

The Eagle

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St John's College

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Cambridge

E. Johnson, Trinity Street

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(CONTAINS NOS. CLXXVII—CLXXIX)

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THE EAGLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1918.

A CHAPLAIN IN FRANCE.



THE *Chronicles of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force* for July, 1918, contains a series of short articles by the Rev. M. Mullineux, C.F. (B.A. 1896, attached to the New Zealand contingent), under the unassuming title, 'Leaves from a Padre's Diary'—an expansion of rough notes made between April 12 and May 14 of this year. As becomes an old Johnian, he is under no illusions, and does not waste himself in mere journalism. He does not write of battle scenes for the excellent reason that he did not actually witness any battles.

"A chaplain's work is of such a nature that it is practically impossible for him to watch the fighting. By force of circumstances he may occasionally find himself in the midst of it, but such occasions are extremely rare. Even if he should find himself in the battle, his vision would be so limited that his description would give but a vague idea of what took place. War correspondents "write up" battles from time to time, but much of their copy must inevitably come from those who were actually fighting."

Our author deprecates the 'rose-coloured reports of many chaplains' as misleading, and courageously faces the real facts of war. It also appears from the 'Diary' that he is a daily dispenser of cigarettes, a subject on which his views are eminently wholesome.

"April 13.—I returned to headquarters this morning. By 10 a.m. I had fixed up my billet and was ready for work. The battalion was spread over a wide area, companies and platoons being sent here and there as required by the General. This made visiting a long and difficult business. I commenced with the nearest company. I found the men very tired, as they had been digging in all night. However, they were glad to see one, and were pining for cigarettes, for they had been unable to buy any at Abeele owing to the hurried departure. The section I visited in the afternoon was also crying out for cigarettes, and I determined to get a case up for the battalion."

"April 14 (Sunday).—Services were impossible in the trenches, and I had to content myself with talks to groups of men on the things that really count. My visits to-day were to two outlying sections. The shells were very thick, but only one landed near me. This was during a funeral in the morning. The shell passed directly over the grave, and exploded twenty yards away, fortunately in very soft ground, and all we got was a little mud. My afternoon visit was again through the shell zones. This time the sergeant-major accompanied me, and we had a lively time on our return journey. The Hun was not content with his H.E. shells. He turned on his shrapnel as well, and a bullet from one tore the S/M's tunic at the shoulder when we were about 300 yards from home. Luckily it did not touch his flesh. I was able to distribute cigarettes on both visits. There are many who do not approve of chaplains doing this sort of thing. Personally, I consider there are times when it is his duty to carry such comforts. These were legitimate occasions. There was nobody else to do it, and the gratitude of the men was a sufficient justification. I had never before realised what a cigarette meant to soldiers who had not had a smoke for two days. Those who survived often spoke afterwards of the comfort those cigarettes were."

The 'Diary' is an unassuming record of constant work for the bodily and spiritual comfort of the men, carried out in the zone of danger, and it reveals more than the writer knows. The plain story of daily happenings is more convincing than most journalism, and we commend it to such of

our readers as have access to the rare periodical in which it appears.

Occasionally the writer strikes a lighter note, as in the story of the pig who withstood shell fire but eventually succumbed to gas; or the account of the German mess-cart, bringing hot meals for the German officers, which took a wrong turning near Poperinghe, and strayed into our lines, to our great content. But, as might be expected, the story as a whole has a sombre colouring. We append, as a specimen of the author's quality, the following account of a single day in France. The restrained and matter-of-fact style in which it is written does not obscure the underlying tragedy.

"In the early days of April the N.Z. Reinforcement Camp at Abeele, of which camp I was the C. of E. chaplain, was full of rumours of a move. For days we were ready to "trek" at a few hours' notice. Many hundred reinforcements had been marched out to "unknown destinations" during these days, and on the 12th a further movement of troops took place, which ultimately affected me. Orders came that a battalion must be raised and sent to Meteren at once. Every available man was put into this unit, and by 5 p.m. over 1100 men marched out of camp in battle order. The nucleus of this quickly organised unit was the 2nd Entrenching Battalion, which was at the time in Abeele Camp. Their chaplain was away, and so later in the evening I was ordered to join them at Meteren. I hurriedly packed my kit, and left about 7.30 in the mess cart. The route was *via* Boeschepe and Berthen—two villages lying between Abeele and Bailleul. The traffic was heavy around Boeschepe, but by the time we reached Berthen it presented a sight never to be forgotten. One interminable stream was coming from the direction of Bailleul, the other was moving towards the line. Thousands of soldiers of all sorts were on this road, and G.S. wagons, limbers, lorries, mess carts, Maltese carts, and ammunition cars by the dozen—two dense masses moving slowly in opposite directions, under the control of the "traffic manager." Despatch riders on motor cycles drove their machines fearlessly between the lines. The cursing and swearing and shouting of the wagon drivers was somewhat toned down by the cheery singing of the

indomitable Tommies. Darkness was coming on, and the weird scene was intensified by the lurid glare from burning buildings fired by German shells. The presence of "walking wounded" and refugees told us that all was not well. The refugees were pathetic figures. Here was an aged couple walking with bowed heads and carrying small bundles of personal effects, leaving their home perhaps for the last time—there was a young war widow soothing her sobbing child as she trudged along. Here was a group of women following a cart which they had been lucky enough to secure for a few household goods—there was a soldier's wife pushing a perambulator, in which was her youngest child and a bundle of clothing—a truly sad sight, a sight which has always touched the heart of the British soldier. This occasion was no exception. The Tommies in the outward stream were just returning from a spell in the fighting line. They were dirty and tired, but their inborn spirit of chivalry overcame their physical weakness, and all along the road they were bearing the burdens of the old folk and carrying in their arms the children of sorrowful mothers. "Au revoir, Que le Seigneur vous bénisse et vous garde," was the grateful and tender expression of these refugees when the parting of the ways came."

"It was 10 o'clock when the quartermaster and I reached our transport lines. We had by this time realised why we had been sent out so hurriedly. We gathered that the Germans had suddenly launched an attack and advanced. We were one of many battalions raised to check them. We proceeded to battalion headquarters on foot and reported soon after 11 p.m. One hour after midnight we were back in the transport lines, where I slept for a few hours."



NOVEMBER 11th, 1918.

HERE at last on the sacred floor our fathers trod
Stand we, stand we at this great hour, hearts throbbing
with pride
Like a mighty organ thundering, as though it would never
cease,
"Now Thank We All Our God":
For all our sorrow and secret fear we have laid aside,
And the ugliness flies from our hearts on the angel wings
of peace.

Outside they are pealing bells, pealing, pealing again,
And heaven is singing its great self mad with the one
refrain.
God! but our hearts turn Theeward with a love that is
near to pain,
And that damned hatred of four long years lies broken
and slain.

Still! heart. Kneel now and pray for an instant, and you
who have died,
Given us open-handed the one great gift of your youth,
Come to us, come now amongst us again, and kneel by
our side,
Thank God with us, we have kept alive the faith of you
and the Truth.



THE INDIGO FACTORY.

ALL one afternoon in early June, after a long period of dry hot weather, we had stayed inside the house while the vanguard of the monsoon sweeping past overhead on the wings of a high wind drenched the earth with heavy rain. At evening the dark clouds passed away, a great stillness succeeded the boisterous wind, and as the sun slowly sank behind the distant villages the countryside waited quietly and placidly for nightfall. Under the bank on which stood the old thatched house was a muddy pool in the bed of a seasonal watercourse, and from the opposite bank the level *chur* stretched away for miles to the deep blue line of trees under the yellow sunset. Fields of indigo half-a-mile away lay across the wide expanse of growing rice like so many dark green patches upon an emerald carpet. Above the sunset glow the sky reflected the green of the fields, and overhead thin white clouds drifted slowly across the fading blue.

Throughout the wet day bullock carts laden with the first of the season's indigo crop had creaked slowly and noisily over the rough brick causeway on their way from the *chur* to the muddy factory yard close to the house, and during the last hour of daylight coolies were busily pressing the leafy bushes beneath heavy beams into the vats. Portly babus, wise with the experience of many a season, moved gravely up and down the staircases and along the brick walls of the tanks directing operations, occasionally hurrying up to lend a deferential ear to the remarks and orders of Mackenzie, who was standing by the engine house watching them. During the last few weeks the endeavour of all had been to ensure a successful commencement of the indigo manufacture on this day, the last auspicious day of the Hindu calendar which would allow the crop to be cut and carried in before the rising

river flooded the fields. The old engine had been awakened from its winter sleep to receive a few bizarre patches of red lead at the hands of the dingy *mistri*, and to snort and blow noisily at intervals as its master tested its wheezy working. This evening it had settled down quietly to its work like an old horse, and puffed away leisurely as it pumped up water from the pool beneath the bank into the tank at the end of the line of vats.

The light slowly faded out of the sky, and just before it became too dark to see properly, the coolies ceased to heave and grunt and pattered away into the shadows, the engine puffed no longer but hissed softly in the silence, and we stumbled back from the factory through the compound to the house where numerous insects circling closely round the lights added to the discomfort of the stuffy night which succeeded the cool evening.

Thus did they commence their monsoon labours at Mohestikri that evening at the beginning of the rains. During the next few months of heavy rain and oppressively hot sun they would first cut and carry in all the indigo and then, while the rising river flooded the *chur* and big white-sailed ships urged by the gentle breeze passed over the fields beneath the very walls of the factory, they would steep and beat it and press the soft powder into purple-blue cubes. A busy time, those months of rain, and very fully occupied until a few weeks before the autumn holidays when the breeze, no longer cooled by frequent showers, dies away to nothing, and a muddy world slowly drying up under the fierce September sun waits for the coming of the cold weather. Breathless October past, and the floods gone from the land, the temperate sun of November ushers in the season of perfection when the cool of the bright sunny day and the chill of the calm night succeed one another in due alternation with undisturbed regularity. Then do those who live in Mohestikri and such places shake off the lassitude of the steamy months behind them and begin to take an interest in the doings of the Bengal boar.

During this cheerful season I first saw Mohestikri. On a chilly evening in December, just before the blue smoke begins to hang low over the cottages, I left the dusty road at the

group of little huts that housed the local market whence the country people were drifting away home, and passed by unfrequented lanes and field tracks towards the factory house. Towering above even the tall trees of the village, the avenues of casuarinas planted long ago by some forgotten Englishman to adorn his adopted home showed the factory domain to the countryside. Three wild pig emboldened by the quiet in which they had been left of late trotted sedately off the road and through the green crops beside it as I approached the causeway that led across the bed of a deep watercourse. At the gate of the compound beyond I met Norton, who had ridden over from Hajipur, and together we trotted up the drive under the casuarinas to receive a tumultuous welcome from Goldie, our host. In those days Goldie was managing the Mohestikri concern, and at the moment of our arrival he and McBain the Collector were seated at either end of a big table in the shadows of the wide verandah smoking their pipes after tea and discussing the chances of sport on the morrow when we were to go pigsticking. Norton and Goldie are old friends, and the comfortable rotundity which advancing years are bringing to the features and limbs of the former immediately became the target for a discharge of mock abuse from Goldie, whose noisier sallies were received with faint smiles by McBain and grim stares of pretended exasperation by Norton. In his young and slender days, not so very long ago, the manager of the Hajipur concern followed the hounds at home, and subsequently became prominent as a gentleman rider at up-country meetings. He has never interested himself in anything but the stable and his estate, so he is naturally somewhat tongue-tied on any subject not directly connected with horses and crops, and could only reply to the skilful raillery of his tormentor in grossly ribald curses. Young Collins was there too, a recent arrival from home who was learning his new job at Mohestikri, and was not encouraged to open his mouth in the presence of his elders save to giggle and snigger at their Rabelaisian jests.

Over the dinner table we listened while Goldie and Norton reminded each other of recent experiences in the hunting field. What sport they had last May at Johnson's "stick" when four of them galloped up and down the village of

Debipur after a cunning old pig until one after another all collapsed under the hot sun and the pig got away! Or what a sight Stevens, McBain's predecessor, looked when, arrayed in his oldest clothes and wearing a hat of the type usually affected by platelayers, he rode with the boldest hard on the tail of the boar! Or of Jones, a visitor from Japan, who came a frightful cropper over a concealed ditch, and on recovering consciousness was heard to murmur, "To think that I've come all the way from Japan to take a toss like this". There were discreet references as well to a distinguished visitor who, being well mounted, was apt to secure first spear by merely pricking the pig, after which he too often left the task of slaying the infuriated animal to his slower-moving companions. It was left to Goldie to make the running in all this talk while Norton occasionally chimed in with some steeplechasing reminiscence or an eulogy upon a favourite horse. He stoutly confuted Goldie's assertion that the well-known Mr. Graham was a bold horseman. Said he: "That time I broke my thigh he was riding Grey Wolf in the same race. I knew I couldn't win, so I took things easily, and went over several fences alongside Grey Wolf. And every jump we came to I heard Tony say, 'Oh! my God!'—just like that". He strongly recommended beer as a beverage calculated to cheer the dullness of convalescence after broken limbs, and only knew of one country-bred that made a really good pigsticker. For the rest, the conversation was after the style of that of Squire Western in "Tom Jones", and quite unprintable nowadays.

Next morning as we sat on the verandah round a large coffee-pot and a trencher of eggs and bacon making a hearty breakfast in the chill morning air, our party was completed by the arrival of a hard-riding broker from Calcutta, and shortly afterwards we rode off to try our luck in the neighbouring villages. Away on the skyline to our left lay a long line of thatched cottages above the glorious yellow streak of the mustard fields which divided the village from the wide stretch of brown ploughland waiting for the sowing time in the early summer. The bright morning sun was climbing the eastern sky and the wind rustled through the tall trees along the rough road. The horses, excited by the sight of the

spears we carried, stepped out briskly in anticipation of the mad gallops in front of them, and as he surveyed the multi-coloured landscape and lively cavalcade from the back of a beautiful mare no wonder Jameson, fresh from his Calcutta office, remarked that Bengal at this time of year was "bad to beat." Our first cover was a big patch of long thatching grass through which the beaters, recruited from the villages round, moved slowly and noisily in line to drive out the lurking boar; not altogether a safe task as several luckless yokels have found to their cost when a savage pig has broken back through the line. Some of the beaters rolled their drums lustily while others beat the grass with long sticks, and all shouted and yelled. At their heels barked and yelped the village dogs, and behind them came half-a-dozen babus armed with stout spears and mounted on small, but sturdy ponies. The spear heads flashed in the sunlight, and the medley of sounds blended into the same musical note that we heard long ago on a distant river when we watched the leafless willows lining the far corner for the gleam of oars in the pale sun of early spring, and listened to the swelling tumult of the crowd following the race. On the flanks of the line we waited in two parties for the moment when a pig would break away, but nothing came out, and the music of the beaters died away abruptly as the line emerged into the fields on the other side.

So away we jogged in the same straggling line across the fields to a patch of succulent sugar-cane beyond a big village over to the east, but there again we had no luck and Goldie's face fell as he turned away to his next cover, afraid that his guests were to have a poor day's sport. Preceded by the motley crowd of beaters we went northwards to another patch of thatching grass, and from this, in quick succession, one on either side, emerged a couple of boar, each attended by a few sows and a string of little pigs. Our boar waddled away across the ploughland with his family as if unconscious of our presence, and we cantered gently after him, the horses covering the rough ground in an easy style they would never have displayed but for the sport ahead. Soon our quarry began to understand that he was being hunted and burst into his top speed, his short legs scrambling over the clods at a

tremendous rate. Then began the hunt proper, when each man tightened his knee, let out his excited horse to a gallop, and strove to secure the foremost place, whereby so soon as he could arrive within three horse-lengths of the pig, and for so long as he could stay there, he would be free from molestation by his companions. Every thought was concentrated upon the boar scrambling along ahead and none on the going—the horse looked after that. So as in a dream one noticed vaguely that we had climbed up into an unexpected railway embankment, and that the horse was scuffling over the metals and ballast before sliding down to the ploughland again. Both the horsemen ahead of me were close up by this time, and had advanced their overhand spears ready for the steady thrust with which they would receive the charge of the tried and irritated boar as they came up alongside. McBain led for a bit, but like a flash the pig jinked away, and Goldie got on to him. From Goldie also he jinked away, and McBain, galloping "hell for leather", ranged up rapidly beside him. The angry outpaced boar glared maliciously at his pursuer and at the bright spear-head, and on the instant charged at the horse's forelegs, striving to knock up the spear as he went in. But McBain was too quick. He turned the spear-head down, and as he pressed hard and firmly his horse bore him off, leaving the boar sitting up squealing dismally with the shaft of the spear through him and the bloody head in the ground. Anger succeeded dismay, and with fierce cries he tore at the tough bamboo shaft, crushing it between his powerful jaws. By this time Goldie had turned, and, following up, came along at a gallop to kill him. The gallant boar tried to rise to charge his new adversary, but could not turn round, and an instant later rolled over dead, with the second spear right through his brave heart.

