BERNARD JACKSON (1913).

Collar and Orfrey of a Cope, old gold embroidered work; *presented by* Mrs. DICKSON-DICKSON.

Mannlicher cartridge-clip, found on the battlefield of Kus-Kus (Græco-Bulgar war); *presented by* Lieut. R. A. IRWIN (1908).

---

## TO THE LIBRARY.

*The Economic History of England*, by E. Lipson, M.A.; *presented by* Mrs. R. E. TURNER.

*The Grand Fleet*, by Admiral Viscount Jellicoe; *presented by* Dr. E. J. BLACKETT (1880).

*The Salient: The Somme and Arras* (1915—1917): Leaves from the Diary of a Bumble Bee, by André L. Simon; *presented by* the AUTHOR.

Pamphlets by the late Rev. Kenelm Digby-Beste; *presented by* Commander H. DIGBY-BESTE (1894).

### OLD ALUMNI.

We offer out congratulations to the following recently married:—Thomas Massey Lynch (1905), who was married on July 2nd, at the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, Liverpool, to Miss Evelyn Clarke, daughter of Mr. W. J. Clarke, of Ravenswood, New Brighton.

H. B. Livingstone (1907), who was married at the Catholic Church, Birchington, on September 10th, to Miss Barbara Bancroft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bancroft of Westgate on Sea, and granddaughter of Sir Squire Bancroft. H. B. Livingstone has lately passed the Foreign Office examination, and been appointed Probationer Vice-Consul at San Francisco. He proceeded to take up his post there at the end of September, after paying a visit to Stonyhurst with his wife earlier in the same month.

Dr. John Kevin Pentony (1901)—late Captain R.A.M.C.—who was married on July 17th, 1919, to Miss Winifred Mary Heslop.

Brigadier-General Costello, v.c., d.s.o. (1893), led the Indian troops in the Victory March through London.

Commenting on this event, the *Tablet* notes that the General "has seen a deal of service with the Empire's Eastern forces, and it was with the Malakand Field Force, and for rescuing a wounded Havildar, that he won his Victoria Cross. His many distinctions in the late war were gained in the Tigris Campaign. There is, it is said, no leader more popular with Indian troops. He was born in 1873, educated at Stonyhurst, and married in 1902, Elsie, daughter of Charles Long Huggins, of Hadlow Grange, Sussex.

Father William Devlin, s.j. (1888), has been appointed President of Boston College. A Boston paper, commenting on the appointment, says:—

"The new president of Boston College has been identified with Boston College and Boston College High School for 11 years. He was born in New York City and was educated in Stonyhurst College, England, which is one of the oldest institutions of education in England. He is about 44 years old. He was ordained in 1908 at Woodstock

by Cardinal Gibbons. He spent his novitiate in Frederick, Md., and made his studies of philosophy and theology at Woodstock College, Md. He made a review of ascetical theology at Poughkeepsie.

Father Devlin is not only one of the most brilliant men in the Jesuit order, but has also won for himself in the college world, sectarian or non-sectarian, the reputation of being without a peer as a professor.

He is a master of English and of oratory, as well as pedagogy and philosophy, his courses in these having won him a country-wide reputation.

As a leader of men, he ranks with the most able. Of a most genial personality, any who have come under his guidance have always been held under a spell, which bound them to him unalterably.

It was his popularity with the students which, to a great extent, brought about the revival of athletics at Boston College, which eventually placed that institution in its present recognised position among the leading colleges of the country."

J. V. Bell (1908), 2nd Lieutenant, *9th Gurkhas*, writes to us from Dehra Dun, United Provinces, India, to give us some news of Stonyhurst men he has met since March, 1918:—

I met Edward Croucher (1911—Lieutenant *Bengal Lancers*), at Quetta, when he was on a musketry course and I on a bayonet course. Later I met him at Umballa. He was since with the Frontier Force as an A.D.C. during operations against the Afghans. Eric Waters (1913), and J. O'Ferrall (1913—2nd Lieutenant, *1st Gurkhas*), came out with me from Taranto and Suez, while on their way to Wellington. While concentrating in Umballa for the Afghan show I met E. T. Danson (2nd Lieutenant, *53rd Sikhs*), he was with the *2/151st Infantry*.

Michael Nolan (1908), was also on board with me, and went to Jhansi. He was Station Staff-Officer at Rangoon when last I heard of him.

While my battalion (the *39th*) was up here at Kohat I went down to Pindi to draw some horses. I had to draw one from a Mountain Battery and met one of their officers, Edgecome (1913), who had come out here recently from Woolwich.

My battalion was relieved in July, and went back to Dehra Dun. My address is: *9th Gurkhas*, Dehra Dun, United Provinces.

Aubrey Cooke (1902), of the Colonial Office, sends us the following details of the war service of his brother, E. A. Cooke (1902): "Joined *A.I.F.* in Australia, 1915; came to England, 1916; served in France on the Somme and in the Ypres Salient, 1916—1918; invalided, 1918; employed as Signalling Instructor, 1918—1919; repatriated, February, 1919."

Mr. T. K. Dealy, father of Frank and Sidney Dealy, writes to us from Pension Monier, 8, rue de Voltaire, Grenoble.

He obtained permission to visit the grave of his son Frank. He says:—"He was buried originally in the German trench where he was killed thirteen months ago. His remains were exhumed on the 19th August last, and reburied in a newly-formed Military Cemetery close to Suzanne. I visited this grave and was then taken to the actual trench wherein Frank was killed. It is due east of the Bois de la Détente, N.N.W. of the village of Suzanne." Mr. Dealy is going to settle in France for the education of his daughter.

Bernard Jackson (1913, Lieutenant "R" *Anti-Aircraft Battery*, Rhine Army), writes to the Rector from "B" Mess, Army Science College, Bonn University, giving details about a German helmet which he has kindly presented to our Museum:—

"It is the 'helmet of an officer belonging to the Kaiser's Bodyguard.' The man who procured it for me was formerly manager of the Hotel Cecil, London. His name is Herr H. Link, and during the war he was interned in the Isle of Man P.O.W. Camp, but has now been exported to this country, where he is shortly opening an Officers' Restaurant." He adds: "As you will see, I am now at Bonn studying for my Medical Preliminary Exam., which I take out here on August 25th."

The helmet is now in a glass case in the Museum. It is of polished brass, surmounted by a silver eagle. This type of helmet is of the kind most sought after by collectors of war souvenirs.

Donald Banks (1912), visited us in October.

He is not yet demobilised, and was on leave, pending the departure of his regiment, the *1st Reserve Cavalry (Lancers)* for Egypt.

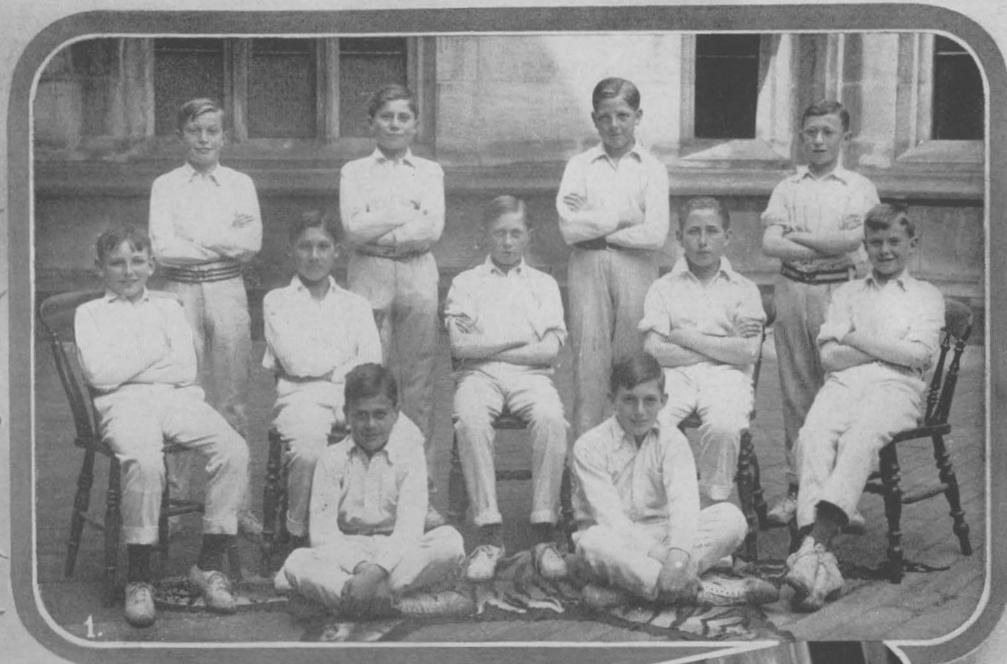
Benedict Heppel (1906)—late Lieutenant *R.A.F.*—has written offering us for the Museum a "Light Spandau Machine-gun, left behind by the Huns at Ypres." Lieutenant Heppel was demobilised in May, 1918, after a final period of service with the Army of the Rhine. For his previous war services in the *Royal Air Force* he received the Belgian *Croix-de-Guerre*.

Henry Harrington (1907), writes from S. Edmund's College, Ware, to inform us that he will be ordained priest probably on the last Sunday in October. After ordination he will enter Cambridge University.

Major John Lucie-Smith, O.B.E. (1898), late *Dublin Fusiliers*, spent a week at Stonyhurst during August, staying at the Shireburn Arms with his wife, and fishing in the Hodder. His war service dated from September, 1914, when he received a Captain's commission in the *R.D.F.*, to the end of the war. He served in Gallipoli in 1915, and later in Macedonia, as second in command. He was Cipher Officer G.H.Q., Salonika, for periods between 1916—1917, and Chief Cipher Officer, November, 1918—May, 1919. On September 2nd he sailed for Trinidad to take over a legal appointment. His brother, Lieutenant Euan Lucie-Smith, M.C., *R.F.A.*, is still on active service, and was stationed at Damascus.

Denis F. Keegan (1910), Captain, *Punjabis*, is now, he tells us, on leave in England, after a severe illness. He hopes to pay a visit to the College before returning to India.

Valentine Irwin (1886), with his brother Cyril J. Irwin (1891), *I.C.S.*—late Lieutenant, *2nd Bengal Lancers*—stayed at Stonyhurst for a week at the end of August for some fishing and shooting. The latter, who was mentioned in dispatches for services in Egypt and Palestine, is now on sick leave, pending



1.—THE THIRD PLAYROOM CRICKET XI., 1918-19.

J. Fletcher. G. Horton. R. Pringle. J. Whyatt.  
G. Malone-Lee. A. d'Abreu. H. Gormley. M. de Yturalde. D. Laing.  
R. Sutherland. F. Lynch.

2.—THE LOWER LINE CRICKET XI., 1918-19.

B. Cragg. E. d'Aguiar. T. Healy. H. Curley.  
C. Eastwood. N. Pringle. H. Robinson. W. Cole. A. Robinson.  
P. Considine. A. Riley.

his return to his post as Deputy-Commissioner in the Indian Civil Service, Central Provinces, from which he was released for service with the Colours.

Captain Oswald de Trafford (1895), *South Staffs. Regiment*, sailed on July 9th for Ashanti, where he is to be transferred to the *Gold Coast Regiment*, and stationed at Kumassi.

It will be remembered that he was a prisoner of war in Germany from October 28th, 1914, to February, 1918, when he was released for internment in Holland.

Lieutenant M. C. Nolan (1908), *Indian Army*, has been appointed Company Commander of the Katchin Company, attached to the *Burma Rifles*, at Reiktila, Burma.

The Katchins are a hill-people of Upper Burma, resembling in many respects the Gurkhas, of Nepal.

Valentine J. O'Hara (1890), was sent to Russia in July last, attached to the Baltic Commission on Foreign Office duty. Owing to his intimate knowledge of the Russian language and people, acquired during a long residence at Kicff, he was able to render valuable service at the Foreign Office during the war. He was married on July 2nd.

Captain Arthur Capel (1897), who was on the British Military Intelligence Staff during the war, and latterly British Liaison Officer at Versailles, was awarded the C.B.E. and the Legion of Honour for his services.

C. F. Magnier (1906), writes to inform us that his brother, W. J. Magnier (1907), *R. Munster Fusiliers*, was promoted Captain and received the Military Cross on the following official grounds:—

"During the operations 4/6th November, 1918, this officer, who was battalion Intelligence Officer, behaved with the greatest gallantry and coolness throughout. He never failed to visit the lines, often advancing through heavy machine-gun and rifle fire, and to bring back information as to the

progress of operations. He was of the very greatest assistance to the Battalion Commander, and his work was absolutely invaluable."

Captain Magnier served during the war on four different fronts, first in the landing at Suvla Bay, then in Salonika and Palestine (where he was at the taking of Jerusalem), and finally in France until the end of the war.

Edmund Thompson (1889)—late *R.A.F.*—informs us that his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Thompson (1890), has been for some months in charge of the Veterinary Depôt of the Allied Forces in Mourmansk, with the title of D.A.D.V.S. (Deputy-Assistant-Director of Veterinary Services).

Herbert J. Tobin (1907)—late Lieutenant, *M.G.C.*—has obtained a grant from the Board of Education to enable him to go to Oxford. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford, this term, for an Honours Course in English Literature.

Aubrey Cooke (1902), who was released by the Colonial Office for service with the Colours on April 10th, 1917, is now back at his post. He was attached for some time to the *Artists Rifles*, and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the *6th King's Liverpool Regiment*, on November 28th, 1917. Later he was seconded to the *King's African Rifles*, and served as 2nd Lieutenant in E. Africa from May 29th, 1918, to March 16th, 1919.

Egerton B. Martin (1900), whose name has hitherto figured in our lists as 2nd officer on H.M. Transport *Delmira*, has been recently promoted First Officer in the same ship, a rank rarely reached by one at his age—27 years.

We are glad to hear that our old friend W. M. Moylan (1873), is on his way home to England from India, and intends to pay us a visit. During the war he rendered important services to the Government of India in various engineering and building operations for military purposes.

He gives us the latest news of his son, Captain W. D. Moylan, *I.A.* (1902), who served with the

*Wilde's Rifles* in France and in E. Africa. His son, he tells us, "is now a Captain in the *Railway Sappers and Miners*, and has got the *27th Company* at Sealkot, Punjab. He is at present on the Frontier, putting up a Rope Way in the Khyber, somewhere near Ali Musjid. He took his company up at the beginning of the late Afghan War, and he has had some rough experiences and some severe fighting with the Afridis. On July 18th his camp was attacked at night by some 7,000 Afridis, and after three hours fighting the enemy retired, leaving several hundred dead, found in the morning in front of the breastworks. Captain Moylan's company was complimented by the General for their straight shooting at night."

Captain Moylan was mentioned in dispatches for work in E. Africa.

Mr. W. Moylan says that he hopes to reach England "sometime in the Autumn, but too late to throw a fly for a salmon in the Hodder." He sends his kindest regards to his old friend "Owd Till," who first taught him salmon fishing when he was a Philosopher at Stonyhurst.

"Tell him," he says, "that I hope he has killed a two-three salmon on the rod I gave him, and that he will kill a *tidy* lot more yet."

Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O. (1899), is shortly publishing through Fisher Unwin & Co., a book entitled *A Galloper at Ypres, and some Subsequent Adventures*. It is to be issued at 15s. net. Colonel Butler was the first Cadet Officer of the Stonyhurst O.T.C.

R. Corkery and R. Butler, who left us last August, passed the London Matriculation exam. in September, the former securing a place in the First Division.

J. M. N. Jeffries (O.S. 1891), the *Daily Mail* war correspondent, stayed for a few days at the College early in October.

On Sunday evening, October 12th, he gave a lecture in the Academy Room on some of his war experiences. The lecture, which dealt chiefly with the speaker's adventures during the earlier stages of the war in Belgium and in France was followed

with keen interest by his hearers, and the touches of racy humour which seasoned his descriptions were highly appreciated. Though handicapped by the absence of lantern slides, he held his audience from start to finish, and well deserved the hearty round of applause which greeted the conclusion of his lecture.

The time allotted him was too short to enable him to touch on more than the opening phases of the war, but he has kindly promised to send us for the *Stonyhurst Magazine* some selections from the more interesting of his recollections. The variety of his professional wanderings may be gathered from the dated list given below of countries and places visited by him from August, 1914, to July, 1919:—

Belgium—August, 1914; France—Marne retreat; Belgium—Siege of Antwerp; Holland—Autumn, 1914; Egypt—November, 1914—March, 1915; Belgium—March, 1915; Visit to Serbia—March, 1915; Salonika—April, 1915; Italy—April, 1915—November, 1915; Greece—November, 1915; Sicily—Fortnight in December; Greece, December, 1915—July, 1917; Italy—August, 1917—October, 1917; Albania—(July, August, 1917); Austria (Vienna, Lemberg)—October, 1917—December, 1918; Poland—December, 1918—March 1919; The Ukraine—March, 1919; Buda Pesth—April, 1919; Vienna and Italy—April, 1919—July, 1919.

