



ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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School Notes.

THE School reassembled for the Spring Term on January 15th. There was one new boy, M. G. Slattery.

One always looks forward with a certain trepidation to the so-called Spring Term. It is notoriously the season for juvenile disease, and even if a school is spared a regular epidemic, February weather seldom fails to reap a harvest of minor ailments. So it was consoling to find that, owing to the early date of Easter, the Spring Term 1932 was destined to contain only nine working weeks. The sequel will show that there was ample room for this consolation.

Within three days of the opening of the term a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, appeared on our horizon in the shape of one very mild case of influenza in the Junior School.

Fourteen boys earned the Ticket FERIA this term, and were taken to Dover, Hythe and Folkestone by Father Prior on January 21st. The Upper Third had the honour of contributing the largest quota to this merry party, no less than five of them having gained the required total of marks last term. We hope they will continue to keep up this record.

Meanwhile our little cloud was growing bigger and bigger. Some half-dozen of the younger boys caught the influenza in succession, and then, on Sexagesima Sunday, the Seniors started. In the following week the storm burst, and by Quinquagesima the Senior Dormitory had been converted into a hospital, some thirty boys being laid low with the malady. Influenza also thinned the ranks of the nursing staff at this time, and our best thanks are due to Sister Casimir of the Bon Secours Convent, who kindly came and helped the Matron to cope with a very trying situation. Neither did the teaching staff escape, but its depletion caused less embarrassment on account of the paucity of pupils.

Thanks to the devoted labours of the Medical Officer and the Matron the wave of illness had almost completely passed by

the half-term holiday, February 20th till the 22nd, but as several of the XV were in a more or less convalescent condition it was felt wiser to scratch the match which had been arranged for that week-end.

On Thursday, March 3rd, Duffield underwent an operation for mastoid, which, we are glad to say, was completely successful. The operation was performed by Mr. W. G. Sutcliffe, of Margate.

On March 8th, fifteen days after the half-term holiday (parents, please note!), our cup was filled to the brim by the discovery of a case of chicken-pox in the Middle School. Drastic measures were then felt to be necessary, and parents were informed that, with their consent, the boys would be sent home at the earliest practicable date, namely, March 22nd.

On March 10th the Headmaster was taken ill and removed to hospital three days later. We need hardly say that the cup mentioned above now overflowed.

Meanwhile preparations were hurriedly pushed forward for the winding-up of the term's activities. The boxing and billiard tournaments were fought and won and the examinations were duly held, even the solitary denizen of the Sanatorium being permitted to assist, from a distance, at this latter rite. One felt at this time as if one were running a race with the germ of chicken-pox which was no doubt incubating merrily inside many a small system. Should we or should we not reach the end of the term before the chicken-pox reappeared?

Two happy events, however, helped to relieve the tension of these hectic days. The first was the news that Falkner had passed the entrance examination for the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Falkner had been with us since 1926, and we congratulate him on thus rounding off his school career so successfully.

The second cheering event was the success of our spelling team in the Preparatory Schools Spelling League competition. Last term our team had come third out of 101 competing schools (for

which feat each member of the team had received a prize of 2/6). This term our hopes had consequently run high, only to be considerably dashed by the comparatively low score which we achieved in the competition. Our joy was therefore all the greater when news came through that we were first of 91 schools, and that 5/- was to be awarded to each member of the team. We congratulate Major McCleesh on this happy crowning of his steadily-maintained effort to improve the spelling of the School and wish him the best of luck in next term's competition, which will decide whether St. Augustine's are to be the holders for the ensuing year of the P.S.S.L. silver challenge tray. We also think that the names and scores of the team deserve recording. Here they are:—Keogh 90 (out of 100), Maguire *mi* 86, Falkner 83, O'Neill *ma* 83, Wells 83, Northey 81, Martin 78, Spender *ma* 75, Stickland 74, Pearson *ma* 73, Devitt 70.

The term duly came to an end on March 22nd, but at the eleventh hour five boys were haled off to the Sanatorium suffering from chicken-pox. So the germ had won the race. Thus ended the most unpleasant term we have yet experienced.

DEPARTURES.

H. E. S. FALKNER. Came April 26th. Form Prize 1927. O.A. Science Prize 1931. Middle Weight Boxing Medal 1932. Football XI 1930, 1931. Rugby XV 1931, 1932. Midsummer Night's Dream (Starveling) 1930. Henry IV (Poins) 1931. Left for Dartmouth March 1932.

G. F. LONSDALE. Came September 1928. Middle Weight Boxing Medal 1930. Football XI 1929, 1930, 1931. Rugby XV, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932 (colours). Cricket XI 1930, 1931. Left for Douai March 1932.

C. P. E. SPENDER. Came September 1929. Humphriss Cup 1930. Associated Board Certificate for the Pianoforte, Preliminary 1931, Primary, 1932. Henry IV (Gadshill) 1931. Left for Ampleforth March 1932.

Some Famous Old Augustinians.

V. George Michael Lenihan.

THE fact that he was the first alumnus of the College to join the ranks of the secular clergy is not the only title to fame of George Michael Lenihan, for he later became Bishop of Auckland, N.Z., in succession to Dom Edmund Luck who raised him to the priesthood in the Abbey Church at Ramsgate. Michael Lenihan was born in London, of Irish parentage in 1858. Soon he was left an orphan, for his mother died in 1861 and his father five years later, leaving him to the care of Canon Todd, a well-known convert formerly of Trinity College, Dublin. This guardian sent Lenihan at the age of fourteen to St. Augustine's, where he proved to be sufficiently well advanced in his studies to enter "First Grammar," a class roughly corresponding to our present Lower Fourth.

His career at the College need hardly be discussed at length as this subject is more fully treated in the memoir printed below, kindly written by his contemporary, Fr. Abbot Egan. Suffice it to say that, before he left in 1875, Michael Lenihan had successfully passed through "Poetry," collecting various scholastic prizes *en route*. He also shared in the distinction of playing in the first "outside" cricket match ever permitted by the College authorities—previously, the game had been restricted to teams chosen from the boys themselves.

Only in 1874 was a "permanent" field acquired at Ebbsfleet "only three quarters of an hour's walk away;" practice was difficult and equipment insufficient. Accordingly, when in Lenihan's last year "the Gentlemen of Ramsgate" challenged the College, their acceptance was vetoed by the Superior, Dom Wilfrid Alcock, who was fearful of the obloquy a defeat might entail. Finally he allowed himself to be persuaded by the boys: "But if you are defeated," added the Abbot, "you must never ask me again." Happily they won, easily, by three wickets and 49 runs, though the future bishop, opening the batting; made only three and nine runs.

