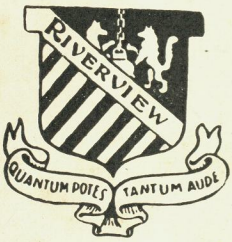


JUBILEE BOOK

ST IGNATIUS COLLEGE
RIVERVIEW
SYDNEY.

1880 ~ 1930.



ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE

RIVERVIEW

JUBILEE BOOK



1880 - 1930

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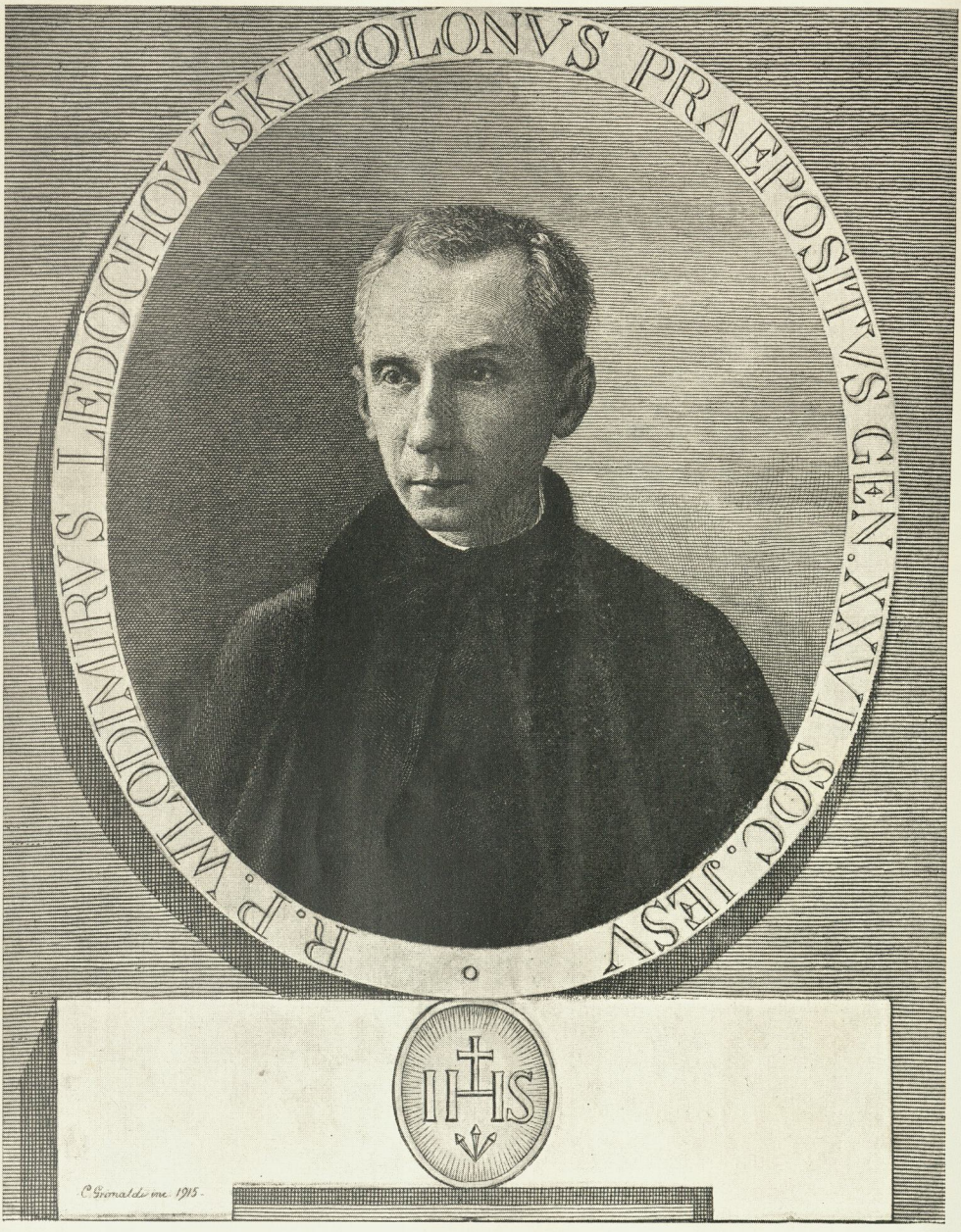
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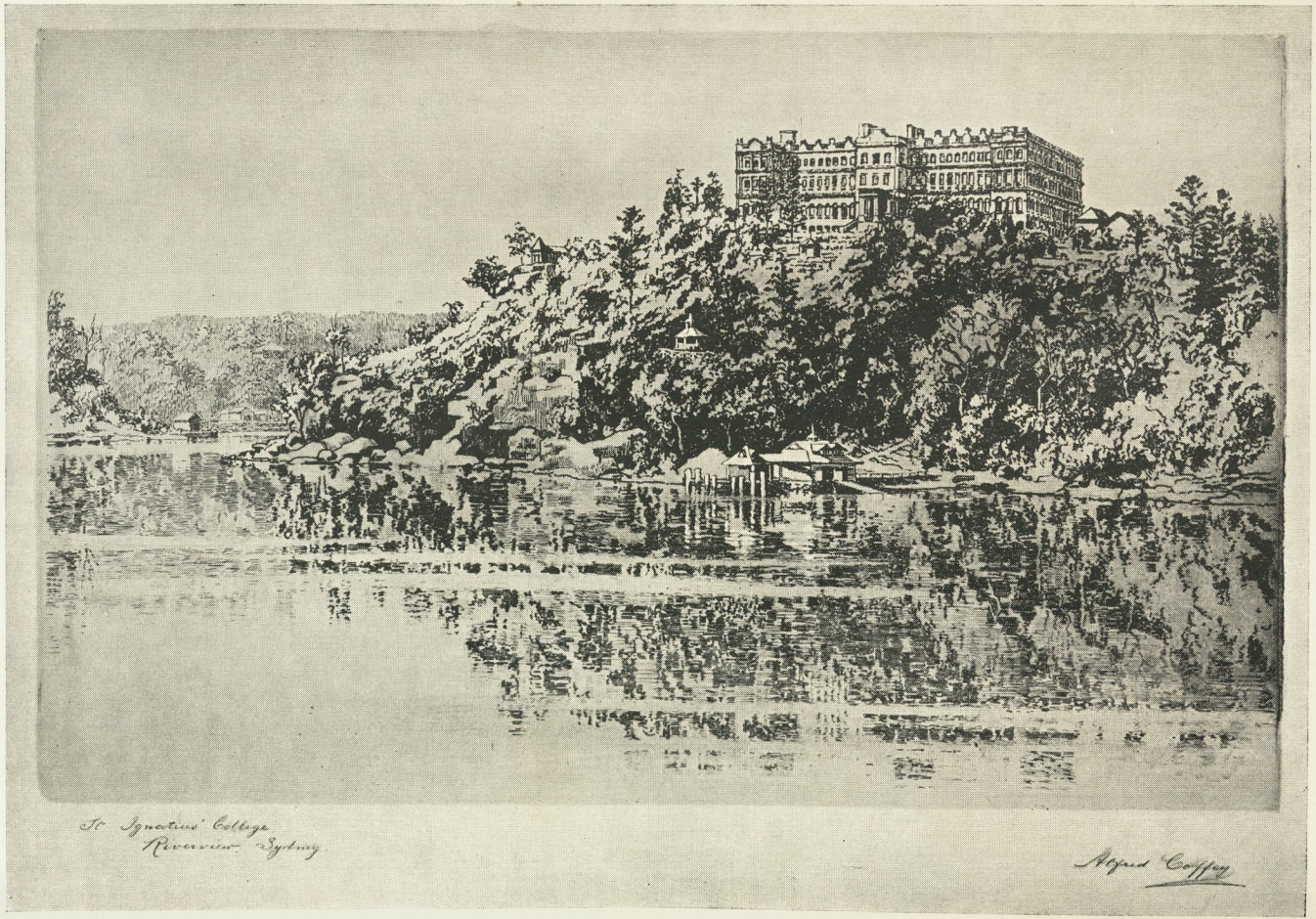
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VERY REV. VLADIMIR LEDOCHOWSKI
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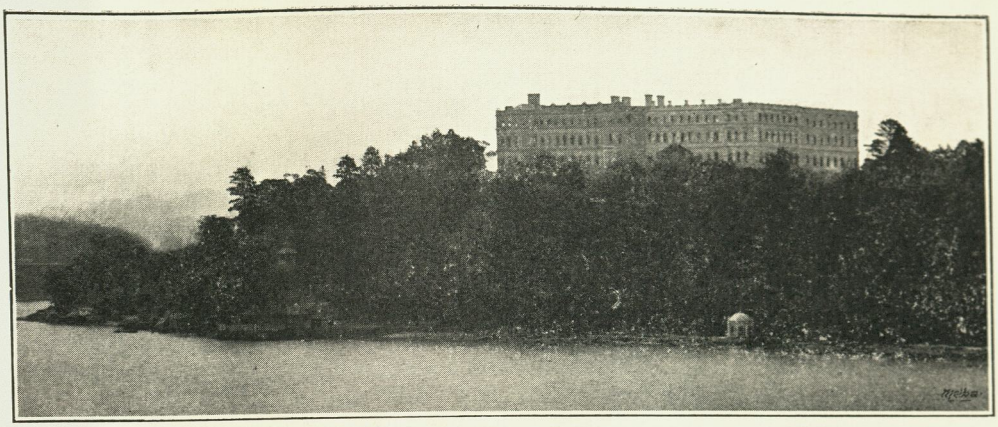
DEDICATIO.

Admodum Reverende Pater Generalis,
Dum in ultimis orbis partibus, ut in Thule Nova, gratulantium plausus per Sancti Ignatii Collegii aulas resonant alumnorum, animis sane gratissimis gaudium iubilaeî tempore perhibentium Almae Matris tamquam in conspectu, libellum hunc Roman ad te mittimus, inibi si forte perspicere velis operum quae bene facta indices ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam aliquantula signa, precilusque Deo commendare digneris Domini tantillam Vineae partem quam in Australi terra colendo Socii Jesu laborant.



St. Ignatius' College
Riverview Sydney

Alfred Coffey



FOREWORD

THIS book is meant to signalise, by its appearance, the attainment by the College of its fiftieth year. As such it is justified as part of the jubilee celebration. It is not meant to be anything like a complete chronicle of events; it is a collection of varied matter connected with the history of the College during its first fifty years.

Its interest will, we hope, be mainly for the past students of Riverview; in it some of the spirit of decades other than that in which they figured may be caught, by reading what the book tells of these decades; and the doings of their own decade, slightly sketched, may recall memories many of which, we hope, are as pleasant as these of the editor, himself an Old Boy. For this reason an effort has been made to place the matter in five divisions corresponding to the five decades of the life of Riverview.

For all the help in its production given by the generous response of the Old Boys for reminiscence—their names are found in each case at the foot of their contributions—the editor gives personal thanks. If the book interests friends of Riverview of varied tastes and interests, it will achieve its end. We hope this will prove true; for while a book such as this is meant to serve a useful purpose as one of the marks of an epoch, it is also meant to prove pleasant, to fit suitably in the sequence of jubilee festivities.

Riverview at its Origin

My recollections of Riverview are so much in the dim distant past, so many of my masters and contemporaries have passed away, that I am afraid my experiences will not be of much interest to the present generation.

I went to Riverview just after my eighth birthday, early in 1880; spent four years there, that is until November, 1883, and left just before I was twelve to go to school in England. It was in February, 1880, that I entered Riverview. The beloved Father Dalton was the Rector. Some six or seven other boys joined at the same time, and I was perhaps the youngest; most of the others were a great deal older than I was.

Going for and coming back after the holidays was somewhat different in those days. I had to ride from Armidale to Tamworth, and ride anything that came along in the way of change of horses, sometimes by way of a change I travelled by Cobb and Co's Coach, which had raw hide springs. When I first arrived at Riverview my wardrobe was carried in leather saddle bags.

Amongst the originals was the late Thomas Joseph Dalton, afterwards to be my brother-in-law. Herbert Wardell, the Architect, was a day boy, and used to ride across from The Grange, in North Sydney, now part of the Church of England Grammar School. Herbert Wardell is the son of Australia's most distinguished Architect, who at the time was building great edifices in Australia, such as St. Mary's Cathedral, in Sydney. My brother, Dr. Stratford Sheldon, came some eighteen months later, and Mr. A. A. Rankin and his brother, Donald, came about the same time as my brother.

The only building at that time was the stone cottage; that building comprised the whole school. Two other small boys and I slept in the room in the front of the west side, having as our other room companion no less a personage than the dear old Rector himself. I can recall after these fifty years his tender care for us youngsters.

I learned to swim after being at school one day by being thrown off the end of the wharf by one of the bigger boys and left to seek my own salvation. We used to bathe in the open river and later on, on many occasions swam across Burns Bay and Tambourine Bay and at times across the River itself to Hunter's Hill. Perhaps we boys in those days were tougher, and that is the reason why the sharks did not take us.

Before the end of my first year, the number of boys had increased to about fifteen, but before that happened I can distinctly recollect being in the First Eleven at cricket. As a matter of fact, when the first cricket match was arranged with some visiting team there were only ten boys in the school, hence my early success.

Current events were the deeds of the Kelly gang of Bushrangers who were at large; great interest was taken in their exploits, and the burning of the Exhibition Building in what are now known as the Botanical gar-

dens; the fire was easily distinguished from Riverview. The sinking of the Orient steamer "Austral," in Neutral Bay, was another great event to us boys, as we rowed down over the submerged steamer.

The college grew very quickly; there must have been well over 100 boys when I left at the end of 1883. In the meantime, buildings had grown up and many boys had arrived who afterwards achieved fame. I can also recall M. F. Dalton coming to school just before I left.

In those days Riverview was quite in the wilds, with thick scrub and heavily timbered, and it abounded with native animal life in the way of bandicoots, opossums and bears and native cats; we were great trappers. Snakes used to be pretty plentiful.

I remember Father Gartlan arriving in Australia and joining the teaching staff. He was not then a priest, but was just as jovial then and full of goodwill towards everyone as he proved to the future generations who have passed through Riverview.

Now Riverview has passed her first fifty mile post; may she pass many more; and I trust the future generations that enter her Halls will lend lustre to the old college.

MARK SHELDON.



COLLEGE GROUP, 1880. TAKEN AT THE EASTERN END OF THE COTTAGE.

Back Row: Mr. Murphy, W. Walsh, Joe Flemming, Father Dalton, J. Cosgrove, Mr. O'Neill, S.J.
Third Row: A. Cosgrove, C. Birrell, F. Souter, J. Armit, C. Derwin, F. Donovan, Plunkett O'Sullivan, Bob Hyndes.
Second Row: W. Birrell, T. Dalton, T. Curran, A. Moore.
First Row: P. O'Connor, T. Moore, M. Sheldon.



THE COTTAGE.

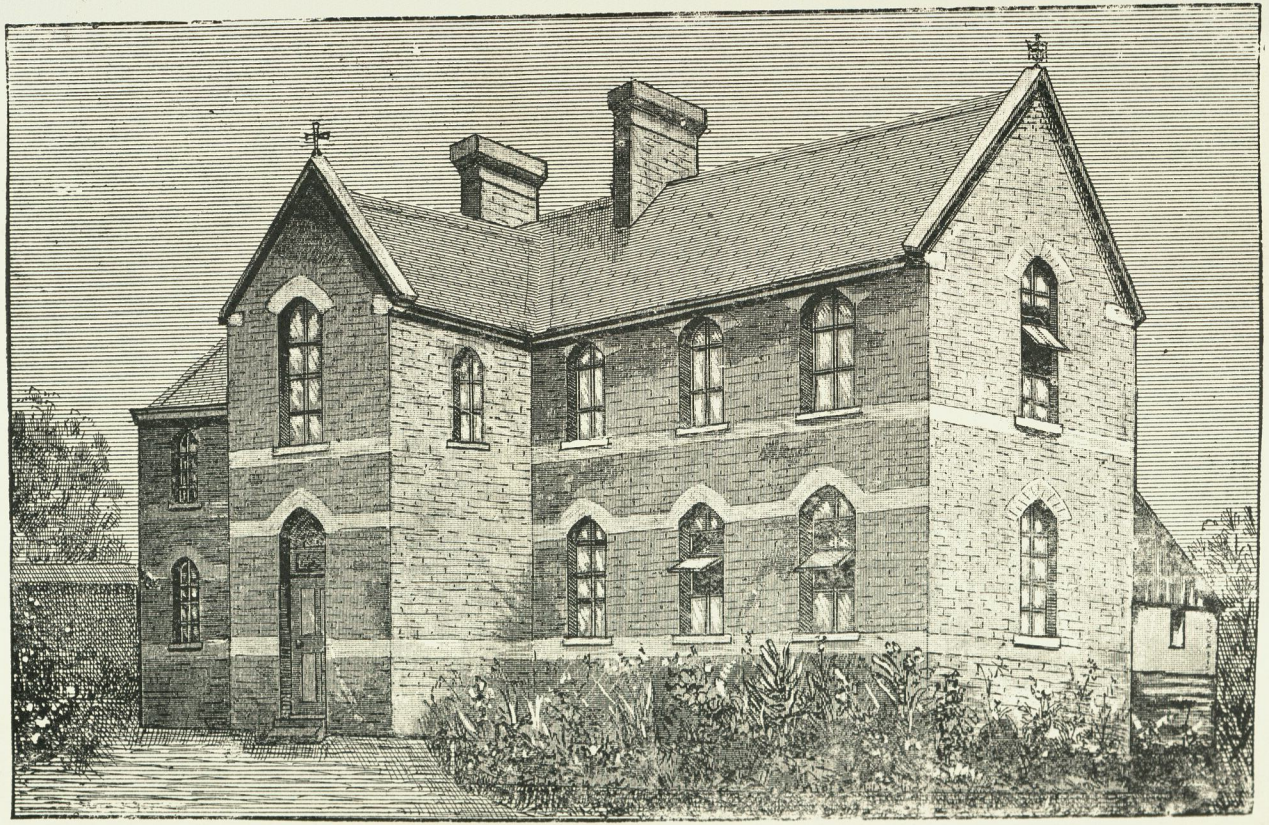
Early Riverview Memories

Since I have been asked to give some of my early recollections of Riverview I may as well begin at the beginning and tell how, early in February, 1882, my elder brother Donald and I made our first acquaintance with the College, which then had been only two years established.

Father Dalton, the venerable founder, was then Rector, and, amongst the other members of the community was the evergreen Father Gartlan, the only present-day survivor of the noble band of Jesuits who were responsible for laying the foundation of the future College, of which we are all so proud.

In those days there were between fifty and sixty students—there was not room for more. The members of the Community were housed in the stone cottage built by Judge Josephson many years earlier and only recently removed on the completion of the new building. The only other substantial structure was the brick building, the lower rooms of which are now used as a library and billiard room, and the upper rooms, as First Division dormitories.

In those days the lower room nearest the present Chapel was the Study Hall and the small room opposite the entrance to the building was then a classroom, in which my first school year was spent as a class-mate of Mark—now Sir Mark—Sheldon (then the head of the class) and his future brother-in-law, Tom Dalton, both of them original students at the College; Tom Moore, son of the founder of Moore's Almanac; Alick Thynne,



THE BRICK BUILDING. (NOW SENIOR HOUSE). (Woodcut).



RIFLE RANGE.

from Brisbane; and Tom Curran, who afterwards became a member of the British Parliament.

When I arrived at Riverview, the wooden chapel which has lately been removed to make room for the Doyle wing, was being completed and the beautiful marble altar which was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the parents of Dr. O'Gorman Hughes, was in course of erection in it. I well



THE ALTAR.

remember examining, whilst still in its packing case, the gold-lined tabernacle. This altar, now erected in the Dalton Memorial Chapel, forms a permanent link joining all generations of Ignatians.

In those early days the refectory was a small wooden building at the back of the stone cottage and was served from the kitchen, which was one of the back rooms of the cottage. About twenty yards to the west of the refectory was another wooden building, part of which was occupied as a

linen room, and the balance by the female domestic staff, of whom Miss Kennedy was for many years the devoted head. Immediately to the west of this and about the centre of the space now occupied by the Memorial Hall was the belfry, and an enormous Moreton Bay fig tree, whilst to the north of it was a small wooden building which did duty both as a birdcage and as a cover for the gasoline plant, the only source of illumination then available at the College.

In those days the infirmary was not built, nor were there any enclosed baths. We used to swim both in Burns Bay and from the College wharf, and the great feat was to swim across, but later sharks were seen in the river and the baths were erected in Tambourine Bay.

The present top field was then the First Division cricket and football field, where all the College matches were played, and amongst the cricket matches there was an annual fixture against the Hughes and Barlow team, which included in its numbers Messrs. John and Thomas Hughes (later the Honourable John and Sir Thomas), who had recently returned from school at Stonyhurst and used to play cricket in knickers and stockings.

The Second Division playground was on a gravelly siding to the north of the present second field and near the present observatory, whose site was then the farmyard.

During my stay at Riverview, from 1882 to 1889, we were not allowed to play Rugby, and accordingly did not join in the inter-collegiate football matches, though occasionally, when opportunity offered, we surreptitiously did attempt "Rugger" amongst ourselves, as we preferred it to the Victorian game. Another pastime which sometimes got us into trouble was hockey, which we played with any old stick and a piece of knotted root as a ball. I remember, one of the Masters—I think it was Father Morrow the fast underhand bowler—catching us one day playing this forbidden game and using one of the confiscated sticks to convince us manually that the game was dangerous and for that reason forbidden. Even to this day I retain a vivid recollection of my effort to reduce the temperature of my hands by letting water pour on them from the filter tap, after Father Morrow's attentions.

In the middle eighties a Cadet Corps was formed at the College and we were decked out in bright uniforms, the full dress consisting of dark blue trousers with a green stripe, a scarlet coat and a cap like that of a mounted trooper. When Cardinal—then Archbishop—Moran arrived in Sydney in succession to Archbishop Vaughan, our cadets formed the Guard of Honour to receive him at Circular Quay and headed the procession to St. Mary's Cathedral.

From the Cadet Corps there naturally developed rifle shooting, under the very efficient direction of that fine old soldier and drill master, Sergeant Michael Hagney. We were fortunate in having our own rifle range, the target being below the present top field, about where the piggery is now located, and the five-hundred yard mound was immediately below the present laundry buildings, whilst the so-called six-hundred yard stand, consisted of a platform seventy-five or eighty yards further back. We were not successful during my stay at the College in winning the All Schools

Shield, but we had many interesting matches with visiting teams, and the members of the team also took part with some success in the National Rifle Association competitions.

During the whole of my school days there was almost continuous bush between the College and Chatswood, and it was all "out of bounds," except on special occasions when we were allowed to go "bird nesting."

It was not until 1887 or 1888 that there was any talk of erecting permanent and enlarged College buildings, and in the latter year our dear old drawing master, Mr. Broinowski, who thought I intended taking up architecture, gave me a copy of the design of the elevation of the new College, of which a substantial portion has recently been constructed.

What a wonderful site was selected by our dear old founder, Father Joseph Dalton, and what wonderful work has been done by him and his colleagues and those who have succeeded them; but much remains to be done to complete the work which they have so well begun and carried on. Amongst other things, the old Study Hall should be replaced as soon as possible by substituting for it the western wing of the completed college design, and may I conclude these hurried and random notes by saying with confidence that the noble Memorial Hall must be suitably decorated in a manner worthy of such a hall and of the heroism which it is intended to memorialise.

The proposals in this regard were tragically interrupted by the recent lamented death of Australia's leading artist, the late George Lambert, A.R.A., who had undertaken to prepare a design for an appropriate mural painting, but, despite this setback, the matter is not being dropped and friends of the College may expect to hear more of it in the near future.

A. A. RANKIN (82-'89).



A Youthful Australian Marksman

Corporal Archibald Rankin.

Corporal Archibald Rankin, of St. Ignatius' College Cadet Corps, is the son of Mr. Angus Rankin, of Bumboulee Station, Tumut, and was born on November 24, 1871, so that he has not yet completed his sixteenth year. He began to practise rifle shooting in April, 1886. In August of that year the St. Ignatius' College Rifle Club shot its first match, which was against the Sydney Rifle Club. In this match Rankin got the top score for his side, making 53 out of a possible 70 at the 500 yards and 600 yards ranges; and he was presented by Dr. Hurst with a handsome gold trophy. In the three following matches his scores were 54, 55 and 57 points. In the New South Wales Rifle Association meeting of 1888, he made, in the "last try," a score of 61 out of 70, and secured a prize. Shooting in the St. Ignatius' College team for the Schools' Challenge Shield, at the same meeting, he again scored 61, the highest individual score in the match, and won the trophy given by Major-General Richardson, C.B. Rankin opened the season for 1887 with 63, against the Ashfield Reserves on the College range at Riverview, Lane Cove River; and soon afterwards he made 56 against the military staff at Paddington, contributing largely to the victory of the College youths over their veteran oponents. In the association matches last October, Rankin won a prize, with a score of 66 out of a possible 75, and also gained a prize for his aggregate in the three stages. It is said that his score in the third stage of the Queen's match is the best ever made at Paddington at 600 yards. In ten shots he made eight successive bull's eyes and two centres. As a reward for this phenomenal scoring, Mr. R. J. Sheridan has presented him with a gold medal, suitably inscribed. During the entire period of his practice in rifle shooting, Rankin has been under the tuition of Sergeant-Major Hagney, for many years drill instructor at the Sydney Grammar School, and at present occuping a similar position at St. Ignatius' College. To this gentleman's admirable training and instruction Rankin is chiefly indebted for his success with the rifle.



A. RANKIN.

(From the "Town and Country Journal.")

Riverview : Its Ancient History

Until within the last few years—eight or ten years—there was scarcely "any settlement" on the northern shores of the Lane Cove River. It was, though so near Sydney, very difficult of access; there were no roads leading to the water frontages, and there was no steam communication except by the old "Womerah," which called a couple of times a day at Greenwich.

True, there was a good high road running from St. Leonards up to the orange groves of Lane Cove, near Gordon. The high road was distant from the river frontage about a mile and a half. The few by-roads leading to the main road were little better than bullock tracks, and in bad weather were quite impassable — you had to take to the bush. Even the upper part of the main road was so wretchedly made that in the wet weather the orange growers of Lane Cove, when taking a load of fruit to Sydney, were obliged, even in my recollection, to provide themselves with spade and shovel to dig the horse and dray out of the sloughs which cut up the road in various places. These drawbacks have, however, been all removed; the main road now is splendidly kept from beginning to end, and a great number of capital by-roads have been opened to the water's edge, from Northwood to the new bridge at the Fig-tree wharf. While, thanks to the energy of Mr. Numa Joubert, a regular flotilla of well-appointed river steamers, calling every half-hour at several wharves between Northwood and the Fig-tree bridge, has opened up a whole district which till lately was almost unknown to the Sydneyites.

Previous to this the whole district was a terra incognita—with its many winding inlets, its deep gullies and its dense bush—it was the regular rendezvous of runaway sailors, of deserting soldiers, and of all sorts of wild characters who might be "wanted" by the police.

Even Riverview, though one of the earliest settlements, with all its natural beauties, was hardly known in Sydney fifteen years ago. There was something weird about its early history that rather repelled than invited visitors; Burns' Bay on the west was then known as "Murdering Bay," and the bay on the east got its name, "Tambourine Bay," from a notorious Sydney character, "Tambourine Nell," who had retired there for a season to avoid the attentions of the police. It was only after a long search they succeeded in finding out her sylvan retreat and taking charge of herself and her tambourine.

One of the early residents in Riverview was Mr. Whitefield, a gun-smith from Sydney, who was shot at his own door in George Street by a fellow tradesman—a lunatic.

About the same time two families had settled down on the 20 acres, where the new cricket ground was lately laid out. Each of them cultivated a few acres of garden; in each family were some grown-up boys. Two of them—comrades—went out on one occasion shooting opossums. Only one of these boys returned home at night. Next morning both families turned out to look for the missing boy. The "20 acres" was then a dense bush, and it was only after a long search they found the poor young lad impaled on a sapling and quite dead. He had shot one opossum, and climbed up a



VIEW OF RIVER FROM THE COLLEGE, 1886. (Woodcut).

tree to secure the prize; the branch broke, and in his fall he met his awful death. His poor parents were terribly shocked, and both families cleared out and went to live at Onions Point, now Woolwich.

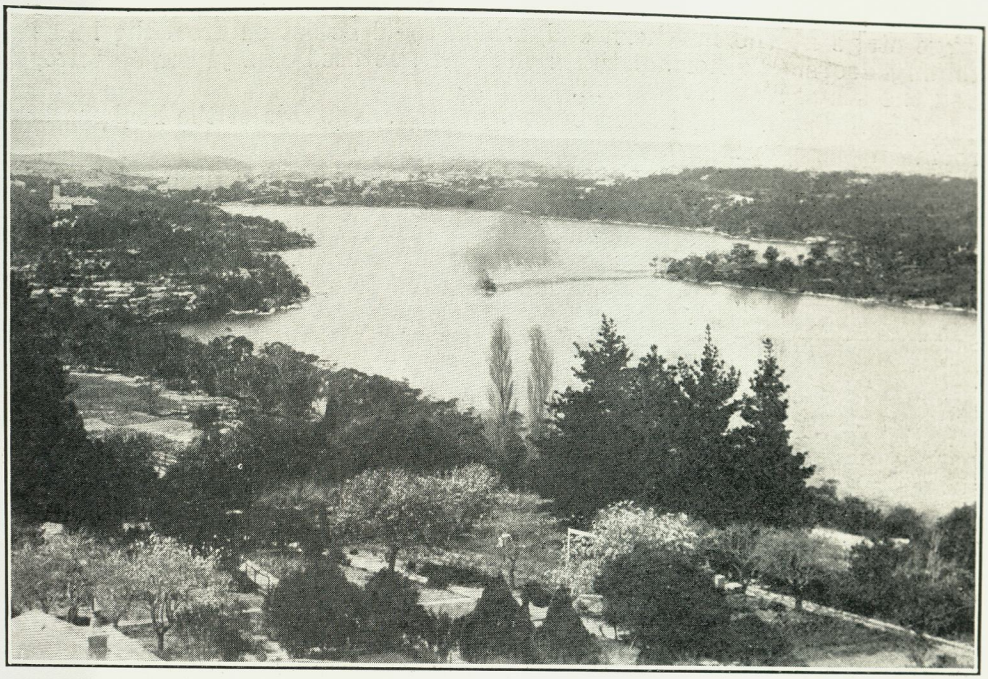
No wonder the place, weird and gloomy before, got the reputation of being unlucky, of being haunted. Indeed, between the present College and the water there are still standing the walls of a ruined house. In the early days of the College this was known as the "Haunted House." However, since the rifle range was formed, the ghost seems to have left the district; the rifle shooting was too much for him.

Mr. Emmanuel Josephson had purchased Riverview before the sad accident mentioned above had occurred. After the accident he bought up from the parents whatever interest they had in the "20 acres."

Once Mr. Josephson became proprietor of Riverview everything steadily and rapidly improved. He was a man of cultivated taste and great energy. He laid out the gardens and pleasure grounds at considerable expense, planting the latter with handsome forest trees and flowering shrubs, and stocking the former with a great variety of the choicest fruits and flowers. All this, with the approach from the wharf, the long and easy flight of steps to the house between the rocks, flanked below with walls of solid masonry, Mrs. Josephson's "Rockery" still untouched, all remain as standing monuments of Mr. Josephson's taste and energy, and are the foundations of the rural beauties of the Riverview of to-day.

The above is a brief sketch of the "Ancient History" of Riverview up to the 28th of June, 1878, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, on which day it passed into the hands of the Jesuit Fathers.

J. DALTON, S.J.



VIEW OF RIVER FROM COLLEGE, 1886. (Half-Tone).

Riverview in the 'Eighties

It was not until the beginning of the school year of 1886 that accompanied by a brother, two years my junior, I entered Riverview. The Riverview of those days was a vastly different place from the present magnificent pile of buildings. The old cottage, formerly the residence of Judge Josephson, was the "administrative building;" immediately at the rear of the old cottage was a weather-board building used as a refectory for the students and lay-masters. Beyond the refectory, and separated from it by only a few feet, was a large weatherboard building built in such a way that it comprised four halls; the southern hall running east and west, was the study hall, and its counter part at the north was the chapel. Between these two were two other halls built side by side, running north and south. These two central halls were divided into a number of classrooms when I arrived at Riverview, but the more easterly one had been used as a dormitory for some years. On the west of this combined building, a wide concrete paved verandah extended from the chapel to the study hall, and all the classrooms opened upon this verandah.

A short distance to the west of the last mentioned structure was a substantial brick building of two storeys, containing four large dormitories for the senior pupils, head prefect's room, and linen room.

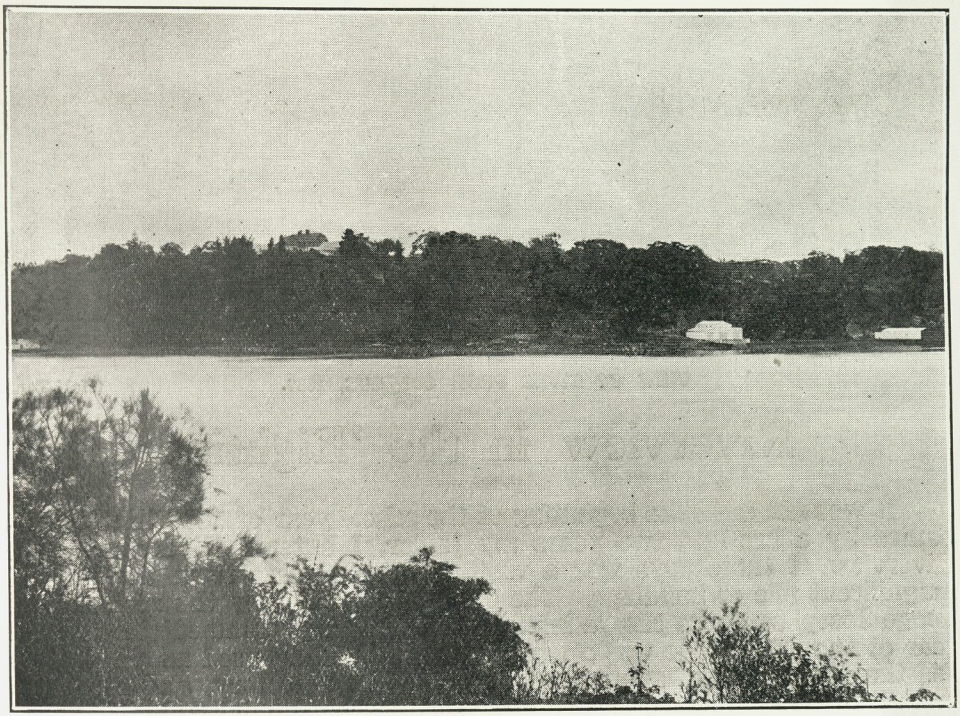
To the west of the brick building was another very large weatherboard building, so designed that it could be used as a theatre, as it had a

large stage at the northern end, which could be cut off from the hall by folding doors. In normal times the hall was used as a junior dormitory, and the stage as a class-room.

The infirmary had been built some time, and two of the Fathers had rooms in that building.

At that time, the only spectacular quality about Riverview was its unequalled site and outlook.

At the beginning of 1886, the Community was made up of Father Joseph Dalton (the Founder) Rector; Father P. Keating, Prefect of Studies; Father T. Gartlan, Minister of the House; Father Nolan, Procu-



VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM RIVER, 1886. (Half-Tone).
Showing (from left) College Wharf, Brick Buildings, Cottage, Boat-Shed, Baths.

rator; Father O'Connell, Father Joseph O'Malley, and Father Michael Dooley; the Reverend Mr. F. Keogh, Prefect, was the only "Scholastic" in the house. Towards the end of the year the Community was augmented by the arrival of Fathers Leahy, Tuite and O'Connor.

There were quite a number of secular masters resident in the College.

My brother and I attended in the early afternoon of the day set out in the Prospectus as the day upon which the school would open for the school year of 1886. We were met, near the Rector's office, by Father Gartlan, who introduced himself, and then took us to Father Dalton and presented us as though he had been our companion all our lives. He then took us to

the "band house," a large octagonal wooden structure in the grounds, where Miss Kennedy, and a staff of housemaids, were busy unpacking the boys' luggage, and marking the linen with the "house number." Father Gartlan introduced us to Miss Kennedy, the house-keeper, and our goods were duly marked with the numbers assigned to us, and were then placed in the linen room, and dormitory lockers, the trunks going into store at the farm. I remember those numbers. Mine was 41, my brother's 45. I was, thus, made successor to Jim McCarthy, afterwards the architect of the Dalton Memorial Chapel, who had left at the end of the previous year.

Father Gartlan then took us round the place introducing us to all with whom we were likely to come in contact, and making us at home in a way which Father Gartlan alone could do. We had been accustomed to regard a priest as a man of such overpowering dignity that this genial kindliness, and good fellowship, came as a surprise.

By the third day work was in full swing, and this went on without a break till mid-winter vacation.

On the first Sunday after opening day the Rules of the House were publicly read by the Rector, in the Study Hall.

At this function, which took place twice in the year, it was the custom for every inmate of the house, not otherwise engaged, to attend. The Rector read the Rules, and explained their effect, where necessary. I well remember Rule 1. It ran to this effect "No rule of this house binds under pain of sin." On reading this, Fr. Dalton would raise his big square reading glasses, and add: "But each rule binds under pain of strap." The Rules dealt with conduct in the chapel, in class, and study, and in the grounds and dormitories.

The Order of Time in those days differed very much from the present. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, dinner was at a quarter past three, on the remaining three days of the week it was at half past one. We rose at 6 a.m. Prayers and Mass at half past six; study from seven to eight when we went to breakfast. This was the order when the school opened, but early in that year, it was changed, so that study was from seven till half past, and from half past seven till eight, physical drill. This was a change of which everyone felt the benefit, especially in cold weather. Another institution which came to an end in that half was that known as "Camps." Each class was divided into two camps, under two leaders. A tally of the points, or marks, merited in class work during the month was kept with great care, and each leader urged his men on to greater efforts during each day of the month. At the end of the month, the scores were made up (they had been checked all through by the master) and the side, or camp, which aggregated the greater number of marks obtained a full holiday. When, for any reason, we applied for a holiday (rarely given) or in the alternative, a half holiday, the application was for "Order of Wednesday" or "Order of Saturday." This meant ceasing work at half past one, and resuming at five o'clock, so that it only meant from an hour, to two hours, less than the ordinary routine day.

When I arrived at Riverview there were still several boys who had entered the school in the first year of its existence; the late T. J. Dalton, K.S.G., Tom Curran, afterwards M.P. for Sligo in the Imperial Parliament,



VIEW OF PART OF OLD QUADRANGLE, 1886 (LOOKING EAST). (Half-Tone.)

Showing (from left) Rotunda, Wooden Building, including Chapel, Study, etc., and (at right) Linen Room.

John Drinan, and I think there were others. As I said before, we had boys from all over Australia; Bob Pickford and the two Shewcrofts from Darwin, Jonas Landers from Townsville, and also Dan O'Neill, Ted Astel from Charters Towers, Charlie Cripps and Jim McEvoy from Rockhampton. Poor Charlie was killed in a fierce fight outside Bloemfontein, in the South African War. There were many from Southern Queensland. The two Pages from Brisbane, also the Lennons and the Cullinanes, Alec Thynne, Jack Davidson, Henry and Vincent Fitzgerald. Harry, I believe, became a priest. At all events during his residence at Riverview he was regarded universally, among the students, as a Saint. From Warwick came Ted Pollard, a hard case if ever there were one, but a good chap, and a real man. I had forgotten to mention Paddy Hishon, from North Queensland, until Pollard's name came up. Paddy was a small boy when I was at Riverview, and his principal distinction there lay in the fact that he swallowed a large quantity of chewing gum, and it nearly caused his death. After that it was a matter of expulsion from the school to possess, or to bring into the school, that particular sweet. Many years after Hishon became a Stipendary Magistrate in North Queensland.

Boys from all parts of New South Wales were to be found at Riverview in the "middle 'eighties." Billy Murphy and Herbert Menon, from the lower Murray, and Jim Carlton, from the Clarence River. Monaro and Tumut were well represented by the Cosgroves, Cliffords and O'Connells, Bill Tuohey, and Archie Rankin. From the South Coast we had Tom Darcy, Jim Beck and Jim Behl. From Riverina we had Tom Rogers and Peter O'Donnell. From the country, west of Bathurst, Jack Fagan, champion all schools' sprinter of that time, Peter Clifford and Jim Quirk. From Orange came a contingent (called the Orangemen) of whom were Mick Dalton, Gerald Barry and Jim Casey. From Melbourne we had quite a numerous band. Three sons of Judge Quinlan, Mick McDonald, Joe Lestrange, Jim O'Brien, and P. McMahon. From Tasmania "Bill," afterwards Senator Keating. Of course a large contingent came from in and about Sydney. Prominent amongst these were Jack and Alf Jennings, sons of Sir Patrick, who was at that time Premier. Tom Cussen, Billy Sheridan, Gus and Fred Mason, Jack Fitzsimons, Mick and Heber MacMahon, and that saintly little chap, Clarrie Parker. There were also of the Sydney contingent those brilliant boys, C. J. Brennan and Stephen Burke. Joe Maloney and Ted Fitzgerald were also of the Metropolitan district, and W. T. Coyle, now Judge Coyle, who left in June, 1886.

Jack and Alf Jennings were two ideal chaps. Jack was the elder, by some years, and was the dux ofthe school at the end of 1886, when he left. He was a good all-round scholar, as well as an all-round athlete, and excelled in every sport followed at the school. His cricket was something to wonder at, as he did every branch of it to perfection. In addition, he was ambidexterous, and could bowl and bat either right or left handed. Early in 1887 the Jennings-Gibbs Government was defeated by Sir Henry Parkes, and Sir Patrick Jennings and Sir Robert Wisdom were appointed Delegates to represent this Colony in London at the Imperial Federation Conference. Jack Jennings went to London with his family, stayed at a country house, and played cricket like Bradman.

Sir Patrick Jennings was, besides being a politican of note, and a very wealthy squatter, a staunch Catholic. He was made a Papal Marquis, and the title was hereditary. When he died Jack Jennings became the Marquis, and since the death of dear old Jack two years ago, his son, Frank, is entitled to style himself Marquis.

Another Sydney boy was Billy Coyle, now Judge Coyle. Billy left at mid-winter 1886, but I was in his company long enough to learn his sterling qualities. He was stroke of the college crew that half, and was an all-round sport, as well as an excellent scholar. His crew did not win the Schools' Race for the college cup, but that was not the fault of the crew, as they rowed in a mystery ship, a sort of boat in which no crew could ever give a good account of itself. The Grammar School won, stroked by the redoubtable Alec Thompson, who, also, is now a District Court Judge. He had stroked that school's crew to victory for three years in succession, and it was only when he left Grammar for the 'Uni, that Riverview came into its own. Next year, the Grammar School crew was stroked by Dick Windeyer, now K.C., and Riverview won easily. This was a surprise for many of the boys, as they had come to regard Grammar as invincible.

Tom Cussen was a Sydney boy who had been a day boy at St. Kilda House, the Jesuit day school, before he came to Riverview. When he was about fifteen years old he met with a serious accident, in which his skull was fractured, and one of his arms broken. He had a long illness, but made a perfect recovery. The doctors who had attended him advised that he be not sent to school for at least twelve months, and that he should have no excitement. His father, who was a sea captain who owned a large pearling business in Torres Strait, thought that the best means of securing quiet for Tom would be the taking of him up to the pearling station for a year, and this was done, and I believe that it was this change which enabled him to make a perfect recovery. The advice of the doctors as to Tom not injuring his health by too much study was most conscientiously carried out by Tom during the subsequent course of his scholastic career. As to the excitement, I do not think that branch of the advice was so well observed. Tom was a born oarsman, and a skilful one, and with his fine physique and perfect health, he could stand the most severe training. He was always well and fit, and he never in the years I knew him caught even a common cold. He had a few days on the sick list owing to severe sunburn, of which I may say more later on. Tom was stroke of the college crew from the time Billy Coyle left the College at the mid-winter vacation, in 1886, till he was called away by the death of his father in 1888. He was a cheerful, good-tempered, likeable chap, and he was always the same, as nothing seemed to ruffle his good temper. He was perhaps the most popular boy in the school, and although a great hand at teasing others, he could take that sort of thing in good part himself. He was very plumply built, but it was hard muscle and not fat, which gave him a weight of nearly thirteen stone. Despite his heavy build, he was a good all-round athlete, and played all active games well. Although he did not work hard at his studies he acquired quite a good education, and was a very good mathematician. There was one thing about Tom which marked him off sharply from the majority of the scholars at Riverview, and that was the fact that he would eat neither poultry nor fresh pork. These were produced at the

farm in great quantities, and the boys enjoyed them much, especially on the occasions of Fr. Tuite's "spontaneous banquets." Tom's explanation of this dislike for these delicacies was that he had so much of a similar diet at the pearling station that he never wished to see either a fowl or a pig again. The pearling station was on the mainland opposite Thursday Island on a perfectly landlocked small bay. The land round the bay was of the richest description, and was covered with dense jungle. The jungle was the home of innumerable wild pigs and fowls, which could be caught with very little trouble.

When all is said and done, it is not the buildings which constitute the glory of a great teaching establishment, but the character and mental attainments of the teachers and pupils, and it may not be out of place to give my impressions of the teachers and students of my time.

Let us begin with that Grand Old Man, Father Joseph Dalton, who, when I went to Riverview, was an old man and almost a cripple, but was a great man still. There was a pervading kindness about his personaltiy which captivated all who met him; but with it all, he was a keen judge of character. The boys of my time did not care to show him much they loved and revered the dear old Rector. But the state of affairs became quite apparent when it was announced that the Rector had suffered a stroke, and now was in an unconscious condition. At his advanced age there was not much hope of his recovery. This was in the spring of 1887, and the inmates of Riverview formed a very grief-stricken and anxious household for some days. We were then told that he had recovered consciousness, and it was hoped that he might make a partial recovery. As soon as he was fit to be moved, he was taken to Melbourne, and after a month or six weeks there he returned to Riverview, quite restored to health, mentally and physically. During his illness and absence, Father Gartlan, who was that year Vice-Rector, became Acting Rector. Father Dalton, when he had to call the boys to account, used to come into the Study Hall at the afternoon study, and would preface his censure with the remarks: "Boys, I am surprised, and pained, to hear, &c." It was his custom to take a walk round the whole place everyday, and in the course of this round, he would have to pass the door of the Study Hall. When the boys saw that he was wending towards that door, there was great concern, because, as one of the boys put it to me: "I would rather take a hiding than hear Father Dalton say he is surprised and pained, because I know he is speaking the truth, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves." Father Dalton was a man of wide, and varied experience, and he had a fund of anecdote with which he illustrated his discourse to the boys, and on such an occasion it was a treat to hear him, for he had a keen sense of humour.

Father Gartlan ranks next to Father Dalton as the founder of Riverview. Throughout the whole existence of the College he has either been at the College or not far distant from it, and he was for many years Rector. A great friend of the boys, he could get the best results from apparently unpromising material. In my time, the office of chief of the punishing department fell upon Father Gartlan, and big and little secured the strap if they deserved it; but I never knew of an instance of a victim bearing any resentment. The instrument of torture used to consist of about two feet

of buggy trace. Canes were not used. The strap was a better instrument in every way and it made a resounding smack; the moral effect was great, and widespread. Secular masters were not allowed to use corporal punishment. Receiving strokes on the palms of the hands was known as "taking socks". Father Gartlan was Minister of the House during the greater part of the time I was at Riverview, and as such had the supervision of the boys in the Refectory, where he preserved the most perfect order and decorum, while at the same time doing everything in his power to interest and entertain the boys at mealtime. Interesting matter from the news-



SENIOR BOAT-SHED.
Fr. Gartlan is on the right holding oar.

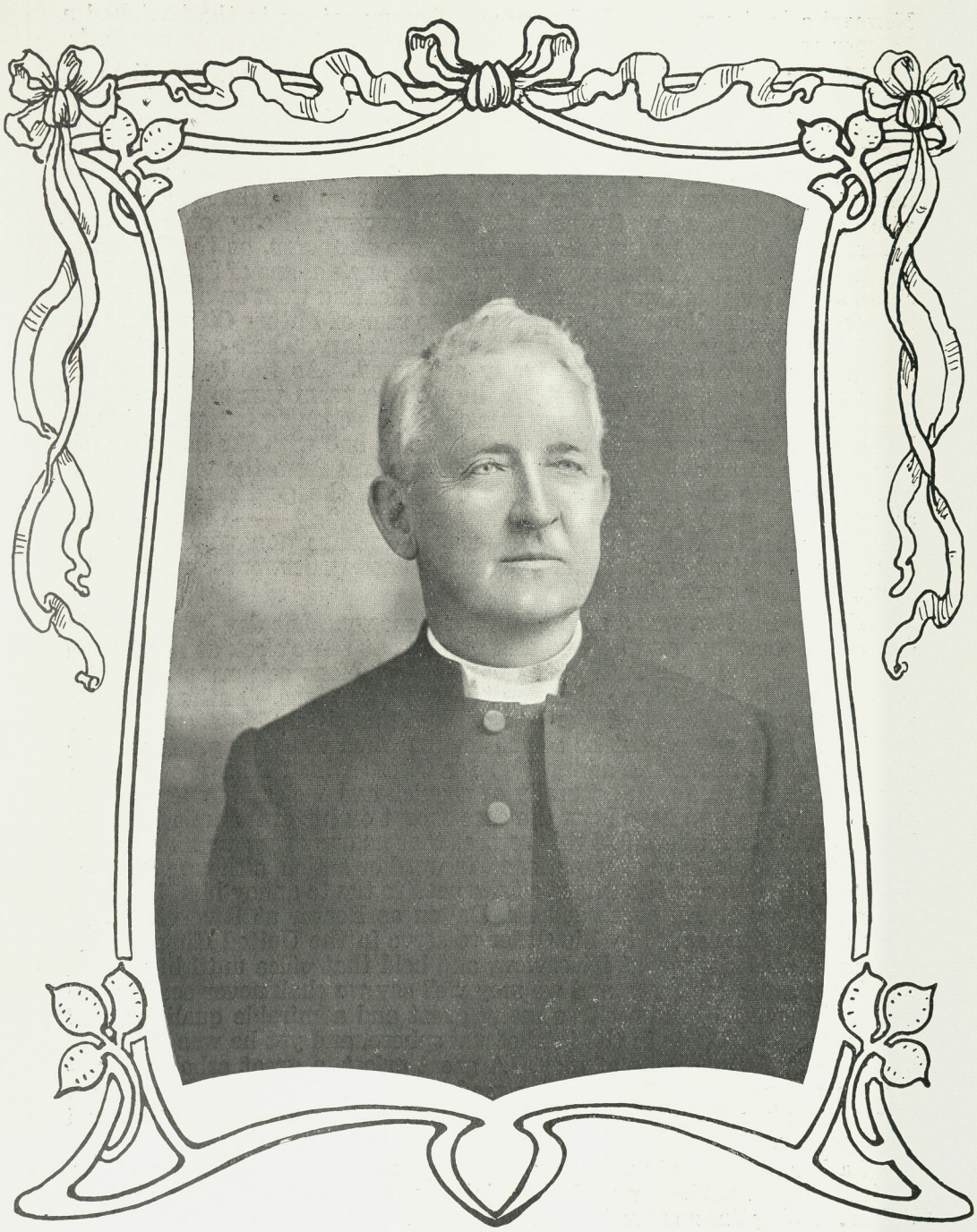
papers was read aloud, and Test Matches were played and discussed in those far off days like they are now. Another way in which he showed his interest in the boys and intention to give them as much entertainment as he could, were his "moonlight excursions". In warm, fine weather when the moon was near the full, he would select a crew of half a dozen and, after the evening study, he would take these to the boatshed, and in the big College boat a trip would be taken down the harbour. When the flying foxes were numerous, I have known him to take a gun with him, but do not remember any casualty among the foxes, as a consequence. Sometimes we went as far east as Fort Denison, and one night an outward bound

Newcastle boat nearly walked over us. On our return to the boatshed a hamper would be opened, and then we would quietly creep to our beds.

Father Pat Keating (whose brother, Fr. Tom Keating was then at Bourke St.) was a most remarkable man in many respects. A scholar in every sense of the term, he was a man of a most striking personality. Strikingly handsome, he was an all round athlete. It would be hard to find a game requiring strength and skill, which he could not play well. He used to play as a member of our team when the teams of the most formidable cricket clubs about Sydney visited Riverview. Being an all round expert at the game, he used to surprise these strangers, as the following incident will show. A match was being played against one of Sydney's best clubs, and the visitors won the toss. Father Keating went on as one of the bowlers. I was sitting near, and just to the rear of Father O'Connell, who was sitting next to the club's scorer and Secretary. Their admiration of Father Keating's bowling was freely expressed. As the bowler at the other end was also of good quality, the visiting team was out in a short space of time, and Father Keating was one of the opening batsmen. When he proved himself as expert with the bat as he had with the ball the visitors applauded heartily; but when he drove a ball from the visitors' best bowler far into the bush beyond the boundary, the gentlemen with the scoring book jumped to his feet and shouted: "By —— that — parson can play cricket. We did not laugh—aloud—because "language" was bad form; but I noticed that Father O'Connell's back underwent some decided convulsions for some time after.

Father Keating was a man of untiring energy. His day began before five in the morning, and he was still at work at ten o'clock at night, and this year in and year out. His was the first Mass celebrated, and for several months, I, with another boy, served this Mass. Father Keating always acted as prefect of the late or "voluntary" study—from nine to ten p.m., and many a knot he solved for me when construing. It was he who awakened in me the admiration for Cicero which I have ever since retained. Though a man naturally of a quick and violent temper, no one could believe such to have been the case except on his own admission. He had so far trained himself in this respect that no one ever saw him exhibit the slightest annoyance or impatience, in word or action, although his face might flush. Some of the wilder spirits used to try to annoy him, but they never succeeded. He succeeded Fr. Dalton as Rector at Riverview, and after he had been called by his Order to serve in the United Kingdom he was again made Rector at Riverview, and held that office until his death, which came alas too early, and we may well say we shall never see his like again. He united in himself so many great and admirable qualities, and such high attainments in the intellectual sphere, and yet he was the most humble and approachable of men. A great priest, a great scholar, a cultured gentleman, a sterling friend, a model of the highest type of manhood, a great member of a great Order, the death of such a man leaves this world much poorer.

Father Nolan, before coming to Riverview, had been Rector at Kew. He had been a medical man before joining the Order, being an M.D. of Dublin. Being Procurator, he had much to do with the business side of the college but did not come into contact with the boys. He was a great



FATHER PATRICK KEATING.

authority on Botany practical, as well as theoretical, for the garden, and bush-houses, in his time, were show places. He lived at the infirmary, and during an illness of three weeks, in that harbour of refuge, I became very well acquainted with him. Although we were being attended by the doctor from Hunter's Hill, Fr. Nolan visited us twice a day, and was most kind to us.

Fr. Joseph O'Malley was like Fr. Nolan, an old man. He was the Professor of English, History and Geography, and he was well qualified to discharge the duties of that office. He was a purist in English, but not a pedantic one. He frequently pointed out that terms, which some considered "slang," were perfectly legitimate words, which had become displaced by more unworthy ones. One Sunday at Religious Instruction class, one of the boys remarked that he would be satisfied if he had Fr. O'Malley's "show" of going to Heaven. Immediately one of the senior boys, who dearly loved to see a debate develop, broke in with: "Order penal studies for him, Sir, for using slang." Fr. O'Malley said: "Tom, I should not make too certain of that. Many such words are perfectly classical. Take for instance the common expression 'hard lines,' which most people would regard as slang, is a Scriptural expression, for we read of one whose lot was cast in hard lines." Fr. O'Malley devised a system of Mnemonics for the use of the students in the study of History and Geography. The boys rejected such aids with scorn, at first, but very soon they were convinced of the utility of the system, which aimed at combining topical rhymes with catch words, each letter of which had a numerical value. He had a pamphlet printed for English History, from the date of the Conquest, and another for European Geography. He forced into the service every letter of the alphabet, which gave a greater range in the formation of suitable catch words. The great advantage of this system was that its key could be mastered in about five minutes, and once mastered, was never forgotten. It was not intended to displace the ordinary text books on the above subjects, but to act as an aid to their study. For the purpose of teaching European History Fr. O'Malley had special large sized, linen bound, exercise books, specially ruled and bound. Each page was divided into one hundred divisions, each of which represented a year. These were ruled with lines for the entry of important events of that year, with its catchword incorporated. The page was also divided into halves and quarters by heavier boundaries. In addition each page had a strip of coloured paper pasted at the top, and this was different on each page. The idea was to form a mental record, or photograph, of each page, and of the facts recorded thereon. In class there was a competition in the forming of the most suitable catchword for each important event, and when the best available was ascertained, it was duly entered up. The system worked splendidly, and even those most opposed to it were soon forced to admit its merits.

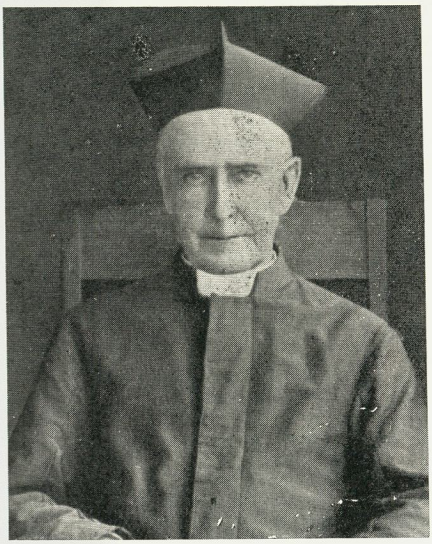
Fr. O'Malley was the best preacher of all the Fathers in the house in my time. He was indeed a most impressive preacher, of the quiet, restrained type, and he used no gestures. He had so thoroughly applied his memory system to his own work, that if, six months after he had delivered a sermon in the chapel, one of the students quoted a short passage of that sermon from a note made at the time of delivery, Fr. O'Malley could sup-

ply the context, both before and after the extract quoted. I have known this to take place many times. As I remarked before, Fr. O'Malley was at this time an old man, and a heavy one, and I was, therefore, very much surprised to see him put his hand on a fence, and vault over with the agility of a boy. His mental activity and vigour were even more striking. With us he enjoyed and merited the reputation of a saint. It was said that since his ordination, thirty-five years before, he had celebrated Mass every day with the exception of one day on the voyage to Australia, when the sea was too rough to attempt it. Like nearly all the Fathers he had a strong practical turn, and was an artificer, and possessed a fine set of tools. These he would willingly lend to those who understood the working of them, and would take care of them. On each tool, cut into the woodwork with an engraving tool, appeared the words "To be brought back." If the tool was wholly of metal, the same words would appear, etched upon the metal with acid. When he inspected his kit there were no "absentees."