Lieutenant J. F. O'Ferrall (1913), 21st *Gurkha Rifles*, writes to Father Rector, under date Sept. 8th, 1919: "I suppose you heard all about our little war here. I have been most lucky, as I have been in it all the time. We left Nowshera on May 9th, and on the 11th were in reserve to the 2nd Brigade in the fight at Bagh. On the 17th we left Landi Kotal for Loe Dakka, and arrived during the battle there, when we saw the last of the Afghan Army. Our regiment captured three Afghan guns and a large amount of their stores left behind. We have been at Dakka ever since, and our regiment has been lucky enough to take part in each of the scraps with the tribesmen.

Our Brigade will be the last to leave here, namely on the 13th September, so we have only five days more. We did not dislike the place in spite of the

dust and heat. Encamped on the banks of the Kabul River there has been good bathing for us all the time.

Our immediate destination now is probably Kabul, near Abbottabad. Later on we might have the luck to go overseas somewhere, as our battalion has been in India all through the war. I have only met one O.S. up here—Major Denzil Macaulay (1881), Commanding the *1st Bengal Lancers (Skinner's Horse)*. He was very interested in a *Stonyhurst Magazine* I lent him, and was inquiring about all the old Fathers whom he had known at Stonyhurst. I see that F. W. Power (1915), is not mentioned in the Magazine list as attached to any regiment. He is in the *21st Dogras*. Their station is Banner. E. Waters (1913), is in the *10th Lancers (Hodson's Horse)*. E. T. Danson (1907), was formerly with the *53rd Sikhs*, but is now with the *2/151st Infantry*. J. D. de Wilton (1909), I think, got a *Gurkha Regiment*. My second "pip" is due on October 1st.

Major W. R. O'Farrell (1899), *R.A.M.C.*, is now Registrar at Queen Mary's Millitary Hospital, Whalley. He served in France from the beginning of the war until he was taken prisoner on April 25th, 1916.

---

### In Memoriam.

MAJOR LEO FRANCIS BODKIN, D.S.O.,  
*113th Infantry, Indian Army.*

*Born October 13th, 1879. O.S. 1890.*

*Died August 13th, 1919, of illness contracted on active service.*

We all learnt with deep regret of the death of Major Leo Bodkin, D.S.O., *113th Infantry*, who succumbed to enteric fever in Colaba Military Hospital, Bombay, on August 30th last.

He was the youngest son of the late Dominic Bodkin, Resident Magistrate in Ireland, and grandson of John James Bodkin, D.L., of Killooney, who was at one time M.P. for Galway County and City.

He was born on October 13th, 1879, and educated at Stonyhurst, to which he came in September, 1890, remaining till 1895. While at School here he had for a time as his master his brother Father William Bodkin, S.J., afterwards Rector of Stonyhurst. He was a boy with plenty of character and good abilities. After his school course at Stonyhurst he began a course of law studies at the Royal University of Ireland—with a view of being called to the Irish Bar. During the Boer War he obtained a University Commission in the Army, being gazetted to the *Yorkshire Regiment*, which he joined in India. Later after some service in India and Burma, he obtained a transfer to the Indian Army. His life thenceforth was spent in the East, with the exception of a few short periods of leave.

He was on two occasions employed in Russia, and had qualified as an interpreter in Russian. While on his way to Moscow for a year's course in the Russian language some years before the war he paid a visit to Stonyhurst.

The July of 1914 found him on a Military Mission in Thibet, where, much against his desires, he was forced to remain during the first two years of the war.

He was then recalled to India, and soon afterwards joined the Expeditionary Army in Mesopotamia, where he was engaged in some heavy fighting, being wounded in October, 1918.

For his share in this campaign he was awarded the D.S.O. in the May of this year, and was mentioned in dispatches.

It was in August last, after his return to India, that he contracted the fever from which he died on August 30th.

---

### WULSTAN TAUNTON (1904).

We have not yet heard the full details of the death of Wulstan Taunton, which occurred on August 10th last, at Valparaiso. He had enjoyed good health during his sojourn in South America, and since 1910 had been in business in Valparaiso, where he had married and settled down.

He was at Stonyhurst from January 12th, 1904, to December 21st, 1909.

His younger brothers Cuthbert and Basil were on active service during the war, both holding commissions in the *South Staffordshire Regiment*. Cuthbert was killed in action on the Gallipoli Peninsula in August, 1915, and the news of the death of another younger brother, Cyprian, who died on September 22nd, will be fresh in the minds of all.

In a letter to a member of the Community, written early in the year, Wulstan lamented his inability to come to Europe to "do his bit" in the war like his younger brothers. "The Consul-General," he says, "presented me with an 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 about his trading operations with British firms, etc., and I think I have been useful."

We learn further that he formed a Sodality. "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."

The manager of the business in which Wulstan held a responsible position, writing to announce his death, from typhoid fever, describes him in terms of warm appreciation, and mentions his attachment to his religion.

Wulstan Taunton was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Taunton, of 38, Sandon Street, Liverpool. We offer them our sincere sympathy on losing three of their sons during so brief a period.

#### CYPRIAN TAUNTON (1908).

Cyprian Taunton died on September 22nd as the result of an illness contracted at the Indian Staff College, Quetta, into which he passed in April, 1918, securing the 6th place on the list. He had been at Quetta for nearly a year, when he was prostrated by a malady which was accompanied by almost total blindness, necessitating his transfer to England for special treatment. But treatment failed to arrest the disease, and he never rallied from it. Cyprian was at Stonyhurst from January 15th, 1908, to April, 1918, terminating his school career by passing two years in Rhetoric.

He was a capable, hard-working student, who was making steady progress, as our prize lists show. In 1915 he gained the Senior Scholarship. He had passed the Higher and Lower Certificate examinations, and among the more notable prizes gained by him were the £20 Lomax Prize in 1916, the Kelly Latin Verse Prize (twice), the Greek Prose Prize (twice), and he was bracketed first for the Greek Verse Prize. In Rhetoric he won the Greek and Latin Medals for two years in succession.

His devotion to his studies in no way rendered him remote from the other interests of College life. He was a merry, companionable boy, much liked by everyone.

#### GEOFFREY SCROPE (1883).

In our July number we published an obituary of Geoffrey Scrope, who died on April 11th last. It has since been pointed out to us by his brother Stephen that the writer of the notice had apparently confused Geoffrey with Gervase, to whom the details of the notice seem to refer. This is what he says:—

"In the July number of the Magazine I notice a reference to the death of my poor brother Geoffrey on April 11th last.

Geoffrey went to Stonyhurst in 1883, but only remained there a few months, being transferred at his request to Beaumont, where he had many friends at the time. Later he spent a year at Stonyhurst as a Philosopher.

In after life Geoffrey spent his time quietly at home mostly, devoting his life to looking after his mother, to whom he was more than ordinarily attached. When she eventually died, in January last, at the age of 87, Geoffrey, whose health had never been very strong, rapidly grew worse, and he very shortly found the mother whom he loved so well.

The particulars you give of his career really refer to my brother Gervase, who, I rejoice to say, is alive and well in Mexico, where he has a large cattle-ranche, and is at present engaged in developing his oil interests therein."

We are very grateful to the writer of the foregoing letter for thus rectifying the regrettable confusion of names in our July obituary.

---

LORD NORREYS (1870).

Lord Norreys, then the Hon. Montague Bertie, was at Stonyhurst from 1870—1875.

The following notice of him appeared in *The Times* for September 25th :—

“ Lord Norreys, eldest son of the Earl of Abingdon, died yesterday morning from heart failure, brought on by illness contracted during active service in the defence of the East Coast during the war.

Lord Norreys was in his 59th year. He served in South Africa in 1899—1900 with the Yeomanry, and had been serving in the Army since 1915, being employed on special service for some time as commandant of a prisoners of war camp. He married, in 1885, the Hon. Rose Riversdale Glyn, sister of the fourth Lord Wolverton, and leaves a son and a daughter. The former, the Hon. Montague Towneley-Bertie, now becomes Lord Norreys and heir to his grandfather, the Earl of Abingdon. He is a captain in the Grenadier Guards (S.R.), having previously served as captain in the Royal Anglesey R.E., and also as temporary flight sub-lieutenant in the R.N.A.S. He has been employed under the Egyptian Government.”

---

JOSEPH KENNA (1881).

Joseph Kenna was a younger brother of General Paul Kenna, v.c. He was at Stonyhurst from September 15th, 1881, to August 1st, 1884. He was very popular at school, and was for a year or two a member of the College Cricket and Football elevens. Shortly after leaving school he settled in Canada and married there.

One of his sons is now at Stonyhurst. At the beginning of the war, though then nearly 50 years of age, he enlisted in the *Canadian Forestry Corps*,

and was on active service for three years in France and Belgium, until March, 1918, when he was invalided home, suffering from cancer, from which he died in the Providence Hospital, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada, on October 31st.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Kenna and family.

---

RANDAL LIGHTBOUND (1855).

Randal Lythgoe Lightbound, who died in his 75th year, on August 16th last, was the 3rd son of Thomas Lightbound, Esq., J.P., of Rose Hill, Lydiate, and was one of several brothers educated at Stonyhurst. He was at Stonyhurst from 1856-59.

On leaving Stonyhurst he entered the office of Messrs Musgrave & Co., in which firm he eventually became partner. He was one of the original members of the Liverpool Cotton Association, and one of the earliest members of the Liverpool Yatching Club. He took in his earlier years a prominent part in the Catholic life of the city.

He bore a long and painful illness with truly Christian fortitude and resignation.

The *Parishioner* describes him as a man of simple sturdy piety, with the true nobility of character which makes a man in the highest sense. To these admirable qualities, he added the faith of a child, which found its natural expression in his singularly blameless life.

The high altar in the church at Lydiate—a mission which was served by the Jesuits till 1860—where his family resided for many years, is one of the enduring monuments to his generous, but unostentatious piety.

He was one of the founders of the Stonyhurst Association.

---

♦♦♦♦♦

EXCHANGES.

*The Beaumont Review, Ignatian Record, St. Joseph's College Magazine (Trichinopoly), Mimgret Annual, Zambesi Mission Record, Examiner (Bombay) Trait D'Union (Ecole Sainte Croix, Le Mans, France), Rossallian, Elizabethan.*

## PLAYROOM NOTES.

The beginning of the year is always a sad time at school, for one returns to find so many well-known faces missing and so many new ones in their places. Yet it is a time of hope also, when great dreams are dreamt and high ideals aimed at. Let us hope we shall attain them.

This year we mourn the loss of many of our most distinguished colleagues who have gone, some to Oxford, some to Cambridge, but all into that larger world where we who have not yet made the great pilgrimage wish them every success.

Owing to the large number who had left it was thought at the beginning of the term that the prospects of the eleven were bad, but thanks to the able coaching of Father Robert Colley and the help given by members of the Community and Seminary the play has much improved, and we are awaiting our first out-match full of hope.

We thank the members of the Community and Seminary who have played both in first and second matches, thus improving everyone's tactics, and adding greatly to the keenness of the game.

A golf club has been started in Higher Line, with a maximum membership of twenty-four. So far it has been well patronised, and we hope some day to rise to the dignity of a Medal Competition. For this filling of a much-felt want our thanks are due to Father Rector.

The Retreat this year was given by Father Welsby.

Before ending these, the first notes of the year, we wish to thank last year's Heads—W. Murray and J. Neely—for their great services to the College. To them, and all those others of our comrades who have become O.S., we once more wish all prosperity.

CONOR CARRIGAN.

L. FITZPATRICK-ROBERTSON.

## SECOND PLAYROOM.

Since the term is not yet far advanced, at the time of writing, one can hardly be expected to produce many notes. However, we endeavour to put down the only points and events of interest, up to date. A good many of last year's Third Playroom have come up this term, and a few new ones, so despite the numerous removes into Higher Line, and those who have left, our usual numbers are by no means diminished.

On October 5th we played an Indignation match' Father Jones, Mr. Belton, and Mr. Widdowson having kindly consented to play.

With a hastily formed eleven we faced our opponents. The first half came quite up to our expectations, play being both fast and equal. Only one goal was scored in the first half, which was in favour of Lower Line.

In the second half the Indignants scored one goal, Lower Line added three more goals to the one they had. Thus the game ended in victory for Lower Line by 4 to 1.

This year's eleven will not be so formidable as the elevens of former years, but, nevertheless, we will attempt to keep up the good reputation of Lower Line in the coming out-matches with Preston and Liverpool.

B. CRAGG.

W. COLE.

## THIRD PLAYROOM.

On returning from the holidays we found great improvements in the Playroom. All the benches, tables and cupboards have been newly varnished, and the tables covered with green linoleum. The Playroom looks very neat now, and we hope to keep it so.

Our two heads of last year—H. Gormley and A.

d'Abreu—have gone up to Second Playroom. The new Heads are E. McLachlan and G. Malone-Lee. F. Walmesley and L. Robinson are Secretaries.

We have already had a good amount of football this term. All seem to be very keen, and there is likely to be a hard fight for places in the eleven. The following are in the thirteen at present:—E. Maclachlan, G. Malone-Lee, F. Walmesley, C. Carroll, T. Bradley, M. Pizarro, D. Pinnington, L. Robinson, S. Halliday, J. Russell, J. King, J. Gibson, E. Tully, E. Unsworth, J. Murphy, and J. Barber.

We are very grateful to Father Faulkner, who has consented to coach us for our out-matches. We hope his efforts will meet with every success.

G. M-L.

#### FOURTH PLAYROOM.

When we came back this term we found that most of the Fourth Playroom had gone up to Third Playroom. Among them were Maurice Fraser and John Russell, who were the Heads last year. Their places have been taken by Cyril O'Bryen and Bernard Brand, as first and second Heads. The Librarian is L. Morley, and the game-cupboard boy is E. Russell.

There are several improvements in the playroom this year. There are about twenty new books in the library. The game cupboard has been fitted up with shelves and drawers and looks very nice. The flower pots and plants look awfully well on the cupboards; we hope they won't die.

There was no time last year to say anything about out cricket eleven. We had a most exciting match against Hodder XI. The score was 80 for Fourth Playroom, and 16 for Hodder. The names of our eleven were: J. Russell, P. Kassapian, J. Barber, A. Feeny, C. Carroll, E. Taunton, E. Russell, C. Gormley, J. Arundell, Godfrey Bird, C. O'Bryen. Their photo has been hung in the Playroom.

We thank Father Watts and Father King and all the Hodder boys for their warm welcome and for the

nice game and tea they gave us. We had a river bathe and a lot of games afterwards, and we all enjoyed it very much. Hodder were all very surprised, and when they found out Mr. Clark had been coaching us they asked him to go and coach them this year, and he went. But we have got Mr. Beisley back to coach our football eleven, and we are hoping to play them again soon. Our football eleven is not decided yet, but we shall announce the names next time. Some of the new boys play quite well. We thank Mr. Beisley very much.

After the cricket match with Hodder Father King sent us a beautiful set of new stumps for our first match. They were just what we wanted, and we all thank him very much, and are looking forward to another cricket match next year.

C. O'B.

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

STONYHURST OLD ALUMNI COLOURS.

*To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.*

SIR,—Could you kindly insert the following notice in the October number of the Magazine?

O.S. COLOURS.

O.S. Colours (ties and silk squares) have now been obtainable some two months from Messrs. BEALE & INMAN, 131-132, New Bond Street, London, W., the charges being one guinea for the square, and half-a-guinea for the tie; it is expected that hat ribbons will be ready before this goes to press.

As regards blazers, Beale and Inman have secured sufficient material to make about two dozen by February or March, 1920. It would be of great assistance in giving them information as to the amount of additional material required, if all O.S. intending to purchase a blazer would place their order as soon as possible, to prevent delays. Further material can easily be obtained at present, but considerable difficulty would be caused by any neglect to place individual orders at the earliest possible opportunity.

