**OUR ALMA MATER.**

**RIVerview AND THE WAR.**

**Pte. Frank F. Makinson,** of the 1st Batt., A.I.F., was killed in action at Monquet Farm, on the 29th August, 1916. He enlisted in September, 1914, and fought right through the Gallipoli Campaign. He refused the offer of promotion, preferring to stay with his comrades of the “Fighting Thirteenth,” amongst whom he was most popular. He was a brave man and showed it many a time at Quinn’s Post, and later in France, by bringing in wounded men under fire. He was reported missing, with the whole of his platoon, after the action at Monquet Farm. Later on it was discovered that he had been wounded in the advance and was making his way back to a dressing station, when he was killed by a shell burst. He was buried where he fell, between the Pozieres Ridge and Monquet Farm. His C.O. of the 13th Battalion, Colonel Durant, wrote: “This lad was thought a great deal of by his officers and comrades,” and a survivor of his platoon adds, “I have lost the best mate I had since I left Australia. Always be proud of him, as he fought and died like a soldier.”—R.I.P.

**Captain Fred. Fanning,** of the 56th Battalion, A.I.F., was killed in action near Albert, on the Somme front, on the 5th November, 1916. At the outbreak of war he joined the 4th Battalion as a second lieutenant. On the 25th April he was mentioned in despatches for conspicuous and gallant services and promoted to lieutenant. He was again mentioned in despatches on the 3rd May, 1915, on the 25th August, 1915 (the fight through the whole of the Gallipoli campaign), and a fourth time on the 13th November, 1916, after the battle of Pozieres. During 1916 he was appointed captain, and transferred to the 56th Battalion. During his two years and four months’ service, he had only three days’ leave, and amongst other experiences had had the transport “Southland” torpedoed under him, and took charge of 350 men to be got away at the last moment at Gallipoli. On both occasions he was complimented for his fine work in managing his men. At the time of his death the 56th Battalion was engaged in an attack. In the course of it Captain Fanning was hit by a shell, and had an arm and a leg shattered. There was no hope of his recovery, and he died shortly after from the effects. He lies buried in the cemetery at Becored, near Albert. General Sir William Birdwood wrote of him: “He was such a keen and good soldier and threw himself so wholeheartedly into his work. He more than once spoke to me about taking it up as a profession, and his latest wish was to join the Black Watch, which I had hoped we might be able to arrange. But it was not to be.” Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Scott wrote to Colonel Fanning as follows: “His loss to my Battalion is very great. I could never have wished to have a finer officer. The fine example he set his men, together with his personal bravery and coolness in the fight, can never be forgotten by those who knew him. My chief regret is that he could not have been spared to wear some honours, which he undoubtedly could have worn had he lived.”—R.I.P.

**Capt. Roger Forrest Hughes,** A.A.M.C., died of wounds, caused by a shell burst, in the 1st Ambulance Advanced Dressing Station, between Fiers and Gendecourt (Sommie front), on the 11th December, 1916. He left England on the 1st December, and reached the front on the 6th. At 9 a.m., on the morning of the 11th, a wounded engineer was brought in, and Capt. Hughes went to attend to him. While he was thus engaged, two shells fell
into the station. He was badly hit by the splinters, sustaining a compound fracture of both legs. He did not lose consciousness at all, but remained cheerful and collected, giving instructions to attend to his orderly, who was wounded at the same time, as well as about his own dressings. His brother Geoffrey, a lieutenant in the R.F.C., stationed some 60 miles up the line, started that same day—though he knew nothing of Roger's condition—on an attempt to find him. He reached the hospital at Heilly just in time to be recognised. After that Roger became finally unconscious and died very quietly at 11 p.m. During the day Father Prescott, the chaplain, had heard his confession and given Holy Communion. He said that he had never met a man in his condition who died with such cheerfulness and resignation. Major Austin Curtin went over to see him, too, and adds in his letter: “He knew he was badly hit, and said to me that at best he knew it meant amputation; but that if he was going “to cross the line” to tell them at home that he had stuck it out, and was prepared, and that he was not afraid to die, and that he had a glorious five days at the front.” He was buried the next morning in the cemetery at Heilly. His brother, Geoff, Major Austin Curtin, and a small party of Anzacs followed his body to the grave. His diary was found written up to the night before his death. Two of the latest entries are as follows: Saturday, Dec. 2—Went to the Cathedral and received Holy Communion, which was the greatest consolation to me at the start of this adventure. Sunday, Dec. 10.—After breakfast read some of the Litanies of Christ in Mass prayers. (The last entry.)—R.I.P.