Father Charles O'Connell was a much younger man, and was the only Father then in the house who wore a full beard. He was Professor of Mathematics and was a mathematician of the highest merit. In his own words: "A mathematician lives in a world of his own, and does not care to come out of it." It was not an uncommon thing to be sent on a message to his room at the infirmary, and to find him with the floor strewn with paper covered with calculations, and Fr. O'Connell disguised as a Turk. That is to say, he would have a wet towel wound round his head. He was also the Lord High Executioner of the senior boys who neglected their mathematics. He was the terror of the lazy or careless student, but he had great powers of discrimination, and was quite gentle to those who failed through nervousness or dullness. He visited our class occasionally, and put the boys through their paces. I have seen him invite Hubert Mooney out to the blackboard to demonstrate some well-known proposition in Euclid. Hubert, although a sturdy chap, and not at all nervous, on most occasions, would be unable to do a thing. As he was the best mathematician in the class, and was known by Fr. O'Connell to be such, this would annoy most teachers. Not so with Fr. O'Connell, who knew that it was a case of "stage fright" and not laziness or perversity. He was a great enthusiast in sport, and took a keen interest in the comfort and welfare of the boys, generally.

Father Tuite used to teach French in the class in which I was, and the artful ones, very shortly after the opening of class, would entice him on to some side track of the subject, such as the correct pronunciation, and he would go into most elaborate explanations, phonetic and otherwise, and would give amusing instances, to illustrate the matter, having been much in France. The result was that the bell marking the end of the class—one hour—would sound before he had fairly opened the work. His surprise on such occasions was quite amusing, but he fell into the snares of the artful ones again, and again. In this respect he differed from Fr. Leahy, who was too accomplished a student of human nature, as displayed in boys, to fall a victim. Fr. Tuite was very careful to keep the boys up to a high standard of deportment, and anything in the shape of vulgarity of any kind was hateful to him. No boy opened or closed a door violently in his presence the second time, and in leaving a room in which a superior

remained the boy faced the superior while he opened the door, and, practically backed out, closing the door softly after him. This may be considered "Frenchified" but it, at least, had this merit, as compared with the present customs, that it made life more pleasant for those other than the boy concerned, and he soon became accustomed to it. Woe betide the boy who went into the chapel, class rooms, study hall, or refectory, wearing his top coat (unless he were ill), and in a hundred other ways he imparted a good deportment, beginning where the drill sergeant left off. In those old days, a herb grew in the grounds, and especially in the bush at the rear of the boatshed, and this plant, and especially its leaves, when bruised or crushed gave off a most overpoweringly unpleasant smell. The boys used to smuggle this into the study hall, and drop small pieces of it in the passages, where it would be ground up by the boots of the boys passing over it. On a hot afternoon it soon made the place untenable, and even the veteran Sergt. Hagney, who usually had the study in charge, was obliged to send for the Head Prefect. When Fr. Tuite came in he did not notice the trouble complained of, and said he only noticed a close atmosphere. I was watching him as he advanced up the hall, when he suddenly halted, and almost staggered, as he reached "the danger zone." He ordered the boys out into the playground for fresh air. This was just what they wanted, and they remained there until tea time. In the meantime, Fr. Tuite had all the men employed about the place rummaging in a cellar at the end of the study hall, searching for dead rats. Fr. Tuite took up the office of Minister of the House for the latter half of 1887, and he and the boys were quite satisfied with the condition resulting. He was said to be the best Minister of the House the college ever had. He always told us to report, if anything were not of the quality demanded, saying "We pay for the best, and I insist upon having it."



FATHER TUITE.

Early in 1887 the two firework making firms Brock, and Pain, of London, came to Sydney, and for many months gave great displays in the best style of their art. For some time they had these displays in the Domain, and a small charge was made for admission. Later, some person protested against the Domain being used as a source of profit to individuals, and other arrangements had to be made. While the firing took place in the Domain, we of No. 2 dormitory, had a most perfect view. We hurried into bed as quickly as possible, so that "lights out" would come early. As soon as it was announced that Fr. Tuite had left the building, we manned the three large windows which gave a south east view, and also the eastern window. The sills of these windows sloped in at an acute angle; but that

did not discourage us, as we hung on like swallows on the side of a vertical wall. These windows were about three feet above the floor. Frosted glass extended up for another three feet, and above that the window swung on pivots, so that when open, this part of the window came to a horizontal position. We could, thus, look out of the windows without being observed from below, as the swinging position of the window placed us in shadow. From our perches we could see Fr. Tuite pacing his "beat," or wending his way to or from the cottage. One night our intelligence department failed us, for the signal was given that Fr. Tuite had gone out, while he was actually in his room. At all events, he came into the dormitory, having heard our murmured applause. On hearing his footsteps there was a wild rush for "cover." My brother rather overdid the business, and fell out of the other side of the bed, and Fr. Tuite entered with a light at that instant, and saw him on the floor. He was invited to the Prefects' room; but an explanation satisfied Fr. Tuite, who returned to the dormitory and looked out at the eastern window. Shortly after, a flight of shells exploded, displaying the most magnificent green stars I have ever seen. This put Fr. Tuite in good humour at once; he warned us of the danger of taking cold; but never after disturbed us, and the Domain displays ceased shortly after. The last time I saw Fr. Tuite, he was again at Riverview; but his health was broken, and it was pathetic to see him creeping slowly about, whereas in earlier days, he was the personification of energy and celerity. He was suffering from heart trouble, and was subject to seizures of that agonizing condition, known as angina pectoris; but he was as bright and cheery as ever. He died not long after that. A long day's work well done.

Fr. Leahy, who came to Riverview at the same time as Fr. Tuite, in 1886, was his opposite in many respects. A big handsome man with a singularly benevolent face. And he was as good as he looked. When he took over the office of Prefect, he addressed us, and announced his policy, and told us what we might expect from him, and what he expected from us. For the first two or three weeks he rather kept us at arm's length, but after that he put unbounded confidence in us, and I think I can fairly say that this attitude was justified. During the half it was not necessary for the Prefect to secure order, the boys relieved him of that duty. Sometimes one of the "game chaps" would be inclined to play up, but an admonition from the more steady ones to the following effect would secure order: "Don't be a fool, you don't know when you have a good thing on". Such warning or advice was not couched in formal terms, or strictly correct language, but it was always effective, because it expressed the opinion and the will of the majority. I have said that Fr. Leahy was not to be imposed upon by "leg-pullers", and the boys soon found that out. They tried it in the playground, and they tried it in class, but he was proof against all their wiles. He was teacher of classics in my class, and a fine teacher, too. His idea of learning any language was to acquire it by ear. Acting on this principle, he used to make the whole class recite, in a good loud voice, declensions and conjugations, he leading. This was soon found to fix the grammar, even into the heads of the inattentive. It also had the effect of imparting a correct idea of "quantity." When construing a Latin text, he would recite, in his fine style, parallel passages from both Latin and Greek authors, and it was a treat to hear him giving out the sonorous Greek. The artful boys used to "fag up" passages from "word books" of

these languages, and put them to him as posers, but he was equal to them. When they attempted to coax him away from the class work, he would say: "Now boys, we have digressed sufficiently, let us return to our work." Nothing delighted him more during playtime, than to engage the boys in conversation, above all he was anxious to learn all he could about Australia. Its birds, animals and plant life interested him intensely, and he longed to see the conditions of life in the interior.

Fr. O'Connor was the third Father who came to the College at the end of 1886. He was a very good, solid teacher. He was a very quiet,



SENIOR BOAT-SHED. (Woodcut).

retiring man, and was mild and kindly in his dealings with the boys, all of whom were fond of him, and most of those who knew him could not do enough for him. He used to live at the infirmary. Of course some of his pupils used to kick over the traces at times, when Fr. O'Connor would threaten them with "ferrulas," but the matter never progressed beyond a threat.

The Reverend Frank Keogh was Prefect during the whole year 1886, and was a very efficient one. He had a medical training before he joined the Order, and acted as dispenser at the College. Being an Australian, he knew how to deal with the boys, and they gave him very little trouble.

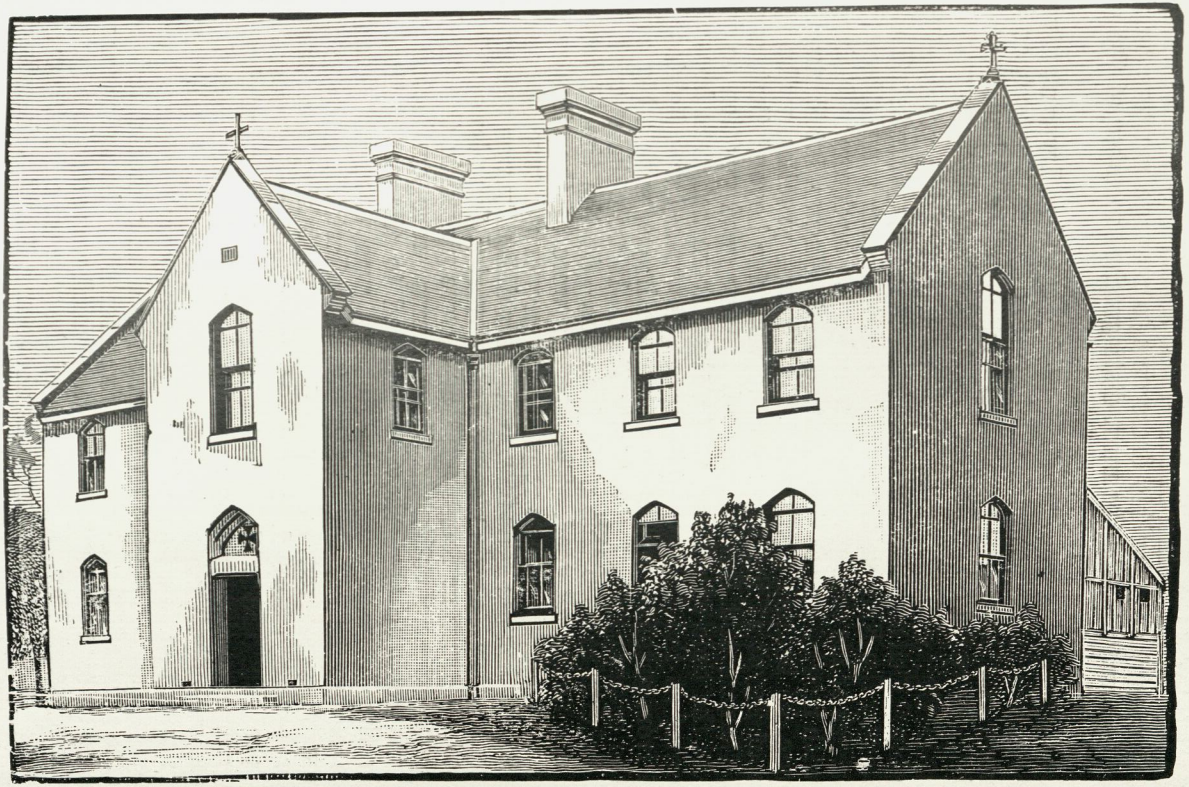
He was a consistent student, and the lightest book one would find him reading, when he had charge of us in the playground, was the Greek Testament. He was a very good oarsman, and he took a great interest in all the games and sports. We regretted his departure, when that impending event was announced to us before the breaking up; but we regretted it still more keenly later on. He went to Europe to complete his Theological studies. He afterwards returned to the Old School, as Father Keogh, and I had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions, and recalling old times. Although much younger than the Fathers of my time I am sorry to say that he, like most of the Fathers of my time, has passed away.

No review of the old times at Riverview would be complete without the mention of the Lay Brothers. Brother Muldoon was the chief of these, he being the right hand of the Minister of the House. He was general house steward. He had charge of the providoring department, and he discharged the duties of that onerous position to perfection. He was a most genial and kindly man, and was particularly generous to those making efforts to uphold, and defend, the honour of the College in the line of sports. When the crew were in training he provided special fare, at special times, and thought no amount of extra work in this direction a trouble. He insisted upon providing us with a substantial basin of milk gruel after the Sergeant had put us through our dumb-bell drill in the hour between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m. I have cause to remember Brother Muldoon's kindness and consideration, on one occasion in particular. The Balmain Annual Regatta was a great aquatic event in those days, and it was held on the 9th November, the birthday of the then Prince of Wales. Our crew was competing in the four-oar race, amongst the seniors of the various clubs. I was "fifth-man" at the time, and, with the other 'emergency man', attended the Regatta, with Fr. Gartlan coxswain. The weather was threatening when we set out, and it promptly fulfilled those threats. One of the mail boats was anchored off Cockatoo Island as flagship, and we sheltered behind her lee side as much as we could. The rain fell in sheets, lashed by a first class southerly gale; judging from the temperature, it had come direct from the Pole. We had to wait a long time for the event in which we were interested, and it was hoped that the gale would abate. At last the four-oar race was started; but our number three broke his oar at the third stroke. However, it made little difference, as all the other boats were swamped. They were "string test gigs," which were entirely unseaworthy in such weather. There was a race for ten foot dinghies, and in this forty two of those cockleshells started. They, of course, made a wide field, and in passing the flagship, on the outward reach, two or three ran inside where we were sheltering. They, of course, displayed bad seamanship in running so close to the flagship, as, in doing so they were bound to lose the wind. These boats were manned by wild boys, and the torrent of language they directed at us, and especially at Fr. Gartlan, was enough to burn the surface of the harbour. Fr. Gartlan took it in quite a philosophic spirit, and serenely remarked: "Those are very rude boys". Of the forty-two boats which passed us only two rounded the buoy on the return reach. Among the capsized were our linguistic friends, and Fr. Gartlan remarked: "Now those boys will have an opportunity of washing away their sins." We were all wet through, and were so for several hours,

and when we reached our boat shed, we were so stiff that we could hardly get out of the boat without assistance. When we arrived at the house, Brother Muldoon had a special hot meal, and an immense jug of hot, spiced wine ready for us. None of us suffered the slightest ill effects from that exposure. Brother Muldoon was assisted by a head waiter, Jim Flood, and when he put on his dress suit to manage matters on festive occasions, he always looked the most distinguished member of the gathering.

Brother Fitzgerald was also there during the time I was at Riverview. He did not come in contact with the boys to any great extent, as he was the manager of the outdoor work, and the "farm", and had quite a staff under him. He acted as prefect in No. 2 dormitory during part of 1886.

Brother William Roberts was quite an interesting personality. He was a highly skilled mechanic, and had been one of the picked staff of artificers selected by the Khedive of Egypt, when that ruler sought to modernise the industries of his country. Brother Roberts was foreman instructor, in contact with men of almost every nation, and being an intellectual, ready-witted man, he became a polyglot. French was practically the business language of Egypt at the time; but he went far beyond that, acquiring Spanish, German and Italian. He left a very good position to join the Order. At the time of which I write, there were not even hopes of city gas or water at the College. The house, however, was lighted by gas prepared from gasoline, and there was a gas house, with a big container, behind the eastern end of the Study Hall. It was the special duty of Brother Roberts to keep this plant in order. At the time I joined, the lighting was not at all good. The burners were of the circular Argand type, and it was impossible to regulate the proper mixture of gas and air, with the result that the light flickered. This difficulty was remedied early in 1886 by Brother Roberts placing large inverted "sun lamps" in all the larger rooms. Three or four such lamps were placed in the Study Hall. The products of combustion in these lamps were conducted straight through the roof, so that they contributed to the ventilation. When I was in the Infirmary, Brother Roberts was brought there suffering from severe burns, the result of his efforts in saving the gas plant from fire, started by one of the unthinking workmen. He was very severely burned, and must have suffered intense agony; but he bore the pain with splendid fortitude, and seemed to be in great spirits over the circumstances that firstly he had saved the gas plant, and, secondly, that he had saved his eye-sight. I had many conversations with him, and found him an extremely well informed man. He had evidently had a scientific training, as well as a mechanical one. He was also the chief of the water supply department. The water for washing was pumped up by a windmill from a well which was sunk in a gully which ran into Tambourine Bay, to the north of the present cricket ground. The water, so raised, was stored in tanks above nos. 1 and 2 dormitories, and thence gravitated all over the premises. The windmill was a good one, but its position was too much sheltered from the prevailing winds to develop its full efficiency, so a steam plant was substituted in the early part of 1886, by means of which other operations besides pumping water could be performed. Our drinking water was caught from the roofs of the buildings,



FIRST BRICK COLLEGE BUILDING ERECTED IN THE 'EIGHTIES, NOW (1930) SENIOR HOUSE. (Woodcut).

and was stored in a great underground tank, some distance in advance of the building containing the senior dormitories. There was a pump house built over this tank, and two men used to man this pump every day or so, and pump the water to the tanks above the dormitories. I observed, many years after, that when its useful career had ended, this tank was not properly fitted in, for portion of the grounds above its former site caved in. There were other lay brothers in my time, but they did not come into the students' province at all.

I have an idea that many who read these notes will have no notion of how long ago these events occurred; but when I state that everything herein narrated took place before Brother Doyle came to Riverview, the fact should be made plain. I think he must have arrived there at the beginning of 1888, because in that year, after Easter, when I used to visit my brother, who had about that time returned to the school without me, I first saw Brother Doyle, who has, ever since been a main pivot at Riverview (long may he reign).



JUNIOR BOAT-SHED, 1886. (Woodcut).
(College Wharf is behind Shed).

Of the secular masters of my time I could say much, for they were a very important part of the organization of the College. They were mostly a fleeting company, with the exception of Mr. Kent, who remained in the school for many years and whom I single out for mention. It was said that he was a cousin of Fr. Dalton. He came to Riverview from Europe at the beginning of 1886. He was a fine looking, big man, and some of the boys declared that Pickwick had returned to earth. He was already middle aged, and wore glasses, which were very rare at Riverview then, even among the teachers. It would appear that Mr. Kent had lived most of his life in Europe, especially in Austria, which, at that time, was a collection of nations, differing in many respects, but especially in languages. Of the various dialects so spoken, it was said that Mr. Kent understood, or was able to speak, twenty-two. At all events, he was profoundly learned, and seemed to have added theology to his other studies. I well remember the ease and skill with which he handled questions in this science when

they were raised by the boys. At that time the Maynooth Catechism had not yet been published, and in the old catechism there was a question on the observance of Sunday. It ran: "Is a sin any greater because it is committed on a Sunday?" The answer was: "Yes." Mr. Kent opposed this with spirit, and when the Maynooth Catechism was issued to us, in the latter half of 1887, this question was not included. I have heard Mr. Kent state that when travelling in what had formerly been Poland, not long after he had first arrived in the Austrian Empire, he was surprised when he arrived at the railway station of the town which was his destination at being addressed by the porter and then by the cabman in perfect Latin. It was an old University town, and after the final Partition, it was attempted to stamp out the old language of the people; the use of the same was made penal, while every inducement was given for the acquisition and use of German. This did not suit the local population, who, rather than adopt the hated German, acquired the language of the learned all over Europe.

In those days, sport was carried on with spirit, if not with success. There was no such thing as a cricket ground, as to-day known to the students. The college authorities were making efforts to provide playing grounds; but the class of country was against success. The First Division cricket and football ground was on the top of the hill, and the best thing about it was a very good stand. There was a concrete pitch, but the outfield was impossible. The whole of the ground had taken the place of a mass of trees and rocks, with a basis of sandy clay. The clearing was done by explosives, and the enterprising contractor was known to the boys as "Captain Dynamite." He also made the excavations for the boatshed by the same agency. The contractor made a perfect job of removing timber, stumps and rocks; but the perfect ground had not yet arrived. The soil (where any existed) was composed of a sandy clay, in which ironstone shingle was incorporated, as it were by the special agency of the Evil One. The top of the hill is exposed to westerly gales, and these used to blow away the soil, and leave the shingle bare. In vain we laboured en masse to remove that shingle. Rake it and carry it out of bounds, as we did scores of times, three days' westerly wind would make it as bad as ever. The result was that Rugby football could not be played on the ground, and, as no other school in Sydney played the Australian game, we had to play against such clubs as followed Australian. We had many matches with the Northumberland miners.

As to cricket, the outfield was ruinous to balls, as the shingle cut them to pieces. It also rendered fielding a very risky game. The Second Division had a better ground, which also had a concrete pitch, on the sloping ground above the boatshed. This ground was grassed over, and the college cows were allowed to graze upon it.

Rowing was very well provided for, considering the short time the club had been in existence. The front part of the present boatshed was finished, but the stage and pontoon have been much enlarged since then. The big building at the back, and additional showers, are of later growth.

Rifle shooting was well provided for, as we had a range on the grounds. We had ranges of three, five and six hundred yards; the latter "mound" was a platform sixteen feet high at the rear side. One great trouble was the supply of ammunition, as the Government would not buy a proper supply till Dr. Creed made a fighting speech in the Upper House, and proved that the normal supply of small-arm ammunition held by the Government was only sufficient to supply the rifles and Nordenfeldts for fifteen minutes' firing. After that the supply became better. We were willing to pay for all we used above the musketry and efficiency allowances.

Tennis was not a very flourishing game in my time, as I knew by experience, being "Warden of the tennis equipment." However, this would have entitled me to the "Band Picnic," which was given by the College to the members of the band, and to others holding sundry offices—librarians, keepers of the tuckshop, etc. However, I did not need the tennis qualification, already holding that of Warden of drawing materials and Armoury Sergeant.

A. McDONELL (1866-'88).



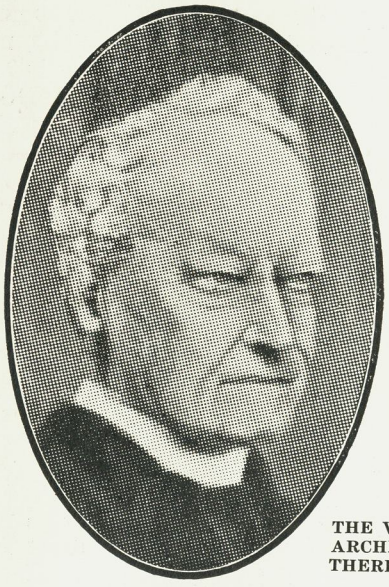
VIEW OF TENNIS COURT. (Woodcut).

Showing at the back Infirmary building, and the foreground part of the old playground (gravel).

St. Ignatius' College v. Newcastle City

"On Monday last a team from the City Football Club played at Riverview, Lane Cove River, the St. Ignatius' College Football Club. The College, which I believe is the largest educational establishment in New South Wales, is situated on a pretty eminence, about 100 yards from the bank of the river, and four or five miles from Sydney.

"Coyle captained the Collegians, while Murrel acted in like capacity for the Citys. The visitors conceded a handicap of three to the Collegians, playing 19 to 22. This, as events proved, was a slight mistake, as after a hard tussle, the boys won by a goal to nil. The Collegians are no mean exponents of the Australian game, and particularly good at the little mark-



THE VENERABLE ARCHPRIEST THERRY

ing. Like the Newcastle cities they ignore altogether one of the chief features of the play, viz., "shepherding." Those who distinguished themselves for the College were Coyle, Jennings (who kicked the goal), Fitzgerald, Quinlan, and Fagan. The Newcastle best were Watson, Allan, Ireland, Wish, Rooney, Murrel, and Ellis. At the conclusion of the game the Newcastle men were invited to take refreshments with Fathers Dalton and Gartlan, who expressed themselves as well pleased with the day's play. They also thanked their visitors for coming such a distance to meet the schoolboys, and complimented the team generally on the way they had accepted their defeat, and for their gentlemanly behaviour, jocularly attributing the success of their boys to the merciful treatment they had received from their more powerful opponents. The reverend gentlemen were lustily cheered at the close of their speeches, and after three times three had been given for the College boys, the Newcastle team made a rush for the steamer, from which they landed in Sydney at about 7 o'clock."

From the "Newcastle Daily News," May 27th, 1886.

Opening of New College, 1889

On December 8th, 1888, Fr. Joseph Dalton vacated the office of Rector and Father Patrick Keating replaced him as Rector of the College.

On Wednesday His Eminence Cardinal Moran blessed the new building —the first portion of the permanent College. From a long account given in the Alma Mater of this event we give a few extracts.

Mr. T. Dalton, M.P., presented Father Joseph Dalton with a testimonial and a cheque for £805 from his friends and admirers. The names of those who signed the address were:—

Chairman: Thomas Dalton.

Committee: John T. Toohey, Daniel O'Connor, Thomas Curran and T. M. Slattery.

Hon. Secretaries: Jas. J. Spruson and Thomas Lane Mullins.

Mr. Dalton referred to the fact that Father Dalton had "founded the great college at Kew, in Victoria; the college at St. Aloysius, in Sydney; and also St. Ignatius' College, at Riverview."

We are told that—

"A large portrait of the Venerable Archpriest Therry, the father of the Australian priesthood, was conspicuously displayed in the hall. Father Therry, who practically founded the Church in Australia, it may be remarked, bequeathed all his property to the Jesuit Fathers, and paved the way for the introduction of the Order into Australia."

Cardinal Moran made a fine speech in his best vein of humour, but, as it would hardly interest all, we must omit it. We cannot omit two other extracts from the account, which have an historical interest.

£37,000 SPENT ON RIVERVIEW.

Father Keating, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said it was only just to their generous friends who had assembled in such large numbers that some brief statement should be made that day showing what had been done since the College was established. On the old College £16,350 had been expended, and the Fathers had recived £7000, including £4000 given by the late Archbishop Vaughan and £1000 given by the late Father Dunne, of Tasmania, for founding bursaries, and the bequests of £1000 and £600 from the late Monsignor Lynch and the late John Hughes, K.S.G., respectively. He would leave it to Father Gartlan to tell them what had been done in connection with the new building.

Fr. T. Gartlan, S.J., said that when the new building was started the College was only £4500 in debt, though £16,350 had been already expended on the Institution. To erect the new College the Fathers were obliged to borrow £25,000 on their Riverview property, the portion of the work completed costing £21,000. Since the contract for the new building was entered into the Fathers had been paying £1500 a year interest on the amount bor-



VIEW OF THE NEW COLLEGE FROM RIVER, 1889. (Woodcut).

rowed. Their good friends had contributed up to the present £1842 12s. 6d., and promises of annual donations to the extent of £400 for five years had been received. Apart from the generous assistance given by their friends in Sydney, they had received generous aid and encouragement from all parts of New South Wales and the neighbouring colonies, and in connection with the ceremony of that day he might mention that they had received cheering letters with subscriptions from His Grace Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart; His Lordship Dr. Byrne, Bishop of Bathurst; His Lordship Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goulburn; His Lordship Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Wilcannia; the Hon. Mr. Thynne, of Queensland; and other friends of the Institution. (Applause.)

DESCRIPTION OF NEW BUILDING.

The new College, from its elevated position on the picturesque heights of Riverview, presents a very imposing appearance. Even in its present state of incompleteness the College, with its great white walls towering amidst the natural beauties of the magnificent riverside property of the Jesuit Fathers, makes a picture and a scene such as an artist would delight to transfer to his sketch-book. The building, which is of stone quarried on the site, has a frontage of 130 feet and comprises four stories rising to a height of 72 feet to top of parapet. On the ground floor are the students' refectory, 100 by 30, the community refectory, 30 by 30, reception hall, study hall, class rooms. The first floor embraces the library, 30 by 30, private oratory and the community rooms. The top floor is devoted entirely to the students' dormitories, one being 100 by 30 and another 14 by 30, both being ventilated on the Tobin principle. The ceilings of the building are very lofty, being 18ft. 6in. on the ground floor and 16ft. on the first and second floors. On the roof is an ambulacrum 100ft. long by 10ft. wide, from which is obtainable a beautiful series of panoramic views of the harbour, the Lane Cove River and the suburbs. The basement includes a kitchen 30ft. square, also bakehouse, sculleries, pantries, storerooms, lavatories, and large bathroom, etc., over the whole of which the ceilings are fireproof. The stairhall is 24ft. square, and surrounds a handsome staircase 6ft. wide. The stairs and landings are entirely of bluestone. Along the rear of the building is a massive arcade 15ft. wide supporting a balcony of similar dimensions. The facades of the building are Italian, classical in style, broken up into pavilions at each corner, and a large one in the centre of the principal front. Only the west pavilion is included in the present block, the building stopping short at the central pavilion, for which the foundations have already been built. The pavilion treatment is accentuated by the introduction of the Corinthian order in the first or principal story and by pilasters in the upper story. The architectural details all through are of the purest character, and at the same time simple and bold, the end aimed at being to sustain in the treatment of the building throughout the idea of magnitude and power which arises from its great extent and solid simplicity of plan. The portion at present finished has cost £21,000, and is about one-fifth of the entire design. The architects are Messrs. Tappin, Gilbert and Dennehy, of 118 Pitt Street. Mr. John Corley was the contractor and Mr. A. H. Gibbs the clerk of works. It may be mentioned that fire hoses are laid throughout the building, and the entire institution is lit with the electric light.

Reunion of Past Students

On Sunday, the 8th December, the Rector entertained the Old Boys. There was a large muster of ex-Riverviewers, and all seemed to thoroughly appreciate the graceful kindness of Father Keating in inviting them to the new refectory at the first opportunity. The utmost cordiality prevailed. After dinner, the Rector proposed "Our Guests." It was for him, he said, a very happy day. He had long looked forward with pleasure to the occasion on which he would be able to receive the ex-students; but, unfortunately, owing to the want of space in the old refectory, he was unable to



NEW REFECTORY OF 1889 COLLEGE. (Woodcut).

entertain them as a body until that day. However, he hoped to see them often together in the future. (Applause.) Recently he had read an account of a similar gathering at one of their colleges in Belgium, at which two thousand guests, ranged at tables according to their various years, had sat down. (Applause.) The gathering had included gentlemen who had attained the highest positions: members of government, governors of provinces, and distinguished professional men; and he hoped that the time would come when a rector at Riverview would preside over a similar gathering. (Great applause.) He asked the company to drink the health of "Our Guests."

Mr. Kelly, of St. John's College, responded in a humorous speech.

Mr. Snelson proposed the "Founder of Riverview," in graceful and eloquent terms, his remarks being received with much cheering.

Mr. H. W. Wardell also spoke to the toast.

When Father Dalton rose, he received a great ovation, the applause lasting for several minutes. The ex-Rector referred to the early history of Riverview, and caused much merriment by his humorous allusions to some of the prominent old identities. He likewise congratulated the company on the fact that they had through the first decade of the history of the College preserved its honour untarnished and its colours unsullied. (Applause.) It now behoved their successors to do the same, and to bear in mind the zeal and energy of their predecessors in the cause of the "Blue and White."

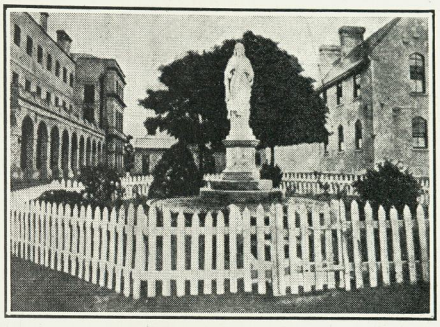
The other toasts were "Success to Riverview," proposed by Mr. Coyle, responded to by the Rector; "Past Riverviewers," proposed by Mr. Mooney, responded to by Mr. Hughes; "Riverview Present," proposed by Mr. Broinowski, and gracefully acknowledged by Mr. T. B. Curran, on behalf of the school.

In the course of his speech, Mr. Mooney made a suggestion which seemed to find much favour with the assemblage, viz., that a "Union" should be formed by the ex-students.

After dinner the company adjourned to the large hall, where excellent entertainment also awaited them. The orchestra played the overture, after which R. Brown sang the parody, "Riverview," which was received with boisterous applause by the old boys, who demanded an encore. B. J. Beirne played a piano solo in his usual finished style, his skilful fingers "bringing out" the pretty melody, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" from amidst some complex and difficult variations. The duet by Father O'Malley and Mr. O'Reilly was encored; in response they repeated a part of it. R. Brown's fine song, "The Wave That is Bearing Us Home," was loudly applauded. B. J. Beirne, J. Cullinane, A. Shewcroft and C. Cullinane treated the company to a fine quartette, and T. Punch and E. Loneragan contributed a duet for violins. Both items were loudly applauded. Mr. O'Reilly's song was "Oh! Oh! Hear the Wild Wind Blow," to which, in response to a vigorous encore, he had to add another, and chose "Father O'Flynn," the first bars of which were the signal for applause, and the song was received with much clapping. Mr. Pigot and H. Keating contributed a piano solo and a recitation respectively; both items were excellent and were received with great favour by the audience. The programme was supplemented by songs from two of the visitors, Messrs. Kelly and Thomas, the latter being encored.

The concert being over, "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" was given in the College Chapel. The visitors returned to town by the 6.15 p.m. boat, after giving cheers for the "Rector," "Father Dalton," and the "Community."

QUADRANGLE IN 1889.



Shows New College (left) Statue of Sacred Heart, Old Building (right).

Lines Suggested by Seeing Father Dalton Viewing the New Building.

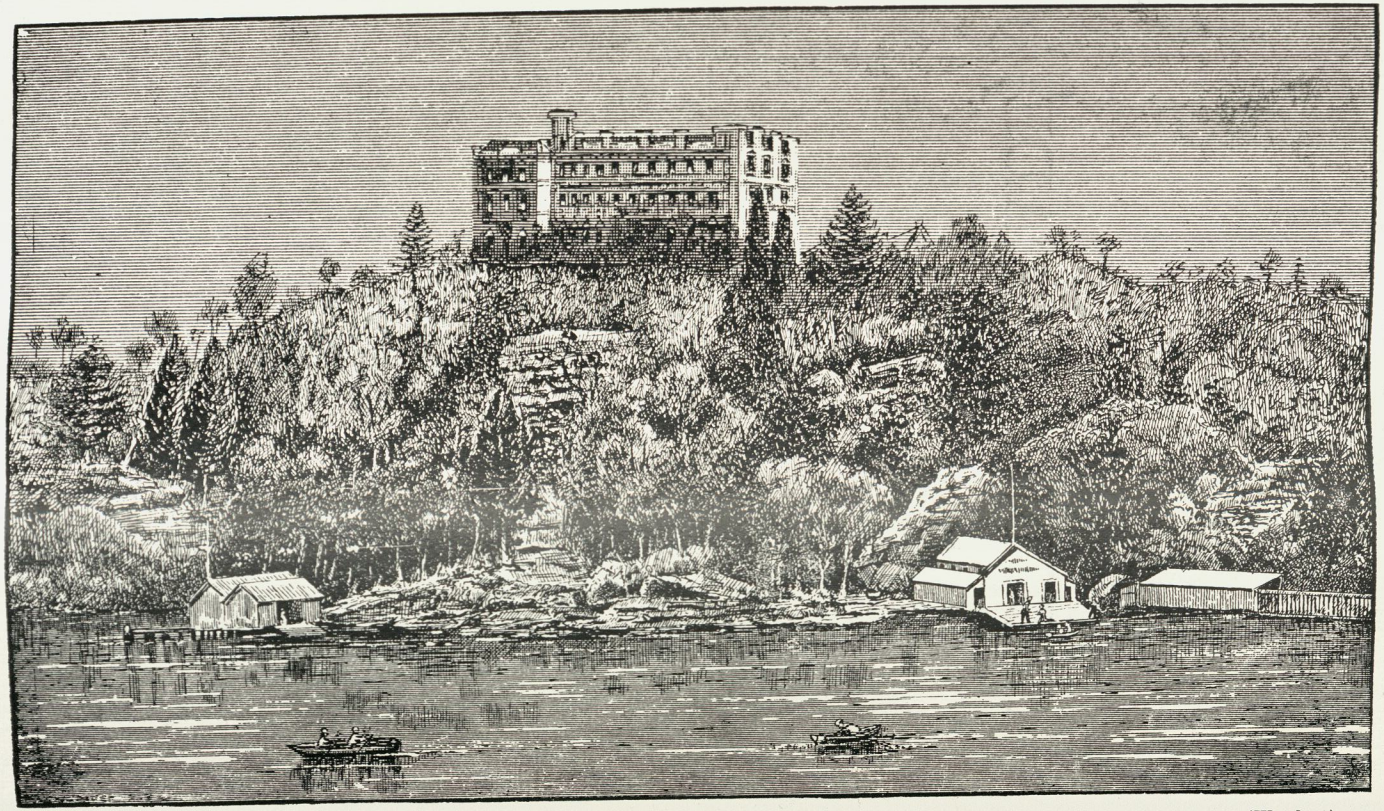
As some brave mariner, great dangers past,
From ocean's storm and hardships rests at last,
But still devotes his well-earned hour for rest
To plan a craft, whose strength will bear the test
Of angry seas and billows raging high,
When dark and threat'ning clouds obscure the sky;
So thou designed yon huge-proportioned barque,
Of priestly zeal an e'er enduring mark,
And now, with pride, as daily time's tides flow,
In all its stately beauty see'st it grow,
And dream'st of days, when full-equipped for sea,
'Twill steer the course so well pursued by thee,
Bearing a precious burden—glorious sight—
From shores of darkness to the realms of light.
And when complete, the noble structure stands,
When far its fame has spread to distant lands,
Its towering dome* a monument will be
To thee, thy virtues, and thine industry.
While gliding down the glist'ning stream below,
Alumni, then, must kindly thoughts bestow
On thee, the pioneer, who first conceived
The noble plan by labours long achieved.

Riverview, 8th December, 1889. JOHN de L. O'REILLY.

* It has been decided to apply the money subscribed to the "Dalton Testimonial Fund" to the erection of the great central dome, which will be called after Father Dalton.

SECOND DECADE

1890 - 1900



OLD VIEW OF COLLEGE. (Woodcut).
Shows Old Wharf, Boat Shed, Swimming Baths.

Frank Pelly Comes to Riverview

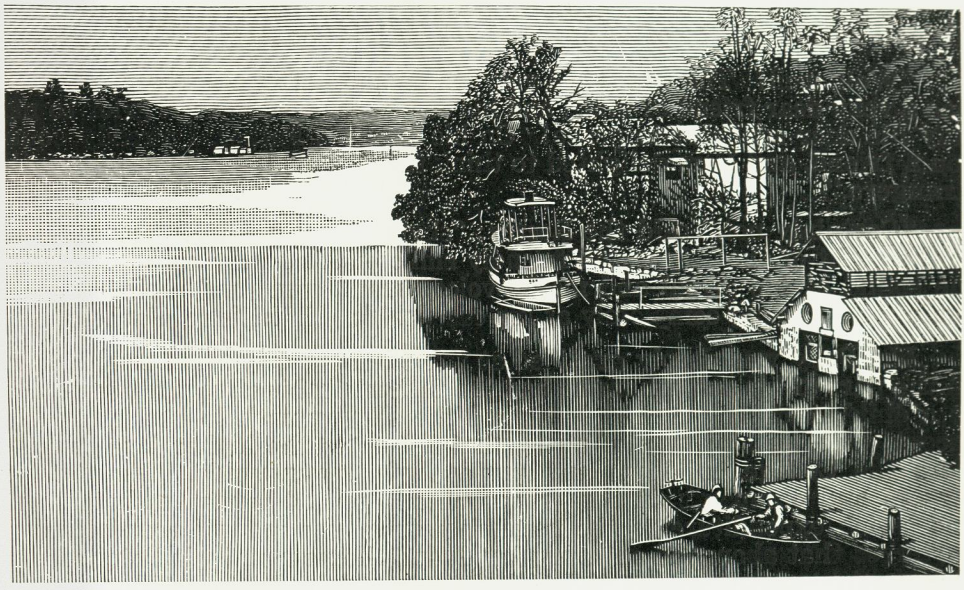
It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the first Tuesday of February, 1890, that Mr. William Pelly and his son stepped out of the north-west train on to the platform at Sydney station. And what a crowd there was! Men and women, boys and girls of all sorts and sizes were hurrying to and fro. Each vied with each in the endeavour to secure the first services of porters, with their barrows and trucks, for the conveyance of baggage to the vehicles waiting for engagement outside the precincts of the station. Elderly ladies and fussy men excitedly accosted these officials, with cries that these were their traps, and also those over there, and would they hurry up and get them a cab, and at once please! But also in those days porters were cool and cute fellows, with an experienced eye for the more promising passengers, and Mr. Pelly knew his way about. Frank was at first a little puzzled at the absence of all haste and fuss in his father, who stood quietly beside their pile of trucks and bags, but when a uniformed official, drawing a big truck with a long handle and four stout, small wheels with rubber tyres, passed by several volubly protesting women and indignant average-looking men, and came up to Mr. Pelly with a civil "Yessir," Frank was not at all astonished to see the man, at a mere gesture from his father, set to work loading their traps on to his machine. The fellow knew evidently the fact that his father was the most important personage in the whole motley crowd. Then, at the exit, while dozens of people were shouting and gesticulating in the mostly difficult effort to secure some kind of a conveyance, it seemed quite natural that at the mere wave of the porter's hand, the driver of a fine waggonette should pass by the fussy throng, and drive to just where they were standing, as if he were completely "in the know." The baggage was speedily loaded up, and the hand of Mr. Pelly sought that of the porter, who smiled broadly, touched his cap and remarked "Thank you, sir; very much, sir." He had been wise once more, and had scored a bull's eye. "Yessir?" asked the driver when they had boarded his concern. "Lime Street Jetty," said Mr. Pelly, and the waggonette went on its way down Pitt Street. Frank was speechless with astonishment at all he saw. Such myriads of people of all sorts and sizes! Such vast and varied fleets of horse-drawn vehicles! Such unbroken sweeps of buildings, high and low, packed tight together, except where intersected by crossing streets, and even those, as far as could be seen, packed with big buildings also! But astonishment almost amounting to a shock caused him to find his tongue when steam-engines sped both ways, dragging big carriages, some of them two-storeyed, all full of people. "Look!" said he; "trains even in the streets!" "Oh, those are the trams," said his father with a smile.

In due course they arrived at the old entrance way to the Lime Street Wharf, where they alighted, and the driver having left them, with a genial "Thank you, sir; thank you kindly, sir," they boarded the "Lobelia," en route for Riverview. What an immense ship was this huge "Lobelia"! Frank could not have imagined it from the pictures of ships in books and papers. Here was the real thing. But soon they passed over the enormous expanse of water, of a queer blue or green tint, and passed other wharves,

at which were moored gigantic ships of amazing proportions. As the "Lobelia" passed by one jetty there was a monster of a ship standing high out of the water, with strangely little provision for sails on such an enormous ship, but with a huge chimney sticking up in the very middle of it, from which black smoke was issuing. He looked over his shoulder at the "Lobelia." She had a smoking chimney, too. Oh, yes. Steamers. That was it. But now how small she seemed after looking at that monster! Two young men were sitting near him, and they were also looking at the big ship, but were quite cool about it. One of them casually remarked, "Two thousand tonner." But Frank, taking mental notes for his first letter to Mother, would have preferred him to say two million or so. Just then the Balmain ferry hove in sight, and she looked so small in comparison. And yet—she seemed bigger than the "Lobelia"; and she was a steamer, too. No semblance of a sail, and there she was rushing rapidly by! And there were others, dozens, going in every direction. And they commenced, the whole lot of them, to appear quite little. His father pointed out some of them, and told him they were the passenger ferries, one the Parramatta ferry, another the Lavender Bay; and there were many others round the point going to and fro between Circular Quay and many other places, right out as far as Manly, near the "Heads," where the Pacific Ocean was. They were only in the "Harbour," which was only just like a big river compared with the Ocean. A river! Well, the Macquarie up home was a river, and a good, big river too, Frank thought. But even in flood-time it was only a creek to this.

But they were going to Riverview. How far more was it? It was all most interesting. It was a fairy region. The "Lobelia" was now approaching a jetty; with much noise like that of a cataract, much creaking of ropes, and slamming of a gangway, quite a crowd went ashore; and yet a bigger crowd remained seated on board. Rounding a rocky point with trees and shrubs on its lofty brow, the boat entered a narrower, yet still huge, stretch of water, and his father said they were now on the Lane Cove River, and were halfway to their destination. River! How many rivers were there in the world like this? But then he remembered having read somewhere that the St. Lawrence in America was hundreds of miles wide at its mouth. He must try to make up his mind that he had much to learn about rivers. This huge thing then was a river. But it was all exquisitely beautiful. The greenish-blue water was so calm and so bright under the blazing sun. Over there on the left was Woolwich, and that point over there ahead was Longueville. After a couple more stops they would get there, and then go over to that big hilly place at the foot of which was Millthorpe jetty. When nearing that he was told he would get his first glimpse of Riverview. Then he was all excitement. Was Riverview going to be as beautiful as the pretty places all about? They touched and left Longueville, and then! "Look," said his father, "at that big house on the hill, with trees all about it and the big white boatshed over there to the right. There is your future home." It was all very good to look at, but "home" was an ugly word. Mother—and Mary—and Jean—and Brownie —and Flick—and Jess, were far away in another "home," and it hurt to think about them. And Mrs. Fitz—and, but there now the "home" disappeared behind that hill, and they were at Millthorpe. More passengers

got off there, and the boat went on her way. Leaving Alexandra Street Jetty, she rounded the next point, and made straight for—yes, there was Riverview again; and it was not at the end of the "river." There seemed to be more "river"; seemingly endless stretches of river away up there to the left. But they were there at last! With the usual roar of a cataract as the propeller was reversed, the same creaking of ropes, and the same slamming down of the gangway, and a shout of "Riverview" from one of the deck-hands, they stepped ashore, and had their baggage landed on the jetty. And here he was, in exile, though his father was there. The very



THE "LOBELIA" AT FIG TREE. (Woodcut).
Looking Towards College Grounds (the Wharf Only is Shown).

"Lobelia," which had seemed quite his own private property for the time being, even she was on the move, leaving him behind on this strange and foreign shore. And there was nobody about, only big towering rocks, and over there, all about the sloping grounds, big trees and thick bushes, as wild-looking as any of the bushy places about Springvale—only so different; but there that big ocean of a "river" all about. While these thoughts were running through his mind, his father began to move his traps a little farther ashore, but he had only just set about it when a footstep was heard on the sloping roadway, and they both looked up. Frank was somewhat surprised to see approaching them a lithe, active figure, tall like his father, dressed in the garb of a priest. He was exceedingly pleasant to look at, and came forward with outstretched hand, saying, "Mr. Pelly, I think; I am the Rector, Father Keating." The father and son removed their hats, and in turn took the proffered hand. "And this is Frank? How do you do, little man?" How did he know? Letters, of course! Letters can do wonders. And he was so friendly and so easy to meet. Frank liked him there

and then on the spot. "Thank you very much for your kind letters, Father," said Mr. Pelly. "What a glorious place this is."

"Come along," said the Rector, "and let us see more of it. You may leave all those things there. This is our own private wharf, and there is no danger of anything going astray."

"You mentioned in your second letter, Father," said Mr. Pelly, "that you had some recollection of having heard of me in connection with Stonyhurst?"

"Oh, yes," said the Rector, "I had a cousin there who knew two Australians—you and Willie Tobin, of Wingadee, Coonamble. His name was Harry Perkins, and he often spoke of you both in the most cordial manner."

"Well, well! The world is a very small place, after all. Harry Perkins was a very dear friend of mine, and his death was a very great grief to me. May his dear soul rest in peace! On his account, Father, I already count you a friend, and I am delighted to think that we shall not be dealing with strangers."

"Certainly not," said the Rector; "shall we be friends, Frank?" And at the sight of the bright and friendly smile on his handsome face, and at the sound of his genial and manly voice, Frank came and took his hand again, and, feeling completely at his ease, said: "I think so, Father."

Mr. Pelly was deeply gratified at this pleasing display of savoir faire on the part of his son, whom he had the father's habit of regarding merely as a child, and they turned to ascend the sloping path to the gorge-like ascent, with its stairway of stone, that led up to the higher level, where were the College buildings and gardens and playgrounds. The former owners and occupants of the property had devoted much aesthetic care and lavish expenditure to the beautification of the natural rockeries and parterres that abounded on every hand, and the new arrivals listened and looked with rapt attention while the Rector explained the significance and history of this or that object of interest. His two auditors had the advantage of his full attention for, although this was assembly day, only a few arrivals had so far claimed his attention, and he was completely at their disposal. Later in the day he would have been called hither and thither by numerous callers, parents and friends of new boys and old boys—every sort of boys, new and old. After an inspection of the grounds, the school area and the gardens, they ascended by the classic stone stairway to the "Rialto" on the roof. What a magnificent view on all sides! There were the Blue Mountains in the far west; there was the whole stretch of the Lane Cove "river"; there was the sweep of hills up towards Hornsby; there was the City of Sydney to the south-east—and it was all magnificent. In the immediate vicinity there was the isolated infirmary building, there the milk farm; there the cricket grounds, two of them; and there the wooded slopes between which flowed the Lane Cove, where it was really a river, though a small one. How different from the endless plains about the distant Macquarie River.

Descending from the "Rialto," the new arrivals were shown over the large dormitory, and the lesser ones, where, the Rector said, Frank would

be installed. Thence they proceeded to the "cottage," the original residential building of the estate, where dwelt Father Dalton, the founder, and Father Gartlan, the bursar. It was quite an event to meet Father Dalton. He was a quiet, soft-spoken old gentleman, with, however, a certain readiness and efficiency of bearing, though evidently far advanced in years, and under the necessity of moving about on a pair of crutches, which he termed his "ponies." After a few words one seemed to be on familiar terms with him. With an adroit enquiry or two he got your whole history, and found you were one of the Browns related to those other Browns about whom he could tell you more than you ever knew or could know, for he seemed to know the whole world and its wife and children. Yes, it was the same Pelly family. He had met "your father" scores of times, and was quite aware "you" had been to Stonyhurst for some years. And this



SENIOR PLAY ROOM.

was Master Frank Pelly! Well, he was glad to have another of the important families represented at Riverview. He was quite sure it was all for the best. And he knew Mrs. Pelly, also. Was she not one of the Blakes of Bathurst, and was she not educated at Subiaco Convent? Yes, he seemed to know everybody, and it was quite delightful to feel the friendly sentiments he seemed to impart.

Next they met Father Gartlan, the bursar and a lot of other things, for it was he who was to fix Frank's status in the College, after the master of schools had decided the grade in which his studies were to begin. He, too, had that friendly air; he was interested to hear that they were from the Dubbo-Coonamble-Warren district. He had to deal with alumni from

thereabouts. How were Jim and Charley Carton and the McAlister boys, and Jack White? Did they ever hear of Charley Carton's escapade in connection with the Riverview orange-groves when he was bowled out through the exact correspondence of a piece of tweed found on the barbed-wire fence with a hiatus in Charley's pants? And was this Master Frank Pelly the new boy, and was he fond of cricket, and could he swim, and had he any rooted prejudice against apple-pie and chocolate creams and so forth? It was delightful, Mr. Pelly thought, to meet such men and to know that he was leaving his son in such genial surroundings.

But he must be gone, and the Fathers, of course, understood that he must have a parting talk with the boy, so, bidding him farewell, they left him to go down with Frank to wait for the boat to Sydney.

Later in the afternoon other arrivals came up in groups from the jetty, returning pupils shifting for themselves, carrying some of their lighter packs, new boys accompanied by father or mothers or other grown-ups, and the Rector was busy meeting them. But he had not forgotten his little friend. Seeing him come up the walk from the stony ascent, he called to him. Frank came forward with a confident smile, with his eyelids now quite dry but somewhat red, and Father Rector called another boy, saying: "Frank, this is Frank Willis, all the way from Bundaberg in Queensland. Two Franks! How much is that, Master Willis?" "One and eight pence, Father," replied the brilliant mathematical son of Bananaland. "Well, now, as you know Riverview as well as you know French coinage, you are to take charge of this new boy, and show him about. And first of all take him to Miss Kennedy, at the linen-room, and see about his number and his clothes."

And so Frank Pelly made another new friend, and was formally installed as a Riverview boy.

From "By the River," By John Rhymer.

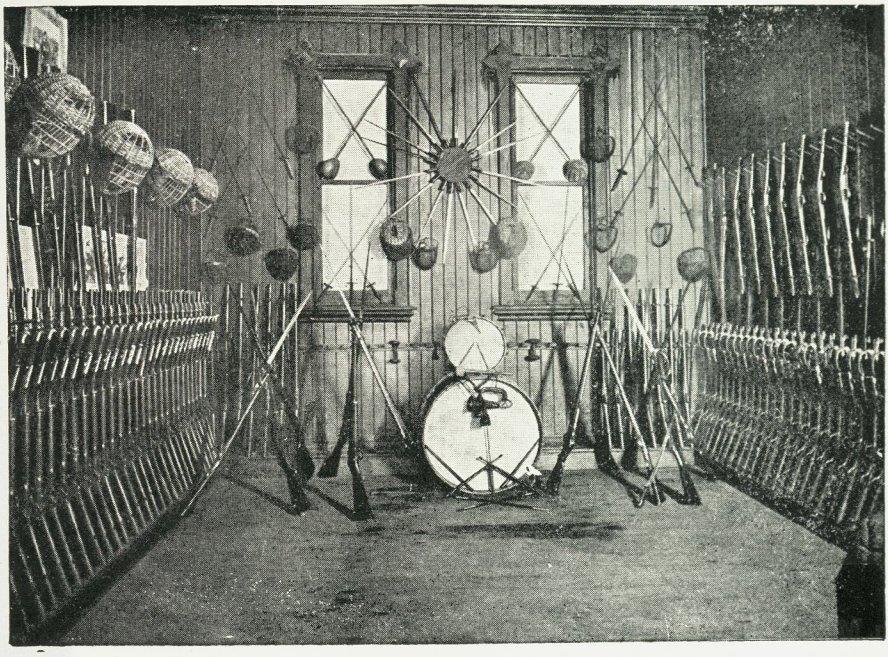
Proceedings of the Debating Society

1891.

February 23rd.—A meeting of those who wished to join this club was held in the senior class room on February 23rd. The President of the club, the Very Rev. P. Keating, S.J., presided over a large attendance, and gave an address on the great advantages gained by joining such a society, especially while at College. The following members were then enrolled:—Messrs. A. Jennings, A. Shewcroft, P. O'Donnell, H. Regan, P. H. Mooney, J. DeLisle, T. Coen, G. McMahon, J. Cullinane, D. Corrigan, T. Punch, E. Dalton, J. Tarleton, C. Lennon, W. Burfitt, J. Shearer, and J. Wall. Mr. Shewcroft having resigned his office of Hon Sec., the first step was to elect an Hon. Sec. for the ensuing year. Messrs. Jennings and Corrigan were then proposed by Messrs. Shewcroft and Regan respectively, and on show of hands Mr. Corrigan was elected by a small majority. Messrs. Shewcroft and Jennings were elected leaders.

March 15th.—A meeting was held for the purpose of electing a social committee, and to decide the subject and date of our next debate. Messrs. Jennings, Shewcroft, and Cullinane were elected members of the social committee. Of these Messrs. Jennings and Shewcroft afterwards resigned, and Messrs. Moloney and Corrigan were chosen to fill the vacancies. After considerable discussion it was finally agreed that the subject for our first debate should be: "Should Australia be immediately separated from England?" The date was fixed for April 10th, and the Government decided to speak in the affirmative.

April 10th.—Our first debate took place in the senior library after tea. The room was literally packed both with masters and boys, the latter eager to hear their comrades expressing their opinions in the bold oratorical manner which had always characterized the utterances of members of the club.



THE ARMOURY.

The chairman, after explaining the question to the audience, viz., "Should Australia be immediately separated from England," and exhorting the new members to speak fearlessly and deliberately, called on the Premier, Mr. Jennings, to open the question. This hon. gentleman maintained that the time had come when Australia should sever the chain which binds her to the mother country. He was well opposed by Mr. Mooney, the leader of the Opposition, in a very telling speech. Mr. Corrigan, for the Government, began his speech by warmly thanking the members of the club for the honour they had conferred on him by electing him to the position of Hon. Sec. Messrs Cullinane and Punch for the Opposition, and Messrs. McMahon and

Coen for the Government made very effective speeches. The eloquence of Mr. Mooney and his colleagues carried the day, the Opposition winning by a very large majority. The Premier sent in his resignation that night to the Hon. Sec., and Mr. Mooney was called on to form a ministry. He chose Messrs. Coen, Cullinane, Punch, Dalton, and Wall.

April 20th.—At a cabinet meeting held this evening, the Government selected for the next debate, to be held on May 11th, the question—"Whether has the hope of reward or the fear of punishment the greater influence on man?

May 11th.—Mr. Mooney, Prime Minister, opened the debate with an eloquent and powerfully-delivered speech. He was well supported by his colleagues, Messrs. Coen (Postmaster-General), Cullinane (Co. Sec. and Treas.), Punch (Public Instruction), Dalton (Public Works), Wall (Mines),



DEBATING ROOM. (Woodcut).

with Messrs. Tarleton and Davidson. The Opposition benches were filled by Messrs. McMahon (Leader), Jennings, Corrigan, Burfitt, Lennon, and Shearer. On the votes of the house being taken, the chairman declared the Government had a majority of twenty. He then addressed the House on the advisability of resorting to some new method of selecting the question for debate. At present the Government alone had the right of selecting, and might, if they chose, select one-sided questions. As an amendment the President suggested that some member propose "that the selection of the question for debate be open to all members of the club, and that the Government have the right to defend whatever side of the question they choose." This was proposed by Mr. Coen, seconded by Mr. Dalton, and carried unanimously. Several questions for the next debate were then proposed and seconded. On the votes being taken, that of Mr. Coen, seconded by Mr. Corrigan, was selected, viz.:—"Is it to the interest of Australia, or

otherwise, for the colonies to federate immediately." The Government selected the negative side of th qustion.

June 16th.—The debate on Federation was held to-night in the senior library, in presence of an attentive audience. Before beginning the business of the House, no slight amusement was caused by the various questions put to the Government, and the replies thereto. Special attention was called to the rule of the club, by which any member failing to speak in his turn rendered himself liable to a fine of 2s. 6d. The Rev. Fr. Keating then said a few well-chosen words on the subject before the House. He complimented the members on their speeches on former occasions, and hoped that they would be even better than usual that night. He was not destined to be disappointed, for the Premier, Mr. Mooney, opened with a clever and well delivered speech, in which he maintained that the time had not yet come for the Australian colonies to federate. He was supported by Messrs. Cullinane (Postmaster-General), Coen (Justice), Dalton (Works), and Wall (Mines). Mr. McMahon for the Opposition urged some very convincing arguments, as did his colleagues Messrs. Corrigan, Shearer, Tarleton, and Burfitt. The Chairman called for a division, which resulted in a majority of 11 for the Government. A vote of thanks to the President brought a very satisfactory debate to a close.