Yours, etc.,

R. P. S. WALKER.

### PEACE DAY, JULY 19th, 1919.

There was one week last year which stands out prominently amid all the rest. It was a week of festivities—one of those rare occasions, when no less than three whole holidays come in succession. It was on the evening of the second of these days of freedom, on the 28th of June, when we were celebrating the feast of our patron St. Aloysius, that the joyful news arrived that peace had at last been declared and signed. As one entered the playground after supper it was obvious that something had to be done at once. Flags and streamers and every kind of tinkling symbol that could be speedily produced, were brought out to swell the medley. Drummers from the band brought forth their drums; horns and trumpets were made to groan aloud, and even patriotic prefects so far forgot themselves, as to blast upon their whistles. It was not long before the inhabitants of the West Wing divined that something was the matter, and masters were soon seen to join the throng. But there was little call for after-supper walks that night, and masters, boys, trumpets and flags set out *en masse* for the village. Report has it that on that night the Hurst Green policeman came into his own at last, and was duly honoured as the local representative of peace. These temporal expressions of joy and gratitude were closed with *Te Deum* and Benediction, at the end of which "Faith of our Fathers" was sung with a spirit suitable to the occasion. In such a frame of mind we were well prepared to celebrate the feast of SS. Peter and Paul next day. But the thought still prominent in the minds of all was how and when we were to do justice to so great an occasion. However, SS. Peter and Paul passed by, and with it the momentary excitement caused by the greatest event in history, and before long our thoughts were focussed on the 19th of July. At last it dawned and was at once made famous for another great event in the history of Stonyhurst—we had a long sleep till eight o'clock. After breakfast we congregated in the playground, our eyes fixed eagerly upon the windows of our masters' rooms. What was going on inside? Preparations of a very important nature—of that we had no

doubt, for from time to time imperators and emissaries were called in and returned laden with packages of cakes and sandwiches, tin pans and crockery, and everything obtainable for a picnic commissariat. There was only one thing that weighed heavily upon us, and that was that thick heavy sky and the dull damp atmosphere which we know so well, and which is too often so relentless. But however dull the day, there was a blaze of light around the statue of Our Lady, and so we stretched out our hands to catch the frying-pans and kettles which were being lowered on strings from the West Wing windows, and cheered more heartily than ever. Even when a fine damp drizzle broke over us we only wrapped our bathing towels more tightly round our necks and called out to the hospitable windows for further gifts.

By degrees the different classes completed their arrangements, and in company with their masters set out for the day's excursion. Every type of costume was brought into use—khaki, football clothes, running clothes, and every-day clothes, and often an effective mixture of them all. Only the *élite* who supposed the correct way of enjoying a picnic was to hire a motor car, appeared in the latest fancies and the newest fashions; but no one has yet discovered their object in doing so.

It was close upon 11 o'clock when the last contingent "full panoplied and plumed" set out through the courtyard. If anything could have damped their ardent spirits on that day the weather might well have done so. As it was, it only damped their coats, and perhaps the sandwiches they carried in their pockets; for shortly afterwards the heavy sky gave way beneath the rays of the sun, the misty clouds were chased away, and Sol rose triumphant and ruled the heavens till the day was done.

If the Hodder River could relate its centuries of history it could tell of many summer days passed upon its banks—days which must live for ever in the memory of every Stonyhurst boy who has known what it is to exchange hard benches and the stuffy schoolroom for its wooded banks and the refreshing waters. But perhaps never before has the Valley of the Hodder re-echoed the laughter of so many of its children as on the 19th of July. Paper-



THE COLLEGE CRICKET XI., 1918-19.

	W. Cole.	E. Green.	M. Trappes-Lomax.	E. Cosgrove.	K. Coleman.
F. Endlmann.		G. Neely.	W. Murray.	F. Bloomfield.	B. Tarleton.
			M. Rodrigue.		

mill and Sandbed Wheel, Beesley Wheel and Higher Bridge—all the old familiar haunts rang loud with the joys of Peace Day. It is not difficult to enumerate the different items which made up the programme. Eating and bathing alternately, was the order of this part of the day, and both were carried out with remarkable success. There was no definite point, so far as one could see, when lunch stopped and tea began; it was just a continual process. All good things, however, must have an ending. As the afternoon wore on, sticks and string were collected, and anything which was thought could represent the various parts of the defeated War Lord. There was fluffy grass for his hair and old tins for his brass helmet. His gnarled arms with skeleton twigs clasped in supplication stretched upwards in a silent plea for mercy as he was solemnly conveyed and placed upon the dying embers of the camp fire, and as the flames leapt back again into life, the riverside resounded with the lusty strains of "God save the King." Then we retraced our steps towards the College.

On arriving we found that "big business" had been going on during our absence, which resulted in a very satisfactory and much appreciated dinner at six o'clock. The day was brought to a close with playroom walks. One would have thought that the energy spent on the preceding part of the day would have left but little for the evening. But whatever form of amusement took place in other parts there was no lack of spirit on the Brick Fields. Cock-fights and crawling races, "Cross-Tic" and three-legged races, followed close upon one another, until the bell tolled out and summoned us to Benediction.

At eleven o'clock that night the country was lit up by flares on all the surrounding hills. It was an impressive sight. But not less impressive was the peace and quiet when they had died away. There was little in the stillness to remind one of those arduous years of war, and still less in the silence, to recall the recent and exultant cries of victory.

England and her people slept once more in peace—the peace for which they had fought so bravely and so long.

## SODALITY NOTES.

*July 26th.*—In place of the office, the July elections were held in the Sodality Chapel. Matters were facilitated by each voter having a full list given to him of those returning next term. The results were:

*Prefect* : B. Tarleton.

*1st Assistant* : F. Bloomfield.

*2nd Assistant* : C. Carrigan.

*Council* : F. Wellard, F. Bahr, L. Robertson, E. Cosgrove, C. Radcliffe, G. Cole, H. O. Robinson, W. Jones, G. Baron, P. Kennedy, C. Unsworth, M. Gorham.

*Monitors* : D. Kane, C. Marchant, F. Sullivan, O. Fox, L. Frodsham, B. John, J. Cagger, G. Holmes, D. O'Connell, W. Collingwood, M. Rodrigue.

*July 27th.*—Sunday. No office, as there was High Mass, coram Episcopo. Confirmation in the afternoon by the Right Rev. John Vaughan.

*Sept. 27th.*—A Dirge was sung for Cyprian Taunton, who died last Tuesday. He had earnestly recommended himself to the prayers of his fellow Sodalists many times during his long and painful illness.—R.I.P.

*October 11th.*—Father Director said Mass in the Oratory—a votive Mass of Our Lady to gain God's blessing on the new School year.

*October 12th.*—Father Director gave a short address and practised the office.

*October 15th.*—Father Francis Woodlock succeeded Father Gruggen as Director of the Sodality.

*Note to all Past Sodalists.*—Only those recommending themselves to the prayers of the Sodality are entitled to a Dirge.

---

### A DOGG LARDYNER AND A SOWE GARDYNER.

---

Hoo so makyth at Chrystysmas a dogge lardyner (in charge of the larder) and yn March a sowe gardyner, and in May a foole of every wysmanys counsaylle, he shalle niver have goode larder, ne fayre gardyn, nother counsayle welle ykeptt.

*Old Proverb, MS. Lansdowne, No. 762.*

## STONYHURST TENANTS' PEACE DINNER.

A dinner was given to the College tenants on Saturday, September 20th, to celebrate the conclusion of Peace.

Throughout August and September various towns and areas in our neighbourhood fêted the peace. As they did this successively and not simultaneously the fêtes extended well into September, so our own tenants' meeting was not, after all, conspicuously belated. The dinner, which was attended by about 150 guests, took place in the great Shireburn Dining Hall, otherwise known as the Boys' Refectory. Two illustrations, from photographs taken by Brother William McKeon, S.J., show the guests at dinner, being waited upon by members of the community.

The Rector presided, with Mr. John Wilcock, the farm bailiff, on his right, and Mr. Robert Holden, the butler, on his left. Mr. Duckett, landlord of the Shireburn Arms, the octogenarian head game-keeper, Owd Till, and the septuagenarian head-carter, Jim Hall, occupied seats at the same table. I have not got a copy of the menu by me as I write, but the *pièce de resistance* was evidently Stonyhurst "lamb," copiously anointed with mint sauce.

It was good to see Bob "Shepherd" who reared it, and Tom "Butcher," who "butched" it, sending their plates for a second helping—and so did they all, as far as one could see.

Clearly there was "nowt wrang wi' yon meat."

As Tom observed to me afterwards, "Soom on 'em tow'd me as yon lamb worn't like that their frozen meat what yo mun tak i' both hands, brace yor feet agin' t' floor, howd on wi' yor teeth, and wrestle wi' it."

The damson and plum pies which followed the meat were "tackled" with gusto, as were the Lancashire cheese, the dessert, and the liberal supplies of cigarettes and pipe tobacco in various shades of strength, which found a place even on the table occupied by the ladies of the laundry—and not in vain, be it whispered.

There were only three speeches made during the dinner. The Rector, who made the opening speech, was very heartily applauded. He said:—

### THE RECTOR'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The author of a well-known book *Lancashire Life and Character* has some curious things to say about the customs of Lancashire country folk when they visited a town on "Satterday neets" for a "blow-owt" or "do."

He remembered the time, he says, when these merry folks considered no "do" a complete one unless they had had a fight with someone before going home.

He repeats the following conversation between two brothers who emerged together from a tavern late on a Saturday night. Said the elder to the younger:

"Hasti supped? Aye."

"Hasti fowten? Noa."

"Well, get fowten, and coom whoam." (Laughter).

Many gallant Lancashire lads from the Stonyhurst countryside have served in the great war.

They have "got fowten," and now they have "coomed whoam" to Stanihurst.

I rejoice to see around me to-day some of these brave fellows who have fought—though I miss, alas! the faces of not a few who have fallen.

While we congratulate the survivors we shall not forget those who have given their lives for their country. I have a list of their names here, which shall be published in the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, and recorded in permanent form elsewhere.

It is a great pleasure to me to be able to welcome you all to-day, and to see around me the familiar faces of so many old retainers of Stonyhurst and their young and vigorous families all engaged in the service of the College. Links with the Stonyhurst of the past and props of the Stonyhurst of the future. For you are the permanent staff of the College estate. We members of the community come and go.

There is a story of two of the College servants discussing this very question. One of them said:—

"Rectors coom and Rectors goo: Pinnington he stays. Thee stick to Pinnington." (Laughter).

Father Pinnington stayed with us a long time, but most of you stay longer ; you stay all your lives, and the College will stick to you as long as you will stay. (Applause).

The College is proud of the length of loyal service you have devoted to it. As I look around me I see servants whose record of service would be remarkable anywhere — game-keepers, carpenters, plumbers, shoemakers, tailors, house servants and farm servants. I have not the time to single them all out for special mention but I might instance some.

Take Owd Till, for example, the patriarch of you all, a veteran of four score years and seven, 72 of which have been devoted to the College service. (Applause). While many of you were still in your cradles he was keeping our pheasants, catching salmon, and "happen" shooting your grandmother's cats. (Laughter). After his long period of faithful service he has this month resigned his office of Head Keeper. I take this opportunity of thanking him in the name of Stonyhurst for his many years of good work.

‡ Another, who has spent 55 years of his life in the work of the College farm, is Mr. Hall, our head carter. I am glad to see that he is still going strong.

Our master shoemaker, Will Bolton, has cobbled for 48 years, and his brother, Tom Bolton, has tailored for 52 years ; our master carpenter Will Wells, has carpentered for 28 years, and our butcher, Tom Bretherton, has "butched" for 26 years, and our plumber, Will Hardman, has plumbed for 40 years, and our watchman has watched, and our house-servants, Roger Ormerod and Harry "Doc" have "podded" for similar periods.

And there are others I have no time to mention—cooks like Miss Cowell and Mrs. Snape, who have cooked for us for many years, and laundresses and the rest whose years passed at Stonyhurst it would be an indiscreet breach of feminine privilege to disclose. (Laughter).

To these ladies we might say, as the gallant Irish car-driver said to his elderly lady fare, when she said, "Help me, for I am very old," and he replied, "Shure, whatever your age is, ma'am, ye don't look it." (Laughter).

We have met together to-day, ladies and gentlemen, to celebrate the return of peace to our land and people, and the inauguration of a new period of prosperity for the British Empire in general, and for our little corner of it in particular.

But we must not part without paying a tribute of gratitude to the gallant lads of Stonyhurst College and of the Stonyhurst estate who have given their lives in battle to purchase for us the peace which we now enjoy.

This gold "loving cup" which you see on the table before me was presented by a well-wisher of Stonyhurst with this condition, that at banquets like the present it should occupy a place on the table, and that before departing the guests should rise and drink in silence a toast to those Stonyhurst soldiers who died in war that we might live in peace. This is the toast I now propose."

In reply the Farm Bailiff, Mr. John Wilcock, said that he was sure he was voicing the opinions of all present in thanking Father Rector for his kindness in arranging this meeting of the College tenants and servants. They were all proud and glad to be in the College service, and the length of time they remained to work for the College, to which Father Rector had so kindly alluded, was a proof of this.

They were all right glad to be present to-day as the guests of the College at this excellent dinner, and he was sure that if they were invited to another such dinner next Saturday they'd all come, every man, woman and boy of 'em ; so they would.

(*All together* : "Aye ! aye ! so we would") —and laughter.

He invited the audience to give three cheers for Father Rector.

When the cheering had subsided Mr. Duckett rose to confirm the remarks of Gaffer Wilcock. It was one of those occasions, he said, which they would never forget.

Among peace dinners it was probably unique in all the country. For where else could be found a dinner given to tenants and servants at which they were waited upon by their masters, as the guests to-day were being waited upon by the members of the College community. (Cheers). It was a graceful kindness which they all appreciated

fully. Of the quality of the dinner he had no need to speak. Their views on that subject had been stated by the preceding speaker in unmistakable terms.

Employers who treated their employees as the College authorities treated those who worked for them could always rest assured of faithful and loyal service. (Cheers).

The dinner was enlivened at intervals by music and songs, among which we noticed the following :

Some pieces on the piano by Rev. Mr. Swindells, S.J., songs by Mr. Rogers, S.J., and Mr. Derbyshire, S.J. Father Rector contributed two solos on the cornet and joined a quartet of members of the community in the comic song "The Baby on the Shore."

Of the guests, Mr. James Gudgeon sang "The Admiral's Broom" and "Anchored" Mr. Joe Walmesley (blacksmith) sang "The Vacant Chair," the audience joining with thunderous vigour in the chorus "We shall meet, but we shall miss him." "Bonnie Mary of Argyle" was powerfully rendered by Mr. Richard Wilson (of Hodder), after a false start on another song which over-taxed his post-prandial larynx. Mr. Maurice Phelan (tailor), and Miss Gertie Akers (of the laundry staff), contributed comic songs, which were much appreciated. Mr. Tom Hayhurst (carter, son of Bob o' t' boat, the Pigman), sang in a vigorous booming baritone the concluding song of the evening, the title of which, unlike its music, has failed to linger in our memory.

At five o'clock the guests rose and "piked off." A glance at their beaming faces showed that they had "etten and supped tur'ble weel."

Even Owd Till, the many-wintered doyen of the guests, confided to us on his way out that he felt like "dollin' a two-three cats," a habit of his when he is "feelin' hextry weel."

---

### ROLL OF HONOUR OF STONYHURST SERVANTS.

---

Alfred Bolton (son of Will), *2/5th E. Lancs. Regt.*, wounded Oct. 9th, 1916; died October 16th, 1916.

Aloysius Bolton (son of Dick), *2 5th E. Lancs. Regt.*; killed in action, October 9th, 1917.

George Holden (of Crowshaw), *2 5th E. Lancs. Regt.*; killed in action, October 9th, 1917.

Tommy Holden, *K.O.R. Lancaster Regt.*; missing, presumed killed, 1917.

John Livesey, *Loyal North Lancs. Regt.*; missing, presumed killed, April 18th, 1918.

Johnny Tomlinson, *E. Lancs. Regt.*; killed in action, November, 1917.

Harry Fullalove, *Northumberland Fusiliers*; died of sunstroke on active service in Mesopotamia, July 21st, 1917.

Jack "Doc." Holden, *R.F.A.*; died on active service, July, 1915.

Willie Charnley, *L.N. Lancs.*; missing, presumed killed, July, 1917.

Eddie Bradley, *L.N. Lancs.*; died of wounds, October 30th, 1917.

Billy Smith (son of "Dolly Joe"), *23rd Royal Fusiliers*; killed in action, 22nd June, 1918.

---

### STONYHURST SERVANTS' LENGTH OF SERVICE.

---

*Owd Till* (aged 87)—72 years working for College; began as cow-lad on farm, aged 15; over 60 years Head Keeper.

*Jim Hall* (carter)—55 years.

"*Hodder*" *Jim Holden*—50 years.

*Tom Bolton* (tailor)—52 years.

*John Chippendale* (Jack i' t' loin)—46 years.

*Will Bolton* (master shoemaker)—48 years (began at 12 years).

*John Myerscough* (coachman)—47 years.

*John Humphreys*—47 years.

*Will Wilson*—46 years.

*Will Hardman*—40—50 years (here and at Mount; served under 16 ministers).

"*Laddybuck*" *William Holden*—41 years.

*Dick Bolton* (shoemaker)—40 years.

*Frank Livesey*—40 years.

*Jim Holden* (Seminary)—40 years.

*Charlie Hatton*—36 years.



THE STONYHURST TENANTS' PEACE DINNER.  
September 19th, 1919.