Lieut. Rollo Vavasour, R.F.C., died, after undergoing an operation, on the 16th January, 1917, in the Flying Corps Hospital, Bryanston Square, London. In the last number an account was given of his work in France during 1916, which earned high praise from his colonel. Towards the end of the year the strain of air service began to tell on his highly-strung temperament. He made light of his illness himself, and, characteristically, made no mention of it to the commanding officer. He was sent back to England to get rest and underwent a slight operation in London. In his weakened condition he was unable to resist the shock, and died, quite resigned and with all the rites of the Church. Father D. Considine, S.J., who attended him during his illness, pronounced the sermon at the Requiem Mass in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Marylebone. After the Mass the coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage, surmounted by wreaths. One wreath bore the inscription, “Good-bye, old Rollo! How we shall miss you! From your pals of the Flying Corps.” Three members of the Flying Corps followed immediately behind the gun-carriage, and the cortege, with its guard of honour and mourners, moved off towards St. Thomas’ Cemetery, Fulham, where the deceased officer’s uncle, Sir Thomas Vavasour, is buried, as well as his own sister, who died at the Convent of the Assumption two years ago.—R.I.P.

Lieut. William K. Brennan, died of wounds sustained in action east of the Canal, on the 20th April, 1917. Before joining the army he was a pastoralist in the Moree district, and left for the front in December, 1915. We have not received any further particulars of his service in Egypt or of the manner of his death.—R.I.P.

Pte. Arthur Nicholls, 23rd Battalion, A.I.F., was killed in action at Bullecourt, on the 3rd May, 1917. He was a qualified accountant by profession, and joined the Victorian forces at Melbourne in June, 1916. He reached England in October of the same year, and, after an arctic winter at Salisbury, went to the front in February, 1917. He was a man of fine religious instincts, and...
extremely well educated. His letters home show a delightful appreciation of travel and a wonderful breadth of interest. They are also really humorous. In one of his last letters, written from "Emoh Rue"—Our Home—France, April 13th, he says: "This letter is rather important, as it is the first from a real live dug-out. We are in one of Fritz's many abandoned trenches, and he has thoughtfully constructed them waterproof and warm, which was kind. Another advantage is that you can't slam the door, because there isn't one. . . . It is many moons since we saw any French people. The only language round here is present Seray. Yesterday we had a very Australian football match, while the Australian band played American ragtime—which, of course, was the most Australian thing they could have done. Apart from the fact that we say many things are "no bom," and make utterly unnecessary bets in francs, we might be in our native "Port or Cote."—R.I.P.

Lieut. James Brendan Lane-Mullins, of the Warwick R.H.A., was killed in action on the Somme front, on the 14th June, 1917. He was on duty at an observation post in an advanced trench at the time, and was responsible for the communications between the batteries and the infantry in an attack launched that day. The success of the attack was largely due to his work. Before it was over, however, a shell burst in the trench, and every man in it was either killed or wounded. Lieut. Lane-Mullins was badly hit, and died almost immediately without ever regaining consciousness. His body was brought back by his own men, and buried in Arras Cemetery. Lieut. Lane-Mullins spent two years at Riverview, and then went to Beaumont. He was much interested in military affairs, and served with various officers' corps in England. He passed the qualifying examination for a commission in the 4th Battalion, A.I.F., but, as he was under the prescribed age to take up his duties, he went to England and joined the Imperial Forces. He received a commission in the R.H.A., and went to the front in April, 1917. He was a most capable and courageous officer, who claimed his share of whatever risk was going, not because he liked it any more than other men, but because he thought it his duty. His O.C., Major Murray, writes of him: " . . . He had won the friendship and respect of every member of the battery. . . . It has been a great loss to us, as officers like him are not common." He was, above all, a deeply religious young fellow, who carried his godliness with him everywhere. The words of a fellow-officer are significant: "I have never met anyone with a purer mind than he had." A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the deceased officer's soul was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral on the 4th July, by the Rev. J. O'Gorman, in the presence of the Archbishop. There were in attendance, besides the family and immediate relatives, many clergy of the Archdiocese, members of the Religious Orders, and prominent citizens,
Father George Byrne, S.J., preached the sermon. At the end the "Last Post" was sounded by a bugler from the organ gallery. —R.I.P.