October 3rd.—A meeting of members was held on October 3rd, the Rev. P. Keating in the chair. After much discussion the question chosen for our next debate was proposed by Mr. Lennon, seconded by Mr. Corrigan, "Should the Chinese be expelled from Australia?" The date was fixed for October 26th, the Government choosing the affirmative side of the question.

October 26th.—The debate re the expulsion of the Chinese took place this evening, the Rev. P. Keating presiding. After congratulating the members on the vast improvement shown in the preceding debate, Fr. Keating called on Mr. Mooney, Prime Minister, to set his views before the House. The hon. gentleman maintained that the Chinese were a burden and disgrace to our native land, and must necessarily go. Mr. McMahon, the leader of the Opposition, delivered the best speech of the session. His many arguments were forcibly driven home and had a telling effect on his audience, which was shown by the voting. At the conclusion of his magnificent oration he was greeted with long continued applause. Mr. Cullinane for the Government next delivered a humorous and somewhat sarcastic speech, in which "John Chinaman" came in for a large amount of ridicule and contempt. Mr. Corrigan followed in the footsteps of Mr. McMahon. He pointed out how much the Chinese had done for Australia by tillage and cultivation, and how much harm they could do, if we incurred their enmity. Mr. Burfitt was the next to appear, and was followed by Mr. D'Apicé. This hon. gentleman made his first appearance before the house to-night. He spoke very emphatically against the expulsion of the Chinese, and his efforts were greeted with warm applause. Messrs. Wall, Dalton, and Coen upheld the opinions of the Government, and were opposed by Messrs. Casey, Shearer, and Lennon. Mr. Tarleton of the Opposition concluded the best and most interesting debate of the year. The President then called for a division, when it was found that the Opposition had a

majority of 15. It was then decided to prorogue Parliament. On the proposal of Mr. Mooney, seconded by Mr. Cullinane, three hearty cheers were given for the popular President, Fr. Keating, and thus terminated a successful and most satisfactory year.

D. J. CORRIGAN.

SECOND DIVISION DEBATING SOCIETY.

REPORT FOR 1891.

A high authority tells us that the sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. May we not congratulate our own particular selves, then, on the fact that our most pleasing orators of this year were most serious in their speeches. Nay even—further source of joy—the most juvenile senators in defending the cause they had chosen to champion spoke out with a manly earnestness hardly to be expected in a much older generation.

On Thursday, May 7th, and on the following two nights, we debated this question, "If all the Australian colonies, with the exception of N.S. Wales, were united in a commonwealth, would that commonwealth be justified in forcing N.S. Wales to join it?" Mr. B. Dynon, member for St. Kilda (Vic), opened the debate amidst great cheers, and pointed out that there was great danger of a Chinese attack upon an isolated N.S. Wales, whereas a federated N.S. Wales, assisted by Victorian military genius, had nothing to fear from that dusky invasion. Mr. F. McDonald, junior member for Darlinghurst, then stood up and very soon extorted from the majority of his audience a very clear manifestation of their opinions on the matter under debate. His indignant repudiation of any alliance with those that confessed want of confidence in the perfect strength of the mother colony at peace or at war was warmly and heartily applauded. Then the senior member for Darlinghurst, Mr. O'Farrell, vigorously, and at the top of a manly voice which proceeded from depths hitherto unsuspected, defended his native land from all attacks upon her power and bravery, declaring emphatically that no outsider would be justified in attacking her, because in the first instance no outsider would be able to ever ruffle her prosperous equanimity. This gentleman sat down amid raptures of applause, well merited by his bold and dashing delivery. Then Mr. B. McEvoy, member for Alexandria and the Pyramids, spoke clearly and with fluency of style and argument in favour of assisting N.S. Wales by forcing her to do the wise thing and join the federation. His Egyptian experiences probably excused in the eyes of his audience his tryannical and unpatriotic leanings, for he certainly sat down quite sound in every limb, when Mr. W. McDonald distracted the attention of the bellicose by taking up the cudgels against an independent N.S. Wales. This gentleman, member for the whole of Darlinghurst, including also city and suburbs, threw his vast weight into the scale of coercion, and the result was visible in a sobering down and general smoothing of rough waters beneath his widespread influence. Mr. M. McGrath, member for Redfern, next spoke, and strongly insisted with a few good arguments, that the Australians of this colony are not such cowards as to refuse, unless forced, to fight in defence of hearth and home. (Great

applause.) The next speaker, Mr. A. Goold, member for Cobar, whose style was of the short-and-sweet order, spoke against coercing N.S. Wales, the benign step-mother of refugees from all climes Oriental (cheers) as well as European. Messrs. Jos. O'Connell and E. Thynne closed this first sitting with, respectively, a fierce onslaught upon the other colonies, and an indignant defence of Queensland as a kind of first gem of the ocean Pacific and first star of Australia.

The subsequent proceedings were quite up to the standard of those already described. Messrs. A. Davidson, J. Blake, B. Norris, members for the Darling Downs, Park-road and North Sydney, and also Messrs. Perkins and Toole kept the ball rolling pleasantly enough for their crowded audiences.

On the last night, May 9th, in the presence of the Rector and Community, who had kindly lent the encouragement of their presence, Mr. Percy Power raised his diminutive form to its full height, amid great enthusiasm, to make a pointed little speech in precise, though rather dry, style. He compared Australia with the United States, and declared himself in favour of forcing N.S. Wales to join the Commonwealth on the ground that several civil wars are worse than one. Mr. J. Corrigan, amid great cheering, denounced any attempt to tyrannise over the mother colony. He said that all the colonies had equal rights, and that to force N.S. Wales into federation would be a most unjust usurpation of her rights. This speech seemed to suit the views of the great majority present in the room, but some fell influence was abroad. Before many minutes a reaction was to set in. Mr. Curtin, hon. sec., with a few well considered, tightly-compressed, neatly-put arguments, gave his auditors cause to reconsider the whole question. The result was, that when he had ended up a telling peroration with an appeal to everybody's wide-minded patriotism, and when the Rev. President had recalled to everybody's mind the dangers of the Chinaman at the door, the question being put, a vast majority of the boys, about 60 to 10, voted in favour of confederation, even if it necessitated the adoption of a coercive policy towards N.S. Wales by the rest of federating Australia.

"Our Alma Mater" (1891).

Gregan McMahon

('90-'92).

Gregan McMahon, now famous beyond the limits of Australia as one of the strongest supporters of high-class drama, and one of the chief actors in such was a noteworthy figure in Riverview of the 'nineties.

An account of a performance of Julius Caesar on Tuesday, December 8th, 1891, signalises the acting of Gregan. "The Cassius of Master McMahon was excellent on all points, and one one or two occasions he carried the audience with him completely." And the "Evening News" gives the following account:—

"On Tuesday night the students of the Jesuit College at Riverview held their annual distribution of prizes, of which the leading feature was a brilliant performance of the great historic drama, 'Julius Caesar.' The

undertaking was certainly very great, and some prophesied that the venture which was so bold should necessarily turn out a failure. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to say that the expectations, even of those who were most sanguine, were exceeded by the reality. The drama was presented in its entirety, with the exception of some portions here and there, which were more or less a drag on the progress of the plot, and so the play ran on through all its scenes with the smallest possible delay, like a magnificently-illustrated and well-sustained romance.

From the start to finish the audience were fairly spellbound. The scenes were all rendered with a power and a depth of expression which was considered utterly beyond the range of boys. The ease and grace of all the movements were perfect, and the groupings in the different stages of the plot most artistic. Though one of the principal characteristics of the performance was the absence of any weak performer, yet some deserve special mention for the uncommon ability with which they interpreted their parts. Daniel O'Connell O'Connor as Brutus walked the stage like an old actor; Gregan M'Mahon as Cassius showed great intensity and profound passion; and D. Corrigan as Anthony evinced deep pathos in the oration over the body of Cæsar, which was given with such teling force as to draw tears from the audience. E. Dalton as Casca and P. H. Mooney as Cæsar rendered their parts excellently."

The scholastic attainments of Gregan are indicated by the following cutting from "Our Alma Mater":

Gregan M'Mahon was born at Sydney on the 2nd of March, 1874, and is the eldest son of Mr. J. T. McMahon, of the Post Office Department. He first attended a lady's school, and when sufficiently advanced entered the Sydney Grammar School, and there succeeded in winning his form prize in 1884, and the Latin prize in 1888. In the following year he entered St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, and there passed the University Junior Examination, and won the College Gold Medal for the best pass of the year. The subjects in which he distinguished himself were English, French, Latin and Greek: for the last subject he received a special prize. In 1890 he entered St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, and at the close of the year won the first prizes awarded to the Senior boys for Aggregate, French, Physiology, Arithmetic, History, Latin, Greek, Special Classics and Piano (Improvement). At the close of 1891 he obtained first prizes in the following subjects: Greek, French, English Essay, History, Physiology, and Gold Medal for Classics, and Gold Medal for Debate. At the Senior Public Examination for this year he obtained a pass in eight subjects, and won the University Medal for first place in Physiology. At the College Examination for the present year he won the Gold Medal in the Upper Division for Classics and English Composition; and in the Matriculation Class obtained the first prizes for Aggregate and Classics. He was elected one of the Editors of "Our Alma Mater" in 1891 and 1892, and contributed several articles of great merit to it. His conduct throughout his college course was such as to win him the respect and confidence of masters and comrades. He took an active part in all social entertainments, and greatly contributed to their success by his very fine acting.

Social

Committee: D. J. Corrigan, E. Dalton, G. McMahon.

This year the members of the Social Committee struck out on lines almost entirely different from those of previous years, and made the hazardous venture of introducing in their first entertainment a style of social amusement quite new to Riverview audiences. This took the form of a nigger minstrel and variety entertainment, and as may be judged from the appended reports, it and the subsequent concerts proved very popular, and were crowned with complete success. The popularity of these new entertainments was nowhere more strongly displayed than amongst the younger students of the house, for whom the merely instrumental and vocal displays of former years had but few attractions. The Social Committee made it their aim this year to provide amusement not only for the older and more sedate members of the College, but also for those younger ones, whose merry laughter on concert nights frequently accompanied by the equally loudly (if not more loudly) expressed merriment of their elders and superiors, proved beyond all doubt that the committee had succeeded in their endeavours.



GREGAN McMAHON.

Special thanks are due to the Rev. Mr. Cock, S.J., our late Prefect, who so freely gave us his help in many ways both as a part-organiser and vocalist; to the Rev. Mr. Pigot, S.J., who never failed to take a large share of the orchestral labours on his shoulders; and lastly to the now departed Bob Smythe, for the disinterested and obliging way in which he worked behind the scenes, and contributed so much to the success of the year's social gatherings.

The first social gathering of this year was held on St. Patrick's night, March 17th. It differed in toto from its predecessors of former years. G. McMahon, E. Dalton, J. Curran, and J. Shearer took upon themselves the task of getting up a nigger minstrel entertainment; and so successful were their efforts that it was pronounced to be the most enjoyable concert yet given at St. Ignatius'.

The following was the programme:—

PART 1.

BONES (Flip—J.Curran, Flop—E. Dalton, Slap—J. Shearer, Bang—G. McMahon) TAMBOS

Overture—"Don Juan" .. .. T. Coen
Opening Chorus—"The Old Rustic Bridge" .. .. Company
Recitation—"The Lady of Provence" .. .. D.Corrigan
Song—"My Sweetheart when a boy" .. .. A. Rudd
Song—"In Paradiso" .. .. H. McHugh
Song (Comic)—"Up to Date" .. .. E. Dalton
Recitation—"Shamus O'Brien" .. .. D. O'Connor
Song—"I Seek for Thee in Every Flower" .. .. A. Rudd
Song (Comic)—"Johnny Get Your Gun" .. .. J. Shearer
Song—"The Bedouin Love Song" .. .. D. Corrigan

GRAND FINALE—INTRODUCING THE FAIRY FOUR.
E. Dalton, G. McMahon, J. Curran, J. Shearer.

PART II.

Violin and Piano—"St. Patrick's Day" .. ... Mr. G. Rivers Allpress and Rev. E. Pigot, S.J.
Song—"Here Upon My Vessel's Deck ... ... Rev. H. E. Cock, S.J.

PART III.

THE RIVAL BARBERS.

Jonas Swindlem (a masher, swindler, & ruined hotel-keeper) } E. Dalton
Pete (an intruding nigger) .. .. } E. Dalton
Rival Barbers — Mr. Sam Cluke (first appearance in the Lyceum) — J. Curran
Mr. Xenophon Fluke (first appearance in Comedy) — G. McMahon
Mr. Karl Zuggenheimer (after lengthy tour) .. .. J. Shearer
Commercial Traveller (for Pear's Soap) .. .. H. McHugh
Policeman—1 (as performed by him in London) .. .. J. Curtin
Policeman—2 (a good all-round artist) .. .. J. McDonough

A brilliant overture having been played by T. Coen, who, by-the-by, thus made the last of his many appearances before a Riverview audience, the curtin arose and revealed a dozen young gentlemen in evening dress, flanked by the "Bones" on one side, and the "Tambos" on the other. The coup d'oeil was very effective. The opening chorus was well rendered, and the local conundrums, nigger dialogues, and oddities of the cornermen (Flip, Flop, Slap, and bang) were received with uproarious mirth, G. McMahon's impersonation of an ancient nigger being especially good. D. Corrigan, to whom we are much indebted for the manner in which he carried out the often intricate duties of interlocutor, gave his recitation in his usual excellent style, while A. Rudd's two songs testified to the great improvement made in his tenor voice under Mr. Smith's tuition. H. McHugh's "In Paradiso" was well received. D. O'Connor upheld his reputation by the stirring manner in which he recited "Shamus O'Brien," whilst Dawson Corrigan again acquitted himself well in the difficult passages of "The Bedouin Love Song." E. Dalton was "Up to date" in his song, but the **chef d'oeuvre** of the evening was J. Shearer's singing of "Johnny get your gun." The words were often unintelligible owing to rapid pronunciation, and the gestures and dance around between the verses were sui generis, nevertheless it was a great success, and the air be-

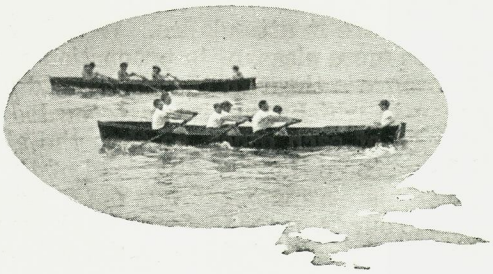
came very popular afterwards, its thrilling strains being often heard at most unseemly and forbidden hours of the day and night . This section of the entertainment ended with the strange but laughable performances of the end-four men in their original impersonations of the "fairy four", but we doubt whether the audience has as yet decided as to whether the said four were members of the Salvation Army, or of a German band, or whether they were escaped lunatics, **" quæ omnia dii avertant."**

Part 2 of the performance was **par excellence** a display of a much higher order of art. In this, special thanks are due to Mr. Rivers Allpress, our genial violin instructor, who, accompanied by the ever-willing Mr. Pigot, kindly consented to appear amidst his boisterous and discordant surroundings, and treated the audience to two solos, which cannot be better praised than by saying that they were performed in his usual masterly manner. His rendering of "St. Patrick's Day " created an uproar, which had scarcely died away when Mr. Cock appeared, and in his usual excellent style favoured us with " Here upon my vessel's deck."

Part 3 in the opinion of the small boys at least, and, we may venture to say, in some of the . . . well, never mind, was the best part of the programme, and loud and prolonged laughter, ever growing more and more uproarious, greeted the misadventures and **barberous** doings of Dalton, McMahon, Curran, and Shearer. The curtain went down on a laughable scene of general confusion, and the audience were unanimous in saying that the programme, though very long, had been most enjoyable.

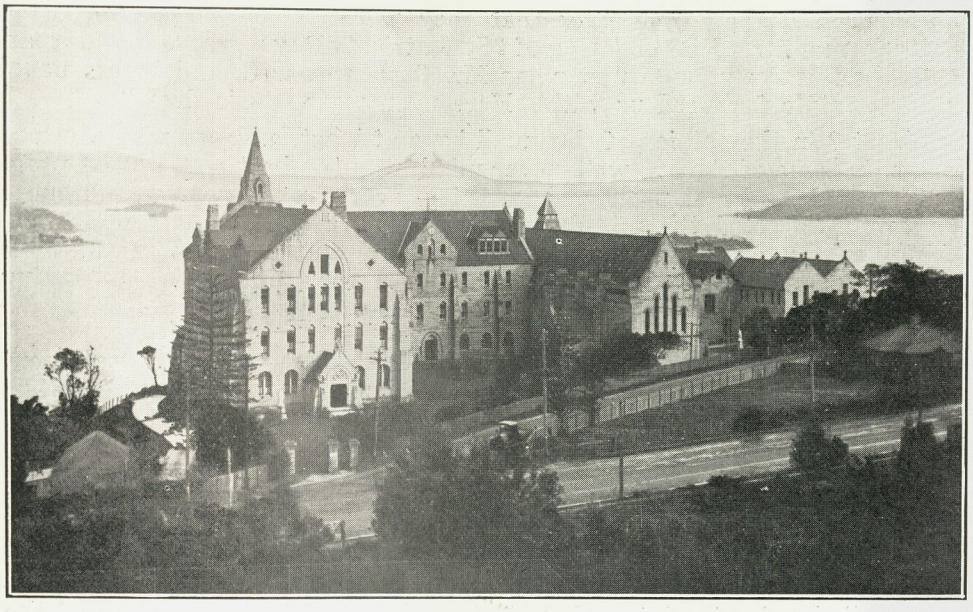
On the Feast of St. Ignatius, July 21st, another novel entertainment was introduced in the shape of a magic lantern exhibition, varied at intervals by vocal and instrumental selections. The Rev. Mr. Pigot and Rev. Mr. Baker attended to the gas arrangements and slides behind the curtain, while the Very Rev. Fr. Keating delivered a very interesting and amusing lecture on "Views of Rome, ancient and modern." One set of slides depicted the humorous adventures of a certain Mr. Brown and a bear, neither of whom, by the way, were citizens of ancient Rome. Another, which was loudly applauded by the third division, showed the "Perplexities of a Photographer." During the intervals E. Dalton and G. McMahon performed the Kangaroo Waltz for violin and piano, F. Dynon sang "Oh! hear the wild winds blow," D. Corrigan recited "Beth Gelert," and J. Shearer gave the "King's Highway." All of these were well rendered and duly applauded.

Our "Alma Mater" (1892).



A Visit to Rose Bay Convent

All who are acquainted with the beauties of that charming sheet of water, which rejoices in the name of Rose Bay, may well imagine the joy and anxiety with which we (who have sisters at its convent) look forward to our visiting day. Yet not alone are the beauties of the bay to be considered, nor the thought of being once more free; but the grand drive, the splendid river trip, and last but not least the jolly good afternoon tea, all go to make Rose Bay day one of the brightest of our college year. The visit usually occurs on a Wednesday afternoon, and at an interval of two or three months, so that we have ample time to gather news interesting to our sis-



SACRED HEART CONVENT, ROSE BAY, 1930.
(From the Road.)

ters for our hour's talk. Punctually, at the appointed time, we muster on the Riverview wharf to the number of some twenty or twenty-five, decked out, of course, in our best clothes, and with our holiday faces on, we catch the 2.15 boat to town, which after the usual pleasant journey lands us at Lime Street where brakes are in attendance. With but little delay we are off on a trip which proves more pleasant in proportion as we leave the city's buzz behind us. Our progress through the city would not excite much attention but for the way in which our brakes (crowded as they are) keep within whipping distance of each other, so that the alarmed public have every reason to believe us to be the first ship-load of the "General's" over-sea scheme. However, this arrangement has caused a certain amount of humour to be imparted to our trip; for instance, we have frequently politely been informed by the "paper youth" that our "wheel was goin' round," to

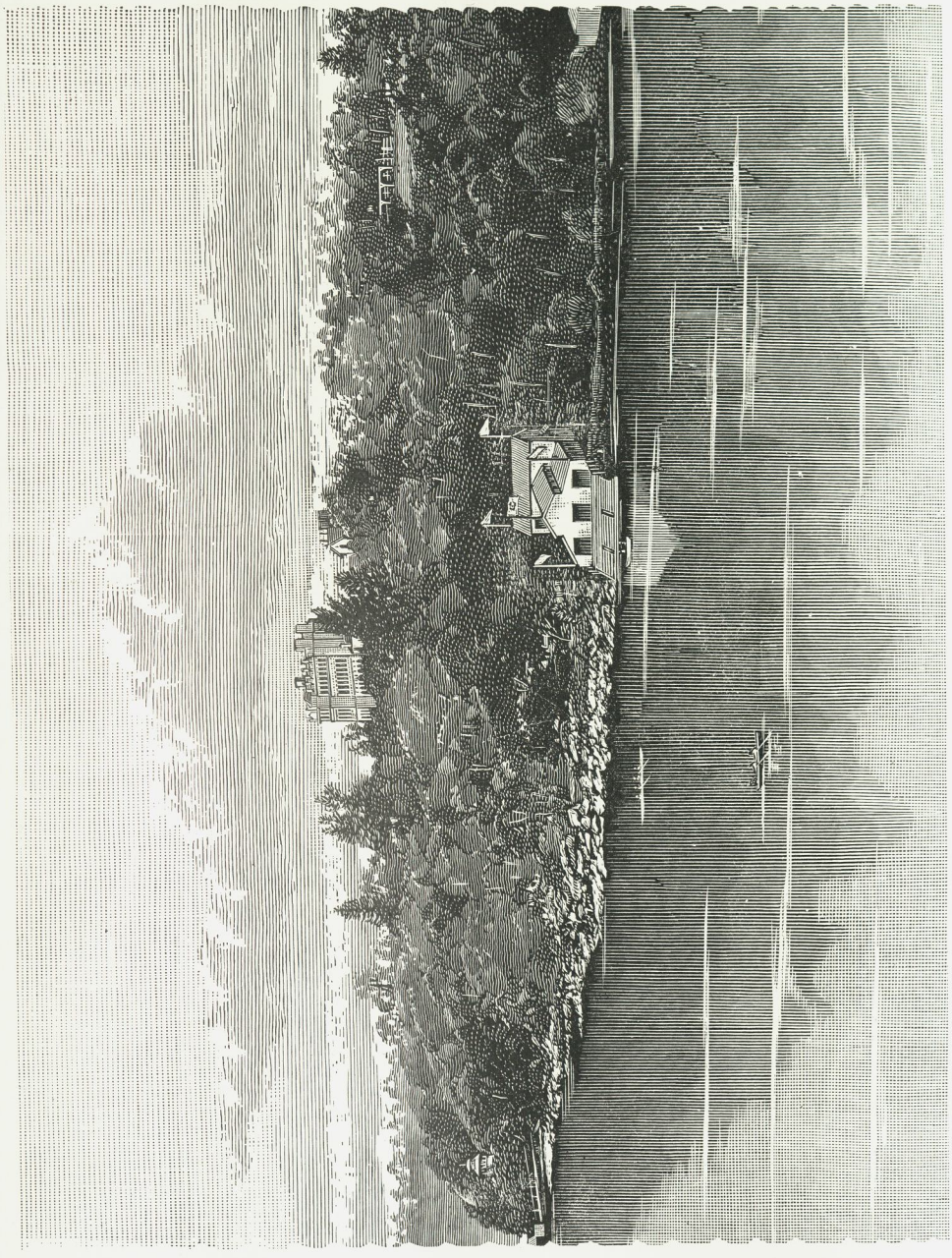
say nothing of little bits of advice to this effect that we should "get our 'air cut" or that it was really necessary for us to "get out and shove." Anyhow, when out of the city all this is gone, and we are once more left in peace to gaze and wonder at the glorious panorama. The nearer we approach our journey's end the more interesting becomes the view; the lovely gardens spotted here and there with classic sculptures, the handsome mansions and cottages with their bright green lawns and lovely trees lend a soothing charm to the calm landscape. At last we are at the Bay, whose dark blue waters are over-looked by the convent tower. The sea-birds screech as we pass as if to welcome us to their pretty home and scarcely have their piercing cries died out than we halt at the convent gate. Our first care is to secure a quiet nook, where for a whole hour we may hold affectionate converse with our sisters and compare notes on home and school news. All the little incidents, which have served to break the monotony of school-life since we last met, are recounted with such embellishments of the narrative part as a rigid adherence to the main truths will allow. Every little detail of home gossip is related and commented upon with all the wisdom of our juvenile years.

In poetry we often read, with approbation, of the humanising and softening effect produced upon the stronger and less refined minds of boys by intercourse with their sisters, and certainly it must be said that these little reunions at Rose Bay serve, in part at least, to produce the wished-for effects, which the more frequent and closer intercourse, afforded by home life, are wont to produce.

All too swiftly the time passes and we are hardly prepared for the bell that warns us that time is up and that we must say a fond good-bye. Then we betake ourselves to the well-furnished tea-table provided by the kindness of the generous Ladies of the Sacred Heart, where we try to solace ourselves for the pangs we have endured in our recent parting with our sisters.

With a lowering sun before us and the sharp cool breeze of the departing evening blowing in our faces, we gaily make our way towards town. What a change has come over the gardens! all their busy workers have now retired, whilst the bay, echoing before the sea-birds' screech, is now silent as the dead. Time at length brings us to the city once more; it, too, is almost silent; the roads once thronged with the busy carts and cabs are deserted, and the "News boy" is hard at work selling his "extra special of the "Stralian Star" and Evening News. Thus uninjured and unharmed, we pass through the lighted city and make for Lime Street to meet the ferry. Once on board we gather together, and in happy circles discuss the pleasures of the day, while a catchy air is often indulged in, and as we glide along upon our way the strains of our music are heard to advantage in the evening air. Three quarters of an hour and our happy trip is ended, and we stand once more within the walls of St. Ignatius' only wishing and hoping that the day may quickly come again for another visit to Rose Bay.

J. CURRAN ('91-'92)—Our "Alma Mater" (1892).



VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM RIVER. (Woolcut).

On Two Rivers

Some five and twenty years ago—it may be more, for even the best of memories are proverbially treacherous at times—it was my pleasant destiny to be passing a few bright summer days in the ancient University City of Oxford, as the invited guest of Mr. J. Lewis Ffytche, who had previously been Principal of Lincoln College, one of the many which collectively form the oldest and most renowned educational establishments in the United Kingdom. Mr. Ffytche was brother of General Ffytche, whose name is so well known in connection with the Burmese campaign, and he was also a favourite cousin of the late Lord Tennyson. We had been brought together by reason of a few poems of mine, which had appeared in one of the Lincolnshire papers, having attracted his attention. At that period I had not exchanged the monotonous routine of the factory for the even more wearisome mental drudgery of the editorial sanctum; and the sudden transition from the ever restless and noisy world of manufacturing industry, the roar of the steam engine, and the whizzing of the machinery, to the "cloistered quiet" and peaceful seclusion of the venerable University was like a dream, so strange and unreal did it appear.

Even now, after all these many years, as I recline in the shade of the wide-spreading coral trees on the richly-foliaged shores of the Lane Cove River, it is not difficult to recall the many incidents associated with my visits to Magdalen, Merton, Oriel, Baliol, and other colleges: the grand wooden-raftered halls: the long, bare oaken dining tables, wooden platters, pewter spoons, and other characteristic surroundings, which instinctively carried one's imagination to scholastic life in olden time, when deep learning and the plainest fare appeared synonymous terms. Many were the glimpses afforded me of the working side of University life, the periods of close study, lectures by learned professors, the much dreaded (by careless students) "exam.," and all the remainder of the scholastic routine. But perhaps my happiest hours were passed with the curators of the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries, among the wealth of ancient manuscripts, richly illuminated missals, and rare black-letter volumes, which has made Oxford a favourite retreat of the bibliomaniac. I had reached the Ultima Thule of my early aspirations.

Then there were the delightful rambles during the cool of the evenings along the banks of the classic Isis, lazily threading my way through the ever-moving mass of University dons, grave-featured professors, matriculated students, under-graduates, fair visitors and acquaintances of the opposite sex, and citizens of all ages and social positions. Very interesting was the scene which unfolded itself to my view as I proceeded. Everywhere the student, who during the heat of noontide had been proving his devotion to Alma Mater by quietly poring over his pile of text-books, or sought to familarise himself with the works of ancient philosophers, had become transformed into the sturdy bare-armed oarsman, a kind of aquatic Hercules, pulling steadily to time with his mates, and showing onlookers the kind of stuff of which a University crew is made.

It was a most picturesque spectacle. The broad, shady walk by the side of the river crowded with moving forms, and the surface of the famous stream covered with rowing craft of every size and shape. Many of those amusing themselves with scull or oar were pointed out to me as students of high promise, who had furnished proofs of bright intellectual powers, and who had before them visions of a successful future. One, who was absorbed in paddling his own canoe, became the Senior Wrangler of the following year; and another, who with his oar continually sent aloft a cloud of feathery spray, subsequently ripened into one of the most fluent speakers in the Imperial Parliament. There are at least a score of leading public men in the United Kingdom who, at the time of my visit to Oxford,



RIVERVIEW REGATTA IN THE NINETIES.
Shows one of the Walks, and Junior Boat-Shed.

were enjoying the pleasures of boating with their fellow collegians; and there can be no question that at Oxford, as at Cambridge, the judicious admixture of physical and mental exercise aids largely in developing the best and noblest type of modern manhood.

Had Sydney University being placed at Riverview, instead of on the unpicturesque heights of Camperdown, it would have been better in every respect for those availing themselves of its facilities for imparting instruction. If any illustration of the accuracy of this assertion were required, it is afforded by what may be seen of collegiate life at Riverview. With its theological aspect I have nothing to do, but with its influence in the formation of individual character, is more or less interested. Here, on the beautiful Lane Cove River, in far away Australia, we have repeated the brighter

and more encouraging experiences of Oxford and Cambridge. In olden time the primary object of collegiate education was too often to aid in the production of the pedantic scholar. In these latter days its principal aim is to make the well-informed man the perfect gentleman, whose laboriously acquired knowledge causes him to more clearly comprehend his duties both to himself and to others.

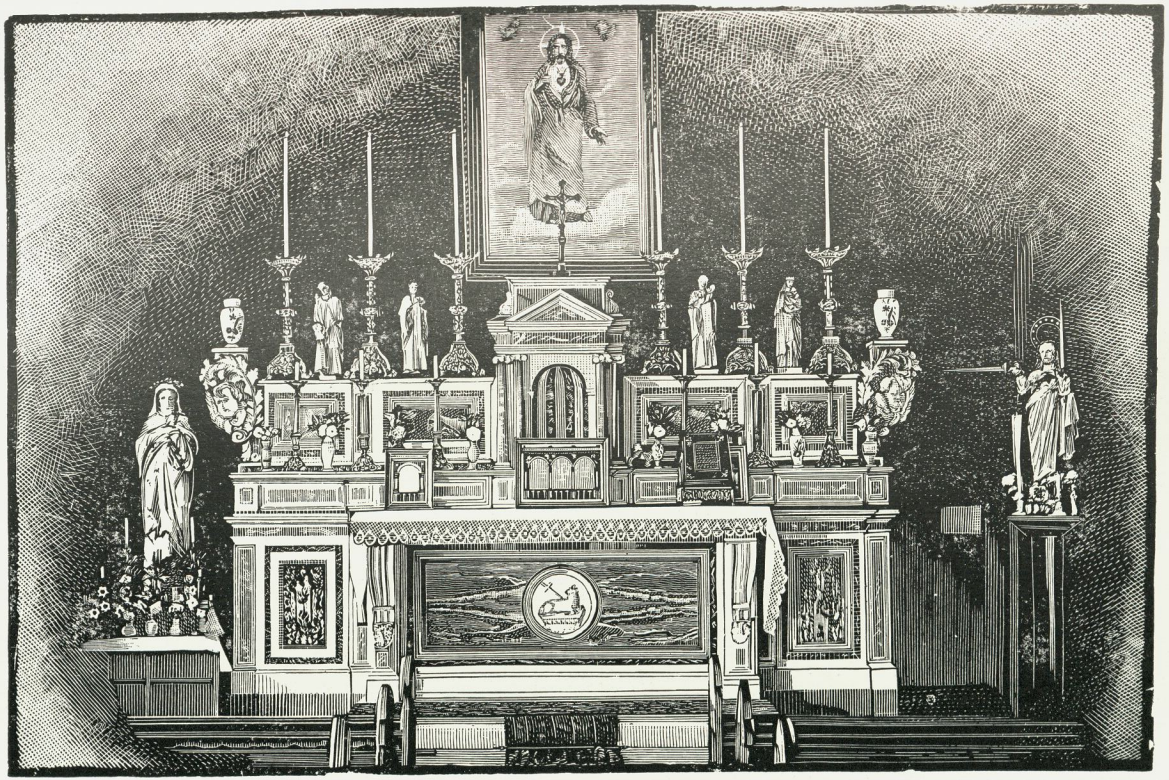
And this is one of the great features of the Riverview curriculum, the fruits of which are evidenced in numerous ways. Very pleasant is it to be one of the spectators of the annual regatta in connection with Riverview College. The surroundings of the Lane Cove River are more picturesque, more suggestive of the manifold beauties of nature, more in harmony with the quietude necessary for scholastic study, than are either the Isis or the Cam; while the facilities for healthful physical exercise, either on land or water, are more abundant. It would be strange, indeed, if such advantages were not utilised. That they are so is shown not only by the healthy appearance and manly bearing of the students, but also by the manner in which they acquit themselves both in the University examinations and the annual prize-day programmes. And the importance of this is manifest when it is remembered that many of those who are continually distinguishing themselves at Riverview will in due course have their share of the work of shaping the future history of the great Australian nation, and possibly prepare the way for making Riverview in the years to come, when the present generation shall have passed away and become forgotten, one of the great educational establishments of the Southern Hemisphere.

JOHN PLUMMER, 1893

Our Poet

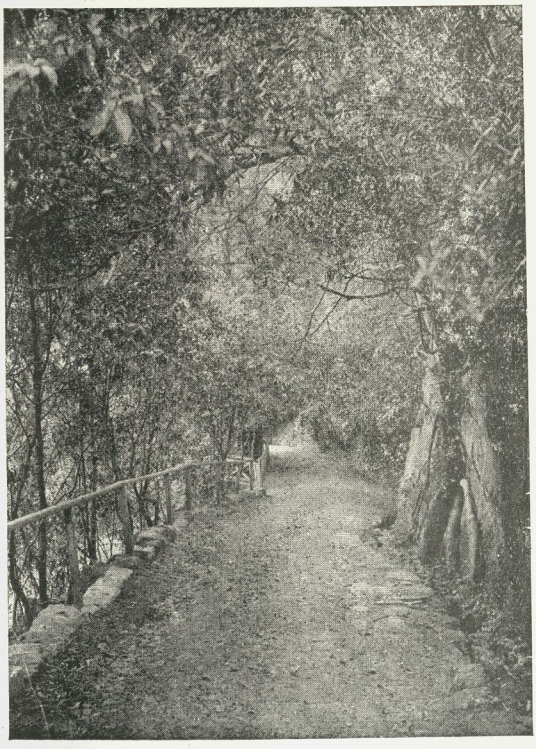
Riverview—beautiful and classic Riverview—not less than "Caledonia stern and wild" has proved herself, we gladly say, "meet nurse for a poetic child." Nor is it strange. For, though the rugged and weird grandeur of the solemn mountain scene is well calculated to inspire those thoughts that breathe in majestic verse, still we think that Nature, in her softer, but not less exalting moods, as she disports herself at Riverview, is capable of begetting those sympathies "that wake to ecstacy the living lyre." The stately pile that crowns the rocky heights, the classic halls redolent of joy and youth, the turf, the shade, the flowers among which the hoary river "wanders his silver-winding way"—all these are charms of Nature, perfected by Art, that must work with magic power upon the youthful mind developed within the sphere of their action.

At present there is in Sydney, at least, one poetic child whom our **Alma Mater** claims as her own, and of whose promise she may well be proud. We refer to Mr. J. E. S. Henerie, who is already known as a poet and literateur throughout Australia, and has also won recognition as such in England and America.



COLLEGE CHAPEL, 1893. (Copper Etching.)

Born in '77, Mr. Henerie entered Riverview in '88, and at the end of that year obtained second place in his class and prizes for Christian Doctrine and Arithmetic. The proficiency shown in this examination was such that he was allowed to pass over the next class and enter the one higher. Notwithstanding this, he managed to hold his place in the "aggregate" at the end of the year, and to win prizes for Greek and Christian Doctrine. The same year he won also the Special Christian Doctrine prize, competed for by the whole college. Here we may mention, en passant, that the "golden opinions won from all sorts of people" by Jim Henerie were shown by his being chosen by the votes of his schoolfellows Prefect of the Junior Sodality. This post of honour he held until promoted to the Senior Sodality, of which he was a memberber when he left us. In '90 he passed the Junior Public Examination, obtaining first-class honours in English. At the termination of this year in the College Examinations he carried off the Greek Prize and the Gold Medal for Special Classics. In '91 he won the Latin prize. In '92 he passed his "Senior," obtaining honours in English. He matriculated and finished his collegiate course in '93.



PATHWAY FROM WHARF TO COLLEGE.

Mr. Henerie began his private literary career, like most writers, by learning the alphabet, but, unlike many of his "brothers of the lyre," he began his public literary career while yet at College. His first endeavour was naturally made in behalf of O.A.M., and appeared in '92. In the same year he wrote several literary articles for country and surburban newspapers. In '04 he began writing for Sydney papers, and in the middle of the same year several of his articles appeared in English and Australian papers and magazines.

Mr. Henerie's principal publications up to date are:—A series of articles in the "Boston Courier on American writers (in recognition of the literary worth of these, he was made an Honorary Bachelor of Literature); "Songs of Siluria" and "The Adventures of an Autograph Hunter" (poetry), in book form, both published by subscription in London; an Edition of Bryant's Poems; a small booklet; "Rhapsodies on Rhymes"; series on American

Classics; articles on Australian Poets, in the "York Post"; "The Red Hand," a legend in verse; "Stories in Prose"; articles entitled "Bryant" and "The Charm of Wordsworth"; "Echoes of Parnassus"; and numerous essays and reviews and poems for English, American and Australian periodicals. Last year he contributed, to the "Cosmos Magazine," "A City Fern." We reproduce this in order that our readers may judge for themselves the sweetness of the songs he sings:—

A CITY FERN.

Beside no friendly burn
That laughs and frolics as it goes,
Upon no verdant hillside grows
This common fern.

Here in the park, where lean
No tender grasses to caress,
It but suggests a loveliness
That might have been.

For like a soul, set free
From prison bars that closely pressed,
Unfolding to perceive how blest
Its life may be.

So every frond at first
From its dark birth-cell freshly springs,
Buoyant for larger questionings
Of life athirst.

But as the soul that finds
No sympathy, no friendly aid,
Will pine, as baffled and dismayed
By blasting winds,

So every fern-frond fares—
Fades to a dull, a sullen hue,
As though for it the breezes blew
But griefs and cares.

Mr. Henerie has received letters of appreciation and encouragement from Swinburne, Chris. Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Sir Edwin Arnold; and personal letters of thanks and appreciation of particular reviews and articles from Professor Butler, Edin. University, William Watson, E. Mackay, Ibsen, A. V. Symonds, and others.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Henerie does not intend to live and die in the traditional poverty of the poet, for he entered in '94 the employment of McSharry and Co., railway contractors, and "intends to stay in that employment." We trust, however, that public estimation of his undoubted poetic talents and literary merits will shortly force him to abandon the jarring of metals for the music of verse, and transactions relative to the construction of broad guages and narrow guages for rambles in the highways and bye-ways of literature.

We end this notice of our old friend and schoolmate by giving another of his lyrics, written, we may add, during a time of despondency, when the young poet was working his way up, with little encouragement and much misgiving, into the "larger air":

"AT EVENSONG."

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at evensong that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old grey tower,
Across the tranquil sea.

Just when the fields are sweet and cold with dew,
Just when the last gold lingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And when the starry jasmine hides the wall,
We too would stand together once again;
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My "tale of loss and gain."

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding even for a little while
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears,
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

Far better, O my friend, that you unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air,
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen,
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet, ah me!
Faith is so weak, and human love so strong,
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at evensong.

"Our Alma Mater," 1896.

Varied Items of Interest

On the 13th April, 1890, Father Keating vacated the office of Rector, and Father John Ryan succeeded him.

1892.

When Riverview was opened in 1880, it could but provide scant accommodation for ten or twelve students of limited size. Since, however, the number of its resident pupils has increased by leaps and bounds, until, in 1892, it reached its high-water mark, and the then Rector, Rev. J. Ryan, S.J., gave a holiday in honour of the 150th boy. It can still boast, notwithstanding the cloud of depression that has been for a considerable time overhanging our fair sunny land, of 110 resident students, with ample room and verge enough for an increase of numbers.

* * *

1895.

The results of the Senior Public and Honour Matriculation Examinations to hand. They are a fitting offset to our splendid results in the Junior. Of the four candidates that presented themselves from Riverview all passed, and passed exceptionally well. The maximum number of subjects that a candidate may take up is limited by the University by-laws to ten, which gives a total of forty individual subjects for our four candidates. Out of these possible forty they passed in thirty-seven, in many instances obtaining first-class honours. E. H. Kelly obtains five first-class honours, and B.

P. McEvoy wins second place in first-class classical honours, thus obtaining the Cooper Scholarship No. II., and second-class mathematical honours. G. C. Dow obtains second-class honours in Latin, third-class in Greek, and second-class in mathematics. M. B. McGrath obtains second-class honours in Latin. Thus of all the students (23) presented during '95 at public examinations, we have not to record one failure. Well done, Riverview.

* * *

1898.

There is a royal road to cricket and football, if not to learning, since the pathway from the College to the cricket ground has been constructed. It was first proposed to call the new engineering triumph "Jim's Walk," after the principal engineer. Other names suggested are the Prefect Parade and the Dalton Avenue. Father Dalton has made good use of the new highway, for he has been present at every important football match since it was opened.

* * *

1899.

At the First Division concert held to congratulate the crew on the great victory there was much music, song and speech. T. Carlton essayed no less than three songs, and P. Griffin was called upon for a speech. As each one present seemed to help in some way to the general enjoyment, Griffin's item was to be a speech. A grand speech it was too—the speech of a sensible boy to sensible boys, and it harped on the spirit of the Division. It was a splendid spirit which characterised the Division, and he hoped it would be carried into the examination hall, the cricket field, and the rifle range. D. O'Sullivan responded to the vote of thanks to the crew, and his speech had the great merit of brevity. On the whole a most enjoyable evening was spent, and the social committee had to thank M. Gleeson, J. Gleeson, P. Dalton, R. Craven, N. Clifford, P. Griffin, and T. Carlton for their contributions.

* * *

The feast of Corpus Christi this year was marked by a very special event, the golden Jubilee of the Rev. Father Dalton's priesthood. Many were the felicitations and good wishes received by Riverview's Grand Old Man on that eventful day. To celebrate in a small way this great event, we were treated in the evening to a magic lantern entertainment by Mr. Richard Murphy, S.J., the subject being the late war. Fr. Dalton was presented with an address by Robert Douglas on behalf of the pupils. Fr. Dalton warmly thanked his well-wishers.

* * *

Harry Keating is distinguishing himself as a literateur debater and Shakespearian scholar in Tasmania. Though hard at work preparing for the final law examination, and a very stiff one it is, he finds time to make a name for himself in the debating and literary societies of Hobart, and has won golden opinions from the leading men of the island. We heartily congratulate our comrade on his wonderful successes, and with reason we feel proud of him all the more, because in his love for his old college he identifies it with his triumphs. In a letter to one of his former masters he says, "The time I spent at Riverview in connection with the College Debating Club has proved of incalculable benefit to me, and I shall never have cause to regret it."

Reminiscences from Maryborough

If a boy at a college such as dear old Riverview could only have a glance into the future, how much more diligently would he apply himself to his studies and take advantage of the very fine opportunities of learning he is so fortunate to possess. Then again he would realise the splendid chance offered to him to become efficient in nearly every branch of sport including rowing, football, cricket, tennis, boxing, swimming, etc., and what a tremendous advantage he would have after leaving college over his less fortunate sporting friends.

I often look back with pleasure to my college days and with pleasant memories of those I knew so well as boys, many of whom now occupy very important positions in their respective States. I also have very pleasant recollections of the splendid battles that took place on land and water between Riverview and the other large schools and the fine spirit of rivalry that existed.

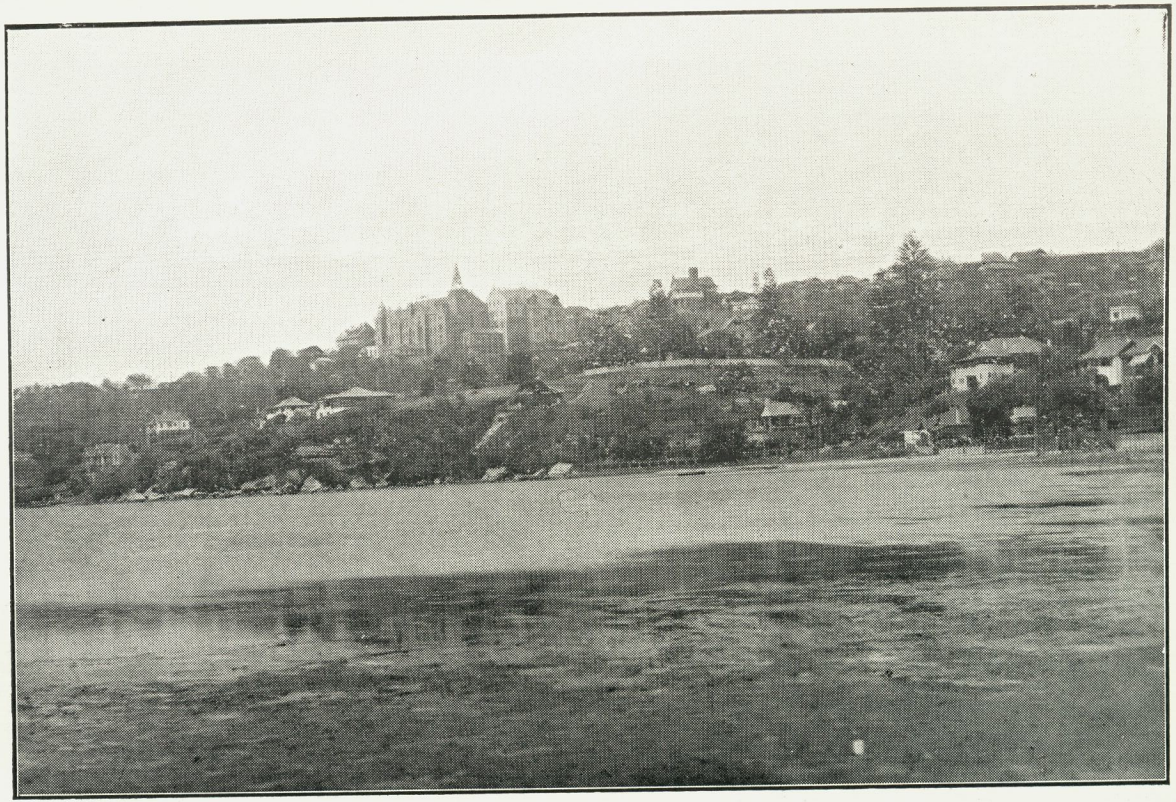
I shall never forget some of our leading cricketers and footballers, and the lively interest displayed by boys of all ages and sizes in the various Inter-School matches. My thoughts often travel back to the College Masters particularly, to dear old Father Dalton, the Founder of the College, moving about on his crutches, to the then Rectors, Father Ryan, and later Father Gartlan, to the Prefect of Studies, Father Murphy, who was largely responsible for many of the good passes obtained by the students at the Junior and Senior University Exams., but there were few if any who liked to visit him after having received a V.P. on their exercise. Then again dear old Father Tuite, the Prefect of Health and Agriculture. Many a boy visited Father Tuite with a sore toe and was given something with which to gargle his throat and ordered to bed. The dear old man was frequently in charge of the Second Study, of an evening, and would drop off to sleep, and several boys would then go quietly to his desk, accompanied by subdued laughter, and in low voices ask if they could go out. Then things began to get increasingly rowdy till the noise was so pronounced that the Rev. Gentleman would awaken only to find everybody diligently applying themselves to their books; but sometimes somebody would be unlucky enough to be discovered away from his usual seat and then there was trouble.

Miss Kennedy was another old identity, and often she did us a good turn sewing on our buttons, mending our socks, etc.

Handball was a very popular game in the Winter mornings during my college days as it had the effect on the hands of an anaesthetic, deadening the pain of the strap.

Boxing was not indulged in very much in those days, but doubtless this is now included in the curriculum. I recollect one very good fight with the gloves which took place in the old gymnasium. I call it fight as it was a very willing go with very little science. I learnt boxing after I left the College and succeeded in winning a heavy-weight championship, but I always regretted I was not taught at college.

It was a regular custom for the Riverview boys to be taken in a small steamer once a year to visit their Sisters in Rose Bay Convent, we all sat in a large room with one, two, or three chairs, according to the number of



CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, ROSE BAY.
From the Harbour (About 1893).

Sisters we had at the convent, and at a given time the girls were allowed to come in accompanied by one of the nuns. Sometimes the boys exchanged sisters unknown to the Rev. Mother. Once on the return journey the shaft of the steamer broke and we drifted helplessly in the Harbour, at one stage being uncomfortably close to the old Fort, but we were rescued by another boat which took us on to Sydney, much to our delight. I think this was the last of these excursions during my time.

One of the most amusing incidents I can remember is a kicking fight between two new French boys (New Caledonians). One beat the other for the football and it ended in a scrap, fists however were apparently barred, and the one who kicked his opponent's shins the hardest won the fight.

—E. S. CORSER.



NOON.

Fire in the heaven and fire along the hills,
  And fire made solid in the flinty stone
Thick-mass'd or scattered pebble, fire that fills
  The breathless hour that lives in fire alone.

This valley, long ago the patient bed
  Of floods that carv'd its ancient amplitude,
In stillness of the Egyptian cryt outspread
  Endures to drown in noon-day's tyrant mood.

Behind the veil of burning silence bound
  Vast life's innumerous busy littleness
Is hush'd in vague-conjectured blur of sound
  That dulls the brain with slumbrous weight,
    unless

Some dazzling puncture let the stridence throng
In the cicada's torture-point of song.

C. Brennan.

Queensland Ex-Students' Association

The meetings of the Queensland Ex-Students' Union had much to do towards helping to the formation of the greater Old Boys' Union. We read, in 1895, the following in the pages of "Our Alma Mater":

The energetic and poular Secretary of the Queensland Ex-Students' Union has sent in the following official report of the annual meeting of 1895:—

"It is my pleasing duty to report to you upon the above. The Queensland Ex-Students of Riverview held their second Re-union at Shaw's Arch Palace, Queen Street, Brisbane, on the evening of the 15th August. The following Ex-students amongst others were present: J. F. Jennings in the chair; J. R. and A. R. Davidson, D. J. and J. T. Corrigan, V. Fitzgerald, C. Lennon, A. J. Shewcroft, J. Lynch, and the undersigned Apologies were received from A. Thynne and B. Fitzgerald (from the latter on the ground of ill-health), and also from D. O'Neill, Townsville, who telegraphed with real enthusiasm; C. Cullinane, Gympie; Geo. B. Gray, Sydney; H. Gray, Brisbane; Lalor Bros., Roma, and others. Amongst our distinguished friends and visitors were Mr. G. W. Power, Barrister at Law, C. A. Ball, Barrister; Messrs. Nalley and Walsh, Solicitors; the French Consul, Monsieur Lamond; Messieurs Devoy, Capt. Lyons, McKenna, Kennedy, Real, Burns, Horstman, Feenaghty, Redwood, Mullin, Callan, and W. B. Carmichael (Courier), Stirling (Telegraph), and Henry (Australian). The toast list was very extensive, and the best speech of the Students was Mr. Shewcroft's, in replying to the toast of St. Ignatius' College, which was very ably proposed by our Chairman, who is immensely popular all about Southern Queensland. Dawson Corrigan was also in an eloquent mood and Messieurs Lyons, Ball and Walsh contributed some very witty after-dinner speeches. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed and our visitors were loud, and, I think, sincere in their praises of the many advantages bestowed upon the pupils at Riverview, and congratulated them on having made the most of them, and went on to say that they bore a reputation for gentlemanly and refined manners, and otherwise applied the soft soap to a most extravagant degree. Perhaps it was the liquor that was talking, but let us hope that there is some truth in "In vino veritas," etc.

After the toast list had been gone through, the remainder of the evening was spent in harmony. Mr. D. Corrigan has developed into a first-class vocalist, in fact, he threatened to become one at school, and many of our visitors, including Mr. Horstmann, Mr. Henry, and indeed nearly all of them assisted in making things go. All the Ex-students were delighted at the success of the whole affair. On one occasion I had some misgivings that the police might interfere, namely, when I read your letter out to the assembled multitude. It was so vociferously cheered that even the most reckless amongst us had grave fears that we should be liable to an action for ejectment. Well, Father, I would tell you a lot if we could have a yarn together, but it is hard to convey an adequate description on paper. I can only conclude by saying that the affair was a complete success, and as a mark of gratitude our visitors are treating the Ex-students to a theatre party in return to-night, to witness a performance of he "Mikado."

B. J. BEIRNE, Hon. Sec. ('88-'90).

An Old Boys' Union

THE KEATING PRIZE

That something should be done by the Old Boys to keep in touch with their old school and with one another, and to foster a proper college spirit, has, I am sure, long been felt by all of us. An opportunity presented itself lately—the occasion of the Rev. Father Keating's departure to the Old Country—and the old boys residing in Sydney, acting on their own behalf and on behalf of the ex-students generally, took steps (on a very short notice, it must be mentioned) towards accomplishing this. It was decided, at a meeting held at the College, to found an annual prize of the value of £5 5s. For this purpose the boys are asked to subscribe a fund,



JACK JENNINGS.



DAWSON CORRIGAN.

the interest of which will provide this prize from year to year. The prize is to be known as the "Keating Prize," in honour of the Rev. Father Keating, till lately the Father Superior of the Jesuit Order in Australia. Father Keating, as you are already aware, was for many years connected with and at one time Rector of the College.

Other schools have their founded prizes and their unions. Why shouldn't we have ours? Surely St. Ignatius is worthy our regard, and why shouldn't that regard find expression in a manner that would be worthy of our school, and that would reflect credit on ourselves? The fame of St. Ignatius' is Australasian, yet that fame must be extended. We, who have stood by so long, must take our part in this; we must show in some practical manner that we take an interest in our school, that we still

belong to it. There must be some bond between us. That many and great things can be accomplished by combining our efforts is obvious, and thus the burden on us singly will not be felt. But why should I appeal to you in this way? I know full well that in a matter like this your enthusiasm and earnestness is such that anything more than a reminder is no compliment. However, it is so commendable a thing to establish this Union, to link the past with the present, and so necessary is it to rouse this spirit amongst us—for it only wants rousing—that I must, even at the risk of being considered uncomplimentary, revert to it. We are Ignatians, but there is not that close union among us that there should be. To be an Ignatian—and I could wish here, without meaning to seem irreverent, that the illustrious founder of the Jesuit Order had a more adaptable name—should not be a mere accidental circumstance. It should be, to those who are entitled to the name, a something to be proud of, a hall-mark of integrity, of honesty, and of purity of character. But, scattered about as we are, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that we are Ignatians, and forget that we owe a duty to our school and to one another.

The "Keating Prize," I am aware, will not do all this. We must find some means of coming together at least once a year. Some steps should be taken during the coming year to establish an "Old Boys' Union," and to arrange for the old and new boys on occasions to meet one another. We should thus, in the words of the present Minister for Education, be stirring up a desire for emulation and progress in the minds of the scholars of to-day, and we should be cultivating, not only a college, but a national sentiment.

Our school has not, it is true, produced men who have risen to eminent positions, for it has not yet had time. But who will say that St. Ignatius' will not do so? Are not its boys already winning that honour and distinction that leads to higher things, and are we not desirous of keeping, if not in step, at least in touch with those who have the capacity, and will most assuredly attain them? In the meantime let us show that we are in earnest. Let us found the "Keating Prize." It means so small a subscription from each of us that if there were any delay in the matter it would detract from the dignity and earnestness of our undertaking. The founding of this Prize will be a record, honourable and for all time, of the devotion of the first Ignatians to their Alma Mater.

TOM KELLY ('81-'85), "Our Alma Mater" (1894).

THE KEATING PRIZE.

This prize, annually presented by "Past" Riverviewers, consisted this year of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," in four vols., handsomely bound in full calf by a London firm. The work was supplied by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney, sufficiently early to allow of its being "on show" in one of the college museum cases. This seems to have whetted the already keen edge of the causes of an unusually tough struggle. The competition, according to the regulations, was limited to boys of the junior and upper classes, representatives of which were allowed each to make his choice of one of the following subjects of examination:—

Classics (including Ancient History), English and one other modern language, Mathematics, Natural Science with one mathematical subject, the usual condition of qualification for entrance being required that the candidate had spoken in all the debates of the year, and had obtained honours in at least one. In classics very creditable work was presented by Patrick Dalton, Patrick Griffin, and Albert Walker, of the junior class. The only competitor in the second group of subjects (a member of the sub-senior class) presented very good work in English and English Literature, whilst in Mathematics Michael Kelly, of the junior class, sent up work of which it is high enough praise to say that it showed he did well in not being deterred from competing in that group by the new and rather stringent rule of the College examinations. This rule prescribes that "mathematical papers presented for examination for the 'class championship,' 'Keating,' or other 'special' prizes shall not obtain, for the correct answers alone, more than 60 per cent. of the total possible marks. The other 40 per cent. is assigned to 'improved methods' of solution and work." Three competitors from the senior class, three from the sub-senior, and five from the junior, faced the examination, and almost to the finish the result was difficult to foresee. In the last paper, however—of Latin "unseens"—Percy Power, of the senior class, put the matter entirely beyond doubt, and carried off the Keating Prize of 1896. The excellence of the Latin sight translation presented by Percy Power in this examination deserves a word of special commendation, and enables us to congratulate him on being the winner of a well-deserved and highly-coveted prize. Patrick Dalton, of the junior class, obtained second place.