*Ted Hayhurst* (shoemaker)—34 years.  
*Tom Melling*—35 years.  
*Harry Watchman* (Gaughran)—35 years.  
*Jim Gudgeon*—32 years.  
*Tom Livesey*—34 years.  
*Jack Livesey*—38 years.  
*Jim "Doc." Holden*—31 years.  
*Harry "Doc." Holden*—30 years.  
*Roger Ormerod*—30 years.  
*Bob "Shepherd" (Hunt)*—30 years.  
*Will Hayhurst* (tailor)—34 years.  
*Tom Holden* (cowman)—34 years.  
*Will Cross* (cricket ground man)—31 years.  
*Joe Burns* (astronomer)—31 years.  
*Dick Wilson* (Hodder)—32 years.  
*Tod Holden*—29 years.  
*Joe Smith* (Dolly Joe)—28 years.  
*Bob o' t' Boat, or Bob Pigman* (Bob Hayhurst)—  
 31 years.  
*Adam Nutter*—30 years.  
*Maurice Phelan*—28 years.  
*Jack Snape* (Jack Shaver)—27 years.  
*Billy Wells* (Sanatorium)—28 years.  
*Jack Cross* (wheelwright)—21 years.  
*Tom "Butcher" Bretherton*—26 years.  
*Jack Bretherton* (cowman)—25 years.  
*Ralph Hall* (head gardener)—26 years.  
*Will Wells* (master carpenter)—28 years.

---

THEOLOGICAL WINE.

---

The stronger the wine is the more it is desired, by means whereof in old time the best was called *Theologicum*, because it was had from the cleargie and religious men, unto whose houses manie of the laitie would often send for bottels filled with the same, being sure they would neither drinke nor be served with the worst, such as was anie waies mingled or brued by the vintener, naie the merchant would have thought that his soule should have gone straight-waie to the divell, if he should have served them with other than the best.

*Holinshed's Chronicle*, v. 6, p. 167, col. 2, ed. 1568.

---

OXFORD.

---

October 14th.

Oxford has gradually been reorganising itself since the Armistice, until, this term, life is as full as ever it was. Many say it is and will be a very different life as a result of the war, but that is beside the point in the notes, which merely record the part O.S. are taking in that life—a part whose disproportion it largely rests with the present generation at Stonyhurst to remedy. From a college of our size there should on the average be at least thirty men up; at the moment there are twelve.

In the Hilary Term there were five O.S. up, all at different Colleges: M. Sidley (Christ Church), F. deVillaUrrutia (Magdalen), J. Danson (Trinity) and two freshers—R. P. S. Walker (Corpus), and R. L. Smith (Balliol), the latter an Exhibitioner. Everything was at a standstill and had to be started as circumstances permitted. Among the many societies in such a state was the Newman, where Stonyhurst ought indeed to be in evidence, but the sum total of its record in this direction is a paper on social questions read by R. Walker. In the one soccer match of the term, J. Danson played right back for the 'Varsity.

Four more O.S. came up in April: G. McElligott and W. Dalton (Hertford), E. Peeler (Wadham), and J. Yturregui (Pembroke). Another sign of good promise was the number of people who came up for scholarships, matriculation and "smalls," as if at last general interest were being taken in sending up something like a representative proportion. R. Walker played for Corpus in tennis, W. Dalton rowed "two" in the Hertford boat, and R. L. Smith coxed the Balliol second eight. As for Schools, J. Danson obtained his degree in Law, and R. L. Smith passed History Previous.

This term is in many respects more cheering, though nothing like the correct number is up, and several have failed Smalls, who should never have done so, judging by the many who pass. J. Danson, having taken his degree, has gone down, and G. McElligott has left Oxford for a more active life on the railway. But there are several freshmen:

L. Gradwell, an Exhibitioner at Balliol, E. Pyke, and A. Hobbs (Christ Church), E. Reeves (Exeter), L. Macdonald (Merton), and J. Neely (Hertford).

Bertie Tobin and Quin are at Lincoln, and W. Waddington at Oriel.

H. R. Bigelow, who was at Balliol for a year during the war, has returned, and it is to be hoped he may help the Varsity by his chess to repair its one failure of last year against Cambridge.

There are more Catholics up this term than ever before, and a very strong spirit of welcome and toleration is abroad, so that one feels if ever there is to be a chance it is now.

In the next issue of the Magazine these notes ought to find far more material, not only in the doings of O.S. already up, but in a host of potential undergraduates now at Stonyhurst.

R.L.S.

---

◆◆◆

## VERSE.

### MAN'S ANCESTRY.

The Ape, we are told, is father to the Man.  
No marvel that our proud ancestral tree  
Hath been mislaid ; yet is it held to be  
As certain as the death of—well, Queen Anne,  
Or any fact in ancient history.

This ancestor of ours was sadly vexed  
To find he could but chatter, and his need  
Evolved the power of speech, whereon that seed  
Begot intelligence, even as his text  
Our parson's Sunday homily doth breed.

Most worthy grandsire, would some magistrate  
Had taken your sworn evidence, that so  
We might at first-hand this strange story know.  
Law then was primitive ; 'tis now too late,  
For you are dead and buried long ago.

'Tis a sweet tale, and all our racial pride  
Bids us hold on to it ; yet for the nonce  
Bear with the folly of an ignorant dunce :—  
How comes it that since monkeys lived and died  
This grand discovery was made but once ?

Your marmoset doth crack his nuts and grin,  
As did his sires before him. If to think  
And be a man is easy as to wink,  
Why should not he the alphabet begin,  
Like his big brother, the long-missing link ?

The smallest change in his anatomy,  
Our pundits hold, would give him human speech ;  
Yet Nature, mother of monkeys all and each,  
To his authropoid brother chose to be  
Thus partial, leaving him to grin and screech.

Your parrot talks so well men turn about  
To answer her ; yet, school her as you may,  
She can but mimic what she hears you say,  
To raise a laugh. Her mocking words ring out  
No more of thought than doth a donkey's bray.

Hound, horse and elephant have dwelt, we read,  
With man for ages, yet, with all his aid,  
Making no move along the upward grade ;  
Whereas Pithecius, though none cried, ' God speed,'  
Launched out Columbus-like, lone, undismayed.

Is your heart sad, your dog's keen sympathy  
Forthwith is roused. He rubs you with his nose,  
Peers up into your face, as if your woes  
He fain would share, and, certes, might it be,  
With loving words would cheer you, as he shows.

Yet is this boon denied him. He can learn  
To know things by their names, to point, retrieve,  
To herd your flock, until you half believe  
'Tis reason, while his canine heart doth yearn  
For that close converse he may not achieve.

But what with all his master's friendly aid  
This faithful comrade, ever at Man's side,  
Hath failed to compass swept in at full tide  
On this untutored satyr of the glade,  
Who did at once what dogs have vainly tried.

And thus with hope and fear my soul is rent,  
Three tails prehensile, hirsute, on a field  
Of frondage proper were a princely shield.  
Full proudly would I claim this high descent ;  
Yet, were it false, my shame would stand revealed

RED ROBIN.

## JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR "TOMMY."

I came back from Havre on August 15th, where I had been working at a canteen, and where I lost my voice, and on August 19th I went to the Polytechnic in Regent Street and joined the *Flying Corps*. At the medical examination I was marked C 2, but at my request this was altered to B 1, as they would not take men in the *R.F.C.* under B 1. I joined as batman—officer's servant—and was told to report at Whitehall on Monday at 9 a.m. Luckily I found that the hall porter of the Euston Music Hall had joined up with me. I had known him for many years, and so had one friend to start with.

August 21st. I duly arrived at Whitehall—much too early, of course—and after waiting about two hours, I and about sixty others were taken into a hut and given 3s. 7d. each—the first money I had ever earned. I have it still.

About 12 p.m. we marched to Waterloo, carrying parcels of every sort. Mine was a cardboard box—one from Swan & Edgar's—containing among other useless things, two pairs of pyjamas. We were sent to Farnborough, and on arrival marched up to the recruits' depôt and were given a knife, fork, and spoon, and a towel, and sent for some dinner. Dinner over we were told to report at 8-30 p.m., draw blankets and be given tents.

Gradually we settled down—the first night there were sixteen of us in a tent meant to hold eight. On Wednesday we were given our numbers and put into "D" Section. The owners of the numbers on each side of me were an undertaker from Battersea Rise and a house agent from Hampstead Heath. I had already made several friends—a waiter from the Cecil, a sailor, a clerk from Cox's bank, a publican and my hall porter from the Euston.

On Thursday we marched down to the stores and were handed out our uniforms, regardless of fit. I was lucky and mine fitted very well after minor alterations, which took till Monday morning. In the afternoon we marched by road—at least two miles beyond the Common!—to Watt's Common, carrying out kit bags, brown paper parcels, over-

coats and boots, and arrived about 7 p.m. extremely tired. I was put in a tent with eight already in possession, together with another recruit, Harry Thatcher, a painter from Reading. We were most kindly received by the occupiers, with all of whom I became great friends. Jim McLaughlan, a cotton operative from Accrington, George Traynor, an acetylene welder from Glasgow specially come to my mind, as much later on I found out that Jim knew Stonyhurst very well, and that George had been at the Jesuit College at Glasgow, and that we had many friends in common. Another of the boys, Arthur by name, interested me very much. He was an undertaker and embalmer from Penzance. They had been embalmers for hundreds of years and were the best in the world. They used to go all over England. Most of their customers were Americans, who were afterwards sent back to America to be exhibited to their grief-stricken yet greatly interested relations. The process was secret, so of course he never told it me, but I heard a lot of most interesting details of the art.

We began to drill next day, and there was always great competition to avoid being in Corporal Hill's squad. I was always lucky. On Sunday I asked leave from the Sergeant to go to Church in Aldershot, and had the great joy of having a hot bath at the Queen's Hotel afterwards.

On Monday my uniform arrived. I was very nervous putting it on. Mark Anthony's words came back to me: "I remember the first day Cæsar ever put it on. 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent." I never felt less like Cæsar, and thank goodness! there were no Nervii to overcome!

The days passed very quickly and pleasantly until inoculation came upon us. My luck was out that day, for I was "clicked" for my first fatigue—"Spuds!" We peeled the beastly things from 4-30 to 8-30 and then it luckily got dark.

About this time I was asked by one of the men if I had ever been at Cambridge. "Yes," I said, "for a week-end." "But you were there longer than that." "Oh!" I said, "perhaps I was for a week or so." "Were'nt you at Trinity?" Seeing I was discovered, I confessed, but I told the man to shut

up about it. I asked him how he knew, and he told me he was a traveller from Bowring and Arundel, and used to come to my rooms with socks and ties, etc. The only other mention of Cambridge was much later on. I was in tent with a "scout" and a cook from one of the Oxford Colleges. They knew my old "gyp" at Cambridge, so I said I was a friend of his, and we became most "matey."

I had now quite settled down and was enjoying life very much. The boys were all very good sorts. The food was by no means bad and quite enough of it—and the work was light.

The day was spent as follows, except on Saturday when work ended at 12, and we were allowed out of camp:—

5-30 a.m. Reveille.

6-0 a.m. Posting Parade.

7-0—8-30 a.m. Breakfast and cleaning up tents, etc.

8-30 a.m. Drill for three hours, with a break of half-an-hour, during which the Sergeant was supposed to give us a lecture.

12-0 noon. Dinner.

2-0 p.m. Parade for an hour and a half.

4-0 p.m. Tea—and the finish of the day.

Drill I found quite interesting and pleasant and not very tiring. I was lucky, as the Sergeant of my squad was a very decent man. Some of the others were rather fierce, and had no hesitation in discussing you and your family. The rush for dinner was enormous. Having finally got in and out we used to repair to the canteen, having on the way cleaned our knives and forks by pushing them in the ground and rubbing them over with earth. This done, they were pushed back into our puttees. Some of the boys used to go into dinner two and three times by forming another queue waiting to go in. Tea was rather a dangerous meal, as the fatigue parties were collected outside the marquees. I escaped very well on the whole, only getting landed about once a week. On Saturdays I never had my dinner in camp, so as to make quite sure.

After about ten days I was made to "go sick." The sick had to report at 6 a.m., be on parade at 8-15, and then march off to the doctor. "Laryngitis" was my complaint. I may say I was a source of much interest to everyone owing to my lack of voice. Also my not using strong language was much noticed, one of the boys told me later. I felt I couldn't compete with their vocabulary—at first. I remember so well the first day I got any letters. About 30 came for me by one mail—the accumulation of about two weeks. It raised me very much in the estimation of my fellow tent-dwellers.

Roll call took place at 9-30. We all had to be standing at attention outside our tents when the sergeant was four tents away up the line.

After answering our names—someone always did that for me—we made a dive for our beds, which consisted of two blankets, a kit-bag for a pillow, and the overcoat as an extra blanket. The tents were lit by a candle, stuck with a pen-knife on to the tent pole. The camp used to look awfully pretty at night, and as the sky was generally beautiful, and with faintly illuminated tents, made a most unusual and attractive picture—though not one I should care to see too often if I was part of it!

I found "kipping down" on the floor—we luckily had floor boards—very comfortable after a day or two. Before lights out at 10 p.m. the parcels of food used to be handed round to all the men in the tent, regardless of whether the owner of the parcel liked them or not. The boys were awfully generous, and even if the parcel was very small most of it was shared with someone.

One man alone in the tent used to hide his parcels, and in the night we used to hear sounds of eating—as restrained as he could make them, I may add—and all the other boys used to imitate these sounds, by imaginary eating and false coughing, as if the grub had gone down the wrong way. Not a word was spoken during this little scene. As this cure did not work we one day emptied his parcel and filled it with earth, which caused him much confusion when opened; but on the next day when the contents of his parcel were returned intact we were all invited to share the parcel, which we did with gusto.

Jim McLaughlan was now working in the cook-house, and used to come home every night with his pockets full of cake and any unconsidered trifles he had been able to "win" during the day. His masterpiece was when he brought in about two pounds of ham, two of butter, and a bottle of vinegar.

Three of my tent fellows had now been posted, so we were very comfortable in our tent, when one night two transfers—men from another regiment—came in. Harold Grimes and Mathew Ormiston. They both turned out to be very nice, and we were a most happy party. Later on another man, Nield by name, came in with us. In his kit-bag he had the most enormous wooden box which entirely filled his kit-bag. As he never locked it we never knew why he carried it round, or how for that matter, as it weighed a ton. We always said he must keep his bicycle in it—or his pay! Nield also worked in the cook-house, so we fared very well in our tent.

Albert, who was the possessor of a loud voice—in private life a Bournemouth cobbler and boot-maker, and very pleasant—used to go nightly to the dry canteen and return with bags of biscuits, which we used to pay for in turn. A loud voice was essential in the canteen—needless to say, I stood no chance when it was crowded.

I used to go sometimes and have my breakfast there, having found out from our two cooks in the tent what there was to be in the marquees. One day I had to produce a five-pound note, having nothing else at all, to pay for my breakfast, and was told that it was bad, and that any way they would not change it.

Albert luckily came in at the moment and saved the situation by lending me 1s. 4d., which I repaid on pay day out of my 14s. a week.

Pay parade was fearfully boring, all except the pay part. We paraded at 2-30, and after waiting about two hours we finally got our money. My name being about the middle alphabetically I got finished fairly soon. An hour's extra drill and a fatigue lay in wait for those who failed to shout "Sir" when his name was called out, or who did not salute in the correct fashion. I was lucky as the corporal in charge knew me and told the officer I couldn't answer my name.

The saluting I managed with great precision, having practised with the others in the tent together with the "about turn." The drill in the *Flying Corps* was copied from that of the *Guards*, and was most "correct."

I found my uniform very comfortable by now, having got used to it. To go out of camp we had to change from our slacks into breeches and puttees—even to visit the Y.M.C.A., which was about fifty yards beyond the guard. Hardly any of the men used to leave camp at all as the time was so short in the evenings, except Wednesday and Saturday.

I remember the first day I got my uniform. The master tailor, when I went to fetch it, said to me: "I have had my eye on that suit of yours for some days; it is the best amongst all this lot; I'll give you 12s. 6d. for it, though I dare say it cost £3 10s. 0d." Oh, Lesley and Roberts, if you had heard that. I refused the offer, explaining that I was sending the suit home for my brother. He seemed quite hurt about it.

One day I was sent to the Cambridge Hospital to a specialist as I did not seem to get any better. He told me I could come in if I liked for treatment, but I refused, as I preferred to stop with the others, and so I was given an order to attend every day for electric treatment.

I used to leave camp early in the morning, and after a hot bath and breakfast at the Smith-Dorrien Soldiers' Home, arrived at the hospital. It was over by 11-30, and I was free for the rest of the day, although supposed to return to camp. I never did, but used to spend the day in Aldershot, and go by bus to Farnham or Camberley, or go to the house of Mrs. Cottle, in Farnborough.