We all got down to measure him, and found him thirty-one inches to the top of his shoulder—a brave fighter and first spear to McBain.

Leaving attendant coolies to cart home the carcass, we went back to join the other party, which had also killed a pig, and dismounting from our panting horses we quenched our thirst at a big basket of oranges which had been sent after us. After a short rest we got fresh mounts, looked

about for more pig, and finding none rode across the fields towards the indigo *chur*, where lunch was waiting for us under a big tree by the roadside. While the butler bustled importantly round the lavish display and noisily urged upon his subordinates the more rapid opening up of the drinks, we saw our horses with a well-deserved feed before them, and left the beaters and syces to make a midday meal from an ample bag of parched rice cooked in treacle. Then we turned to a lunch which was in every way commensurate with appetites well sharpened by a long morning in the open air. There was a big dish of hard-boiled eggs, a large game pie, a noble lump of beef, and an apple tart, to all of which, as to the excellent beer, we, sitting on chairs to a table—so complete to the point of luxury were our host's arrangements—did ample justice, admiring awhile the bright midday sun on the indigo and the pleasant breeze stirring the leaves above us.

We did not waste much time after tiffin over our pipes, but mounted quickly and took our way to the great stretch of growing indigo, some of it two feet high, away on the *chur* towards the river. In that indigo were many boar, but all loath to come out. So most of the afternoon was spent galloping up and down through the bushes somewhat to the trepidation of Goldie, who wondered what his absent superior would say should he ever discover the damage we were doing. But he was too good a sportsman to let us see it at the time, and so the fun went on until the catastrophe of the day occurred, and Norton's bay mare staggered away from a pig with a terrible gash under the knee. Then some of us for the first time saw in this patient big-hearted beast, crippled so cruelly after all her encounters with the enemy, the tragic possibilities of the game. Norton was considerably dashed by this accident, which put his best pigsticker out of action for months, and went off home with her while she could walk. Shortly afterwards we, somewhat weary, followed him through the dusk to the factory-house, where, after dinner, we went early to bed.

There is no need for me to tell of the next day's sport, which was very like the first, except that for some reason or other we saw no pig after tiffin. But one picture remains

with me of our last cover as the sun was setting. We approached it over a field of tall yellow mustard, and in front of me as we rode through was Goldie on an old grey-horse. The red tan of his face and neck glowed splendidly in the evening sun as he passed through the bluish haze into which his horse trampled the mustard—altogether a gloriously coloured picture truly "bad to beat."

Early the next morning ended this very successful little meet, which, while it supplied no very startling incident of which to talk in the days to come, will be long remembered by all of us for the good sport and jolly companionship we enjoyed round the old indigo factory at Mohestikri.

* * * * *

The brazen sunshine of yet another stormy summer has given place to the monsoon, and during the last seven days line after line of blue-black rain clouds, driving up from the south in fierce squalls, have discharged their burden of welcome rain upon the parched country, swelling the streams, flooding the lowlands and saving the crops from ruin. Last night the cyclone spent itself, and all the sunny day that is just over great white clouds rolled lazily across the sky on the cool breeze which gave to this dusty land for a few hours the freshness of an English spring. A few yards from the house is a gorgeous gold mohur tree just coming to the end of its period of bloom. Some of its blossoms have been scattered over the grass by the storm, but the remainder add a golden radiance to the yellow sunbeams as they stream through the branches. Across the lawn the scarlet flowers and dark-green leaves of the hibiscus make a brave show against the dilapidated old walls of a long abandoned indigo factory. In front of the house is a broad stream of water more intensely blue than the blue of the sky, and from the other side as far as the Ganges a few miles away is the great green expanse of cultivation dotted with sparse peepul trees and broken by a few villages. Round this deserted place is never any distracting haste or noise. Occasionally the warm silence of the midday hours was broken by the raucous screech of a cart wheel from the road behind the factory, or by the voices of the women who came to draw water from the stream, and this

afternoon some buffaloes from the village came to bathe in the water after their morning labours. Each of the ungainly creatures carried a naked boy on its back and stood in the cool water with only its upturned face above the surface. One animal almost grinned in lazy content as the boy on its back laved its face, and, finally thrusting its head under the surface, it stayed for a long time with nothing but the ridge of its back in the air. Later on the buffaloes, unwillingly obedient to the shrill orders of the diminutive drivers, came out of the water and slouched lazily away, leaving the ghat deserted until the delightful day was drawing to a close when more women came to draw water. To-night the clouds are gone, moon and stars shine serenely over the quiet country, and only the mournful persistent moan of a steamer siren from the river breaks the stillness.

How little do the land and the river care for the restless struggles of our short lives. They have seen the coming of the planter with his noisy sports and busy factory, and now they watch the deserted buildings slowly crumbling into ruin. In a few years maybe the river will swallow up the *chur* opposite and roll majestically over the ancient bed occupied to-day by the scanty stream at the door. Some day perhaps it will deride the promise of immunity given by the old trees, and will emphasise its ancient contempt for the works of man by swallowing up this house and the factory buildings as it did those which years ago used to stand where now are the open fields of the *chur*. The river will destroy wantonly on one side to create on the other, and to all eternity the people of the land will bear their ancient implements and utensils from side to side, erecting their new homes to the old pattern amidst the uncleared jungle of the new *chur* before the river has completed the destruction of the old ones. And unless the great stream sets at naught even our confidence in its invincibility, the *chur*, on its second or third reformation a hundred years hence, will present to the generations by whom we are forgotten the same sight as it does to us to-day—a wide green carpet round the brown thatched villages.



ONE PURPOSE ALL.

The Great War.

THE years are in suspense! The tide and tale
Of all our doings move in shadow-land.
Heart meeting heart scarce halts for countersign
Lest the grim purpose of our will should turn.
And our desire—our destiny—be foiled!
Some time, some where, our joy-songs we'll renew:
Meanwhile THE RIGHT calls with a call supreme,
And gathered hosts with certain hope press on—
One purpose all!

The Great Peace.

Strong hearts and wills relax, and from the moil
Of death and devilry there breaks a pause,
As Evil bites the dust and crawls aside
That we may gaze anew on Righteousness!
Well may men, panting, turn and wanly smile—
For years of agony and sanguine strife
Encrust the heart. Yet—in the cause of PEACE—
Strive not less nobly, now: Be Comrades still:
One purpose all!

A. E. MOORE.



ROZA.

Gdje nasha roza,
Druz'ja moji?
Urjala roza,
Ditja zarji.
Ne govori:
"Tak vjanet mladostj!"
Ne govori:
"Vot zhizniradostj!"
Tsvjetku skazhi:
"Prosti, zhaljeou!"
I na liljeou,
Nam ukazhi.

PUSHKIN.

Translation.

THE ROSE.

WHERE is our rose,
Friends of mine?
Faded the rose,
Child of the dawn.
Say not to me,
"Thus youth will fade!"
Say not to me,
"Thus joy of life!"
Tell to the flower,
"Farewell, I am sorry."
And to the lily,
Show us the road.



THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS AS SOCIAL CENTRES.

IT is a question whether more cannot be done for the boys of our working classes during the years immediately after they leave school. At this difficult period of their life the State and the home, each of which has hitherto done something for them, desert them. Some have the good sense and the physical and moral strength to continue their education and to benefit themselves by this means. Others have the good fortune to become connected with some institute, in which they can find interests and friends—a social centre, in short. The majority spend their lives upon the streets and fend for themselves. Rough knocking about disciplines them, and experience of life trains them, but through associations that harden and chill. They are not the better in health or character—better men or better citizens—because in the critical years of life they make their way so largely with their own hand and never experience the benefits of corporate life and traditions, and the strong directing influences which school and college give to the boys of wealthier parents.

There can be no doubt that some institution, such as is meant by a social centre, might render them good service, in country and in town. If a boy has leanings to and ability for more education he wants evening classes, or he wants the means to acquire some useful and interesting arts. If, in his hours free from work, he seeks only recreation, yet he wants suitable buildings, the machinery of useful employment and amusement—tools, books, games, room, and direction in work and play—and beyond these externals the character-making forces of principles and purpose to guide and inspire ambition which the corporate life and general objects and standards of a strong club would provide. If the young life of the

labouring classes of this country could be formed and assisted through societies of this kind it might make up to it something of what the wealthier classes find in more expensive institutions. Some day the provision of such institutions by the State may be seen to be worth the money.

What can be done at the present time is to use the schools, to transform them in the evenings into clubs, and so establish in each a social centre for the neighbourhood. The schools are suitable for this purpose because the children know them, are used to them, have grateful feelings towards them, expect benefits from them, and are also known to them. And it would be easy to open up in them this new activity for the life of the children and to pass the child from the school to the club. They are suitable, too, because they are there. They offer the buildings and that is the great need. They might not be able to accommodate everyone, for more space would be needed per child than for school purposes. But everyone would not want to come. And at least they might do a great deal for many, raising their tone and character, and acting as a leaven in the neighbourhood.

Such a scheme must commence by experiment. The possibilities of the idea must be tested and the principles and rules on which such a club can be formed and the good it can do slowly discovered and worked out. A model must be formed—in some place where the local authority will give the use of buildings and local interest provide the necessary money. If it succeeds it will travel from place to place, and so the foundation of a national system be laid. There must be freedom and room for variety, for the needs and possibilities of different places will differ, but common principles and purposes can govern the whole movement. Then the time may come when the Government will give the effort recognition and empower local authorities to spend money on the equipment and up-keep of such institutions and thus enlarge the chances of their usefulness.

By this means the schools which stand as great landmarks in the waste of dull houses in our towns, which have been to the children the centre of their activity in their childhood, may still continue to serve them, forming a counter-attraction to the public-house, and saving, if not all,

yet a considerable element of our young population from the wasting influence of the street—from its cold, its dirt, its immorality. And the object must be to reach all the children and all the workers. Such centres could employ many people. All who are interested in boys and girls could in these centres come into touch with them, work for them, associate with them, and influence them. The school teachers especially might form a link between the school and the club, impressing the children always with the necessity and importance and honour of belonging to the club, with its advantages, its prestige, and playing such part in its working as their individual inclinations determined.

It is a big experiment to add to the school a club, so that, as the boy grows into the man, it may remain what it has been to him in his early years, the centre of his social life—to extend the nation's conception of its duty to the children of the poor and of the possibilities of its service to them—to concentrate the energies of many social workers in a well organised co operation, and to embrace in a single and simple organisation the multiplied agencies which now imperfectly and incompletely serve the same end. But it is not too big an experiment to be made. If it be made with caution and care it need cost little but the labour of those who attempt it, and if it succeed it may do much to solve the problem of the occupation, recreation, and direction of boys and girls in the critical years of their youth, and so repay to the nation in life saved, energy and intelligence maintained and developed, and happiness created, all, and more than all, it will ever be called upon to expend.



THE TUTOR.

(With affectionate memories of the '80's and those times).

THE Tutor lives as does the busy bird
Feeding an alien cuckoo in its nest,
He several scores of cuckoos—all unrest,
Energy, ignorance, and whims absurd—
Birds of all feathers; *he* holds undeterred
To Homer's maxim that *One bird is best*,
England's cock-robin, with his scarlet vest,
True pattern for all nestlings, deed and word.

And as the father-bird with seeds and worms
Nurtures the little cuckoo till it fly,
So *he* with talk of Triposes and terms
The needs of ardent natures must supply,
Till they too go, shouting aloud "Cuckoo!"—
I'm glad I'm not a Tutor, now; aren't you?



THE BROWN PIGS.

LEFT of the road to Madingley
Dwells a delightful family,
Whose charms even less to shape are due
Than to their perfect chocolate hue.
Some are immense, and some are small,
But I have fallen in love with all,
And on my walks will stand at gaze
Rejoicing in their artless ways.
Some have got grins on, others frown,
But all are fair, for all are brown;
Some are mere babies, others big,
But thank heaven, every one's a pig.

Nothing, when I was a small boy,
No game or popgun, book or toy,
Ever could charm me, as a whole
Chocolate pig entranced my soul.
So much so, never would I pause
To question which of Nature's laws,
At Easter, made a pig an egg,
But promptly bit him in the leg.
Then having stowed him safe away,
Prolonged his agony day by day
Limb after limb; I had no heart
Too quickly from a pig to part,
And in that trustful childish dream
Which makes inferior chocolate seem,
When eaten pig-shaped, sweeter far
Than first-rate Rowntree by the bar,
Spared, in my daily brief repast,
For special titbit at the last,
Not what looked luscious thick and big,
But what might best proclaim him pig.

Yet even those raptures pale to-day
 When I this chocolate brood survey,
 Not rigid these, but lively, sleek,
 Gaining, not losing, week by week.
 For all my soul with pleasure fills,
 Like Wordsworth's at the daffodils ;
 And even when I have passed them by,
 "They flash upon that inner eye",
 And then with joy my heart is big,
 "And dances" with each chocolate pig.

Yes (thus I moralised, walking on),
 Slowly we learn to let alone.
 Baby puts pansies to her mouth,
 And instinct cries *Devour* in youth,
 Till with experience (and less need!)
Live and let live becomes our creed.
 Not to consume, but contemplate,
 Appears then the more blessed state ;
 Since watching can give keener zest
 Even than absorbing, at the best,
 Better see pigs and people play
 Than merge them in one's self, we say.
 Nay even our taste, though that endures,
 To somewhat the same state matures ;
 In art, and all things, we rate high,
 Not sweetness, but vitality.
And—we see more, as we grow big,
 You cannot eat, and have, your pig.

Seldom our thoughts will constant stay.
 When I had got to Storey's Way,
 My mind had somehow changed her mood,
 And I was wondering if there would
 Be, as it were, some subtle, slight
 Brownishness, more of taste than sight
 (Lean, fat, or streaky, boil, or fry),
 Or *could* there—could there *possibly*
 Be—O what wondrous visions waken!—
 A hint of *chocolate*—in the bacon?



CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, *The Eagle Magazine*.

SIR,—

As a result of a collection held last term in St John's I have forwarded a cheque to the Secretary of St Dunstan's. The Secretary, in acknowledging the same, says:—"May I ask you to convey to all who contributed an expression of very cordial thanks on behalf of the gallant men who will benefit."

Yours, etc.,

A. B. DUMAS.



Roll of Honour.

JOHN BATESON, M.C.

Second Lieutenant John Bateson, of the Royal Field Artillery, who was killed in action 14 October 1918, was the eldest son of Mr William Bateson, F.R.S., Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, Merton, Surrey, Honorary Fellow of the College; and grandson of the late Rev. Dr W. H. Bateson, formerly Master of St John's.

He was born in Cambridge 22 April 1898, and educated St Faith's School, Cambridge, and the Charterhouse. In December 1915 he was elected to an Exhibition for Natural Sciences in St John's. He was distinguished in Natural History, his hobby being the study of beetles. He joined the Army in 1916; was wounded and awarded the Military Cross (*Gazette* 4 February 1918). According to the report of his superior officer he was killed "when the battery was under fire. He was keeping the times of the barrage lifts, watch in hand, accurately and unflinchingly."