St. Ignatius' College Ex-Students' Union

As indicated in an earlier section of this book, the formation of an Old Boys' Union was first mooted in 1889. The Union was finally established in 1897 under the Rectorship of Father Luke Murphy, who succeeded Father John Ryan as Rector in that year. The object of the Union as set out in the Constitution, given in "Our Alma Mater" of December, 1897, is to sustain and strengthen the connection between the members of the Union, and to further the interests of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview. The office-bearers for the first year of the Union's existence were: Patron: Very Rev. Joseph Dalton, S.J.; President: T. F. Kelly, B.A.; Vice-Presidents: G. E. Flannery, B.A., LL.B., J. Fitzsimons; Committee: A. Rankin, P. J. O'Donnell, E. B. Dalton, J. M. Kelly, F. Donovan, R. Lenehan; Hon. Secretary: G. McMahon, B.A.; Hon. Treasurer: L. Broinowski, B.A.

The inaugural function of the Union was a dinner at Baumann's Cafe, Pitt Street, on Thursday, November 4th, in which nearly fifty gentlemen took part.

INAUGURAL DINNER.

That earnest effort was being put forth to form a union of the ex-students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, which would reflect credit upon both College and ex-students, it needed but to know the names of the promoters to satisfy us. The inaugural function took the form of a dinner

at Baumann's Cafe, Pitt Street, on Thursday, November 4th, in which nearly fifty gentlemen took part. The President, Mr. T. F. Kelly, B.A., solicitor, who is also a Fellow of St. John's University College, occupied the chair, seated beside him on either hand being the venerable Father Dalton, S.J. (founder of St. Ignatius' College, and Patron of the new Union), looking, for all his weight of years, exceedingly well; Rev. Fr. Gartlan, S.J. (now of North Sydney, but for many years prominently identified with Riverview), Very Rev. Father Murphy, S.J., Rector of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview; Rev. Father O'Connell, S.J., Rev. E. O'Brien, of Liverpool, an "old" Riverview boy. The ex-students present included Dr. O'Gorman Hughes, Dr. Broinowski, Messrs. G. E. Flannery, B.A., LL.B.; J. D'Apice, C. Brennan, M.A., Greek Lecturer at the Sydney University; E. Thomas, solicitor (Goulburn), Captain R. W. Lenehan, solicitor; A. Polin, architect; F. Donovan, solicitor; J. Fitzsimons, secretary Citizens' Life Assurance Company; J. E. S. Henerie, B.L.; H. Manning, J. B. Dalley, L. Broinowski, B.A., F. Du Boisé, E. B. Dalton, T. Dalton, M. Casey, B.A.; P. J. O'Donnell, solicitor; Harold Healy, Gregan M'Mahon, B.A.; F. M'Donald, B. M'Bride, J. Slattery, J. Molony, J. Tarleton, J. Walton, J. Beck (Bega) J. McCarthy, architect; T. Coen, B.A.; J. Kelly, J. M'Evoy, F. D'Apice, A. Deery, A. Rankin, solicitor; E. S. Macdermott, and R. F. Macdermott, Mr. J. Carlos, B.A., B.L. (a one-time Riverview lay master), and Mr. J. Blakeney were also present. Apologies for unavoidable absence were read from the Rev. G. Kelly, St. Ignatius' College, Mr. D. Kent, Mr. Ambrose Pratt, solicitor, and Mr. W. Hughes.

The toast of "Pope Leo XIII.," and "The Queen," having been duly honoured, the chairman called upon Mr. G. E. Flannery to propose "Our Patron," which was the signal for an outburst of cheering.

Mr. Flannery, in a little sparkling gem of an extra-schoolday speech, referred to the various Dons who ruled the destinies of Riverview during his time—to Father Dalton, who, with considerable reserve as to anything but the main architectural fact, impressed upon the minds of the students the knowledge that Balbus built the walls of Rome; to Father Gartlan, who, as chief administrator of "justice," had in other ways forcibly and vigorously impressed other "facts" upon both body and mind; and to Father O'Connell, who, as a mathematical master, had taken infinite pains to clearly establish the relations between x and y so that they should never be forgotten. But it was when he alluded to Father Dalton, in his capacity as Rector of the College, that the speaker made one understand why the venerable founder of St. Ignatius' had succeeded in making that College something to be proud of. "What Dr. Arnold was to the Rugby students of 50 years ago," said Mr. Flannery; "what the Master of Baliol was to the students of Baliol College, Father Dalton was, and would for all time be, to Riverviewers." (Cheers).

FATHER DALTON ON THE UNION.

Father Dalton, whose rising occasioned another ovation, responded to the toast of his name in the following terms:—Mr. President and Ex-Students, I must thank Mr. Flannery for the many kind things he said to me, and I assure him and you all that it gives me great pleasure to be here

with you to-night. That pleasure is enhanced by many reflections. First, I did not anticipate that I should live to see formed a Union of the ex-students. I thought that Riverview was too young and that I was too old; but you have accomplished what I could not hope for. (Cheers.) The Union is now an accomplished fact; moreover, you have done me the honor of electing me Patron, an honor which I willingly accept. I only regret that I am not a younger man, and more able to fulfil the duties of my position. I wish to offer a few remarks as patron on the many

ADVANTAGES AND OBLIGATIONS

of being members of such a Union as the one we are inaugurating. The first advantage is, it cements that warm-hearted friendship that binds schoolmates together in their College days. In the battle of life you will often want a friend to help and cheer you on. Where will you look for that friend (of course, outside your own families) except amongst the members of a union like this? (Cheers.) Cicero says it is hard to live without a friend. In this Union you will find not one, but many sincere friends. (Applause.) Again, as years flow on, members of the Union gradually become scattered far and wide. Already the ex-students of Riverview—young as Riverview College is—are to be found in every quarter of the globe—all over Australia, in Europe, America, South Africa. (Cheers.) What pleasure it would be for these Cosmopolites to meet an old schoolmate thousands of miles away. A meeting like that might be not only a source of pleasure, but, better still, it might be the means of conferring great and lasting benefits on one or other of the parties. (Cheers.) With your permission, I shall relate

A LITTLE EPISODE

to illustrate what I mean. It was in connection with my own schooldays. In 1836 my class finished Rhetoric in Clongowes. We were thirteen in all; only three survive to-day. About a year before I came to Australia, while I was Rector of the College of St. Stanislaus, Tullabeg, I was one day surprised by a visit from my old class-fellow, Thomas Dwyer. We had not met for near thirty years. He had settled in Texas, was married, and was what you would call a "wealthy squatter." He had now called to see me, and to leave his son and heir in the care of his old class-fellow, your humble servant. During his stay at the College we had many a chat about old times, about the past and the present. On one occasion, he told me, he was going up the Missouri in a large and crowded steamer. Amongst the second saloon passengers he saw a face he thought he knew, but could not remember the name. He asked the captain. The captain did not know, but soon found out. "The man's name, Mr. Dwyer, is Lidwell." "Yes, I was right; now I remember him well." "Tom" goes up to the man. "May I ask, sir, is your name Lidwell?" "Yes." "Michael Lidwell, son of Major Lidwell?" "Yes." "Were you in Clongowes in 1835 and '6?" "Yes." "Do you remember me?" "No, I can't say I do." "Look again." "Tom Dwyer? Are you Tom Dwyer? I remember you well, but you are greatly changed; it is near 30 years since we met." There was a warm shake of the hand, and a long chat about old times. "What are you doing at present, Lidwell? Have you been successful? "No, indeed; I am sorry to say, far

from it. At present I am jobbing in horses, and there's not much in it." "Well, Lidwell, I have been more fortunate, thank God. I am the owner of several stations—more than I can manage—and I am now looking for someone to take charge of one. If you think the position would suit you, I would be glad to engage you, and I don't think we should quarrel about terms." Poor Lidwell was only too delighted to accept the offer. In a week's time he was duly installed in his new position, and in another week he sent for his mother and sister to keep house for him—and if they did not live happily, that you and I may. (Cheers). I believe

A UNION OF EX-STUDENTS

such as this, fosters similar feelings; cements life-long friendships, which are not confined to mere words. (Cheers.) In the battle of life young men are often exposed to temptations that would lead them astray unless helped by some restraining power (besides the grace of God). The thought that you are a member of this Union—that the good name of the Union as well as your own is at stake—would prevent you from doing anything (as they say in the army) unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. (Applause.) In my letter accepting the position of Patron of your Union, I mentioned that as St. Ignatius' College was Roman Catholic, so the Union of the ex-students was also a Roman Catholic Union, and that it was as such that I accepted the position of Patron. (Cheers.)

On the 31st August, 1897, Father John Ryan vacated office, and Father Luke Murphy became Rector of the College.

THE NEW RECTOR OF RIVERVIEW.

The interest of Father Luke Murphy in the Old Boys' Union is shown sufficiently by the support that he gave to the Queensland Reunion, this year the fourth, and by the fact that the Union of the Old Boys was founded in the first year of his Rectorship, 1897. We give the opening paragraph of the account of the Queensland dinner from the "Australian" (Brisbane).

RIVERVIEW BOYS IN QUEENSLAND.

"The Queensland ex-students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, held their fourth annual re-union on Saturday evening last at the Cafe Eschenhagen, under most happy and favourable conditions. The ex-students numbered, on this occasion, upwards of a score, and had gathered at their festive board, by invitation, some forty friends and notabilities from this and the adjoining colony. The Rector and Minister (Rev. Fathers Luke Murphy and George Kelly, from Riverview College, journeyed to be present, and arrived in Brisbane by the mail train on Friday night, where they were met by Messrs. J. and A. Jennings, J. Corrigan, C. V. Lennon, J. R. Davidson, and D. J. Corrigan (hon. sec. banquet committee), and, after an exchange of felicitations, driven to their headquarters while in Brisbane —the Empire Hotel. Though strangers to Brisbane and to most of the old collegians, the visiting Jesuit Fathers were looked upon, received and cheered by the assembled banqueters on Saturday night, as very old friends.

The place of honour was, as in the past, occupied by Mr. J. F. Jennings (son of the late lamented Sir Patrick Jennings). He is one of the oldest Riverview students, and does the duty pertaining to his honourable position with no small amount of tact, grace, and dignity."

Those who know of the history of the Old Boys' Union, and who know that Dr. Fred. Page came from Brisbane and practised in Brisbane for years may wonder why his name does not occur as one of those who took part in these first Queensland Reunions. The explanation is easily found in the fact that at this time Fred was living in London. After returning to Australia he was always the chief organiser of these functions in Brisbane, and now that he has gone to live in London, he has become quite a Permanent Ambassador of Riverview in London, and each year such a function as these first started in Brisbane is organised by him and is an event of first importance.

Playing the Game

Since the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of this one, when I was at 'View, there have been many changes in the interests of both schoolboys and adults.

If the marvels of the present day, moving pictures and wireless, should have been related, they would have been believed as readily as the tales of Alice in Wonderland. Aeroplanes, motor cars and motor bicycles were almost unknown, and of no practical value or importance. The "road hog" of those days was the man or boy on a push-bike, against whose reckless and dangerous speeding there was at times considerable outcry in the newspapers.

In the holidays, those of us who were the proud owners of bikes, used to gather on a Sunday morning in Centennial Park and race each other round and round on what was then the only decent bit of road in Sydney. It was a common sight on a fine Sunday morning to see anything up to ten thousand bicycles in the park. Each of the riders would try his paces against a friend, or perhaps challenge all-comers round and round and round the park.

Our pleasures were much simpler and we had for the most part to amuse ourselves. A walk of a few miles would hold no terrors for us. Yet I have no doubt we enjoyed ourselves every bit as much as does the present generation of schoolboys.

Though so many of the conveniences and luxuries of life have changed out of all recognition, yet human nature and the essential schoolboy has changed hardly at all.

Just as the boys of the G.P.S. in the nineties played their games in a spirit that held the admiration of all sportsmen, so their successors of to-day play exactly the same games and continue in those traditions of fair play and clean sport. These upright traditions still have an immense influence on the after-life of such boys, and severest criticism followed any attempts to lower these standards then as it does to-day.

I remember one incident which illustrates this. A boy who knew a trick of tripping an opponent in the line-out to obtain the ball, shortly after a game started worked this point with, to him, astonishing results. The wrath of his victim was as nothing to the expressed disapproval and disgust of the members of his own side. Later during the week our coach was plainly given to understand that we did not wish to learn any tactics likely to bring discredit on the school.

As a team we always tried to play the game, and afterwards have the respect of our opponents. For what does it matter, especially a year or two afterwards, who won a particular game. What does matter is the spirit in which the game was played and the ability to take a reverse and come up smiling wins the respect of all.

The same spirit of fair play burned brightly in all our G.P.S., and still does. Yet, as was only to be expected, there were a few exceptions among individuals in those schools. Those boys would rather win by foul means than by fair and were notorious among all schools, but more especially liable to be a harmful influence in their own school.

To those present at the College I will conclude by exhorting you to play your hardest and best, and, win or lose, in after years you will have many friends among your opponents, who will remember with pleasure the great tussles you and they have had together. Only in this way will you gain the maximum of pleasure for yourself and credit for your school.

H. B. OXENHAM ('93-'95; '99-'01.)



THE SACK RACE.
(Old Farm shown on present site of Observatory).

Some Impressions of an Old Boy

It is hard to realise this is the jubilee year of the dear old school, and however one may try to shirk the responsibility of increasing age, facts have to be faced. It does not seem thirty years since I left school—quite a number of the incidents are still fresh. The outstanding figure of my time was the late Fr. John R. Murphy. I say with a great amount of diffidence and with respect to the other fine Priests we had, he was the greatest man of Riverview. The younger generation will say "tosh" as the present day racing men will say there are better horses than Carbine. My answer is I have not been in touch with the Masters since 1895, but I do know that if it were not for Fr. Murphy's ill-health Australia would never have known him, he was too big a man to have been spared from the old world. He was a genius and a worker and he expected work from those able to work, but withal was a judge of human nature. He had in my last year the seniors for Latin. Billy McDonald and I were not expected to know too much and we were always asked the first two questions, which of course we were able to answer—how well I remember his rattle of keys as he asked his questions.

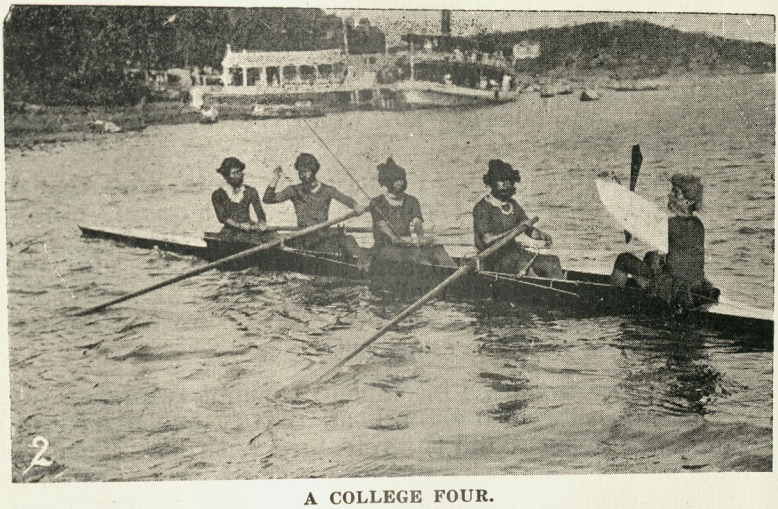
We could never put anything over Father Tuite, who was a prefect of health. It did not matter if one had a headache or any other kind of ache, the answer, with his mannerism of a kick of the foot, was always the same "Ah I have the same myself," but we caught him sometimes. Once Harry Manning had to faint after the angelus at study, he carried out his part well and was brought from the study. Father Tuite sent him to bed and regaled him with tea and toast.

Any talk of 'View would be incomplete without reference to Brother Doyle, who has grown up with the school. Every one liked him and he was jolly good to us going round the refectory with his "Roast beef Yes, No." He must have a remarkable memory. I had not seen him for more than twenty years when I met him once more, and he only knew me as a school boy, and yet he remembered me, a truly remarkable feat. I have had the greatest pleasure reading what Brother Doyle has done for the school, and I do know that every boy from 'View has the greatest admiration for Brother Doyle. We always got better meals at Riverview than any other school got, and they were better served—is it a wonder we liked Brother Doyle?

One of the tests of a Priest's popularity is the nick name he is given. In my time I think only two escaped. Fathers Keating and Gartlan. They were only known by their Christian names. We were evidently good judges for both were splendid men. Father Gartlan has enjoyed the esteem and affection of all boys at Riverview. I was, perhaps on account of my Irish descent, always looking for trouble, and was foolish enough to talk too much. I remember once our rowing coach, Mr. Goodyear, whom I particularly disliked for he had ejected me from the crew, was umpire in a football match against one of the schools; I got a try, I still believe it was fair, but he disallowed it, and we were beaten. I was rather rude to him and got a terrible tongue thrashing from Father Gart-

lan. I deserved it, and even then I still liked Father Gartlan. He has done so much for the school that its present popularity is due a great deal to his far seeing wisdom. Father Keating was one of the finest types of gentlemen I have ever met, tall, particularly good looking, held himself erect, with a delightful speaking voice and a charming personality. A truly lovable man.

Speaking of nick names recalls Father John Hughes, who taught us Mathematics and whom we called Goschen—the Treasurer in the English Government at the time was Mr. Goschen. I annoyed him on one or several occasions by putting harsh letters, such as K, Q, Z, etc. for the Euclid figures. I can still hear him saying, on one such occasion, "Oh my, oh my, why do you put these cacophanous letters on the board." He had a keen sense of humour, loved a joke, and was, I believe, the best theologian of his day.



A COLLEGE FOUR.

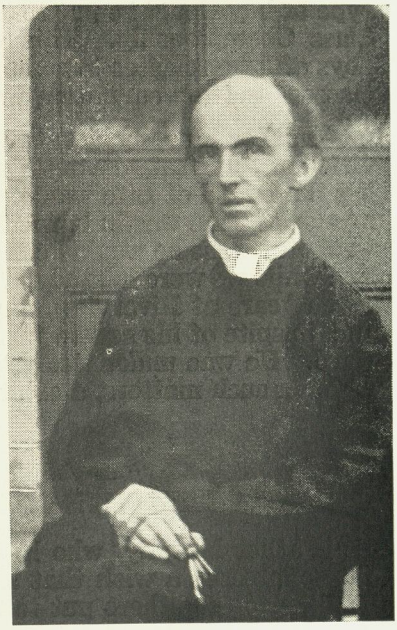
There was not in my day the great public school competition as to-day, but we certainly played the other schools. We had some wonderful players both at football and cricket. Iggy and Jack O'Donnell, both of whom represented N.S.W., and I think Australia, Joe O'Brien, Jim Fitzpatrick, were all good at football. The present Father Healey was our crack bowler. We had visions of him becoming an International player until the Church claimed him. Walter Fraser, a good fast left hand bowler, Billy McDonald a good all-rounder, and Harry Manning were I think the best. I was umpire for the first eleven until in a match against Kings I gave not out for a catch behind the wicket off Billy McDonald. Billy was hefty and obscured my vision. As a matter of fact the batsman admitted he tipped it, so I played in the second eleven after.

I remember Dick Loneragan and I were markers at the Rifle Butts. On our way we had to pass the poultry yard. We generally managed to gather some eggs on the way and cook them while marking. The shooters could never understand why we were so slow at marking, and they never knew, or there would have been several aspirants for marking.

P. F. MEAGHER.

Father John Murphy and Riverview

A outstanding figure at Riverview in the 'nineties was Father John Murphy. He came to Australia in 1891, and for seven years '91-'98, the last of his life, he was at Riverview, where he filled with great distinction the office of Prefect of Studies. He had already completed a brilliant scholastic career, and came to Australia with shattered health. The sunny skies of Riverview kept him with us for seven years, greatly to the benefit of Riverview from an educational point of view, and greatly to the spiritual benefit of all who were witnesses of his edifying life. He was a man of the clearest intellect. I can still remember the mode he had of lining with a thin red line the margin of a history, and by well placed 1, 2, 3, 4 for divisions, a, b, c for sub-divisions, and sometimes even other ciphers for sub-divisions (if one will forgive the use of such a word), putting before a reader at a glance quite all the salient points of pages dealing for example with many details of the French Revolution in the old black-covered Modern History Text Book. He was essentially a man of clear ideas. His learning seemed to us boys to cover all branches. He only taught special classes, except when there was a shortage of teachers, in which case he filled any gap. He graded the classes most carefully; while he would put some boys up classes so that they might cover the ground of two classes in one year, he was equally strict in not allowing anyone who slacked to advance a class at the end of the year unless he had passed in his examinations. He introduced 'Test' examinations, which so far as I know, were not then in use in Sydney, for the boys of the classes preparing for the public examinations. These were held a month before the public examination and all knew that they must pass if they were to be sent for the public examination. He introduced a system of weekly examinations. Any class might be examined, it was nearly always only one, and in any subject, and the examination was in the actual work that was supposed to have been done. One never knew until the Sunday morning whether one would have an examination or not. Father Murphy, we believed and I think this is true, set the examinations himself and corrected them. And on Monday appeared the lists. They had in places a P, meaning Penal Studies, or a V.P., meaning Penal Studies and a Visit to the Prefect of Studies, a visit which one naturally dreaded. A surprising thing to



FATHER JOHN MURPHY, S.J.

us boys, at first, was how the P. and V.P. was placed in position in the list. Often a boy who got about 54per cent. would have P after his name, whereas many who achieved (no doubt with what Father Murphy considered sufficient effort) about 30 per cent. were given an honourable pass. The discretion so shown by Father Murphy was appreciated with the growth in years, and was characteristic of his justice, which saw clearly. There was another custom in vogue during the period of Father Murphy which aided the school work. About once a month, on Sunday, there would be a "class out." There would be no weekly examination that Sunday, but one of the classes would assemble in the presence of the Rector and Community, and would be put through their paces. On such occasions Father Murphy would always ask Father Rector and the rest of the Community to question some boy who had the floor, usually after he had himself catechised him. It was an occasion of triumph for a deserving boy and deep humiliation for an idler, and one never knew beforehand which type of boy would be put to the ordeal. Father Murphy also instituted the Class Championship. This was very cleverly engineered so as to allow boys of lower classes to compete, often successfully, with boys of the upper classes, and the emulation was great.

Father Murphy usually said the boys' Mass in the morning, and the vision of that frail, devout figure offering the Great Sacrifice, and distributing the Bread of Life was of edification infinite, and has left abiding, holy memories. He was in harness to the end. We boys knew he was not at all well, otherwise he would be teaching; and after one night and day of watching, while we were in study, a tolling bell—the only such I heard during my seven years at Riverview, announced to us that one whom we all revered and, in spite of his severe justice, could not help loving, had gone to his reward. He was undoubtedly a great man and, if human judgment is ever right in such matters, a saint.

P. J. DALTON, S.J. ('93-'99).

THE TRIBUTE OF RIVERVIEW TO JOHN MURPHY.

Father Murphy, who had laboured all his life for others, more than once expressed a wish that his illness might be shortened because he did not like to see others put to trouble for his sake. Yet no one thought it trouble to do everything he could for one whom all esteemed so much. Father Murphy would have wished to be able to work to the end, nor did he remain many days when work was no longer possible. During those last few days he had all the consolation that the good Master gives to those who have done generously and well in his service. It was his special joy to receive the Holy Communion each day, and on the last three mornings to have Mass celebrated in his room. On the 21st of August, during the quiet of the evening study hour, he received the last absolution, and calmly and happily passed away to his reward.

Forty-six years before, Father Murphy was born in Clonmel, in the County of Tipperary, for which county his father was a magistrate. He was one of a family who have all since distinguished themselves in life.

His eldest brother is now the Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P., of Arran Quay, Dublin, and not only holds high rank as an ecclesiastic, but is also a gifted scientist. Another brother—Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Murphy, D.S.O. (Order of Distinguished Service)—has repeatedly won honours in India, especially in the Candahar campaign, His twin brother, Father James Murphy, S.J., holds the high position in the Irish Jesuit province of Master of Novices and Rector of the College of St. Stanislaus, Tullamore. His sister was lately Superioress of the Loretto Convent, Dalkey, Ireland. When Father John Murphy was about ten years old, his parents removed from Clonmel to Dublin, and there he was educated at Dr. Quin's school, Harcourt Street, and at the school of the Marist Fathers. At the early age of seventeen he entered the Jesuit novitiate, and after the two years of probation he was sent immediately, on account of his delicate health, to be prefect at the great Irish College of Clongowes Wood. When he had been at Clongowes he went to study Rhetoric at Roehampton College, London, and having finished his course there and matriculated with distinction for the London University, he was appointed professor to the young Jesuits who were preparing themselves to teach in the Colleges. In 1879 Father Murphy began at Stonyhurst College the study of Philosophy, to which he applied himself for three years. He was then made Prefect of Studies at St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore, whose students were then winning many brilliant successes in the University and Intermediate Examinations. Fr. Murphy's health did not long permit him to hold this office, and his superiors sent him for change and rest to Clongowes. After some months at Clongowes, where he was first Prefect of Discipline, he went to Ona, in Spain, and there studied theology for four years. Being ordained priest, he returned to Ireland, and once more took charge of the studies of the Junior members of the Order. But, falling into weak health, it was thought that the fine Australian climate would benefit his health. He came to Sydney in 1891, and for the last seven years of his life was Prefect of Studies at Riverview.

It was only during the seven years that Father Murphy lived and worked at Riverview that we, with few exceptions, were privileged to know him. Some few could speak of debts of gratitude owed to him many years ago, and many thousand miles away; but they tell us enough when they say that time and place and illness had, in his case, only made their outward changes. It was fortunate, indeed, for our College, when it was yet young, to have had him as a director of its studies, for he was a man born to organise, and his work will not easily perish. He was a heroic worker, and he had not laboured long among us when the spirit that was in him made its influence felt throughout the entire College. His shattered health did not impede him. We have heard him speak with admiration of those Spanish commanders in the late war who went down with their ships, their country's flag still flying, and we felt that were he in their places he would have done the same. But he sacrificed himself for a nobler object, and when we remember how he toiled for so many years, and how weak and worn he often looked when the day's work was over, we clearly see that his great mind understood of what extreme importance to the cause of God is the good education of the young.

It was for no worldly end that Father Murphy laboured, for he shunned publicity and praise, and we learned from words of his, let fall from time to time during the last few years, that he did not expect that what remained to him of earthly life would be long. Yet the thought of death did not paralyse his energy, but rather urged him to greater efforts, because, like his Divine Master, he looked on death as "the night when no man can work." May we all have done our work as well when that night comes upon us.

In Father Murphy we saw a man filled with the spirit of true charity. He was genial and kind, and if he were sometimes stern, it was when he knew that that was kinder. There was no boy in the school about whose progress he did not keep himself exactly informed, for he was most watchful over those committed to his charge, and took the deepest interest in their welfare. In the hearts of those who knew him best his death has left a void which they never hope to fill. We trust that his memory will long remain, especially in the minds of those to whose good his brilliant talents were devoted. It will guide them and draw them to follow by the way that he has gone. They will prize it more as manhood develops, and when the world's cold experience shows them that his like is not often found. We give below two poems, one by an old pupil of Father Murphy's—Mr. J. E. S. Henerie—in which is portrayed the grief and loneliness we felt after the death of so true a friend. The other is written by his old friend, Dr. Beattie, of Liverpool, in which he expresses, better than we could, the consoling Christian thought that though Father Murphy has gone from among us, his prayers in heaven will be more powerful even than his earthly help.

PATER, AVE ATQUE VALE.

REV. JOHN MURPHY, S.J.

O, you have gone before us
To the dark unknown,
Sadly you have left us
To walk alone.

Friend of our youth and manhood
Vanished away,
Like a drift of crimson sunset
At close of day!

We held sweet converse together
Of soul with soul,
Probing the life of nature
From pole to pole;

Conning again the story
Of days of old,
Thinking of all the wonder
The years yet hold.

There where his dreams are ended,
And life's long quest,
Jesus, O Lord, have mercy;
Grant him Thy rest.

Paragon of learning were you,
Guide of our life—
Sharing its thought and action,
Its peace and strife.

Now we call, none answers;
Vain is our prayer;
Vainly our question falleth
On voiceless air.

Nay, but the years pass swiftly,
And we, too, pass
Out of the world of sunshine
Like autumn grass.

On to the world beyond us,
To you now known,
To join all our friends and teachers,
No more alone.

—J. E. S. HENERIE ('88-'93).

AVE! PATER, SED NON VALE.

Wherefore farewell! triumphant brother, now
Out of the Vale of Shade. Help him who faints
In weary wayfaring to rest, as thou
Dost rest, in sweet communion of saints.
Wherefore farewell!

Out in the void thy spirit hath not flown;
High in the Household of the Faith thy place,
Spanning from Hades' portals to the Throne.
De ventre matris—dual fruit of grace!*
Yet with us dwell.

Whisper to hearts responsive as of old,
Languishing vainly for thy smile—thy hand:
Thy form etherealized we still behold,
Signifer sanctus! in Ignatian band—
Peerless array!

Athwart the world's dim sordidness, the beam
Of Jesus' army—soldiers such as thou—
Bright as the angel hosts in Jacob's dream,
Illumes all time with life or triple vow,
Fairer than day.

He sees the sparrows fall—He, strong to save,
Brooks not His own to perish 'neath the sod.
Where sting—where victory, in death or grave?
Sacerdos magnus! Holy one of God!
On Heaven's shore.

Loud let our praise in diapason rise,
For ever joined in Pentecostal throng;
Through earthly aisles and courts of Paradise,
Semper laus ejus, in united song.

—J. A. BEATTIE.

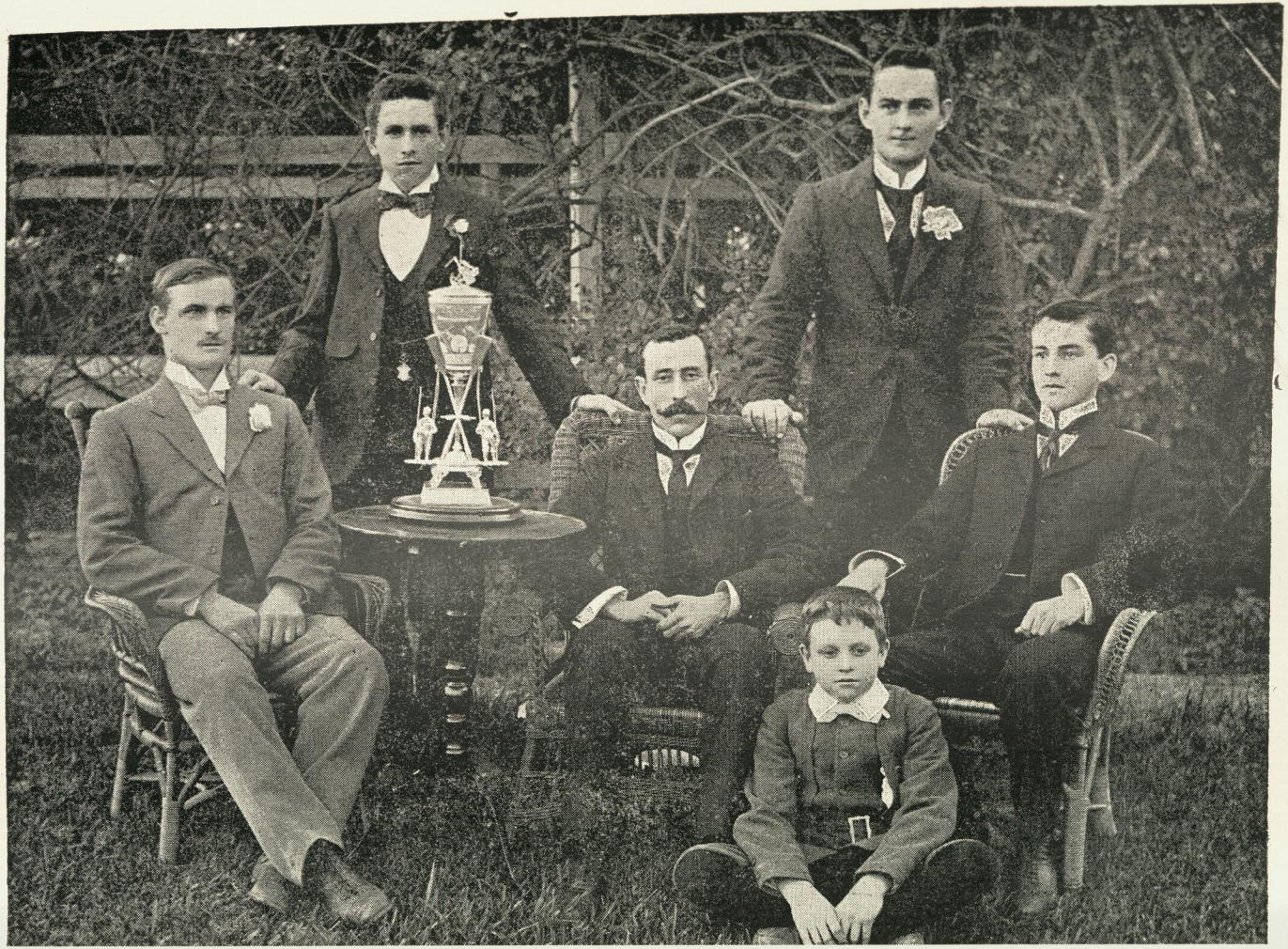
Liverpool, N.S.W., Sept. 1, 1898.

*Father John Murphy, S.J., was one of twin brothers, who both became priests.

FATHER MURPHY'S FUNERAL.

Father Murphy was interred at Gore Hill Cemetery on August 23rd. Among those who were present besides the Rector and community of Riverview were Father Kenny, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits, Father Brennan, S.J., and Father Gartlan, S.J., from North Sydney. Father McGrath, from St. Aloysius' College; Father Sturzo, S.J.; the Venerable Archpriest Sheehy (O.S.B.); the Rev. M. Kirby, P.P., Pymble; the Superior of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill; the Hon. T. Dalton, M.L.C.; the Hon. L. F. Heydon, M.L.C.; Alderman B. McBride, Dr. Rorke, Mr. N. Joubert, and Mr. Cahill (solicitor). Almost all the present students walked from the College, and among the ex-students and Father Murphy's former pupils who came to pay the last tribute of respect were Messrs. T. F. Kelly, R. Lenehan, P. J. O'Donnell, G. M'Mahon, George Flannery, J. E. S. Henerie, R. Henerie, H. E. Manning, Bernard and Charles McBride, Thomas Dalton, W. D'Apice, J. D'Apice, F. Duboisé, W. McDonald, F. McDonald, F. Rorke, Richard and Arthur O'Connor (though the former was only recovering from an accident) A. Deery, W. Baker, J. Slattery and James Punch.

"Our Alma Mater" (1898).



THE WINNING CREW, 1899.

Back Row (from left): H. W. McGuren, bow; T. Carlton, No. 2.
Sitting: M. L. Gleeson, No. 3; Dr. P. J. Kelly, Coach; D. S. O'Sullivan, Stroke.
In Front: S. M. Hogan, Cox.

The All Schools' Race, 1889

THE DAY BEFORE.

"Two and Three—Stroke and Bow" shouted our cox., as we stepped from the "four" for the last time. Our Captain, who was stroke, was beaming with good humour, delighted with the day's work, for we had just successfully completed several fine spurts at the rate of forty to the minute. No. 3 gave one the impression of a man full of grim determination to do or die in the morrow's contest; but No. 2, far from being concerned as to what might or might not happen, was mumbling and grumbling to himself in a good-natured way about an orange of his that had mysteriously walked away, and I, the bow, was enjoying the fun at his expense. Just then our coach, Dr. Kelly, came alongside. "Well, boys," said he, "you've done remarkably well to-day. You must be well in the race to-morrow." With that he pushed off, and we bade him a hearty good-bye. And here it will not be out of place to say a word or two about "the Doctor." He has certainly made a great many sacrifices for our sakes, and, I think I can safely state, has won not only our confidence and esteem, but, what's more, our deepest affection. As to his capability as coach I need only point to results. When we had housed our boat we refreshed ourselves with a cooling shower and had a good rub-down, and after dressing made our way up to the College. "My word, I'll win or drown," broke in No. 3 on our way up. "I only wish I had my orange," rejoined No. 2. I, of course, looked totally unconcerned. We are soon in the refectory and experiencing the delights of hot tea and bread and butter. Study follows, but it has no meaning for us on that night. After the evening play-hour we betake ourselves to the dormitory, and are soon reclining, determined on a good old snooze. But with all our determination we cannot. "Mr. Somnus" seems rather obstinate to-night, so we toss about on our beds, and kick and turn and groan and moan till, tired out and weary, we doze off. I had been enjoying for some time a most delicious dream, when suddenly I was awakened by my old friend, No. 3, who was shouting at the top of his voice "Go it, Dan! Come on boys! Hurrah! we have"——. "My orange! my orange!" broke in No. 2 in equally loud tones. Then I could hear stroke giggling and chuckling away in great style. After that began a second tossing and shuffling and groaning, but it was no use—sleep had taken his departure from the four of us, so we had to grin and bear it. When would morning come? why, the minutes seem hours, and the hours days. But time must pass. And so I behold the dawn of day. The first beams of the rising sun light up the eastern hilltops, the noiseless leaves of the gum, awakened from slumber, begin to rustle in the gentle breeze, and now and then the sharp, clear note of the whip-bird gives warning of the approach of day. All is stillness and quiet. But we poor fellows excited and restless, cannot enjoy such peaceful hours and long to be up and doing.

THE MORNING BEFORE.

And now we hear with joyful hearts the sound of the morning bells, and are up and washed in less than no time. The morning is spent in sundry occupations. And at 12.45 a.m. we find ourselves streaming off from the

shed. How bright and cheerful our boat looks as she rests on the tug. Her brasswork sparkles in the sunlight, and she looks beautifully neat and clean. Arriving at Balmain, we pick up "the Doctor," and in three-quarters of an hour are landed at the Sydney branch shed in "Hen and Chicken Bay." Our boat is launched, and after a shower and rub-down, donned in our school colours, we take our seats in the boat. We then put off and prepare for a spurt. "Now," said "the Doctor" before sending us off, "remember, stroke, you're not to work too hard; and, No. 3, mind you hold your slide well. No. 2, straighten up, and remember—keep a good swing all through; and bow,



THE "ROSE."

watch your recovery. And, all, be sure you watch stroke's blade at the start. Now, are you all ready? Half-forward. Paddle." Away we bound. But, hello, what's up? Stroke has caught a crab, broken his poppet string and twisted his rowlock. But our worthy little carpenter very soon puts that to rights, and we start again, but this time in real good style.

THE RACE.

We are soon in our positions, and the starter informs each crew that his commands will be "Ready!" "Go!" What is the matter? My hand shakes, my heart begins to beat violently, thoughts race through my mind. Now I

think we'll win; now vice versa. Oh, how well does Virgil depict my feelings in the lines:

"Intenti expectant signum exsultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido."

When will that starter give the word? Suddenly we hear the "Ready," the cox drops the buoy, and in an instant we've started. What's the matter? splash, splash, splash, go the oars. We're going at an awful rate, we're simply leaping through the water. Away we dart, we're leading and every stroke increases our lead. Now we're one length, now two. Just then I hear a voice I know. What temptation! but I dare not look. By Jove! we're three lengths ahead and still gaining, hurrah! we're four, and just on five, when a deafening cheer resounds across the waters from the Riverview launch, the "Rose," and hats fly up, and boys run wild, and whistles squeal, and noise and bustle reign supreme. We're victors, and past the winning post in 7m. 20s. with a glorious lead of five lengths. Who could imagine, I am delighted, overjoyed, and filled with honest pride and so is every one of us.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER.

We paddle towards our dear old school-masters and school-fellows, but, strange to say all is silence. We are soon undeceived, however, for as we pass alongside, there stands dear old Father Dalton with hat upraised, and he gives us three hearty cheers. Then follows such an unheard of confusion of congratulations that it is impossible to describe it. I never enjoyed myself so much. And it was certainly with great sorrow we saw the "Rose" steam for home. As we paddled off, whom should we meet but Mr. Robson and Mr. Burnside, and certainly they congratulated us so warmly that one would think it was their own crew, not ours, they were congratulating. Everywhere we went, congratulations were showered upon us. We never experienced such a happy time.

After about an hour of this we made for the shed, placed our boat on the tug, and dressed again. But we wanted one thing to complete our joy, we were longing to see "the Doctor" and Mr. Healy. We were steaming about the Parramatta for some time when suddenly one of us espied them landing at Abbotsford, so we immediately made for the shed and received the two on board. You can more easily imagine than I describe the sport and fun we had, how we talked over old times, and made all kind of jokes. When they came on board we made for home. Well several times we were almost jumping overboard during the journey, we were simply bubbling over with joy and excitement. Arriving at Balmain we sent "The Doctor" off with three hearty cheers. Then we steered up the Lane Cove. How joyously we skimmed over the quiet waters, how merrily we chatted, we were indeed a happy family. Turning round Longueville, we at length sight Riverview and can scarcely distinguish it in the growing darkness. "But what is that strange row of flickering lights over there?" asked No. 3. No one knew what it was. Meanwhile, our sturdy little cox. was repeatedly blowing the steamer's whistle. As we neared the wharf, what did we see but nearly all the Community and several Old Boys lining the wharf, and bearing miniature torchlights. This was kindness indeed. Again we were congratu-

lated, and again we recounted the whole race. We were not allowed to house our boat, although we did all we could to prevent our kind friends from taking upon themselves the trouble. As supper-time was approaching, we made our way up to the College. And as we entered the refectory we were again received by three deafening cheers from our assembled school-fellows.

Thus ended one of Riverview's most glorious and most joyful of victories. You may be sure that "Mr. Somnus" took possession of us almost immediately we lay down to rest, and sent us the most pleasant of dreams.

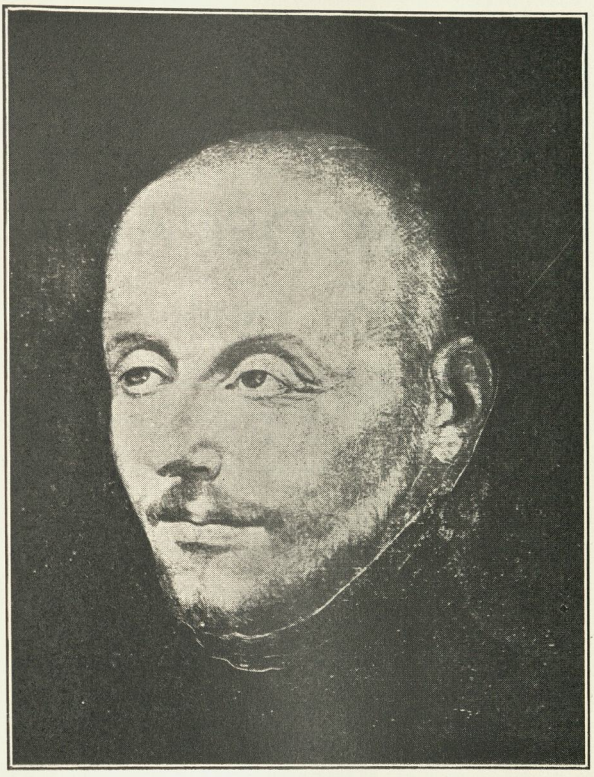
BOW



FREAK CREW AT REGATTA.

THIRD DECADE

1900 - 1910



ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA (1491-1566).
Founder of the Society of Jesus.

Showing the authentic features of the Saint, as shown in his death mask.

Riverview Revisited

AN IMPRESSION BY J. E. S. HENERIE ('88-'93).

The Eton of Australia, St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, is a name to conjure with, it may be said without exaggeration, throughout the world. Her sons have fallen in far away South Africa fighting for King and Empire. The oratory taught in Riverview has been heard in the House of Commons from the eloquent lips of her ex-students. Her scholars lecture in the University. Her pupils have taken a distinguished part in the councils of the country and in bringing about the Federation of the States of the Australian Commonwealth. One of her pupils occupies the proud position of being returned as a senior Senator for Tasmania, over ex-Premiers and Ministers of the Crown, in the first Parliament of United Australia. Riverview has turned out merchants and professional men, whose ability has won for themselves and their Alma Mater the admiration and esteem of those with whom they have been associated. In whatever walk of life the ex-student of Riverview goes his way, he is ever conscious of the obligation the prestige of St. Ignatius' College imposes on him of being a Christian and being earnest and thorough in whatever he does for himself, for others and for his country. My dear friend, the late Mr. T. F. Kelly, crystallised the feeling which brings about this when he expressed, at the inaugural banquet of the Ex-Students' Union, that "our Union cannot but remind us that the object with which we were sent to Riverview—the object, in fact, of all education—is to make us good citizens of the community to which we belong. It must remind us that we are Ignatians, and that we owe a duty to our school and to one another. To be an Ignatian should not be a mere accidental circumstance; it should be to those entitled to the name something to be proud of, a hall-mark of integrity, of honesty, of purity of character. To be ever faithful to the laws of religion and to the laws of our country is the duty we owe to our school, and in the performance of that duty we shall best forward our own and the interests of our College."

St. Ignatius' College is an apparition of beauty, the natural charms of whose site have been if possible added to by the skill of art. Built on the heights of Riverview on the right of the upper reaches of the Lane Cove River, facing green lawns and a splendidly-laid out garden, surrounded by a noble park with rustic bridges, garden seats, ferneries, summer houses, and pagodas, St. Ignatius', springing as from the Groves of Academe, may well be called picturesque. Along the foreshores at intervals of two hundred yards or so are the College baths and the junior and senior boat sheds, over which floats the famous blue and white, the Riverview College colours. Threading one's way through the garden paths up to the guest house, one is impressed by the calm and beauty which reign around. One can hardly realise that the rush and roar of the streets of Sydney have been heard less than an hour ago; and that on calm nights with favourable winds the chimes of the General Post Office clock may be heard enforcing on the minds of the students the lessons of the Jesuit masters, "He watching over Israel sleepeth not." This scholastic retreat ensures, from end to end of

the academic year, uninterrupted commune with the classics, and the modern educators. So in fitting circumstances the work of moulding character and principle for the sterner and rougher battle of life goes on with the success all acknowledge.

In the reception-room of the stone cottage—the original college whilst the larger building was going on, but now the guest house—there amidst evidences of the College triumphs by flood and field such as rowing cups innumerable, and rifle shields, amidst illuminated addresses testifying to the affection of the boys for their Rectors, pictured scrolls containing the names of presidents of the College sodalities, and perpetual reminders



A REGATTA WALK.

of the literary successes of the students of St. Ignatius', I was met one day recently with a warm greeting by Father Dalton. It is the same old Father Dalton that old Ignatians knew, with the cheery word and hearty smile though it is over two years since he humorously alluded at a cricket luncheon to his "85 not out." The personality of the venerable Founder of Riverview is so interwoven with the history and progress of St. Ignatius' that he is always the first figure that flits across the mind when thinking of the old College. We reflect on what other Rectors have done for the College—Fathers Keating, Ryan and Gartlan—but the splendidly affectionate first impression of Father Dalton as he flashes on the mind of the youthful student is never effaced. As the first Rector of this famous College, he watched over its infancy with fatherly care, and later taught it

its high ambition and glorious destiny; guiding the footsteps of its young students; entering with brotherly enthusiasm into their triumphs; sorrowing with a father's love in their young troubles; firm in his duty to them, correcting their faults, putting down the over-boisterous with a firm hand —withal loving them ever.

Father Dalton, addressing the students of '90, said—"So long associated with Riverview, I cannot forget—and would not if I could—the many happy days I spent here, and the many generous-hearted boys who passed through in my years as Rector—boys who are now young men 'paddling their own canoes' on the waves of the big outside world. I can never forget those happy days, those kind friends, nor those dear old pupils. Once a boy has been a pupil of ours we never forget him. We watch his course in after life with deep interest, we sympathise with him in his struggles, we rejoice with him in his success; we condole with him in his failures, and we pray for him always. As long as Almighty God spares me I shall try and never forget our old pupils at the altar." Now in the evening of his life, with the furrows of old age deep indented on his saintly brow, he still cares with a yearning love for his old friends and pupils. After recalling many past events and listening to my story of the present, Father Dalton bids me look around and see my Alma Mater anew. On the quadrangle I met Father Joseph Brennan, S.J., remembered by old Riverview footballers and cricketers in the scholastic days, now returned from the Continent, his formal studies over, and again as of yore Senior Prefect. Mr. J. Healy, S.J., and Brother Doyle are close beside us, whilst in the distance may be seen the towering form of Mr. Kent taking as of old his constitutional along the avenue to the cricket oval.

For those who do not know Riverview I shall describe it as briefly as may be; but the spirit which makes of the halls and the walls of Riverview friends which seem to throb as with the sensibility of life, can only be imbibed by those who have lived under the roof of the College for years.

At the rear of the College post and telegraph office and to the side of the telephone-room part of the guest house, are the Junior study-hall, the armoury of the junior recreation-room; and at the rear is the junior library, abutting on the garden, where once was the gasoline reservoir, now done away with since the electric light has been installed throughout the College even down to the wharf. Proceeding along the wide, open verandah, we come on several class rooms wherein taught such popular old masters as Father Gartlan, Father O'Connor, Father O'Connell, Father Cock, and lay masters D. Kent, John De Lacy O'Reilly, Flanagan, M'Givern, Carlos and Casey. The verandah, too, has memories of its own, for here it was Father John Murphy was wont to pace thinking out the schemes of study which kept Riverview in the front of seminaries of learning, or making ready, as Prefect of Studies, to pay a surprise visit to a class to comment on its progress or admonish the slothful.

Next we find the chapel where Riverview old students made their first Communion and were Confirmed, and where several have come back to be married. The chapel is about the same size as the Second Division study, with the addition of a side-chapel and sacristy. The altar is of solid

marble, and was the gift of the late John Hughes, K.C.S.G. There is seating accommodation for about 150 students and masters in the chapel proper, the side-chapel being for the use of the farm hands and the neighbouring cottagers who come every Sunday to the Holy Sacrifice. Here the annual Retreats are held in Holy Week, conducted by visiting Jesuit preachers; here the morning prayers and Mass are said; here are daily recited the Rosary and the evening devotions, and on Saturdays and Sundays Benediction. Here in words of Monsieur de Gailhard-Bancel, deputy of the department of Ardeche in the French Chamber of Deputies (an old Jesuit pupil) the students are taught that "the value of life is in the good one does, in the services that he renders, in the energy with which he fulfils his duty towards God, towards his family, towards all those around him, towards his country. That life is made precious by actions and sacrifice; remembering that all the good we may possess, fortune and education, intellect, strength, health, all in a word are gifts of God, for which we shall have to give an account; that though we may enjoy them with moderation according to the position in which we are placed, we should never make of them a selfish use; that we ought to stretch out a hand to those in trouble and suffering, to those who need our help; that we ought to love others as we love ourselves." Continuing—he was speaking in the Chamber on the recent laws against the religious Orders—he said: "The Jesuits have existed for centuries, have laboured and done good around them, and have carried abroad the love of religion and of France. Do you claim to change their old organisation and make it better than they themselves have made it? Better than you the Jesuits know how to teach. I have had the honour of being their pupil and I send them from my place here the tribute of my sincere admiration, my unchanging affection, and my deepest gratitude." (Cheers from



the Right.) M. Savary de Beauregard: "We all second your words." (Interruptions on the Left.) "I speak for the old pupils of the Jesuits. We pride ourselves on having had such masters, and we share the feelings of gratitude and admiration which M. de Gailhard-Barcel has expressed."

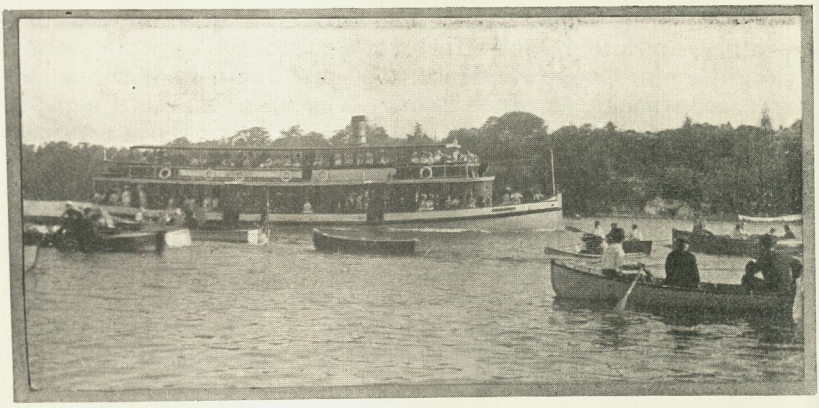
To return to the description. After leaving the chapel we leisurely cross the quadrangle past the old band house, now the confectionery shop. In the middle of the quadrangle is a large flower-bed, surrounding a full-sized statue of the Sacred Heart, beneath whose base is a glass receptacle containing the names of those boys who were in residence when Father Keating unveiled it. That night will recall many memories to the "Old Boys," and to none more than the members of Father O'Malley's band, for some wicked wight had soaped the bows of all the violins, loosened the drums, stuffed the cornets-a-piston, and generally played such havoc that the music had to be performed on the practising instruments. As punishment for this, no doubt, Father O'Malley invented his Mnemonics system for geography and history.

Further on is the senior boys' billiard-room, containing one of Alcock's full-size tables, and other tables for every conceivable game—chess, dominoes, draughts, ping-pong, etc. Here, too, is a piano to while away the tedium of wet afternoons, at which in days long ago Dr. Tim Coen played the accompaniments to Alf. Jennings, Jack Cullinane, Jack Davidson, Jack D'Arcy, Jack Toohey, Dawson Corrigan, Charlie Lennon, Jack Shearer, Arthur Rudd and Gregan McMahon, as they joined in the chorus of some good old ballad. Emerging through a glass door we are on a promenade covered with tan, where friendly bouts with the gloves, contests with the single sticks, and games with rope quoits go on during the evening recreation. This promenade faces the playgrounds and handball and tennis courts, where the time of sport and recreation is spent. Two concrete patches were laid here whilst Mr. Cock was First Prefect, and to him and the liberality of Fathers Keating and Ryan are also due the many improvements like the erection of the gymnasium hall, etc.

The senior library is separated from the billiard-room by a masters'-room and a hall which is at once a museum of natural history and a gallery for the instruments gathered by the learned Jesuit physicist, Father Power. The library contains several thousand volumes whose subjects run from history, belles lettres and philosophy to fiction, which some critics assure us is idealised philosophy. Here take place the Senior debates held at regular intervals throughout the year; here gained their gold medals for oratory, Joe de Lisle, Tom Curran (for six years, till he came back to practice at the N.S.W. Bar, a member of the House of Commons, in which, according to that severe critic, the Right Hon. John Morley, Mr. Curran delivered the finest speech ever given at Westminster), and Harry Keating (the senior Senator for Tasmania, whose brilliant eloquence, far-seeing thought, and strong personality, command attention in the Federal Parliament). The music-rooms, each containing a piano, stand between the library and the microcosm (old No. 5) or theatre, where in my time the fine operatic baritone voice of Mr. O'Reilly and the topical songs of Mr. T. Curran were applauded with equal vehemence by the Catholic taste of the

schoolboy. Here, too, lectures were given by Dr. Beattie, Mr. Dickens (who almost made us believe that Charles Dickens was readable), by Father Keating and by Colonel M'Donald.

Before us stands the College proper, a four-storied edifice built of solid rock, with a basement containing chemical laboratory and physiology classroom, bathrooms, etc. On the same level are the kitchen, store rooms, and ice machine-house, where is manufactured ice for the College cuisine. The upper portion contains dormitories, study halls, classrooms, refectories, masters' rooms, community chapel and library. The senior study overlooks the College gardens and is ever fresh with the cool breezes blowing from the river, pure and stimulating with the keenness of the hills, or pungent with the fragrance of the flowers. No wonder that here the boys become masters of the classics, and the intricacies of mathematics. And, oh, how many old faces does this study call up of boys and masters who are now no more—of those scattered over the world never all to be reunited until the last dread roll-call. Here presided Fathers James O'Connor, Bren-



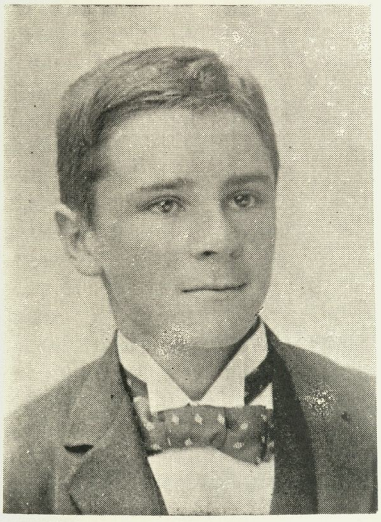
RIVER SCENE.

nan, Murphy, John Murphy, Tuite, Cock, Hasset, and Pigot. Here studied Harry Keating, LL.D., the late Thomas F. Kelly, B.A., George Flannery, LL.B., Colonel Lenehan, Lieutenant d'Apice, John Cullinane, M.A., Dawson Corrigan, genial Jack Davidson, Vinny Fitzgerald, the lion-hearted Alf. Jennings, John Fitzsimons, Harry Manning, B.A., Percy Power, B.A., Gregan McMahon, B.A., Thomas Curran, B.L., Arthur Deery, Ambrose Pratt, C. Brennan, M.A., D'Arcy, R. Brown, and others too numerous to mention now forging ahead in the strenuous race of life.

Besides the study-hall are three classrooms, and here we come on to the refectory, where we again meet our old friend, Brother Doyle, the College engineer and electrician. En passant, I might say that all old Ignations will be pleased to hear that Brother Doyle is the same old good-hearted Brother of yore—not a bit changed, and still cogitating new inventions and improvements. The refectory is commodious, capable of seating about 150 boys comfortably. Passing up from the community dining-

hall we come on the private rooms, recreation hall and chapel of the masters. Upwards, ever upwards, and we reach the senior dormitory containing about 80 beds. Next to this dormitory is a smaller one, for the seniors preparing for examinations, once known as the model dormitory. It may be remarked that younger boys have two smaller dormitories in another building adjoining the main building. Higher up we come on the trunk room, where the boys' trunks are stored till wanted at breaking-up time; and going up a few more steps we find ourselves on a promenade running over the whole length of the College roof.