On the completion of his College course, Michael Lenihan proceeded to the noviciate house at Tenterden, but a few months later, coming to realize that his vocation was to a more active mission, he went as a theological student, first to St. Edmund's College, the Westminster diocesan seminary, and afterwards, in 1877, to Lisbon. Five years later Fr. Edmund Luck, recently promoted to the episcopal see of Auckland in New Zealand, wrote to Lenihan, now a subdeacon, earnestly inviting him to join his diocese in the Antipodes. He willingly did so, obtaining his release from

Cardinal Manning, and returned to Ramsgate, where the new Bishop ordained him priest on August 27th, 1882. Ten days later both embarked on the *Austral* for their new field of labour.

For the next three years, the young missionary was a curate on the Cathedral staff at Auckland but in 1887, Fr. Lenihan was sent to Ponsonby, a rapidly growing suburb, where nothing had been prepared and everything had to be done: within nine months he had built a new Church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart. And now Lenihan came to be recognized throughout the diocese as an organizer of no mean ability. Schools were built, parishes consolidated, works for the relief of the poor and destitute were set on foot: in all these truly pastoral activities, George Michael Lenihan had a hand. His sunny genial nature, his self-sacrificing labour for others, his organizing ability, his penetrating foresight, his instinctive tact, combined to put his name on the lips and in the hearts of priests and laity. So it came about that in 1896, when Bishop Luck, feeling that his end was near, consulted with his clergy as to the name of a desirable candidate to be coadjutor bishop with the right of succession, Fr. Michael headed the *terna*. Before the Holy See had confirmed this election, however, Bishop Luck died, and a new list was forwarded in which Lenihan was named *dignissimus*.

Rome, of course, approved and on November 19th, 1896, Bishop Grimes of Christchurch consecrated the new bishop. At regular intervals it is the duty of Local Ordinaries to present, either in person or through a specially sent representative, a full account of their diocese to the successor of St. Peter as Supreme Head of the Catholic Church. In 1899 therefore Bishop Lenihan set out for Europe to pay his visit *ad limina apostolorum*.

He took occasion to visit Ramsgate *en route*, and it goes without saying that he was given a cordial reception both by authorities and by boys, Charles Carroll reading the address of welcome. Bishop Lenihan was fond of relating a humorous anecdote about this voyage from New Zealand. A lady confided to the captain that she feared stormy weather—with two priests on the ship. The captain ventured to demur: he had sailed with priests before without such unpleasant consequences. "But it will be different this time," asserted his fair complainant. "There's sure to be bad weather with that gilt-edged boss aboard." Again in 1908, our distinguished alumnus visited his *Alma Mater*, when he came to England to take part in the International Eucharistic Congress held that year at Westminster. On this occasion he presided at the distribution of prizes on Exhibition Day, Thursday, July 28th, 1908.

At this time Bishop Lenihan seemed to be but in mid-career of a brilliant, if arduous, episcopate. Earlier in 1908 he had had the

happiness of seeing Cardinal Moran dedicate to St. Patrick the Cathedral whose embellishment he had had so much at heart. Meantime he had endeared to himself all classes and denominations of the Colony, he had performed prodigies of routine work and organizations in his diocese and had won the enthusiastic devotion of his own people. Few suspected that the doctors had warned him of heart disease: his gay geniality let no hint of fear or depression escape him, but at a gathering of his clergy for their annual retreat in January 1910 he permitted himself to warn them that this was perhaps their last reunion with him.

His prognostication was fulfilled only too rapidly, for Bishop Lenihan was found dead in his bed on Tuesday, February 22nd. He was engaged on a pastoral visitation in the outlying district of Whangarei whither he had journeyed the previous Saturday by steamer from Auckland. The news created a profound impression on all save the bishop's immediate entourage by its unexpectedness: only the previous Sunday he had opened a new Convent School and administered the sacrament of Confirmation. Amid deep mourning and public sympathy the body was conveyed to Auckland, where Bishop Grimes of Christchurch who had performed the ceremony of episcopal consecration fourteen years before, now had the melancholy honour of committing Michael Lenihan's body to the grave. Archbishop Redwood of Wellington, who still survives — the oldest bishop in the world — and Bishop Verdon of Dunedin were also present, while the civic and colonial authorities, the Catholic, social and philanthropic organizations were fully represented.

An uneventful life, maybe, but one very necessary for the good estate of the Church:—that of a bishop wholly dedicated to the spiritual advancement of his flock.

BISHOP LENIHAN: PERSONAL MEMORIES.

Though Michael Lenihan was in a lower class than myself, and somewhat younger in age, we became pals soon after he joined the School. His most attractive characteristic was his perennial cheerfulness. Nothing seemed to upset him: neither the difficulty of his studies, which were of a higher standard than those he had been accustomed in his former school to follow, nor the punishment meted out to him either by his masters for unsatisfactory work or by the sternest of prefects for any breach of college rules. He had a smile for everything and everybody.

He was of a generous nature: he never could keep a penny in his pocket and oftener than not spent all he had on treating the smaller fry, amongst whom he was for this reason and for his gentle

handling of them more popular than anyone else in the school. He was both witty and humorous, and if at times any uproarious laughing took place at table, which the sound of the prefect's bell was supposed to suppress, the cause of it was generally a joke uttered by Lenihan, whose loud laugh above the roar often betrayed him as the culprit.

He never excelled at games, but he was always ready to join in them whenever he was wanted to make up a side. He had no ambition to excel in this department of the School, though his build, muscular strength and general litheness admirably fitted him for pre-eminence.

His piety was most conspicuous: he loved the services of the Church and assisted at Mass with notable reverence. He was only too ready to serve it, and amongst the younger folk was a real apostle for the things of God.

His departure for St. Edmund's College to study for the secular clergy left a real void in the School. Some of us had hoped for the development of a vocation to the Benedictine life, and at one time he thought of trying it, but missionary zeal turned his thoughts to a more active ecclesiastical life, and when he offered himself as a candidate for Westminster, his application was readily granted.

Needless to say how we rejoiced here when he was chosen Bishop of Auckland. My own message of congratulation was the first to reach him. Distance alone kept me from assisting at his Consecration. Whenever he came to Europe, he always spent several days with us to renew the old ties, and to consort with the friends of his schooldays. For me, the pleasure of his company both here and at his home in London is still vivid in my memory.