Pte. P. S. Baxter, 35th Battalion, A.I.F., was killed on the 9th June, 1917, at the battle of Messines. We have been unable to obtain any further news of his death beyond the fact that he was a stretcher-bearer on the day of the action, and left in the performance of his duty.—R.I.P.

Flight-Captain Melville Johnstone was killed in France in July, 1917, as the result of an accident. He led an air raid on St. Omer, and when returning a bomb caught in one of his landing wheels and exploded, causing his death. His brother Bryan (Joe) was stationed quite near with the artillery, and was able to be present at the burial on the next day. Melville was a delightful character, perfectly good and full of boyish humour and playfulness. At Riverview he was a great favourite with everyone. He did not care much for cricket or football, but was an excellent rifle shot. He was very loyal to Riverview, and, like his brother, often wrote to let the school know of his adventures.—R.I.P.

Liaet. George Vavasour was killed in action in France on the 12th October, 1917. Early in the war he was unable to go into camp on account of an accident he sustained. After several attempts he was at last accepted, and left in March, 1917, as a lieutenant in the 23rd Reinforcements. On his arrival in England he was immediately sent to the front with the N.Z. Rifle Brigade. No details of his death have yet been received, but it is probable that he was killed in the heavy fighting between Passchenarde and Hooge. Wood. Like his brother Rolfo, George was of the finest type of Catholic officer. He was a splendid soldier, too, having served in the N.Z. Territorial before the war. A letter from a friend of the family speaks of him as follows: "I had not the honour of knowing your son. But one day last summer I was visiting the military camp, and he was pointed out to me as the whitest man in the camp." We offer our sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour and to their family, who have had to bear more than a common burden in losing two sons and a daughter in the war.—R.I.P.

Pte. Herbert Hendy-Pooley was killed in the battle of Menin Road, on the night of the 21st September, 1917. He was born in England, and came to Riverview in 1895. He was for 27 years on the Registrar-General's staff in this State. He was one of the cheeriest and best of the men of the 1st Battalion, and fell at a time when, if he had not resisted, he would have been in hospital. He was simultaneously killed by a shell, and was buried with two comrades near Zonne Boseden.—R.I.P.

Gunner John Fernando died in Wellington, N.Z., on the 16th October, 1917, of illness contracted on active service. When the war broke out he was in America, practising dentistry. Returning home at duty's call, he enlisted in the artillery, went away as a gunner with the 7th Reinforcements, and fought in Egypt, Gallipoli and France. He was wounded in France, and, tuberculosis supervening, was invalided home. After two months in the Otaki Sanatorium it was apparent that he was not improving, so he was taken to his home in Wellington, where he was carefully nursed till the end came, five months later. He received the sacraments frequently during his last illness, and died a peaceful and edifying death. Jack was an extremely large-hearted and generous boy, and one of the finest athletes Riverview has turned out in recent years.—R.I.P.

Capt. Joseph Cloran was accidentally killed in France, on the 28th November, 1917. He was a man of splendid build, a

Pic: Paul S. Baxter.
O.R. 15-16.
Killed in action at Messines on the 9th June, 1917.
fine horseman and polo player, and the life and soul of the Quirindi country. He enlisted early in 1915, and was immediately sent to an officers' school, in spite of his protest that he wished to remain in the ranks. He went to England early in 1916, as transport officer for the 36th Battalion, and left for France in October of the same year as 1st Lieutenant and Brigade Transport Officer. He received his captaincy in May, 1917. He was in the battle of Messines, and wondered whether the mine explosions weren't heard even in Boggaubi. He got ten days' leave in Paris after the battle, and seems to have found out that no people on earth understand each other quite as well as French and Australians. We have not yet heard how and where he was killed, but with him we lose an Australian who was an honour to his country and to his school.

Just as we go to press we hear of the death of Claude Oswald Keenan. He has been missing in France since April, and is now known to have been killed.—R.I.P.

Lance-corporal Richard Craven, of the 1/7 London Regiment, was killed in action on the Ypres front on the 18th September, 1917. Before going into the line on that Sunday he went (according to his
practice) to Confession and Holy Communion. He was (in the testimony of his Chaplain) a most exemplary Catholic in every way. We know nothing of the manner of his death as yet, but the Chaplain states that he was buried in Stinecorse Wood.

-R.I.P.