ROGER DAWSON DAWSON-DUFFIELD BROWNSON, M.B., B.C.

Captain Brownson, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, died at Peshawur, India, 21 October 1918. He was the only son of the Rev. Frank Brownson, Rector of Compton Greenfield, Gloucestershire, and was born at Sharlston, near Wakefield, Yorks, 21 March 1884. He was educated at Warwick School, and entered the College in 1902. He stroked the second Lady Margaret Boat in the Lent Races of 1904 and 1905, and was also Captain of G (the College) Company of the C.U.R.V. He took his degree through the Natural

Sciences Tripos, Part I., in 1905. He completed his medical studies at the London Hospital, obtaining the qualifications of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. in 1908; proceeding to the degrees of M.B. and B.C. in 1911. He was for a time Emergency Officer at the London Hospital and Clinical Assistant at the Great Ormond Street Hospital. Before the war he was practising at Compton Greenfield. He was gazetted Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C., Special Reserve, 31 August 1914, and rose to the rank of Captain.

Captain Brownson married 26 September 1911, at Llandyfeisant Church, Carmarthenshire, the Hon. Gwenllian Clare Rice, youngest daughter of the late Lord Dynevor.

CECIL ANSTIS BEWES CHAPMAN.

Cecil A. B. Chapman died at his home, Bolton Vicarage, on 26 June 1918, after a very short illness. He was the eldest surviving son of the Rev. Canon Thomas Alfred Chapman, Vicar of Bolton, and was born at Holy Trinity Vicarage, Bristol, 30 July 1900; being thus under 18 years of age at the time of his death. He was educated at Bolton School, and, following his elder brother, was admitted to the College in December 1917, commencing residence in January of this year. Thus he was one of the youngest but also one of the most loyal members of the College. While at School he was much beloved both by masters and boys. His Headmaster speaks of his purity and fearless sense of duty; his manifest goodness, thoughtfulness, and growth in character, made a great impression on those who knew him.

On coming into residence he at once joined the University Officers' Training Corps, of which he was an exceedingly keen member. After six months training he had been accepted for the Royal Air Force, after passing the rigorous tests required, and was hoping to go on service as soon as his age would permit. He returned home from Cambridge on June 22, and, as was his wont, attended the services at the Mission Room in Wells Street, Bolton, and read the Lessons. A sudden attack of pneumonia followed, and he passed away on June 26 after little more than a day's illness.

A friend writes: "Cecil Chapman has left a very bright memory to all who knew him. His open, affectionate nature was sure to win friends, and the boyish eagerness with which he threw himself into his work seemed full of promise of a most useful life. He had always a fresh and beautiful reverence for sacred things. Those who loved him hoped much from the sunshine of his presence here. God has called him for some higher service elsewhere. It is surely well."

His elder brother, Alfred Reginald Bewes Chapman (also a member of the College), Lieutenant in the 5th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, was killed in action 6 June 1916 (*Eagle*, vol. xxxviii, p. 80). The people of Bolton have subscribed over £200 for a window in the Parish Church to the memory of the two brothers; the money was collected in a few days.

REV. WILLIAM GERARD CHEESE, M.A.

The Rev. W. G. Cheese, Chaplain to the Forces, who died 7 November 1918 of pneumonia in a Red Cross Hospital at Rouen, in France, was the youngest son of the late Rev. James Albert Cheese (of St John's, B.A. 1851), Vicar of New Bilton, near Rugby. He was born at New Bilton Vicarage 9 June 1883 and educated at Clifton College. Entering St John's in 1902 he took his degree through the Classical Tripos in 1905. He was ordained Deacon in 1906, and licensed to the Curacy of Belgrave with Birstall, being ordained Priest in 1907; leaving Birstall in 1910 he became Curate of All Saints, Peterborough, and in 1915 was called to the Vicarage of Duddington, near Stamford, by the Bishop of Peterborough. He became temporary Chaplain to the Forces in 1915. He proceeded to the Front in France in October, but was almost immediately attacked by influenza, bronchial pneumonia followed, and he died after a very short illness.

REV. ROBERT HUGH ALBAN COTTON, B.A.

The Rev. R. H. A. Cotton, a Second Lieutenant in the Army Service Corps, died 12 October 1918 at Taranto, in hospital,

of illness contracted on active service. He was the second and youngest son of Mr Charles Cotton, F.R.C.P.E., M.R.C.S. England, of Briarfield, Canterbury. Born at Ramsgate 2 November 1888, he was educated at Wellesley House, St Peter's, Thanet; Malvern House, Kearsney; and the ancient Grammar School at Sutton Valence, whence he gained a Scholarship and the Robins Exhibition at St John's. He entered the College in 1908 and took the B.A. degree in 1911. He obtained a Philpott Exhibition, which he held at the Scholæ Cancellarii, Lincoln. He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of St German's at Truro Cathedral 2 June 1912, and licensed to the Curacy of Calstock in Cornwall. He was ordained Priest in the following year by Bishop Burrows, of Truro, and remained in his Cornish Curacy until 1915, when he went as Curate to St Peter's, Ealing. After about a year at Ealing he transferred to Holy Innocents', Hammersmith, where he remained until April 1918. Taking advantage of the bill introduced in Parliament, but never passed, as to the military services of Clerks in Holy Orders, he obtained a dispensation from the Bishop of London and volunteered for the Army Service Corps. He proceeded to Aldershot as a driver, and after a month's training there joined the A.S.C. Cadets, with whom he had three months' training, obtaining his commission as Second Lieutenant 26 Aug. 1918; he then proceeded to Woolwich, where he remained until he left England on Sept. 24 for Salonica. He spoke of his anticipated service as a 'crusade' and 'adventure', and those who knew him intimately felt that he was responding to an inner call to high self-sacrifice in a cause which he considered demanded the active and ungrudging service of every fit Englishman. On his journey he contracted Spanish influenza, complicated with broncho-pneumonia, and, after nine days' illness in a hospital in the south of Italy, died on October 12. Mr Cotton was a member of the Quill Club, and had written articles on various subjects appearing from time to time in magazines.

JOSIAH FENWICK SIBREE CROGGON, M.A.

Captain J. F. S. Croggon, of the Sherwood Foresters, died of influenza in hospital at Abbeville, France, on 19 November

1918. He was the younger son of Mr William Croggon, of Grampond, Cornwall, and was born at Grampond 5 Jan-1881. He was educated at Mill Hill School and entered St John's in October, 1899. During his undergraduate days he was a distinguished Rugby Football player, playing in the University Freshmen's match in the October Term of 1899 and in the Seniors' matches in 1900 and 1901; he was captain of the College R.F.C.

Before the war he was an Assistant District Auditor of the Local Government Board. He had been acting in the North-Western Counties Audit District for about a-year-and-a-half when war was declared in 1914. In September he joined the Universities and Public Schools Brigade, and eventually was given a commission in the Sherwood Foresters.

W. D. E. writes to *The Times*: "That his men were devoted to him is shown by the many letters I have received. He was a born athlete, standing over six feet in height, a good boxer, a Rugger player for his college, of which his chief happened to be an old member, and also a fair golfer. The work of Government Auditor in a large district precludes the making of many friends, but Captain Croggon succeeded where others did not. His personality was very attractive, and his purse was equally as open as his heart. On reading the announcement of his death a member of his old staff said 'One of the best'. I think we who loved him and all his ways may leave it at that".

ARTHUR DAVENPORT.

Lieutenant Arthur Davenport, of the Rifle Brigade, was killed in action 23 August 1918, while serving with the Tank Corps. He was the only son of Mr William Arthur Davenport, of 'Lyndhurst', Woodstock, and was born in the City of Oxford 19 April 1897. He was educated at Rayne's School, Abingdon, from 1906 to 1914, where he had a distinguished career, gaining a Berks County Intermediate Scholarship in 1910 and a Senior Scholarship in 1912. He obtained first class honours in the Oxford Junior Local Examinations in 1912 and first class honours in the Senior Examination in 1913. In December 1914 he was elected at St John's to an

Entrance Scholarship for Mathematics and was admitted to the College in the January following. In the autumn of 1915 he was gazetted to the 6th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade from the University Officers' Training Corps, and went to France in the Spring of 1916. He was severely wounded at Guilleumont, in the Somme push of 1916, and underwent four or five operations. When convalescent in 1917 he was seconded to the Tank Corps and went to France with his Battalion in December of that year. He was killed in action near Boyelles, and buried where he fell. The following letter from a brother officer of the 11th Battalion, Tank Corps, describes the circumstances of his death: "It appears that his Tank went some considerable way into the German lines and was put out of action by an anti-tank rifle. While the crew were trying to repair the damage inside the tank Arthur got out and tried to call the attention of the advancing infantry to warn them not to approach too close to his tank, which was being heavily shelled; he himself being thirty yards or so away to one side of the tank. The Germans made a rush to seize the tank and capture him, but he lay down in a shell-hole and kept them away from him with his revolver. He succeeded in attracting the British, who, rushing up, drove off the Germans but found him shot through the head by a German machine-gun. He must have died instantaneously and never suffered for an instant. He was buried the next day when it was fairly safe to approach him; he was buried where he fell, and I saw his grave the same day. His tank did extraordinarily well, cleaning up strong posts of the enemy, thus enabling the infantry to advance with a minimum of casualties to themselves. The Germans paid their price in full on that occasion, as the tank was surrounded with dead Germans. I hardly know how to express my sorrow for you, for he was so bright and cheerful always here, and it really honestly does not seem possible. I do hope my letter of details won't upset you unnecessarily, but it is far better for you and Mrs Davenport to know what did happen, as conflicting stories are so worrying. As a matter of fact quite a number of people thought he was killed by the shell that struck the tank, but this was not so, as I myself saw him leave the tank, but did not know about his death till later."

His Adjutant wrote: "I feel I must write to you and express my sympathy over the loss of your son. We have been in action continuously now for the last fortnight or I would have written before. I know from my own experience that when those one loves are taken from us there is very little to say which can be of any comfort. As Adjutant of a Tank Battalion, where there are 91 officers on the establishment, one cannot know them all intimately, but I did know your son well and I cannot say how sorry I am personally that he has been killed. He was a splendid officer, and the best Tank Commander we had. He always set a splendid example to his men, and every one in the Battalion mourns his loss. Such as he are becoming scarcer every day."

ROBERT DOUGLAS FOSTER, B.A.

Lieutenant R. D. Foster, of the Lincolnshire Regiment the eldest son of Mr Robert John Foster, of Medehamstead, Peterborough, and formerly of Selby, was born at Selby 2 May 1890. He was educated at St Peter's School, York, where he was head boy. He entered St John's in 1910, and was a Choral Student of the College. He was Captain of the College Rugby Football team in 1912, and got his 'Half-blue' for Lacrosse in 1913, in which year he played in the Cambridge team against Oxford. He was on the Committee of the Musical Society (taking part in its Concerts) and of the College Mission. He took his B.A. degree in December 1913. It was his intention to take Holy Orders, but when war broke out he at once joined the army, being gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 6th Battalion, the Lincolnshire Regiment, 26 August 1914. He went out with his Regiment to Gallipoli in 1915, and was in the landing at Suvla Bay, and was last seen leading his men up Chocolate Hill. He was officially reported as "wounded and missing" on 6 August 1915, and is now presumed to be dead.

His brother, Captain J. C. Foster, M.C., who was gazetted to the Lincolnshire Regiment on the same day in August 1914, also served in Gallipoli, being one of the last ditchers, having been chosen with six of his men to remain and hold

part of the trenches while the Army embarked. He afterwards served in Egypt, and was killed on another front 20 August 1917; he had been awarded the Military Cross about a month before his death.

WILLIAM MARGETSON HEALD, B.A.

Lieutenant W. M. Heald, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, died in the Red Cross Hospital at Rouen on 8 September 1918 of wounds received on 22 August. He was the only son of the Rev. Charles William Heald, Rector of Chale in the Isle of Wight, and was born at the Rectory 21 August 1894. He was educated at Allen House, Guildford, and Marlborough College. He was elected to an Entrance Exhibition for Classics at St John's in December 1912, commencing residence in October, 1913. He rowed 'five' in the winning Junior Trial Eight of the L.M.B.C. in the Michaelmas Term 1913, and 'bow' in the third boat in the Lent races of 1914. He obtained his B.A. degree in 1916, and proceeded to St Bartholomew's Hospital to complete his medical studies. He obtained the qualification of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. in Jan. 1918, and was for two months Junior House Physician at St Bartholomew's. He received his commission in the R.A.M.C. 7 April 1918 and sailed for France on April 17, when he joined the 91st Field Ambulance. In the beginning of August he was attached as medical officer to the 16th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers. He was wounded at his aid post on the Somme on August 22, his skull being fractured.

VICTOR WILLIAM JOHN HOBBS, M.A., LL.B.

Lieutenant V. W. J. Hobbs, of The Buffs, was killed in action in France on 9 August 1918. He was the only son of the late Mr Edward Ernest Hobbs and of Mrs. Hobbs, of Clifton. He was born in Bristol 23 January 1887 and educated at Clifton College, entering St John's in 1905. He passed Part I. of the Law Tripos in 1907 and Part II. in 1909, taking his B.A. degree in 1908, that of LL.B. in 1909 and his M.A. in 1913. Gaining his college cricket colours as a freshman he was elected cricket secretary in his second year, and in his

third year he captained the College XI. most successfully. His cricket was characteristic of the man himself—always cheerful, plucky and invigorating. A dashing bat, he was usually at his best when runs were badly wanted. An innings of 66 on the Jesus ground especially lives in the writer's memory by reason of Hobbs' batting against a strong bowling side. He was an extremely quick and safe field at extra cover, and bowled slow leg-breaks which often broke up a stubborn partnership.

In his last summer term Hobbs gave up cricket and took to tennis, a game he had neglected since winning the College Freshmen's Tournament in 1906. He quickly won a place in the College VI., and at the end of the season he won the College Singles Cup. As a well-known athlete, the President of the 'Fireflies' Club, an office-bearer in the College Mission, and a member of the Debating Society Committee, he came in contact with a large circle of men, and his influence for good in the college was very great. Those who only met him casually were attracted at once by his charm of manner, and his infectious *joie de vivre*. His friends knew that he possessed, in addition, a fund of strong common-sense, a contempt for all that was mean or base, and a very tender sympathy with those in suffering or sorrow.

After going down from Cambridge, Hobbs was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple 23 June 1909, but soon took up the profession of a schoolmaster, for which he was admirably suited. First at Llandaff Cathedral School (1909-1911) and afterwards at Highgate School, he displayed marked powers of imparting knowledge, and was at the same time extremely popular.

When the war broke out he was married and had a little daughter, but he gave up his post at Highgate, and, after preliminary training at Cambridge in the O.T.C. and in Scotland, received a commission as Second Lieut. in The Buffs. Showing great promise as an instructor, he was soon promoted Lieutenant, and appointed Musketry Officer to a young soldiers' Battalion. This post he relinquished at his own urgent request in order to go to the Front, and he went to France early in May of 1918. His career in France was all too short, and it is best described in the words of his Commanding Officer :

"He fell, leading his platoon, with the greatest gallantry at Morlancourt, which this Battalion captured. He was one of the keenest and most thorough officers I have ever had under my command. He was loved by his men as well as by his brother officers, and we all feel his loss very much". He was buried in the military cemetery at Frambillers near Albert. During the period which he spent, as an officer, in England, he served under two Commanding Officers. One writes : "In addition to his admirable qualities as a soldier, he was one of the most charming and delightful of all the dear fellows I was privileged to have serving with me in those trying years". The other : "I looked on him with affection as a man and with the greatest approval of all his work as an officer. I can say no more than that he always came up to the highest ideal of an English officer and a gentleman".

F. D. M.

PERCY VICKERMAN KEMP, B.A.