T. E. ABBOT EGAN.

Memories of a Veteran III.

IN our days sports were taken seriously and constant training was the vogue. Somebody got it into his head that the less you ate the better your form. Fortunately this fallacy was exposed by one Herbert, a college servant who had been a track runner of some note and who pointed out that it was only abstention from *certain* foods that made for fitness. All the same, I nearly lost my place in the team when it became known that I had so far departed from the rules as to absorb twelve hot doughnuts in ten minutes for a wager.

Many a famous footballer graduated from the Paddock. A good winger who had to dodge not only his opponents but also

a dozen trees or more and finally score a goal by a ricochet off a tree — for a clear shot was rarely possible — made light work of ordinary footer. To-day the paddock remains much the same but the raven's house has disappeared. How often from his roost did that worthy bird voice his pleasure at the scoring of a goal. He knew to a nicety whether the ball had passed between the posts.

The playground struck me as somewhat changed — less rustic. A poultry farm has taken the place occupied by the swing, the bars and the giant-stride; probably this was considered too plebian for modern times. Legitimately used, this last was rather a tame pastime, but if you wanted a thrill you had but to hold on to one of the cross handles with one hand and race round leaping into the air, thus rising higher and higher until you were travelling on a level with Buckmaster's wall. Then, passing over it, you could drop neatly into that worthy gentleman's garden. It needed nice judgment; a slight error and you landed in a bush to the detriment of your nether garments. Edmund Percy Kay — (the sole topic of whose conversation used to be the exploits of the Football Club which represented West Hartlepool, his native town) — once performed this feat to the intense astonishment of the said Buckmaster and some guests whom he was showing over his grounds. It is possible that he made representations to the College authorities concerning this breach of etiquette, for Kay did not wait to explain but clambered back to safety.

One splendidly rigorous winter, inspired by Fr. Ephrem and, supported by the present Fr. Abbot, the whole of one side of the playground was dammed and flooded for skating.

Skating had been in progress for some days when little Brother Bernard appeared in order to watch the sport. Presently he retired, reappearing with a pair of primitive skates, just thin strips of steel with long, turned-up ends. Well, here was sport indeed: a glorious day, splendid skating facilities, and Br. Bernard to provide the comic element. He examined with patient interest our latest skates with their patent fastenings and modestly listened to the advice showered on him as to how he should comport himself on the ice to keep his feet.

Then he shuffled to the ice, accompanied by semi-derisive cries: "I'll race you, brother." Yes! but where is Brother Bernard? Speeding down the track like a flash of lightning, turning as he flies, skating backwards with equal facility, gracefully cutting figures. Then he returns to the starting-point to meet a crowd of rather shamefaced fellows. But no hint of triumph or contempt is to be seen on the kindly Brother's face. And then — well, the

only possible thing: a hearty round of cheers for a splendid skater and a good sportsman! Many a fellow owes his first lesson in skating to Brother Bernard.

The tuckshop has gone, elsewhere no doubt; but the pond remains. One of the very few cases of bullying that occurred in those days resulted in some score of juniors heaving the bully into that pond, an event of which the authorities professed absolute ignorance. It is the happy (but fallacious) imagination of schoolboys that their little secrets, their little mischiefs, are unknown to the powers that be. I have since learnt that it is otherwise, and, from imagining as a boy that the authorities were sometimes unreasonable. I appreciate as a man the wonderful forbearance of the splendid body of men on whose shoulders was laid the heavy responsibility of moulding our characters.

Those who remember the time before the new wing was built will recollect, perhaps, the little den where the furnace was; it was a pleasant place for a "warm" in winter. A chum and I once found a small aperture here in a side wall and, climbing through this, we found ourselves under the College among the foundations. We went the whole length of the building underground and came to a kind of wooden hatch which, when prised open, revealed to our astonished gaze the butler's pantry! We had but to step down and we were in the midst of plenty. To our credit be it said, we did not despoil the many tuck-boxes of our colleagues which were ranged on the shelves.

Thereafter we frequently visited our lair under the College and, dreadful confession, we lit small fires under the building in order to make cocoa in a disused tin that we found. If you have any doubt about this story, you have but to go into the butler's pantry and through the hatchway I refer to; no doubt trace of our fires still exist. I never think of this escapade without a shudder, for it does not require much imagination to realise what *might* have happened: the floor was littered with shavings and the roof, not more than three feet above, was bare wood. Which proves *conclusively* that fools are included among those classes whose welfare Providence especially protects.

I still cherish my sergeant's badge and the crest of the Buffs (East Kent Regt.) in silver which formed the centre-piece. What excitement was caused when it was announced that a cadet corps was to be organized. Capt. Donnelly was in command of our sections — an able leader and untiring in his efforts to make St. Augustine's the most efficient of the units, efforts in which he was, I think I may

truly say, quite successful. Who will forget the appearance on parade of our chaplain, Fr. Columba Swanson, the soldier-priest, a fine military figure in his chaplain's uniform. To him and to Capt. Donnelly the success of the camp week was due. And that memorable week at Sturry! The friendly rivalry of the Sports field between St. Augustine's and St. George's persisted in the Cadet Corps and added zest to an incident worthy of record.

The day before we broke camp a sham fight was arranged and Keiling Scott, our adjutant, was to be umpire. It was arranged that St. Augustine's, consisting of Sections 1 and 2, should attack the camp which was to be defended by the rest of the battalion. Early in the afternoon of a blazing hot day we marched forth to a selected point unknown to the enemy, whence we were to advance by whatever means we thought best. The camp was pitched in a field, one side of which faced the road and across the road a row of cottages. There were gates at each end of the field and near by stood the guard tents.

Captain Donnelly's plan of campaign was for No. 2 Section under Sergeant d'Abadie to make a *détour* and attack from the open country while No. 1, to which I belonged, approached the camp from the other side of the cottages. But here was our difficulty. If we approached by the road from either end, we should have no cover and be annihilated for certain.

Then it occurred to us that if we could only obtain access to the road through one of the cottages we might have some chance, for they would form a screen between us and the camp. So we passed along and eventually discovered a motherly-looking woman engaged at her washtub. We approached her deferentially, explaining our wishes. And how joyful we were when, entering into the spirit of the thing she acceded to our request. So each man entered the cottage, bending low, creeping down the garden under cover of the fruit bushes, and then lined up behind the hedge bordering the road facing the main guard-tent and not far from an opening.