Elsewhere we give Arthur Du Bois's account of his adventures with the Moewe. During the period that he was working with the French Red Cross Service behind Verdun, he had a strange meeting with an O.R. boy in the village of Bettancourt-la-longere. One day he was just starting in his car for Châlons with a refugee, when a young French lieutenant rushed up to him. We give the rest of the story in his own words:

"He: You are from Australia?
I: Yes.
He: Do you know Sydney?
I: I was born there.
He: Do you know St. Ignatius' College?
I: Yes, I went to school there.

He then fell on my neck and nearly wept for joy, as he explained that his name was Veyret, and that he also had been educated at Riverview, but had gone there a couple of years after I had left, in 1899. I got him and a brother officer to come and have a yarn that evening at the château, and we arranged to meet again the next day; but during the night they got a sudden call to Verdun, and I didn't see him again."

Godfrey ("Doctor") Johnstone is a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps. The boat in which he reached Plymouth disembarked her passengers and left immediately for another destination, but was torpedoed and sank as she left the port. Part of his training was done in Scotland, in Burns' country, the rest in the south of England. He has turned out a splendid aviator, with a weakness for looping the loop, and side slipping, which sometimes brings the authorities down on his head. On one trip he called on his sister, who is doing ambulance work in England, and spent a few hours with her. He then went up again, did some fancy turns overhead, and flew back to his hangar, some 80 miles away. Joe is a lieutenant in the artillery, and was gassed in September on the Ypres front. He spent some time in hospital at Abbeville, and was last heard of convalescent at Oxford. Dick is a staff-sergeant, and has been awarded the Military Medal. Sanders is a captain, and at the front, too. There were five Johnstones at Riverview, and all of them have seen service in France. It is a record of which the College is proud.

Lient. Norton Chester fought through the Somme battle with the 9th Battalion. He was slightly wounded by shell splinters, but was winning races at the battalion sports a few weeks later. In December, 1916, he was wounded again while carrying out a reconnaissance with a corporal and runner. A shell burst about ten feet away, killing the runner. A splinter 2½ in. long penetrated Norton's side. He got the corporal to pull it out, and then walked back three miles through rain and mud to a dressing station. He spent two days at Boulogne, and is now in England quite recovered.

Lient. Eric Chester was severely gassed shortly after, and was sent to England, too. He is reported to be quite well again.

Neville, who had been discharged from the service on account of a bad knee, managed to re-enlist, and is now with the Tropical Forces in New Guinea.

Six of the seven sons of M. and Mme. Playoust have seen service with the French colours. Though all of them have not been at school at Riverview, we may be allowed, in view of the remarkable record of the family, to say a word of those of the boys who have been to St. Aloysius' or St. Francis Xavier's, Kew. Stephane has been killed. Marcel has been posted missing these two
years, and nothing has been heard of him up to the present time; Jacques, who has won the Croix de Guerre, and was invalided back to Australia, and is again in the fighting line; Georges, who was really exempt on account of physical disability, is also with the French army, as are René and Maurice. Of these Marcel, Jacques and Georges were at Riverview. The youngest, Roger, is at St. Aloysius, and is not yet of age for service. M. and Mme. Playoust are in Paris doing war work.

The Rev. Cecil Lomeragan is chaplain with the Australians in France. He it was who recovered and buried the body of Father Bergin, S.J., who was killed by a shell close to Zonnebeke. On his departure he presented the College with a stained glass window, to be made by Hardman, of Birmingham. His brother Frank has been wounded, though not seriously, and is now in hospital at Bowen. He has been recommended for the Military Cross.

W. Macdonald is at the 24th Stationary Hospital in Egypt, where he had a strenuous time during the Gaza campaign. He is now a captain in the A.M.C. Some distinguished soldiers have passed through his hands, amongst others, Major Norman Oxenham and Lieut. F. McNamara, V.C., whose gallant conduct was described in a fine letter of Captain Macdonald’s that found its way into the Sydney papers.

Major Austin Curtin, A.A.M.C., is with the 12th Field Ambulance in France. Elsewhere mention is made of his presence at Captain Roger Hughes’ death and funeral. His engagement to Miss Cecily Hughes was announced quite recently.

Lieut. Hugh Douglas, who stroked the College crew in 1898, was captain of the First Eleven and Champion Athlete, took his platoon (of the 47th Battalion, A.I.F.) over the ridge in the battle of Messines. In the 47th Battalion ten officers were killed and seven wounded. Lieut. Douglas being
among the latter. He was in the thick of it for twenty-four hours, and was relieved after being buried by an explosion and wounded by a splinter of a gas shell in the left foot. His last letter was written while he was recovering in No. 3 General Hospital, Wandsworth.