Captain P. V. Kemp, of the Durham Light Infantry, who died of gas poisoning 31 May 1918, was the younger of two surviving sons of the Rev. James Vickerman Kemp. He was born at Sunderland 16 July 1892, and was educated at St John's School, Leatherhead, where he was for eight years. He entered St John's in 1910 with a Choral Studentship and with an Exhibition from his school; taking his degree in 1913 through the Classical Tripos. During his undergraduate course he played cricket, and was a member of the Officers Training Corps. After graduating he spent a year at Westcott House, still remaining a Choral Student in the college. He had retired from the O.T.C. in 1913, and when war broke out had just finished his residence at Cambridge. In August 1914 he received notice from the headquarters of the O.T.C. that he might be wanted for service, and he replied that he was ready when called, but the call never came. Not being old enough to be ordained he took up teaching for a term, but on 13 January 1915 he enlisted in London in the 19th Battalion Royal Fusiliers. In November of that year he proceeded to France, where he became one of the pioneer company, and spent the winter of 1915-16 in the trenches.

In April 1916 he was sent, with others of his company, to

England to train for a commission, which came in August, when he was appointed Second Lieut. in the 4th Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry; at the end of the month he was attached to another Battalion of the same regiment, and proceeded to France. At the end of March 1918 he wrote home that he was *unus ex paucis* of his Battalion, swept away by a German attack near Roye. He was deemed to have had a shock, and was sent to hospital at Le Treport, but in less than a week was again at his post training a new company; he was then acting Captain. On 26 May 1918 he was billeted at Lieven, about one mile south-east of Lens, and was out working with his men all that night. Meanwhile the Germans had shelled the billets with gas-shells. Returning there in looking after the welfare of his men, he was himself gassed and taken to hospital. On May 29 he was removed to Le Touquet, where he died on May 31, about two hours before a relative could reach him. He was buried at Etaples on Sunday, June 1.

His Commanding Officer wrote: "I have only recently taken over the command of the Battalion, and in him I have lost my best company commander, to whom I looked for advice, for I am new to pioneering work. He was out as usual at work on the night of 26 to 27 May when I saw him, and on his way back the Germans were bombarding the town in which he was billeted with gas-shells. The gas must have got into his dug-out, or his clothing, in passing through, must have got saturated, he was sent to hospital next morning. The news of his death is a great shock to us, and we mourn a gallant comrade". The chaplain also wrote: "He and his company arrived there on Sunday, May 26th. On Sunday night we had the attack; on Monday morning I went to call on him and his brother officers and found he had already been taken to the hospital. I discovered that it was through his anxiety for the safety of his men that he had been out in the mined and poisoned streets and in the infected dug-outs, regardless of his own safety and not sparing himself in any way. He had the reputation of being a man who never spared himself where his men were concerned, and to the last he bore out that reputation, dying a true soldier's death at the post of duty".

LESLIE TOWNSEND MORRIS.

Second Lieutenant L. T. Morris, of the Cheshire Regiment, who was killed in action on 1 June 1918, was a son of Mr W. R. Morris, Headmaster of the Halstow Road School, Greenwich. He was born in Camberwell 9 March 1899, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. He was elected to an Entrance Exhibition at St John's for Mathematics in June 1917. Without coming into residence he joined the Army and obtained a Commission in the Cheshire Regiment in August 1917. After a period of training he went to France on 21 April 1918, and proceeded during the next eight days by easy stages to the danger zone in Flanders. Incidentally he was attached to the South Wales Borderers, and so had to part with his friends in the Cheshires. The next move was a long train journey through Paris towards Champagne, and here the regiment was supposed to be in for a quiet time. On May 27, he wrote saying they were in the bustle of a departure (the second great offensive began on that day), and they were sent up to check the German advance. On June 1 they were engaged again, and he was killed by a shell on that day. His Colonel wrote to his father as follows: "You will by this time have received the War Office notice of your gallant son's death in action, and I write now to convey to you the deep sorrow and regret of myself and all his brother officers at the untimely closing of such a promising career. During the short time your son has been with us he had shewn himself a most efficient and gallant officer, and a thorough young gentleman such as one is proud to welcome in any regiment. You will feel a melancholy interest in hearing of his last hours. You will have seen by the papers that the Germans are making another great offensive, which we were doing our best to resist. Your son was with D Company, and during the day of the 1st I had specially told him off to collect stragglers of other regiments, which he did very efficiently. About 5 p.m. he quitted the wood in which we were, telling one of his men he was 'Just going a short way to look at some firing which was going on'. Whilst walking a shell burst near him, a piece piercing his heart. The doctor, who examined him very shortly afterwards,

pronounced death must have been instantaneous and without any suffering. He was carried to his grave with every mark of respect by his brother officers, and the Chaplain (the Rev. C. Noble) read the last prayers over him. His face in death was composed and beautiful; his grave is in a wood, the identity of which will be conveyed to you later. I can only repeat how much we all feel and sympathize with you and all your family in the great loss you have sustained, and to assure you how greatly he will be missed in the regiment."

WILLIAM GUTHRIE SALMOND, B.A.

W. G. Salmond, a Lieutenant in the Wellington Regiment of the New Zealand Army, was killed in action 9 July 1918. He was a son of Sir John W. Salmond, Solicitor-General for New Zealand, and was born 8 June 1892 at Temuka, N.Z. He was educated at St Peter's Collegiate School, Adelaide, and at Wellington College and Victoria University College, Wellington. He entered St John's in 1912; during his undergraduate life he took a prominent part in athletic sports, obtaining his College Colours for Rugby Football in his first Term; he rowed in the fourth, or "Rugger", Boat in the Lent Races of 1914.

In July 1914 Salmond, with a College friend, was on a motor cycle tour from Holland to Italy. They had just reached Italy when war was declared, and at once started for home, reaching England *via* Paris with great difficulty. Salmond at once enlisted in the 9th Lancers as a trooper. After a period of training he joined the regiment in France, and was one of the first sufferers from gas-poisoning; he was in hospital for some time, but recovered without being sent to England. He then obtained a Commission as Second Lieutenant in the North Somerset Yeomanry, and was later transferred to the 1st Wellington Battalion of the New Zealand forces. He was severely wounded in 1917, and spent some months in hospital in England. He came to Cambridge and was admitted to the B.A. degree, under war conditions, 7 December 1917. He returned to France and rejoined his regiment in 1918, being promoted Lieutenant, and subsequently was made Adjutant with the rank of Cap-

tain, acting in this capacity for some time, although he had not been actually gazetted at the time of his death. The circumstances of his death are explained by the Chaplain of the Regiment in the following letter: "Your nephew very pluckily went out in daylight with another officer (Mr W. Grace) and a private named Dallard to a sap in Rossignol Wood in order to verify some information received the previous night by patrols. They had reported that there was no enemy in that part of the wood, though they had expected to find a German outpost there. It would have been very foolish for your nephew to have gone out if an enemy outpost had been known to be there, but apparently the Germans only used this post at times and our party was taken by surprise when within fifteen yards of the post. The first bomb hit your nephew on the chest and killed him at once. They threw other bombs which wounded Mr Grace badly in both legs and also slightly wounded Dallard. This boy very bravely got Mr Grace out of danger and then, with wonderful courage and pluck, went back again to the spot where his adjutant fell in order to get his body. He threw his remaining bombs but was unable to carry your nephew's body along the sap. A party was sent out at night, but the Germans had taken his body from the spot. After our Division captured Rossignol Wood we found his body, and I got a volunteer party to go with me and we buried him properly. We placed a cross over his grave and fenced it in with wire and iron posts and widened the sap so that a detour was made round the grave. I also got a boy, who is good with a pencil, to be one of the burying party, and he made a nice little etching of the spot, and this I have sent to Sir John Salmond. I am glad to say that Private Dallard has got the D.C.M. for his brave deed. He rescued one wounded man, and would have saved your nephew had he been alive.

I am sure, Sir, you will get some comfort to know that your nephew is decently buried and that I read the service over his grave, though it was done under shell fire and therefore hurriedly. I wanted to have his body brought back to Fouquevilles Military Cemetery, but that was too dangerous, and so my request was refused. Our regiment is proud of your nephew's splendid record of service, and in

particular of the courageous way in which he gave his life in the performance of his duty. We all mourn the loss of a brave soldier and a genial companion."

REV. BASIL ROBERT STREETEN, B.A.

The Rev. B. R. Streeten, Chaplain to the Forces, died 1 November 1918 at a casualty clearing station in France of double pneumonia. He was the fifth son of the Rev. Robert Henry Streeten, formerly Vicar of St Mary's, Kingswinford, near Dudley, now of Swinford, Sidcup. He was born 26 May 1889 at Kingswinford and was educated at The Elms, Colwall, under the Rev. C. Black, and at Hereford Cathedral School. He entered St John's in 1908 with a Somerset Exhibition, and took his degree through the Theological Tripos in 1911. During his undergraduate days he was a distinguished oarsman, stroking the winning College Trial Eight in the Michaelmas Term of 1908; in 1909 he rowed in the First Lent and Second May Boats; in 1910 in the Second Lent and Second May Boats; rowing in the First May Boat in 1911.

He then went to Wells Theological College and was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Southwell in 1912 and licensed to the curacy of Gedling near Nottingham, which he held for six years, being ordained Priest in 1913.

In the summer of 1918 he became Chaplain to the Forces, and after two months special training at Catterick Camp went to the Front in France on 1 October 1918. The Senior Chaplain to the Forces of the 55th Division expressed the opinion that he would be a real power in his Brigade, and said that he knew from conversations with officers and men of his units that he had, even in the short time he had been with them, impressed his personality upon them. It was his strong desire not to forsake his responsibility which urged him to carry on when he ought to have reported sick. The Bishop of Southwell wrote: "The sad news has come, and I feel as if I had lost a son, and one of whom I had hoped much in the future. He was always found faithful and true. He ever answered the call to duty, and now rests amongst the thousands of those who have made the great sacrifice."

His Rector's words are these: "Basil had a large place in our hearts; we loved him well. I bless God for sending him here, for guiding him to remain with us, almost up to the time that He took him to Himself. I think that he really liked to stay, and I cannot tell you how much he was to me both for his work and for his own sake".

SYDNEY PROUT TOZER.

Lieutenant S. P. Tozer, of the 9th Battalion the Devonshire Regiment, was killed in action 8 October 1918. He was the second son of Mr Henry Tozer, now of 'Trefoil', Brixham, Devon, and was born in London 17 February 1895; he was baptized in the parish church of Stepney by the present Bishop of Southwell. He was educated, first at Dudley Grammar School and afterwards at the Central Foundation School, London, where he remained for ten years; during his last two years he was captain of the school. On leaving the school he was awarded a Scholarship for Mathematics by the Fishmongers' Company. He entered St John's in 1914 with the intention of taking Holy Orders. In June 1915 passed Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos. He then volunteered for service, and obtained his commission in the Devons in June, 1915. He saw service in France and Italy, and, after a short leave in August 1918, he returned to France. He was killed near St Quentin on October 8th.

His Colonel wrote: "His death is a great loss to the battalion. He was greatly loved by officers and men, and his quiet unassuming manner, coolness in action, and conscientious execution of his duties commanded the respect of all ranks. The battalion has lost a most valued officer". An old friend writes: "Sydney was a charming boy, possessing great gifts and a noble character".

He had just given the signal: "Objective gained, all going well", when a shell burst, killing him and a brother officer. He was a nephew of the late Rev. S. T. Tozer, Vicar of St John's, Tipton, Staffordshire. His only brother, the Rev. Ernest Francis Tozer (of St John's, B.A. 1908) is curate of Ottery St Mary.

MENDEL ISIDORE TRACHTENBERG, B.A.

Lance-Corporal Mendel Isidore Trachtenberg, of the 39th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, Egyptian Expeditionary Force who died of malaria 12 October 1918, was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs I. M. Trachtenberg, of 139, Fordwych Road, Cricklewood. He was born in London on 30 June 1882. He was educated at the Latymer Upper School, Hammer-smith, of which he was top, and in 1900 gained an Open Exhibition in Mathematics for St John's College, Cambridge. He also gained the Special Exhibition awarded by St John's to the candidate who was top in mathematics in the Cambridge Senior Local Examination, obtaining first-class honours with distinction in arithmetic, mathematics and religious knowledge. In addition he held the Cambridge Jewish Exhibition and a school leaving exhibition.

He commenced residence at St John's in October 1901. He took a first-class in each of his College examinations and was adjudged a prizeman. In 1903 he was elected a Scholar of St John's, and he graduated with honours in the Mathematical Tripos of 1904 as first Senior Optime. In 1906 he entered the Tariff Commission, of which Mr W. A. S. Hewins, M.P., now Under-Secretary to the Colonies, was Secretary, and he was Statistician to the Commission at the time of his death. He took the keenest interest in all questions which affected the welfare of the Empire, and in 1910, when the *Standard* invited essays on the Governance of Empire, his contribution was placed fifth in order of merit out of efforts from all parts of the English speaking world. He was a skilled debater, being a prominent member both of the West London Parliament and the "Ancient Society of Cogers", of the Committee of which he was a member. He was an enthusiastic follower of Mr Joseph Chamberlain, and had the greatest confidence in the eventual realisation of that statesman's proposals for Tariff Reform and Colonial Preference. In a poem "To Mr Chamberlain", which appeared from his pen in *The British and Tariff Reform Journal* of 25 September 1909, occurred words which, in the light of the events of the past four years, have a prophetic ring:—

"And in the days to come you'll have your thanks,
When those Dominions far beyond the seas,
Mighty in numbers, closed in serried ranks,
Stand joined with us as arbiters of peace."

In January 1910 his "Sonnet to Mr Chamberlain" was published in "Monthly Notes on Tariff Reform", and to a letter he wrote to the statesman he received the following reply:—

"Highbury, Moor Green,
"Birmingham.
"Jan. 25, 1910.

"Dear Sir,

"I am desirous by Mr Chamberlain to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter of Jan. 5 and copy of your sonnet.

"Mr Chamberlain has come to the same conclusion as yourself and thinks that the success of the Tariff Reform movement is only a question of time and that no lengthened one.

"Yours faithfully,
"J. WILSON.

"M. I. Trachtenberg, Esq."

He contributed two articles to the *Eagle*, "A Message from Neptune" and "The Rose by other names", while he also contributed to *Punch*, the *Mathematical Gazette* and the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*. He was a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society and a frequent participator in its discussions.

In spite of his serious activities he found time for lighter things. At school he won the hundred yards, the quarter-mile and the long jump, while as a member of the Tariff Reform Cricket Club he was an elegant bat. He was an enthusiastic member of the Operatic Class of Trinity College of Music, and when on 21 December 1907 the students of that class gave a performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard" he played the part of *Jack Point* with outstanding success. Equally striking was his rendering of the rôle of *Gaspard* in "Les Cloches de Corneville", presented on 15 June 1910, in which, in the words of the *Era*, he "displayed considerable dramatic talent". He delighted to read

papers on subjects of literary, scientific and educational interest, and was a Maccabæan and President of the Association of Jewish Students. But the hundred happy things he turned to do were to be interrupted by the sterner call. Engaged on work which long made his retention imperative he had nevertheless desired to show his readiness to respond to any military call which might be made on him. He therefore attested on the initiation of the Derby scheme and was called up in March 1918. He was posted to the 39th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, which formed part of the Jewish Regiment ("The Judæans"), and was to sail for Egypt almost immediately. After training in Egypt he moved up the line with his Battalion, first receiving his stripe as Lance-Corporal, and, marching into Palestine, took part in what was to prove the decisive advance against the Turks. His last movements are described by his Commanding Officer in a letter in which he also refers to the pleasures of earlier and less strenuous moments. He writes:—

" Palestine, Oct. 30, 1918.

" Mrs M. Trachtenberg, London.