A splendid view of the surrounding scenery, as is natural, can be seen from this great height. The whole length and width of the College rifle butts, at the side of which Brother Doyle has planted an orangery, can be seen without merging into the blur of perspective. The four College ovals on which four visiting teams from Sydney have simultaneously played test matches with the College teams—surely no academy in the world could surpass this—are seen from here, fresh and inviting in their spring dress. Thick woodland bounds the northern end of the property, whilst Tambourine and Burns Bay and the Lane Cove River are the eastern, western and southern boundaries. The cold, silent depths of the cloudless river stretch from the foot of the College grounds right up to the lights of Sydney. Flashing broad bands of green and red and white light, the numerous ferry boats dashing thither and hither like fire-flies over a swamp, lead us to think that we are in another and newer Venice.



P. POWER.

Leaving this building, one naturally thinks of what is taught in the great institution, or what are the objects of the Jesuits, what the curriculum of their scholastic course. Here are taught in their elementary and advanced stages, by learned priests, Greek, Latin, French, English, History, ancient and modern, German, mathematics in their every branch, chemistry, physiology, book-keeping, shorthand, theology, and generally the wide embracing subjects of a liberal education, to fit the students for the professions. Hebrew and Spanish, though not class subjects, may be learned by those who wish, and who show by the earnestness of their application the honesty and bona fides of their desire. That the students are well and thoroughly taught these subjects has been amply demonstrated year after year, by the University examinations, wherein the College lads have won many brilliant successes, carrying off premier passes among the Great Public Schools of the State. All "Old Boys" remember the phenomenal passes of Ned Kelly, Harold Perkins, Percy Power and others, who

far surpassed any other effort in their respective years. The same high results are still being obtained by the present pupils, and without doubt will be in the future.

Brother Doyle shows me the powe-house, where the electric-lighting power which turns night into day at Riverview is generated. From the College to the goods wharf in Burns Bay runs a cable tram for the conveyance of goods, etc., to the College. This tramway speaks volumes for the enterprise and grit of the College engineer. Besides the power-house is a steam laundry, with every modern accessory, another idea of the far-seeing engineer. Further along we find the College vegetable garden, where every kitchen vegetable and many table fruits are grown. Taking advantage of a lift in the car, we are brought to the College rifle butts, whre so many crack inter-colonial shots have been trained under Sergeant-Major Heagney and Sergeant-Major Williams (who fell recently in South Africa). Brother Doyle has reclaimed several acres of land lying around where the engine-house was. These he has planted with lucerne and vegetables. The rather stubborn land has been rendered fertile by a system of irrigation carried out under Brother Doyle's directions, suggested as he says, by a close perusal of Mr. Alfred Deakin's report in Victorian Parliament on irrigation. All this has been added to the College farm, where Brother Kelly in the old days was wont to see the butter made and the bacon cured. Leaving the farm, we are soon on the Second Division oval, with its two pitches and splendid pavilion; and, finally, after descending a few easy flights of steps, we may indulge in a refreshing dip in the College baths, situated on the Lane Cove River and some seventy yards in length. The boatshed stands a little to the right, and as it is so well known to every Australian interested in aquatics, there is no need to dilate on its wonderful growth and successes. The rowing club, by means of its regattas, has done more than anything else to cement those bonds of good feeling and fellowship between the various Great Public Schools which is so much to be desired in a young nation, where the aim of the educators of youth is to send forth yearly sound patriotic citizens, imbued with the love of native land, and having in the vanguard of their ambition the welfare and the progress of their young country. And these annual reunions, under the presidency of Father Gartlan, still continue amongst the principal events of Sydney's social year.

Riverview was the first scholastic institution to send hearty greetings to Australia's first Governor-General, and it was fitting that this should be, seeing that in the past so many Vice-Royalties have graced the annual "Speech Days" with their presence, and shown by their frequent visits to Riverview their appreciation of, and sympathy with, the efforts of the teaching body. Lord Carrington, Lord Jersey, Lord Hampden, always whilst here took an interest in Riverview, and still continue to do so, though so far away from the College on the river. But the influence of the College is not confined to the Great Public Schools, for the University itself has profited by the annual reports of the Prefect of Studies. All remember the defects in the University system so ably pointed out by the late Father John Murphy, S.J., year after year, and which, acting on his suggestions, the Senate has since remedied.

Our New Rector: Fr. Thomas Gartlan

Early in September definite news arrived of the appointment of a new Rector. The Reverend L. Murphy's term of office having expired, we were glad to welcome back an old friend in the person of Reverend T. Gartlan, who has for many years been connected with Riverview, and has always



REV. T. GARTLAN, S.J.

shown a lively interest in its affairs. The appointment took place on the 8th September, and shortly afterwards Father Murphy left for Melbourne. We need scarcely say that our best wishes and deep gratitude follow him to the sphere of his new labours.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MORAN.

At the Fourth Annual Dinner of the Ex-Students' Union Fr. Gartlan received the warmest welcome from the Old Boys of the College, the tone of the gathering being indicated by the words of Mr. J. Fitzsimons who, in proposing the toast of Riverview said: "I think that no appointment to any school, connected with Catholic education or not, ever received such unanimous approval throughout Australia as that of Fr. Gartlan to the Rectorship of Riverview."

Australian Catholic Congress

One of the most impressive gatherings that have taken place at Riverview was witnessed on September 12th on the occasion of the session of the first Australian Catholic Congress. The section of Science and Art was the one set down for discussion, and interesting papers on "The Study of the Classics," "Church Music," and "Some Aspect of Nature in Australia," were read and commented upon.

The time appointed for the opening of the Session was fixed for 3 p.m., but the Cardinal, Archbishops, Bishops and distinguished laity attending the Congress arrived shortly after 1 p.m., and were entertained at luncheon by the Community. The procession that formed at the wharf and wended its way slowly to the College was interesting and picturesque in many respects. The Cardinal in his flowing scarlet robes, accompanied by the Archbishops and Bishops, in their purple, with the members of the Community, in passing through the garden, now clothed with all the gorgeous splendour of a delightful Spring day, formed an impressive spectacle hardly to be soon forgotten. On reaching the College quadrangle where the pupils had been drawn up in line, they were received with hearty cheering and given a right royal welcome.

Special steamers conveyed the visitors from Sydney and before 3 o'clock the hall was well filled. The session opened with the reading of a Latin address by the Rector.

Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

In an interesting paper read at Riverview Session of the Australasian Catholic Congress, Mr. Martindale acknowledges the growing indifference to the classical education prized by our predecessors, an indifference due to the increased numbers who have themselves no classical traditions, and who demand for their children a training which shall be immediately useful and shall bear directly on their future careers, and such careers, being as a rule commercial or scientific, have no obvious use for the classics. "Interpret the facts as we will, no one will deny that to educated men the classics of Greece and Rome are infinitely less familiar than they were two generations back, or at least that the species of any familiarity which still exists has changed, and is threatened, at any rate, with imminent extinction. Modern Sides, Army Classes, Commercial Courses have taken pro-

digious dimensions within the oldest public schools themselves; and those very schools have seen the numbers of their rivals multiply so enormously —rivals, in many cases, financed so far more satisfactorily than ourselves —that they are forced into a competition which some think stimulating, but more may think degrading, and which certainly looks undignified. For, to hold their place, they feel they must sacrifice what is precious for what is becoming prevalent; must abandon what is best for what pays best; must give the worse because it is wanted. Even Oxford and Cambridge are rocking uneasily in their calm lagoons, which some think backwaters, beneath the blasts of the modern spirit; and to the old watch-words, Scholarship, Culture are opposed new shibboleths—Practical Efficiency, Immediate Utility. Against this tendency, however, an astonishingly strong action is making itself felt, and in the most unexpected quarters." In proof of this strong reaction in favour of the classics, Mr. Martindale quotes the testimony of many witnesses, men and women of wide experience and practical judgment, American and English, political and scientific, who now insist on the unique value of Latin as a mental training for all linguistic and scientific studies. The Prime Minister of England, Professor Butcher, M.P., Mr. Page of Charterhouse, the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham, distinguished educationalists of America, and such prominent men as Lord Kelvin and Sir Oliver Lodge, all bear witness to the great classical Renaissance of our day.

The Oratory Debate

The speeches for Mr. Beardmore's medal were delivered on Wednesday evening, December 5th. The subject was: "Which contributes more to the building up of a great Nation, Intellectual Development or Material Prosperity?"

There were six competitors (R. Douglas, who won the Medal last year, standing out): E. Real, C. Loneragan, J. Gleeson, R. Loughnan, W. Murray, John Hughes. The time limit was ten minutes. As a matter of fact the speeches were rather under than over the time. The memory work was simply perfect—there was not the slightest hesitation from first to last, and all six speeches showed signs of most careful preparation. In this respect we think it is the most creditable performance we have seen here. The average merit, too, of the speeches was very high. Perhaps no individual speech reached the level of speeches delivered in other years. But the subject did not lend itself very readily to oratorical outbursts. Real's pleasant voice and manner stood him in good stead. Loneragan had one very fine passage, which provoked a tremendous round of applause. W. Murray did not belie the reputation which he has already won and kept his audience in a continuous roar of applause and laughter. We think that John Hughes (who, by the way, won the two guinea prize for elocution) will prove a formidable opponent in all future contests of this kind. This is the first occasion that he has made a speech at any of the Riverview Debates, and promises very well indeed. We congratulate Real on his success. Last year, too, his speech at the break-up was praised, but he had

Douglas against him. At the end of the display (which took place in the 1st Division Library at 6 o'clock, before Father Rector and the Community) Rev. Fr. Rector made a little speech, partly on the subject of the debate and partly on the speeches just delivered. He congratulated the orators on their performance. After a few words from the Chairman thanking the members of the Debating Club for their zeal and vigour during the term, the meeting dissolved.

The "Impromptu Club"

At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, the Senior and Sub-senior Classes resolved to hold more frequent short debates for practice in impromptu speaking. A meeting was accordingly summoned in the higher Study on Sunday, November 4, and the whole subject was thoroughly discussed, and details arranged. After a couple more business meetings, the first meeting of the Debate proper took place on Sunday, November 11, after tea. The members present numbered twenty. Several other meetings were held during the month, including one on a bigger scale before tea on a Sunday evening. The speeches are all short—as a rule not more than three minutes. Of course they make up in quality what they want in quantity. Of course, too, there is much attack and repartee and interchange of intellectual blows—so that a noticeable improvement is to be looked for in the readiness of retort and skilfulness of attack in the ordinary debates—if (as we trust) the Impromptu Club continues to flourish as vigorously as it has begun.

(O.A.M.)

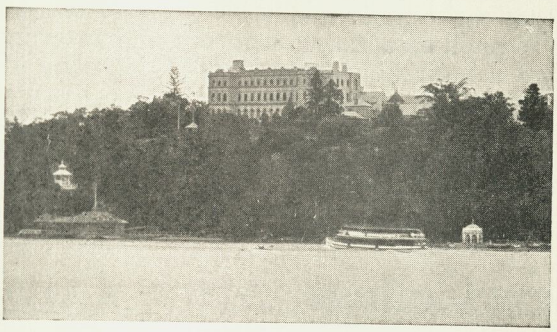
Riverview College, Lane Cove River

By TRIDENT (of the "Sydney Mail.")

St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club has many advantages in having a very suitable and beautiful rowing course; indeed, in this respect nothing better could be wished for. Then it has a very fine rowing boathouse for the elder students, with a splendid fleet of boats, a convenient dressing room, baths, and floating stage. Everything is clean and in good order. The junior students have their own fleet of boats and separate quarters some little distance from the big boys' boathouse. Here are skiffs and pair oar skiffs. In the elder students' boathouse are pairs, fours and eights, real up-to-date boats, including best outrigged fours, one a new boat just received from the builder, also a new practice clinker four. No club here has a better turn out than St. Ignatius'. Some good oarsmen have been turned out, but coaching has been hardly systematic enough since the departure of Mr. Albert Goodyear, consequently there is no pronounced and recognised style of rowing. This certainly is a drawback, but is capable of being remedied, and there is no doubt that some settled style should be adopted such as to be found at Radley, Eton, and other great schools in England.

The annual regatta has been a great help in popularising and enriching the club, and is now recognised all over Australia as a most deserving and thoroughly amateur institution, one which would be missed if it were to drop out. The chief challenge prize is the Riverview Gold Cup, subscribed for by friends of the club and valued at 100 guineas. There are other challenge cups also, and in connection with these there are gold medals given annually; also with the Riverview Cup there is a certificate which goes to the winning club, the cup being a perpetual challenge, and held for the year only.

The regatta was first held June 20, 1885, the open races being Maiden Fours, won by Glebe Club, and Senior Double Sculls, in which race G. Searle and W. G. Brett (M.B.C.) beat the Brothers Kennedy and P. Hare and J. Thompson of the Sydney club. Later in the same year the Schools' Championship Fours at the Rowing Association saw the first appearance of St. Ignatius, the race being won by Sydney Grammar School; also in the following year St. Ignatius ran second to the same school, but in 1887 had a row over for the cup, which had been presented by the then Mayor of Sydney, Alderman John Hardie. This cup was later on won right out by St. Ignatius. At the Club's regatta of 1886 there were nine races, besides several



VIEW OF COLLEGE FROM RIVER ABOUT 1909.

preparatory heats. In 1888 Geelong Grammar School, on the Barwon, beat St. Ignatius in fours, but the latter was leading until one of the slides went wrong. Next year, on the Lane Cove, St. Ignatius won very easily from Geelong. In 1890 the Riverview Gold Cup was first rowed for and won by Mercantile Club, which also held its own against the challengers in the following year. In 1891 there were two regattas, both successful; and at the May regatta Church of England Grammar School won the Schools' Cup, Next year there were eight crews in the Maiden Four race, a record then, but St. Ignatius made the record nine crews in 1893, and this holds good still. The Schools' Cup was won right out by Sydney Grammar School in 1894, but handed back to the College for further competition, and in 1896 was rowed for, but the only entry was St. Ignatius, a row over being allowed. It should be mentioned that St. Ignatius won Maiden Fours at the Rowing Association Regatta in 1888, also started in Senior Fours at Balmain in the year following, and had two of its members (J. Carlton and J. M'Donnell)

in the New South Wales Eight-Oar Crew. Last year St. Ignatius won the Maiden Fours at the Club Regatta with ease, rowing a great race for the first half of the course. St. Ignatius holds some records, including the number of entries received for one race, for all races, the possession of challenge prizes, the introduction of Inter-States' school rowing, the winning of a schools' challenge cup, and being the holders of not only a fine club-house, fleet of boats, and a substantial cash credit at the bank, but having no liabilities. A few figures will be of interest. The year ended 1885 showed total income to have been £338, and expenses £74 less, although £107 had been spent on boats, £20 on additions, £3 on trophies, besides large sums for repairs, oars, pontoon, &c. Liabilities were then nearly £120. At the end of 1886 the liabilities were nil, the assets £567, the receipts £307, and new boats, &c., had been bought. John Fitzsimons was secretary and treasurer, and this was the beginning of an enthusiastic career. In 1887 £125 was spent on boats and oars, and £30 on trophies, yet the cash credit was £36, and liabilities nil. The value of assets had risen to £734. Next year the lads spent £54 in going to Geelong, and £72 on boats, but cash in hand remained at £35, and assets stood at £794. This satisfactory state of affairs continued, and at the end of 1892 the income was £389, proving sufficient to pay for £117 worth of boats, £45 for the junior boathouse, £55 for trophies, and to leave £33 in the bank. Assets were then £901, and at the end of 1893 £1041. The cash balance was but £6, but there were no liabilities, and £150 was spent on additions to the boathouse. During the past two or three years the income has shown a slight shrinkage, but this, no doubt, is merely a lull before a vigorous reaction. No other club in Australia has done so well as St. Ignatius, and it is pleasing to note that rowing has been fostered almost regardless of cost, and yet the club is entirely free of debt. They have many helpers, but to the Rev. T. Gartlan must be given great credit for the unparalleled success which has been achieved.

It is just the kind of place which appeals to the young, and as the Rector and his assistants do all in their power to make the lads love the place, and to combine education with a judicious amount of athletics, it is not to be wondered at that the students are ever pleased to have been a "Riverviewer." They are to be found in all the States and New Zealand, as barristers, solicitors, doctors, and public men, and one of the number, Mr. Curran, is a member of the British Parliament at the present time.

The College grounds are very extensive, with magnificent buildings, well-kept gardens, a great extent of grassed lawns and thickly-covered shrubbery along the rocky water frontage. The college grounds are a promontory, with Tambourine Bay on the east and Burn's Bay on the west. On the eastern shore are the seniors' boathouse and swimming baths, and the juniors' boathouse is on the southern frontage, where also is the wharf. Lane Cove River is very beautiful, and Riverview is the choicest part of it. From the College a view can be had which is not equalled near the city, and one can see over Balmain, the city, and the harbour.

(O.A.M.)

Rowing at Riverview

At this stage of the Riverview Jubilee Book it seems fitting to insert an article of reasonable length to indicate some portions of the history of St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club, which need emphasis, in order that a reader may secure an adequate notion of its character and activities.

ALL SCHOOLS' RACES.

An examination of the College records seems to indicate that the impetus which leads to the present G.P.S. Regatta on the Parramatta River came from Riverview. The first annual regatta of the College Club took place in 1886. In that year appeared for the first time the College magazine, "Our Alma Mater," and in the account in the magazine of the regatta we read an account of an open event for all schools, in which Sydney Grammar School and St. Ignatius' College competed for the College Championship Cup and the Mayor's Cup. Grammar School won the race, and we are told, this being the second victory of the Black and Gold colours on the river, the silver cup presented by Sir Patrick Jennings goes to the big city school. There was then at Riverview an open all schools' race in 1885 and 1886, at which Grammar School was the only school to contest for the cup against Riverview. Of what are now the members of the G.P.S. in those years apparently Grammar School and Riverview alone had regularly taken up rowing.

The subsequent list of the races in the contest to the year 1893 is interesting:—

1885.—Won by Grammar School v. Riverview.
1886.—Won by Grammar School v. Riverview.
1887.—Won by Riverview v. Grammar School.
1888.—Won by Riverview v. Grammar School.
1889.—No race occurred for the cup, Riverview only entry.
1890.—No race occurred for the cup, Riverview only entry.
1891.—Won by North Sydney Grammar School v. Riverview.
1892.—Won by North Sydney Grammar School v. Riverview.

1893.—The regular contest on neutral water at Parramatta began, but at a second regatta at Riverview North Sydney Grammar School won All Schools' Race (an open event) against Riverview for the Andersen Cup.

This short account seems to indicate the influence the Riverview Club has had in initiating the now famous All Schools' Race.

The year 1893 is interesting for another reason in the annals of the Riverview Club.

In the "Town and Country Journal," 1st May, 1893, we read:—

A year ago the Committee of St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club announced their intention of procuring a gold challenge cup to be rowed for annually at the Club's Regatta in connection with the senior eight's race, open to all the amateur clubs of Australia. They proposed to invite the residents of the Lane Cove River districts and others interested in rowing to subscribe. This has been done with such encouraging results

that, though not quite half the money required (199 guineas) has been subscribed as yet, the committee decided to order the trophy. One tender was received from an English firm; but the College authorities, considering it would be more in accordance with the wishes of subscribers, gave the work to a local goldsmith. The cup, the work in connection with which took about three months, has just been completed, and has been on view at the College for the last few days. Apart from its intrinsic value—it weighs 29 ozs.—this trophy is one of the finest, if not the finest, specimen of anything of its kind yet manufactured in this country. The general ensemble is of composite character, the pavion is classic, whilst the ornamentation belongs more to the Renaissance period. A remarkable feature in the ornamentation is the presence of representation of characterictically Australian species of fauna and flora. Thus the handles, which are of Renaissance style of scroll, emit at the top the upper portion of the body of the kangaroo, whilst the garlands and wreaths (symbolical of victory) are made of leaves and flowers of the waratah. On the front elliptical panel are engraved two eight-boats, with the crews in full swing. A figure of an oarsman holding the college flag surmounts the lid, and forms an appropriate finish to the whole.



RIVERVIEW EIGHT GOLD CHALLENGE CUP.

In addition to the possession of the cup for one year, the winning club will receive a handsomely-designed certificate, and each member of the crew, including the coxswain, a medal of burnished gold surrounded by a wreath of laurels in relief, and having in the centre the oars and flag crossed. The East Sydney Club won the senior eight-oar race last year, and

is, therefore, the present holder of the cup. All the leading clubs have crews in training for the race on May 29, and the contest for the big prize is sure to be a keen and exciting one.

At the Eighth Annual Regatta of 1893 we read of the first occasion in which the Challenge Eights contest was rowed for the Riverview Gold Cup.

The race of the day, and one which created as much general interest as the intercolonial contest, was the Riverview Senior Challenge Eights. Five clubs were represented, viz., Sydney, Mercantile, East Sydney, Glebe, and North Shore. Anticipation as to which would prove the winner was exceptionally keen, the majority having a decided leaning to East Sydney, on account of several of the intercolonial crew being included in it. Sydney had a strong body of supporters, and the general opinion was that the first and second place would go to them, with North Shore close up. The Mercs. were out of it from the start, and so do not need any further reference. Sydney led shortly after the start, with North Shore drawing out well on the inside, and East Sydney and Glebe close up to the light



A COLLEGE FOUR.

blues, scarcely a length separating the four boats. The excitement became intense as the eights rounded Longnose, owing to the closeness of the boats. Sydney got round with an advantage of half a length from North Shore, and it was apparent that the struggle for premier position would rest between them. On the other hand there was a great struggle between East Sydney and Glebe, the latter eventually going into third position and maintaining it. The mile was negotiated by Sydney in 5 min. 9 sec., and still led North Shore by a length. Passing the College the contest was of the fiercest character, both crews putting in every ounce of weight and literally making the boats fly. The North Shore crew proved the best stayers, and, amid cheers and the greatest excitement, they headed the light blues, and won a splendidly-contested race by a length and a half. Time for course, one mile six furlongs, 9 min. 27 secs.

After the establishment of the G.P.S. Regatta on the Parramatta River in 1893, Riverview did not compete till 1898; in 1899 they won this race, and again in 1901, 1905, 1907. After the institution of the contest

for eight-oar crews in 1891, Riverview felt a serious handicap in the lightness of its crews, owing in the main to the smallness of the number of boys. Hence there were few heavy boys suitable for making rowers from, on the College roll. It was roughly in these years a school of 150 boys from whom to man the eights. From this onward we follow the account of W. B. Williamson.

From 1914 to 1918 Riverview just did its best, and during this period produced L. R. Henery, who stroked the crew three years in succession, but it was not until 1918 that the school started to make a big impression, and according to the showing in this year it was evident that something was to come in the near future, and it certainly did. The race of 1919 will be remembered as long as school rowing is discussed.

This year every school that started was amongst the finest that ever faced the pistol in a schools' race. "Two feet" was the official verdict, but two feet in a mile and a half race is not a margin to denote superiority. It was certainly the finest crew ever sent out from the Riverview shed. Sydney Grammar School were the winners. The personnel of the River-



A COLLEGE EIGHT.

view crew may be interesting:—J. N. McDonagh (bow), M. Eakin, N. Strelitz, F. Brown, C. V. Morrissey, W. Coyle, C. Hayes, R. H. Crammond (stroke), P. Meagher (cox), W. J. Furlong (coach). This year Riverview were also successful in winning the 1st IV., the personnel in this case being S. Best (bow), G. Blackall, D. Strelitz, W. B. Williamson, jun. (stroke), and H. Duff (cox). The second IV. also was placed 3rd in its race.

The 1920 crew closely resembled the 1919 eight, and following the success of the previous year an extra effort was made to win.

Evidently Riverview was not intended to win, as several crews converged during the race and a foul resulted, and in the re-row the College boys were not equal to the extra strain.

As regards inter-school contests it would appear that, apart from other considerations, Riverview is destined to stand in the forefront of the list of possible winners of the coveted prize only when there are at

the College a sufficient number of boys of a heavier type from which to choose the crews. The crew of the Jubilee Year, 1930, made a good rowing in the heats, and with the advent of larger numbers to the College begun in 1926, and maintained, Riverview hopes soon to carry its colours to victory in the G.P.S. race for Eight-Oar crews.

The College cannot let such an occasion as this pass without referring to the cordial relationships which have existed between the College Club and the N.S.W. Rowing Association during its history. The ever-ready and adequate support given by the Association to the College at its annual regatta is deeply appreciated, and the social intercourse between the College staff and the members of the Association is a thing which the College treasures most highly, as the N.S.W. Rowing Association is at the front in maintaining the ideal of clean sport for which the College club stands.

Here also is demanded an expression from the College of its deep indebtedness to all the friends who have aided the rowing activities of the club by their coaching and advice:—Mr. A. Goodyear from the years 1887 to 1892, and Dr. Kelly from 1898 to 1904, and in the present century our firm and lasting friends, Mr. N. McDonald, E. Kean, T. Mitchell, ending in the year 1930, with Mr. Daly, who coached our last crew. To those and to our old boys, especially W. B. Williamson and S. Raper, we offer sincerest thanks.

(By W. B. Williamson, V. Conlon, S.J., and the Editor.)

Memories of Riverview

It is a far cry from February, 1900, when, with my three brothers, John, Bryan and Frank, I first entered Riverview, to this year of grace and financially gloomy forebodings, 1930. Father Luke Murphy was then Rector, succeeded later on by the evergreen Father Gartlan, both fortunately still with us. Only a small portion of the present noble pile was then built, and the College roll-call was about 90. Yet this school, small in numbers but big—not to say cheeky—in courage, was able to hold its own with the other great public schools. From 1900-1904 we won the rowing on two or three occasions, and the rifle shooting once. We did not take part officially in the cricket or football, and though we were not over-strong in cricket, our football team was not one to be taken lightly. I remember as a Second Divisioner seeing our Firsts about 1901 beat nearly all the Great Public Schools and certainly the then Premiers. That was when Humphrey Oxenham started to make his name, to eventually become, in the writer's opinion, the best attacking centre three-quarter he has ever seen. His superlative powers in attack made his quite good defence seem almost weak in comparison, so that later on the Australian and N.S.W. selectors seemed to be occasionally of the opinion that he was not a good

defensive player. This, in the writer's opinion, was wrong and unfair, and he has always held that Humphrey Oxenham was the finest centre three-quarter he has known. Jim Gleeson was five-eighth in those days and, like most New Zealanders, an excellent footballer. I remember when I first went into First Division playing for the Seconds against the Firsts as five-eighth, with the redoubtable Jim as my vis-a-vis. I was then about 10 stone and a growing, lanky boy, Jim was about 11st. 8lbs., and solid as a rock. The first time I got the ball Jim tackled me, and what a tackle! He seemed to get me everywhere at once. I was getting dust out of my eyes and lungs for days afterwards, and was sore for weeks. I met Jim this year at the Old Boys' Dinner. I had not seen him for 28 years, but was one of the very few to recognise him at once. You wondered why I did, Jim, but if you read these lines you will know. Could I ever forget that tackle or the man that "produced" it? But now you are between 15 and 16 stone and rather obese, and I am about 14 stone, but in "good nick," and what wouldn't I give to have that tackle over again?

Looking backward one realises that Riverview was the nursery of good footballers. We had hard teams to play and hard grounds to play on, so that later on we could hold our own individually with the best, and the writer always remembers with pride playing in a N.S.W. side containing four old Riverview boys.

The boys, on the whole, were then, as always, good fellows—full of life and spirits. Of "wags" we had a-plenty, foremost in the writer's recollection being Bill Murray, who was poetically inclined, and, after soaking himself in Milton, composed a rather famous epic poem about some imaginary happenings in First Division. The main characters were, I think, Preston ("Jerry") Baxter, Gordon ("Bully") Rorke and Mr. O'Meara, S.J., then in charge of First Division. At one period in this poem Mr. O'Meara apparently became very annoyed with the other "heroes" and strode hither and yon in "wild pyjamaed rage"—the scene was evidently at mignight or thereabout. The writer has heard of various degrees of temper, but none quite so uniquely defined as this.

Memories of Riverview! Much has happened in those thirty years, and saddest of all memories is the memory of those fine lads—good pals, firm friends, relatives of us "Old Boys" cut off in the flower of their youth in the years 1914-1918—a lasting monument to civilisation's ghastly failure. No "Old Boy" of Riverview worth his salt will ever forget them.

These laid the world away,
Poured out the rich red wine of youth,
  Gave up the years to be;
And those that would have been their sons—
  They gave them immortality!

JAMES HUGHES ('00-'03).

"Riverview Has Improved Him"

It is now twenty-five years ago—the year Riverview was passing silently and unobtrusively through the year of her Silver Jubilee—that I overheard the above remark. It was passed by an old family friend in regard to the writer who had just returned from the holidays after spending six months at Riverview.

It is a remark that naturally impressed me at the time, and now after twenty-five years I ask myself in what did this improving influence of Riverview consist. It is a question no doubt that would be difficult to answer adequately. In the main, however, I think it true to say that it consisted in association with a splendid lot of Catholic boys, close contact with refined and cultivated masters and prefects, and above all in the religious training given by the school.

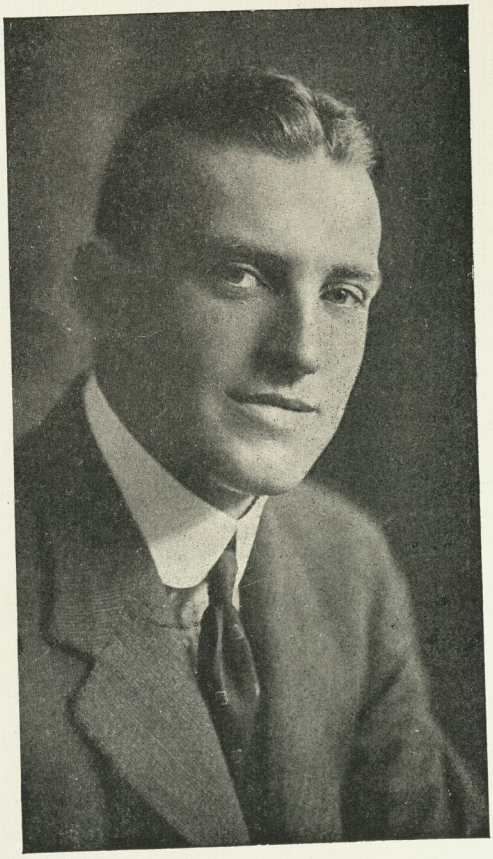
The boys in those days were certainly a magnificent lot. I can remember how impressed I was when I first went to Riverview by the high moral tone of the boys' conversation. Scarcely ever, if ever, did I hear words or jokes or stories that could offend even the modest ears of St. Aloysius, who, we remember, fainted at the table on hearing the conversation of some of his father's guests.

Contact with the masters and pupils, too, could not but have an improving influence. How could one come into frequent contact with men such as the late Father Hassett without being improved? He was so unselfish, so thoughtful and so kind. In him every boy felt that he had a friend, as indeed he had. He was brimming over with good will towards them all. Indeed in later years I was told by students of Riverview, men of very different type and temperament, that Father Hassett was the best friend they had. Without a word being said directly on the point, contact with men such as these could not but exert an improving influence. Then again we always had the benefit of a direct reprimand when our manners were greatly at fault. I can remember one morning several of us were passing Fr. Brennan without raising our caps. This was, of course, a great want of good manners on our part, but Father Brennan rightly pointed this out to us. He said that as far as he was concerned it did not matter, but that a boy should always raise his cap to a priest. It was a lesson that I never forgot.

It was, however, the religious training given at Riverview that was the greatest influence in improving a boy. In a Catholic school it is not in the mere imparting of religious information that religious training consists. If that were all one could make up for the loss of it by reading or by private tuition. Religious training consists in much more than this. It consists in the instilling of religious ideals, the cultivation of a religious outlook upon life and the fountain of good habits. This is got largely from the general atmosphere of a school.

An outstanding feature of the religious training of Riverview is the Annual Retreat. It is a wonderful experience for a boy to go through the spiritual exercises under the guidance of a wise and prudent Director. In retreat he learns as nowhere else he can, the real purpose of life upon this

earth, and he is well prepared beforehand to face the battle of life from the moral point of view. He is forewarned of the temptations that lie before him in after life, and forewarned often means forearmed. Not only are lofty spiritual motives set before him, but motives of human prudence as well. I can well remember Fr. Hassett in one of these retreats speaking of sins of impurity and telling us that if we could go through the wards of of some public hospital and see sights such as he had seen we would certainly be on our guard against such sins. Of course, Fr. Hassett knew that it would not be enough to avoid these ghastly sins from any motive of human prudence, but he knew full well that information such as this could be of great help in keeping a man straight in after life, and, thank God, he was not too squeamish to tell us. How many of the old Riverview boys who served in the Great War would have been glad of these early warnings.



KENNETH McKILLOP.
(Now Fr. K. McKillop, S.J., of Corpus Christi College, Werribee).

Another important feature of the religious training was the Weekly Sodality meeting. I can remember the first sodality talk I heard. It was from Mr. George Byrne, S.J., as he then was. Now of course he is Fr. Byrne, and is the Superior of the Jesuits of the Irish Province in China. I do not remember the subject of his talk but I do remember how much I was impressed at the time by his evident sincerity. The talk was so much more personal than what one had hitherto heard in a church. This of course was only to be expected. For in a church a sermon is ordinarily directed to men and women of every age, rank and occupation in life; whilst sodality talks are directed to boys all more or less of the same age, and all engaged in the same occupations.

The retreat came only once a year and the sodality but once a week at most. But there was one daily institution at Riverview, and this, perhaps, played an even greater influence in the religious formation of the boys. This was the daily teaching of Catechism. It was not so much the teaching of the actual Catechism that counted as the opportunity that this time afforded a zealous master for getting in a word of sound advice or useful



IN THE GARDEN.

information. It usually fell to the lot of the Latin teacher; I think, to take the daily Catechism class. He devoted the first five or ten minutes of his class to the Catechism. During the year I have particularly in mind, it fell to my lot to have as teacher Mr. George Byrne, and in this I consider that I was particularly fortunate. I really think that those few minutes that preceded the teaching of Latin were of incalculable value in the religious training of the boys of his class. We used to grumble at times — so anxious were we to do well in Latin in the Public Examination — that he spent too much time on Catechism at times. But I think that each boy, in his heart of hearts, appreciated Mr. Byrne's efforts to do us good, and furthermore the Latin did not suffer. His zeal too bore good fruit, for out of seven in that class three, sooner or later, went on for the priesthood.

With advantages such as this it is no wonder that Riverview exercised an improving influence. I at any rate felt that influence, and I am truly glad that I was a boy there. I am thankful that my parents were such as valued a good Catholic training for their children more than a training that might seem, from a worldly point of view, advantageous. Not that I think that even as for advancement in this world one could get a better training than that given in a Catholic college. But I know alas, that there are some Catholic parents who think it worldly wise that the training of their children should be tinged with Protestantism. They seem to think that a higher social tone is obtained from education in a Protestant school. Whether this be so or not is not for me to say. But this I do say that even to succeed in this world nothing fits one better than a solid religious training, such as is given in a school like Riverview. Anyhow, after all it is the next world that matters, and I am deeply grateful that my parents realised the great truth, otherwise it could never have been said of me at any rate, "Riverview has improved him."

—K. McKILLOP, S.J. ('05-'06).

Welcome to Governor-General

1900.

On Thursday, December 6th, Reverend Father Rector sent the following telegram of welcome to Lord Hopetoun:—"H.M.S. Royal Arthur, Adelaide. The rector, professors and students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, desire to loyally welcome their first Governor-General, and wish his Excellency every blessing and happiness during his stay in Australia."

On December 10th the following reply was received from his Excellency:—"Am deeply grateful at receiving so kindly a welcome from yourself, professors and students of your college. (Signed) HOPETOUN, Adelaide."

* * *

Mr. T. F. Kelly, B.A., who has presided over the "Old Boys' Union" since its inception, has been succeeded by Mr. George Flannery, B.A., LL.B. ('86-'88). George, who is one of four most distinguished ex-students, is a rising barrister, and his paper on Divorce at the Catholic Congress received considerable attention.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP KELLY, D.D.

Visit of His Grace Archbishop Kelly

On Monday, November 25th, His Grace Archbishop Kelly paid his first visit to Riverview. He was accompanied by two of our Old Boys, Rev. Fathers Flemming and Fitzgerald, the latter of whom was on a visit to Sydney. He was most cordially welcomed by the community and students, and proceeded shortly to the chapel, where several candidates for Confirmation were awaiting him. After delivering a most impressive discourse, in which he exhorted the pupils to fight manfully and act well their part for the cause of Christ and His Church, he administered the Sacrament, being assisted at the altar by Fathers Kenny and Flemming. The following are the names of those who were enrolled soldiers of Christ:—R. Healy, C. Tyson, R. Bridge, C. Bridge, J. Coffee, L. Coffee, R. Fitzherbert, D. Oxenham, R. Hughes, G. Allen, H. Allen, M. Johnstone, L. Bamber, L. Loughnan, E. Wyatt, L. Hogan, C. McDonald and H. Craven.

Everyone was deeply impressed by the kindness and affability of His Grace, and his visit will long be remembered. Let us hope that it is the first of many with which we shall be favoured in the future, for we can assure His Grace that he will always receive a hearty welcome from one and all at Riverview.

Our Best Footballers

What a host of memories flood one's mind when asked to name the best footballer Riverview has had! The writer's connection with Riverview dates from 1900, and so his selection is confined to boys of the last thirty years. Good players there were before 1900, for their names are traditions, but someone more intimately acquainted with them and their deeds must champion their cause. And by the best footballer is meant the player who showed the best form for Riverview whilst still at school, for the writer knows of scores of cases of boys who were indifferent players at school, and then blossomed into excellent players, reaching greater heights than many of their contemporaries who far outshone them during their school days. In the writer's experience the best players for Riverview are included in Jim Gleeson, Humphrey Oxenham, Ted Sedgwick, Bob Westfield, Jack Molloy, Charlie Morrissey, Ray Proust, Frank Hughes, Wilfred Chadwick, Jack Fernandos and Laurie Henrys.

With the exception of the three last named all these players were backs, and this in spite of the fact that Riverview has always boasted a fine pack of forwards. But almost invariably the play of the forwards has been so consistent and uniform that only at rare intervals does any one forward stand out from his fellows.

Jim Gleeson and Ted Sedgwick were halves quite distinct in their methods, but each a champion in his own way. Jim was a strong, rugged player and like a lion in defence. Ted's attack was brilliant in conception and movement. Will we ever forget his tries round the scrum with both

sets of backs spread out waiting for the ball that was over the line before the opposition knew it was out of the scrum?

Bob Westfield and Ray Proust were full-backs, and here again a great dissimilarity in their methods was noticed. Bob was clean and accurate in his fielding and catching, and was always reliable; Ray continually fumbled and was constantly caught with the ball, but nevertheless invariably "found the line" somehow. Watching Ray for a couple of seasons led to a serious misplacement of the writer's heart, for it was so often in his mouth when the opposing forwards swarmed around Ray trying to pick up the ball. Jack Molloy as a full-back was probably greater than either Bob or Ray, for he was most accurate in his gathering and kicking, and his tackling left nothing to be desired. Humphrey Oxenham and Charlie Morrissey were centre three-quarters of exceptional ability. Both were strong, resolute runners, safe and sound fielders, with an impregnable defence, but one inclines to the view that Humphrey was the better player, as he was faster on his feet and quicker to seize his opportunities. And now we come to Frank Hughes, who shot across the Riverview sky in 1904 like a meteor and maintained his lustre undiminished for four years. Frank had a positive genius for the game, but, unlike many brilliant exponents, always kept communication with his supports. The soundness and sanity that characterised his play merged readily into his unorthodox movements. His methods of attack often left the opposition standing helplessly bewildered while a dangerous looking attack of theirs would be frustrated by Frank's timely intercept or deadly tackle. He had a faculty and a facility for doing the unexpected that only those playing with him could appreciate. Perhaps the writer is biassed because he played so often with Frank, but it is his earnest conviction that Frank Hughes was the best Riverview player that he has seen. A contemporary of Frank's that runs him very closely for the highest honours was Jack Fernandos, a brilliant forward who was never off the ball. A typical New Zealander in build, Jack's forceful bustling methods never gave opposing backs a chance. How often did we see Jack come round the scrum when his side had lost possession, and, toeing the ball away from the half, start a rush all on his own. His play bordered on the miraculous in the memorable drawn game against "Joey's" in 1907. Wilfred Chadwick was another player who kept on the ball with all the tenacity of a terrier. He never forgot his old soccer days, and his dribbling rushes were marvellous. His control of the ball was extraordinary and was a continual source of worry to backs who were not accustomed to stopping rushes of that kind. A good tackler and one who did more than his share of the hard work in the loose, Wilfred was a splendid type of forward, all too rare nowadays. Of a similar type to Jack Fernandos was Laurie Henrys, also a New Zealander. Like Jack, Laurie played in the breakaway position and was a little faster over the ground, although of slighter build. A superb tackler, he checked many passing rushes and often made an extra man when his backs were attacking. While Tom Parsonage was by no means the equal of scores of forwards who wore the royal blue jersey before him, the writer saw him play the finest individual game for Riverview he has ever seen. In the Scots game of 1929 his forwards were continually being beaten for the ball in the second half

and Scots' backs were making dangerous incursions into our territory. Time and again Tom would break away from the scrum and tackle the wing three-quarter, with our defence well beaten. Not satisfied with this, he rallied his forwards shortly before time and and led them in a magnificent rush that placed victory beyond all doubt.

—J. BOYLAN ('00-'04).

Our Representative Footballers

Although the number of old Riverview boys who have risen to representative rank would appear small when compared with some other schools, yet our honour roll is highly creditable when one considers our small numbers, and adds to that the fact that comparatively few of our boys play football after leaving us. Our first international footballers were the famous brothers, "Jack" and "Iggy" O'Donnell. Jack was a tireless, hard-working front row forward, who was never off the ball. "Iggy" was a most brilliant five-eighth, with a natural genius to sense an opening and, unlike, most dashers, solid and safe in defence. He is considered by many good judges to have been the soundest player in his position that the State has had. Both these brothers represented New South Wales in six different years. Our next representative is Humphrey Oxenham, who has left a reputation for grim determination and deadly tackling that has never been excelled. His contemporaries have always stoutly maintained that Humphrey never missed a tackle. Next to bring fame to Riverview were John and James Hughes. John, the older of the two, won his "cap" a week before James, but James' play in his first season soon established his claim to the finest forward ever produced in Australia. Fast in the loose, strong in the ruck, wonderful in the line-out, a good kick, a sure handler and fearless tackler, James Hughes as a forward sets the standard for all time. In the same State team as Humphrey, John and James, was Herb (Paddy) Daly, a clever little wing three-quarter from Mudgee. Herb ran hard and straight and was so resourceful in a tight corner that he was one of the first men picked in the famous "Wallabies" of 1908.

Bryan Hughes kept the family name green in 1913 and his sterling play soon earned him his State cap. A good, hard-working, honest forward, poor Bryan died, as he played football, at the head of a fierce charge in France.

Frank Gwynne played against Queensland and the A.I.F. team in 1919, and in these games won golden opinions for his fine play as breakaway. Charles ("Tug") Morrissey made such a reputation at Riverview that his selection for New South Wales went without saying. One of the finest all-rounders we have produced, "Tug" added to his reputation and goes down into history as one of the State's best defensive backs. Had "Tug" taken the game seriously, there is no saying to what heights he would have risen, but he played football for the sheer love of it and retired with all his laurels thick upon him when he found training irksome. Contemporaries

of "Tug's" in our brilliant team of 1921 were Ian Comrie-Thomson and Cecil O'Dea. Both these fine front-row forwards won their way to the State side and were distinctly unfortunate in missing the selectors' eyes when the "Waratahs" were being chosen. Although still in his twenties, Ian is now classed as one of Sydney's veterans, but his play is as dashing and his handling as clever as before. Cecil no longer takes the field, but as Secretary of Eastern Suburbs Club he maintains the same keen interest in the game. Another tireless honest forward T. (Paddy) Ireland also



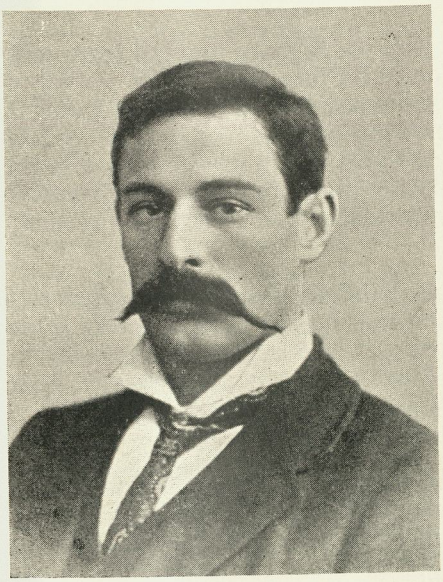
"TUG" MORRISSEY.

forged his way to the front at about the same time. He was not a regular member of the State side, but was a reliable and dependable rucker. Last on our list and least in size, butequal to anyone in skill, is Robert Westfield, the fearless full-back. His play at school was superb, but since then, with more mature judgment and experience, he has developed into a magnificent player. Safe, sound and sure in handling and kicking, and a deadly tackler and rush-stopper, "Bobby," despite his lack of weight and inches, ranks as one of the best full-backs we have had.

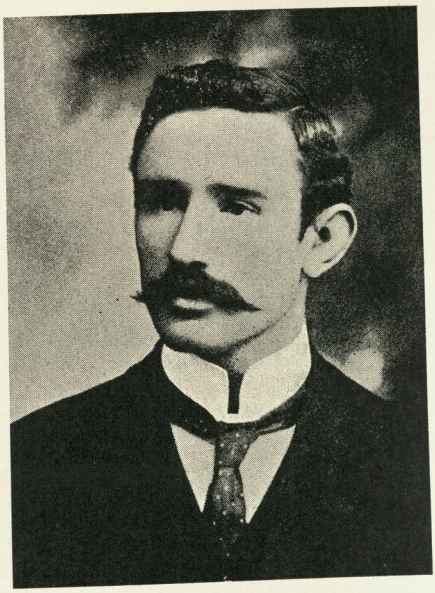
In addition to winning State representative honours, Herb Daly, Bryan Hughes, James Hughes, "Iggy" O'Donnell, Jack O'Donnell and "Bobby" Westfield have played for Australia. J. O'Donnell and John Hughes have captained New South Wales against visiting English teams.

Frank Ahern has worn the maroon jersey of Queensland and Jack Molloy has played for West Australia. Gerald Quinlan won his Irish cap against the Springboks.

—J. BOYLAN ('0-'02).



JACK O'DONNELL.



"IGGY" O'DONNELL.

1908.

With regard to our Old Boys in the football world at present, we have reason to pride ourselves on their prominence. In the first place, one of the three selectors of the N.S.W. Rugby Union is Mr. I. C. O'Donnell, the famous "Iggy" who captained our first XV. in the first half of the nineties. It was his duty with the others to select the team to tour England in the coming season. "Iggy" himself has a wonderful record in first grade and representative football in New South Wales. He was captain of the famous "Wallaroo" team, and on the initiation of District Clubs, of North Sydney. He represented New South Wales against Queensland in '98, '99, '00, '01, '04, '05; the Metropolis against England in '99 and '04; Australia against England in '99; and Metropolis against Country in '90, '01, '04. His duties never allowed him to go to New Zealand. We hope the success of the N.S.W. team in England will justify the choice of the selectors.

1908.

Of the success in football of John and James Hughes we need hardly speak, as everyone in Sydney, if not in N.S.W., knows about "the brothers Hughes" of the University Football Club. Both were invited to be members of the Australian team to visit England, but not wishing to interfere with their University courses, they declined the invitation. In Country Week, James played with 1st City and John with 2nd City. Both declined the visit to Queensland. In the two matches against Queensland in Sydney, both were on the N.S.W. team, and James was captain. In the first match of N.S.W. against the English Team, both are playing, and James is captain.

1908.

Riverview's sole representative on the touring Australian team will be Harry Daly ('95-'98), of the Mudgee Football Club. Harry has played with 1st Country for several seasons, and last year and this year represented N.S.W. against Queensland. His performances in the last Queensland match in Sydney, in which as wing three-quarter he was responsible for a good deal of the scoring, would alone justify his inclusion in the Australian team. We wish Harry a pleasant and successful tour and a safe return.

1908.

H. V. Oxenham would also in all probability have been invited to accompany the Australian team in England had he not been severely injured in the University v. Newcastle match early in the season. This injury (to his knee) prevented further play this season. We hope, however, he will reappear next season in all his strength and brilliancy.

1908.

In all the University football teams this season Riverview is well represented. In the First XV. three of our Old Boys have been regular players—John and James Hughes and Syd. Rorke; in the Second XV., four have been regular players—Fred. Rorke (captain), Frank Hughes, J. Kenny, and P. Kelly; and in the Third XV., Harold Rorke, and R. Fitz Herbert. H. V. Oxenham played with the First XV. till he was hurt, and Fred. Rorke in the semi-final and final of the Sydney District Competition, in both of which he was brilliant. Austin Curtin, too, played in one or two matches with the Second XV.

1908.

John Molloy, our captain and champion athlete in 1901, was invited to Sydney from Western Australia to play before the selectors for possible inclusion in the Australian team to visit England. He played with Western District v. Metropolis, but was not selected to tour. John, who was married a short time ago, paid, with his wife, a welcome visit to the College while he was in Sydney.

1908.

Pat Quinn played on a few occasions this year with Sydney District in First Grade football. We hope he will be a regular player with them next season.

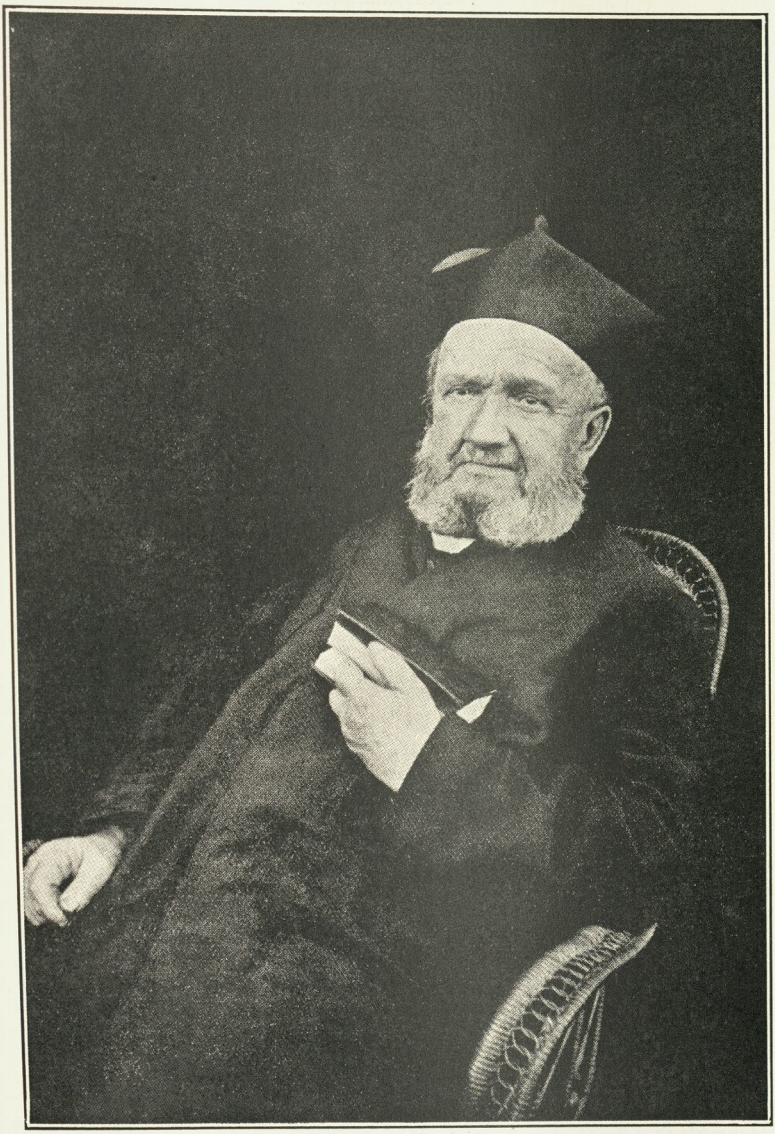
Death of Fr. Joseph Dalton, S.J.

FOUNDER OF RIVERVIEW.

On January 5th, 1905, Father Dalton passed from our midst to his eternal rest. He just lived to see about five days of the year 1905, in which the Silver Jubilee of the College he founded was celebrated. This Jubilee Book is itself the most lasting and most striking tribute we can offer to all the goodness, the charm, the strength and intellectual abiliy of Father Joseph Dalton. But we cannot forego placing in the book some of the testimonies as to the varied merits of the saintly founder of Riverview, which were given by others. The "Freeman's Journal" of January 4th, 1905, has the following:—

The life that faded out at Riverview on Thursday, January 5th, was that of a Catholic educationalist whose work was singularly free from incompleteness. The Very Rev. Joseph Dalton, S.J., had the felicity to see the full fruition of his later life-work. There have been toilers in the vineyard who were called to their reward before their eyes had seen the glory of their harvest gleaned from the labour of their lives. Not so with Father Dalton. His long life flickered out amid the beautiful environment of the great educational establishment which he founded on one of the fairest eminences that smile down upon the waterways of Sydney. Five and twenty years ago he saw it a scrubby height, embastioned by forbidding rocks. Long before his eyes closed in death that surburan wilderness had vanished, leaving in its place a veritable fairyland that delights the eye of the traveller. In the beautiful grounds that slope down to the Lane Cove River are set the noble buildings of the college of St. Ignatius, where the sons of Australia drink deep of the springs of learning. Such a monument should alone suffice to engraft the name of Father Dalton upon the tablets of memory. Yet it was not his only monument of the kind. He had accomplished a life's work ere he came to Sydney. But it was at Riverview he chose to end his days. And he ended them as a light gently flickering out. For some days prior to death he suffered from a cold. Doubtless the heat wave tended to complicate the ills inseparable from old age, and for a days before death he was in a comatose condition. Yet, with all his infirmity, he had a good hold on life. Five days before his end, we are told, he was wheeled in his invalid's chair to the grounds.

As Father Gartlan, the Rector, said, he simply ceased to breathe. The spark of life flickered gently out. He had, of course, been prepared for the end, and the end was peace. The sorrow occasioned extended to far corners of Australia. One of the earliest messages of sympathy was from Mr. William Redmond, M.P. for East Clare, at that time sojourning at Orange. Soon after setting foot on Australian soil, Mr. Redmond renewed acquaintance with the college where he had been welcomed many years before on his first visit to Australia. He had not forgotten Father Dalton or his hospitality. Father Dalton's life, like that of many another disinguished exile of Erin, was well spent in two hemispheres. The nineteenth century was but sweet seventeen when Joseph Dalton was born in Waterford, that south-



REV. JOSEPH DALTON, S.J.
Founder of Riverview.

ern city of Ireland which has given of its best to the Church. It is difficult to realise that the life closed last week began a few years after the battle of Waterloo.

His ecclesiastical studies commenced in his native town, and were prosecuted further in the Jesuit Colleges of Clongowes and Tullabeg. In 1836, when but 19, he entered as a novice of the Society of Jesus, and, fulfilling his probation, took the vows. Thereafter for eight years he taught in the principal Jesuit colleges of Ireland. The year of the great famine, '47, saw him in France pursuing the philosophical studies of the Society. These mastered, as well as other scholastic attainments, he, in 1854-58, went through a complete theological course in St. Bueno's Jesuit Seminary, North Wales. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin (uncle of the Bishop of Maitland), ordained him priest at Maynooth. Education once more claimed him, and at Clongowes Wood College he devoted four or five years to disciplining the students. As Rector of St. Stanislaus', near Tullamore, he presided over a body of students, some of whom are now on the Australian mission. In 1866 the General of the Society ordered him to take charge of the Jesuit Mission in Victoria, and he accordingly, with the Rev. Fathers Nolan and M'Kiniry, left Ireland for Liverpool on the steamer St. Patrick, bound for St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, bound to be, as Father Dalton used to say, "Paddies evermore." The good ship Great Britain, on which they sailed, steamed and sailed as the spirit moved her skipper, or as the wind favoured her. The voyage, anyhow, was leisurely, and Father Dalton declared long afterwards that he never had had so long a rest in all his life. The Suez Canal was not then finished, and the voyage was around the Cape. The passengers saw no land from the last glimpse of the Welsh coast till they sighted Australia. One can easily understand how they counted the days between them and Australia. But the little incidents of the voyage varied the monotony. As fellow-voyager, Father Dalton had the present venerable Archbishop of Hobart (Dr. Murphy), and the two whiled away many an hour over the chess-board. Nor were the other passengers uninteresting. Father Dalton used to mention one who had been a member of the crew of the Alabama, the Confederate privateer, that worked such havoc with the shipping of the Yankees in the Civil War.

Archbishop Vaughan it was who assigned the parish of North Sydney to them in 1879, when the Order branched Sydney-wards from Melbourne. And, attached to the parish, is the burial-ground of members of the Order at Gore Hill, where already some notable missionaries sleep the long sleep. So it was that the Jesuits' Church was chosen for the obsequies of one who had been no lesser light in the field of the higher religious education. His Grace the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney (Most Rev. Dr. Kelly) presided, the Ven. Archpriest Sheehy and Rev. M. A. Flemming assisting. The chanters were the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien (Rector of St. John's College), and the Rev. Reginald Bridge. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. Father O'Malley, S.J., the Rev. Father H. E. Cock, S.J., being deacon, and the Rev. Father Peifer, S.J., sub-deacon. Right Rev. Monsignor O'Haran was master of ceremonies, and there were also present in the sanctuary Right Rev. Dr. Murray (Bishop of Maitland) and Right



MAIN FRONT OF COLLEGE, SHOWING CENTRAL BLOCK (BUILT 1906).