About this time there were great rumours about that the camp was to be shifted, but no one knew where to. At last they materialised, and "C" Section left Watts Common for Wendover. A few days later my section followed. I and a few others were left behind to tidy up the camp, and we had great fun, especially when suddenly letting the big marquees down on unsuspecting heads and burying their owners in folds and folds of canvas.

We joined the rest of the section on the depôt ground, and in the pouring rain we finally went off to Wendover, arriving there about 9 p.m.

In some ways we were glad to go ; tents at the end of September are not the most desirable of residences, and also so many false starts were made for Wendover, which entailed reveille at 4 a.m., and endless hanging about.

My deep regrets at going were giving up my life of ease at the hospital and leaving all my kind friends I would have stayed on at Farnborough for my hospital treatment, but as everyone I knew was going I preferred to go too.

We moved to Wendover on a Monday. Late at night the camp seemed a wilderness of huts, rain and mud. The comfort of a hut, stove, bed boards, and a palliasse (mattress filled with straw), were much appreciated. The next few days were spent most amusingly in filling palliasses with straw for the other huts, which were to be filled with new arrivals from Farnborough. We used to have the most fearful pillow fights, and put some of the men in the palliasses instead of straw. The lazy ones loved this, as they then could lie down all day free from any fear of being detected.

Food was rather scarce, and the Y.M.C.A. was out of bounds till after 4 p.m.

I was sent to the doctor again here, and was to have gone into the Aylesbury hospital on the following Monday.

On Saturday, however, there came a call of "Batmen on parade." I was luckily dressed for going out, and hurriedly packing my kit-bag, I fell in with my friend Brown. We had got the word that only sixteen were wanted, and we thought we had had enough of Wendover. We were, to my delight, sent back to Farnborough.

Wendover was dreadful. The flight-sergeant had got the wind up, and for three days we had been perpetually on parade.

On arriving at Farnborough no one knew why we had come back. Next day, being Sunday, nobody cared either. I astonished the Feenys very much by suddenly appearing again.

On Tuesday we heard our fate. We were to be cooks! !?

Brown (the aforementioned Hampstead house agent), three friends and myself, were sent to Corpl. Tomkin, in "E" Section, to be taught how to cook. It was a field cook-house, and the ovens were made of mud, but there was luckily a marquee for making puddings in, etc., and in which we could shelter during the very frequent storms.

Corpl. Tomkin was exceedingly decent to us, and seeing that Brown and I were not "in the pink," he used to give us the easy jobs to do. I used to make puddings—tons at a time—in a tin bath—bread puddings, suet puddings, duff of every sort and kind known in the Army. The song has it, "Old soldiers never die, they only fade away." I must have faded a good many, I think, with my puddings. My other work consisted of cutting the bacon, making rissoles, and fetching the meat and milk from the main cook-house at the depôt. I used to like fetching the milk, as I always kept a tin in my pocket, which kept my soap in when not otherwise employed, and this I used to dip in the milk and drink most heartily when I could find a spot where I was unobserved.

I always carried my soap so as to be able to have a bath at a moment's notice.

The food was very good—for the cooks—but the waste was appalling. Many a time did I throw away whole basins of cooked damsons, puddings, and sometimes meat. Every day about twenty pounds of dripping was thrown in the swill tub, for which people in the village would willingly have paid.

Any spare moments I had in the cook-house I spent reading. I found a supply of books in the tent used for spud peeling. This earned for me a great reputation for education.

Brown, as a pal, to add to this, said—knowing nothing at all about it—"I had been at Cambridge College"!

I did not like the cook-house much. I did not like the other men there half as much as the others I had been with up to now.

I was hardly ever able to be alone while I worked here. The only time I ever was throughout the whole day was while I was washing out the pudding-cloths. I used to hang them on the blackberry

bushes to dry. No one but me ever seemed to think of eating the blackberries, which were most large and delicious.

The boys never seemed to have quite enough to eat. Such a lot of the food used to be put on one side by the head cooks for special friends—and themselves—as never more than half of this was eaten, and the rest thrown away, it seemed a shame that the boys should go short.

The cooks used to get passes for the week-end fairly often. The corporal who was in charge of the passes used to come in for his meals, and all the cooks used to flutter round, handing him the salt, etc., so as “to be well in” with him and to ensure the safety of their pass.

I couldn't bear this man (Corporal Whitaker) at first, but later on, in the orderly room at Malplaquet barracks, he was very decent to me.

At the end of the day in the cook-house I used not to feel inclined to do much but lie in my tent and try and read or write by the light of a candle.

There was an *R.F.C.* concert party which used to give shows sometimes, and they were very good.

We were not allowed out till 6 p.m., and had to be back by 9. There was nothing to do in Farnborough but go to the roundabouts, or pictures. Aldershot was too far, as to walk took about threequarters of an hour each way, and the motor 'bus was always full. If I went out in the evening I used to go to Mrs. Cottle's.

I always used to sleep near the door of the tent, and though this place had its disadvantages, and especially on a wet night, or when anyone came in having had a wet night and trod on me—they were more than compensated for by the air which came in through the flaps of the tent; this was noticeably absent the other end of the tent.

Reveille was a painful moment. 5-30 a.m. is not an hour when you feel like going out into the darkness and mist to wash and shave in a tin of cold water placed on the ground. In August and September on Watts Common it was not so bad, but all the same I consider the spectacle of the sunrise much overrated, and I don't think I wish to see it again, even from the top of Pilatus—wherever that may be.

I remember one night we were all awakened and told to stand to in our tents. Some did and some did not. I was amongst the some who did not. After a while some bold spirits emerged from the tent and were rewarded by seeing the burning Zeppelin fall at Cuffley.

If it rained very hard there was no drill, and we used to sit in our tents pretending to sew on buttons, and do any repairs to our clothes. If the rain showed signs of stopping we used to cry out, “Bring it down, David; bring it down.” The reason of this I never found out.

The boys loved to talk about their home towns. As I knew nearly every town I invented for myself the profession of commercial traveller, which worked very well.

None of the boys up to now had found out anything about me, except Harold Grimes—an excellent lad who had been at Dulwich School. We used to be able to talk to each other sensibly, both dropping for the time the disguise of clerk, antique dealer, or anything suitable, assumed for the information of the other boys who loved to know all about you.

He used to sing most beautifully, and at night was the leading spirit in the singing—generally of the most sentimental songs of home and mother—which I think was one of the things I liked the best during my “private” life.

Between the songs we often had a most absurd short melodrama, and which, though repeated very often, never failed to move me to shrieks of laughter.

The parts were played by the occupants of the surrounding tents. It went something like this:—

*Hero*: Stand back, I say, and let the old woman have a throw.

*Old Woman* (in the voice of Fred Emney—this part was undertaken by the whole company): But I don't want to have a throw—

*Hero*: Then into the water she must go.

*Old Woman*: Hell up!! (*help*) Hell up!! Hell up!! Bubble, bubble, bubble.

#### SCENE II.

*Village Gossip*: Have you heard the news, boys, and girls?

*Village Lads and Lasses*: No! What news?

*Village Gossip* : The squire's daughter has been foully murdered (*with great feeling*).

*Village Lads* : Shame. But three cheers for the squire and the old maypole. Come, boys, let us away.

*Village Gossip* : But what of the old miser ?

*Village Lads* : Oh, d— him.

After my work was done some evenings I had to spend washing my clothes.

This was most difficult with cold water and a piece of vinolia soap.

Then there was nowhere to dry the clothes when we had washed them, either.

If you left them out at night they got soaked with dew ; if you left them out by day they were usually "won" by someone who saw a chance of replenishing his wardrobe free of cost—unless discovered.

The only thing was to take them to bed and lie on them, and dry them that way.

I solved the problem in the end through the kindness of Miss Cottle, who said she would do them for me.

The next problem was how to get them out of camp, as we were not allowed to take parcels out. In the end I dressed up in my three shirts and all my underclothes, put handkerchiefs and socks in the baggy part of my breeches, covered as much as I could of me with my overcoat, which strained at every button, and, helped by the darkness, got safely past the guard and out of camp.

We led a very peaceful life, untroubled by officers and parades, or roll calls at nights.

The *R.F.C.* was run entirely by the *N.C.O.'s*, who generally were very decent.

During my cook-house career I used not "to go sick," as if I did I always got "excused duty," and this meant hanging about all day long doing nothing, and this was worse than the cook-house.

A visit to the doctor always meant hanging about in the icy barrack square for at least two hours amongst a lot of men I didn't know. I used to be sustained by copious glasses of milk and cake, a present from my friend Corporal Baker in the cook-house (the Ipswich man).

I was constantly advised by the other boys to pretend to be deaf or blind, so as to make my case worse, and "work my ticket."

Some of the men were sometimes fearfully ill, and it must have been very bad for them waiting about so long in the cold and rain.

The verdict of *M.* and *D.* was much feared, as it entailed an extra drill, besides carrying on with the ordinary work of the day.

*M.* and *D.* meant medicine and duty, and the medicine generally meant a number 9.

There were three classes for the sick, viz. :

"Attend A," which meant excused all duty.

"Attend B," which meant light duty.

"Attend C," which meant medicine and duty.

To be excused duty was a doubtful pleasure, as although it meant doing nothing, there was nowhere to do it. We were not allowed in the canteen or the institutes or our tents until 11-45, and it meant hanging about the lines.

Light duty meant picking up bits of paper round the lines, or any other equally futile pursuit.

Fatigues, however, were escaped by men in either of these two classes.

Some of the cases which came before the doctor were very amusing. The following one I overheard as the man was immediately in front of me :—

*Doctor* : Well, what is it ?

*Man* : My heart is very bad. I have *V.D.H.* (valvular disease of the heart).

*D.* : (After testing his heart). Oh ! what makes you think so.

*M.* : I was told so.

*D.* : Indeed, and by whom ?

*M.* : By a man who knows.

*D.* : A doctor, may I ask ?

*M.* : No, not exactly a doctor, but a very clever man.

*D.* (very sharply) : Who was he ?

*M.* : Well, he was the chemist in our village.

*D.* : Don't you come to me with those tales ; there is nothing the matter with your heart.

*M.* : Well if I haven't got *V. D. H.*, I have a pain here, and a lump (pointing to his ribs).

*D.* (after examining him again) : And how long have you had this lump ?

M. : I only noticed it two days ago.

D. : Well, let me tell you you have had it from the day you were born. It is one of your ribs. Corporal, bring this man a double dose of castor oil, and I'll see that he takes it—and don't you come again.

On Sunday night I went down to the Ranelagh Road Hospital and found a most comfortable bed waiting for me. What a change.

Next day I was fitted (?) up in hospital blue and after the visit of the Colonel round the ward I went home for the day.

On Wednesday I was given the first and worst demonstration of electrical healing by Dr. P—. Talk of Dr. B—I went to him several times, and I have always thought, and so have the doctors whom I told about his treatment, that he was the cause of most of my neurasthenia by his poisonous, idiotic, and useless treatment.

After a week most pleasantly spent in this hospital I had to be transferred to the Nth London General to the neurasthenic ward.

Everyone was most kind, from the Colonel down to the two old ladies who did the cleaning. The sisters and all the men I liked very much indeed. The boys knew I came from Ipswich, but not exactly where, and every one thought I was very lucky, as I was, to be so near home.

One day we got some theatre seats and had tea at the tea shop after, in the same place where some of the chorus from the revue at the Hippodrome were. They waited for us after tea and we all walked home with them. They were very annoyed, as they had given a matinee without payment that day for the boys, and the manager had not let anyone know about it and had admitted the public—but, not without payment. It was mean.

I was awfully sorry to leave the Ipswich hospital where they were all so nice, and sorrier still when I found what I was in for in London a day or two later.

#### THE NTH LONDON GENERAL HOSPITAL.

I arrived here about 5-30, and was put in Ward III, of the Extension, which was for nerve cases.

The ward and sitting room seemed at the first glance to be quite comfortable.

Next day I found myself in strange company. Some of the men were mad; some like myself would not speak; one thought he could only speak French; some had most awful fits, and worst of all some had St. Vitus' dance, caused by shell shock. These cases were to me the worst of all. Every part of their body was perpetually shaking and twitching, together with most awful sorts of convulsions.

The first night I arrived one man near me had two epileptic fits. He bit and foamed at the mouth, and seemed to be choking, and was as strong as three devils. Some of the men who knew what to do held him down till the fit passed off. This happened on an average twice a night.

Our ward was not supposed to be for mad people, but the ward downstairs, specially for them, had overflowed into ours.

One man in the *Life Guards* used to spend all day walking up and down like a lion. He was 6 ft. 3 ins., so everyone was afraid of him. He used suddenly to rush up to people and ask them the most extraordinary questions; he asked me one day which I liked best—cigarettes or grandmamma?; then he would rush off again, play a few dreadful notes on the piano, and start his everlasting walking up and down. He got more violent later, poor man, and had to be taken downstairs.

The downstairs was terrifying. The beds were about three inches off the floor, and the occupants were strapped in so that even if they did fall out they could not hurt themselves. The most fearful screams used to greet us some days as we used to pass through to the bath. The orderlies here were huge men, mostly boxers, in case any of the poor patients got unmanageable.

Another case we had in our ward, but this was a harmless one.

It was that of a man in the *R.H.A.*, of many year's service. He used to sit all day with a bandage over his eyes, over that a pair of black spectacles, and pretend to be reading a French book—upside down.

He never moved except for meals and after he used to brush up the crumbs and then return to his

reading. He used to be fearfully teased by the other men and would tell anyone who spoke to him that his wife was coming to take him away, and that he must clean up his spurs and equipment.

His wife used to come, but he never knew her. Poor old man, he did finally go away, but not home; he was sent to Warrington Asylum. The men used to rag him until he got into an ungovernable temper, telling him he wasn't going. It was a shame.

Another rather humorous case—to us—was that of a man named Verdon.

He used to say that the battle of Verdun had been got up in his honour, but that he had got sick of it after a while and had gone to the pictures.

He was the most humorous man, and used to keep us much amused. He used to say whatever he liked to the night sister.

Two of the cases were very sad, those of two boys reduced to the verge of insanity through the bullying of the sergeant in their regiment. They were simply mad with fear. They spoke to no one, and kept away in corners. I used to bring them in papers and chocolates. They seemed so glad and spoke to me sometimes. They had eyes like cows—so sad and patient.

Poor boys! and they were so young, too.

I always noticed in all my hospitals that colonial soldiers were made much more fuss of than our own boys, both by the nurses and visitors.

We were only allowed out from 2 till 4 p.m. There was a garden, trimmed with heaps of mud and broken bricks, in which we were allowed. I found out that, with the assistance of the military policeman at the gate, I could get out early, and very often I used to miss lunch, staying in the gardens, and the sisters knew this, and thus I was able to get out about 1 p.m.

I also used to come in late, but the difficulty was to get into the ward in overcoat and boots undetected by the sister.

I did not like the men here very much, with one or two exceptions.

My chum was a Corporal Batt, who in civil life was a groom.

Jack Batt and I used to go out together often. As time was short I used to take a taxi from the rank

on Camberwell Green, but I had to explain that I had "clicked for a quid" from my old governor, as he always tried to insist on paying half. I asked him one day what he would really like to have, and he said oysters.

We went off and had a dozen each, and then went on and had two large chocolate cream ices each and about six cakes covered with cream; strange to say we felt no ill effects.

Another friend I had was an old sergeant. He couldn't sleep, and used in the early morning to bring me a cup of tea in bed, and in other ways was most decent. When he got his ticket I fitted him out with some clothes, boots, etc. He was so pleased.

Another of the men got his ticket the same day, and also a gratuity of £20. He stood the whole ward cakes and cigarettes, which must have cost him at least £1.

Many of the men used to bring in little extra things, generally tomatoes, which they used to share round. They were most generous.

Most of them had no treatment at all, but were left in peace and quiet (theoretically).

I was sent to the electric specialist in King's College hospital—just across the road.

He started off as usual getting the current stronger and stronger, and I trying to speak all the while, expecting to be nearly killed by a frightful shock, such as I had had at Ipswich; then he suddenly stopped.

The specialist told me I could come every day if I liked for treatment. I did for a while, but it made me worse and more hysterical, so in the end he told me not to come any more.

After that I was sent to Miss Reynold's to try and learn to speak again like a child learns the alphabet, by letters and words of one syllable.

Miss Reynolds was a model of patience and kindness. I stayed on with her until I left, but it didn't do me much good, though she did wonders for many other cases. She had a fire in her room, and used to let me come early and sit by it. All the boys liked her—so different from the sisters in our ward.

After about three weeks of this hospital I was feeling worse and worse. I used to ask the resident doctor to let me go back to my depôt. He always

refused. Twice the visiting specialist recommended me to be sent to the discharging board at Lancaster Gate, but each time the doctor washed it out.

He never believed a word I said, as I told him I had joined the Army with no voice, and he said it was impossible.