There in the baking sun we waited. Suddenly the sound of firing to the rear of the camp—gallant No. 2 Section must be advancing in the open! We saw the enemy emerge from the guard-tents and face round to see the destruction of the foolhardy Augustinians with their elementary ideas of warfare. Here was our longed-for opportunity. With a roar we were up and across the road, over the gate, and firing our blank cartridges at close quarters quite unmindful of the previous admonitions of our commanders. The astonished guards, entirely taken by surprise and affrighted by the ferocity of

our attack, fled, but not before many of them had secured a memento of the occasion in the shape of badly scorched nether garments. Indeed from the victims' cries I fear our powder may have burnt deeper.

But we were masters of the field and again the Black and White had triumphed.

VETERAN.

An Augustinian Link with Johnson.

[The following article is taken from the *Ledbury Reporter* for Saturday, April 2nd, 1932.]

On Maundy Thursday, Mr. Francis Rivarola Welch, of Ledbury (in Herefordshire), attended a supper of the Johnson Club at Dr. Johnson's House, 17 Gough Square, Fleet Street.

The Club was founded about 48 years ago, and consists of men interested in keeping alive the memory of the great lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, and is limited to 31 members, exclusive of honorary members.

Mr. Welch and Dr. Alexander Boswell were the guests of the Prior of the Club, Mr. L. F. Powell, and the occasion was to hear a paper read by one of the brethren, Sir Edward Boyle, Bart., on the greatest of all Corsican patriots, "Pasquale Paoli." Mr. L. F. Powell, who is re-editing Boswell's "Life of Johnson," introduced to the company Dr. Alexander Boswell and Mr. Welch, who were seated side by side at the supper table, mentioning that the former is a descendant of James Boswell's grandfather, and the latter a collateral descendant of Pasquale Paoli. Mr. Welch is also a great-great-grandson of the Count Antonio Rivarola, from whom Boswell received letters of introduction for use during his tour in Corsica in 1765.

The paper on "Pasquale Paoli" read by Sir Edward Boyle, had been carefully written and showed a thorough and balanced knowledge of the great patriot's life.

Mr. Welch remarked that he must humbly confess before such enthusiastic Johnstonians that he had not yet read "The Life." His father had read it most industriously, but more as a duty than for amusement, as, when hunting for family history about 40 years ago, he had been told by his mother-in-law to read "The Life of Johnson," where he would find out all that Boswell had written on the Rivarola family. He reached the end, and of course could find no mention of the family. The explanation was that as she had never read anything of Boswell's, she had mistaken "The Life" for the "Tour to Corsica."

Pasquale Paoli, second son of Hyacinth Paoli (a former General of the Corsican Nation), was born at Stretta, in Corsica, in 1726, and when 14 years old followed his father into exile at Naples. Here he was educated, and became a serious student and Philosopher, and a distinguished soldier. In 1755 his countrymen, on the advice of his brother Clemente, recalled him to Corsica and elected him their generalissimo; he acted with such vigour against the Genoese that he confined their dominion within the narrow limits of the fortified seaports, while he exerted himself in promoting such objects as were best calculated to secure the independence of the nation; one of these objects was to crush the Vendetta. In 1768 the Genoese sold the sovereignty of Corsica for £2,000,000 to the French, who invaded the island with such an overwhelming force that at the loss of the battle of Ponte Nuovo, on May 9, 1769, all hope of freedom was shattered. Paoli again went into exile, this time in England, where the government gave him a pension of £1,200 a year. For nearly 20 years he was an honoured member of the London society and one of the Johnson "circle."

At the beginning of the French Revolution, Corsica became a "department" of France, and Paoli was recalled as Lieutenant-General of Corsica, but on the execution of Louis XVI, abandoned his allegiance and was invested with his original dignities of President of the National Council, and Commander-in-chief of the island. In 1794 Corsica separated from France and joined the British Empire as a Kingdom, with George III of England as its king. The British rule was unsatisfactory, and in October 1795, Pasquale Paoli returned to England, and in 1796 the British abandoned Corsica to the French.

The "Father of his Country" died in London in 1807, aged about 82, and was buried in the Catholic portion of St. Pancras Churchyard, but in 1889 his remains were taken to Corsica and buried in the house where he was born.

F.R.W.

Some Howlers.

Taciturn means sour or bad, *e.g.*: The butter has turned taciturn.

Itinerary means fond of journeying, *e.g.*: His wife is an itinerary woman.

Irascible means not clear, *e.g.*: His writing was irascible.

From our Scrapbook.

WHO IS IT?

My Christian name is SYNED, thought it's nought to do with sines,
For I'm weak at Maths and Father T — — s often gives me lines;
And address your letters REILLOC if they're meant for this young
sprite,
For I come from Abyssinia where they read to left from right.

* * * *

A FORM SONG

(to the air of *The British Grenadiers*).

Some talk of great Ferranti, whose name you all have heard,
Of Agius, Carroll, Kenna, whose fame is not absurd,
But few among our heroes can possibly compare
In brains or brawn or spirit
With the present Upper ———.

* * * *

Kindly Father T — — was ineffably annoyed
At the indolence and insolence of horrid Andy B ———.

DIDYMUS.

Athletics and Games.

I.—FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL came into its own again with the feeling that something new had hitched its waggon to our star. It was noised abroad that the team would play soccer for one part of the term only and then take to rugger instead of having to wait until after the Christmas holidays. The idea had been toyed with for several years, sometimes because the Spring Term was known to have its knife in rugger, always because we ourselves have a very great affection for it.

Things were brought to a head last season, when an excellent XV went out of action under an epidemic of mumps after playing three matches, and we were taking no chances this time. Just for the sake of seeing what would happen, we fitted seven soccer matches into the first half of the Winter Term, then turned abruptly to rugger. Ten hard-fought games were played before Christmas and five of a much milder order afterwards; three others that were left on the fixture-card were battered out of existence by chicken-pox and flu.

Great indeed to-day is the power of the medical bug. To-morrow it will be greater. There was a time when he was dealt with by such homely remedies as a turban of flannelette or a dab of ointment according to the particular form of swelling or spot in which he chose to appear; and that was that. To-day, if Benjamin catch mumps and be doomed to wail "unclean," then must the whole tribe of Benjamin go out into the wilderness with him, which is quite depressing for Benjamin's football team. This painful system of sympathetic isolation is going from bad to worse. One of these days it will get to Twickenham; and we who wait there in our patient thousands (when we get the chance) must not be surprised if we are sent away by the broadcasting of a wire from Edinburgh—"Match off. MacX has mumps."