" Dear Madam,

" You will have learned from official sources the sad news of your husband's death, but I should like to be allowed to add a few lines of sympathy and appreciation. Your husband contracted malaria whilst on active service in the Jordan Valley. He accompanied the battalion to Es-Salt, and returned with it as far as Jerusalem when he suddenly fell ill and was sent in a few hours to hospital in Jerusalem, where he died on the 12th inst. In the whole battalion I have not a better man, capable and above all more willing soldier. As a company clerk he rendered invaluable service, and in our Debating Society he was not only one of the chief speakers, but always the most interesting and entertaining.

" His loss is a great one which we all of us most deeply regret.

" I trust that you will take comfort from the knowledge that he laid down his life as a good patriot and a Jew.

" Yours sincerely,

" E. MARGOLIN".

His platoon officer wrote :

" October 30th, 1918.

" Dear Mrs Trachtenberg,

" May I offer you our deepest sympathy in your great loss, for throughout all the company your husband was a great favourite. For the last six months I have known him as a friend as well as a soldier—it was always a pleasure to be in his presence, for at all times he was cheerful and ever ready to help.

" During our last marches he was quite happy, and when he was admitted into hospital at Jerusalem I hoped it was only for a few days, but the unexpected happened, and now I feel that our greatest sympathy is almost too poor to offer in a loss like yours.

" Some little time ago your husband had asked me to take care of the enclosed letters for him—the remainder have been received recently.

" I understand that on going into hospital it was his wish that all parcels should be opened by the Quartermaster-Sergt. of the company, the letters sent on, and the other contents distributed to the men. This has been done, and any further correspondence that arrives I will forward.

" For some time I have been trying to get particulars that I know you would like to obtain, and if I succeed I will write immediately. Assuring you of our deepest sympathy.

" I am, yours sincerely,

" G. E. GILMAN, 2 Lt.,

" A Comp., 39th R.F."

The following touching letter was written in Hebrew by the Council of the Jerusalem Jews :

" Council of the Jerusalem Jews.

" Jerusalem 9th day of Mar-Cheshvon 5679.

" To Mrs Trachtenberg.

" Dear Madam,

" With aching heart and sharing your grief we beg to inform you that your husband, Mr M. Trachtenberg, of the 39th Battalion, died the day before yesterday, the 7th day of Mar-Cheshvon, of malaria at the Italian Hospital, and we have laid him to rest in accordance with the laws of Israel.

"May God console you with the consolation of Zion and Jerusalem.

"For the Council of the Jerusalem Jews,
"T. BARCHASH, *Secretary*."

On 4 November 1913 he married Jennie, the younger daughter of Mr and Mrs N. Luxenburg, and their great love was the great thing of both their lives.

Mr Hewins, in a letter of condolence, wrote :

"Colonial Office,
"Oct. 18th, 1918.

"Dear Mrs Trachtenberg,

"I am deeply grieved to hear of the death of your husband, and wish to tell you how much I sympathise with you. I know, if I may venture to say so, that you had a rare attachment to each other, and it must appear that in his death that there can be no consolation which can reach to the extremity of the loss you have suffered. During the years we worked together at the Tariff Commission I don't think we ever had a difference of any kind. He was a most loyal and faithful friend and colleague. But he had such rare gifts that I regard his loss at the present time as a national loss. I do not know anyone who can do the work of which he was capable. This is a war of supreme issues, and I can only pray that you may find some consolation—and it may become a great consolation—in the knowledge that he never shrank from them, and that he has laid down his life in the redemption of Palestine from the dominion of the Turk.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,
"W. A. S. HEWINS".

His was a life of high ideals. He had a great personality, and there was no height to which he might not have risen. Full of noble plans, he fell in the execution of the noblest of them all. He is not gone, but rests a space.

No lily raised its head for long,
No rose but to the ground descended,
Swift dies away the sweetest song,
But life's not ended.

The following additions have been received to previous notices.

ROBERT CECIL HEARN, B.A.

(*Eagle*, Vol. xxxix., p. 224.)

As mentioned in our previous notice Captain Hearn intended to enter at Wells Theological College on the first vacancy in January 1915, with a view to ordination at the end of that year. To fill up the intervening time he had promised to give a term's help at Bolton School. On the outbreak of war in August 1914 his mind was seriously exercised as to what he ought to do, and finally he decided that it would not be fair to leave in the lurch one who was relying upon his promised help. Accordingly he went to Bolton School, where he speedily won golden opinions from all. At the end of the term he was strongly urged to remain, but he felt it his duty to answer the call of his country, and at once joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. A few months later he gained his commission and was gazetted to the 20th London Regiment, subsequently being gazetted Lieutenant 4 December 1916 and Acting Captain 13 October 1917. In the summer of 1915 he was ordered to France at short notice and, with the exception of a short period spent in England through sickness, he served there until the Division was transferred to Salonica at the end of 1916. After a few months' service in Macedonia his Division was again transferred to Palestine, and there he eventually met his death. In November 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross for a piece of work of which the details have not yet been published. His method of conveying the news was typical of his whole character. In a letter received by his mother on Christmas Day he remarked casually and parenthetically :— "By the way, you may be interested to hear that I have recently been awarded the Military Cross. It was rather an ordeal when the General pinned the ribbon on"—and then went on to describe the recent bad weather. The following extracts from letters shew the affection and esteem with which he was regarded by all with whom his work brought him in contact.

Major-General H. Shea, commanding the 60th Division, writes: "He was one of the finest officers, and his death is deplored by all his brother officers and men of his battalion, and while I recognise how much the Division has lost, it makes me realise how great is your loss. I trust that the knowledge of how very finely your son did his duty will be some slight consolation to you in your trouble."

Captain J. J. Bell writes: "When your son first went to France in October 1915 he was posted to my company, and at once joined me in the trenches at Chalk Pit Wood, about half a mile north-east of Loos. The company was going through a very nasty time, and was under heavy fire for nine days in the front line, and, almost immediately after, for four days in battalion reserve. It was a severe trial for a man straight out from home, but your son bore it as well as any man could. He carried out some particularly nasty work, which I had to impose on him, lying out under fire in command of working parties for several nights. I was short, very short, of subalterns, and those I had were quite new to the work. But he stood the strain well, and I formed not only a high appreciation of him, but a very sincere liking as well. The work, I knew, told hard upon him—indeed he must have felt it harder than most, for his temperament was quiet and gentle, and his thoughts and hobbies had always been far removed from war. But there was a strong dogged strain in him for all his quiet ways, and his winning of the Military Cross was no surprise to those who really knew him. How he must have loathed war. And yet I never once heard him complain or shew any sign of shrinking from duty. I was sorry to lose him from company and mess when he joined the Machine Gun Company, but I saw a good deal of him even then—as he passed through the trenches in charge of his guns or strolled the roads near his billets. And always he was cheerful, given to an expansive smile that was a real reflection of a quiet and cheerful spirit within. Men under danger form warm attachments for those whom they can trust, and I should like you to know that I had such an attachment for him. When I last saw him we were both at Winchester. His loss is something more to me than the mere death in action of a man I once knew. It means a

friend the less. I shall never forget him, for he served his country well, and was a great help to me in very strenuous times."

A brother officer writes: "We attacked the Turks on the hills east of the Jordan on the early morning of April 30th. The attack was successful, but after a time we were counter-attacked with heavy shelling, and had to leave our most advanced position. Your son, who had been handling his company with great skill, was about the last to come back, and he was shot on the way back. We have buried him at the foot of the hills on which he was fighting and within view of Jerusalem. Your son had done much hard work for the battalion, and led his company into action with great gallantry on many occasions."

Lieutenant Balfour T. Woolfe writes: "He was killed in action on the 30th April, and he was buried amongst his comrades, who fell in the same action, just at the foot of the Moab hills. He was a brave man, a good officer, loved by his men, and a good friend of his brother officers. We, his brother officers, miss him, as he was always so cheerful."

The Headmaster of Bolton School writes: "We have a very affectionate remembrance of him, for, though he was here all too short a time, he had made himself so thoroughly at home with us, and entered so heartily into all our life and interest, that real friendship began almost as soon as he came among us. When he left us to join the army we regretted his departure as though we were losing an old friend, and we were as proud of his Military Cross as if he had been with us for years. Indeed we have always had a lingering hope that the day might come when he would rejoin us again."

RICHARD HENRY WHITE, M.C.

(*Eagle*, vol. xxxix, p. 65.)

Lieutenant R. H. White, of the 30th London Regiment, was killed in action 5 August 1917. He was the only son of Mr Richard A. White, of the Army Inspection Department and of Melrose, Beaconsfield Road, Enfield Wash. Born 22 December 1896, at Small Heath, near Birmingham, he came to Enfield at the age of nine and was educated at Enfield Grammar School. His career at school was not only

distinguished by numerous scholastic successes, but also by the many good services which he rendered to his school-fellows and the splendid influence which he exercised over them. He won an Entrance Scholarship at St John's in December 1914, and was also awarded a Middlesex County Senior Scholarship. He came into residence in October 1915 and at once joined the Officers' Training Corps, giving his full time to military training. Here his mental powers and methodical habits shewed themselves by the very high marks he obtained in all the military examinations. He received his first commission 13 December 1915, and, being an expert with the bicycle, he was posted to the 3rd Battalion of the 25th London Cyclists, joining his regiment at Feltham 26 December 1915. After two weeks he went to the Officers' Cadet School (Artists' Rifles) at Romford for a special course in Field Exercises. When this course was completed he returned to his regiment for another short spell and then went to Godstone in Surrey for a course in bombing. His brilliant successes in both these courses were recognised by his appointment to the rank of Temporary Lieutenant, and he went out to France on 26 April 1916, with the First Divisional Cyclist Corps. He soon found, however, that there was, at that time, no work for cyclists, and his keen desire to be "doing something useful" led him to apply for transference to the Flying Corps. This application was not successful, as he was then considered too heavy, and after some delay he became attached in September 1916 to the 1/4th Battalion Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. His first duties in this regiment were those of Platoon Commander, but his worth was quickly realised and he was appointed Scout Officer and shortly afterwards Intelligence Officer. In April 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross, as he explained it, "for cutting a bit of wire." The official report said: "Accompanied by two men he went out four times to examine the enemy wire, and, in spite of meeting several hostile parties, attained his objective and brought back very valuable information." The scouts who worked under him, not only admired him, they loved him. He was also a great favourite with all his fellow officers. It was whilst he was on his way to an advanced position on the evening of 5 August 1917 that he was killed, instantaneously, by a shell. The

great regard and esteem in which he was held are shown in the many letters which his parents have received from officers and men who knew him.

His Commanding Officer wrote: "No one of my officers worked harder or made such rapid progress in his military career". The Brigadier wrote: "He was one of the very best officers in the Brigade, and easily the best Scout Officer. Had he lived he would assuredly have been selected for staff employ at an early date. He is a great loss to me personally, as I had been looking forward to having him on my staff in a week or so". One of his brother officers wrote: "His faith in God was as keen as I've ever seen in any one. His contempt of death was belittling in him, for he realised that death is only the crossing over to fuller opportunity. His one desire was to do his duty, and I can assure you that he succeeded". Another wrote: "I shall always remember him for his fine, straightforward, sunny Christian life. He was whole-hearted and not ashamed. Nobody can say how far the influence of such a life as his will go". And yet another wrote: "He was one of the bravest men I have ever known, and we always used to say that he enjoyed the war, so enthusiastic was he in everything he undertook, and so firmly did he believe in the justice of the cause he fought for. I have never known him say or do a mean or unkind thing, and he was always modest in the extreme about his own doings, and his deep religion was an example to all of us".

But the letter which best of all helps to show his deep and beautiful character was one which he himself wrote and left with a near friend, with instructions that it was to be given to his parents in the event of his death. This letter was addressed to his father, mother and sister, and "everyone else whom it may concern". It was dated October 1916 and was as follows:

"The following is an attempt—a very feeble one I'm afraid—to convey to you a message which has been in my mind for a long while. I don't believe there will ever be any need for you to read it, for I am quite convinced that God has work in this world for me to do after the war; but I may be wrong, and the possibility of my being killed is the reason for my writing this. I have thought long and deeply over it,

and I hope the result will give you some slight amount of comfort. There is one thing, and one thing only, which worries me when I contemplate sudden death, and that is the thought of the sorrow it would cause you. Were it not for that I should be perfectly ready to die, and proud too for such a cause as ours.

You musn't think that I am tired of life, for nothing is further from the truth. Never, I should think, has anyone loved God's beautiful world so much as I, but the thought that always strikes me is, that if this admittedly temporary earth is so glorious, what must our real home—Heaven—be like?

Oh! please don't think of death as a tragedy or as an occasion for mourning, but rather rejoice that God has spared me the trials and temptations of a longer 'apprenticeship' here, and has taken me at once to his Eternal Rest.

I shall be able to see you, feel for you, and enter into all your doings, even though you may not be allowed to 'pierce the veil' from the earthly side—and, after all, even this 'semi-parting' will only last for a few years, and then you too will join me in that Land of Perfect Bliss. So please, *please* do not weep or mourn or despair, but look forward to that Great Day of Reunion. I shall be longing for you, waiting and watching for you, never fear!

Oh! how I could wish I could persuade you not even to worry about me now! I don't like even to appear to be unkind, but I must try and show you that it is really a great presumption for any one to worry at all. Why, it is simply a flat contradiction of their alleged belief in a God of Love.

I never pray to be kept safe, but simply put myself into God's hands and ask to be granted grace to see how and why His way is always the best.

Death is not a tragedy any more than Birth is; it is not the end of life, but merely a great step forward like Baptism or Confirmation. How can we profess to believe in a Risen Lord and yet mourn for those whom we say we have lost? Oh! how I pray that you may be permitted to see how true this is.

I have loved you all imperfectly on earth; by God's grace I shall love you perfectly in Paradise, and in Heaven later on.

DICK."

Obituary

JAMES BASS MULLINGER.

(5 Feb. 1834—21 Nov. 1917.)

The following notice is reprinted, by permission, from the *Cambridge Review* for 29 Nov. 1917, with a few omissions and some slight additions or corrections:—

The late Dr Mullinger is best known as the Historian of his University, and the present notice will be mainly confined to a brief review of his published works. Born at Bishop Stortford on 5th February, 1834, he attended the lectures of Henry Malden, the Professor of Greek at University College, London, and was already 28 years of age before he became a member of St John's College in 1862. As an undergraduate, he showed a remarkable familiarity with English Literature, especially with the voluminous and discursive writings of De Quincey, and, in three successive years, he won the College prize for the best English Essay written by students of his own year. After taking honours in Classics and in Moral Sciences in 1866, he won the Le Bas prize awarded by Munro* for an Essay dedicated to Mayor in 1867, and entitled "Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century; or the Studies of the University, and their influence on the character and writings of the most distinguished graduates during that period." One of the most interesting chapters in a work rich with the highest promise for the future was that on the Cambridge Platonists, a theme which was destined, forty-three years later, to mark the close of the third volume of his great History of the University.

* The other adjudicator was Todhunter, who wrote to Mullinger as follows on 15 May, 1866:—"The subject for the Le Bas prize was, I think, very interesting. It occurred to me that it might possibly be of sufficient attractiveness to encourage a writer to devote much time to it after the prize was adjudged, and to produce a volume of abiding value. . . . Should you think of writing still further on the subject, it might perhaps be advisable to retain all your materials for the present, and publish now the Essay as it stands".

In dedicating to the present writer the second volume of that History, he recalled the fact that "he was in the first instance encouraged and aided in the prosecution of his task by the Orator of our undergraduate days." He had found himself impelled to go forward in his chosen line of study by an inspiring passage in W. G. Clark's Commemoration Sermon of 1 November, 1868 :

The intellectual and educational history of the University has yet to be written. Such a work would demand vast research, a sound judgement, a strong memory, and an architectonic faculty of arrangement ; but these are qualities which may be in great part developed and perfected by methodical exercise, and I trust that some one of our younger members . . . may be induced to take it for the *magnum opus* of his life, and may have resolution, health, and leisure to bring it to a conclusion.