It was perfectly true, but, of course, I had no medical history, except that which I had brought from Ipswich. In the end I never spoke to him at all.

I was fearfully depressed now, and I felt I should never get away from this place. It was practically a lunatic asylum. It seems an awful shame that all the cases of neurasthenia, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, etc., should all be herded together in one ward.

I was sent for one day to go to the Admiralty to see Admiral Vaughan Lee, who said he would get me transferred to the *Naval Air Service*. The doctor, after examining me, said I was utterly unsuitable, and ought to be discharged; if I got better, however, he would pass me. Admiral Vaughan Lee was most kind, and I am most grateful to him. The military policeman who took me up to the Admiralty from the hospital was much overcome when I was shewn with great ceremony into his room by a gorgeous naval petty officer. I had to explain on coming out that I had done some work for him before the war.

All the men very nearly were as miserable as I was, and all those who were not expecting their discharge were trying to get away to a convalescent home. The V.A.D.'s were not very pleasant either. One who came later, however, was quite nice, and she and I used to discuss the ward and its inmates. The sisters were not at all nice to the V.A.D.'s either.

There used to be quite good concerts sometimes, but the hall was rather small, and the noise seemed very great, so I did not often go to them.

I used generally to catch the same number 12 'bus to Piccadilly. The conductress got to know me, and used to refuse to take my money, and pay the fare herself.

Coming home by tram from Victoria some old lady or other would nearly always pay my fare. It was no use arguing. I think my *Flying Corps* cap and coat did it.

I used to meet some of the boys from Farnborough on week-end leave sometimes. I remember at the Elephant and Castle one day as I was on the bus hearing a shout, "Hello, *Flying Corps*." I looked down and saw one of the boys I knew very well. He had forgotten my name for the moment. I went home with him and had tea in his house on Bermondsey Wall, and his wife used to come and see me in hospital sometimes and bring me fruit, as her brother had a stall in the street market in East Street Walworth.

How awfully kind poor people are to each other. It often makes you ashamed.

I lived principally on sandwiches from the ham and beef shop on the green, and tomatoes and nougat. I read a lot of books, but nearly all day I had to play the piano for them, as no one else could. Later on another player came—a butcher from Derby—so he carried on. He could not read a note of music, but he had the most wonderful ear, and could play anything and in any key, which was even more astonishing.

Never once during all the time I was in hospital did I ever get taken to the theatre, or was ever given cigarettes, and only four of the men were taken out all the time I was there. It makes you wonder what happened to the flag-day money.

Once in the Ipswich hospital we had a concert and were given a lovely basket of fruit and cigarettes, but this was paid for privately, I know; likewise the time we went to the theatre.

I went once to a party given by some shop girls in Peckham on their early closing day. On arrival we each drew a number, which corresponded with a number held by one of the girls.

We were to spend the afternoon with the girl at a whist drive, dance, tea, and concert. The prospect quite overcame me, and in about half-an-hour I was "come over," and forced to go home in charge of a very small boy. The girls were awfully kind, and had provided chocolates, cigarettes, and what would, I am sure, have been an excellent tea.

There was a great shortage of linen, both of shirts and sheets. We only had clean sheets once a month, and shirts once a fortnight. When the new sister came she changed all this and got plenty, which I

think partly proves the others didn't bother about us. The quantity of milk became much greater, and Sister Tigh made a great difference in many ways on her arrival.

Coming back in the train I met an *R.F.C.* man. We half recognised each other, and after talking a while I found out he was Mr. Matthews, from Tibbenham's, the maker of marvellous false antiques. He was stationed at Farnborough, and we arranged to meet and have dinner at the "Tumble-down Dick" on my return.

I went to see them at the Ipswich hospital, and wished I was back there again.

One night one of the men in the ward went mad and attacked the sister, thinking she was a German. She freed herself, and said she was his sergeant. This appeased him, and he finally got quiet. We all wished it had been the ordinary night sister, who, unfortunately was having a night off.

I remember the night sister at Ipswich very well. She was very kind, but hated to say where she lived, beyond saying it was Lancashire.

I found out in the end. It was Ramsbottom, near Accrington. I quite sympathised. It does sound comic.

The father of one of the men was a member of the Deal Anglers' Association. He used to send us enormous baskets of fish caught by him and his friends. It was a most welcome present.

One of the men, Spencer by name, had lost his memory, and thought he was in France. He would only speak French, which he did perfectly, having been brought up in France. He was a baker in West End Lane, Hampstead, before the war. Three times a week his employer used to come and bring him presents and take him out, but he never knew him. He used to play the banjo for us in the evenings sometimes, accompanied by me on the piano.

I used to talk to Spencer a lot, and one day he asked me who Mr. Lloyd (his employer) was. I explained to him, and an hour or two later he came and asked me again.

I at last convinced him that he was not in France, and in the end his memory came back. I went to see him in hospital some time later, and he was much

better. He is now back at his work again with Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd was a wonderful example to other employers, and no one could have been kinder to Spencer and to us, too, for that matter. Whenever I pass the shop in West End Lane I always go in and see them.

Just before I left the hospital the boys began to make golliwogs and things to sell, so as to make some money for some extra things for the Christmas dinner. When I left I gave the decent sister a little money for this purpose. She did not want to take it, as I was not to be there for Christmas but I left it as a thank offering at my escape. I had to make up quite a history of how I came by it before she would take it.

The cold was fearful, and the only way to keep warm was by brushing the floor and polishing it with ronuk. This had to be done after breakfast, lunch, and tea. The work was always left to a few fairly willing workers. The sisters thought much more about the look of the ward than of the feelings of the patients.

We had a few—very few—visitors, who promised me books—which never came.

All the sympathy and woodbines were reserved for the obviously wounded.

The more bandages the more sympathy. We, unluckily, had no bandages.

I used to go to my house in the afternoons sometimes. It looked very sad, having been left empty for a year, but what a pleasure it was to be able to look at nice things again, and I used to love trying my clothes on.

My visits here used to cause much excitement to the other residents in my little side street. I was always kindly welcomed and my health enquired into.

I was feeling in despair of ever getting away from the hospital, but in the end, after a little wangling on the part of the family, I finally got discharged and sent back to my *dépôt* at Farnborough.

I must say the months I spent in the Nth London General were the most dreadful months in my life.

Had I remained much longer I think I should have gone mad.

My feelings are not of interest to anyone else, so I will omit them, but it does not seem to me that to keep a lot of men suffering from nerves all together is the best way to cure them.

Nervous symptoms are most catching, as I know myself, and surely to be herded together with men suffering from epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, and mania, can't do a neurasthenic much good.

Anyway, it is over now.

(To be continued).

---

### THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY LT.-COL. W. H. TURTON, D.S.O., LATE R.E.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 494 pages. Published Oct., 1919,

---

#### EXTRACT FROM PREFACE

"I have again carefully revised the whole book. Some additions have been made here and there, especially in Chapter xix.; but as a rule the alterations have been merely to shorten and condense the arguments, where this could be done without spoiling them, and to simplify the language as much as possible. The book is thus shorter, and I hope simpler than any previous edition. Another slight improvement, which will commend itself to most purchasers is reducing the price to 2/- nett."

"We cannot recommend this book too highly to all our readers. No better expressed or more complete vindication of the truth of Christianity against the argument of its adversaries is to be found in our language. It could, with profit, and, we might add, *should* be read by all Christian boys before leaving school."—*Stonyhurst Magazine*, Dec., 1912.

2s nett. Of all Booksellers.

This book has been translated into Japanese, Italian, Chinese, and Arabic

### VARIA.

#### OLD ALUMNI COLOURS.

At a Committee Meeting of the Stonyhurst Association it was decided to adopt colours for Old Alumni of the College distinct from the school colours.

Oxford Blue and Old Gold were selected as being the Weld Colours.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. BEALE & INMAN, of 131-2, New Bond Street, for registering and making up the colours.

Silk scarves (squares) and ties will be ready by the second week in August, and hat-bands about a month later. Blazers cannot be promised this year, but any order given will be completed in time for the summer term of 1920.

The composition of the colours is as follows:—

- (1) *Tie*—Three-quarter-inch stripe gold to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch blue.
- (2) *Blazer*— $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch blue to  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch gold.
- (3) *Hat-ribbon*—Blue centre, gold each side and blue again outside each—*i.e.*, two gold spaces the whole two inch for straw hat,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  inch for Panama.

The publication of the above notice in our July number has elicited the following letter from a correspondent, who points out that the Committee of the Stonyhurst Association who chose the Stonyhurst Old Alumni colours are wrong in assuming that Oxford-blue and gold are the Weld colours.

Doubtless the wearers of these colours will find consolation in the venerable legal axiom *ratio legis non est lex*, and go on wearing them even after the heraldic basis for so doing has been exploded.

ALLSPRINGS,

GREAT HARWOOD,

BLACKBURN.

SIR,—In the last number of the Magazine there is a printed slip inserted which says that colours for Old Alumni have been adopted, and that "Oxford blue

and old gold were selected as being the Weld colours." I beg to point out that the armorial colours of the Weld family are blue and white, and that there is no gold in their shield of arms.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD TRAPPES-LOMAX.

29th July, 1919.

#### THE TWO NEW BLAZONS IN THE BOYS' REFECTORY.

The two new blazons mounted in the windows of the Boys' Refectory are described as follows by Mr. Paul Woodroffe (1887), the artist who designed and made them and kindly presented them to the College :

##### GETHIN

Vert a stag salient argent, attired or.

##### Crest :

On a cap of dignity proper a stag's head erased argent, attired and ducally gorged or.

*Motto* : Try.

##### *Bodkin*

Ermine, on a saltire gules a leopard's head or.

*Crest* : A wild boar proper.

*Motto* : Croom aboo.

---

### MR. T. J. PRIESTLEY.

---

Mr. Priestley's name and well-known figure have been associated with Stonyhurst for so long that we find it difficult to realise his absence from our midst. Nearly forty years ago he joined the College teaching staff as Professor of German, and he has remained with us ever since, even during the vacations, for we cannot remember that he ever left Stonyhurst to take a holiday elsewhere.

To speak of him as Professor of German is to name but a fraction of his teaching work. He was ever ready to step into the breach where an opening presented itself to teach other subjects also ; and besides his classes in German, and Shorthand,

Book-keeping, he had spent many hours of his busy week coaching boys in Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Writing, and instructing backward foreign boys in English. Though naturally gentle and kindly, he could be forceful enough, when roused by a refractory pupil. I remember seeing him on one occasion limping along the lower gallery with his stick in one hand, and grasping with the other the neck of a particularly obnoxious South American pupil whom he was hauling along to the Prefect's Room. Owing to his crippled leg, which precluded cycling, or the use of an ordinary tricycle, Mr. Priestley was in the habit of employing a tricycle worked by the arms alone. This exercise developed unusual power in his arm muscles, as the astonished offender discovered when he found himself wielded like a light hand-bag in the powerful grip of his angry little professor.

For as far back as the memory of the present writer extends, Mr. Priestley lived in the cottage by the North Pond named "Dashwood" on the ordnance maps, but for so many years known as "Mr. Priestley's house," that its original name had passed into disuse. Here he lived with his wife and family of three sons. The youngest of these, Alfred (1903), was a day pupil at the College.

A few years before his retirement his wife died. She had been an invalid for many years previously. Her death was soon followed by that of his son Alfred, who remained with his father long after the elder brothers had left. For some time afterwards Mr. Priestley lived on alone in his house, but two years ago he vacated Dashwood Cottage and came to live in the College.

Mr. Priestley, mounted on his arm-lever tricycle, was a familiar figure on the roads near the College. Everyone knew him, and everyone had a good word for the cheery, gentle old man who was working on so gamely to the very end, undaunted by physical infirmity or the inroads of advancing age.

Of late we hear that Mr. Priestley has left London, where he was living with a married son, and has settled at Blackpool, where we hope he will be spared to enjoy many years of well-deserved rest.



MR. T. J. PRIESTLEY.

Professor of German at Stonyhurst for 40 years.

Retired August, 1919.

MUSIC NOTES.

All the candidates, who presented themselves in July for the Examination of the Associated Board, obtained Pass Certificates.

PIANOFORTE.

*Higher Division.*—A. Maclachlan.

*Lower Division.*—R. Dromgoole.

*Elementary Division.*—E. Maclachlan, E. Mills, F. Solvey, J. Whyatt.

*Primary Division.*—L. Morley.

SINGING.

*Higher Division.*—A. Gibbs.

*Elementary Division.*—Alb. Waterkeyn.

The following form the Choir, under the *baton* of Rev. Mr. Belton :—

*Trebles* :—A. Barrow, L. Peulevé, D. Edmondson, E. Porter, T. O'Shea, J. de Sa, P. Fogarty, C. Biddulph, H. Feeny, H. Cockshutt, C. Vaillant, A. Cassidy, C. O'Bryen, W. Waring, O. Goodier, C. Fuller, J. Hayes, Godfrey Bird, W. Lescher.

*Altos* :—G. King, G. Kearney, R. Stephenson, G. Turner, S. de Sa, E. Taunton.

*Tenors* :—Rev. Father Rector, Rev. Mr. Comerford, A. Howell, I. Beveridge.

*Basses* :—Rev. Father Cortie, Rev. Mr. Beisly, Rev. Mr. Widdowson, Rev. Mr. O'Carroll, Mr. Southern.

The Orchestra is as follows :

*Violins* :—Mr. C. Lewis-Jones, Mr. F. Burns, B. Cragg, G. Kearney, W. Suttill, C. Dawes, F. Hall, C. Nugent, S. de Sa, C. Sutherland, C. Gormley, L. Humphreys.

*Viola* :—Rev. Mr. Brodrick, Mr. McArdle.

*'Cellos* :—E. Elam, J. Murphy.

*Bass* :—Rev. Mr. Beisly

*Flutes* :—Mr. Southern, A Howell.

*Clarinet* :—E. d'Aguiar.

*Cornets* :—Mr. C. Cross, A. Hardy

*Euphonium* :—W. Collingwood.

*Tympani* :—E. Maclachlan.

*Drums, etc.* :—B. John.

*Pianoforte* :—G. Baron.

On October 1st the customary Retreat Concert was given. The Orchestra, despite the paucity of violins, played the opening dance very well. The other orchestral item lacked fulness for want of brass. L. Peulevé sang, "Oh! buy my strawberries," and was encored. We are always glad to hear a violin solo from Mr. Burns, and on this occasion he whetted our appetite for more. L. Sullivan made good use of a powerful voice and was distinct in articulation, but the recitation required more "life." The Choir sang "Rolling down to Rio," with the verve that such a song demands. H. Chambers, the organist of Leeds Cathedral, who is preparing here for diplomas in music, and who acts as assistant organist at the College, gave a pot-pourri of well-known airs, and was called for again, when he played selections from "Tabs"; we should like to have heard from him a rendering of some classical piece more worthy of his talent. Why would not Kane sing? It is true that the item was named "Remarks"; but if he would have sung the chorus only, if not the whole song, we think it would have given more pleasure. We congratulate W. Collingwood on the way he fulfilled the difficult task of accompanying this spoken piece.

The following was the Programme :—

	"GOD SAVE THE KING."	
DANCE	"In the shadows" THE ORCHESTRA.	<i>Finck</i>
SONG	"A Song of Old London" L. PEULEVÉ.	<i>Oliver</i>
VIOLIN SOLO	"Pleading" MR. F. BURNS.	<i>Haydn Wood</i>
RECITATION	"Captain Reece" L. SULLIVAN.	<i>Gilbert</i>
PART SONG	"Rolling down to Rio" THE CHOIR.	<i>German</i>
PIANOFORTE SOLO	"Some" H. CHAMBERS.	<i>Vaerius</i>
REMARKS	"On the Staff" D. KANE.	<i>Novello</i>
MARCH	"Under the Banner of Victory" THE ORCHESTRA.	<i>Blon</i>

### O.T.C. NOTES.

At the end of last term the corps had made all preparations for going for the annual O.T.C. camp training. A strong contingent had been raised, and we were looking forward to joining contingents from other public schools at Welbeck, when our hopes were dashed by the following telegram from the War Office:—

“Owing to the difficulty in providing a staff the O.T.C. Junior Training Camp at Welbeck is cancelled.”

This was a great disappointment and a heavy blow to the contingent.

For the first time in this contingent cadet officers had been appointed and they were to command platoons at Welbeck. The three appointed were Cadet Lieut. F. Bloomfield, D. O’Shea, and G. Burns, who had rejoined from an O.C.B. Sergt. L. Gradwell had also rejoined from the Navy, where his last post was midshipman on a destroyer.

We bid a sad farewell to these three, and wish to thank them for the great work they did, particularly F. Bloomfield, our C.S.M. during the year, and D. O’Shea, our indefatigable C.Q.M.S.