Quite apart, however, from getting ahead of the days when criminal insects prowl, the new arrangement of fixtures put us in touch with schools who give up rigger at the end of December. If we can keep to it, more than twice as many matches will be possible in the course of a season.

* * * *

At soccer we were not much good, though we certainly improved after the first week or two. Seven matches were played and of these the first three were lost and the rest won.

We began on October 10th by being beaten 5-2 by Tormore at Deal, and four days later Laleham won here by 3-2. Our forwards were next to useless in both matches. On the 17th we went over to St. Lawrence Juniors to be thrashed 10-3 after bringing down a 4-0 lead to 4-3; and that brought us to our senses. After beating Dover Juniors by 2-0 on the 24th, all irons went into the fire against the return match, for St. Augustine's is not particularly fond of being beaten 10-3. It would have taken our forwards five months instead of as many days to fall into shape, but Lonsdale was borrowed from behind the lines for the occasion and held them together fairly well. The halves (Keogh, Falkner and Collier) rose to the occasion splendidly and had our opponents' forwards under control within ten minutes. We won by 5-0, to our very good content. Dover Juniors were beaten 7-0 away two days later and Laleham 2-1 on November 5th, but this last game must be called a victory subject to discount, for Laleham scored their own goal and both of ours as well!

The Blacks won the House match at half-term by 4-1.

* * * *

That brought the soccer season to an end for the team, and after less than a week's training we played our first rigger match. It

was good to find that, whatever might happen to soccer, no danger yet threatened to cut short our supply of rigger players. The forwards were down to their work in no time, but the 3's were never more than moderate. Keogh was excellent as captain and scrum-half. I put him first on our now long list of good players. He got his colours last year and was joined on the honour's list early in the season by Lonsdale, who led the forwards. Training became quite a simple matter when our first match proved that plenty of the bulldog was left in us when it came to a tackle; if one may be pardoned for boasting a little, the master of a school whom we defeated was not far wrong when he consoled himself (and us) with a remark which sounds rather awkward in print, though he meant it as a compliment: "Your fellows tackle like brutes."

We began at home with Eddington House on November 14th and won 18-0. Most of the work was done by the forwards though Eddington seemed to be more at home in the scrums. Before half-time the ball had come back from two of their rushes for Keogh to get over and convert, and in the second half Lonsdale and Pearson scored, the extra points being added by Keogh to Lonsdale's try.

Our second match was with Sir Roger Manwood's School at Sandwich, and owing to a misunderstanding we found ourselves up against a much stronger side than we expected. We lost 30-0, but it is only fair to the team to add that 60-0 would not have disgraced them. They played amazingly good football and their tackling was a joy to watch. Joints were still rather stiff when we went over to Sturry three days later to play Milner Court, a very heavy ground making matters worse. The only score in this match was Devitt's unconverted try.

Manwood's sent over a lighter team for the return on November 25th and we won a good game by 23-8. Our opponents were the first to score, but Keogh and White got over before the break. Later on Falkner broke away to score near enough to the post for Keogh to kick an easy goal. Manwood's added another five points before our last ten were put on, again by Keogh, whose kick after the second of these two tries was taken from close to the touch-line.

We had to put out a fairly weak team against St. Lawrence on November 28th (away). When the interval came, we were losing 3-0, but managed to put so much more sting into the attack during the second half that Collier, who was playing full-back, did not touch the ball once. Keogh, Longstaff and Lonsdale scored for us in turn but none of the kicks were successful.

Something similar to what had happened in the first Sir Roger Manwood's match was in store for us when we played Chatham House on December 5th. Our opponents were far too heavy for us to do more than enjoy some very useful tackling practice, and three points (scored by Keogh) was all the return we could make to them for their 24.

Eddington House caught us napping on December 9th and deserved their 17—0 victory. We were certainly fast asleep that afternoon. To begin with, the bus lost its way and when after much hunting we did get back to the trail the horrid thing went off to park itself in some obscure corner with two pairs of our football boots in its inside; but that was not the bus's fault. Two unconverted tries and a penalty goal were marked up against us before the interval. O'Callaghan, who had played full-back brilliantly in several previous games, was at his worst, and our centres, apart from one good effort by Falkner, could do nothing.

We were back on form, however, for the return match with Milner Court on the 12th, and won 24—0. The best try of the day was scored by White in the second half, the rest of our points being shared by Keogh, Lonsdale and Falkner.

The home match against St. Lawrence on the 18th (won 11—0) was marred by the first serious accident we have had on the rucker field for many years. Wells broke his arm. Pearson put us ahead before the break, but the try was not converted. In the second half St. Lawrence, whose forwards were making full use of their extra inches in the line-out, kept our defences very busy but were unable to break through. Our own pack were getting the ball from most of the scrums and were always dangerous when the ball was at their feet. Hill scored near the post for Keogh to add the goal-points with ease and one minute before no-side White dived over at the flag. The extra points were not added.

Chatham House fielded a side more of our own weight for the return match on December 19th. Falkner got over twice in the first half, but Keogh's kicking came to nothing though the first try was scored under the bar. Our opponents drew level during the second half and there was no further score.

With that the best part of our rucker season was over. None of the fifteens whom we met after the holidays could put up anything like a fight against us at full strength. It was several weeks before our flu-rush had spent itself, and in the five matches that were possible before chicken-pox came along we scored 146 points without having our line crossed once. The best of them was the away

match against Dover Juniors when, after a pointless first-half, a team that probably held most of our next year's XV won 13—0. The results were as follows:

Feb. 24—v. Dover Juniors (home) ...	won 38—0
„ 27—v. Laleham (home) ...	won 28—0
Mar. 2—v. St. Edward's (away) ...	won 34—0
„ 5—v. Tormore (away) ...	won 32—0
„ 8—v. Dover Juniors (away) ...	won 13—0

P.E.H.

II.—BOXING.

All four divisions of the club had something good to show for themselves before the season was out and the competitions were never more keenly contested.

Amongst the heavy-weights Keogh and Lonsdale were certainly our best, though Longstaff made such good progress last term that he was well in the running for the medal. Keogh's punches would have been far more effective if he had taken the pains to put a little more shoulder behind them and he was never at his best until fully extended by Lonsdale for the championship.