Writing to me from London later in the same month, Mullinger remarked :—

I have already *read* so much that I must perforce soon begin to *write*, or my not over-retentive memory will fail me when I turn back to utilise my earlier researches. I hope, in the course of a few weeks, to put myself in correspondence with Mayor. I will do my best to convince him that my first conception was no mere generous transient impulse, but that to have 'the historian of his University' inscribed on my tombstone is the object of my existence.

After the parenthetical publication (in 1869) of the Hulsean Essay on 'The Ancient African Church,' the first volume of the History of the University appeared in 1873. It extended from the earliest times to 1535. It included a comprehensive retrospect of the History of Education in Cambridge and elsewhere during the Middle Ages and during the Revival of Learning. Only four years later it was fitly followed by the Essay for the Kaye prize on 'The Schools of Charles the Great, and the Restoration of Education in the ninth century,' an excellent work highly appreciated in France and in the United States, which has long been out of print in England. This had been almost immediately preceded in 1875 by the publication, under the name of 'Theodorus,' of 'a Narrative of the Old Catholic Movement' so dear to the heart of John Mayor. In 1881, in conjunction with Dr S. R. Gardiner, he produced an Introduction to English History, in which his own part was in the main a comprehensive survey of the authorities.

In 1883 the continued prosecution of his great task was to a certain extent facilitated by his being invited to return into residence as Librarian of St John's College, an appointment to which he was annually re-elected for twenty-two years in all. Even those who viewed the original invitation with some misgiving were glad to promote his appointment to a College Lectureship in History in the following year. In the same year he was elected to one of the far from lucrative University Lectureships in History, his application to the General Board of Studies being supported by testimonials from Dean Merivale and Archdeacon Cheetham ; the Registrar (Dr. Luard), the Public Orator, and the Professor of Latin ; Professor A. W. Ward, of Manchester (now Master of Peterhouse), and Christopher Wordsworth ; Professor J. W. Hales and Professor S. R. Gardiner of London, and Gabriel Monod of Paris. His courses of lectures on History (as well as those on the History of Education in 1885-95) practically involved the preparation of separate works on each subject, and the ground covered in each course was always clearly and comprehensively mapped out in a printed conspectus.

[He was also Birkbeck Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in Trinity College in 1890-94. It was in remembrance of this fact, and also of the help he had received, in the preparation of his *History of the University*, from several Fellows of that College, that, as the recipient of the bequest of his large and well-selected library, I presented to Trinity College a rare edition of a work in which the English of Bacon's *Essays* was brought up to date in the 18th century by being 'translated from the Latin by W. Willymott, Fellow of King's' (London 1742).]

The second volume of the History of the University appeared in 1884, embracing the ninety years between 1535 and the accession of Charles I. in 1625. In 1888 he produced (in Creighton's 'Epochs of Church History') a short 'History of the University,' ending with the University Extension Movement, and, in 1901, a small 'History of St John's,' while, in the interval between these two histories, he supervised and supplemented Canon Masterman's "Age of Milton," first published in 1897.

The preparation of these minor works was a partial reason for the long delay in the appearance of the third volume of his great History of the University; but that delay was also due to a desire to await the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography," to which he himself contributed not a few important articles. Among the best of his other articles was that on 'Universities' in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and that on the 'Albigenses,' in the "Dictionary of Ethics and Religion."

It was partly with a view to promoting the continued preparation of his History of the University that his College finally resolved on setting him free from the duties of a lecturer and a librarian, and on assigning him a pension on his ceasing to reside in college. In 1905 he accordingly took up his abode, for the last twelve years of his life, in the first of the few houses of Bene't Place, at the nearer end of the Lensfield Road, a house in St Bene't's Parish immediately facing a Cambridge monument of the early seventeenth century, and commanding a pleasant prospect in the direction of the Botanical Garden, in which he was gladly wont to walk. The change was accompanied with a marked, though not continuous, improvement in his health of body and of mind. It was in this house that, six years later, he brought to a close, and dedicated to the Master of St John's, the third volume of his history, receiving from the University, in the following year, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters*. It was there that he penned the concluding passage on the last of the Cambridge Platonists:—

"The influence of the convictions which these thinkers represented long survived. In these ancient halls and by the silent river,—athwart which, six centuries before, the Saxon dwellers around St Bene't's Church had gazed on the rising walls of the Norman's stronghold,—throughout the long conflict between Latin ecclesiasticism and English patriotism, no utterances, at once so cogent and so persuasive, had been heard. And as a band of 'harpers harping with their harps,' although their strains grow fainter with the receding ages, they still recall the celestial song over the manger at Bethlehem, that told of peace on earth and goodwill to men."

* 'Orator's speech' in *University Reporter*, 30 April, 1912, p. 937, and in *The Eagle*, vol. xxxiii, p. 357.

It was there that I visited him on two successive Saturdays in October. I found him keenly interested in the age of Bentley, . . . But his memory, never strong, was obviously weaker than before. . . .

As I rose to leave him my eye rested on two fine photographs on his mantelpiece. One of them was the likeness of a favourite godson, a son of Cloudesley Brereton, and a descendant of a niece of Sir Cloudesley Shovel*, the English admiral who, early in the 18th century, took part in the capture of Gibraltar; the other, that of a young relative of his own, who had died for England in the Battle of Jutland. It was evidently with a sense of personal as well as patriotic pride that he drew my attention to the fact that one of his relative's names was his own surname. At the age of nineteen, on the last day of May, 1916, John Mullinger Powell, of His Majesty's ship *Invincible*, had lost his life in a righteous war, whose ultimate aim is peace on earth. . . .

As literary executor of the late Dr. Mullinger, I may here add that, after carefully examining all the *collectanea* and the manuscript materials for the proposed fourth volume of the *History of the University*, on which he was engaged during the last six years of his life, I found, to my regret, that very little had been left in a sufficiently finished form to warrant publication. Thus the three volumes alone remain as a great monument of the author's researches on the history of the University. The historian's long labours ended, as they had begun, with the age of the Cambridge Platonists.

I append a few extracts from letters which I have received from Dr Mullinger's cousin, Mrs. Francis Turner, of Richmond, Surrey:—

I and my sisters were frequently sent to be the companions of my cousin James, until he was sent to be educated by Mr Jameson, of Ramsgate. When he was about 17, he returned to live with his father at Bishop Stortford, always studying assiduously with a view to going to Cambridge. He and his father were interested in the Boys' School, the Principal (Mr Young) having taken the house where Miss Bass, James' aunt, had a school. My father's family came from Flanders with 'les Gueux' and settled in Suffolk, and my father (George

* Cp. Obituary notice of the late Canon Colson (who was descended from the same niece), *The Eagle*, xxii, 399 (1901).

Mullinger) was a freeman of Ipswich. His parents dying when he was 18, the duty of bringing up his six brothers and sisters devolved on him; and of these James' father, John, was the youngest.

I rejoice that you so truly recognise James' rectitude and admirable qualities; my husband and I always highly esteemed him; few realised the life-long suffering caused by his lameness.

I was so glad my daughter was able to be at his funeral; my great age does not permit me to travel about much: I am 86, my sister died at the age of 91 a fortnight ago. My daughter told me how impressive and beautiful the service was.

The daughter says of a small legacy of silver plate:—

It has brought us great pleasure, apart from its intrinsic value, as it has made my mother talk more of the past. People of her generation started their lives with such high ideals,—such a strong sense of duty. It is inspiring to hear of them.
J. E. SANDYS.

The esteem in which Dr Mullinger was held by historians elsewhere is sufficiently proved by a letter addressed to Dr Tanner by Mr R. L. Poole, Keeper of the Archives, Oxford, and Editor of the *English Historical Review*:—

I read yesterday with much regret of the death of my old friend, Bass Mullinger. He had lived a long life, though how long it was I never knew for certain until now; and he had done work of remarkable quality. His early book, on the 'Schools of Charles the Great,' had a distinction of style and a breadth of philosophical outlook which marked it off from the class of compilations. This character is of course much more strongly displayed in his 'University of Cambridge,' of which the second volume appears to me on the whole the most masterly. But all through there is a finish and style which makes one always turn to the book with pleasure.

It must be some twenty-five years ago that I first became acquainted with Mullinger through being his colleague as examiner for the Light-foot scholarship. I shall never forget an evening I then spent with him, when he arranged a private combination-room in his rooms, and J. E. B. Mayor was in the best vein for talk. Since then we have often met, not only in Cambridge but in Oxford and Rome. I went to call upon him when I was last in Cambridge just two years ago, and found him just as ever, only a little older.

For further details, see *The Eagle*, xxxix, No. 176, p. 253, where, as the date of the termination of his lectureship on the History of Education, for 1893, read 1895. For lists of those of his books which were either bequeathed by himself, or given by Sir John Sandys, to the College Library, see *ibid.* 270-274. Sir John Sandys has also presented about 180 of Dr Mullinger's books to the Seeley Memorial Library (for History and Comparative Politics).

THOMAS GWATKIN.

The Rev. Thomas Gwatkin, formerly Fellow of St John's College, died on October 15th at his house in St Paul's Road, Cambridge, at the age of seventy-nine. He had been in failing health for some years, and of late had not been able to leave his house or garden.

The Gwatkins were an old Hertfordshire family. Thomas was the eldest son of the Rev. Richard Gwatkin, of St John's, who was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman in 1814. After gaining high distinction as a teacher and exponent of mathematical studies, and being Tutor of his College for several years, Richard Gwatkin accepted in 1832 the College living of Barrow-on-Soar, in Leicestershire.

Here Thomas Gwatkin was born in 1839. He was educated partly at home, and partly at school in Lincoln, and later at Shrewsbury School under Dr Kennedy. In 1858 he entered St John's College with a school Exhibition, and in due course was elected Scholar. He took his degree in 1862 with a First Class in the Classical Tripos. He was a sound scholar, with a delicate appreciation of the niceties of language and a keen enjoyment of literary style; he was particularly good at Latin Verse composition. After his degree Gwatkin at once took up school work and held masterships first at Bromsgrove School, then at the City of London School and at Dulwich College, and finally became second master at Lancing College. Many pleasant recollections of his ability and tact and ever ready kindness have come to us from old pupils from time to time. Meanwhile he had been elected a Fellow of St John's College in 1864, and was ordained in 1865. He vacated his Fellowship on his marriage in 1867 with the younger daughter of Henry Graves, of Ilford, Essex.

After a time he found a schoolmaster's life too exacting for his strength, and he returned to live in Cambridge in 1872. Here he remained without a further break, taking a good share of classical teaching and examination work, and doing occasional clerical duty. He edited the First Philippic of Demosthenes in 1883, and Aeschines in Ctesiphontem, with E. S. Shuckburgh, in 1890.

After some years his strength began to fail, and those who knew him only in his later days can have no idea of the charming personality which was once his. He was a genial and delightful companion, quick to note anything amusing in men and things, with a quaint and playful satirical humour which nothing seemed to escape, but which never left a sting. His familiar letters were gems of happy thought, often enlivened with caricatures and funny drawings. He had a strong artistic side, and inherited from his father taste and skill in music.

Closely connected as he was with St John's through three generations, for his sons had duly followed in their father's steps, it was fitting and right that the funeral service should be held in the College Chapel. We had an impressive and very beautiful service on October 22nd. The officiating clergy were Dr Bonney and Dr Stokes, the late Vicar of St Paul's, Cambridge, an old and valued friend. The Vice-Chancellor was represented by the Master of Emmanuel. The lesson was read by our Master, and among those who met the coffin at the College gateway were the President (Dr Liveing), the Public Orator (Sir John Sandys), the Rev. W. A. Cox, and other senior graduates and friends of by-gone days.

C. E. G.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Michaelmas Term, 1918.

MILITARY HONOURS.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* issued 5 July 1918 gives the statements of service for which the Military Cross was awarded as announced in the *London Gazette* of 4 February 1918.

2nd Lieut. John Bateson, R.F.A., Special Reserve.

When his battery was being heavily shelled he twice went through an intense barrage to find a medical officer and assist a wounded man to the dressing station. On the same night, while helping a wounded man to the dressing station, his party was caught in a heavy barrage, and all of them were wounded. Though wounded himself, he went forward to the dressing station and brought back help. He showed splendid courage and self-sacrifice.

Lieut. Bateson was elected an Exhibitioner of the College; he is the son of Mr William Bateson, Honorary Fellow of the College and grandson of the late Dr W. H. Bateson, formerly Master.

Lieutenant (acting Captain) Herbert Richard Dudfield May,
Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

He stood his ground in an isolated advanced trench for over 20 hours against a strong enemy attack, and was successful in holding it until ordered to withdraw. He afterwards took his company into another part of the line, and led three charges against the enemy. He shewed great gallantry, coolness and untiring energy, inspiring all ranks under him.

Lieutenant May (B.A. 1900) was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple 19 June 1901; he was a McMahon Law Student of the College.

Captain Jesse John Paskin, Worcestershire Regiment, attached
Machine-Gun Corps.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in command of his company during three days' operations. During a counter-attack, after two of his guns had been

knocked out, he led the remaining two of the reserve to a more forward position, and effectively assisted in keeping the enemy in check.

Captain Paskin entered the College in 1912, joining the Army at the end of his second year.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* issued 18 July 1918 gives the statements of service for which the Military Cross was awarded as announced in the *London Gazette* of Feb. 18.

Lieutenant (acting Captain) Robert Cecil Hearn, London Regiment.

He led his company with marked skill and courage in the face of heavy machine-gun and rifle fire, and succeeded in capturing a strong position, together with 80 prisoners, including a battalion commander and three other officers.

Captain Hearn was killed in action 30 April 1918.

Temporary Captain Michael Trevisky Sampson, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

His company was ordered to hold a village against an enemy attack. He made most skilful dispositions, and held his ground against repeated enemy attacks. He led several counter-attacks and displayed the greatest coolness and contempt of danger. His behaviour was an inspiration to his men, and it was largely owing to his efforts that an important village was held intact throughout the day.

Captain Sampson entered the College in 1914.

AWARDS OF THE MILITARY CROSS AND BAR.

3 June 1918.

L. R. D. Anderson, Captain, R.F.A.

H. C. Stanford, Captain, Intelligence Corps, General List.

22 June 1918.

Captain James Bury Sterndale-Bennett, S. Wales Borderers, Special Reserve.

During an enemy attack he proceeded, despite heavy fire, over the open from post to post, organizing and directing the fire of his men. His gallant behaviour instilled the utmost confidence in all ranks, and he set a fine example of coolness and courage.

26 July 1918.

Bar to the Military Cross.

2nd Lieut. George Austin Gill, M.C., Royal Garrison Artillery, Special Reserve.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty whilst in command of a howitzer battery. During a withdrawal, when the battery got blocked on the road and had to be abandoned, he with one other officer remained behind, setting fire to all the mechanical transport, and partially disabling the guns, thereby preventing them being of use to the enemy (M.C. gazetted 26 September 1917).

16 September 1918.

Bar to the Military Cross.

Major Maurice Charles Cooper, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, attached Machine-Gun Corps.

During recent operations he was in command of a machine-gun group, and, in addition, commanded a composite infantry battalion. He did very valuable service, and showed fine courage and powers of leadership.

The award of the Military Cross to Major Cooper appeared in the same *Gazette* as follows :

For five days this officer was untiring in visiting his sections and reorganizing his defences. On many occasions he made personal reconnaissances of the ground in front of the infantry line, bringing back valuable information. Throughout he handled his guns with skill and success.

Bar to the Military Cross.

Major Michael Trevisky Sampson, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

When the officer commanding the battalion disappeared the command devolved upon this officer, and during three days' operations the battalion repeatedly distinguished itself under his leadership. He was wounded while leading a counter-attack (Military Cross gazetted 18 February 1918).

Military Cross.

Captain Arthur John Beard, Border Regiment.

This officer has shewn great skill in handling his company, and his cheerful demeanour encouraged his men. He was particularly to the fore during a period of withdrawal, when his example was of great value in steadying all.

Captain Harold Francis Brice-Smith, Royal Army Medical Corps.