At the beginning of the new year the following promotions were made :—*Cadet Officers*—B. Tarleton, G. Cole, L. Robertson; *C.S.M.*—W. Jones; *C.Q.M.S.*—J. Cagger; *to be Sergeants*—Corpls. O’Connell and Wellard, Lance-Cpls. Radcliffe and Bahr; *to be Corporals*—Lance-Corpls. Cosgrove, Marchant, Kane, and Mostyn; *to be Acting-Cpls.* (until the test is passed)—Cadets Carrigan, Baron, Sullivan, O. Fox; *to be Acting Lance-Cpls.* (until the test is passed)—Cadets Unsworth, W. Drake-Lee, John, Holmes, Conron, A. Robinson, H. Robinson.

A new system of promotion is being introduced whereby a cadet will work his way up in the branch of service which he first joins, whether signaller, quartermaster’s work, band, or cadet in the company; in each of these services he may become a sergeant, warrant officer, and thence by seniority and merit may obtain a cadet lieutenancy.

To receive a stripe, a cadet must pass a test in physical training, drill, and musketry, a further test for promotion to Corporal, and a third for promotion to sergeant. It is hoped that “Certificate A” which now begins again, will provide a test for promotion to Cadet-Lieutenant.

The following passed the “400 marks test,” held by Lieut.-Colonel Burnell Nugent, on October 13th: Cadet officers B. Tarleton, J. Cole, Sergts. O’Connell, Radcliffe, and Corpl. Mostyn.

On Friday, October 17th, a field day was held at Knowsley Park by the Western Command for the Northern Schools in the command. Rossall (390), Lancaster (50), Bury (45), Stonyhurst (140), Liverpool College (90), attended.

Stonyhurst and Liverpool held a line of outposts defending the L. & N.W. railway line running through Prescott, and Rossall, Lancaster, and Bury detrained north of the park and made an attack on this line. The day was fine and the exercise very successful. Lieut.-General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. D.S.O., directed operations and afterwards addressed the assembled contingents.

We have lately received from the War Office equipment of very great value to the contingent; a large supply of signalling equipment, the S.M.L.E. rifle for all over 15 years of age, and web equipment for each cadet.

At last, in spite of many difficulties, we are in sight of the commencement at least of our long needed miniature range. Any assistance from old cadets, who would like to assist the teaching of musketry, will be most gratefully received.

### CRICKET.

STONYHURST C.C. v. 3RD BATT. S. STAFFS. REGT.

July 10th.

Stonyhurst won the toss and batted first. Bloomfield and Edmann opened to the bowling of Lieut. Lloyd and Private McBain. It was soon evident that

the school batsmen, with the exception of Edlmann, could make little of Lloyd's bowling. Wicket after wicket fell in quick succession, and half an hour's play saw us in a bad position, with 34 for five. Shortly after this Edlmann was caught by Lloyd at leg off Riley's bowling. His score was perhaps the best of the day, as he had been the only one to show up well against the rather trying bowling, and to face the collapse of his companions. Cole was caught at leg in exactly the same circumstances, having apparently failed to notice the trap set for Edlmann. It was left to the last wicket to make a stand after the luncheon interval, and before Green was bowled by McBain their partnership had realised 43. The collapse of the earlier batsmen was undoubtedly due to the fact that this was the first proper out-match in which any of them had appeared. Thus they had had no opportunity to face a variety of bowling, and in this match a fast medium bowler in Lieut. Lloyd, came as a complete surprise and played havoc with their defence.

The visitors opened cautiously, but Lund soon settled down and began to score freely. Early in his innings he hit up a catch to Edlmann in the long field. Had this been held, the match might have assumed a very different complexion, but Lund profited by his chance, and his excellent 62 made a win a certainty for his side. Riley, playing brisk cricket, was brilliantly caught in the long field by Tarleton. The visitors made the runs with six wickets in hand.

Green bowled a good length, and took four out of the seven wickets. The College fielding was good, and they kept the runs down well, though the picking up was not particularly smart. The visitors brought a strong eleven, and, in the circumstances, the defeat was not as discreditable as might appear.

L. J. G.

STONYHURST C.C.

F. Bloomfield, b. Lloyd.....	4
F. Edlmann, c. Lloyd, b. Riley.....	20
M. Trappes-Lomax, b. Lloyd.....	0
K. Coleman, b. Lloyd.....	5
W. Murray, b. Lund.....	2
J. Neely, b. Lloyd.....	0
M. Rodrigue, b. Lund.....	7
W. Cole, c. Lloyd, b. Riley.....	0
E. Cosgrove, not out.....	23
B. Tarleton, c. Fluke, b. Lund.....	0
E. Green, b. McBain.....	18
Extras.....	17
Total.....	96

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
Lieut. Lloyd.....	24	4	8	2	6.00
Pte. McBain.....	15	1	6	3	15.0
Pte. Lund.....	16	3	7	1	5.3
Lieut. R. Riley.....	35	2	9	0	17.5
Lieut. Fluke.....	7	0	5	2	—

SOUTH STAFFS. REGT.

Capt. Kenrick, b. Coleman.....	8
Pte. Lund, b. Tarleton.....	62
Lieut. Riley, c. Tarleton, b. Green...	14
Lieut. Lloyd, b. Green.....	4
Pte. Collet, not out.....	17
Lieut. Fluke, b. Green.....	1
Lieut. Harris, c. Coleman, b. Green...	3
Q.M.S. Johnson, c. Tarleton, b. Coleman.....	8
Pte. Patterson.....	} Did not Bat.
Pte. McBain.....	
Lance.-Cpl. Spalding.....	
Extras.....	12

Total for seven wickets... 129

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
K. Coleman.....	41	2	17	4	20.5
E. Green.....	48	4	20	2	12.0
W. Cole.....	29	0	9	1	—
B. Tarleton.....	11	1	3	0	11

STONYHURST C.C. v. CAPT. T. B. TRAPPES-LOMAX' XI.

July 24th.

Stonyhurst won the toss and opened on a moderately good wicket. Bloomfield and Edlmann played steady cricket and made 28 runs before the former was caught at mid-off. Coleman appeared to be settling down, and had made eight, when the bowling was changed. He was then caught at the wicket off the first ball A. W. Musson delivered. Neely, attempting to hit out too early in his innings, was bowled by Riley. Still, with only three wickets down for 46, Stonyhurst were in a fairly good position. No more wickets fell before the lunch interval.

On resuming Edlmann livened up the cricket considerably, and his partnership with Murray looked like being prolonged. But they had only brought the score to 89 when Murray fell to a good catch in the slips. Edlmann followed him in the next over but one. His innings of 45 took over two hours to complete.

It included one chance, at 7, and was a very good example of the steady style of batting, in which he excels. It was only when he commenced to hit that he ever looked like getting out. His steady tactics have been of the greatest use to the school side this season.

A collapse followed his dismissal, the remainder of the side only making 19 between them. Except for Edlmann and Murray, Stonyhurst had not shown up well as a batting side, though they were considered to be stronger in this department than in bowling.

The visitors opened well, J. H. Ramsbottom going for the bowling from the first. But this, on a lumpy wicket, involved a certain amount of risk, and after the score had been taken to 19 he hit up a difficult catch to Cole at mid-off, which was well held. From this point the Stonyhurst bowlers, who had so far been rather erratic, appeared to settle down. There were no further stands of any note, and the visitors' wickets fell in quick succession. They were all out for 57.

Coleman's seven wickets for 24 runs ranks as an excellent performance. The fielding was excellent. Stonyhurst deserve credit for closing their first post-war season by beating a fairly strong side.

J.L.G.

## STONYHURST C.C.

E. Bloomfield, c. Treglown, b. Fitzherbert-Brockholes .....	12
F. Edlmann, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Foole .....	45
K. Coleman, c. Boardman, b. Musson .....	8
J. Neely, b. Riley .....	1
W. Murray, c. Riley, b. Foole .....	15
E. Cosgrove, c. Treglown, b. Musson .....	3
M. Trappes-Lomax, b. Foole .....	1
M. Rodrigue, run out .....	5
W. Cole, b. Riley .....	7
B. Tarleton, c. Treglown, b. Riley .....	3
E. Green, not out .....	0
Extras .....	13
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>113</b>

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
Fitzherbert-Brockholes .....	35	1	12.3	1	35.0
Riley .....	33	3	22	6	11.0
Musson .....	12	2	14	6	6.0
Foole .....	20	3	9	1	6.6

## CAPT. T. TRAPPES-LOMAX' XI.

Capt. J. Treglown, l.b.w., b. Coleman .....	3
J. W. Ramsbottom, c. Cole, b. Green .....	15
J. Fitzherbert Brockholes, b. Coleman .....	1
Capt. H. Powell, b. Coleman .....	5
Lieut. R. Riley, c. Rodrigue, b. Coleman .....	6
Capt. T. B. Trappes-Lomax, l.b.w., b. Green .....	2
Capt. B. C. Trappes-Lomax, c. Murray, b. Coleman .....	3
J. Boardman, b. Coleman .....	7
C. Beardsworth, run out .....	4
T. Foole, b. Coleman .....	1
A. H. Musson, not out .....	4
Extras .....	6
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>57</b>

	R.	W.	O.	M.	A.
Coleman .....	24	7	11.3	6	3.4
Green .....	22	2	8	—	11
Cole .....	11	—	3	—	—

## LOWER LINE XI. v. REV. MR. BELTON'S XI.

It is no slight tax on his nervous system for a boy to bat against bowling he has never met before, on a ground he has played on but once, under the critical eyes of the whole school. The Lower Line XI. gave unmistakable signs of "wind up," and consequently the score of each member of the team is a very unfair estimate of his power. The bowling sent up was not difficult, and the wicket was in the batsmen's favour, but excessive caution made the first innings of the home team a drearish spectacle.

In the second innings, when they knew the game was won, the boys played more freely, and consequently more successfully; for whereas in the first innings the total of 63 was the fruit of nearly two hours' batting, the 59 of the second was accumulated in 45 minutes.

The fielding of the home team was all that could be desired, and it is due to this that the match was won. Special mention must be made of H. Robinson, who had two splendid catches, the first of which despatched Mr. Rawsthorn when he was beginning to show signs of becoming set.

One felt in watching the match that the present Lower Line team will provide excellent material for the College eleven when, by experience in out-matches, they have overcome nervousness—the great enemy of useful batting.

LOWER LINE XI.

T. Healy, c. Belton, b. Aldersley .....	15
C. Eastwood, b. Rawsthorn .....	2
P. Considine, b. Mitchell .....	8
H. Curley, c. and b. Aldersley .....	0
A. Riley, b. Aldersley .....	4
A. Robinson, c. A. J. Wrigley, b. Harrison .....	2
N. Pringle, b. Aldersley.....	10
E. d'Aguiar, b. Harrison .....	5
H. Robinson (Capt.), b. Harrison.....	5
B. Cragg, b. Aldersley .....	0
G. Fletcher, not out .....	1
Extras .....	11
Total .....	63

SECOND INNINGS.

H. Curley, b. Aldersley .....	13
A. Robinson, c. Ralph, b. Rawsthorn.	4
C. Eastwood, b. Aldersley.....	8
A. Riley, not out.....	5
P. Considine, not out.....	16
Extras .....	13
Total (for three wickets)	59

REV. MR. BELTON'S XI.

Rev. J. Wrigley, b. Cragg .....	1
A. Mitchell, run out .....	0
H. Rawsthorn, c. H. Robinson, b. A. Robinson .....	13
E. P. Aldersley, b. d'Aguiar .....	0
C. L. Jones, c. Pringle, b. Cragg .....	0
H. W. Ralph, c. H. Robinson, b. Cragg .....	2
A. J. Wrigley, b. A. Robinson .....	5
L. Gradwell, b. Cragg.....	8
G. Burns, b. A. Robinson .....	5
Rev. L. Belton, not out.....	5
R. Harrison, c. Pringle, b. A. Robinson	0
Extras.....	6
Total .....	45

BOWLING.—LOWER LINE XI.

	R.	W.	O.	M.
Cragg .....	15	4	10	5
d'Aguiar .....	3	1	3	0
A. Robinson .....	17	4	6	1

REVIEWS.

‘THE CLASSICS IN BRITISH EDUCATION.’  
RECONSTRUCTION.

*Problems 21; Ministry of Reconstruction, 1919, Price 2d.*

This short pamphlet sets forth in moderate language the classics of classics in modern education. It is a pamphlet which ought to be studied by all who are concerned with the curricula of schools, in these days, when the claims of science and modern subjects are being so vigorously advocated by those who would exclude the classics as so much useless lumber. But, in the words of the pamphlet, “It is because the classics contain elements of the highest spiritual and intellectual value which cannot be obtained elsewhere in equal force or intensity that the lover of education is bound to fight for their retention as one of the leading components of our natural system.” In this connection it is well to bear in mind that English language, literature, and thought are largely based on the culture of Greece and Rome. Our tradition in education, too, is based upon the classics. It is quite true, and all humanists admit it, that more time in a modern curriculum must be found for general science and modern languages. But the pamphlet contends that this is possible without omitting the classics. Then again, as experience has shown in the past, a classical education is an excellent discipline of character. It tends to make students gentlemen, it gives, in most cases, though we must confess that we have known narrow-minded classical pedants, a broadness of view upon the conduct of affairs, a spiritual attitude in one's outlook, that is far removed from mere utility and materialism. But why not imbibe the essence of classical culture through the medium of translations? The pamphleteer answers: “Where Greek and Latin are strongest, in the expression of ideas, in the conveyance of spiritual inspiration and refreshment, in poetry, in philosophy, in the art of literary expression, translations are the least effective.” The student will get but a poor and inadequate reflection from even the best translations of most of the great classical writers. The pamphleteer might have added that the student will also miss the intellectual training which is derived from the study of the classics.

No demand is made for an exclusive training in classics. But a demand is formulated that students should not be debarred from a form of education which has been proved by experience to be so potent in forming the character and in training the intellect. Specialisation before the age of 16 is condemned, but in the general education which is to be given up to that age fair play is asked for the classics, and that they should form a necessary part in the training of the mind of the student,

# Stonyhurst Calendar, 1919-20.



## September.

- 23 T. Boys' Return.
- 24 W. Ascensio Scholarum.

## October.

- 1 W. Rec. p.m.
- 2 Th. *Mass against Fire.*  
Boys' Retreat.
- 16 Th. Blandyke.
- 22 W. Certificate Good Day.
- 25 S. Honours Exam.
- 29 W. *Benefactors' Requiem.*

## November.

- 1 S. *All Saints.*
- 3 M. *All Souls.*
- 4 T. Rhetoric Academy.  
Distribution of Prizes.
- 15 S. Honours Exam.
- 17 M. *S.A. Requiem.*
- 27 Th. *St. John Berchmans.*
- 30 S. *1st Sunday in Advent.*

## December.

- 1 M. *B.Ed. Campion.* Gen.  
Day.
- 3 W. *St. Francis Xavier.*
- 5 F. Compositions.
- 6 S. Honours Exam.  
Night Studies.
- 7 S. Confessions.
- 8 M. *Imm. Conc. B.V.M.*
- 10 W. Algebra Exam. Comp
- 12 F. Geom. Exam. Comp.
- 13 S. Math. Hons. Exam.  
Arith. Exam.
- 14 S. R.D. Exam.
- 16 T. Vacation.
- 25 Th. *Christmas Day.*

## January.

- 1 Th. *New Year's Day.*
- 4 S. *Holy Name.*
- 6 T. *Epiphany.*
- 13 T. Boys' Return.
- 30 F. *Mass for Health.*

## February.

- 1 S. *Septuagesima.*
- 2 M. *Candlemas.*
- 7 S. Honours Exam.
- 8 S. *Sexagesima.*
- 10 T. Poetry Academy.
- 12 Th. Blandyke.
- 15 S. *Quinquagesima.*
- 17 T. Shrove Tuesday.
- 18 W. Ash Wednesday.
- 28 S. Honours Exam.

## March.

- 1 M. Keating Essay.
- 4 Th. Novena St. F. Xavier.
- 18 Th. Prize Debate.
- 19 F. *St. Joseph.*
- 20 S. Honours Exam.
- 21 S. *Passion Sunday.*
- 22 M. Comp.
- 24 W. Alg. Exam. Comp.
- 25 Th. *Annunciation.*
- 26 F. Geom. Exam. Comp.
- 27 S. Math. Hons. Exam.
- 28 S. *Palm Sunday.*  
R.D. Exam.
- 29 M. Scholarship Exams.
- 30 T. Scholarship Exams.
- 31 W. *Tenebræ.*

## April.

- 1 Th. *Maundy Thursday.*  
Arith. Exam. (10-30).
- 2 F. *Good Friday.*
- 3 S. *Holy Saturday.*
- 4 S. *Easter Sunday.*
- 6 T. Vacation.
- 27 T. Boys' Return.