Rev. Mgr. Carroll, V.G. Among the other clergy assisting were the Very Rev. Dean Slattery, P.P., Very Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J. (Rector St. Ignatius'), Very Rev. J. L. Begley, O.F.M., Rev. Father J. S. Joyce, O.F.M., T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M., P. B. Kennedy, O.F.M., P. B. Lawler, O.F.M., and a great concourse of clergy, including all members of the Jesuit Order who could be present, and the Hon. John Hughes, K.C.S.G., M.L.C., (Vice-President of the Executive Council), Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan, M.L.A., Hon. Francis Clark (Federal Tariff Commissioner), T. J. Dalton, K.C.S.G., J. J. Lee, K.C.S.G., D. O'Connor, K.C.S.G., Mr. W. J. Spruson, Mr. Mark Sheldon, Mr. C. G. Hepburn, Mr. P. Hogan, Major Lenehan, Mr. Phil Sheridan, Mr. T. B. Curran, Alderman J. Lane Mullins, Mr. J. Blakeney, Mr. George Crowley, Mr. Lenehan. Former students were largely represented in the congregation, which filled the church, and which included many nuns. Of the former students of Riverview there were present Mr. T. J. Dalton (President of the "Old Boys'" Union), Messrs. F. W. J. Donovan, J. T. McCarthy, P. J. O'Donnell, A. Deery, and R. Lenehan (vice-presidents), and Messrs. J. Hughes (secretary), B. A. McBride, A. A. Rankin, and many others.

In his educational efforts Father Dalton's ambition to see his pupils of Riverview achieve the best results was gratified in the University examinations, in which the boys gave a good account of themselves. Father Dalton was esteemed not only by those who came frequently within the sphere of his influence, but by all who happened to meet him. His was a personality that sought no publicity, but one that found its vocation in devotion to duty, the exercise of true charity, and the practice of those graces which sweeten daily life. Many of his best friends were non-Catholics, who rejoiced in the friendship of one so sincere and serene and, withal, genial in his disposition. The presence of so many former students at the obsequies proved the loyalty of his pupils to his memory. His sympathies were broadly human, and his kindness in accord with them.

The casket containing the remains was removed on Friday, January 6th, to St. Mary's Church, Ridge Street, North Sydney. Here on Saturday morning the Solemn Dirge was chanted and the Requiem Mass offered for the soul's eternal welfare. It was meet that the Ridge Street church should hear the last chant for the dead; for was it not here the Jesuit Order first found an abiding-place in New South Wales? Archbishop Kelly delivered a fine panegyric, and gave the last absolution, assisted by the Bishop of Maitland and the Monsignori. The funeral took place at Gore Hill cemetery, where the interment was made in the space reserved for members of the Jesuit Order. His Lordship the Bishop of Maitland officiated at the grave, and as the body was consigned to the earth the "Benedictus" was sung by the assembled clergy.

(O.A.M.)

The Dalton Memorial Chapel

1906

The members of the Old Boys' Union decided at once to erect a collegiate chapel at Riverview in memory of Father Dalton. Subscriptions were invited, and the response so far has been a generous one. In the interim report which was published in November, the Committee announced that the encouragement given to the project had fully justified them in taking further steps towards its perfect realization. Accordingly one of the



DALTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WHEN FIRST COMPLETED,
From the North, showing Sanctuary, West Side and Back, with Sacristy at left of Picture.

students, Mr. J. T. McCarthy, Architect, was instructed to prepare plans, and His Eminence, Cardinal Moran was asked to bless the corner stone. The report concluded with an earnest appeal to all ex-students, to parents of past and present pupils, and to all the friends of the College to forward their donations so that the subscription list may be worthy of the great object we have in view, and an eloquent testimony to the reverence and deep affection cherished for the Dear Old Priest, who, in his life, was a loving friend and a trusty guide to so many, and such a tireless worker in the cause of God and His Church.

Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., kindly undertook to recommend the project to some of Father Dalton's friends in Ireland.

The Lord Chief Baron Palles writes: "I have great pleasure in enclosing a cheque for 20 guineas towards the proposed memorial chapel at Riverview. My recollection of Father Dalton's kindness and affability extends upwards of sixty years, and it is a great satisfaction to me to have a part, though a small one, in perpetuating his memory in a place so peculiarly associated with him as is Riverview College."

Sir Francis Cruise writes: "With great pleasure I join in the movement you kindly inaugurated to do honour to my dear old friend's memory. I have known Father Dalton since 1848, and loved him all the time. No better or more lovable man ever lived."

General Sir William Butler says: "I have pleasure in sending herewith a cheque towards the memorial church to the late Father Dalton. What a history would be that of the Irish missionary priests — if it could ever be written!"

NEW CENTRE BLOCK OF COLLEGE.

On December 6th, before the Annual Distribution of Prizes, His Eminence, Cardinal Moran opened the new centre block of the College Building and blessed the corner stone of the Dalton Memorial Chapel. The new building which is of imposing dimensions, covers an area of 45 feet by 55 feet, and consists of three stories and a basement. The front is of stone and the rear is of white brick.

Opening of Dalton Memorial Chapel

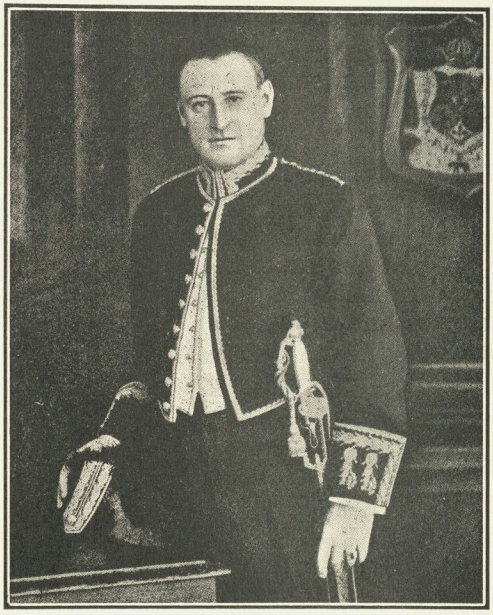
That exemplary institution, St. Ignatius' College Old Boys' Union, in the fullness of its appreciation of the devoted labours of Riverview's late revered Rector, Very Rev. Father Dalton, S.J., witnessed the realisation of its efforts on Sunday last, when his Eminence the Cardinal dedicated the magnificent memorial chapel which the Old Boys had erected to the memory of their old Rector.

The solemn dedication ceremonies exemplified in a marked degree the profound devotedness of the ex-students to their Alma Mater. As a Maternal structure the chapel is finite, but the true inwardness of the movement is reflective of those hearts and minds of the young students in the golden past. That fact alone is an enduring monument to the principles which Father Dalton so earnestly instilled into them.

Looking to the future, the fruition of the ex-students' laudable labours must surpass the greatest expectations. To them belongs alone the honour of erecting the first worthy house of God at the College.

The new memorial chapel completes an array of majestic buildings, perhaps unequalled around Sydney's waterways. To Father Dalton's remarkable foresight this achievement is due. Nearly thirty years ago it was a scrubby height embastioned by forbidding rocks, but long before his

eyes closed in death that wilderness had vanished, leaving a veritable fairy-land that delighted the eyes of the traveller. Writing at the time of Father Dalton's purchase of Riverview, a Sydney biographer remarked:—"The mere acquisition of the fine estate at Riverview for educational purposes



T. J. DALTON, K.C.S.G.
President of the Dalton Memorial Committee.

is a strong tribute to Father Dalton's keen business faculties, and the success of the College he has founded there offers striking evidence of early training, ripe scholarship, and long experience, which admirably fitted him to be head of a great public school." The accuracy of Father Dalton's judgment is now a matter of history.

When Riverview was opened in 1880 it provided, by scant accommodation, for ten or twelve students. Since then the number of its resident pupils has increased by leaps and bounds. In 1892 the then Rector, the

Very Rev. Father J. Ryan, S.J., gave a holiday in honour of the 150th boy. Since then the College has gone on prospering, and the unique ceremony on Sunday last was symbolical of the traditional spirit which permeates the ranks of the Old Boys' Union.

ARRIVAL OF THE CARDINAL.

The Cardinal, accompanied by their Lordships Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Wilcannia, and Dr. Duhig, Bishop of Rockhampton, with the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Haran, drove up from Sydney, and were received at the College by the Very Rev. Father Gartlan, Rector, while the College cadets formed a guard of honour for the distinguished visitors.

The ceremony of blessing the new chapel was performed by the Cardinal, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Gartlan, Monsignor O'Haran, Rev. Father Flemming (an Old Boy), and the College staff.

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDING.

The Memorial Chapel is 80 feet long by 33 feet across the nave and 58 feet across the transept, the latter being designated the Lady Chapel. It will seat nearly 350 people, the cost being about £3000. The sanctuary is 30 feet by 12 feet, and the spaces round the high altar 20 feet by 10 feet. There are two other altars, one in the Lady Chapel and another in an alcove off the main sanctuary. The sanctuary and the spaces around the various altars have been tiled with small white hexagonal tiles with a margin in art green and red tiles. Three crosses in these colours have also been worked into the central design. The two porches are also tiled in keeping with the above. All the tilings have white marble nosings, and the altar steps are in white marble. Specially-designed wrought iron standards and a polished cedar Communion rail surround the sanctuary. Projecting from the sides of the Church are two confessionals, one formed by an octagon bay and the other by a square bay. A good-sized sacristy, a boys' room, and a vestment room complete the main floor of the Church, which is floored throughout with 3in. x 1in. secret-nailed Richmond River teak. Access to the organ gallery is commodious, and is supported by two cast-iron columns with Ionic caps, and has a specially-designed iron railing in front. The interior design of the Church is classic, the regular line of walls being broken by pillasters and moulded caps, heavy cornice moulds, moulded panels, etc., the plastering work being finished white; the dado and skirting being in Keen's cement. An imposing arch, 18 feet wide and 52 feet high to the crown with bold archivolt moulds and heavy surmounting moulds, is turned over the High Altar. The latter is in white marble relieved with rouge, and was a gift to the College many years ago. An imposing panelled wood screen of Gothic design is fixed at the rear of this altar. Six heavy roof trusses support the roof, which is covered with best quality Bangor slates. The ceilings are finished with fibrous plaster of a bold ecclesiastical design; the windows throughout being of delicate tints

of Cathedral glass in lead. The Church is built of brick O.K. faces on a stone foundation and plentifully enriched with stone dressings. The design is modern Gothic. In choosing this style for the exterior, the architect was guided by a desire to obtain simplicity and boldness in design, with a corresponding economy in expenditure. Bold octagonal carved terminals taking the place of pointed floriated spirettes and finials that one would look for in true Gothic work. The stonework, generally, has been finished with a bold rock face, gradually merging into dressed and carved work. The apex stones of gables, the surmounting crosses, the tops of terminals, mullions and lintels, have all been dressed, moulded, and carved, and have a very fine effect. The tone throughout is in white, of a close even grain, and has all been obtained on the Riverview Estate. The Church throughout is lighted with electricity. Mr. J. T. McCarthy, of Challis House, Martin Place, was the architect; and Mr. A. Travis, of Croydon Park, the builder. —1908.

("The Freeman's Journal.")

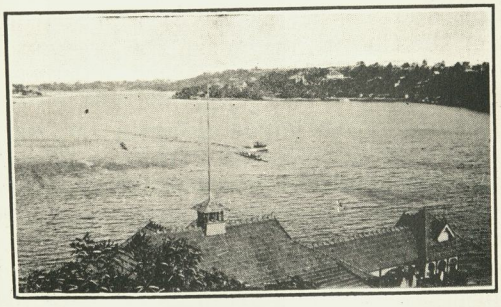
Thanksgiving Dinner

The gates of memory were opened wide at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, on Sunday evening, July 11, when a large gathering of ex-students, late benefactors of the College were entertaind at the "Dalton Memorial Dinner" by the Rector and community of the College. Benediction in the Chapel preceded the function. The Rev. Father Flemming (an ex-student) was the celebrant, and Benediction was sung by a choir composed of some of the ex-students and the students, and Father Pigot acted as organist.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

At the termination of the ceremony the gathering adjourned to the banqueting hall of the College, which was decorated with evergreens, and illuminated with a blaze of electric light. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were present, and the Very Rev. Father Gartlan, S.J. (Rector of the College), occupied the chair.

(O.A.M.)



Annual Athletic Sports

1908.

No better day than December 28 could have been chosen for our annual sports meeting. The weather conditions were simply perfect: bright sunshine, with a cooling south-west wind, prevailed during the whole meeting. The events were, as usual, decided on the College Cricket Ground, where every convenience had been made for a large gathering. This year a new departure was made in having erected just inside the oval, a large marquee, where light refreshments could be had at any time during the afternoon. Sargent's had charge of the catering. The prizes were on view in the Pavilion, and after the sports the distribution here, instead of at the College, was a pronounced success. During the sports, and afterwards at the Pavilion, the Newtown Brass Band played lively selections. All these items, combined with the keenly contested events, and the large and bright gathering of visitors, made this meeting one of the most successful of its kind held for several years at Riverview.

Father Rector (the Very Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J.), welcomed the visitors, who included the Lord Mayor (Ald. Thomas Hughes, M.L.C.) and Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Hughes), the Hon. L. F. Heydon, M.L.C., Ald. Lane-Mullins, Messrs. G. E. Bryant, Kolker, C. G. Hepburn, W. T. Coyle, LL.B., F. Coen, LL.B., Ign. O'Donnell, J. M. Miller, C. Kelly, J. McEvoy, T. S. Payten, Colman Burke, J. Boylan, R. F. Hughes, F. Hughes, P. Quinn, P. Kelly, R. and C. Bridge, and H. Stuart Mason.

The officials in charge of the sports were:—Committee and handicappers,—Ex-Students: The Officials of Old Boys' Union; First Division: V. Conlon, A. Johnstone, J. Dalton; Second Division: R. Macken, F. Kinkead, W. Bridge; Third Division: J. Hackett, C. Bryant, W. McDonnell; stewards: T. Payten, W. Macdonald, A. Kenny, G. Malone, L. Elliott; judges: Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., Rev. J. Hassett, S.J., Messrs. B. A. McBride, G. E. Bryant, J. J. O'Donnell, R. F. Hughes; starter: Mr. T. J. Heery; timekeeper, Rev. J. J. Hannon, S.J.; hon. sec.: V. Conlon.

Rev. Mr. Corboy, S.J., Mr. Heery, and the officials are to be congratulated on the way in which the events were decided. There was no delay or hitch in any part of the long programme. Huge merriment was caused in the Obstacle Race, in which the eating of a be-treacled apple hung from a string, was necessary for a finish. Another novelty was the Teams' Race, in which the Senior, Junior, Grammar II. and III. took part, and which was won by the Junior Class. The 100 yards Championship was won, after a hard race, by V. Conlon, followed by E. Lenehan and E. O'Halloran. The 120 yards Championship Hurdles was handsomely won by F. Fanning, and the 140 yards Championship by B. Murray. The contest for "Champion Athlete" resolved itself into a neck-to -neck struggle between V. Conlon and B. Murray. In the end, however, Conlon went slightly ahead, and won by the narrow margin of a single point. More entries than usual were received for the "Ex-Students' Race," thanks to the energy of

Roger and Frank Hughes, who did a certain amount of "beating-up" beforehand. The appropriate trophy for this race—a fine pipe—fell to Reg. Bridge.

At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were distributed by Mrs. G. E. Bryant, instead of the Lady Mayoress, who on this occasion was unable to wait so long. Besides the Sports prizes the following Football trophies were also presented:—

Honour Cap, in Back Division, V. Conlon; Forward Division, J. Dalton; Improved Play, B. Veech.

The following events were decided prior to the Sports Day:—

FIRST DIVISION.

Handball Championship.—B. Bryant, 1; J. McCarthy, 2; W. Hogan, 3.

Swimming Championship.—B. Kelly, 1; G. Malone, 2; W. Hogan, 3.

Kicking the Football.—V. A. Conlon, 1; R. E. O'Halloran, 2; E. Lenehan and G. Dalton, 3.

High Jump.—B. Murray and F. Fanning, 1; R. E. O'Halloran and M. Playoust, 2; V. A. Conlon and L. Elliott, 3.

Long Jump.—B. Murray, 1; G. Dalton, 2. F. Fanning, 3.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—V. Conlon, 1; A. M. Johnstone, 2; R. E. Lenehan, 3.

SECOND DIVISION.

Long Jump.—K. Ryan, 1; C. Rorke, 2; P. de Lepervanche, 3.

High Jump.—A. Nichols, 1; C. Rorke, 2; K. Ryan, 3; E. Keenan.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—K. Ryan, 1; S. Ryan, 2; C. O'Hare, 3.

Handball Championship.—W. Bridge, 1; J. Fitzherbert, 2; R. Quailey, 3.

Kicking the Football.—K. Ryan, 1; J. Barry, 2; C. Rorke, 3.

Putting the Shot (16lbs.).—K. Ryan, 1; S. Ryan, 2; C. Rorke and C. Gordon, 3.

THIRD DIVISION.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—C. Bryant, 1; W. McDonnell, 2; L. Cranney, 3.

Kicking the Football.—K. Pelletier, 1; W. McDonnell, 2; C. Bryant, 3.

High Jump.—F. Horsley, 1; W. McDonnell, 2; C. Weaver and L. Cranney, 3.

The results of the different events decided on Sports Day:—

100yds. Handicap (over 12).—W. McDonnell, 1; S. McDermott, 2; N. Macken, 3.

100yds. Championship (Junior Division).—K. Ryan, 1; M. Ryan, 1; C. Rorke, 3.

Forward 100yds. Handicap.—M. Ryan, 1; L. Veech, 2; J. Bolger, 3.

Egg and Spoon Race.—W. McDonnell.

100yds. College Championship (Senior Division).—V. Conlon, 1; E. Lenehan, 2; E. O'Halloran, 2. Time,, $10\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

440yds. Handicap (Second Division).—P. de Lepervanche, 1; J. Kain, 2.

100yds. Maiden Handicap.—L. Veech, 1; M. Ryan, 2; E. Lenehan, 3.

Obstacle Race.—P. de Lepervanche, 1; E. Keenan, 2; L. Cranney, 3.

120yds. Hurdles Championship (Seniors).—F. Fanning, 1; V. Conlon, 2; E. O'Halloran, 3.

Ex-Students' Race, 100yds.—R. Bridge, 1; R. Hughes, 2; F. Hughes, 3.

150yds. Cricketers' Handicap.—F. Kinkead, 1; G. Dalton, 2; M. Ryan, 3.

Handicap Hurdles (Senior).—F. Fanning, 1; E. O'Halloran, 2. Time, 16 3-5 sec.

Sack Race.—K. Ryan, 1; B. Bryant, 2; E. Keenan, 3.

Musicians' 440yds. Handicap.—James Bolger, 1; J. Dalton, 2; B. Bryant, 3.

440yds. Championship (First Division).—B. Murray, 1; J. Dalton, 2; V. Conlon, 3. Time, 61¾sec.

120yds. Handicap Hurdles (Second Division).—K. Ryan, 1; B. Mullins, 2; A. Nichols, 3.



COLLEGE SPORTS.

Teams' Race, 700 yds.—Second and Third Grammar (B. Murray, B. Veech, L. Veech), W. Hogan, L. Elliott, J. Kain, W. Bridge), 1; Senior Class (V. Conlon, E. O'Halloran, M. Playoust, K. Ryan, B. Bryant, W. Kelly, J. Deery), 2; Junior Class (E. Lenehan, S. Ryan, F. Fanning, M. Ryan, F. Kinkead, C. Rorke, J. Johnstone), 3.

Half-mile Handicap.—R. Macken (100yds.), 1; B. McKay (85yds.), 2; G. Dalton (40yds.), 3.

The competition for Champion Athlete is decided by points. A first place counts three points, a second two points, and a third one point. Besides receiving a handsome gold medal, the Champion has his name and year inscribed on a tablet for that purpose in the Senior playroom.

This year there were contests for Champion Athlete in the Second and Third Divisions, also decided as in the First Division. K. Ryan was easily Champion for the Second Division, and W. McDonnell in the Third Division. Both received silver medals.

A Memorable Rugby Match

CITY V. COUNTRY.

(From Contribution by Masters T. Meehan and R. Macken.)

Country! Country! Country! The voice of a small boy rings clear across the ground. Right through the first half and far into the second, that small voice calls from the western touch line. Other voices join at times, and the cry swells into a chorus. But chorus or no chorus, you can hear the voice of Val, the youngest of the Conlon clan from far Maclean. Vin, his big brother, is the captain of the school, and to-day he leads the country team. The whole soul of the wee barracker is centred in the fortune of that brother and his team. Were he himself a few feet taller he would gladly join in the fray, but Val must wait, and he must grow. When he grows the city lads will find in him a fearsome foe. Meantime, he is small, very small, but he has a voice which is big, very big, and you can hear it as it rings across the field—Country! Country! Country! The game has started. The Country is attacking. Vin has the ball, and he is racing for the City line. The cry of the Country is a chorus, for Vin is fleet of foot, and he must score—not yet. City! City! City! 'Tis the answering call of the city lads on the eastern touch line. Faint at first, it soon becomes a roar, for Vin is down. Foy has brought him down. "Well played, Don."

The country team shall score, but they must wait awhile. To wait they are content, for they are confident of victory. For days and days they have talked of victory. Night after night they have dreams of victory. The victory is certain, and it only remains to count the score. That score they are resolved shall be a record one, even for country teams at Riverview. Ten of their team have donned their college colours in competition games. Conlon and Hogan are the scorers of the school. McKillop is a champion hooker, and a man of weight. Leslie Veech has won his honours in many a hard-fought game. Bryan, his brother, has proved his prowess on the field. Johnstone, Fanning, Dalton, and McKay—all these are big and strong and clever with hand and foot. The country must win. So the country thought. So the college thought. But by half time the college was surprised, and the country had received a shock.

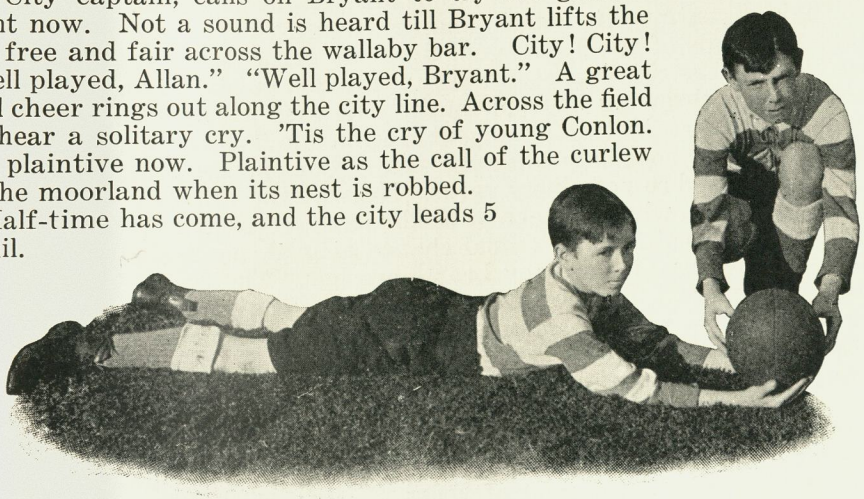
Payten proved a cool commander of the city forces. Riverview has known Tommy for many a day, and never known him to get excited. He has smiled through its sunshine and smiled through its storms, and for days and days he has listened to the prophets from wallaby land, and listened with a smile. The city team cannot compare in tonnage with the weighty warriors from the western plains; but Adam is tall and George is strong and will share with Payten the brunt of the battle. Devine is a New Zealander. O'Donnell is a ready rover. Ryan delights in tackling giants, and his speed is the speed of the hare. Meehan is not fat. He has other virtues all his own, and he has been studying science for years. He is an expert in angles, and there is nothing that a fat wallaby objects to as much as an angular point, unless it be two or more angular points.

The City backs are comparatively light, but Foy is there, and Foy is fearless. Rorke has a red head. His blowing forelock is a danger signal to wallabies. Bryant is plucky, and he can hold on to anything, whether it be a boy or a ball. Both Bryant and Rorke can kick a goal—a thing to be appreciated on a day like this when the fortune of the game will depend on the relative power of the rival teams to send the ball across the bar. Butler is strong, and as five-eighth he will combine well with his scrum-half. Barry, though slight, is safe on the last line of City defence. Of the second divisioners, Kelly will soon be hors de combat, but Bridge and Ryan will fight to the finish, and they will be heard of in Riverview in days to come.

The game is going on. The City team withstood that first great onslaught of the Country. Slowly, yard by yard, the town terriers drove back the wallabies, and now for many minutes the battle has been waged on neutral ground. Country! Country! Country. Above that western chorus yon can hear the clear voice of the laddie from Maclean. Across the field the answering cry is ringing in the air—City! City! City! Already there is a touch of triumph in its tone. Yes; the city lads are pressing now. The terriers are attacking. The shock is coming. Wallabies, beware! Bryant has whipped the ball out to Butler, and Butler is off. Followed by the city pack he speeds into the very heart of the wallaby stronghold. Country! Country! 'Tis a glad cry from the wallaby lads, for the terriers have lost the ball. City! City! A gladder cry from the eastern line tells us that the terriers have captured it again. Allan has it. Five yards from the wallaby line. Wallabies in front and rear, wallabies on either side, wallabies on top of him. Allan flings himself across the line, and scores. City! City! City! The city sings a song of triumph, and Macken leads the chorus.

A minute later the referee is standing on the wallaby line. Behind him the stricken wallabies are sitting in a row. Out in the field Payten, the City captain, calls on Bryant to try for goal. The barrackers are silent now. Not a sound is heard till Bryant lifts the ball free and fair across the wallaby bar. City! City! "Well played, Allan." "Well played, Bryant." A great glad cheer rings out along the city line. Across the field we hear a solitary cry. 'Tis the cry of young Conlon. and plaintive now. Plaintive as the call of the curlew in the moorland when its nest is robbed.

Half-time has come, and the city leads 5 to nil.



The wallabies are not dismayed. They are still confident of victory. They have reason to expect that their weight will tire the terrier pack, and that wallaby shall win. Yes! Wallaby shall win in years to come, but not to-day.

The second half opens like the first with a good combined attack by the country team. The city backs withstand a dangerous rush, and finding touch they think that they are safe. From the line-out Hogan secures. He swerves. He sails through the city defence and scores. The West is at last awake. Wallaby lads are cheering now, and they are ready to cheer again when the added points shall equalise the score—not yet; the kick at goal has failed. Wallaby must wait another chance for goal. That chance is soon to come. Five minutes later a free is granted them within easy distance, and in front of the city posts. Conlon takes the kick. It seems an easy goal to get, but fortune has decided that wallaby men shall kick no goals to-day. The kick at goal has failed again. The west is silent now, while over on the eastern line the city lads are pouring into the wallaby team a perfect broadside of obnoxious sympathy. 'Tis time for the city to attack. Kelly was injured in the opening half. Kain has taken his place as wing three-quarter on the city right. From a scrum near the middle of the ground the ball travels out to that right wing. Kain takes the pass. A wallaby charges down on him. Kain is very fast. The wallaby fails to encircle him, and falls. Kain remains erect, but the force of that glancing tackle causes him to revolve as if he were built on a pivot. On ceasing to revolve, he strikes for the wallaby goal line, five and thirty yards away. Precious seconds have been wasted in revolving, and now the wallabies are thick in his path. But Kain can run, and weight like his is useful in a charge.

He clears those five and thirty yards, scores near the corner flag, and his path is strewn with wounded wallaby. Rorke of the red hair is chosen to kick the goal. From such an angle, in the teeth of a swerving breeze, is seems a hopeless chance, but the ball rises beautifully, and sails between the posts high above the bar. City! City! City! The city team is leading now by ten points to three, and city lads are in a joyous mood.

The city continues to attack, and the country team are soon defending within ten yards of their own goal line. To the country captain looking down the field the city goal seems very far away, but he will soon be there. A city man is throwing in from touch. His men are in too near, or else he throws too far. Within a moment Hogan, the flat-footed wallaby back, is far away, and speeding down the field. Conlon, his captain, is beside him. 'Tis a grand run of ninety yards. Nearing the full-back, Hogan gives the ball to Conlon, who races across the line and scores at will. The wallaby men have now another and a final chance at goal, but wallaby toes have lost their cunning, and wallaby hearts are low. The score stands at ten to six against them, and there it will remain. The game all through has been a lively one, and the minutes which remain are to be brightened by another flash of city play. Senan Ryan, the second divisioner on the left wing wins his way through the wallaby defence and races down the western side. After a clear run of thirty yards, he crosses the wallaby line, but in collision with the wallaby back he has lost the ball. Thus it ends. A memorable match! Other games are soon forgotten. This will be long remembered through the mist of years.

(O.A.M., 1908)

Some New Zealanders at Riverview

If I maintain that Riverview began to attract boys from across the Tasman Sea just about thirty years ago, I am merely indulging that common fancy that makes us put the beginning of things at the time that we first get mixed up with them. My belief rightly or wrongly is that the Gleesons, from Auckland, started the whole movement; when I arrived on the scene, Mick, the eldest of them, had just left, this fact was sufficient to bestow antiquity on his family, and since he was an outstanding figure in the school in more ways than one, we very naturally claimed him as our pioneer. Mick was both a scholar and an athlete; he rowed in the winning crew of '99; he was the biggest man in the football team; and he crowned his sporting career at Riverview by becoming champion athlete. For this last performance his name was emblazoned in letters of gold on the walls of 1st Division Library. That was the way of doing things before the introduction of Honour Boards.

In 1901 the New Zealand colony numbered nine. Jim and Pat Gleeson were still at school; there were two Macdonalds, John and Colin, from Wellington; Saunders and Melville Johnstone came from Waipukarau, and the rest were made up of our clan from the South Island. As a party we were fairly well represented in the life of the school, particularly in sporting matters. The Gleesons were a powerful combination behind the Firsts' scrum, and strange to say they were both in the Eleven; John Macdonald was in the rifle team, Colin was champion swimmer, and dived like a bird; the rest of us had ambitions.

I was in the 3rd Division these days, and if I can believe the official photograph taken by Charles Goudron (from Noumea) I must have got a game with the Fifths, though I could not have known very much about it. Any one who came from New Zealand was given credit for two things, being a footballer and a crack shot with a rifle. This latter quality was not tested in my case, because, unfortunately, shooting in 3rd Division had came to a sudden end the previous year. There was some legend about "small boys" being dangerous at the butts. The story got around that one afternoon some unknown marksman discarded the ordinary rules of musketry and indulged in long-distance firing. A bullet is said to have found its way into a back yard in Chatswood. That record was never beaten, because 3rd Divisioners were thenceforth forbidden the use of the range.

Mention must here be made of at least one device for spending these summer afternoons and, incidentally, of how the instinct for contests found an outlet when the shooting was taboo. Trekking through the bush to groves near the site of the present paper mills became very popular. We would go forth carrying anything in the nature of a bag; pillow-slips often made good bags. We would pay some trifling sum on entrance to the orchards, and load ourselves with as much fruit as we could decently carry. Sometimes these supplies would last the better part of a week, but, alas, they sometimes lasted only half an hour, for it happened on more than one occasion that two parties laden with spoils were returning



NEW ZEALAND BOYS AT RIVERVIEW, 1906.

G. Saunders, L. Loughnan, B. Murray, B. Johnstone, T. Higgins, G. Ward, H. McArdle, P. Kelly, J. Fernandos, A. Johnstone, G. Vavasour, F. McArdle, R. Vavasour.

from the same errand by diverse routes on the same afternoon and sighted one another on the heights above the tannery. Under such conditions a battle is inevitable, and fierce battles were fought. A party of 2nd Divisioners were once driven off these heights before a withering fire of persimmons. Ammunition ran out on the shores of Burn's Bay, where a truce was made, and the casualties had an opportunity of washing off their hideous scars.

These fragments of history have led me further from my subject than I intended, and I must now return. By the year 1906 we had increased our numbers to nearly twenty. The colony included two more Johnstones, Dic, otherwise known as Alan, and Bryden, commonly called Joe. There were two Vavasours, George and Rollo, Pat Kelly, captain of the fifteen, Harry and Frank McArdle, poor old Tom O'Connor, who died during that year, and Johnny Fernandos, the best footballer we ever had. During the mid-winter holidays he played for Metropolitan against the Country team. Others in the party were Gladstone Ward, Gordon Saunders, Barney Murray, and Tom Higgins; whether Raymond Ward was with us at that date or not I cannot remember. I am inclined to think that he had learned all the languages that Riverview could teach him and had gone home to perfect his Maori preparatory to studying languages abroad. Reggie Godden, Leo Divine, and Ralph Fetherstone Johnson were ex-students by 1906. There were probably others besides, but their names have slipped my memory. Now, in case future historians should be worrying their heads for an explanation of our large numbers and how it was that we represented all parts of New Zealand, from Auckland to the Bluff, I should mention a rather curious fact that has long since been forgotten. Practically all our party had sisters at Timaru Convent. It was from here that the name and fame of Riverview spread over both Islands at a time when Catholic schools were so rare. Both coming from and going to New Zealand we did the propaganda work ourselves. If we did not take possession of the ship, at least the passengers thought that we did, and were thoroughly convinced that there was only one school in Australasia, and that was Riverview.

When our Prime Minister, Mr. Seddon, came over to Sydney about this time he made it his business to come up and inspect the colony. We were very pleased and very proud. He gave the school a magnificent address, and what was appreciated even more, a whole holiday. An incident connected with this visit comes back to me. The school were to receive the holiday all right, but we considered ourselves entitled to something special. We therefore deputed Gladstone Ward to see what he could do. Now, Gladstone had a wonderful way with him, and he justified our trust, for, a few days later someone overheard Father Gartlan attempting to stave off an invitation that was obviously intended for us. What was the use of arguing against Mr. Seddon? This was one of the rare occasions on which Father Gartlan gracefully yielded. The invitation eventually came through and we caught an early boat for town. There was a "feed" and a "show" and we came back to school with a very great deal to talk and write home about.

This brings my story to an end. For the reason that I stated earlier I fancy that when I left school the numbers of the New Zealand contingent gradually declined. At any rate, I know that after six or seven years they were reduced to a handful; the Mackenzies, from Otumarama, Alister, Loch, Simon, and Ian, the Corrys from Blenheim, and one or two others were nobly carrying on the best traditions of the good old days. There were Vavasours still at Riverview in 1918, but this brings us up to modern times, and I leave the task of writing the closing chapter of our annals to some more modern and, I hope, more reliable historian.

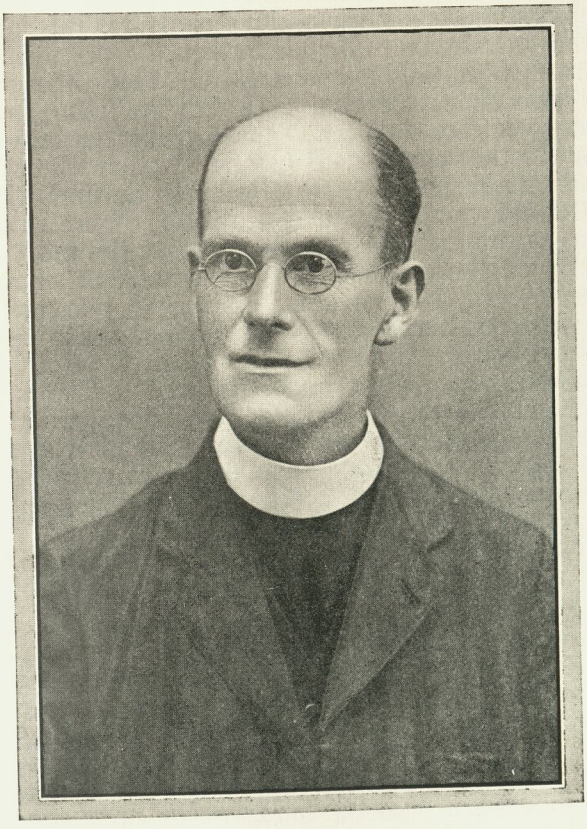
L. G. LOUGHNAN, S.J. ('01-'03, '06).

The New Seismographs at Riverview

That Seismology, and especially Seismographs, are in the air at present, there can be no doubt. We have recently experienced in Sydney such a series of earthquake tremors, some of which have been usually large, and all coming on top of one another, as it were, that the subject was a common topic of conversation for several weeks. But the greatest interest centred not so much on the earthquakes as on the Riverview Seismograph that recorded them. When, a few weeks ago, the papers announced that a big and destructive earthquake had occurred so many thousands of miles away, "A big earthquake somewhere," one Melbourne Daily headed the report—the safe announcement following that it was possibly in the sea somewhere, did much, we are sure, to nullify any exciting effect the tidings might have had on even unsceptical readers. The news two days later, however, that a severe earthquake had taken place in Sumatra, and that 250 people had been killed, made the Riverview Seismograph not only known, but famous. With Father Pigot's permission (or, shall I say, without Father Pigot's permission?) I purpose giving a short account of the Seismographs to accompany our illustrations.

The idea, as a mere remote possibility, of starting a Seismographical Observatory at Riverview, occurred to Father Pigot a few years ago at Zi-ka-wei (Shanghai), just when leaving for Australia, where he was obliged by ill-health to return, and received a fresh impetus when he was passing through Manilla on the voyage south. The splendid seismographical work done by the Fathers for many years at these two great Jesuit Observatories of the Far East (not to speak of all that they have achieved in their other departments, viz., Meteorology, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Astronomy, above all, of the tens of thousands of lives saved by their typhoon-warnings during the last thirty years), was a sufficient incentive to Fr. Pigot, who had been on the staff of the former Observatory for some time, to attempt a small beginning of at least one branch of similar high-class work in Australia. No doubt excellent records had been obtained for several years in Australia and New Zealand by the well-known instrument of the veteran Seismologist, Professor Milne; but it was interesting to see what results would be obtained by a more modern type of Seismo-

graph of one or other of the recent German models. Those of Professor Wiechert, of Gottingen University, were decided upon, if funds would permit. The decision was most unexpectedly confirmed by the arrival in Sydney shortly after, on his way home to Germany, at the expiration of his term of office as Director of the Samoa Observatory, of Dr. Linke, who showed his Wiechert earthquake records to Father Pigot, at Riverview. Dr. Linke, who now, by the way, is Director of the Geophysical Institute in Frankfort (Germany), has since taken the kindliest interest in our embryo Observatory.



REV. E. F. PIGOT, S.J.

But where was all the necessary money to come from? Needless to say, a lot of expense was involved. As two of the principal instruments are now installed, we may say that nearly the whole of the expense of the larger (horizontal) Seismograph was defrayed by our kind and generous friend and neighbour, the Hon. Louis F. Heydon, M.L.C.—a man whose charity is equalled only by his love of learning and scientific progress—ad majorem Dei gloriam. To the Hon. Mr. Heydon, therefore, for the great pioneer part he played in giving Seismology a foothold in Riverview, not

Father Pigot's alone, but Riverview's warmest thanks are due. But though Seismology has certainly got a foothold in Riverview, it must be remembered that at present our Observatory is only in an embryonic condition. Space has been provided in the building for other Geophysical research work, to be carried out later on, when, like the Hon. Mr. Heydon, other lovers of scientific research shall have recognised in the Riverview Observatory, a work deserving of their patronage and generosity.

In July, 1908, Father Pigot paid a visit of three weeks to Samoa, where, through the kindness and courtesy of the Director of the Observatory, Dr. Angenheister, and his assistants, he was able to study the construction and working of the various instruments, the methods for the reduction of the records, etc. On his return, he set about erecting the building and fittings for the instruments—the half-underground, vaulted, brick building (not as yet covered with its protecting mantle for temperature), and woodwork fittings. These were admirably constructed respectively by Brother Forster, S.J., and Brother Girschik, S.J., with their usual indefatigable care. In the early autumn the instruments arrived from Germany, and soon afterwards they were recording tremors and earthquakes. The instruments are amongst the most modern in use at the present day, and are known as the Wiechert Seismographs or Seismometers, named from their designer, Professor Wiechert. Until quite recently they were not numerous, being confined, with the exception of the Samoa instrument, to European Observatories. Now, however, they are being installed in various regions of the globe. The extreme delicacy of the instruments is almost incredible; an unusual weight on the floor of the Observatory (a party of visitors, for example), even at some distance from the instruments, would be sufficient to cause serious derangement of the recording pens; the ocean waves dashing on the coast six miles away on a rough day are frequently recorded. It is in this extreme delicacy that the value (and, incidentally, the trouble) of the instruments consists. As a consequence they demand the most careful handling, and almost constant attention.

There are two instruments: a Horizontal Seismograph and a Vertical Seismograph, to receive, as the names suggest, the horizontal part (or component, as the scientists call it), and the vertical part respectively of the earth-waves set up by any seismic disturbance. The Horizontal Seismograph, however, consists practically of two Seismographs in as much as it separates the waves it receives into two directions; N.S. and E.W., giving a separate record for each, as may be seen from the two recording rolls hanging down in front.

The horizontal is an inverted pendulum whose bob is a large iron cylindrical (or drum-shaped) mass of 1000 kilograms, or a little over a ton weight. This mass is supported on a pedestal which is poised on four springs set on a large concrete pillar built on the solid rock, and separated from the surrounding floor by an air-gap one inch wide. When an earthquake occurs in any place, that place becomes the centre from which earth-waves travel in all directions, through the earth and round the earth (surface waves). These waves on reaching Riverview disturb our concrete pillar, and set the pendulum in motion. The iron mass is reduced to a "stable

equilibrium" by a system of springs, so that when the base is disturbed, the large mass will not fall over, but will oscillate or swing backwards and forwards till it comes to rest again. Now, a very ingenious air-damping arrangement (the two drum-like structures over the mass) destroys the oscillation or swing set up in the mass by the first wave, so that the second and third and succeeding earth-waves will not be affected by the oscillation of the mass itself, but each wave, no matter how quickly it comes after the others, will have its own effect on the mass. Consider, for illustration sake, one of those now-antiquated punching-ball apparatus that consist of a heavy leaden circular base, into the middle of which is inserted a stout four or five-foot cane, on the top of which is fixed the punching ball. When you punch this ball it and the cane oscillate, or swing backwards and forwards (the heavy base remaining stationary). If you determine to hit out at this ball at a fixed rate, say thirty punches a minute, you cannot be certain that every blow will have its full effect on the ball—in many cases you may not hit the ball at all. But if you contrive to make the ball stationary, so that it keeps still, or moves very little, when you punch it, every punch, no matter at what rate you punch it, will catch the ball and have its full effect upon it. In somewhat the same way our large iron mass is kept as stationary as possible, by the damping cylinders, while each earth-wave has its full effect upon it. This effect is received by the arrangement of levers above the mass, and magnified enormously, which magnified effect is traced by the recording stylus or pen—a tiny platinum pin—on the smoked recording roll of paper. Waves coming in a N. or S. direction are recorded on one of the rolls; those in an E. or W. direction are recorded on the other, while waves coming in any other direction are recorded on both.

The Vertical Wiechert Seismograph is a Lever-Pendulum, consisting of an iron mass of 160lbs. weight at the end of an arm (under the wooden temperature-insulation box), and a spiral spring (enclosed in the box) between the weight and the fulcrum, the weight and the spring keeping the arm of the lever in equilibrium. Hence this pendulum can move only up and down, only by the vertical part of the earth-waves. The effect, as before, is highly magnified and recorded by the stylus. The damping (drum-like) arrangement in this instrument is seen at the left-hand back corner of the table. The temperature-insulation box is simply a double-walled wooden jacket packed with carbon, to protect the spiral, as well as a zinc-steel grid-iron compensation, from change of temperature. One of the greatest difficulties with these instruments is keeping the instrument room at the same temperature always. For this reason the brick building is not yet nearly completed, as it will have to be covered by a thick layer of protecting material, which will finally have to be covered by a proper roofing. Again, scientifically inclined and generously disposed friends, please note!

To lessen any disturbance from the room itself (visitors, etc.) the floor of the building is covered with sand to the depth of a few inches, and in the case of the Horizontal, an air gap to the depth of a few feet separates the instrument from the surrounding floor.

The records, which are changed every twenty-four hours, are traced on specially-prepared smoked paper, and can be fixed at once with a suit-

able varnish. On the instruments, the records are stretched by drums which, by a very nice clock-work device (c.f. weight and escapement) are rotated once every hour, and moved to the right at the same time. Furthermore, by an ingenious electro-magnetic contrivance connected with a Wiechert contact-clock (seen with the Vertical Seismograph), the hours and minutes are accurately recorded on the earthquake tracing itself, and not at the side. Consequently, the exact second almost at which a disturbance begins is known. The rate of tracing is about fourteen millimetres per minute for the Horizontal, and ten millimetres per minute for the Vertical Seismograph.

To the uninitiated, at least, the results in the matter of records are really marvellous. They are worth the trouble they entail, and they do entail lots of trouble. So far, there have been records of at least four considerable earthquakes (one of which has been already identified), as well as eight or nine smaller ones. Some of these have probably been submarine, and can be localised when reports come in from other distant Observatories. There is one more point to be treated in this rather crude explanation, and it will explain the last sentence. How is the distance of the earthquake ascertained? Well, in a large seismic disturbance, if situated at a considerable distance, preliminary earth tremors or short waves precede the long earthquake-waves. The distance of the centre of the disturbance (which usually lasts for an hour or two) can be calculated from the time elapsing between the first preliminary tremors, and the beginning of the long waves. Consequently when three Observatories sufficiently distant and suitably situated calculate the distance of a particular shock, say, in mid-ocean, the actual centre can be found by simple geometry.

I have tried to give a simple, straightforward, unscientific explanation of the instruments, without going into more detail than was absolutely necessary. In fact, it would be unwise to go into much detail, for, if I did, I should probably become helpless very soon, and should require a kind and helping hand from Father Pigot to extricate me. But the calculations involved are terrific—a fact that will appear plausible when we say (I have it on Father Pigot's word) that the pressure of the stylus on the record, equivalent to a weight of one milligram, must be allowed for in the reductions of the observations.



Theatrical Productions

Quite a carnival of Gilbert and Sulivan's Comic Operas began in 1909. Trial by Jury was the first production, and this was followed by H.M.S. Pinafore, The Mikado, The Gondoliers, Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, Utopia Limited, Patience and The Grand Duke. The orchestra at this time was conducted by Mr. W. Coad, now a distinguished teacher in U.S.A. Mr. James McMenamin, since dead, presided at the piano, Herr Hugo Alpen and Mr. George Boyle had charge of the singing class. The Rev. Mr. T. A. Walsh, S.J., produced and conducted the operas. These were strenuous days. The scenery and lighting was excellent. Mr. J. C. Williamson and Colonel Ramaciotti gave generous assistance. The operas were exceedingly popular, sometimes 800 people witnessed the performance. Miss Keogh and Miss Kennedy attended to the dressing. Brother Doyle provided the artists with refectorial delights at supper. Among the actors most prominent were Roger Hughes, Desmond Duffy, Jack O'Mara, Harry McArdle, David Roth, Hugh Macken, William McDonald. Brother Girschik was stage carpenter and Olsen was the electrician. The stage was considered one of the best quipped in Sydney, with excellent scenery and lighting effects.

The monthly concerts were a popular institution. Much talent was discovered. These concerts produced the orchestra, and besides their musical side they included scenes from Shakespearean plays, which were being set at the examinations, and lighter pieces. These concerts were some of the most desirable events of the year and were keenly appreciated. After the institution of the Home Sunday by Fathr Keating, they were a regular conclusion of the holiday.

In the pages of "Alma Maters" of the years 1904-1908. and also in the year 1913, when Riverview was blessed with Father Walsh's presence for a year, we have glowing accounts of these performances. As they are so important in the history of Riverview we shall give some of the matter recorded in those pages. Mr. Walsh arrived in Sydney in July, 1903, and in the next year when Mr. Garahy relinquished control of the histronic activities at the College, Mr. Walsh took charge. On the Speech Day in 1909 we find a programme including Shakespeare, an act from Julius Caesar, and the operetta "Trial by Jury" of Gilbert and Sullivan.

We cannot refrain from warmly congratulating our young artists on the brilliant success that crowned their efforts. To quote the words of the "Freeman's Journal": "So far from overtaxing the ability of the students, the entertainment was remarkable for the high standard of excellence of which it gave proof on their part." The thorough training afforded the pupils in elocution was evidenced by the skill with which each and every one of the actors sustained his part in the scene from "Julius Caesar." Indeed, it is difficult to single out individual actors for special praise, but all will agree in admitting that D. Gavan-Duffy as Mark Antony, Bryan Hughes as Julius Caesar, W. Macdonald as Clitus, and P. Quin as Brutus, displayed in a marked manner the evident dramatic ability with which they are endowed. Whatever tension of mind might have been caused



"THE GRAND DUKE."

amongst the audience by Shakespeare's Death Scene was soon relieved by the exquisitely-rendered quartette "Andante Cantabile," from Beethoven, by Messrs. J. H. McMenamin, W. J. Coad, G. Taylor, and Bryce Carter.

The second part of the programme consisted of Gilbert and Sullivan's charming little operetta "Trial by Jury," reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. C. Williamson. The manner in which the choruses were rendered showed that the young vocal artists were in no way inferior to the more classic dramatists of the "Julius Caesar." The rich voice of the young Usher (Master Perraud) rang out clearly through the large hall, and was greatly admired by all. Tyson Doneley, as Learned Judge, filled the Bench with becoming dignity; while Gerald Allen's acting as Counsel for Plaintiff attracted considerable attention.



"IOLANTHE."

The grand performance of "The Grand Duke" in 1908 marks perhaps the highest achievement of Mr. Walsh as an entrepreneur. From the Melbourne "Punch," of July 3rd, 1908, we have the following account:

"The beautiful grounds of "Riverview" presented a fascinating spectacle on the night of the 15th June. The steamer Lady Carrington landed from five hundred to six hundred visitors at the college wharf, including the Lady Mayoress and Brigadier-General Gordon. The long line of dark-robed men and gaily-dressed ladies as they wended their way beneath interlacing foliage and beetling rocks, amid the eerie twinkling of Chinese lanterns, was a pretty sight indeed. The college concerts have attained quite a reputation, such is the skill and perfection with which the "Riverview" boys have produced Gilbert and Sullivan's operas for the past five years,

under the extremely clever conductorship of Mr. T. A. Walsh, S.J.. On the night's programme the "Grand Duke" (Gilbert and Sullivan) was the piece de resistance. It was the first time it had been staged under Southern skies, and the hopes and anticipations of anxious matrons ran high, burning to see how their darlings would figure in the grand ducal palace. The curtain went up amid an outburst of applause. In the centre was a wedding-cake, the sight of which would have shattered out of recognition the single purposes of the most inveterate bachelor in favour of a dual existence. At dainty tables to right and left were the pretty little maidens —counterfeit, of course—of Dummkopf's company, sipping their chablis and chattering like Parisian belles at an open-air restaurant. The acting of Arthur M. Nichols (Grand Duke of Pfennig-Halbpfennig) was of a very high standard. Gladstone Ward (the leading comedian) and Stan. A. M'Donnell (Dr. Tannhauser, a notary) were at times brilliant, and evoked unstinted applause.

"Berlin on the Spree," sung and acted by Frank McArdle (the Baroness von Krackenfeldt, a wealthy spinister), was inimitable. The charms of the Baroness were a thing of the past; yet she showed a little of her quondam baronial vivacity in the irresistible comicality of her acting, and the pneumatic sprightliness with which she tripped on the fantastic toe and waltzed round the stage, linked arm in arm with the leading comedian. The performance was a capital one, and the enthusiasm which prevailed, and the bursts of approbation that greeted the clever actors and carefully-trained voices of the chorus, furnished a handsome send-off to Mr. Walsh, S.J., who leaves for Melbourne in a few days, prior to a protracted sojourn in Europe. Brigadier-General Gordon, in a brief address spoke in enthusiastic terms of the feats of the boys on land, water and stage. The Lady Mayoress handed over the prizes."



FOURTH DECADE

1910 - 1920

INTERNATIONAL SEISMOLOGICAL CONGRESS,
MANCHESTER, AUGUST, 1911.



A GROUP (ON EXCURSION) OF SOME OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED SEISMOLOGISTS IN THE WORLD.

Front row, from left to right:—

* **Dr. G. W. Walker,** M.A., Superintendent Eskdalemuir Observatory, Dumfriesshire.
Dr. Otto Klotz, Director of Seismological Department, Ottawa Observatory.
Prince Galitzin, St. Petersburg: Director-General of Russian Seismological Service. President-elect of International Seismological Association.
* **Dr. W. N. Shaw,** F.R.S., Director Meteorological Office, London.
***Professor Oscar Hecker,** Director of Central Bureau (Strassburg) of International Seismological Association: Director of Imperial Seismological Observatory, Strassburg.
* **Professor E. Wiechert,** Director Geophysical Institute, Gottingen. (The present Riverview seismographs, Nos. 1 and 2, are of his design.)
Professor H. F. Reid, Baltimore, U.S.A.
* **Professor R. von Kovesligethy,** Director Seismological Observatory, Buda-Pest; Secretary International Seismological Association.
* **Professor Palazzo,** Rome: Head of Italian Seismological Service.

Rear row, from left to right:—

Mr. R. D. Oldham, London.
Professor Knott, Edinburgh.
* **Dr. A. Angot,** Paris: Director-General of French Meteorological and Seismological Service.
* **Sir George Darwin,** F.R.S., Cambridge.
* **Professor Oddone,** Rome.
* **Professor Zeissig,** Director Seismological Observatory, Jugenheim.
Professor A. Schmidt, Stuttgart.
Professor Omori, Tokio: Director-General of Japanese Seismological Service.
Professor Haussmann, Director Seismological Observatory, Aix-la- Chapelle.
Dr. L. Mintrop, Director Seismological Observatory, Bochum, Westphalia.

Seated on the grass:—Mrs. Shaw.
* **Mrs. and Master Walker.**

* NOTE.—In the course of his tour in Europe, Father Pigot had the honour of making the acquaintance of those who are indicated by an asterisk, and he feels deeply grateful for all the kind courtesy and attention shown to him by them.

Earthquakes

1910.

Dealing with earthquakes is a dangerous task for our editorial pen. 'Tis said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Our learned scientist is the angel here, and we the juvenile editors are the fools, and we are rushing into print. Our ignorance of the science of earthquakes is extreme. We have not yet learned to distinguish between the undulatory, the subsultory, and the vorticose shocks of a tectonic quake. We cannot fix the position of a quake's epicentre, nor tell the depth of its seismic focus, nor trace the azimuths of its wave path. Nor have we any reason to hope that even a prolonged study of overturned monuments and prostrate pillars would enable us to discern whether the microseismal area had been visited by one earthquake or by twins.

We do know a little about waves, and these are closely related to earthquakes. There are waves in the air—wild waves at times, and again mysterious waves—which waft to the wireless operator the message from afar. There are waves in water. We have known that since the day when we threw our first stone into a duck pond. There are waves in the earth. Earth-waves, which we cannot see or hear or feel, but whose silent passing along the earth's surface by day or by night is so faithfully recorded by the restless pointers of our delicate seismographs.

Earth-waves are sometimes visible to the naked eye in the immediate neighbourhood of a devastated district, within what scientists would call the meizoseismal area. At Charleston, in South Carolina, during the destructive earthquake of August, 1886, many persons saw the earth-waves moving along the surface of the ground. One observer says:—"The progress of the earth-waves as they passed our house going towards the south-east, was plainly observed though they travelled along with incomparable swiftness. The shadow of earth becoming ridge, cast from the gas-light, was distinctly seen. The waves were not in long rollers, but had rather the appearance of ground swells in deep water."

Another observer says: "The vibrations increased rapidly, and the ground began to undulate like the sea. The street was well lighted, having three gas lamps within 200ft., and I could see the earth-waves as they passed as distinctly as I have a thousand times seen the sea-waves roll along Sullivan's Beach. The waves seemed to come from the south-east and the north-west, and crossed the street diagonally, intersecting each other, and lifting me up and letting me down as if I were standing on a choppy sea. I could see perfectly, and made careful observations, and I estimate that the waves were at least two feet in height." We must offer our editorial congratulations to that South Carolina observer on his careful observations at a time when the state of his own equilibrium and the equilibrium of the surrounding houses must have caused him some anxiety.

These earth-waves are what scientists would call the undulatory shocks of a tectonic quake. The fact that they were visible to the naked

eye shows that the observer was not very far from the epicentre, namely, that point on the surface of the earth beneath which at a distance of some miles a big disturbance has occurred. The spot in the interior of the earth where the disturbance occurred is called the seismic focus. At Charleston the depth of the seismic focus was eight miles. What was the nature of that disturbance? It may have been a big fault, a sort of gigantic internal landslide, or a big explosion. Who can tell? 'Tis a question about which the angels of science and the fool of an editor are equally ignorant. Whatever the nature of the seismic focus may be, it causes the surrounding earth particles to vibrate vigorously, and sets in motion a series of earth-waves which travel through the earth and along its surface at great speed. Possessing near their origin sufficient energy to reduce a city to a heap of ruins, as they travel they lose their energy but not their speed in proportion to the square of the distance travelled. Coming to Riverview from a distance of thousands of miles they are no longer perceptible to sight or sense but they cannot escape our delicate instruments which pick them up one by one as they arrive, and compel them to write their zig-zag record (seismogram) on smoked paper.

From a glance at such a record it is a difficult operation to calculate exactly the epicentre of the earthquake, the distant point somewhere on the surface of the globe beneath which the big disturbance has occurred. A wireless operator must have a similar difficulty in determining the origin of some stray messages which reaches him across the seas. It would be easy enough if the sender gave his address, but that is what an earthquake rarely does. Two things, then, have to be calculated. The distance and the direction of the epicentre. We have had an instance at Riverview of the accuracy with which both can be obtained.

The following extract is from the "Sydney Morning Herald," of April 30th:—"An exceedingly delicate seismograph was lately installed at Riverview by the Rev. Father Pigot, whose enterprise has been rewarded by a very striking earthquake record obtained on Tuesday night. The instrument is evidently working excellently, for the graphs were remarkably fine. The double amplitude of the waves of the principal phase attains on the record nearly five and a half inches, while the waves had a period varying from nine to thirteen seconds. Father Pigot says the disturbance of the seismograph lasted about two hours, and points to a very severe shock, probably with a submarine centre at a distance of 2400 miles from Riverview in the neighbourhood of North West New Guinea." Father Pigot's calculation was destined to receive a striking verification. A hundred miles to the north of New Guinea there is a lonely island. Its name is Mapia. Mr. A. E. C. Lyall is the only white inhabitant. He has written to Father Pigot as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—By the last mail, which arrived here on July 4, I received my copies of the 'Sydney Mail' for April and the early part of May, and was interested to read a paragraph with reference to the seismograph record obtained by you of an earthquake, which you presumed to have occurred in the neighbourhood of New Guinea. It is probable that you may have received information with regard to this, but if not it may interest you to learn the following: On the night of Tuesday, April 27, I was sitting in

my house here, reading. The night was dark, the atmosphere close, and not a breath of wind stirring. Suddenly at 9.45 the walls of the house began to creak ominously, as if they were being forced inwards; and thinking the natives were up to some mischief (there is no other white man on Mapia) I went around the verandah, but all was still and silent. Just then the house commenced to rock and sway, and I at once realised that an earthquake was the cause. The severe shock lasted for only 40 seconds, and as the house is built entirely of wood, little damage was done. The natives were much alarmed. I found on making inquiries the following day that the natives at the north end of the island had felt nothing. As my house is at the extreme south, it is evident that your surmise as to the earthquake having had a submarine centre is correct.—Yours faithfully,

A. E. C. LYALL."

* * *

Commenting on this, the "Sydney Mail" adds:—"It is interesting to add that Father Pigot is in receipt of reports from seismographic stations at Zi-ka-Wei (Shanghai), Manila, and Samoa that confirm his report and conclusions of April 27. When allowance is made for the differences in the time at these widely-separated stations, and for standard as against local time, the result is highly satisfactory and interesting to the scientific mind. In a report from Zi-ka-Wei we note that the Director agreed with Father Pigot, of Riverview, as to the centre of the disturbance, and Mr. Lyall's letter now comes as confirmation. It is in this way that science locates the "weak" spots in the beds of the ocean; indeed, it is not too much to say that the beds of the Atlantic and the Pacific are becoming as well known to science as the everlasting hills and valleys to the average man."