From a professional card that he has sent us, we learn that Charles Gaudron has retired from the French army "mustille de lagnierre"—incapacitated from further service by honourable wounds. He has degrees in dental science from Philadelphia and Paris, and he is now Docteur. Charles Gaudron, Chirurgien-Dentiste, 4 Rue St. Florentin, Paris.

Lieut. A. Stuart Mason, 3rd Battalion, A.I.F., wrote to us last June. He has found while in billets that French people are very testy on occasions, as, for instance, when he was caught among their pear and cherry trees without permission.

To Col. W. Fallon it fell, in the absence of a Catholic chaplain, for some reason unknown, to look after the 300 Catholics on his transport on the way to England at the end of last year. So every Sunday he gave them morning prayers, the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the Epistle and Gospel, and, finally, a few words of advice.

Ted Sedgwick is in Egypt with the 6th A.I.H. He plays football in loose sand six inches deep. We wonder whether he still remembers how to cut for the line between the scrimmage and the breakaway? In the same regiment is another O.R. boy, Denis O'Sullivan.

Cecil Weaver was in London in April last. He tried to join the Australian Forces there, but did not succeed. He is now a first lieutenant in an Imperial battalion.

As a proof of the excellent efforts of classical studies on gunnery, we may cite the case of Lieut. Jack Pitcher, who (we hear from various sources) read Pindar and Plato between rounds loosed off at German planes, and has been awarded the Military Cross for excellent anti-aircraft shooting. He spent a part of his leave last January in visiting his old masters in Dublin and Limerick.

Horace Coates sailed with a Pioneer Battalion in December, 1916.

Lieut. Clive Conrick is with the Imperial Camel Corps east of the Canal. Both he and J. Kinkade were in the Magdubah and Rafa fights and came through safely. Joe Conrick is in Clive's old regiment, the 6th Light Horse, which is quartered in the same country.

Major Jack d'Apice is now Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of the Artillery at the War Office. Joe d'Apice spent five days' leave in August in North Devon on walking tours with a local priest, Father Northcote. He finds it hard to say which he likes better, the scenery along the Bristol Channel or Devonshire cream.

So many copies of "Our Alma Mater" have missed their way between this and Europe, that it is pleasant to read in a letter from Alf. McDermott that a copy succeeded in reaching him in France. Both he and his brother Stan have seen all the fighting in France that came the way of their battery, and have never missed a day's duty.

Lieut. René Unger (French Army) left with the 1st Noumen contingent in the cavalry. He saw fighting on the Salonika front, where he was present at the capture of Monastir. He received his commission on the field. He was invalided home at the end of 1917, but hopes to return when he has recovered.
Arthur Clift ("Breeze") writes from Coulter Hospital, London, to say that he had been through the Somme and Ypres battles and had left (we presume, wounded, although he does not say so) the latter battle when the advance reached Polygon Wood.

Driver William Clift was in the thick of the Somme battle in 1916, and was invalided home, suffering from shell shock. During the mid-winter vacation he came up to the College with his brother Jack and Father O'Connor, the chaplain of the transport. The gift of graphic narrative which seems to run through the Clift family provided a most happy evening round the fire for peaceful men who know nothing of the ways of guns. Arthur Clift is fighting in France, and Joe in Palestine.

Clive Brownless joined the Field Artillery in October, 1916, and has been in France since the beginning of 1917.

Gavan and Dick Quigley volunteered shortly after the outbreak of war, and went into camp in Sydney. Dick got ill and was declared unfit for active service. So he went and turned his knowledge of chemistry to account in a munition factory in Melbourne. He left early in 1916 to take up similar work in England. His brother Gavan is an acting bombardier, has been wounded, and has won the Military Medal. He is now attending an officers' school in England, preparing for a commission.

Jack Gately has been with the guns in France since the beginning of 1916. He has had a nervous breakdown that sent him back to an English hospital for some time, but he returned to his battery last February—the battery to which N. Macken and Alf and Stan McDermott are attached.

Company-Sergeant-Major W. Crooke, M.M., has been granted a commission on the field in France.

Major Norman Oxenham has seen fighting on three fronts, in France, in Egypt, and at Salonika, and is still safe and sound. Only once did he have to go to hospital. In Egypt he had a heart stroke, and was there attended by Dr. W. Macdonald, in the 24th Stationary Hospital. His brother Gordon is a lieutenant in the R.F.C., having won his flying certificate at Richmond and finished off in England.