## May.

- 5 W. Rhetoric Good Day.
- 10 M. Rogation Day.
- 11 T. Rogation Day.
- 12 W. Rogation Day.
- 13 Th. *Ascension Day.*
- 16 S. Six Sundays.
- 18 T. Syntax Academy.
- 22 S. Honours Exam.
- 23 S. *Whit Sunday.*

## June.

- 1 T. Sen. & Jun. Lat. Prose
- 2 W. Confessions.
- 3 Th. *Corpus Christi.*
- 5 S. Night Studies.
- 6 S. H.L. Elocution.
- 10 Th. Schools p.m. Conf.
- 11 F. *Sacred Heart.*
- 12 S. Honours Exam.  
Night Studies.
- 15 T. H.L. Math. Good Day
- 17 Th. L.L. Math. Good Day
- 21 M. *St. Aloysius.*
- 24 Th. *Great Academies.*
- 27 S. L.L. Elocution.
- 28 M. *Dedicatio Ecclesie.*  
Senior Greek Prose.
- 29 T. *SS. Peter and Paul.*

## July.

- 1 Th. Rec. p.m. Choir Day.
- 2 F. Heathcote Medal.  
L.L. Essays.
- 3 S. Honours Exam.
- 5 M. Math. Hons. Exam
- 8 Th. Rector's Day.
- 9 F. Math. Prize Exams.
- 11 S. R.D. Exam.
- 12 M. H.C. Exam.
- 14 W. S.C. Exam.
- 15 Th. Rec. p.m.
- 17 S. L.C. Exam.
- 19 M. Alg. Exam. Comp.
- 21 W. Geom. Exam. Comp.
- 22 Th. Rec. p.m.
- 23 F. Arith. Exam. Comp.
- 25 S. *St. Ignatius.*
- 26 M. *Weld Requiem.*
- 27 T. Vacation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the  
**BISHOP OF NEWPORT.**

The Bishop of Newport hereby authorises the Clergy of his Diocese to use for the Altar the Wax Candles as guaranteed by them — HAYES & FINCH, of Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1905."

From the  
**BISHOP OF KERRY.**

"I have great pleasure in recommending the Candles of HAYES & FINCH. They are specially guaranteed to be made in accordance with the requirements laid down by the Bishops at their last meeting at Maynooth, Oct., 1905."



# HAYES & FINCH Ltd.

FOR

## Rubrical Beeswax Candles

HIGHEST QUALITY, OF HIGHEST MERIT,

AUTHORITATIVELY APPROVED.

LARGE STOCKS

OF FINEST

## "Special" Sanctuary Oil

As supplied for 20 years by us exclusively.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

SATISFACTION CERTAIN.

From the  
**ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.**

"I strongly recommend the Candles of this firm," etc.

From the  
**BISHOP OF GALWAY.**

"I have been using your Beeswax Candles at Holy Mass in my Oratory for some years, and experience has confirmed me in believing that your Altar Candles may be safely used for the Mass, etc."  
"I therefore recommend HAYES & FINCH Altar Candles," etc.

From the  
**BISHOP OF MENEVA.**

"I have much pleasure in recommending your Altar Candles to the Clergy of my Diocese. I have dealt with your firm for many years and I have never had cause to complain of the quality of your goods. I am quite confident that your candles as regards the amount of Beeswax they contain will be always up to the standard of their guarantee," etc.

<b>LIVERPOOL</b> Vernon Street, 'Beeswax,' 6255 Central.	<b>LONDON</b> 6 Henrietta St. w.c. 'Ecclesiasticus,' 7218 Gerrard.	<b>DUBLIN</b> 3 Eustace Street, 'Rubric,' 1059.	<b>GLASGOW</b> 42 Howard St., 'Beeswax,' 562 Royal.	<b>MANCHESTER</b> 3 John Dalton St., 'Beeswax,' 6525 Central.	<b>CROSBY (BW)</b> Bleaching Works.
---	---	--	--	--	--

## 'Peacock' Brand Pure Tea.

3 lbs. and upwards delivered FREE OF CARRIAGE to any Address in the United Kingdom.

Send for Price List and Free Samples

TO

**JOHN TYNDALL & CO.,** 23/5, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.  
St. Mary's Axe,

**St. Catharines's Convent,** Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR A LIMITED NUMBER.

Pupils are prepared for the Oxford Local Examinations, for the Higher Oxford Locals, the London University Degrees, and the Royal Academy of Music.

For full particulars apply to . . THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

---

# DILWORTH & CARR,

*Heating Engineers & Ironfounders,*

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

**BOW LANE FOUNDRY, PRESTON.**

---

Telephone 6661,  
Blackburn.

**COAL.**

**COAL.**

Telephone 6661,  
Blackburn.

---

## HENRY CROASDALE, LTD.,

COAL MERCHANTS AND COLLIERY AGENTS,

Grimshaw Park Wharf & King St. Railway Siding, Blackburn

*All kinds of House and Steam Coal, Nuts, Slack, and Gas Coke at lowest Prices.*

ENQUIRIES SOLICITED.

---

## WILLIAM HARDMAN,

Telephone  
827.

DESIGNER & DECORATIVE ARTIST, PAINTER, WRITER  
GILDER, PAPER HANGER, &c.

---

DESIGNING & DECORATIVE WORK  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



PLUMBING. Competent men under efficient  
management, and all the latest  
Sanitary Appliances.

---

**45, Cannon Street, PRESTON.**

ESTIMATES AND  
DESIGNS FREE.

---

## The Educational Supply Association, Ltd.,

ARE THE ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS OF

# SCHOOL

STATIONERY,  
REQUISITES,  
FURNITURE,

OF  
EVERY  
DESCRIPTION

Steam Factories:—Stevenage, Herts.; Hatton Wall, London. Show Rooms:—42 Holborn Viaduct.  
Largest Show Rooms entirely devoted to School Trade in Great Britain.

---

For Catalogues, Post Free, apply to

**THE EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, LTD., 42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

# Dawson Robinson & Son,

WHOLESALE FISH AND ICE MERCHANTS,  
AND STEAM TRAWLER OWNERS,

**Fish Docks, Grimsby.**

Town and Country supplied with all kinds of Fish in season.

COLLEGES AND HOTELS A SPECIALITY.

Telegrams :  
'Dawson Robinson, Pontoon, Grimsby'

All kinds sent out at the lowest possible Market Price.  
A Trial solicited.

## ATKINSON'S CELEBRATED Windermere "Ice" Cakes

"THE DAINTY AFTERNOON TEA CAKES."

Made in twelve varieties.

Price 1/-, and 1/9.

Each Cake Packed in a Cardboard Box.

Sold by all the Leading Grocers.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THIS DISTRICT FOR THE

### 'Sparkbrook' Lightweight $2\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. 2-stroke Motor Bicycle

Two Speed. Price £40. Complete, with Horn, Lamp, and Tools.

WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION.

A limited number of 'Sparkbrook' 1915 Cycles to be sold at considerably reduced prices.

**BALDWIN'S FURNISHING STORES,  
KING STREET, CLITHEROE.**

ADVERTISEMENTS

---

THE FIRST BREAKFAST CONSIDERATION.

---

*Fry's* PURE  
BREAKFAST  
COCOA

**TRY Fry's Vinello Chocolate,**

"The most exquisite chocolate that experience can produce or that money can buy."

THIS FIRM'S SPECIALITIES ARE SUPPLIED TO THE LEADING  
CATHOLIC COLLEGES,  
INCLUDING STONYHURST, DOWNSIDE & MUNGRET.

---

Coffee  
in  
Perfection—  
Always  
Freshly  
Roasted.

**WARNOCK & Co.,**

*Tea Blenders, Coffee & Cocoa Merchants,*

41 & 43, LANCASTER AVENUE,

FENNEL STREET,

MANCHESTER.

---

Telephone No. 205x.

**D. BYRNE,**

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER, TEA & COFFEE DEALER,  
Corn Miller, and Wine & Spirit Merchant,

VICTORIA BUILDINGS, KING ST.

**CLITHEROE.**

AGENT FOR MELROSE WHISKY, ANGLO-BAVARIAN & THWAITES' ALES.

# Thomas Briggs

(Blackburn), Ltd.

Printers, Publishers, Bookbinders  
and Manufacturing Stationers

**T**HE Installation of the  
Monotype enables us to  
quote at lowest possible  
rates for the printing of Books,  
Catalogues, Magazines, Period-  
icals, and all other Publications  
requiring prompt despatch.

73 Northgate & Duke St.  
Blackburn.

PHONE NO. 5651.

## FIRST AID BOXES

FOR FACTORY & WORKSHOP  
WELFARE

(To comply with Official Regulations).

OUR AMBULANCE CASES are the result  
of practical knowledge and long experience  
in FIRST AID requirements.

REGULATION & V.A.D. STRETCHERS,  
SURGICAL INSTRUMENT CASES.

THE LIVESEY PATENT HYGIENIC PORTABLE  
BED AND STRETCHER.

This Stretcher Bed has been specially designed for  
present conditions and meets all emergencies. It  
will be found of great value in Red Cross, Military,  
and other Hospitals, whilst its portability (measure-  
ments, closed, 6ft. 6in. x 5½in. x 5½in.; weight 15lbs.)  
renders it invaluable for Field Hospital purposes.  
Forms an ideal couch for the Rest Room.

PRICE ... .. From 23/-

### James Woolley, Sons & Co. Ltd.

Telegrams: "PHARMACY, MANCHESTER."  
Telephone: 6430 CITY (Private Exchange).

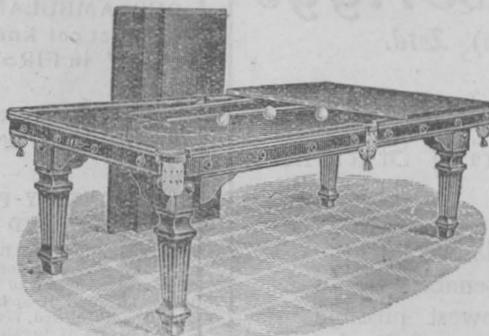
Wholesale Chemists & Surgical  
Instrument Makers.

DRUGS, INSTRUMENTS & ALL REQUISITES  
for Military and Red Cross Hospitals.

VICTORIA BRIDGE, MANCHESTER.

# RILEY'S

The Premier House for  
Sporting Goods.



## Pre-eminent

After more than four years of world-wide upheaval—during which time our machinery has been employed on making war materials—the name “*Riley*” still stands pre-eminent in the Billiard and Sports Industry.

**Riley's “Home” Billiard Tables** are made in various sizes to fit on any dining table. **Riley's “Combine” Billiard and Dining Table** is a perfect Billiard Table, and also a useful and magnificent piece of furniture.

**Riley's Cricket and Tennis Goods.**—War has not dimmed their prestige ; difficulties have not affected their quality. They attain just the same high standard as before—the best that Britain can make.

### BILLIARDS.

Send for our Catalogue  
of “HOME” Billiard  
Tables.

### CRICKET & TENNIS

Send for our Summer  
Sports Catalogue.

**E. J. RILEY, Ltd.,** WILLOW MILLS, **Accrington.**

TELEGRAMS—“BILLIARDS.”

ADVERTISEMENTS.

# BROWNE, BOWES, & Co., Clerical Tailors, Hatters, and Outfitters,

Ecclesiastical Silk Mercers and Vestment Makers

ALBS, AMICES, ALTAR LINEN, and DAMASK CHASUBLES, ROMAN,  
from 42/- each, Complete.

RICH COLOURED SILK CHASUBLES in ROMAN and GOTHIC from 105/- Complete.  
COPEs to match, from 120/-.—Dalmatics prices as Chasubles.

We hold an Immense Stock of beautiful Corded and Brocade Silks in Church designs and colours, also  
Cloths of Gold, Silver, &c., Laces and Trimmings to match.

### Wholesale Piece Goods Department.

HABIT, CASSOCK, or SUITING CLOTHS of the very best makes, supplied at wholesale prices.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, and DRAPERY of every description.

CASSOCKS, FROCK or CHESTERFIELD SUITS, OVERCOATS, INVERNESS CAPES  
and ROMAN CLOAKS.

Every Article for Bishops and Clergy wear, at moderate prices.

PATTERNS FREE BY POST.

Telegrams—  
"Vestments."

27, Basnett Street, Liverpool.

Telephone No.  
3162.



## JOHN METCALF, HEATING ENGINEER,

ARCADE WORKS, PRESTON.

Telegraphic Address: "Warmth."

Telephone No. 1 Y.

Metcalf's System of Heating has been adopted by the following:

Ushaw College	Bishop's House,	Hawksyard Priory	Wandsworth Convent
Oscott "	Portsmouth	Stanbrook Abbey	Ascot "
Stonyhurst "	" Navan	Erith Monastery	Harrow "
Ampleforth "	" Mullingar	Gainford Boys' Home	Haywards Heath "
Downside "	St. Peter's, Freshfield	Lorefo Convent, Navan	Stoke Newington "
Maynooth "	St. David's, Mold	Notre Dame, Wigan	Brighton "
Waterford "	St. Bede's, Manchester	Abbey, Fort Augustus	Walmer "
Belmont Park College	St James', Spanish Place	Roehampton Convent	Leamington "
Bishop's House,	Olton Seminary	Hammersmith "	Woolwich "
Southwark	Storrington Priory	Upper Norwood "	Southampton "

Estimates Free.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

---

# Francis Tucker & Co. Ltd.

(Purveyors of Beeswax Candles to Westminster Cathedral and formerly to  
Their Eminences the late Cardinals Wiseman, Manning and Vaughan)

HAVE BEEN RENOWNED FOR NEARLY

---

TWO CENTURIES

---

AS THE MOST RELIABLE MAKERS OF

## CHURCH CANDLES

∴ OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. ∴

---

---

∴ EACH CANDLE ∴

95% 75% 65% 55% 25%

IS GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN THE PERCENTAGE OF

**Genuine Beeswax**

∴ ∴ STAMPED ON IT. ∴ ∴

---

---

Sanctuary Oil, Wicks and Floats, Incense  
and Charcoal, and all Church Requisites  
of Finest Qualities are also supplied.

---

---

PRICE LIST on application to

The Manufactory, Putney, S.W. 15, }  
OR } LONDON.  
31, Ashley Place, Westminster, S.W. 1, }  
(Opposite WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.) OR  
68, Highfield Street - - LIVERPOOL.

Telephone  
Royal 5220 Royal  
4 Lines.

Telegrams  
**SIDEBARDS**  
LIVERPOOL

**LIVERPOOL'S**  
Leading and most  
convenient centre for  
the selection of every  
and anything for the  
home, and office.

**FURNITURE, BEDS,  
CABINETS, LINENS,  
BLANKETS, CHINA,  
CARPETS, GLASS,  
IRONMONGERY,**

or  
'Anything for the Home.'



"Time Will Tell."  
"Where lasting satisfaction  
Follows every Transaction."

*WE can demonstrate  
and prove to ALL  
who are interested in  
furnishing, that here,  
under the one roof,  
is collected not only  
one of the largest  
Complete House Fur-  
nishing Stocks in  
England, and conse-  
quently a wide choice of  
goods, but the most  
artistic and reliable  
productions that can be  
produced at the prices at  
which they are offered.*

*WE founded and have  
built one of the  
finest reputations extant  
upon the motto:*

*"The Best is the  
Cheapest."*

# PIONEER

9<sup>to</sup>19, BOLD STREET  
LIVERPOOL.

The great and renowned old **CASH** House of the North where all goods are marked in **PLAIN FIGURES** and where, if you so desire, you may **FURNISH** by gradual payments **OUT OF INCOME** upon one of the most unique and equitable systems ever evolved.

Favour us with a **CALL** if convenient; otherwise send for Catalogue and Terms or our Representative. Our **MOTOR VANS** call at your residence by request.

# 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.

---

## MEMBERSHIP :

All former and present Students and Fathers and Guardians of Students of Stonyhurst College shall be eligible as Ordinary Life Members.—*Rule 4.*

## SUBSCRIPTION :

LIFE MEMBERSHIP	... ..	£10 10 0
ORDINARY MEMBERSHIP ( <i>per annum</i> )	... ..	1 1 0

After the payment of one or more ordinary subscriptions of one guinea, life members are admitted on further payment of £9 9s. 0d.

Students at Stonyhurst College, and for the first three years after leaving, 5/- per annum.—*Rule 6.*

---

*Application for Election, Rules, Proceedings and Reports :*

VERY REV. FATHER RECTOR, S.J., STONYHURST COLLEGE.

THE HEAD OF THE HIGHER LINE, STONYHURST COLLEGE.

OSWALD GOODIER, Esq., *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,*  
10, CHAPEL STREET, PRESTON.

---

## The Stonyhurst Magazine,

Six issues yearly.

Annual Subscriptions 5/6, post free.

*Orders payable to the Manager S.M. at the Stonyhurst Post Office.*

---

THOMAS BRIGGS (Blackburn) LTD., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, 73 NORTHGATE, BLACKBURN