This officer displayed great gallantry during ten days' severe fighting, attending to wounded men under severe hostile artillery fire. He was himself wounded in the arm

at an early stage, but with unselfish devotion he remained at his duty throughout the operations, rendering most valuable service night and day, although suffering great pain from his injuries.

Major John Wycliffe Linnell, M.D., R.A.M.C.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in dressing and evacuating wounded under shell fire during five days' operations. On two of the days, at great personal risk, he cleared wounded from villages which were being shelled.

Rev. Matthew Mullineux, New Zealand Chaplain's Department.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during two days' hard fighting. When the medical officer had become a casualty early in the morning of the first day, he took charge of the Regimental Aid Post, dressed the wounded, and superintended their evacuation. The Regimental Aid Post was subjected to very heavy high explosive and gas shell fire for twelve hours, and but for his skill and excellent dispositions, serious congestion would have occurred. His untiring energy and cheerful service in providing comforts for the troops under most adverse circumstances were of the greatest value to all ranks of the battalion.

Captain George Lewis Reade, Rifle Brigade.

During ten days' retirement he handled his company with the greatest courage and skill, and by his personal example gave to all who came in contact with him the utmost confidence. On one occasion he displayed a total disregard of all danger whilst holding up a large number of the enemy, only falling back when outflanked and ordered to do so.

24 September 1918.

Bar to the Military Cross.

Captain Arthur James Bentley, Border Regiment.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an enemy attack. Seeing troops on the left flank withdrawing in small bodies, he collected them and brought them back to their position under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. Thanks to his cool and untiring conduct the left flank was kept intact for several hours until orders were issued to withdraw. Throughout he showed a fine example to his men.

For the award of the Military Cross to Captain Bentley, which appeared in the *Gazette* of 16 Sept. 1918, see above.

WAR IN EAST AFRICA.

27 July 1918.

Military Cross.

Captain Fergus Dunlop Morton, Highland Light Infantry, attached Royal Fusiliers.

AWARDS FOR HOME SERVICE.

3 June 1918.

To be C.M.G., Lieut.-Col. Ernest Arthur Weston, R.E., Inland Waterways and Docks.

General Milnes' list of Mentions.

11 June 1918. Salonika Force.

M. C. Cooper, Captain, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

Flying Honours.

2 July 1918.

Distinguished Flying Cross: Lieutenant (Honorary Capt.) E. J. P. Burling.

General Marshall's list of Mentions. Mesopotamia Force.

27 August 1918.

W. H. G. Filmer, Captain E. Kent Regiment.

General van Deventer's list of Mentions.

6 August 1918.

Lient. J. N. Taylor, Indian Army Reserve of Officers.

SOLDIERS' SERVICES.

Recognition by the Secretary of State.

13 August 1918.

The names of the following have been brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War for valuable services rendered in connection with the war, and when applicable an entry will be made in the records of services:

Capt. T. B. Franklin, unattached list T.F.

Major R. Sterndale-Bennett, unattached list T.F.

Honour conferred by the King of the Belgians.

Commander of the Order of Leopold.

The Right Hon. Lord Moulton, G.B.E., K.C.B.

Flying Honour.

2 November 1918.

The Air Force Cross.

Captain E. L. Pralle, Royal Air Force.

French Honours.

Croix de Guerre.

4 November 1918.

Captain F. L. Engledow, Royal West Kent Regt.

22 November 1918.

Lieut.-Col. F. Worthington, D.S.O., R.A.M.C.

Major P. H. N. N. Vyvyan, M.C., Army Service Corps.

Sir J. Larmor, Lucasian Professor, was in August last appointed a member of a Committee to enquire and report as to any improvements which may appear desirable to be made in the conditions of service and in the methods of remuneration of teachers in intermediate schools in Ireland, and in the distribution of the grants made from public funds for intermediate education, and as to the best means in the public interest of effecting such improvement.

On July 16 it was announced that the French Academy of Sciences had awarded the Poncelet Prize for Mathematical Sciences for the year 1918 to Sir Joseph Larmor (B.A. 1880), Fellow of the College, Lucasian Professor and M.P. for the University.

On October 16 it was announced that the King had been pleased to give authority to certain officials of the Ministry of Munitions to wear the Decorations conferred upon them by the King of the Belgians in recognition of valuable services rendered by them. Amongst them is the name of the Right Hon. Lord Moulton, G.B.E., K.C.B., Honorary Fellow of the College, a Commander of the Order of Leopold.

On 7 August 1918 it was announced that Lieut. General Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow, K.C.B., C.M.G., had been appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Western Command, and had entered on his duties at the command headquarters at Chester on 4 August.

An Inter-Departmental Committee, to be known as the Officers' University and Technical Training Committee, has been appointed by the President of the Board of Agriculture, the

President of the Board of Education, the Minister of Labour, and the Minister of Pensions to advise the Departments concerned as to what courses of education and training it may be desirable to arrange for the benefit of officers and ex-officers of His Majesty's Forces and men of like standing, particularly with a view to fitting them for suitable employment after the war; it will consider any general questions arising in connection with such education and training, and when necessary will advise individual officers as to suitable courses of training.

Mr F. J. Bullen (B.A. 1914), of the Appointments Department, Ministry of Labour, has been appointed one of the two Secretaries of this Committee.

Lord Moulton, Honorary Fellow of the College, was in July last appointed President of the Association of British Chemical Manufacturers.

Mr J. Alderson Foote, K.C. (B.A. 1872), formerly MacMahon Law Student of the College, has been appointed Chairman of the General Council of the Bar.

Major Henry Terrell, K.C., M.P. (admitted 1879) has been elected Master of the Glovers' Company.

Mr G. T. Whiteley (B.A. 1895), Clerk to the Croydon Justices, has been appointed Clerk to the Justices of the Newington Division of the County of London.

Mr A. G. Roby (B.A. 1884) has been appointed a Governor of Sedbergh School on the nomination of the College.

Dr John Robinson Airey (B.A. 1906), D.Sc. London, Principal of the Municipal Technical College, West Ham, was on Nov. 4 appointed Principal of the Leeds Training College.

Dr Hildred B. Carlill (B.A. 1903), M.R.C.P., has been appointed Assistant Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

At the Quarterly Comitia of the Royal College of Physicians, held on July 25, Sir Humphry D. Rolleston, K.C.B., formerly Fellow of the College, was elected one of the Censors; Dr W. Hunter, C.B., one of the Curators of the Museum; and Dr P. Horton-Smith-Hartley, formerly Fellow of the College, a member of the Council.

At the Quarterly Comitia of the Royal College of Physicians, held on July 25, licence to practise physic was granted to B. F. Armitage (B.A. 1913), St Bartholomew's Hospital; and on the same day, at an ordinary meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, the diploma of membership was granted to him.

Mr H. Wachter, M.B., B.C. (B.A. 1897), has been appointed one of the medical referees under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1906, for County Court Circuit 49, Ashford, etc., County Courts.

The Senate of the University of London on 23 October 1918 granted the degree of D.Sc. for Engineering to Miles Walker (B.A. 1899).

On the 18th of June last the Senate of the University of London conferred the War Degree of B.Sc. on Lieutenant Edward Victor Appleton (B.A. 1914).

Mr T. H. Savory (B.A. 1918) has been appointed to a mastership at Aldenham School.

C. M. Precious, who entered the College in 1915 and has since been serving in the Army, has been awarded a Kitchener Memorial Scholarship of the value of £75 a year for three years.

Mr C. G. Leftwich (B.A. 1894), I.C.S., Director of Industries and Controller of Munitions, was in April last appointed Controller of Railway Traffic for the Central Provinces and Behar, in addition to his other duties; his headquarters to be at Nagpur.

Mr Balak Ram (B.A. 1900), I.C.S., has been appointed to act as Judge and Sessions Judge at Larkhana.

Mr G. Leathem (B.A. 1904), I.C.S., has been appointed to act as Collector of Bombay.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on October 28, the following members of the College were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year: *Vice-President*, Professor J. E. Marr; *Secretary*, Mr H. H. Brindley; *Members of the Council*, Mr F. F. Blackman, Prof. Sir J. Larmor, and Prof. H. F. Baker.

At the Annual General Meeting of the London Mathematical Society, held on November 14, the following members

of the College were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year: *Secretary*, Dr T. J. La Bromwich; *Members of the Council*, Sir J. Larmor, M.P., Prof. A. E. H. Love, and Major P. A. MacMahon.

A stained-glass window has recently been placed in the parish church of St Andrew, Wigan, for the double object of commemorating the work of the Rev. W. A. Wickham, its Vicar for thirty-eight years, and of serving as a memorial of his son, Lieut. Bernard William Theodore Wickham, M.C., who was killed in action at Ypres on 14 April 1917 (see *Eagle*, vol. xxxviii, 317).

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, June 1918.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 3.

Allsopp, H. L.

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS, Part II.

Class 1. Prosad, K. (*Physics*).

NATURAL SCIENCES TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 1.

Shaw, W.

Class 2.

Crowther, H. A.
Savory, T. H.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS, Part I.

Class 2, Division 1.

Gerson, G. H. A.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS, Part II.

Class 2, Division 2.

Denyer, C. L.

Ds Gasper, P. A.

COLLEGE AWARDS AT THE ANNUAL ELECTION, June 1918.

COLLEGE PRIZES.

MATHEMATICS.

Second Year. *First Class* (College).

Bhansali, M. D.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

READING PRIZE.

Philpot, F. H.

ESSAY PRIZE.

Third Year.

Davies, V. S. E.

HOCKIN PRIZE.

(for *Physics*).

Prosad, K.

NEWCOME PRIZE. (for Moral Philosophy). Not awarded.	CAMA PRIZE. Not awarded.	HUGHES PRIZE Not awarded.
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ADAMS MEMORIAL PRIZE. Not awarded.	HAWKSLEY BURBURY PRIZE. (for Greek Verse). Kitto, H. D. F.
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WRIGHT'S PRIZES.		
Mathematics.	Classics.	Natural Sciences.
Greaves, W. M. H.	Kitto, H. D. F.	Shaw, W.

ELECTED TO FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mathematics.	Natural Sciences.
Bhansali, M. D.	Prosad, K. Shaw, W.

HOARE EXHIBITION.

(for Mathematics).
Allsopp, H. L.

MACMAHON LAW STUDENTSHIP. Not awarded.	NADEN DIVINITY STUDENTSHIP. Not awarded.
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HUTCHINSON RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP.

Prosad, K.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, December 1917.

Scholarship of £80 :

(for Natural Science)	Bateson, M. (Rugby School).
(for Natural Science)	Thorneloe, A. H. (Northampton School).

Scholarships of £60 :

(for Mathematics)	Sawney, A. J. (Hymers' College, Hull).
(for Natural Science)	Standring, W. G. (Liverpool Collegiate).
(for Natural Science)	Jago, J. A. (Merchant Taylors' School).
(for Modern Languages)	Woodcock, W. W. (Manchester Grammar School).

Scholarships of £40 :

(for Mathematics)	Heath, E. A. J. (Merchant Taylors' School).
(for Classics)	Laming, E. L. (Oundle School).
(for History)	Lean, L. J. L. (Latymer Upper School).

Exhibition of £30 :

(for History)	Lucas, W. E. (Wellington College).
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CLOSE AND OPEN EXHIBITIONS, June 1918.

Open Exhibition of £70 :

(for Natural Science)	Nest, H. C. (Crypt Grammar School, Gloucester).
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Open Exhibition of £50 :

(for Mathematics)	Bartlett, J. S. (City of London School).
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Open Exhibitions of £40 :

(for Classics)	Duchesne, C. S. C. (Bishop's Stortford College).
(for Mathematics)	Godfrey, J. (St Alban's School).

To Dowman Sizarships :

(for Classics)	Phipps, T. E. D. (Bedford School).
(for Natural Science)	Baker, G. W. (Sir W. St John's School, Battersea).
(for Classics)	Kunt, G. W. (Crypt Grammar School, Gloucester).
(for Mathematics)	Baker, F. B. (Norwich Grammar School).

To Close Exhibitions :

Dunkerley, L. E. B., Somerset (Hereford Cathedral School).
Briscoe, A. D., Somerset (Hereford Cathedral School).
Smyth, E. B., Johnson (Uppingham School).
Percira-Gray, S. J., Vidal (Exeter School).
Williams, R. C., Munsteven (Peterborough School).

COLLEGE ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZE, 1918.

The Prize for Students of the Third Year is awarded to T. H. Savory (B.A. 1918) for his Essay, "The Influence of War on Literature".

JOHNIANA.

The following article appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* for 25 July 1918. The Rev. E. S. Dewick (B.A. 1866) died 10 December 1917 (see vol. xxxix, p. 247).

THE DEWICK GIFTS.

The 164 lots which were sold yesterday at Sotheby's as a "portion of a fine library, the property of the late Rev. E. S. Dewick, of 26, Oxford Square", though they included some interesting books, contained few of Mr Dewick's more important treasures. The following notes will indicate the present ownership of a good many of the rest, which, in accordance with the wishes he expressed, have been given to three departments of the British Museum and to the Fitzwilliam Museum and University Library, Cambridge.

By his thirty years editorship of the *Transactions* of the St Paul's Ecclesiological Society and his publication of the "Coronation Book of Charles V. of France", the Metz Pontifical, and Leofric Collectar, Mr Dewick earned a distinguished reputation as a liturgiologist, and most of his books, printed and manuscript, were liturgical. Two fine illuminated manuscripts from his collection, a Liège Psalter of the late thirteenth century and a Bible written in the Netherlands about 1410, now enrich the Fitzwilliam Museum, while four other manuscripts of great liturgical interest were earmarked for the British Museum. Of these a 14th-century Hereford Missal is an invaluable memorial of the English use of which (if we

except that "use of Bangor", the very existence of which is doubted) least is known, and a little Diurnal, written in the fifteenth century for Beverley Minster, improves the Museum's representation of the use of York. Two other fine service-books, set aside for the British Museum with these, came from abroad, one being a thirteenth-century Gradual of Parc, near Louvain, the other a Pontifical of Mende, of the early fourteenth century. Mr Dewick's son, the Rev. E. C. Dewick, Principal of St Aidan's College, Birkenhead, has supplemented his father's generosity by the gift of a fifth manuscript from the collection, the Pontifical of John II., of Baden, Archbishop of Trèves from 1456 to 1503, and also by enabling the Museum to purchase privately three other manuscripts, of which one is a Book of Hours, executed in the fifteenth century in France for a Scots Lady, Elizabeth Danielston, with some miniatures of exceptional interest, and the other two are dated fourteenth-century Italian service-books with illuminations.

Turning from manuscripts to printed books, we find the Cambridge University Library enriched with a Ratisbon Obsequiale, printed on vellum by Georg Stuchs at Nuremberg in 1491, a splendid Passionale of the following year, from the press of Steffan Arndes at Lubeck, and a Flemish version of the same book printed by Wolfgang Hopyl at Paris in 1505 for a Brussels bookseller. An imperfect copy of the 1498 edition of the "Golden Legend", from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, supplements another imperfect copy already in the University Library; and an anonymous edition of the "Regula S. Benedicti" is probably Proctor 9883, ascribed to Johann Schoeffer at Mainz. Lastly, a copy of the Latin Sermons of Nicolas Denyse, interesting typographically as from the press of Martin Morin at Rouen, the printer of several fine English service-books, is still more notable as being enclosed in a beautiful panel-stamp binding in most unusually fine condition.