The Blacks again won the House Challenge Cup with 13 points to 7. There were 10 contests and in every one of them the boxing was excellent.

The finals took place on March 19th and it is years since all the four pairs were so evenly matched. The medals belonged to no one until the last few seconds of the contests. Keogh and Lonsdale went all out for the à Beckett Medal and school championship, which were awarded to Keogh, whose longer reach and heavy body blows just turned the balance.

Falkner's victory over Tom Brady in the middle-weight contest took many of us by surprise. He took his full share of punishment, but had probably found out in previous fights that his opponent's swinging hits were not quite so dangerous as they looked and far less useful than a good straight left.

The Abbot's medal for the light-weights went to White *mi.* who did well to beat J. Kean, one of the most promising boxers in the division.

Boyd *mi.* won the Prangnell Cup in the Junior School competition, but North, with a disadvantage in height of more than four inches, hammered away at him so pluckily that an extra round was necessary for a definite decision.

P.E.H.

III.—RIFLE CLUB.

The shooting practices this term have not been altogether satisfactory, but the rifles were often at fault and when shots missed the target it was not always due to "trigger-pulling," "leaning sights" and "bad aiming." Some boys made good progress with the result that there was keen competition for the championship. Keogh put up the highest score and he is to be congratulated on getting a "possible" in the final round at snap-shooting. M. Pearson however was well ahead on the first two rounds and then finished up three points behind Keogh.

In the Junior Schools Competition we were represented by Pearson, Keogh, Falkner and Stickland, but our score was hardly good enough to count. We can scarcely hope to compete with boys who get their regular practices and who take the game as seriously as we take Rugger.

F.O.H.

IV.—BILLIARDS.

G. Erskine White beat J. Munro in the final, 102—97.

Old Augustinians' Annual Luncheon.

THIS increasingly appreciated gathering, at which the junior members, home for the Easter holidays from their respective seats of learning, met their former contemporaries from St. Augustine's, and their predecessors, as well as the ancients who (speaking as one of them) enjoy with equal zest this opportunity of seeing so many generations together, was held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday 16th April, a week after the customary Low Week date, in order to fit in the Downside contingent. Despite the prevalent hard times of which so much is heard in the City, no depression was visible at this gathering. On the contrary, half a hundred Old Augustinians forgathered in the highest spirits, and banished dull care very effectually. Our reverend President, the Abbot of St. Augustine's, was in the chair, looking remarkably well and hearty for all his fifteen lustres, and with him were Fr. Prior, Fr. Edward and Fr. Oswald. The regrettable absence of the Headmaster, Fr. Adrian, through illness, was the only flaw in what was otherwise one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings which the junior section has afforded the Society. Speeches, in the ordinary sense, are taboo at these gatherings, but Fr. Abbot in a few post-prandial remarks told of the pleasure it gave him to see so many of his old boys gathered round him, and

a subsequent vote of reciprocated affection moved by one of the ancients was carried with uproarious unanimity. A telegram was also read from Canon Hyland expressing his regret at not being able to attend and sending his best wishes for the success of the gathering. Great applause was roused by the Abbot's news that young M. E. S. Falkner, who was present in Naval uniform, had just passed into Dartmouth, second on the list out of 120 candidates. We also learned that R. Valls (Ramsgate, Stonyhurst and Middle Temple) had secured for the second time in succession the Blackstone prize for students at the Bar, of the value of 100 guineas. What with one thing and another, it is more than ever clear that St. Augustine's is quite the best in England—so say all of us. Besides the reverend contingent from St. Augustine's, we had with us Dr. J. H. Baker, one of our very oldest members; A. F. L. Adams, J. R. Blaikie, M. J. Carroll, O. Charleton, R. A. Cheffins, T. F. Clarke, R. St. J. Coghlan, Lionel Constable, W. J. E. Craigen, F. R. Dickinson, V. R. Desborough, J. K. Dormer, N. E. Farmar, M. L. FitzGerald, D. A. Greenwood, F. J. Havenith, R. J. Horsburgh, C. Lafferty, D. Longstaff, G. F. Lonsdale, Major McCleesh, T. B. Meyer, P. Mote, D. Munro, B. J. Nicholson, C. J. Passet, Edgar Pater, C. E. Poingdestre, C. S. Spender, P. Sturdee, A. H. Sullivan, L. M. Thunder, R. Tully-Christie, R. Valls, D. K. Wells, Edward White, W. Erskine White, and Eric Wilson, our indefatigable Honorary Secretary, to whom the credit of the meeting is principally due, and the Honorary Treasurer. It is a remarkable thing that at every one of these gatherings, one meets one or more O.A.'s whom we had not had the pleasure of seeing for years perhaps, and we may now well look forward to a well attended meeting at Ramsgate at Whitsuntide, for the Past *v.* Present cricket match.

E. J. C.

Acknowledgments.

The Librarian acknowledges the receipt of the following contemporaries: *Ampleforth Journal* (2), *Beaumont Review*, *Douai Magazine*, *The Georgian* (2), *The Howardian*, *The Log (Pangbourne)*, *The Mountaineer*, *The Ratchiffian* (2), *Ruym*, *St. Edward's College Magazine, (Malta)* (2), *St. John's Gazette* (2), *Stonyhurst Magazine* (3).

Our apologies are due to St. Edward's College, Malta, acknowledgment of whose exchange was overlooked in our previous issue.

F. TAYLOR, Librarian.

O. A. Notes.

The account of Dr. Ferranti's (1880-4) life which appeared in this Magazine in 1930 (Vol. ii, New Series, No. 2) has attracted attention outside the restricted circle of Augustinians, past and present, for the Institute of Electrical Engineers have done us the honour of sending for a copy of that issue to put in their excellent reference library.

In a recent letter Sir George Shee (1880-2) recalls a historic Ramsgate whose commercial conditions are now long since passed away. "I well remember learning to swim by being thrown into the deep end of the Paragon baths, and one of the most fascinating walks we were taken was that along the harbour, where in those days one saw shipping from Iceland and the Baltic and almost every country in Europe. The smell of tar and rope was in itself a romance, with a strong pull towards a life on the ocean wave. Curious that 40 years later I should have been so closely associated with one of the noblest enterprises that ever sprang from the sea or from our race."