Desmond O'Hanlon is in Palestine in a Camel Corps, and finds the desert the worst place in the world for settling a dispute with the enemy. Gerald succeeded in joining up after five attempts, and is now with the A.M.C.

Lachlan ("Lock") Mackenzie, who left us at the beginning of the year, is now in the N.Z. Forces. With Lock we lost one of the
hardest working students and finest athletes we have had of recent years.

News reached us in December that Capt. Charles Gavan-Duffy is in hospital in France suffering from gas poisoning.

Capt. Herbert Allan and his brother Keith (now a lance-corporal) are in the same brigade in France, Keith being in the battalion to which Myron (killed at Pozieres) belonged. Herbert has been awarded the M.C. for services which are described in the following letter from General Birdwood:

"I write to congratulate you very heartily upon the award to you of the Military Cross, in recognition of your good work in the operations on the Pewsham ridge, on October 6. I know that you displayed splendid leadership and courage in charge of your company, and although you had lost two of your officers, you assumed command of another company whose officers had become casualties, and contrived both companies with skill and initiative. Thank you so much for this."

Sgt. Paddy O'Flavin, of the 4th Battalion, was caught in a mine explosion in April, 1917, and badly hurt, and in August was still convalescent. His furlough of 6½ weeks he spent in Killarney. Frank Synott is in the same company of the same battalion. Lieut. Gus. Malone was their platoon officer on the voyage to England, but left them to follow various schools before going to the front.

Bryan Valletty is training at the Aviation camp in Melbourne.

Lieut. Paul de Lepervanche, having been killed in despatches, is now known to have been only wounded. He is remaining on duty. With him in the same battery is Capt. C. Gavan-Duffy. Lieut. de Lepervanche was with Capt. Fred Fanning when the latter was mortally wounded. Jean de Lepervanche is also in France—we do not know where—and still weak from the shrapnel wound he sustained in Gallipoli.

David McAlary is a lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, having received his wings in May last. He has been assigned the latest thing in scouts, two hundred horse power, 140 miles an hour—a paragon of aeroplanes. During a training flight he had to come down—owing to engine trouble—at Tewkesbury, where there has been no rumour of war since the time of Plantagenets. He had to spend five days there, and was given the honours due to the first aviator who appeared in the town. The populace came out to see him off, and it was only by a piece of good luck that he managed to get away without running anyone down.

Alain Paton, who left us in 1915 to accompany his father, Brigadier-General Paton, to Egypt, is now in the Artists' Rifles. He joined up on the eve of his 18th birthday, and is on the way to a commission.

Capt. Randial McDonnell, A.A.M.C., has been awarded the Military Cross. The official grounds for the award are stated thus in the “London Gazette”:

"For over 32 hours he attended more than 200 wounded, many having to be dressed in the open under heavy fire. His total disregard of personal danger was beyond praise."

Dr. McDonnell is one of Riverview’s most famous sons. He rowed in the winning crew both in the All Schools’ and the Inter-Collegiate Race in Sydney University. He volunteered at the beginning of the war from the Cambridge University.

That the “Croix de Guerre” was awarded to a J. Webster in the A.I.F. is certain, and we are not yet sure that it isn’t Driver J. Webster, of the 1st A.D.A.C., an old boy of Riverview. There is a gap of four months in the receipt of his letters home about the time the distinction was announced (though he had written regularly). Possibly he sent some account of the matter in a letter that
was lost. He had had some narrow escapes from death. Once his helmet was blown off, and on another occasion the two horses he was driving were killed by a shell. He has been to Ireland on leave, and met Neville Macken and Alf and Stan McDermott in Dublin.

**David Roth** has been promoted lieutenant in Egypt, and is aide-de-camp to General Royston. He went through the battle of Rafa safely, and has been mentioned in despatches four times.

We had a Bairnsfather postcard from Capt. Stan. McDonnell at Parkhouse Camp, Salisbury Plates. We would reproduce it only for copyright. The picture shows a soldier taking shelter from the rain in a leaky dug-out, with some clothes hanging out to dry on a pole. Shells are bursting in the background. The last verse of the legend attached runs as follows:

> Where is it that I'll catch a chill,  
> And lose my only quinine pill,  
> And probably remain until  
> I'm dug out?  
> My dug-out.