THE NEW "MAINKA."

A new Seismometer, or rather pair of Seismometers, was installed last July. The late addition to the equipment is designed by Dr. Mainka, of Strasburg, and is the most recent form of the Seismograph, known as the "Strasburg heavy Pendulum" (Tromometer) of 100 Kilograms, which itself, as improved by Bosch and Heckler, originated practically in Omori's (Japanese) Horizontal Pendulum. The new instrument is specially designed to support the largely increased "steady mass" of nearly 500 Kilograms, and embodies several of the most recent improvements in the recording apparatus, time-marking, "damping," &c. It has already in several earthquakes justified the high opinion of its behaviour held in Europe, and will be of great value in supplementing the records of its big neighbour "No. 1" (the Wiechert 1000 Kilogram Pendulum), which it is pressing hard for first place.

In the list of magnetic and seismologic observations, published by the Royal observatory of Belgium, mention is made of this instrument at Riverview.

(O.A.M. 1910).

Australian Catholic Congress

On Tuesday, September 28th, the Session of Science and Education was held at Riverview College. It met at 3.15 p.m., under the presidency of the Honourable John Hughes, K.C.S.G., M.L.C., Vice-President of the Executive Council of New South Wales. The Archbishops of Wellington and Hobart, the Coadjutor-Archbishop of Sydney, the Bishops of Wilcannia, Bathurst, Auckland, Port Augusta, and Goulburn were present, with some 350 members.

The Very Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J., Rector of the College, read a Latin address to the members of Congress.

Professor David, M.A., F.R.S., of the Chair of Geology in the University of Sydney, read his paper on the "Science of Scenery."

His Grace Archbishop Kelly, in replying to the address, thanked the Jesuit Fathers for their hospitality, and he wished that their Institution may flourish, and that their seismograph may contine in the van of Australasian observations, and he expressed indebtedness to Professor David for his splendid paper. The present occasion was the first time since Professor David's return from the Southern regions that his Grace had the opportunity of congratulating him on his safe return, and on his pluck, enterprise, and manliness. (Applause.) He wished Professor David long life and happy years of usefulness, not only to the University which he adorned, but to Australia. (Cheers.)

The Rev. E. Pigot, S.J., read his "Notes on Australasian Seismology."

The Archbishop of Wellington said that the earthquakes affecting that city had been found to have their origin in Cook's Straits, more than 100 miles out. In the erection of the new Cathedral in Wellington, it was intended to use ferro-concrete. He wished to compliment the Fathers of St. Ignatius' College upon the fine Seismograph they possessed and the accurate observations made with it.

"The Attitude of the Church Towards Natural Science," a paper written by the Rev. A. L. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S., of Stonyhurst, England, was read by the Rev. C. Delaney, S.J.

"Notes on the Progress of Modern Astronomy, with special reference to conspicuous contributions by the Catholic Priesthood," by Signor P. Baracchi, Government Astronomer of Victoria, was read in abstract by Doctor A. L. Kenny.

A very instructive paper and most interesting to those engaged in Classical Education was also read. It is the work of Rev. Martindale, S.J., of Oxford.

—1910.

Our New Rector

On January 1st, 1912, Fr. Gartlan vacated the office of Rector, and Fr. Patrick Keating became Rector of Riverview.

Feb. 22.—Rules read. At the conclusion Father Rector addressed a few words to the boys, pointing out that the Rules were really framed for the boys' comfort and welfare, and not, as same imagined, merely to curtail their freedom. Wherever a number of persons assembled together for any purpose, business or pleasure, they had straight away to form Rules which all would be bound to observe. Any man who went against what was generally received as the correct way of acting would be considered as decidedly singular, and would be soon called to order. Now if grown-up people required Rules, boys required them much more. The Rules they had just heard read really came to this: that the boys coming to the College must behave themselves as Christian gentlemen. Where there were a large number of boys there would always be some who, through want of early training, or because of their previous surroundings, would not be up to the standard of the rest. For these in particular the written Rules would be helpful. The other boys knew their contents intuitively. He was aware that in Colleges "more evil (if he could use the word in speaking of the ordinary faults of school boys) was wrought by want of thought than ever by evil intent," and so he intended to visit them from time to time to submit little matters to their consideration. He believed that the Australian school boy was particularly amenable to reason.

Boys were liable to forget what they had been sent to College for. It was his duty to remind them, and he intended to do so by fairly frequent little chats. He was not new to Riverview. He understood the Riverview boy well, and recognised great qualities in him. Still the boys need not think they had reached perfection yet. In the little changes he intended to make he would like the boys to feel that he was acting in their interests. They could always look upon him as their friend, and whenever any of them had anything to say, either against himself or against the general management of the College, let him come down to the office and discuss the matter.

1912.

April 10.—The boy Prefects, J. Bryant, J. McKay, B. Monie, and J. Kennedy, have begun duty. They are a manly set of fellows, and are sure to prove worthy of the honour conferred on them. Two others will be appointed later.

The introduction of the boy perfecting system into Riverview is an important event in the history of the College. By this system the boys get more of the government of the House in their own hands. Self-government is particularly dear to young Australians. The Prefects them-

selves benefit by their office. Not to speak of the various privileges attached to their office, the comparatively light responsibility which they undertake prepares them gradually for the greater responsibility they will be called upon to undertake after they have left the walls of Riverview behind them.

August 1.—Congratulations to Clive Wilkinson (Captain of the House) and Jack Kain on being appointed boy Prefects. There are six Prefects in the House now.

Early Riverview

(By Father KEATING—1912).

"I made my first acquaintance with Riverview in the year 1883, in the month of September. I was staying at St. Kilda House, Woolloomooloo, for a few days after my landing, and went to pay a visit to the College.

"The steamers used then to take it in turn about to call one trip at the College wharf and the next at the opposite side. A year or so later the channel got so shallow on that side that the boats could no longer call there, and ran only on the College side. I did not know how to get across the river, so I went to where Mr. McBride now lives, thinking that it was the Rev. Mr. Bailey's house, and that he would put me across. In this I was mistaken, as it happened that Mr. Bailey did not live there, but in the next house. A servant maid told me to go to the wharf and 'cooee,' and that the College would send over a boat for me. I guessed from the sound what 'cooee' meant, and I cooeed as best I could, till Father Morrough recognised my voice, and sent over the punt for me. I crossed over in the punt to the College wharf, which then consisted of a sort of bathing house, with a boat strung up at the end of it. Besides that there was a boatshed to the right of the landing, where the College had its one four-oar gig, and where Mr. Clarke kept his wager boat. On the other side of the wharf was a shed under which reposed the 'College boat' and the 'punt.' The 'punt' was used for sending and receiving telegrams, etc. Dick Hogan, generally known as 'Dick,' used to go across the river whenever Mr. Bailey sounded the horn. The telegrams came to Hunter's Hill Post Office for the College. From there they were sent down to Mr. Bailey's house, and Mr. Bailey or his daughter blew a horn. They blew and blew till an answer was given on a similar instrument from the College to signify that the signal was heard, and that Dick would be sent over. It happened not infrequently in those days that a telegram spent a day or more at Mr. Bailey's before crossing the river. The College boat served for all purposes, especially for the servants who wanted to cross the river in the evening.

"Having landed, I went up to the College and met the Community, which then consisted of Father Dalton, Father Ryan, Father Gartlan, Father Power, Mr. Flynn, and Mr. Keogh. The College itself consisted of

the Cottage, the Linen Room and Women's Quarters, the wooden building known as the Boys' Refectory, and the other wooden building consisting of the Study Hall, the 'Blue' Dormitory, so called from its prevalent colour, the chapel, and the class and play rooms combined. There was also the brick building, which was then given up to four dormitories, with a lavatory at the back. A band house stood out by itself in the middle of the playground. These were the College buildings. The servant men slept down at the farm house.

"The Community Refectory was very small and dark. There was a door leading into a sort of lean-to at the foot of the stairs in the cottage, which was occupied by Mr. Flynn (R.I.P.), and which had been in still earlier times the study hall. It was about twelve feet long by eight wide, and was full of white ants. Father O'Connell lived in the 'Crystal Palace,' a contrivance fitted up as a room on what had been a verandah. The temperature there on a summer morning used to go to 140 or more. In the night it was cold enough, and I don't think Father O'Connell's health was ever the better for his stay in that place. Father Ryan occupied a room inside upstairs. This became my domicile for my eleven years in Australia. It was a fine room, cold in winter and hot in summer—still not too bad, and infinitely better than the Crystal Palace. The Palace was afterwards my lumber room, and the receptacle of all the odds and ends of the house. Father Gartlan lived in the lean-to at the end of the study. Mr. Keogh lived in the brick building, and Father Dalton, Father Morrogh, and Father Power occupied rooms in the Cottage."

Father Pigot's Return

1912.

On April 11th, the Community and boys went down to the College Wharf to welcome Father Pigot, S.J., back to Riverview, after his extended tour through Europe. He had been absent about seven months, and during that time visited most of the leading seismological observatories on the Continent and in the British Isles. He had purposed visiting also some other observatories in the United States, Canada, and Japan, on his return journey to Sydney; but a severe attack of pleurisy in Italy, during the trying mid-winter season, obliged him to hasten back to the warm Australian climate, without even being able to accept the kind invitation of Prince Galitzin to spend a few days as his guest at St. Petersburg. All have heard of Father Pigot's application to the Foreign Office, London (on hearing accidentally, a day or two before, of the existence of a Russian law prohibiting members of the Jesuit Order from entering Russia) to obtain from the Russian Government the necessary permission, in view of a short visit to Prince Galitzin's Seismological Observatory at Pulkovo. The request of the Foreign Office was refused, as everyone knows, but apparently the sequel of the story is not so generally known.

It was during his stay at Potsdam (Berlin) that Father Pigot received the unfavourable reply from Westminister. He at once acquainted Prince Galitzin with the refusal, whereupon the distinguished seismologist made a strong representation, resulting in his Government immediately withdrawing the prohibition. His kind letter to Father Pigot acquainting him with the Russian Government's concession, and a formal communication to the same effect from the British Foreign Office, arrived during Father Pigot's convalescence, but a delay in Europe of three months would have been necessary to allow the severe winter in St. Petersburg to pass before he could, without risk of relapse, have availed himself of the concession and kind invitation.

Father Pigot has asked us to record his deep feeling of appreciation of the cordial greetings of the Community and boys, when they most kindly came down to welcome him at the wharf.

We give a photograph of Father Pigot, elsewhere, also a group of distinguished seismologists assembled together from various parts of the world, at Manchester, for the International Seismological Congress (1911).

(O.A.M.)

Death of Dr. Stephen Burke

1912.

It was with deep regret that we heard just as we had to go to press of the sad news of the death of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Burke. He died early on the morning of Thursday, 27th November, at the Lewisham Hospital, from collapse following on an operation.

The news came as a great shock to us, as only the evening before Father Rector was at the Hospital, and found Steve in his usual good spirits; he did not appear to be very seriously ill.

It is not many days since he acted as celebrant at the Requiem Mass for the deceased ex-students of the College. He was here also for St. Ignatius' Day.

Steve was one of the very "early" old boys. Mr. Chris Brennan, M.A., now Lecturer in Modern Languages at the Sydney University, was a contemporary of his. Both were among Father Keating's most brilliant pupils. After leaving Riverview Steve went to Rome for philosophy and theology, at the end of which—he was only 22—he took his D.D. degree. On coming back to Australia he was professor of philosophy at Manly. At the time of his death he was stationed at Lewisham.

Steve was one of the first editors of "Our Alma Mater"; he helped to bring out its first issue in 1886.—R.I.P.

Old Boys at the University

1913.

J. A. Fitz-Herbert and A. Gardner obtained their degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science respectively in April. The conferring of degrees this year took place earlier than usual, to enable the new graduates to vote at the Senate election.

At the final examinations A. Gardner obtained first class honours and first place (ex æq.) in Chemistry, and honors in Physics.

At the same examinations J. Fitz-Herbert obtained first place, with first class honours, in Greek and Latin; the University Medal for Classics, Frederick Lloyd Memorial Prize for Latin Verse; he obtained also first



JOHN A. FITZ-HERBERT.

place with first class honours in Mathematics, the University Medal and the Woolley Travelling Scholarship. He thus secured the much coveted "double first," a distinction that has not been obtained by any student for 25 years. On the recommendation of the Sydney University he was awarded an exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge.

We append a short account of the success of our distinguished student during his course at Riverview, and afterwards at the University up to the time of gaining the distinctions just recorded.

He came here in July, 1905, at the age of 13, having won a Dunne Scholarship at the Presentation Convent, Launceston. In June, 1907, he sat for the Junior Public Examination, and secured the prize for General Proficiency, as well as the Medals for First Place in Latin, Greek, Algebra, and Arithmetic. He took the full two and a half years for the Senior, and sat for that examination in November, 1909. He gained the West and Grahame Medals for General Proficiency, first place and medal in Greek, first place and medal in Algebra, first place and medal in Trigonometry, first place and medal in Physics II. He obtained 9 A's and a B in the ten subjects he could present for the Senior. He was then 17 years of age.

At the Matriculation Honours, November, 1909, he gained the Aitken Scholarship for General Proficiency, the Cooper Scholarship for Classics, the Barker and Horner Exhibition for Mathematics. After a brilliant school course, in which he was consistently first in Classics, Mathematics, and Literature, including the Kelly Memorial Competitions, he entered the Faculty of Arts at the University, and succeeded in his first year in getting first place in all the examinations in which he presented himself.

In Second Arts he secured the Cooper Scholarship No. 1 in Classics, and tied for the Barker Scholarship No. 1, and Norbert Quirk Prizes for Mathematics. He secured High Distinction in Latin II. and Mathematics II. This combination of excellence in Mathematics and Classics is rare. In the followng year, as already noted, he again excelled in both Mathematics and Classics.

A. R. Gardner, likewise, was very successful in his examinations while at the College, and afterwards at the University.

In the Senior Examination, 1909, he obtained the medal for Physics II., and honours in Latin, English, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics, and Ancient History. In the Matriculation Honours he obtained honours in Latin, English and Mathematics. He won the College debate Gold Medal that year.

In 1910 he passed First Year Arts, and part of First Year Science. He won the Levey Scholarship in Physics and Chemistry. The following year he completed First Year Science, and passed Second Year Science. He won the Caird Scholarship, obtaining High Distinction, and first place in Chemistry II.; he also won the Deas-Thomson Scholarship, obtaining High Distinction, and first place in Physics II. This double distinction is noteworthy, and is rarely obtained.

In 1912 he passed his Third Year, and in March, 1913, graduated B.Sc. with the distinctions already mentioned.

He entered the Faculty of Medicine, and passed the Second Year Examinations in August.

Regatta Concert

1913.

On the night of June 13th, we trooped into the hall, and it was pleasant and encouraging to notice that quite a goodly gathering had risked the elements in order to witness Riverview's tribute to Shakespeare in this his third centenary. That the night's entertainment was worth the risk, we think, none of our audience had the least doubt, for they were treated to a really first-class concert in addition to the splendidly acted and beautifully staged scenes from "The Tempest."

For the pleasure afforded by this double-barrelled bill of fare, Riverview is indebted once more to Father Thomas A. Walsh—"clarum et venerabile nomen!" It is he who once again has charge of our plays, and who, we hope, will continue to hold that office for many years to come.

The items in Part I. were all excellently rendered; and the whole concert was characterised by a pleasing variety and artistic finish. Mr. Percy Hereford was in excellent voice. Herr Hage gave an exquisitely delicate rendering of Drdla's "Serenade."

Mr. Dawkins showed himself a true artist and captivated the house by his masterly playing of Moskowski's "Valse Brilliante," while the orchestral pieces were very much appreciated, notably the "Barcarolle" and the Overture by Tobani.

Then the little bell rang, and the curtain rose on the Island of Prospero; and we looked out from it, through two cave-like openings, on the restless sea, that sparkled out there, full in the moon-light. Anon there glided in from each side the fairies, with wands and wings and filmy raiment; and they swayed and rocked in time to the waves—evidently brewing a tempest (or raising the wind?). Then the Spirit of The Storm flashed across the stage and back again, and then the ship came on, leaping and plunging, until with a kind of little shiver, she began to settle down by the head and foundered before our gaze.

It was a happy inspiration to have selected this scene, in order to bring to the minds of the audience a setting of Shakespeare's graceful play. For surely through all The Tempest's lines there sounds the mighty music of the heart-beat of the sea, and the air is all a-glimmer with the flash of fairy wings, and we feel that anything might happen here, and that human beings must needs submit to the magic powers that are on the isle.

The acting in the scene that followed was of a very high order, and the stage effects, the lights, the grouping and the rest, showed the marvellous skill and taste possessed by our impressario.

Roger Barry was, of course, the star of the evening. From the very first, when with a flutter of wings and flash of silver-spangled robes he entered, and made that profound curtsey to Prospero, he held the house entranced by such a grace of action, such perfect elocution, and such a subtle interpretation of Ariel's part, that it would have been marvellous had we not learnt by now to expect such things of Roger. He never

once faltered. Perhaps the keynote of his acting may be said to have been a graceful restlessness. At one time this was seen in the chafing against any bonds of the Spirit that should have been free as air. At another it found expression in the tricksy sprite's pert eagerness for mischief which Roger expressed so beautifully by the really elfish note he put into the question: "What will I do? What will I do? What will I do?" And thus all through the piece tripped, and swayed, and fluttered this Ariel, in whom the spirit of child and of fairy blended so strangely, and who held us all spell-bound with the graceful circlings of his fairy wand.

Among the other characters, William Massey was easily the best, and made a first-rate Caliban. Like Frankenstein's monster, he felt his knowledge of language a curse and used it accordingly. Perhaps he would have been a pathetic figure, hungering for human love, with memories of a time when he got water from his master "with berries in it." But any pity was choked at birth by the sudden growling and clawing of a creature suffering what a dumb animal deserves and receives. And so we viewed his caperings with mingled feelings of curiosity and amusement.

Doughty Arnold made an imposing Prospero. He was perhaps a little stiff and stilted at first, but in the parts with Ariel and Caliban he acted well. Miranda (Jerome Allan) looked very well and was evidently much captivated by the gallant appearance of Ferdinand (Luke McAlary). The fairies did their dancing very gracefully, Elwyn Campbell surprising all by his lightness of foot. And the bears shuffled about true to life.

Of course it was only a sample of "The Tempest," but acted so very well that we hungered for more. We should have liked especially to have seen Roger Barry's interpretation of Ariel's part as a whole. We have only to add that the scenes gained much additional charm from the sympathetic accompaniment of Mr. Dawkins.

His Excellency the Admiral, Sir George King-Hall, was present, and at the conclusion of the programme kindly distributed the prizes won at the Regatta. The Admiral was accompanied by Lady King-Hall and her daughter. Father John Ryan, S.J. (the Superior of the Jesuits in Australia) was also present, as also were Father Sydes, S.J., Father Carroll, S.J., and Mr. A. W. M. d'Apice, LL.B. (President of the Old Boys' Union).

General Notes

On Sunday, 8th February, the officials of the Old Boys' Union were entertained at dinner at the College, to meet Mr. W. Redmond, M.P.

Needless to say, we felt honoured by the presence of one whose hair has grown grey in what Father Rector designated in his speech as "the most just and most glorious constitutional struggle of any country at any time." And Riverview's sympathy towards that country must have been well known to Mr. Redmond. There was hardly need to remind him of it; but the rounds of applause that greeted any mention of Home Rule

were sincere and enthusiastic. In fact, the company's attitude towards the question is best summed up in the remark of one speaker that he had never yet "struck" a Riverview boy who was not in sympathy with Home Rule, and Father Gartlan's quick rejoinder, "But if you had met him, you would have struck him!"

Mr. Redmond said that as an old Jesuit boy, he felt much at home at gatherings of old Jesuit boys in whatever part of the world he happened to be. Then, in language as sincere as it was beautiful, he testified his loyalty to the Order, and stated emphatically that he and his brother made no secret of acknowledging that whatever good they had done in their private lives or their public careers was due to the kindness and training of the Jesuit Fathers. He complimented the Union on its success, and referred to the grand chain of Jesuit Colleges which he had seen in his travels, and which stretched from Eastern Europe right across to America, and on through that continent, and so round the whole world, each with its Old Boys' Union, so productive of good to the members and to Christianity. Finally, he gladly acknowledged that Riverview was second to none in the enthusiasm and devotedness of her sons. His speech was a lesson to us all that loyalty to the old school goes hand in hand with genuine patriotism.



AFTER THE REGATTA.

The Late Father Keating, S.J.

On Thursday, 22nd May, 1913, Father Patrick Keating passed away. We append the following appreciation from the pages of the "Alma Mater," and some Greek verses of appreciation, written by an old pupil.

In setting out to write this little sketch of Father Keating, we are fortunate in having his autobiography at hand. It was begun at Xavier College, Kew, Melbourne, during his rectorship of that College, on a piece of notepaper, and on the last sheet we find the last entry, recording his entrance into office as Rector of Riverview, in January, 1912. A feeling that it was perhaps too intimate to expose to the gaze of all who may read has prevented its inclusion; its substance is our guide in what will follow. Father Keating often used to say, in his characteristic way, that one should leave one's things in order and not cause people unnecessary trouble, even at the end; and we have no doubt that it was sheer good nature that urged him to leave us his life in miniature.

Father Patrick Keating was born at Tipperary, in Ireland, on the 17th March, 1846, of an excellent Catholic family which had the distinction of giving three of its members to the service of God, in religion. His elder brother Thomas, like himself, became a Jesuit; a sister is a Sacred Heart nun in America. In 1850, a little boy of four years old, he went to America with his parents, to live at Elgin, Kane Co., Illinois. His first education was obtained at a private school at Elgin; in 1861 he was sent by his parents to the Jesuit College, at Clongowes Wood, Co. Kildare, Ireland. After four years at Clongowes, in 1865, being then nineteen years of age, he entered the Irish Jesuit novitiate, taking his vows two years later, in 1867. He spent the next two years studying rhetoric at St. Acheul, Amiens, and in 1868 went to Rome to study philosophy at the Roman College. He was Papal Infallibility was declared, and in the same year, 1870, the Italian army entered Rome through the breach in the Porta Pia, after the famous siege.

It must have been a stirring time! We have heard Father Keating describe the walks the philosophers would take in the city during the siege. There was one poor fellow who had both legs blown off by a shell. Father Keating and his companions took pity on him, and told him he should resign himself to the misfortune God had sent him. "But how can I?" he cried, "what can I do without legs?" Then they carried him to his home. There must have been many such scenes, and one can easily imagine the charitable "Mr." Keating of those days, often rendering such assistance.

The Roman College was appropriated by the government—it is still in use as a caserna, or military barracks—and the philosophers moved to Maria-Laach, in Rhein Preussen. Here Father Keating completed his third year of philosophy. During his stay at Maria-Laach the Franco-Prussian War was going on, and we have been told some interesting stories of the community at the German house, where Frenchmen and German would fraternise, forgetting or trying to forget national animosities, while their compatriots were killing each other almost within view of the College. In

1871 he returned to Ireland to act as Prefect of the Lower Line at St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore, and to teach the classes of rhetoric and and poetry till 1877. In this year he went to study theology at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol. After two years at Innsbruck, he was sent to complete his theology course at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, and here he was ordained, in 1880, on September 21st. He next returned to Clongowes and taught for a year, going to his tertianship in 1882.

During most of his "third year," he acted as Socius to the Master of Novices in Milltown Park, Dublin. He spent the last three months of the year of the tertianship at Hadzor House, near Worcester.

In 1883 he came to Australia with Fathers Sturzo and Edward Murphy, and taught at Riverview for seven years. In 1889 he was appointed Rector of Riverview, and in 1890 Superior of the Australian Mission. In 1899 he was recalled to Ireland to act as Provincial of the Irish Province. In 1901 he returned to Australia as Rector of Xavier College, Kew, Melbourne. In 1908 he took charge of St. Francis Xavier's Parish, Lavender Bay, North Sydney. In 1912 he succeeded Father Gartlan as Rector of Riverview, entering on his office early in January. During this, his second rectorship of Riverview, he again won the respect of all. The boys thought him a little strict at first, but his sterling character soon won their admiration and affection. We who lived intimately with him then had an opportunity of noticing more closely his salient characteristics. There was a great spirit of exactness and neatness; a kindness extended to all; a strong sense of duty; a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and a great desire to beautify and adorn the chapel, and all connected directly with it. There was renovation and improvement in many quarters, but the chapel got most of it, and nothing seemed too good for God's own house. Under his orders, Brother Girschik made a fine cedar vesting press for the Sacristy, and we know that it was his intention to complete the Chapel furnishing before all else. We were hoping to have him with us for many years when God saw fit to take him to Himself, after a little more than a year of office.

On Monday, May 20th, he took the mid-day meal with the Community, and chatted after dinner in his usual cheerful way. During the afternoon he told Father Pigot that he felt unwell, and he was advised to rest himself. In the evening his illness took a serious turn, and next morning we were grieved to hear that he was very ill. He had developed a cerebral hemorrhage, and the doctors said that the only chance of recovery lay in his immediate removal to the hospital, and constant skilled attention.

He showed the greatest resignation and sweetness throughout. He often used to say, when in health, that he would be ready to go "on the last journey" at any moment, and this was literally true of him. When Father Corcoran went to his room early on the Tuesday morning, he said, quietly, "Well, Father Minister, I will be going home before you, after all. I believe I am going now." Father Corcoran was on the eve of his departure for Ireland, his home-land, and the remark was characteristically supernatural.

He was taken to Lewisham Hospital that morning, and edified all by his patience, even joyfulness, at the call of God. When he was brought to his room in the hospital, he looked round quietly and smiled, and said, "Every-

thing is so nice and neat; so it's here it is to be." When told by the Sister that he might die, he said, "Yes, but I received the last sacraments two days ago, and am ready." He passed away gently and unobtrusively—his death was like his life—in complete peace and resignation, early in the morning of Thursday, the 22nd May. He really was "going home," and why should he be sad?

On Friday evening the remains were brought to the College, where an escort was waiting at the avenue gates to welcome all that was left of one whose death had made a void in the hearts of many in Rivervew. The Rosary was recited by all, and when the Chapel was reached we said the Vespers for the Dead, and then during the evening many a boy, and many a master, would say a prayer for the soul of their dear Rector. Next morning we sang a short Requiem Mass, and then the remains were conveyed to St. Mary's, Ridge Street, North Sydney. Here an immense concourse of members of the clergy and laity had assembled to take part in the Solemn Office for the Dead and Requiem. His Grace the Archbishop presided. Very Revs. T. O'Reilly, P.P., V.F., and J. P. Moynagh, P.P., V.F., acted as deacons at the Archbishop's throne The chanters at the office were Revs. L. Chatelet, S.M., and T. Hayden, D.D. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. Corish, S.J., the deacon being Rev. J. Healy, S.J., and the subdeacon Rev. Father Ignatius, C.P. (an old Stonyhurst boy). Among the clergy present were Right Rev. Monsignor O'Haran, D.D., P.A., Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien, D.D., Right Rev. Monsignor Coonan, P.P., V.G., and Venerable Archpriest Collins, P.P., Very Rev. P. B. Kennedy, O.F.M., Revs. H. E. Clarke, O.F.M., R Piper, O.FM., F. S. McNamara, O.F.M., M. P. Kelly, O.F.M., Very Rev. P. Treand, M.S.H., Revs. E. McGrath, M.S.H., F. Laurent, S.M., Ginsbach, S.M., Very Rev. Father Francis, C.P., Revs. P. Tuomey, D.Ph., W. McNally, E. Brauer, P. Walsh, T. Barry, W. Barry, T. Phelan, P.P., J. Kelly, J. Roach, R. O'Regan, J. Rohan, R. J. O'Regan, R. Darby, P. Nulty, A. O'Farrell, M. Rohan, J. J. O'Driscoll, J. Whyte, P. Murphy.

Representing the Society of Jesus there were present the Community of Riverview College, also Fathers J. Colgan, J. Brennan, P. McCurtin, E. Sydes, J. Forster, R. O'Dempsey, R. J. Murphy, J. Cahill, T. Fay, T. Carroll. There weer also representatives of the Marist Brothers and Christian Brothers, De la Salle Brothers, Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Loreto Nuns and Sisters of St. Joseph. Many prominent members of the Catholic laity were present, including a large number of Riverview ex-students. One seemed to recognise old Riverview boys everywhere, and all ages were represented.

Among the laity present were the President of the Ex-Students' Union, Mr. A. W. M. d'Apice, B.A., LL.B., Hon. Thomas Hughes, M.L.C.; Messrs. T. J. Dalton, K.C.S.G., James Dalton, K.S.G. (Orange), T. MacMahon, C. Brennan, M.A., C. G. Hepburn, F. W. J. Donovan, T. J. McCarthy, P. J. Minahan, I. B. Norris, B.A., LL.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel Fallon; J. Lane Mullins, B. A. McBride, G. E. Flannery, BA., LL.B., P. J. O'Donnell,

G. B. Bryant, C. Moore, Roger Hughes, B.A., A. Deery, P. Moore, Bryan Veech, A. Moran, and very many others. All the great public schools were represented at the church or at the funeral, the Headmasters' Association being specially represented by the Rev. C. J. Prescott, M.A. (Newington College), Brother Borgia (St. Joseph's College), and Mr. Lucas (Sydney Grammar School).

After the last Gospel His Grace the Archbishop delivered a touching panegyric based on the text from St. Luke, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching." His Grace referred to the shock which such a sudden death must give to all, and to the temper of consolation to be found in our Holy Faith, and the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, by which we believed that we could help our suffering departed friends by our suffrages to God, that their purging pains might be shortened, and they might soon enter into the life of bliss, a life which Father Keating had richly deserved, we might hope with assurance, by his many good deeds. We should all be ready like him, at the call of our Maker, to render an account of our stewardship. After His Grace the Archbishop had pronounced the last absolutions, the funeral procession proceeded to Gore Hill Cemetery. The cortege was headed by a detachment of cadets from St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, St. Aloysius' College, North Sydney, The Sydney Grammar School, and the Church of England Grammar School. The cadets from Riverview College formed the immediate guard of honour to the hearse, and the detachment marched with reversed arms, while muffled side-drums rolled a plaintive accompaniment to the marching. Major J. Lee Pulling, of the Church of England Grammar School, was in command of the military escort, and was assisted by Lieutenant Murphy, of St. Aloysius' College Corps, and Lieutenant Loughnan, of Riverview, while Staff-Sergeant Major Harvey represented the Fifth Brigade.

The cortege was a very long and representative one, many who had attended the long church service walking in the funeral procession to the graveside, as a last tribute of respect.

At the graveside the Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., performed the burial service, at the termination of which the Riverview choir chanted the "Benedictus." The guard of honour saluted our departed Rector by presenting arms, and then rested on reversed arms, while the bugler of St. Joseph's College Corps sounded the "Last Post."

ἦ φίλος ἀνήρ, φίλος ὄχθος· φίλος μὲν ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν
φίλα γὰρ κέκευθεν ἤθη. φίλος δὲ θανὼν ἔτ' ἔσται.

PIAE MEMORIAE

PRAECEPTORIS DILECTISSIMI

R.P. PATR. KEATING S.I.

DISCIPVLVS MAERENS

C·B

Εἴ τιν' ἐπιχθονίων χρῆν μὲν τραφέντ' ἐν
παντοδαπαῖς ἀρεταῖς
Μοισᾶν θ' ἁπαλαῖς βοτάναις ἐσλοῖς ὕπο
τερπναῖ νεότατος ἐν ὥραι προσπελα-
σθέντ' ἀγλαΐαις ἀταλαῖς
ὕμνων χάριν σπένδειν γλυκεῖαν μὴ κακὰν
τιμὰν ἐπ' ἀποιχομένοις εὐεργέταις
ἀμφαδὸν δείξαντ' ἀφ' οἵων ἐξέβλαστεν·

τῶι καὶ ἐγὼ σέ, πάτερ, ψυχᾶι τὸ θεῖόν
μοι καταθέντα ποτέ
θρηνεῖν ἐθέλων ὑπὲρ ὥραν αἴρομαι
μὴ δὴ δακρύων ἔτι λοιβὰν προφρόνως
αἶνον δὲ ταφαῖς ἐρατὸν
κρατῆρος ἀφνειᾶν ἀοιδᾶν ἐκχέαντ-
α ξυνὰ φιλοφροσυνᾶν εὐηράτων
τᾶν πάρος μναμεῖα θέσθαι καλλίνικα.

εὐσεβής, θαητὸν εἶδος
καὶ φρέν' ἀκοινοτέραν
ἤπιον τ' ἀρχῆς τρόπον ἄμμι πιφαύσκων
ἐξ ὁσίων ἠθέων,
οὐ θάνατος σὲ δαμᾶι·
μνήμην τε γὰρ ἐγκατέλειψας φιλτάταν
στήθεσιν ἠθέων,
ἔργοις δ' ἐνίκησας τ' ἀρεταῖς τε τεαῖς
τὸν βροτῶν πάγκοινον αἰπὺν δέκτορ' Ἄιδαν.

From the death of Fr. Keating on 22nd May, 1913, till the 15th August, Fr. John Corcoran was Acting-Rector of Riverview. On 15th August, 1913, Fr. Gartlan was appointed again as Rector of Riverview.

Welcome Back to Fr. Gartlan

At the function Mr. Coyle said an occasion like this could not be passed over without at least a little speech-making. He was delighted to be present at this home welcoming to Father Gartlan. He did not know what determined the Superiors of this great Order to make the appointments they did, but in sending Father Gartlan back they had done the right thing. It was thirty-one years since he first came to Riverview, and Father Gartlan was there then. Father Gartlan was well known and greatly esteemed in Sydney amongst men of all professions. They all knew the Rector's powers as a speech-maker. It seemed to him that all Sydney had heard of the speech Father Gartlan had made at a meeting of representatives of the leading schools just before he left for Melbourne. Reports of it had reached him from at least eight sources on one day. Men of all shades of religious thought and of varied walks of life had come to him personally to congratulate him on belonging to a school that possessed such a splendid Head. Not only those immediately connected with Riverview, but also great numbers of those connected with the great public schools, not of our Faith, rejoiced in the return of one who was considered the greatest headmaster the State had known. He knew that all present were impatient to hear Father Gartlan once more, so he would not delay in giving them the toast they were so anxious to honour.

Dinner to Apostolic Delegate

1915.

We borrow the account of the Reception from the "Freeman's Journal."

A function of historic importance in the annals of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, took place on Sunday, when his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and the members of the Old Boys' Union were entertained at



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL CERRETTI.

dinner by the Rector of the College, the Very Rev. Father Gartlan. His Excellency, who was motored over from North Sydney by Mr. Tom Dalton, was accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Ormond (private secretary).

The gathering was a happy one, and included a goodly sprinkling of "khaki-clad heroes," who were but representative of the hundred Old Boys who are doing their part for the Empire.

At the close of the excellent dinner a number of toasts were honoured, under the presidency of the Rector of the College. Others present besides his Excellency and Dr. Ormond were: J. Hughes, B.A., LL.B., President Old Boys' Union; T. J. Dalton, K.C.S.G.; G. Flannery, B.A., LL.B.; Professor C. Brennan, M.A.; Capt. W. d'Apice, B.A., LL.B., A.D.C.; Rev. W. Tucker, S.J.; W. Dalton, B. McEvoy, M.A.; G. Bryant, Rev. D. Nerney, S.J.; Dr. M. O'Gorman Hughes, E. Fitzgerald, Dr. J. McCarthy, P. O'Donnell, F. Donovan, Rev. J. Hassett, S.J., Myrton Allan, M. Ryan, N. Sharpe, C. Wilkinson, S. McDonnell, F. Du Boise, J. Kain, E. Hynes, J. H. McEvoy, B.A., I. O'Donnell, C. Leonard, Lance Kelly, Rev. E. Pigot, S.J., Rev. T. Fay, S.J., F. Gwynne, Dr. M. Veech, J. O'Donnell, W. McCarthy, J. Bryant, J. D'Apice, B.A., LL.B., J. T. McCarthy, Lieut. C. Gavan Duffy, B.A., LL.B, Rev. J. Corcoran, S.J., Lieut. F. Coen, B.A., LL.B., Dr. Oxenham, Ken. W. Young, R. Weaver, W. McDonnell, H. Richards, W. Bridge, Rev. M. Hanley, S.J., Rev. L. Loughnan, S.J., A. Moran, B. Hughes, A. Du Boise, P. Moore, A. McDonnell, T. Meehan, C. Pinnock, Dr. J. Hughes, F. Punch, Rev. F. Connell, S.J., C. Morgan, B. McBride, Rev. T. O'Mara, S.J., Dr. Burfitt, S. Fraser, Dr. A. Curtis, Capt. B. Veech, Rev. T. McLoughlin, S.J., B. Monie, E. Dinan, J. Kennedy, M. Hayes, H. Daly, D. Moffitt, V. Crowley, L. Bamber, T. Wilkinson, F. Lawler, B. Lane-Mullins, Rev. D. Fitzgibbon, S.J. Senator Keating sent a telegram regretting his inability to attend.

The toast of "The Union" was then proposed by the Rev. Father Corcoran, S.J., who recalled the fact that for forty years Riverview always taught her sons to be loyal and true to their God, to the principles of Christian lives, and while loyal to one another, they had been loyal to their Alma Mater. The Dalton Memorial chapel, he said, was an example of that loyalty.

The Geogyrograph

1916.

On last Thursday afternoon the Rev. Father E. Pigot, S.J., invited a number of friends to witness an experiment, which, through the courtesy of the Lord Mayor, he was able to make in the Queen Victoria Markets. From the apex of the dome, a 60lb. ball was suspended by copper wire, 85 feet long, thus forming a pendulum, and Father Pigot's experiment was to show the rotatory movement of the earth on its own axis. Among those present were his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, the Very Rev. Dr. Hayden (President of St. Patrick's College, Manly), the Very Rev. Father John Ryan, S.J. (Superior of the Jesuits in Australia), and several of Father Pigot's colleagues from Riverview and St. Aloysius' Colleges.

The experiment at the Markets is merely for exhibition, or, as Father Pigot puts it, "qualitative" purposes. The real work has been done at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, with a 45 feet pendulum, whereby he not only measured the rotation of the earth, but compelled the "old Mother" to write it down herself. And this is where our distinguished Sydney scientist earns his laurels. For, while the pendulum experiment is not new, the recording apparatus is his own invention. He has had placed in the specially-constructed ball of the pendulum, accumulator cells,

and a small electric lamp, which shines through a lens in the bottom of the ball, striking a sheet of sensitised paper spread beneath the pendulum. An electrically-timed exposure takes place every five minutes, clearly tracing the movement of the earth on which the paper rests as compared with the plane on which the pendulum swings. As the earth rotates, the pendulum from swinging in a straight line describes an ever-increasing ellipse, which, if the pendulum swung long enough, would become a perfect circle. The 45 feet pendulum at Riverview, by the way, swings for several hours. Father Pigot has named his new photographic recorder of the earth's motion a "geogyrograph."

It is highly interesting to know how closely the Church has been connected with this branch of scientific discovery. The visual observation of the earth's rotation was first made by Viviani, of Florence, 200 years ago; but the great French physicist, J. B. Leon-Foucault (1819-1868), was the first to prove the law that a long, heavy pendulum will change its direction of swing at a rate proportional to the latitude. At the Poles it would change at the rate of 15 degrees an hour, while at the Equator it would keep its original position. Foucault made his experiments under the dome of the Pantheon (Paris) in 1851, and, later, in the great Cathedral of Cologne, in the presence of Cardinal von Geissel and 1000 spectators. Foucault's name is identified with many celebrated inventions, such as the gyroscope; a form of heliostat; a method of measuring the velocity of light; an automatic regulator for the arc-lamp which made electric lighting practicable; discovery of "eddy-currents" in electricity, and many others. He made the great reflector for the Paris Observatory in 1859. Foucault, early in life, was a lax Catholic, but became very fervent, and when almost speechless from paralysis, could pray aloud almost without a trace of impediment. The pendulum experiment has since been done for scientific purposes, as distinguished from mere exhibitions, in various centres; but only once in the southern hemisphere, at Rio Janeiro. As far back as 1891, the late Father Charles O'Connell, S.J., then at Riverview, expressed his great desire to see the experiment carried out there by means of a 45 feet pendulum hung from the top of the main staircase. A request from the director of the Vatican Observatory a year ago to Father Pigot to endeavour, if possible, to carry out this delicate and interesting research in a southern station led to the realisation of this project. These researches were to be made with a theodolite and a chronometer, but Father Pigot's application of self-acting photography applied to the experiment a much more exact and easily-calculated method. Father Pigot is preparing the photographs which he calls geogyrograms, that is, marks of the earth's gyration, for publication in a scientific magazine.

The exhibition on Thursday afternoon was opened by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who started the pendulum in an exact east-west direction by burning the fine metallic thread which held the 60lb. ball out of the perpendicular. After swinging a few minutes it was found that the ball was changing east by north, west by south, thus showing that our planet was moving in the opposite direction. Father Pigot is to be heartily congratulated on this latest instance of his original work in physical science.

Riverview and the War

Turning back the pages of the old numbers of the "Alma Mater" published during the fateful years from 1914 to 1918 one cannot but feel pride and sadness intermingled as those pages unfold the glorious record of Riverview in the War—a record and a tradition truly worthy of our beloved school, but so tragically filled with portraits of happy school fellows who gave even life itself to make that record what it is.

Statistics are but dull things at best, and the bald statement that during those years of the old boys of Riverview 306 enlisted for active service with various Empire and Allied Forces, that no less than 61 of those gave their lives, and that over forty decorations and mentions for gallantry were awarded, while splendid in itself, does not so truly epitomise the spirit of Riverview during that unexampled crisis as do the little vignettes of achievement and sacrifice by those of whom one's most vivid memories will ever be of carefree days at school, when war and death and wounds seemed only dim episodes of the romantic history of the past. How little one dreamed in those irresponsible days, amid all the little rivalries and boyish pranks of classroom and playing field, that the very boys with whom one laughed or fought for place in class or team or perhaps even looked on with intolerance as over studious or soft at games, would in a few short years prove in countless ways that beneath their individual characters lay dormant that same spirit of adventure and courage that one read of in the heroes of ages past.



CAPT. GEOFFREY FORREST HUGHES
M.C., A.F.C.

To-day after twelve years of peace, one can look back on a new and nobler group of heroes among the very boys with whom one read or listened to stories of heroism in ancient times and far off lands. It is almost impossible to open a random page of those "Alma Maters," without finding the story of a boy one knew so well who in some foreign field had either laid down life, or suffered wounds, or gained some distinction for outstanding gallantry or had, with no less gallantry, just carried an unspectacular everyday share of the burden of those days. To mention names or single out examples seems invidious when so many did such splendid

things, but naturally the names that bring back most vivid memories are those of boys who were one's own contemporaries at Riverview. That particular generation seems to have lost most heavily, for between those who were in their last year in 1907 when one was a very small "prawn" in third division and those who were still at school when one swaggered off to the University in 1914 are a large proportion of the names on the Honour Roll.

It is no great surprise to find among the number who gave all in a greater game those whom one only remembers as great heroes in the football field, or on the river when one was a very small boy, such as Fred Fanning, Jim Dalton and John Fernandos. Again there is another group to whom one looked for leadership in teams of later years. How often I remember "Doctor" Johnstone diving down on the ball at the very feet of the fiercest dribbling rush and by his utter disregard of injury stemming the overwhelming tide. Surely it was in the same spirit that he dived into that air fight that was the end of him. Then there were boys of quieter and even gentle type like George and Rollo Vavasour, Charlie Williams, Arthur Nicholls, and others, but underneath there was the same high courage to dare and to give all. Others stand out in memory as fresh to-day as if it were yesterday for some little episode or foible. "Alf" Mann, who used to baffle us all with tricks of escape like Houdini, and who sitting next me in class—I think it was 3rd of Grammar—used to while away dull hours drawing aeroplanes on the margin of his books. Well I remember the day that he took to the roof a primitive model aeroplane he had acquired and launched it over the edge to be shattered to a dozen pieces in the quadrangle. Of course, when the call came his home was the Naval Air Service, and I can picture him giving up his life with the same cheerful spirit of adventure. Cyril Bacon, who was once the envy of the school for the amazing straw hat he had acquired, with the narrowest brim and the tallest crown that ever had been seen, and who on one peaceful evening as we watched the ferry draw out from the wharf at Riverview suddenly leapt on to the stern and departed from evening studies. How little we dreamt in those days that his epitaph would be "Died on Active Service."

So the list goes on, boy after boy who whether distinguished or just in the ruck in classroom or on playing field has in dying added undying lustre to the name of Riverview. I have already mentioned Arthur Nicholls among those—irreverently we used to call him "Jingly Bones" I think —and I still picture him walking up and down the length of the second Division playground deep in learned conversation with that most brilliant of Riverview scholars "Dixie" Fitzherbert. There was a third of similar tastes, but I forget his name, and we, rudely kicking a football, would say 'there go 'The Three Sisters' ". How little we foresaw what the next few years held in store—for Arthur Nicholls, a soldier's grave, for Jack Fitzherbert a Military Cross and grievous wounds in War.

Those years from 1914 to 1918 took a heavy toll of some of the finest characters moulded and formed in their beloved Alma Mater. Many lives full of promise were cut short, and from the gatherings of Old Boys are missing men who must have added much to Riverview's achievements. But in dying they have given even more to their Old School in founding a tra-

dition that will never die, and will be an inspiration to generations yet unborn, who will year after year occupy their seats in class or study, or fight out battles on the playing fields with the same spirit and hope as they once did. The tradition they have founded has given to Riverview something it could never have had without their sacrifice and something it now can never lose.

All the glory of this tradition is embodied in the lines of Henry Newbolt on "Clifton Chapel":—

God send you fortune: yet be sure
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure,
Than that which glows on yonder brass.
"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
The frontier grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem periit:
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

GEOFFREY FORREST HUGHES ('07-'13).

An Adventure With the Moewe

(By Arthur Du Boise, O.R., '96-'99.)

The "Clan Mactavish" 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 Mactavish," 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 foc's'le. 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. 5 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 boats. In the meantime the Germans were hanging bombs over the side of the "Clan Mactavish," 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 bombs exploded, and the "Clan Mactavish" 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 there from previously captured steamers. Next day these were transferred, with the exception of about thirty naval and military men, to the "Appam," which had been captured the day before the "Clan Mactavish," and was standing by with a German prize crew aboard.

There were about 20 of us whites from the "Clan Mactavish," who, with the military and naval men, brought the total prisoners now in the hold of the "Moewe" to 50. The natives, who were put in the No. 4 hold at the after end of the ship, agreed to work coal, etc., for 5/- per day for the Germans.

After parting with the "Appam" (which subsequently turned up at an American port on 1st February), we steamed in a S.W. direction for some days, and on 22nd January came across the barque "Edinburgh," which was sent to the bottom after her crew of 22 were given time to get away with most of their gear. Among the stores taken from the "Edinburgh" was a pig, whose squeals led us to believe that the Captain had his wife and children aboard! We were now 72 prisoners. After proceeding on the same course for some days more, we arrived off the mouth of the Amazon, and there met a previously captured British collier—the "Corbridge." We were then battened down in the hold for three days and nights in awful heat, while two vessels went up the river, and about 2000 tons of coal were transferred to the "Moewe." After again putting to sea, the "Corbridge" was sunk, and we were again allowed our morning and evening turn on deck, for which we were very thankful.

The "Moewe" then headed to the S.E., and several days later captured and sank the Belgian steamer "Luxembourg," after taking off her

crew of about 40, bringing our number up to 112. A few days later, on 6th February, when about 59 miles from the Island of Fernando Noronha, off the Brazilian coast, the "Flamenco" was sunk, and our number brought up to about 170, which made our quarters uncomfortably crowded. On the 8th of February, the "Westburn" was captured and a prize crew put aboard, and during that night the "Horace" was sighted and followed up till daylight, when a shot across her bows soon stopped her. We were then told that we were going to be sent away in the "Westburn," and while we were being transferred, the crew of the "Horace" were also transferred to the "Westburn," and the former vessel sent to the bottom. The "Moewe" then steamed over the spot amidst the wreckage and dipped her flag three times to the departed ship. We then parted company with the "Moewe," and after a fortnight of great discomfort arrived at Teneriffe on the 22nd February, and came to an anchorage off the town of Santa Cruz. Next morning the British Consul came aboard and told us to get ready to be put aboard the "Athenic," which had come in during the night. We were transferred at 1 o'clock, and were very pleased to again get good food and a good bath after six weeks of very trying conditions.

After an uneventful trip of 9 days the "Athenic" landed us in London on 3rd March, nearly four months out from Sydney.

I must add that the Germans treated us as well as we could expect under the circumstances. Of course the accommodation offered by the hold of a ship is not much, but there was no other; and the food served out to us, though not what one is used to, was at least the same as given to the German sailors themselves. Count von Dohna, the commander of the "Moewe," was a sportsman and not like some of the submarine brutes one reads about. Some of his officers and men were friendly disposed towards us, and often came and spoke to us.

While the "Moewe" was within wireless range of Poldhu, the war news was received and on two occasions this was given to us, and amongst other items was the fact that the German mark had declined $1\frac{1}{4}$ points.

While lying at anchor off Teneriffe in the "Westburn," waiting to be transferred to the "Athenic," a very amusing scene took place. There were numbers of bumboats round us trying to do business in the way of tobacco, cigarettes, etc., with our penniless lot, but naturally there was very little doing till someone had the brilliant idea of trading in kind, and offered the Spaniards his bed (we each had a strip of hessian for a bed). This was promptly accepted, and two tins of cigarettes handed up in exchange. The German sentries then made a deal with an awning, and got tobacco, etc., for it. Then the trading mania took hold properly, and everything was cleared out of our end of the ship, cabin clock, lamps, settee cushions, chairs, etc., etc. When all these were exhausted the few remaining stores followed, till the bumboatmen were cleared right out of their stock. We wondered that the German captain allowed this to go on, but the reason was made clear to us later on, when from the deck of the "Athenic," we saw the Germans take the old "Westburn" out to sea and sink her under the very nose of a British cruiser which was powerless to interfere, as it was done within the three mile limit. The Germans then rowed ashore in the boats, and that was the last we saw of them, as the "Athenic" sailed shortly afterwards.

Gunner Robert Macken

There were two things about Bob Macken which a perfect stranger would notice within the first five minutes of meeting him: the extraordinary charm of his boyish joy in life and the equally extraordinary charm of his good-will to all the rest of the world. I never met one who was so utterly and completely a boy, and yet so gentle and considerate to others. Indeed, he was astonishingly frank and hearty, even among a lot of merry open-hearted boys—more outspoken, spontaneous, and sturdy than anyone else, and yet with no lack of consideration for the finer feelings of everyone, and no trace of roughness, or hardness, or self-seeking. This was, I think, because he had also the finer feelings which go so seldom with the sturdier qualities in a boy, and because he had a gentle and affectionate heart, as sensitive as it was big and generous. I remember how the sudden death of his father affected him. It was many a long day before I noticed him recover anything like his former voice and spirit, and my own heart often ached to see the deep and lasting change that had thus come down upon that bright and affectionate nature, which was never to be quite as bright and bold and merry as before. An old master, a layman, who resided at the College, told me lately how one little incident made a great impression on him. One night he was returning from town with Bob Macken, who had gone with others of his class to a Shakespeare recital or play, I think, and as they came into the Quadrangle they noticed the Chapel door to be open. Bob at once spoke out in his simple, straight way: "I must get that door shut. It would not do to leave Our Lord with the door open all night." The master, who happens to be a convert says he will never forget the manly simplicity and loyalty of Catholic faith then manifested.

Bob's good-humour was always to be relied on in the most disconcerting circumstances. It was at the Second Division boatshed—it may have been in the summer of 1909—that I saw him pushed into the slush and water at the foot of the slip one day. He jumped up at once in the midst of a tangle of boats and gear and oars, and standing up to his middle in the river cried out to the assembled crowd of Second Divisioners and others: "Look at me, boys. Aren't (sic) I a 'guy'?"

He was noted for the respect and trust he always cherished towards his masters and the other School authorities. I was almost about to say that he was too obedient and respectful to authority, because it is a sad circumstance of his death that, if he had been disobedient for once at that fatal moment, he would have moved on out of a cruelly dangerous post in which by some oversight he and the others with his gun were left exposed to enemy fire, forgotten by the air scout who had been promised to them to direct their movements. Bob insisted on the duty of staying there in obedience to orders. Brave, cheery, boyish-hearted, never intended to be spoilt by this world, intended to be among his fellows in the big world as if in the home of his childhood, trusting everyone and trusted by all, I cannot think of him, nor can anyone, I am sure, who ever knew him, except as one who took the great dangers of battle as he would take any other great

danger, with a serious thought for the things he had learned about God and God's claims upon him, and then with a jolly and cheerful desire to give a helping hand to all those around him, regardless of personal inconvenience or pain, or death itself. No one of his generation will be more missed or more frequently remembered, or remembered with as keen a pang and as deep a sigh—a gentle knight, indeed, like Sir Lancelot; and as straight, true, honourable and tender as Sir Galahad.—R.I.P.

—R. J. LITTLE, S.J.

Riverview Honor Roll

"They died, as few men get a chance to die,
Fighting to save a world's morality.
They died the noblest death that men may die,
Fighting for God and Right and Liberty."

KILLED IN ACTION.

Allen, Myrton, Lieut.
Barraclough, Harold, Tpr.
Barlow, John, Capt.
Baxter, Paul, Pte.
Bowler, Valentine, Tpr.
Bouteiller, Gustave, Soldat
Brennan, William, Lieut.
Clifford, Convers, Tpr.
Clonan, Joseph, Lieut.
Coates, Horace, Pte.
Coen, Francis, Major.
Coffee, Francis, Lieut.
Craven, Richard, Lance-Corp.
Crommelin, Francis, Gnr.
Dawson, George, Pte.
Defferriere, Henri, Soldat.
Douglas, Hugh, Lieut.
Fitzgerald, Edwin. Pte.
Fanning, Frederick, Capt.
Gavan-Duffy, Des., Lieut.
Goold, Arthur Pte.
Halloran, John
Hendy-Pooley, Herbert, Pte.
Hill, George, Pte.
Hughes, Roger Forrest,
Hughes, Bryan, Capt.
Johnston, Ralph, Capt.
Johnstone, Melville, Flt.-Lieut.
Johnstone, Godfrey, Flt.-Lieut.
Keenan, Claude.
Kelly, William, Pte.
Lane-Mullins, Brendan Lieut.
Lynch, Albert, Corp.
Macken, Robert, Gunner.
Makinson, Francis, Pte.
Makinson, Roger, Gunner.
Mann, Alfred, Flight-Lieut.
McBride, Joseph, Pte.
Monie, Bruce, Capt.
Nichols, Arthur, Pte.
Norris, I. Betram, Lieut.-Col.
O'Connor, Richard, Pte.
O'Hare, Stanley.
Oxenham, Gordon, Flt.-Lieut.
Pery, Cecil, Lieut
Pinnock, William, Sergt.
Playcust, Marcel, Soldat.
Stuart-Mason, Albert, Lieut .
Vavasour, George, Lieut.
Wall, John, Pte.
Williams, Charles, Pte.

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Bacon, Cyril, Pte.
Dalton, James, Lieut.
Dalton, William L., Bdr.
Dow, George, Sergt.
Fernandos, John, Gunner.
Fitzpatrick, Noel, Lieut.
Lenehan, Eric, Lieut.
Mugliston, Daly, Pte.
Seymour-Allan, Patrick, L-Corp.
Vavasour, Rollo, Flight-Lieut.

HONOURS.

Servian Order of the White Eagle (4th Class, with Swords).—Major John d'Apicé.

Distinguished Service Order.—Major John d'Apicé, Major Norman Oxenham, Major Archibald McKillop, Capt. Leslie Elliott.

Military Cross.—Capt. Herbert Allan, Capt. Charles Cosgrove, Lieut. John Fitzherbert, Lieut. Gerald Garvan, Capt. Bryan Hughes, Capt. Mark McGahey, Capt. Geoffrey Hughes, Capt. James Kinkead, Lieut. Edward

Macfarlane, Capt. Furneaux Mann, Capt. Randal McDonnell, Capt. Robert McKillop, Major Clive Robinson, Lieut. Alan Robinson, Lieut. Ulric Walsh.

Bar to Military Cross.—Capt. Charles Cosgrove.

Air Force Cross.—Flight-Capt. Geoffrey Hughes.

Croix de Guerre.—Sergt. Charles Gaertner, Soldat. Jacques Playoust, Lieut. Aviat. Lorraine Chevillard, Soldat. Charles Gaudron, Corp. Carl Pelletier.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.—Sergt. George Dow.

Member of the British Empire.—Ferdinand Du Boisé.

Meritorious Service Medal.—Sergt. Francis Punch.

Military Medal.—Pte. William Carroll, Dvr. Horace Craven, Lieut. Warren Crooke, Lieut. Noel Fitzpatrick, Sergt. Allan Johnstone, Bmbdr. Gavan Quigley, Lieut. Thomas Wilkinson.

Medaille Militaire.—Soldat. Charles Gaudron.