The sudden death of Gerald Flanagan (1881-4) is nothing less than a tragedy for the Society of Old Augustinians. Always jolly and always there, his companionship will be grievously missed at future reunions of the Society. *Requiescat in pace.* A brief account of his life appears elsewhere in this Magazine from the pen of Mr. E. J. Carroll.

R. A. Willes (1890-2), who was in the Navy before he went to the Bar and started on the Midland Circuit, has now a solid practice in London, and is well liked by men who have appeared with or against him. People are asking why he does not take silk.

We learn from E. Brindisi (1893-8) that Charlie Mardel (1891-6) is engineer to a public utility concern in California.

Brindisi, who has long been settled in New York City and has wide business connections there, is our chief source of information of other O.A.'s settled in the United States. His eldest daughter is now a teacher of art and drawing in the City High Schools.

We offer our condolences to Oscar Brice Castelli (1891-4) whose mother died at Constantinople early in the New Year.

As we go to press the news reaches us through Arthur C. Salt (1896-8) of the death on January 29th of Edmund Percy Kay (1890-4) at Victoria, British Columbia. We hope to give a full obituary notice by one of his contemporaries in our next issue.

Edward Mapother (1891-5) is one of those O.A.'s who, their occupations keeping them away from the annual meetings of the Society, tend to drop out of sight. When Mapother left the College in April 1895, he proceeded to the University College School, London, and later to the U.C. Hospital where he qualified as a surgeon. Thence he did hospital work at Litchfield and Stafford, and later was appointed to the staff of Longrove Mental Hospital near Epsom. When the war broke out he served with the Red Cross in the French Army at Limoges, but later, receiving a commission in the R.A.M.C., he was in Mesopotamia. After seventeen months he was, after a short break in India, invalided to England but was soon back in France.

Towards the end of the war he took charge of the Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, an endowment hospital for border-line "mental" cases, then, of course, filled with soldiers suffering from shell-shock and similar disorders. When services were being re-organized after the war he was appointed to be head of the entire hospital, a position he still holds.

Besides this, Dr. Mapother has a considerable psychopathic practice which he serves from his beautiful Georgian house in Queen Anne Street. He lectures in psychiatry and analagous subjects at Kings' College and various other hospitals.

We understand that Dr. Mapother is now a recognized authority on border-line cases and is consulted by heads of the profession not only in London but also abroad. He has visited hospitals and other organizations similar to the one with which he is charged, in America and on the Continent. Last summer he visited Russia for the same purpose, as an invited guest of the government.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Hession, mother of three O.A.'s, Patrick (1893-6), Colin (1893-7), Harold (1895-1900) Hession. The bereavement was a sudden one, for she had been ill only a few days and before that for forty years had never seen a doctor. She was buried at Mortlake beside her husband whom Abbot Egan assisted on his deathbed in 1907.

The brief obituary notice which appeared in our last issue of Mr. Cyril Chamberlaine was written on information sent us by J. C. Agius (1895-8) to whom an expression of grateful acknowledgment is overdue. He will be interested to learn that our notice was quoted almost verbatim in the School Magazine of St. George's, Southsea, where Chamberlaine studied for some time.

By the way, Mr. Agius's eldest son entered the Benedictine noviciate at Downside last Autumn.

The sympathies of all O.A.s will go out to P. E. B. Fooks (1896-1900) on the recent death of his youngest son.

The congratulation of his contemporaries and friends at St. Augustine's are proffered to Geoffrey P. Chance (1905-7) who married Miss Florence R. Argue, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Fenton Argue, of Ottawa, Canada. The wedding took place at Tarnac Lake on September 18th last year.

Recent military operations by the French gendarmerie in Corsica will heighten the interest of a communication from F. Rivarola Welch (1907-10) which appears elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine. Mr. Welch is at present on the staff of the Ledbury branch of Lloyds Bank, an organization he joined on leaving the College in 1910. He saw service in Mesopotamia during the War and is now Scoutmaster of the 1st Ledbury Group of Scouts besides acting as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for the local Association. He takes an active interest in history and genealogy, being a member of the Society of Genealogists.

Mr. Rivarola Welch is, of course, a nephew of the Count Rivarola, well-known to many O.A.'s as one of the very early pupils of the College. Count Rivarola has made his name memorable by his activities for the Catholic cause in Thanet, and, though now resident at Eltham, cannot refrain from re-visiting Ramsgate several times a year. For some years he has organized an annual pilgrimage to Lourdes led by Fr. Aelred. This year one is also projected to Rome and Subiaco under the same leadership.

The Count Rivarola is one of the oldest surviving O.A.'s, being a contemporary of Abbot Egan, though somewhat junior to him.

Since our last issue further news has reached us of the celebrations at Nairobi on December 12th last when James Stuart Smith (1914-17) married Miss Eithne Byrne, daughter of the Governor of Kenya Colony. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Arthur Hinsley, Apostolic Delegate to East Africa, followed by Nuptial Mass and Benediction. Nuns and children from Loreto Convent had decorated the steps of St. Austin's Church with flower-diagrams expressive of their good wishes for the bridal pair, and when these floral emblems were scattered by the wind, they traced them out in coloured chalks.

A reception at Government House followed before the newly-married couple departed for their residence at Ngong where they spent the honeymoon. Wedding presents were received from His Excellency, Sir James Byrne, the Governor of the Colony and the bride's father, Officers of the King's African Rifles, the staff of the Shell Company,

Officers of the Kenya Police Force, the late Lord Delamere and many others.

Charlie Grieve (1920-6) was captain of Rugger at Ampleforth College last season—may we say “of course”? The *Ampleforth Journal* says of him that he:

“has captained the side well, and off the field he has been energetic and effective in the organization of games. This has meant no little sacrifice from his many other interests, and it has been made with an ungrudging spirit. In criticising his play it would be well to start by saying that he is the best outside-half Ampleforth has had. It was hard to find a partner as good as the one he had been used to for many seasons . . . and his three previous seasons in the XV have advertised him too much to opponents; he has been well watched. In spite of these drawbacks it is true to say that nearly every try scored this season may be traced back to his play. In defence he has been indefatigable, often covering up others' mistakes after doing his own work.

We see from the *Times* of April 2nd that R. F. Dickinson (1922-8) in the athletic competition between Stonyhurst and Rossall broke a record for the hundred yards race by doing it in 10½ secs. So did his opposite opposite number from Rossall!

We are informed that R. Valls (1923-6), when he has been called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, intends to qualify in Spanish Law at Madrid so as to practice international law in London.