The twelve printed books given to the British Museum fall into three fairly distinct classes. Two books of English interest, a Sarum Missal printed by F. Regnault at Paris in 1534, and a Primer of 1538, supplement or displace imperfect copies of the same editions already in the Museum. Another group consists of service-books, chiefly Horæ printed in Paris, for the rarer "uses": among these may be mentioned an Auxerre Horæ (P. Pigouchet for Simon Vostre, 1499) a Rouen Horæ (for Simon Vostre, c. 1506), an Orleans Horæ (c. 1510), and one "ad usum Romanum" (T. Kerver, 1515), but with some of the prayers in Spanish and in a Spanish binding. With these may be mentioned a magnificent Missal for the diocese of Utrecht, printed at Leiden in 1514, perfect and in fine condition, and in an early binding. The last group includes five editions, all printed at Venice—a Rosario de la gloriosa Virgine Maria (1536), a Monte Cassino Horæ (1545), and three Dominican service-books—a Missal (1550), Psalter (1551), and Processional (1590). Most of these are in the pretty, gold-stamped Italian bindings of their day; and two of the Dominican ones have the names of the nuns who owned them, "Suor Zanetta Fenollosi" and "Suora Faustina", stamped in gold on their sides.

In addition to manuscript and printed service-books, Mr Dewick was also a keen collector of coins of many countries and of all periods from the fourth century A.D. to the present time. His interest seems chiefly to have been in those series which illustrate religious history. By his wish the British Museum becomes possessed of such coins from his collection as it requires. Exact details will not be available until normal conditions return; but it may be said that the Byzantine, English, Anglo-Gallic, Italian, Swiss, and German series in the Museum collection will, as the result of his generosity, be enriched by a very large number of fine specimens of rare pieces, both in gold and in silver.

Collectors on a small scale when providing for the disposal of their treasures for the public good have two courses open to them. They may bequeath them: *en bloc* to some small institution which has nothing of the

kind already, and where, therefore, they will be kept together permanently as a collection, called after their donor's name. The desire to be remembered is strong in most of us; and this is the course to which most benefactors are attracted, though, unless they have been exceptionally successful in attaining at least representative completeness, the educational value of their bequest is thereby so greatly reduced that their gifts may become mere "curiosities". The other and harder course, which can attract only the real enthusiasts who care more for their subject than for their own glory, is to be content, and proud, to fill gaps in existing collections, and thereby help them to increase knowledge. It is characteristic of Mr E. S. Dewick that he chose this latter course; and his gifts so carefully and generously distributed deserve all the more gratitude because of the entirely unselfish spirit which dictated them.

The following letter appeared in the *Literary Supplement* for 1 August 1918:

THE DEWICK GIFTS.

(To the Editor of *The Times*.)

Sir,—From the article bearing this title in your last issue many of your readers may probably for the first time have heard the name of the Rev. E. S. Dewick. As a ripe scholar and a diligent and serious student, Mr Dewick deserves to be more widely known. The later years of his life were mainly devoted to his work for the Henry Bradshaw Society, of which he was the treasurer. As one who was intimately connected with Mr Bradshaw and a lifelong friend of Mr Dewick, perhaps I may be permitted to add a few slight touches to the sketch you gave of a man of rare ability and of many and richly diversified gifts, whose retiring nature shunned anything like publicity.

Mr Dewick matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge, in the early sixties, and graduated in the Mathematical Tripos as a Wrangler in 1866, but I think his contemporaries would agree with me that his place in the list by no means represents his mathematical and general ability. When he became a fellow-master with me in Bromsgrove School, soon after his degree, I remember he told me that in his third year at Cambridge he conceived so great a dislike to the system of mathematical "coaching" as then carried on by the great Senior Wrangler maker of those days that he almost entirely abandoned his mathematical reading and devoted himself to more congenial studies—amongst others to Hebrew, Anglo-Saxon, and the natural sciences, more especially geology; and some of these in later years were destined to yield good fruit. I should say that when I first knew Mr Dewick he was chiefly interested in antiquarian research, church architecture, and English literature. He took in *Notes and Queries* and was a constant contributor to that periodical, and I well remember the delight with which he introduced me to the Arber English reprints which at that time were beginning to appear in their familiar grey-coloured paper covers. After leaving Bromsgrove he became a master at Eastbourne College, and with his other duties he found leisure to take a class of boys in geology. From time to time he read papers before the Geological Society, and I believe some of his communications were highly commended by that veteran geologist the late Sir Roderick Murchison.

Mr Dewick was a man of impulsive and generous nature, and to all charitable appeals liberal beyond measure. In politics he was a Conservative, and in his religious opinions a moderate High Churchman. He greatly enjoyed travelling on the Continent, but towards the end of his life confined his rambles to his own country, more especially to Scotland. The last time I saw my friend was when he visited me in a nursing home in London, and it is characteristic of the man that he was so intent on

cheering me that he did not give me the slightest intimation that he himself was suffering from a mortal disease, to which within a few weeks he succumbed. It has been said of a certain lady that to know her was a liberal education. If to any man, this saying might well be applied to Mr Dewick; for it was difficult to touch upon any subject of art or literature that he failed to adorn. Mr Dewick married Miss Emily Chisholm, who survives him, and he leaves an only son, the Rev. E. C. Dewick, who, like his father, graduated at St John's College. Mr E. C. Dewick obtained two University distinctions, and is the author of "Primitive Christian Eschatology", and now holds the responsible position of Principal of St Aidan's College, Birkenhead.

H. T. F.

Gouville and Caius College.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The College Debating Society, having struggled into re-existence last year, has been very active during the Term. At a general meeting at the beginning of the term H. D. F. Kitto was elected president in the place of Captain Dumas, who has gone down. A. S. Le Maître, having resigned the secretaryship, was elected vice-president; A. J. C. Brown was elected secretary and treasurer, and W. M. H. Greaves and G. A. Lyward to the committee. Later J. A. Struthers was co-opted member of the committee, in place of G. A. Lyward, who found it impossible to attend committee meetings.

The Society opened the year with a "Freshman's" debate on the colonial question: "This House demands that the British Empire retain those colonies she has won from Germany during the war." The principal speakers were F. B. Baker and T. P. D. Murray, for the motion; and E. G. Dymond and T. C. Young, against the motion. In open debate A. S. Le Maître, K. B. S. Smellie, and W. R. Foster supported the motion; and W. M. H. Greaves, A. J. C. Brown, H. L. Allsopp, H. D. F. Kitto, and Cadet Burton spoke against the motion. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 10.

Dr Tanner, who presided, proceeded to congratulate the Society on its restoration, and on its restoration of the "solid" debate, with the use of Blue Books, etc. He said that later Union debating tended to "shallow epigram and flatulent generality." The House was much amused to hear about the gentleman in the Union Debate "whose waistcoat and trousers would not meet."

The second debate of the Term was held conjointly with St Catharine's College Debating Society; the motion was,

'This House believes that the establishment at the coming Peace Conference of a League of Nations, such as will guarantee the future peace of the world, is a practical possibility.'

I. David, of St John's, was to have opened the debate, but as he was ill with influenza his opening had to be transcribed and read by H. D. F. Kitto. S. N. Salmon, of St Catharine's, also supported the motion. J. C. S. Bennett (St Catharine's) and A. S. Le Maître (St John's) spoke against it. After the debate had been declared open, Cadet Burton, A. J. C. Brown, H. D. Ratcliff, W. M. H. Greaves, and Cadet Maw supported the motion, and B. Chilton and two Cadets opposed it. The motion was lost by 30 votes to 19.

This meeting of the Society was presided over by Mr Benians, who gave some reminiscences of his first debates in the Society.

The seventh meeting of the re-constituted Society was held on November 9th. The motion was: "This House would welcome a Coalition Government as a result of the coming General Election."

The speakers were K. F. T. Mills and Cadet Burton for and H. A. Allsopp and Cadet Baum against; and, in open debate, A. S. Le Maître and two Cadets for and Cadet Maw, I. David, A. J. C. Brown, W. M. H. Greaves, and P. L. Babington against. The motion was carried by 20 votes to 12. The President was in the chair.

On Nov. 14th the eighth meeting of the re-constituted Society was held, the President again presiding. H. F. Holden proposed the motion that: "This House deplors the materialistic tendencies of modern education," and was seconded by J. S. Bartlett.

K. B. S. Smellie opened the opposition, and was supported by Cadet Burton. In the course of the debate A. J. C. Brown and H. D. F. Kitto supported the motion, and W. M. H. Greaves, G. A. Lyward, O. Iyengar, A. S. Le Maître, and H. A. Allsopp opposed it. The motion was lost.

On Monday, Dec. 2nd, the Society debated with Christ's College Debating Society, called the Milton Society, this motion: "This House believes that disarmament would result in degeneracy." Capt. Balfour, of Christ's, opened the debate, and was seconded by J. A. Struthers, of St John's. W. M. H. Greaves (St John's) opened the opposition, and was supported by H. Parker (Christ's). In the course of the debate A. S. Le Maître and L. Bloomer spoke for the motion,

and H. D. F. Kitto, L. H. Perraton, K. L. Moudgill, A. E. Slater, Lt. Clynes, and H. F. Holden against it. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 10.

The Society held the last meeting of the Term on Saturday, Dec. 7th, when an Impromptu Coffee and Smoking Debate, a less "solid" form of ending a term's debates, was held.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

While last year saw the renewal of the Debating Society and the Lady Margaret Club, this Term has seen the re-formation of the College Musical Society. After due conference with Dr. Rootham, an undergraduates' meeting was held on Oct. 22nd, in A. Brown's rooms, to discuss the situation. The meeting decided to re-start the Society, and proposed to ask Professor Rapson, who was Treasurer when the Society collapsed in 1914, to be both President and Treasurer. A Provisional Committee of four was elected, consisting of F. H. Layman, H. D. F. Kitto, W. R. Foster, and A. J. C. Brown, the latter being elected Secretary.

A meeting was held in Dr Rootham's rooms on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, after Hall, at which Prof. Rapson gave a *résumé* of the past activities of the Society and of its financial position, which he characterised as very sound. Dr. Rootham then talked on the Society generally. The Provisional Committee was ratified at this meeting.

The Society has been unable to get going much this term, but has started practising songs for male voice choir and pianoforte trios. It hopes to be able to start in full vigour next Term, and to give its first smoking concert early in the Term.

L.M.B.C.

This Term the Club has increased its membership, and instead of the four of last year we were now able to do our tubing in eights. Other colleges are following our lead, we are glad to note, and it is hoped that, with the continued influx of fresh talent, Lent races may be held next Term. Dr Rootham, who has done so much to help in the re-starting of the Club, has accepted the vacant presidency. He continues, and we hope with some success, to instruct us how to turn our unwieldy "octopus" into something like an eight.

H. D. Ratcliff succeeds A. B. Dumas as boat captain, and of last year's four there are also with us N. Perasitch (bow) and R. M. Thompson (cox).

THE COLLEGE MISSION.

President—The Master. *Vice-Presidents*—The President, Mr Graves, Sir J. E. Sandys, Mr Cox. *Missioners*—Rev. R. B. Le B. Janvrin, Rev. J. H. Yeo. *General Committee*—Mr Bartlett, *Mr Cunningham, Mr Hart, Mr Kidd, Mr Palmer, Mr Previlé-Orlon (*Senior Treasurer and Acting Senior Secretary*), Dr Stewart, Dr Tanner, Mr Ward, *Mr Yule, H. L. Allsopp, J. S. Bartlett, H. S. Collins, I. David, E. G. Dymond, W. R. Foster, G. W. K. Grange (*Jun. Sec.*), W. M. H. Greaves, H. F. Holden, H. D. F. Kitto, F. H. Layman, A. S. Le Maitre, J. E. Lloyd, G. A. Lyward (*Jun. Treas.*), K. F. T. Mills, J. N. F. Morris, J. C. Oakden, D. F. Sykes G. R. H. Wright.

* Temporarily away from College.

The annual meetings of the General Committee and Governing Body took place on November 22nd. The chief items of business were the election of fresh members of the Committee and the Senior Treasurer's financial report, which shewed a very satisfactory balance, considering the disabilities imposed by war conditions.

The Senior Missioner, in spite of the fact that he discharges his duties single-handed, found time to be present, thus earning the gratitude of those who listened to his interesting account of the work of the Mission, especially during the past year. He called attention to various war-time activities, in particular the baby welfare work, of which the Mission formed a centre, and mentioned that the fact of the Hostel having been utilized as a refuge from air raids had enabled the Mission to get in touch with many whom they might not otherwise have reached. He referred to his colleagues, Rev. J. H. Yeo, Junior Missioner, who was doing good work in France in connection with the Church Army, and N. W. Hagger, Warden of the Boys' Home, now in command of two regiments of Red Finns on the Murman Coast. In closing, he put forward a suggestion that the time was now ripe when the whole position of the Mission might profitably be reconsidered. The work of the College, he said, had been blessed by the establishment of a useful parish with many prosperous activities, and could no longer

be described as pioneer work. It was the part of the College, he thought, to leave this work suitably provided for and carry its activities into fresh fields where the need for help was more urgent. We should thus forge, through the medium of a common hope and faith, another link with those of our less fortunate brethren who are beyond the pale of those privileges, spiritual and intellectual, which we enjoy.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during the half-year ending Michaelmas, 1918.

* *The asterisk denotes past or present Members of the College.*

Donations.

DONORS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Gailhabaud (J.). <i>L'Architecture du Vme au XVII^{me} siècle et les arts qui en dépendent.</i> 4 tomes. 4to. Paris, 1858. 10.14.83-86.....</p> | |
| <p>Cohen (H.). <i>Description historique des Monnaies frappées sous l'Empire Romain communément appelées Médailles Impériales.</i> 7 tomes. 8vo. Paris, 1859-68. 10.14.5-11.....</p> | |
| <p>Stevenson (S. W.). <i>Dictionary of Roman Coins.</i> Commenced by S.W.S., revised in part by C. R. Smith and completed by F. W. Madden. 8vo Lond. 1889. 10.12.2.....</p> | |
| <p>The Numismatic Chronicle and Journal of the Numismatic Society. 3rd series; Vols. VI-XX. 4th series; Vols. I-V. 8vo. Lond. 1886-1905. 10.15.1-20.....</p> | |
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| <p>Maskell (W.). <i>Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiae Anglicanae.</i> 2nd edition. 3 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1882. 11.15.6-8.....</p> | |
| <p><i>Archaeological Journal.</i> Vols. LIV-LVII. 4 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1897-1900. 5.9.....</p> | |
| <p><i>Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.</i> Vols. XXXV-XLI. 8vo. Lond. 1879-1885. 13.18.....</p> | |
| <p><i>Churches of Cambridgeshire.</i> Nos. 1-7. (Cambridge Camden Society publication). [<i>no more published, no covers or t.p. to this copy</i>]. roy. 8vo. Camb. 1843,44. 5.25.67.....</p> | |
| <p>St. John's College, Cambridge. <i>Statutes.</i> 8vo. Camb. 1885.....</p> | |
| <p>St. Francis of Assisi. <i>I Fioretti del glorioso messere Santo Francesco e de' suoi Frati.</i> A cura di G. L. Passerini. 2da edizione. 16mo. Firenze [1905]...
— <i>The Little Flowers of St. Francis.</i> Translated by a Tertiary. 16mo. Dublin, 1888.....</p> | |
| <p>Hanbury (Rev. W.). <i>The history of the rise and progress of the Charitable Foundations at Church-Langton.</i> 8vo. Lond. 1767.....</p> | |
| <p>Auli Gellii <i>Noctes Atticae.</i> H. Stephani <i>Noctes aliquot Parisinae, etc.</i> 16mo. Francofurti, 1624...
De <i>Liberio Arbitrio, Divorum Prosperi, Augustini et Ambrosii opuscula perquam erudita.</i> 16mo Basileae, 1524.....</p> | |
| <p><i>Liber Precum Publicarum [Greek]. Opera et studio E. Petili.</i> sm. 8vo. Londini, 1638.....</p> | |
| | <p>Rev. E. C. Dewick
[from the library
of the late Rev.
E. S. Dewick].</p> |
| | <p>J. Brownbill, Esq.</p> |

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Mr. Brindley.

Mr. Heitland.

The Author.

Mr. Hart.

The Author.

The Author.

The Author.

Mr. Glover.

Rev. T. G. Bonney,
Sc.D.Sir Joseph
Larmor.University
Librarian.

The Author.

Smithsonian
Institution.

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- Director,
Nizamiah
Observatory.

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