Pte. J. McKay spent from March to July in and out of the Somme line with the 59th Battalion. He saw some hard fighting near Riponne during that time until he was sent back to the 1st Anzac Corps School in the summer to prepare for a commission. When we last heard of him he was quartered at Balliol College, Oxford, with the 6th Officers’ Cadet Battalion, where, in the intervals of training, he was rowing bow in the best four on the River Isis. Bert McKay went with the 6th Light Horse Regiment to Palestine, and has lately been with a machine-gun squadron.

Sergt. Ulric K. Walsh, of Nowra, has been promoted on the field in France to the rank of lieutenant. Interesting articles from his pen on “Stretcher Bearers” and “What Artillery Activity Means” written from the front, have appeared in the Sydney papers.

**Jack Bolger** was recently at Queen’s College, Oxford, following the courses at an officers’ school. He passed the examination, but was put back by the medical board.

**Ted Hynes** left Sydney with the 18th Battalion Reinforcements in November, 1916. The change of climate proved too much for him, and he went from his transport to spend seven weeks in King George’s Hospital in London. When last heard of he was convalescent in No. 3 Australian Hospital in Dartford, Kent.

**John Marnane** has been wounded three times, and was in hospital in London last August on the way to recovery. **Maurice Marnane** is in Palestine.
OUR ALMA MATER.

In a letter from the I.C. Bombing School, Dublin, early in 1917, Lieut. Bryan Hughes, M.C., stated that he had refused an offer of six months' extension as instructor, and was returning to the front. He has since been wounded a second time. Lieut. Gilbert Hughes, who has recovered from the gas poisoning he sustained in the Loos battle, is also at the front again. Lieut. Maurice Hughes, R.G.A., has been severely wounded. Flight-Lieut. Geoff. Hughes, after a period of active service in France, has been sent back to England as instructor to an aviation school.

Christmas and New Year's greetings have reached us from Lieut. A. Stuart-Mason (France), Driver C. Wilkinson (England), Driver H. Craven (France), Evelyn Keenan (Palestine), Sergt. J. ("Joe") d'Apice (England), Sergt. A. M. Johnstone, and Majur J. ("Jack") d'Apice.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS.
Public Examination Results, 1917.

Leaving Certificate Examinations, 1917.

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Exhibitions in the Faculty of Medicine awarded on the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination—
E. Evans, A. Sullivan.


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The following boys passed the Matriculation Examination at the beginning of the year; Vincent Byrne, Lochlan Mackenzie, Alce Polson, and Harri Power.

Accidentally killed in France on the 10th Nov., 1917.
ROGER FORREST HUGHES.

Bright, brave, debonair, this is how those who knew him must always think of him. From his first coming amongst us he was ever the same: manly, frank, and gay with the true gaiety of a boy. His very maidenliness was too mettlesome, too high a spirit, to brook any appearance of injustice or unfairness, which he was as ready to detect as to resent with a quick flash of generous indignation. This is enough to explain his readiness to give all he had in the great cause. The generous indignation of his high spirit found its expression in doing this. His seeking the most dangerous post was a fresh proof of the deeper thoughts and affections which were below the bright surface of all his laughter and wit. In earlier ways he had given proof of these depths beneath the surface. From the very first days at school he threw himself into all the pursuits of play or study, and he was equally conspicuous for his devoted love of home and the duties he had learned to love in that home. I would like to speak of his Catholic faith, so spontaneous and unaffected; of his quick wit and well-stored mind, his classical and other literary tastes, developed and directed by those nearest to him from the earliest years of childhood; of the respect and boyish affection he so freely and frankly gave to Riverview, never to be dimmed by the passing years; of his charm of manner; of the strong character of which we were all conscious beneath that charm. Dante, in the "Purgatorio," says in a famous passage: "Cast down the seed of weeping, and attend." I am reminded of this when I think of the young lives of the thirty-five boys of Riverview, whom I knew and loved once, who have given those lives so bravely, but especially do I remember these words in connection with this bright spirit to whom life meant so very much of joy and promise, whether in a happy home of his own or in the pursuits of a public career. As I write I see him once again with his friend, Gavan Duffy—a contrast indeed with his fair hair and open blue eye, amused and yet eager, as the two go down to the wicket with bat in hand to knock up a big score between them, or strolling in to take his place as a leader in the debate against that friend, a doughty rival, concise of speech, keen in criticism, armed at all points. A generous rivalry which was to have a noble end indeed! May he remember his friends of old Riverview days as they will ever remember him.