The *Times Weekly* for March 31st is our authority that M. Blair-McGuffie (1923-6) has been awarded the Robert Bruce Bursary as a result of entrance examination at McGill University, Toronto, Canada. He entered from Ampleforth College.

J. Farrell (1924-8) won his boxing colours this year at Pangbourne Nautical College, boxing for his (Macquarie) division and winning both his fights. He also came in first in the five-mile cross country run. Time: 25 minutes, 18 seconds.

P. Hamilton (1923-9) seems to be having a rough time. Hardly had he recovered from his recent illness when he had to undergo a very serious operation for appendicitis. He is now convalescent at his home in the Canary Islands.

The Argentine newspaper *The Standard* for March 20th, 1932 contained the following flattering reference to the *History of the Popes* recently translated from the French by members of St. Augustine's Community.

"The compression of two thousand years of the world's history, for the history of the Papacy is in a great measure the history of the contemporary world, within the dimensions marked out for himself by M. Hayward in this most interesting work is admirably executed. His achievement is an account of the growth and development of the Papacy from the days of St. Peter, which is at once true, sincere and admirably readable."

"This is not the first service to contemporary letters that has been rendered by the Benedictines of Ramsgate letters. Some years ago they compiled what is, in English at any rate, an unique alphabetical series of notes on all the Saints of the Calendar, which is sometimes referred to as the "Celestial Who's Who," and forms a ready manual of hagiology."

The following O.A.'s have visited the School since our last issue: Lionel Constable, L. G. Constable, T. Fooks, J. Brisker, W. Richardson.

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Once more we are invited to bring to our readers' notice the Cambridge Summer School of Catholic Studies which is to be held from July 30th to August 8th. The subject proposed for elucidation is: *Moral Principles and Practice*. Lecturers include Revv. Drs. T. Flynn and B. Grimley, Fr. James, O.M. Cap., Frs. Hilary Carpenter and Pope, O.P., and the Jesuit Fathers, Henry Davis and J. Keating. Rev. J. F. McNulty, M.A., a pioneer in this work, also figures on the list.

The subject covers, and is treated specifically as covering, such knotty questions as free-will and responsibility, natural and supernatural virtues, sin, merit, natural and legal rights, in particular the right of private property, civil society, the family, education, and international relations. Here is a banquet for the Catholic intelligenzia.

Tickets for single lectures cost a shilling, for the whole course ten shillings. Reduced railway rates are available for prospective members of the School, and accommodation for board and lodging can be arranged beforehand. Further information may be obtained from the University Chaplain, Rev. G. J. MacGillivray, M.A., Fisher House, Cambridge.

Some Howlers.

Itinerary means not passable, *e.g.*: This road is not itinerary.

Aerial means "in the air," *e.g.*: He bowled an aerial wide.

The Ashes, *e.g.*: The cricket pitch.

Obituary.

GERALD FLANAGAN

The heart is heavy in writing about Gerald Flanagan, because, of all the Old Augustinians of any generation none, I think, inspired more affectionate esteem and regard. None was more faithful and constant in his devotion to the old School, or to the affairs of the Society, and none can replace him. To me, as a very small boy, forty years ago, the coming of the "Old Boys" to Ramsgate meant the joyous and welcome appearance in our midst of Del Rivo, Attwell, Jelly and J. C. Constable, and one or two others, but Gerald Flanagan was always the most popular of all. So kindly and completely uncondescending in his attitude to us who worshipped with awe and respect those paladins of earlier days, so jolly and cheerful, so thoroughly enjoying every minute of those fleeting visits to the old school, and meeting the "Present" on the football field or in the still more delightful cricket matches — in the days when St. Augustine's held a place in Thanet cricket, and indeed in School cricket generally, which was no mean record for a school of our size.

In those days, he had recently married, and was working in his father's firm, which he was to carry on to the completion of its fiftieth year, exporting textiles to China and Japan. He was the treasurer of the Old Boys' Society, as it used to be called, and I took over from him for a couple of years before going abroad myself. When my own affairs took me to China, there I found him years afterwards in Shanghai, and what a difference it made to have such a friend there! He was so well known and so well liked all up and down the China coast, as a man of his word and a delightful companion. At that time, he lived in spacious circumstances at Pinner, where many an O.A. has enjoyed his cheery hospitality.

Then came reverses and serious illness, and the temper of the man was tried and not found wanting. At an age when most men are thinking of taking things more easily, he practically had to make a fresh start, and build up a business on different lines. I used to meet him occasionally in the City, intent on his job — one to try the stoutest heart in these recent lean years, but he was always cheerful, and full of hope and determination, seconded by the magnificent courage of his devoted wife.

About a week before the end we met at a committee meeting of the Old Augustinians, at Eric Wilson's office in the Minorities. We chaffed him about his youthful appearance, and suggested that it was probably because he dyed his hair, and urged him to sit in Nelson's "Victory" chair if he could fit into it — there was never a thought of dulness where

Gerald was — and he always gave as good as he got. How glad I am to have that cheerful memory of him, so characteristic of the man, with the courage of a giant and the heart of a boy. It did one good to meet him — we are the better for the example he gave us. “Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus, duxit sine labe vitam.” *Requiescat in pace.*

E.J.C.

—o—

School List.

DOM ADRIAN TAYLOR, M.C., M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge,
Headmaster.

DOM EDWARD HULL, *Prefect.*

DOM OSWALD HULL, *Sub-Prefect.*

DOM NORBERT LAPWORTH.

DOM LUKE WILLEMS, D.PH. & L., Louvain.

DOM THOMAS RIGBY, D.D.

DOM PAULINUS IEVERS.

DOM DUNSTAN PRANGNELL, *Art Master.*

Major A. J. H. McCLEESH, late Army Educational Corps.

B. HUBERT, Esq.

Miss H. M. ROE, B.A., London.

Miss V. G. McCLEESH.

F. J. BODILLY, Esq., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., *Music Master.*

SERGEANT J. M. FURNESS, *Physical Culture.*

Miss L. WALTON, *Dancing.*

Matron: Miss MILDRED C. NOAH, S.R.N. (Guy's Hospital, London).

Assistant Matron: Miss L. STEWART.


Medical Officer: B. H. PALMER, Esq., M.A., M.B., B.C. Cantab.,
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Dental Surgeon: H. J. VEALS WEBSTER, Esq., L.D.S., R.S.C., Edg.

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Capt. of Games: J. KEOGH. *Librarian:* F. TAYLOR.

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