—R. J. LITTLE, S.J.

DESMOND GAVAN DUFFY.

In Desmond there was a rare combination of gifts of character with gifts of mind. His nature was of such depth and consistency that one cannot think of his rare talents except as elevated and sustained by a quite extraordinary seriousness. He loved to grapple with the thing itself down below its mere outside show. He was often astonished, sometimes very much amused, sometimes very much disgusted, when he saw others playing the fool in words or acts. By nature he was too sincere and thoughtful to take things lightly and as a mere amusement. To him life was worth living, and thoughts were worth thinking, and he had the air of one who had no time for fooling with things or thoughts. In this respect he reminded one of Matthew Arnold's dictum about great poetry and, indeed, all great literature, insisting on the seriousness
to be fundamental in the defence of the most sacred of all truths. And he had a practical as well as speculative interest in these things. Thus, in the lecture hall of the University one day, he rose in his place and publicly charged the lecturer in history-to make good or withdraw some wild statement about the Church. The upshot of the affair was that the lecturer withdrew, and the student won the applause and esteem of all who heard him. I can recall in the school debates his "kindling mien," his eye of sombre fire, his noble serious tone, deep and deliberately measured, trembling with the gift of the orator, hereditary in his race; and I grieve to think of that voice stifled even by a most noble death.

In enlisting for the war he had none of the illusions of a lighter mind. He knew what he was going to face, and he went to face it most gladly. May he rest in that peace in which he believed as steadily and with a faith as loyal as his character was deep and true.—R. J. Little, S.J.

The "Clan Mackintosh" left Sydney, N.S.W., on 13th November, 1915, and after an uneventful trip reached Dakar, on the West Coast of Africa, on 12th January, 1916. Here we coaled and took on board a gun and two gunners, and left on the following day.

On 16th January, at 5.30 p.m., when about 150 miles to the north of Teneriffe, we noticed two steamers apparently crossing our track (these subsequently turned out to be the "Moewe" and the "Appam"). After tea one of these vessels was close up on the port bow and signalled with her Morse lamp "What ship?"—Our Captain then replied with the same question, and got the answer "Author" from Liverpool (this being the name of a ship the "Moewe" had sunk some days before). We then said "Clan Mackintosh," and immediately the signal came, "Stop instantly. I am a German cruiser." We replied, "We are stopped," but at the same time Captain Oliver sent word to the engine room to open out our engines to the fullest extent, and instructed the wireless operator to send out the S.O.S. and our position. The "Moewe" then fired a shot across our bows and signalled, "Stop your wireless and engines", but as we did neither she fired into us and smashed the anchor winch on the forecastle. Captain Oliver then instructed our gunners to reply with the gun, and the "Moewe" then fired at us very rapidly—shells bursting on all sides, and a good number flying harmlessly over our heads.

We were hit below the water line in No. 3 hold, the 2nd officers' and stewards' cabins just below the bridge were wrecked; then the engine room was hit, and clouds of steam filled it from a broken steam pipe. Another shell, which burst on the boat deck, killed 15 Lascars and wounded several who had rushed there at the first shot.

Captain Oliver then saw that the position was hopeless, and ordered our gunners to cease fire, and signalled the "Moewe" to cease fire, which she did. It would appear that our men failed to hit her at all, which seems incredible, as the action started at about 150 to 200 yards range.

The "Moewe" then signalled that she would send a boat, and it was not till this came alongside that we got our first glimpse of the German flag (owing to the darkness). We Europeans were lined up round No. 3 hatch and threatened with revolvers, while the Germans satisfied themselves that we had no arms. We were then told to hurry off and gather a few clothes to take away in small hand bags, and when we had done this were told to take to our boat. In the meantime the Germans were hanging bombs over the side of the "Clan Mackintosh," as she was not sinking fast enough for their pleasure. When we went on the boat deck we found that some of the Lascars had gone off alone in some of the boats, so the Germans had to take Captain Oliver, three engineers, the wireless operator and myself in their own boat. When we were about 150 yards away the two boats exploded, and the "Clan Mackintosh" began to settle down more rapidly, but she had not entirely disappeared when we were taken aboard the "Moewe." There we were lined up, and an officer took down our names and ratings in a note book, and as I was not in uniform he pushed his revolver under my nose and ordered me to throw up my hands while a sailor searched me for papers. This over, we were sent down into No. 2 hold, and discovered, to our amazement, that there were already about 250 British prisoners.