Mentioned in Despatches.—Capt. Herbert Allan, Major John d'Apicé, Capt. Fredk. Fanning (4 times), Capt. Geoffrey Hughes (twice), Lieut. Francis Loneragan (twice), Major Clive Robinson, Major Norman Oxenham (3 times), Sergt. Hans Roth, Lieut. Alan Robinson, Lieut. David Roth (4 times), Capt. Herbert Veech.

SUMMARY.

Enlistments	306	Bar to M.C.	1
Killed	51	C. de G.	5
Died on Active Service	10	M.S.M.	1
Order of the White Eagle	1	M.B.E.	1
D.S.O.	4	D.C.M.	1
Mentions in Despatches	21	M.M.	7
A.F.C.	1	Médaille Militaire	1
M.C.	15		



FR. HASSETT IN THE GARDEN.
Fr. Hassett Died in 1918.—R.I.P.

Requiem Mass at Riverview

Sermon delivered in the College Chapel at the Annual Requiem Mass for Dead Old Boys.

"Thy Dead Men Shall Live: My Slain Shall Rise Again." Isaias 26-19).

My Dear Brethren,

We meet to-day in all humility to give thanks to God for His goodness to us in one of the most terrible periods of the history of the world. We wish to do honour to the sons of Riverview who fought so valiantly; to pray for those who gave their lives that we may live, and to console those who sorrow for Australia's dead. I do not intend to speak of their deeds of bravery—these speak for themselves, but of the spirit underlying those deeds and giving force to them.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Their spirit finds beautiful expression in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, that unique Tomb in the great Abbey marked by a nameless slab. That tomb typifies the spirit of our people. It speaks not of the glorification of the few, of the bands and banners and panoply with which men strive to hide the horrors of war. It speaks of the quiet determination of the millions; it speaks of Duty done even at the cost of supreme sacrifice. It speaks to Nations of the deathless dead, whose sacrifice should give courage to all to face duty fearlessly.

CATHOLIC CERTITUDE.

It is in times of crisis that the splendid strength of our holy Faith stands revealed. The world may reel beneath the shock of fighting millions, thrones may rock upon their bases, nations fall before nations, yet through all the heart of the Catholic is steadied and fortified by the invincible strength of our Faith. The feet of the Catholic are set upon a path hewn on an immovable rock, and no shadow of earth can ever hide from him the smiling Face of God.

It is his Faith that gives such amazing steadiness to the patriotism of the Catholic; Peace of War, life or death, in all times, in all places he knows exactly where he is. With a breadth of vision that encompasses Eternity, he knows that the destinies of nations are in the hands of God and strong in that knowledge presses fearlessly forward to the fulfilment of his duty.

If it were not for this certitude of our Faith I could not stand before you to-day. If we look back, from a materialist point of view, war is horror unmitigated. Yet the wider vision of the Christian changes all—just as it changes the horror of Calvary and sees it melt into the Glory of Easter. He who would understand sacrifice aright must look beyond the earth. To the narrow-visioned materialist a flower is but an emanation from the mud; to the believer with the vision of eternity, a flower is a gift of love fresh from the Hands of God,, scattering abroad a lingering fragrance that tells him of the touch of Divine fingers.

So, too, the flower of sacrifice, sown in crimson soil, lingers as a fragrance that lifts our thoughts to God.

Therefore is it that I can essay to-day what otherwise would be an impossible task—the pouring of the balm of consolation into sorrowing hearts, for alas! war leaves an uncountable host of sufferers in its wake.

MOTHERS OF OUR DEAD.

Chief among these are the Mothers of our Dead.

The Mothers of our men! Who can find words to speak adequately of their selfless sacrifice?

A son is the voice of the soul of his mother.

A mother lives again in her son. Her dreams, her thoughts, flame into deeds of fire at his touch. Her ideals, her aspirations find expression in his acts.

In childhood's days he knelt at her feet and learned the lessons only a mother can teach. Her strong, patient, loving hands guarded and moulded and guided him to splendid manhood. She taught him to fill his mind with noble thoughts.

In selfless love and sacrifice she lifted him above the dross of earth and set his heart among the stars.

God's blessing on the mothers of our men, for they sowed the seed that has blossomed in such splendid heroism.

Courage, O Mothers of our men! Courage in your sorrow!

Well does Australia know how the white-crossed graves of the battle-field press on your hearts. Your sons by their heroism have uplifted our nation. These graves are altars whereon are inscribed the names of our imperishable dead. The memory of your sons will never die, for the blood of heroes is the seed of nations. That memory needs no memorial column, no chiselled words to keep it green, for it rests secure in the sanctuary of the innermost heart of our people. Those white-crossed graves, though half a world away, will ever be the centre and foundation of our nation. Over them the crimson rata of New Zealand and the golden wattle of Australia will blend and clothe these graves with blooms of red and gold, symbols of sacrifice and of glory. Through future ages the paths to those graves will be worn smooth by the feet of countless generations of pilgrims, coming in love and reverence to pray for our deathless dead.

But Oh, Mothers of our dead, it is not sufficient, to satisfy the aching hunger of your hearts for me to stand here to-day and speak to you of the place your sons hold in the heart of our nation. No, such praise cannot fill the vast deeps of a mother's heart. She looks out beyond the confines of earth and searches for her child in the infinite life of God. And here the certitude of our Faith brings consolation and resignation, and your sorrow is tempered by trust in the mercy of God. As He tells us: "He that believeth in Me although he be dead shall live."

MARY THE MOTHER OF ALL MOTHERS.

And by Him stands His Mother, Mary, the Mother of all Mothers. She will bring you comfort, for she suffered as you have suffered. She, too, lost her Son. The Shadow of the Cross was ever across her path. Her tears mingled with the tears of her Son.

TEARS OF MARY.

The tears of Mary!

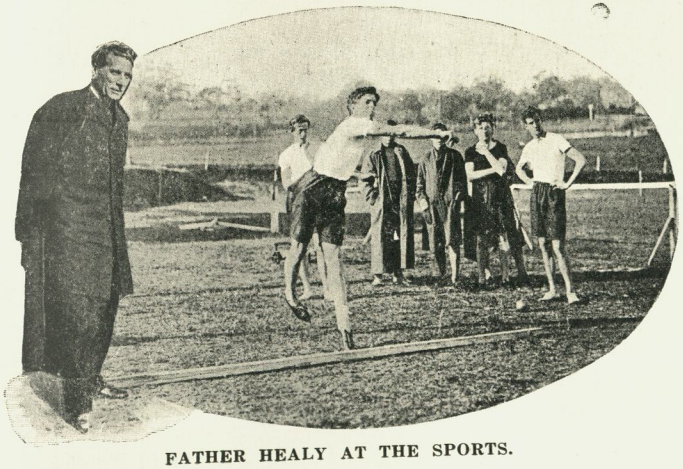
They glistened upon her cheek like jewels as she knelt in the poverty of the Cave; they fell upon the sleeping Babe as she strained Him to her heart in the horror of the flight to Egypt; they brimmed in her eyes as she stood at the door of her Nazareth home and said good-bye to her Son; they blinded her vision as she saw Him go in the full strength of glorious manhood to sacrifice Himself and lay down His life for men. And the tears of Mary have fallen in a gentle rain of sympathy upon the hearts of sorrowing womankind, and the agony of the tears of Mary has lightened the grief of the mothers of the generations of men.

Catholic Mothers, kneeling before our altar, pray that all your sisters of other creeds may come to know and love and be comforted by Mary.

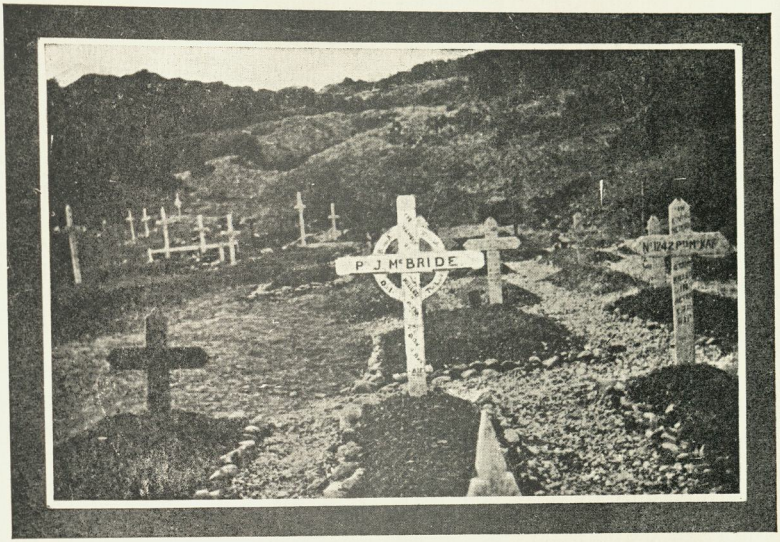
And let us all resolve to be faithful to the ideals that moved our loved ones. Shoulder to shoulder they stood teaching us lessons of Fortitude, Sacrifice and Christian charity. Let us imitate their great charity and lay the foundations of our nation on the solid basis of brotherly love and then the red seed of sacrifice will blossom into glorious nationhood.

May God grant that here in the newest of the worlds we may build up a nation worthy of our broad lands and wide seas; a nation based on the divine teachings of Christianity; a nation that will ever deem it its greatest glory to uphold the foundations of civilisation, Justice and Truth; a nation that will ever follow the God of perfect Truth and be faithful to Him who is the builder of all Nations and King of all Kings—the Saviour of Men—Jesus Christ.

—W. J. LOCKINGTON, S.J.



FATHER HEALY AT THE SPORTS.



In Memory

Of Each and All our Dead
Who died for Home and Country.

Qui procul hinc
Ante diem periit
Sed miles, sed pro Patria.

In a far land he died before his day—but a soldier,
and for his country.

Forget not the soul of the young and brave,
He knew that he might fall;
He sighed at the thought of a soldier's grave;
He followed Duty's call.

He flung the lily and rose of life
To the fiery blasts of war;
He smiled at the shock of deadly strife,
Death hurtling from afar.

He played with Death as with a toy:
He won a deathless fame,
God take him now to lasting joy
Who trusted in God's Name.

R. J. LITTLE, S.J.

FIFTH DECADE

1920 - 1930



FROM AN OLD BOYS' GARDEN. (Photo by Cazneaux.)

The Spirit of Riverview in Action

Leaders are being sought for among the nations to-day, leaders competent to direct men in these days of crisis and change. The result of the searching is very disappointing, for such men are surprisingly rare. True, many men press clamorously forward when a crisis arises, and strive to assume leadership, but theirs is only the assurance of ignorance, and if men be deceived into trusting them, dangerous and calamitous failure marks their passing.

The one man able to lead his fellow-men is he who, by trained and proper development of character, has acquired the qualities essential to a leader. And such men, though eagerly sought, are rarely to be found.

The reason of this rarity lies first in the fact that the majority of men, through lack of opportunity, caused by pressure of life, do not receive the essential training, and, secondly, that of the minority to whom opportunity is presented, a large number do not seize it. Foremost in that minority of men stands he who has been trained in schools such as Riverview—the possessor of opportunity, rare and precious. It lies with him to take advantage of it. His nation, when in need, rightly looks to him, and expects him to take a leader's part in her councils. This he can do only if he has profited by the opportunity of training given to him.

The fetish worshippers of sport laud it as affording this opportunity. They err in doing so. In its proper place, sport is beneficial; exercise is necessary for recreation, and for bodily health and strength, but its place in character-building is a minor one, and it does not deserve the place that as an aid in the formation of character it holds in many minds to-day.

Apart altogether from the "brawn" aspect of it—the main incentives to sport in the youthful mind can easily be popular adulation—injurious in many ways that cause the judicious to grieve—and personal pleasure, so that the player is merely following the path of inclination. Thus can selfishness be bred and weakness persist.

This fetish of sport taints the pages of the major part of what may be classified as "schoolboy literature," and the result is not beneficial.

Sport has its place—to give the mens sana in corpora sano, but brawn must be kept in its place as an aid to spirit, and never be lifted above it. Much, too, is written to-day of the value of travel as a means of education. The study of foreign countries can be profitable to a man of mature mind, but to take an immature youth on protracted voyages is liable to be an expensive and unsettling form of holiday, with little beneficial gain.

There is no easy path to this end; nothing effective towards it, save the facing of the daily round, the uncongenial task, the fearless shouldering of the dreaded burden; duty done because it is duty.

Training may be summed up as a steady striving to attain such mastery over self that ever and always duty will be faithfully done—despite all personal inclinations.

This training or building of character is a slow process, and cannot be hurried; the lines of character can only be drawn slowly. It means years of going against the lower self to strengthen and build up the better self, and it must be fearlessly persistent and intelligent. Thus only can character be moulded, and it is a matter of the will.

Life is a serious matter, and to succeed one cannot begin too young to face it squarely and soberly. Thus only can training be effective and character be moulded. Heredity and environment play some part in this, but education is responsible for the major part. And education profits by the accumulated experiences of mankind following the path of Truth, and its effectiveness depends on the earnest co-operation of the subject, actuated by a steady vision of the goal desired.

The trained man, strong in the self-control thus acquired, gains self-respect, and finds sufficient reward in the approbation of his own conscience. He can stand steadfast to Truth in the face of the storms raised by the clamour of the crowd swayed by Ignorance or Prejudice. This self-respect, if gained early, will cause youth to appreciate the sacrifices of parents and teachers, to profit by opportunities given it, and denied to millions, to stand firm against the pressure of passion, and by voice and deed be a support to the untrained and weak, who else would sink derelict into Life's depths.

A crisis does not form a leader, it only gives him an opportunity. There were many Generals in the Great War, but only one Foch. He was the one man among millions. The opportunity came and he was ready for it, because his whole life was a preparation for it.

Faithful to his duty to his country, his genius was perfected by ceaseless study of the art of war.

Faithful in his duty to God, he never swerved one iota from his Catholic principles, though often opposed and thwarted through long years because of these principles, by men who did not understand them.

Therefore he stood, when the clamorous, almost despairing call from scores of millions came—a force, splendid, unique, ready.

Foch's whole life was one of earnest training to perfect himself in the profession he had chosen. He had but a single purpose, and tenaciously pursued that through long years. He was thus his own hardest taskmaster. And thus it was that when others shrank through fear and unpreparedness, or failed through the assurance of Ignorance, Foch, the trained man, calm, confident in knowledge, delivered those who trusted him. And he often referred to his training in youth.

After the Great War he went back to his old College, a sister college of Riverview, and knelt and prayed in the place in the College chapel, where, as Prefect of the Sodality of our Lady, he had knelt in his boyhood days. Addressing the boys he said:—

"I shall never forget this day. There is a distance of fifty years between you and me, but the principles impressed upon me fifty years ago are the same that your masters are teaching you to-day. May you be faithful to them. I did what I could; may you do the same."

During his visit of triumph to the United States after the Great War he again and again referred to his old College, and to his youthful training there as the foundation from which his success sprang. At the Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., he was presented with a jewelled sword, the gift of the 25,000 students in the Jesuit Colleges and Universities of the United States. In returning thanks he said:—

"Any success I may have attained in life I owe to my Jesuit teachers, and the principles they taught me for God and country. I took away from them the lesson of how to work, and with it I carried away the divine light of Faith to guide me to success in my work, and strengthen me to live up to what is good and right."



Very Rev. ROGER BEDE VAUGHAN, O.S.B., who invited the Jesuits to Sydney, and Fr. JOSEPH DALTON, S.J., Founder of Riverview.

And the strength of these principles carried him ever forward. "Victory and Will are the same," he said, "a battle won is a battle in which you will not acknowledge yourself beaten.

In one of the tragic crises of the war he wrote in a despatch: "Materially and physically I see no possibility of victory; morally I am sure it will be ours."

Trained in the school of persistent work, by the light of Faith, he viewed all in proper perspective. Thus he wrote:—

"We may not speak in the strict sense of the word of the miracle of the Marne, the miracle of the Yser, nor of the miracle of our final victory —that would seem to minimise the splendid part played by our soldiers. As for my own views, when in a great historic crisis a clear, unclouded vision is given to a man, and when, as a result, that vision puts into action vast movements big with results in a tremendous war, I am convinced that such a vision—and I believe that I had seen such a vision at the Marne and at the Yser—comes from a Providential Power, in whose hand man is but an instrument, and victory is brought about from on high by a superior and divine Will."

He was a perfectly trained man, and, therefore, a humble man. "Do not thank me," he said to those who offered congratulations when success crowned his efforts. "Thank God, who gives me ideas; I only carry them out."

What a lesson his life teaches. The need of training, persistent and fearless, for the formation of character. And the need of Faith—priceless, essential for the understanding of Life.

The golden years of youth soon pass, and these are of inestimable value, for the training received then affects the very fibre of one's being; the training of later years is generally little more than a veneer.

The well-trained young man holds the future in his hands. For it is the young man, trained and earnest and aflame with the fire of youth, that

On the 7th of August, 1919, Fr. Gartlan relinquished office, and Fr. Thomas O'Dwyer became Rector of Riverview.

fearlessly dares great adventures. Every day of the Great War showed this. Life for youth is a stirring strife against odds that can be overcome. History is full of the deeds of young Davids, who, in the splendid selfless valour of youth, rush forward, despite the warnings of grey-haired wisdom, and, armed only with the pebble and sling, bring the Goliaths down with a crash.

Clovis was only nineteen when he overthrew the king of the Romans and laid the foundation of a mighty empire.

At seventeen Montalembert shed tears of envy at the sight of Pitt, Prime Minister of England, at the age of twenty-four; at nineteen he was winning back liberty to France.

Ozanam, at nineteen, founded a movement of charity that still lifts the earth.

Trained Youth blazes all new paths. And our young Davids, with the sling of fearless simplicity and the pebble of Truth, invulnerable in the invisible armour of Faith and the divine strength of the Sacraments, can face and conquer all difficulties—IF THEY WILL BUT TRAIN.

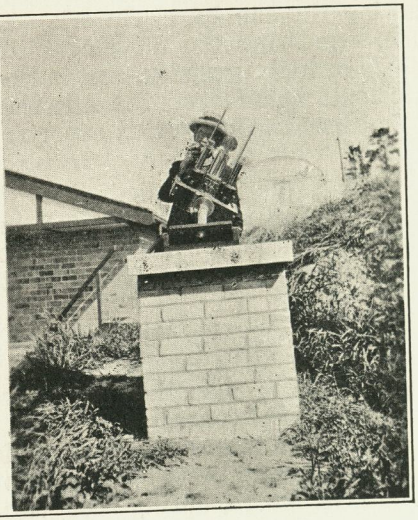
— W. J. LOCKINGTON, S.J.

The New Solar-Radiation Station

The idea of this station for close study out the output of the sun's energy, in conjunction with other stations forming a world-group, originated at Pasadena, California, in July, 1919, when Fr. Pigot was on a visit to the larger U.S.A. Astronomical Observatories. An influential executive committee was formed shortly afterwards in Sydney, with a view to raising funds for the expensive instrumental equipment, and at last, in November, 1921, commenced the deep excavation, a short distance from the Seismic Station, for the underground building to house the installation. It seems a strange idea to burrow underground in order to observe the sun! Still more strange it may possibly have appeared to



Group.—Sitting: Dr. Wait (Watheroo Observatory, W.A.), Professor Omori (Tokyo), and Fr. Pigot, S.J.
Standing: Rev. D. O'Connell, S.J.
[Professor Omori has just seen (unwittingly) a Seismograph record on the instrument, of the Great Tokyo Earthquake.]



TAKING OBSERVATIONS WITH THE PYRHELIOMETERS.

some people when, in 1913, a branch station of Riverview, for observing both sun and moon, was installed at Cobar, New South Wales at a depth below ground of no less than 437 feet! In both these cases, what was aimed at was protection of very sensitive instruments from even slight changes of temperature, which would vitiate the results of the investigations. The excavation last year occupied 3 months after which the brick building was put in, with a specially-designed double insulating roof. The building contains (1) a "vestibule," occupied by one of the two observers; (2) and (3) two inner chambers, with air-tight doors and additional (third) roof, in which are housed, on solid piers, the various instruments constituting the

"spectro-bolometer," or spectro-bolograph, as it may be more correctly termed. The first of these inner chambers contains the spectrometer, the vacuum-bolometer (a super-sensitive electric thermometer, for exploring the whole length of the solar spectrum, invisible as well as visible), accumulators, etc., while the other chamber, the deepest underground, houses the very delicate galvanometer, with quartz-fibre suspension, by means of which the "exploration" just referrred to is recorded on a large photographic plate 24in. by 8in. Neither of the two observers engaged enters these chambers during the actual recording operations, on account of the extreme sensitiveness of the apparatus, and triggers for starting clockwork, opening shutters, etc., inside, are operated from the vestibule by simple devices. In order to send a beam of light from the sun into the building, a rather elaborate 2-mirror "coelostat," with 10in. mirrors, is installed some yards exactly north; one of these mirrors is kept accurately following the sun by clockwork. This clock-movement, as well as that inside, regulating the movement of the spectrometer and photographic plate, is of high precision, and indeed, the same may be said of the whole equipment, manufactured in America, under the immediate supervision of the Smithsonian Institution experts.

Besides the instruments just described, others, known as pyrheliometers (2) and pyranometer (1), are directly exposed to the sun's rays during observations. They are placed on a large stone-capped brick pier, hear the coelostat, and it is here that the other observer takes up his post.

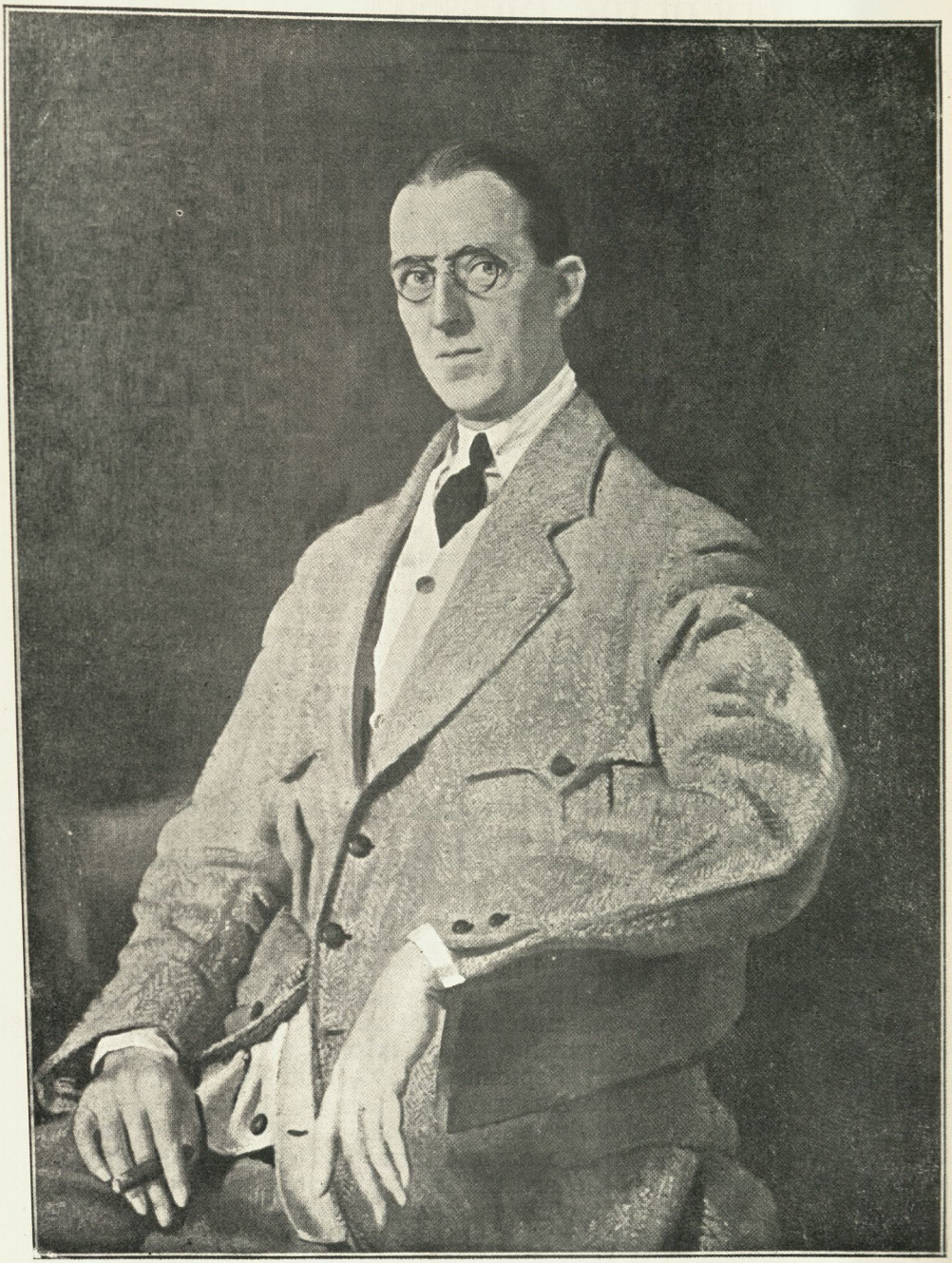
Last August, the distinguished Director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A., Dr. C. G. Abbot, was good enough to see his way to sending over to Riverview one of his most experienced colleagues, Mr. Alfred Moore, Director of the Solar-Radiation Station at Harqua Hala, Arizona, to instal and adjust the whole equipment, and to coach us up in all the minutiae of the technique. He and Mrs. Moore, during their two-months' stay in Sydney, made many friends, and Riverview owes him much for the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the strenuous seven or eight weeks' work at the new station. He has carried back with him to America his experiences here, emphatically endorsing the opinion of his chief, Dr. Abbot, recently expressed in a paper contributed by the latter to the Pan-Pacific Science Congress, regarding the valuable results confidently to be looked forward to from the work of the Riverview Solar-Radiation Station. This opinion, formed with full knowledge of local conditions, adverse as well as favourable, from the greatest authority on the sun's radiation in the world, gives us some idea of what to think of certain sinister criticism emanating from another State, and recently brought forward in opposition to this, our latest development of the research work of our young Observatory.

—E.F.P.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary

The early story of the Sodality of Our Lady established in the School is somewhat fragmentary. It is not till July 28th, 1895, that a complete record of the proceedings of the Sodality began to be kept. Apparently minutes of meetings from the beginning were kept more or less regularly, and from such of these minutes as survived the early history of the Sodality was pieced out by Sergeant Hagney, who did so much research work amongst old documents and papers that dealt with the beginnings of the School. He transcribed completely the early accounts of Sodality proceedings, and these now appear in the large Minute Book of the Sodality. A note under the year 1895 states that prior to that date "Records of Meetings" were not made, as there was no suitable Minute Book. "The serious defect in the working of the Sodality induced our Director—Fr. McInerney—to lay the matter before the Rector—Rev. Fr. Ryan—and to urge him to provide a remedy. The Rector acquiesced." But it was not till the middle of 1896 that the Rector had this Minute Book and the beautiful large Register made to order for the Sodality of B.V.M. at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview. The "Register" to which this note refers is indeed a "beautiful, large Register." In it were entered, as far as could be ascertained, the names of all members from the beginning, though a preliminary note expresses the fear that in spite of the great efforts made at completeness, "many names have been irretrievably lost." Since the Register came into use, the names of all new Sodalists are entered, together with date and place of birth, and the Sodalist signs it, adding the proud title, Servus Perpetuus B.V.M. The Register itself is a perpetual source of interest, members delighting to turn back its pages and to find the names of their fathers, their uncles, their masters, who are old boys of the school, entered in past years.

The Sodality B.V.M. was inaugurated in St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, in May, 1881, by the Rev. John Ryan, S.J., its first Spiritual Director. The first eight candidates chosen were Samuel Bowler, Joseph Flemming, Thomas Kelly, Robert Lenehan, Arthur Moore, Thomas Mullins, Holbert Smales, Francis Souter. There is no record of a consecration prior to September 9, 1883, but it seems fairly certain that some members were consecrated between May, 1881, and September, 1883. An old register mentioned Francis Farraher as having been enterd as a postulant in May, 1881, and as having been consecrated at a later date in the same year. The first formal consecration of which a record exists, took place on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, September, 1893, when the Very Rev. A. Sturzo, S.J., Superior of the Australian Mission of the Society of Jesus solemnly admitted the following into the Sodality: Samuel Bowler, John Kelly, Thomas Kelly, Robert Lenehan, Charles McNeely, Frank O'Rourke, Edward Page, Geo. Page, Richard Snelson. Probably some of these had been already admitted, but without solemnity, and merely made their public profession at this date. Robert Lenehan reports that a meeting of members took place on the following day. His account of the meeting runs as follows:—"Those who last evening were received into the Sodality



A. A. RANKIN, President of the O.B.U. in the Jubilee Year.

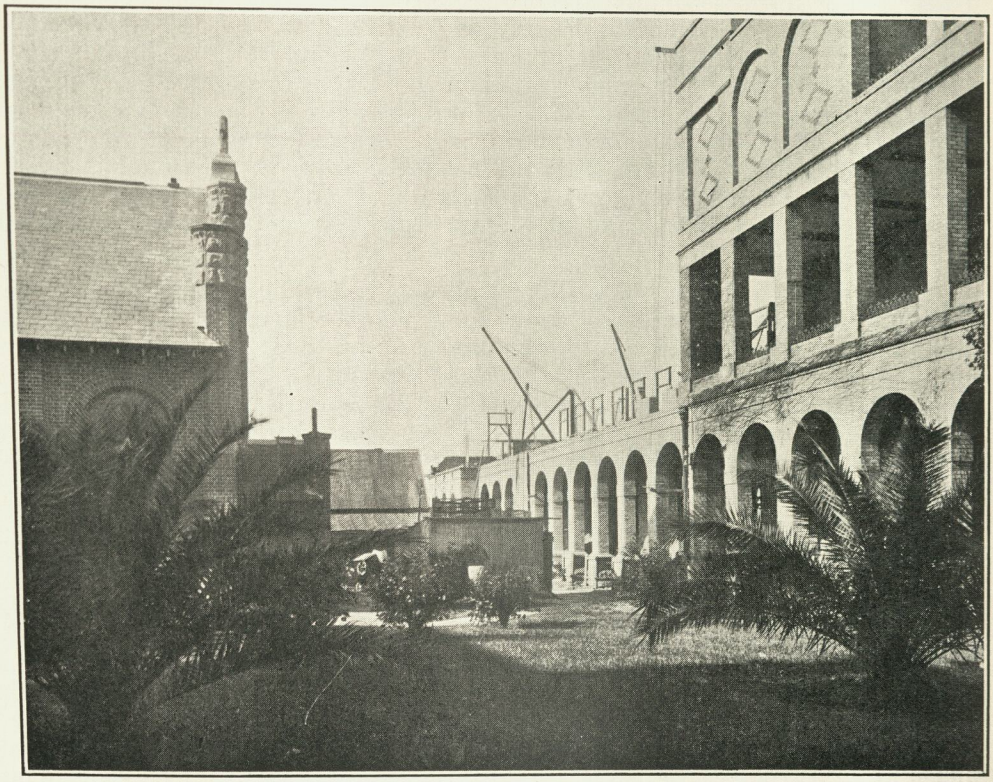
of the Most Holy Mother of God, to-day met together that they might elect from amongst their number, officers for the different offices in the Society. Mr. Lenehan nominated Messrs. R. Snelson, F. Farraher, and Thomas Kelly as candidates for the Prefectship and Assistantships, and was seconded by Mr. John Kelly. Mr. Snelson received the majority of votes, and was declared Prefect, Messrs. Thomas Kelly and F. Farraher his assistants. The office of Master of Novices was proposed to Mr. Thos. Kelly and accepted by him; that of Secretary to the Society to Mr. R. W. Lenehan, which was also accepted. The duties of the different officers were then explained by the Director, Fr. (John) Ryan, after which the meeting dispersed." No record of any meetings can be found for the year 1884, nor is there any entry as to who were the officers for this year, but from the Register it appears that William Coyle, John Frost, and Michael Hartnett were consecrated on the 17th June, and C. M. O'Brien on September 8th of this year. William Coyle is now President of the Old Boys' Union. Michael Hartnett entered the Society of Jesus on January 30th, 1886, but died in Ireland before his ordination. Edward O'Brien became Prefect of the Sodality at a later date. He studied for the priesthood abroad and at Manly, was ordained in 1895, and died this year.

On the 20th July, 1885, there appears the following note by the Secretary: "During the boys' vacation Francis Farraher died. He is the first member of the Sodality who died, and his death was peaceful and happy. His death occurred in the beginning of July; and as soon as possible after the return of the Sodalists Mass and Office were offered by them for the repose of his soul. The celebration of Mass and Office above mentioned took place on July 20th."

A note for the year 1866 mentions that on 22nd August, 1886, the public consecration of members was performed by Rev. Joseph Dalton, S.J., and after the ceremony Rev. Michael Dooley, S.J., took charge of the Sodality. Until the end of 1887 the bare record exists of elections and consecrations, but for the period from December, 1887, to February, 1891, no records of any kind have survived. However, during this period some development took place in the government of the Sodality, for in February, 1891, there is a Council in existence composed of the Prefect and his two assistants, together with a Librarian and Secretary. At later dates the offices of Assistant and Secretary were combined, the office of Librarian ceased to exist, but the Council still consisted of five members, namely, the Prefect, the two Assistants, and two Consultors. The duty of admitting members as candidates lay with the Council, which also had the important duty of deciding who should be admitted to Profession. The Council itself elected suitable persons to fill the posts of Consultor, whether they became vacant by the fact that a Consultor had left the School, or had been appointed to the position of Prefect or Assistant. In February, 1893, the Council resolved that three (3) new members should be added to it, but in March of the same year the Council decided that "the officers should be elected by the whole of the professed members of the Sodality, and not as heretofore by the members of the Council only." A compromise seems to have been come to, by which

the Council proposed suitable candidates for office, while the whole Sodality voted on them. The number of the Council varied for a number of years between four and eight. Since 1918 the Council has been composed only of the Prefect and the two Assistants, elected by the whole body of members except during the period July-December, 1921, when three Consultors elected by consecrated members of the Sodality were added to the Council.

The records are practically complete from 1891 to the present time. They consist mainly of notices of meetings of Council, meetings of members, and of consecrations. It is worthy of note that His Lordship Dr.



NEW BUILDING IN PROGRESS.

Higgins, then Auxiliary Bishop of Sydney, performed the ceremony of consecration on two occasions, namely, June 21, 1892, and June 22, 1893. On August 15th, 1910, the new Lady Altar was blessed, and a reception of three candidates by Fr. Corcoran took place before it. On Ascension Thursday, May 25, 1910, a reception was held, at which the late Fr. A. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S., officiated, he being then in Australia in connection with a Solar Eclipse. On August 24, 1920, a reception took place, at which His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate presided.

The rules of the Sodality allow a certain diversity in the work done by the Sodality. At one time the Sodality developed considerable literary interest. It originated in what is described as a "magic-lantern, phosoramic chorographic" entertainment, a lecture on Rome, given by Fr. McInerney, on March 25th, 1896, to welcome new members. This gave members the idea of varying the routine of their meetings by occasional reading of papers. The first, read on September 8, 1896, by the Prefect, J. d'Apice, was on "Thomas Moore and his Poems." Percy Power followed in November with a paper on "Adam Lindsay Gordon," while on December 8th the Director lectured on "The Sufferings of Catholics during the Penal Times." This phase of the Sodality's activity seems to have closed with a lecture, delivered by the Director on April 5th, 1897, the subject being "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day."

The main works of the Sodalists have, of course, been those familiar in all Jesuit Colleges, the attendance at the weekly meetings, the constant endeavour to reach a higher standard of personal holiness, the remembrance before God in a special manner of deceased members of the Sodality. At times the practice of reciting the office on Saturday evenings has been observed, as also the custom of saying the Office of the Dead for deceased members. These, however, have not become established as regular practices of the Sodality. The care needed in the selection of members has been traditionally recognised in the Sodality. Indeed in one year the members refused to admit any new candidates till late in the year, considering that the new arrivals from second division were not sufficiently known or were of insufficient standing. At one time the Sodality insisted on proficiency in serving at Mass as a condition for membership, and in August, 1908, members decided to inaugurate a particularly strict observance of the ritual of the serving at Mass, apparently to the no small amazement of some members of the house. After the entry into the new chapel members undertook the care of the Lady Altar during May, and had Mass especially offered in that month in the new chapel for deceased members of the Sodality. An interesting note in 1910 reads: "A new system of reciting the prayers has begun in the chapel. All the reading (both the prayers and the morning spiritual reading) is being done by the Sodality."

—1925.

Rev. E. M. O'Brien: On June 7th last there passed away one of the Riverview pioneers in the person of Fr. Edward O'Brien. He entered the College as far back as 1881, the second year of its existence. The records show that he was professed as a member of the Sodality of Our Lady on September 8th, 1884. Becoming prefect of the same, he went to Rome to study for the higher dignity of the priesthood. He returned to finish his studies at Manly, and was ordained by his Eminence Cardinal Moran at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, on November 7th, 1895. His first mission was a curacy at Liverpool, N.S.W., and towards the end he was for some years chaplain of Kincumber Orphanage and Convent. His health had been indifferent for a long time, and the final summons was a happy release.—R.I.P.

—1925.

On the 20th December, 1923, Fr. Thomas O'Dwyer relinquished office, and Fr. W. J. Lockington became Rector of Riverview.

A Modern Miracle Play

1925.

The Passion Play staged at the College was an echo of one of the most familiar features in the life of the Middle Ages—the Miracle Plays. These miracle plays were greatly favoured by the people of that time; for religious subjects appealed to their spirit, deeply reverential as it was regarding all matters sacred and holy.

In mediaeval times a Miracle Play was usually performed by some guild in the town. For example, the guild of tailors and shearers in Coventry was entrusted with the production of a Nativity Play. At all costs, they always did the work well and spared no trouble on it, for which they were amply compensated by the applause and thanks of the audience. Their subject was always taken from the Scriptures, especially the New Testament. One can well see the old market-place of some quaint town and the wooden stage standing in the centre; the motley throng of well-fed middle-class burghers attended by their wives in clean linen caps, whilst they viewed the actors performing, say, "The Marriage Feast at Cana." What a breathless hush and how deep reverence reigns, save for the voice, perhaps, of pleading Mary! How attentively they watch the play, and with what pleasure at the sight of the sacred personages they know and love so well! There, indeed, is a religious atmosphere!

Surely, this modest play of ours resembled those old plays in some respects. Surely, our audience was respectful and silent, taking in with all their power the new aspect of Christ's Passion presented by the stage. Our objects, too, resembled theirs, for did they not play them to instruct and teach better the greatest story in the world? So did we. Our theme, too, was drawn solely from the Sacred Scriptures. Now, if our Passion Play resembles the old Miracle Plays thus, surely it must be a faint revival of them?

The objects of our play are certainly praiseworthy. Our first and main purpose was to make some little reparation to the wounded and bleeding heart of Christ for the fierce blasphemies uttered against it. This we tried to do by as true and as vivid a representation of the Passion of Christ. Not that it was vivid by showing the torments of Christ in mind and body. Such painful realism was well enough in the Old Miracles. But to us, who cannot hope to attain to the simple unquestioning faith of those ages, such familiar intercourse with and close attendance on the sufferings of sacred personages tends to lessen their dignity in our eyes. Rather, therefore, the play suggested those tor-

tures by showing the ingratitude, the fickleness and cruel hate of man against his Saviour. A spectator would see the cunning of the High Priest's mind lay snare after snare to trap the Son of God. And the slinking Judas, with eyes a-glitter at the clink of money, sneaking through the darkness like a dog, to sell his Master for thirty pieces of silver. It comes very near to a Mediaeval Miracle Play, and recalls the artless words of the old play of the Crucifixion from the Wakefield Cycle, spoken from the cross:

"My folk, what have I done to thee,
That thou all thus shall torment me?
Thy sin bear I full soon."

And then anon:

"But Father that sittest on throne,
Forgive Thou them this guilt,
I pray to Thee this boon,
They know not what they doon."

It is then that the audience must have felt a wave of contempt sweep over them at the sight of the despicable Judas. Then must have been felt the outrage against God and the awfulness of the crime of black despair.

Moreover, there were many scenes in our "Golgotha" similar to those of the mediaeval "Crucifixion" play. Consider the scene before the imperious and impious Pilate; amid that display of luxury and voluptuosness that forlorn figure, forsaken and sad. Consider the last harrowing scene of the Cross, whilst John speaks:

"Behold the Cross!"

Thus does Golgotha correspond to the mediaeval Crucifixion. And when we add to this that all modern Passion Plays are adaptations of the great drama of Oberammergau, which in turn derives, by an almost unbroken tradition from the age of the Wakefield Crucifixion, we have abundant reason for calling Golgotha a modern miracle play.

As to the spirit of the play, it is hard to describe the deep solemnity and religious feeling that pervaded the atmosphere. As soon as one entered the hall, the sweet perfume of incense struck the nostrils and brought before one's mind a vision of the sanctuary, cloudy with fragrant incense, upward curling from a swinging censer. Then the first sight of the stage reveals the smoking thurible at the foot of the cross, gaunt and striking, whilst the crown of thorns conveys a deeper significance of tragedy. Even in the very prelude the emotional note of the whole play is struck, the spirit of holy reverence.

But through the play there are many interesting characters. The bright and varied Jewish garments, the frantic populace, wavering and ungovernable, the loathsome leper , all these made an unforgettable illustration of human suffering and Divine compassion. Truly, in the heart of anyone who witnessed it, the memory of this play will not speedily die.

JOSEPH COEN

A Day of Days

Inland from the French Riviera and spread in great peaks and ranges parallel with the coast, lie the Alpes Maritimes. Leaving Nice on an autumn day at dawn, we began our journey towards the snow. Our car was a powerful Delage, which cut through the morning air like a silver hatchet through ice. Straight from the sea we sped inland with the health and spirits of those who have risen early.

Up the long valley of the Var, the road runs between high and rocky cliffs for more than eighty miles. By noon, however, it had begun to widen, to become more tortuous, and—for our greater joy—to climb. Granite cliffs gave way to green pastures: and stony stream-beds to pine-clad hills. In another hour we had deep valleys below, great mountain-sides around us, and above, standing in brown majesty against a blue heaven, the autumn peaks of the Alps. Higher and higher, purred our silver chariot, while deep valleys grew deeper still, brown peaks came closer, and we began to breathe the air which blows in high places between green mountains under a slowly westering sun.

Over the Col d' Allos and the Col Saint Michel we went, till in a valley beside a village garage we stopped for petrol. Our crank-case unhappily had begun to leak: but Saint Christopher sent us a French mechanic who, after various simian contortions, managed to stop it with a cork! The day was cooler and the shadows longer, when we resumed our way. Another hour and the sun had gone—while we fled through the air of an autumn evening with darkness settling upon us and a wind rushing among the pines. It was dark and very cold when we reached the village of Gap.

After washing and taking dinner at the Hotel of the Universe we went forth to see the town. Imagine our surprise when we found its streets thronged with people, music echoing from its walls, and the village square filled with all the joy and clamour of carnival. We had arrived in Gap, in time to see the end of the greatest day of its year—the festival of its Saint! The fire-works—whether from Paris or made locally, I do not know—were the best we had ever seen. Children cheered, whistles blew and women chattered, while cascades of silver fire fell, sparkled and then faded, into the purple mountain night.

It was two hours before the last crackers had exploded and last fluting notes had mournfully died upon weary barrel-organs. A final rocket rushed, then falling, bright but vanquished, heralded the end.

As we sought our dwelling, we reflected that we had risen early, had voyaged pleasantly and had seen a perfect day fade into the dark. For long hours, we had loved all we had looked on: and no blasphemy, even because of a leaking crank-case, had fallen from our lips.

As we took a last look from our window, the town was very silent, the air was very cold, and we seemed close, very close, to the stars.

JOHN GODSALL (O.R. 1917-20).

From an Old Boy's Garden

All Sydney Estate Agents agree that a north easterly aspect is best. I have a special reason to concur, for, as one looks from my verandah across the Lane Cove River to the north east, Riverview — the new Riverview, towers before one, crowning its headland — massive and dominating.

Seen thus, through a framework of trees, it makes a picture ever changing and always pleasing. In the bright light of noon it sparkles. It is more alluring, shrouded in the grey mist of nightfall; but to see it at its best, one must see it at dawn. Then, with a flaming background, and wreathed in clouds of black and gold, it is grand. I must, however, admit with shame, that my acquaintance with it at dawn is very limited.

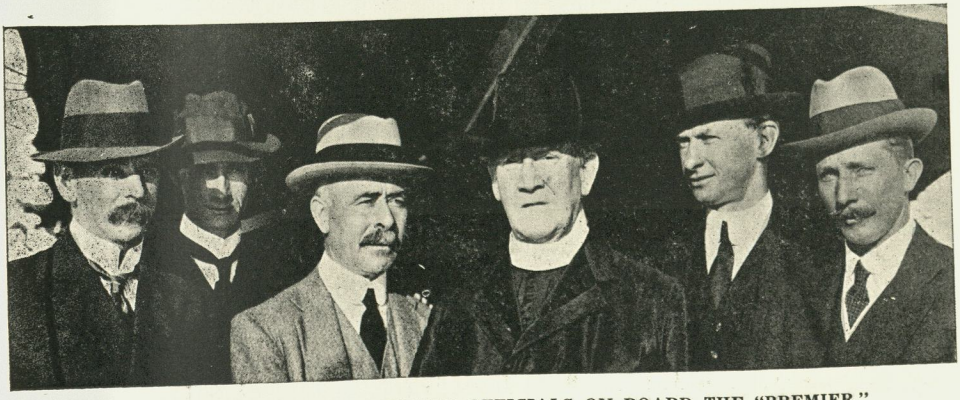
The site for the College was chosen by a man of vision and foresight. That man was Father Joseph Dalton, of whom we of the "eighties" cherish vivid recollections, so great an impression did this great chief make upon us. Some of the impressions his corrective strap made on me, have, in course of time, worn off, but I nevertheless remember I then considered the site he selected for their reception was ill chosen.

Another great personality of those days was Fr. Gartlan, still happily, with us. It was during his regime as Minister that the Riverview eights brought laurels to the old school. Such names as Tom Cussen, Bobby Beirne, Alick Thynne and Archie Macdonald, instinctively spring to mind at the thought of this great era, and the fondest wish of every old Riverview Old Boy is to see his school once more Head of the River.

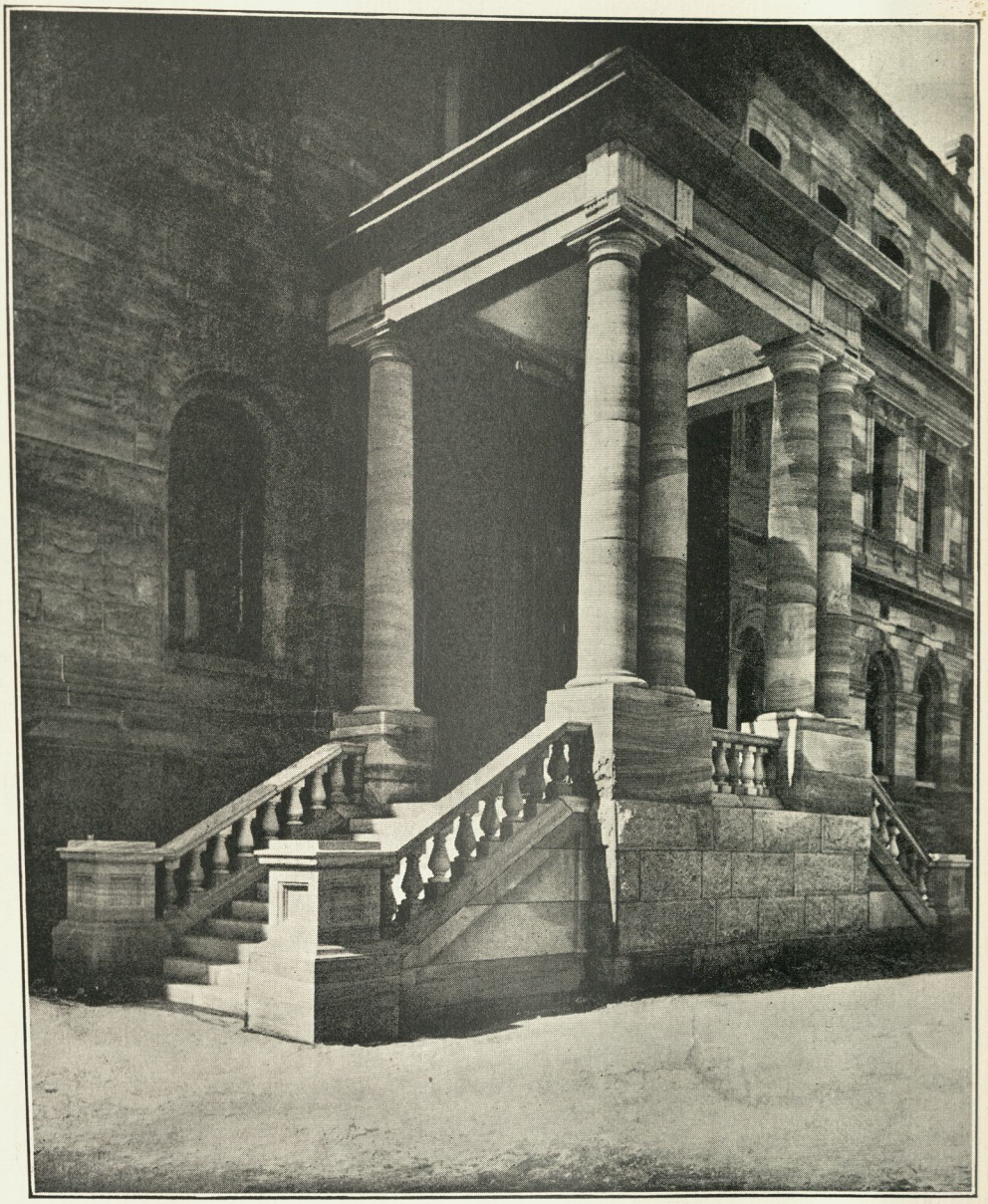
In other spheres early Riverview had its notabilities. Was there ever such a Prefect of Studies as Father John Murphy, such a delightful scientist as Father Pigot, or such a clever mathematician as Father Charles O'Connell? These names are associated with a Riverview of humbler dimensions, and though every Old Boy knows intuitively that the School was at its zenith during the precise period he himself adorned it, we all, no matter of what vintage, unite in congratulating the College and so, each other, on Riverview's Jubilee. We all take off our hats to the present Rector, Father Lockington, whose courage is responsible for the magnificent edifice which now enshrines our memories of our Alma Mater.

I would like to claim Father Lockington as one of the giants of "our" period, but I could not do so without calling him an anachronism, which would sound dreadfully rude even from an Old Boy of the late eighties.

—F. DU BOISE ('86-'93).



FATHER GARTLAN WITH REGATTA OFFICIALS ON BOARD THE "PREMIER."



THE PORCH.

Sydney Debaters

THE OXFORD UNION.

(By W. S. Sheldon on Tour with H. Godsall in a Sydney University Team).

BIRMINGHAM, March 13.

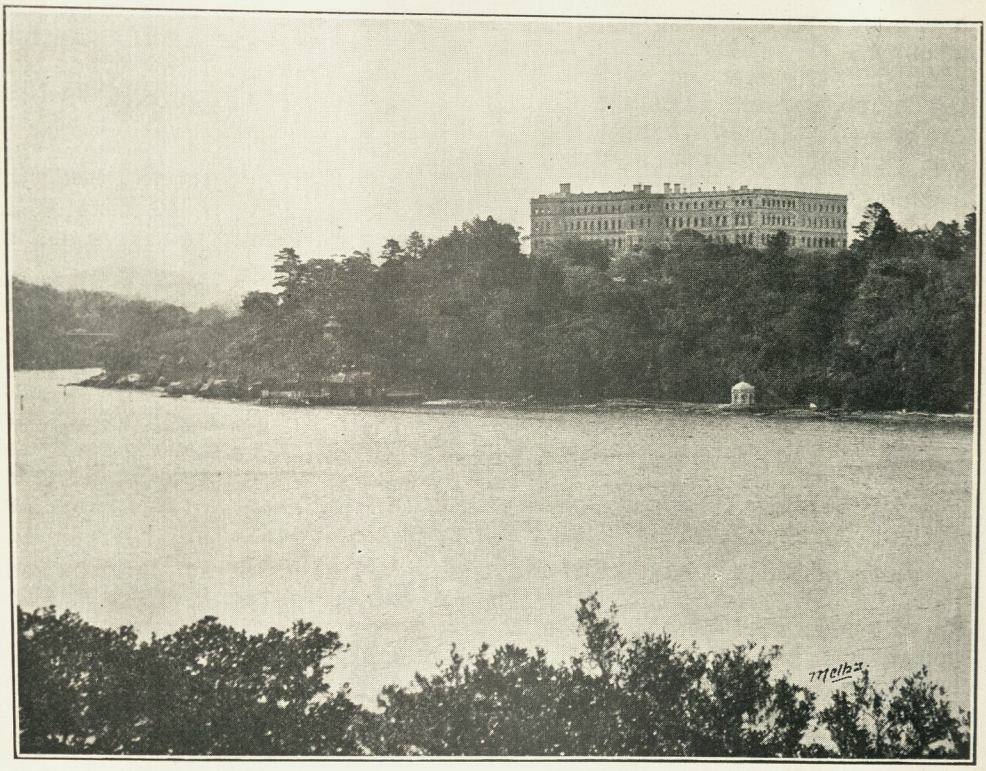
When Mr. Bernard Shaw was asked to debate in the Oxford Union he replied that he did not indulge in these "schoolboy frivolities." The refusal was almost without precedent; its terms unheard of. For even if an Englishman dislikes the Oxford Union he takes it seriously. Such a training ground it has been for such men! Everyone knows that veterans, like Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Bryce, and Asquith, were presidents in their day; so were Lord Birkenhead, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Buchan; and among younger men there are Mr. Guedalla and Mr. Beverely-Nichols (who did not reach 25 without telling us all about it). These are a few of the cherries from the Union pudding. Election to the presidency would seem to place you on the road to fame; you have merely to choose your vehicle.

Still there have been three presidents a year for 105 years. Thus many who had this greatness thrust upon them have later failed to achieve greatness (losing greatness, very elastically). Possibly this is due, not to lack of talent on the part of the majority of ex-presidents, but to the fact that three hundred or so men, all fit for greatness in the one century, are rather too many to go round; especially when we remember that fortune (illogical jade) has sometimes shown partiality to men who have never heard of the Oxford Union. Possibly we hear a good deal of nonsense about the relation between the Oxford Union and immortality.

But even if the presidential chair does not automatically produce great men, the Oxford Union can probably claim a more fascinating history than any other debating society in the world. If you imagine its members as a body of young men burning to solve the problems of the world, you see only half the picture, and the less true half. The Oxford Union is a rather flippant body, and, it seems, always has been. After two years of existence the society was disbanded momentarily in 1825, owing to the "boyish folly" of some of its members (note how near Mr. Shaw came to plagiarising). Mr. Gladstone cracked jokes in the minute book, a capital offence among debaters; and any Thursday night you can hear this factory of epigrams producing its goods. Some of those epigrams have been carried by Oxford debaters over the English-speaking world, and are quoted by Californian debaters and Sydney after-dinner speakers; others have died at birth, drowned by the groans of the back-benchers. Some are good, some bad, but all are artificial. There is much wit, but little humour; in the Oxford Union they smile more often than they laugh. If the Union likes smartness best it can appreciate other qualities. Sincerity is always sure of a welcome. The man who can feel like Savonarola, and talk like Oscar Wilde is the Union ideal. But even if your sincerity is exclusively ascetic, the Union won't despise you, even if it thinks you dull.

AS IN PARLIAMENT.

Debates in the Union proceed on Parliamentary lines. The benches are arranged as in Parliament, except that the greatest space is given to the cross-benches. A large number sit on the fence in Oxford politics. But party feeling runs pretty high at times, especially when the periodic debate "That this House has lost confidence in his Majesty's Government," is used as a bait to bring some Cabinet Minister down from London. But politics are not allowed to influence the election of the officers of the Union. The best man is picked for the presidency, after exhaustive trials; what his



VIEW OF COMPLETED COLLEGE FROM RIVER, 1930.

political views happen to be is immaterial. The retiring president this year is a Socialist, the president-elect a Conservative.

As far as one can judge from one visit to the Union the standard of speaking is high, but not extraordinarily so. The Oxford team, which was in Sydney a few years ago, consisted of men exceptional, even for Oxford. The average member of the Union speaks no more like Mr. Woodruff than the average member of the House of Commons speaks like Mr. Lloyd George.

Naturally, one cannot help drawing comparisons between the Oxford and the Sydney Unions. As far as debating is concerned the Sydney Union

is at a disadvantage; for while the Oxford Union is a debating society, which has a club as a side line, the Sydney Union has become a club with debating as a side line. The inevitable result is that the Sydney Union is the better club, the Oxford Union the better debating society.

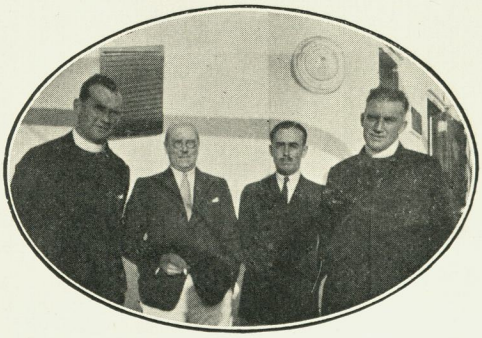
Union debating in Sydney, I think, suffered a blow when the House ceased to divide itself on political lines. A parliamentary form of debate without parties is farcical. Whatever faults our Union had in the days when Conservatives and Radicals held alternate sway (happy short-lived Governments)! there was no lack of spirit or excitement. The night we were in the Oxford Union a bitter quarrel developed between two branches of the Liberal party. We might have been back in the Sydney Union in the times when its members were narrow enough to get bitter about their principles.

The debate on this night was whether Oxford is worthy of its traditions. Some said no—because Oxford is rapidly becoming an industrial city, where the dreaming spires are hard to see for smoke and tourists come to view the motor works as much as the colleges. This view may commend itself to those who knew pre-war Oxford; but those who see it for the first time in 1929, have little to complain about. A monk could still pace Magdalen cloisters without feeling an anachronism; lovers of quiet still find the garden of New kind; and not a single Morris-Oxford disturbs the cows on Christchurch meadow. It is true that they employ traffic policemen on High-street, but the cars look far more foolish than the street. And then the hundred wisps of side streets forgotten by time—Mammon has a big job ahead if Oxford is to be captured.

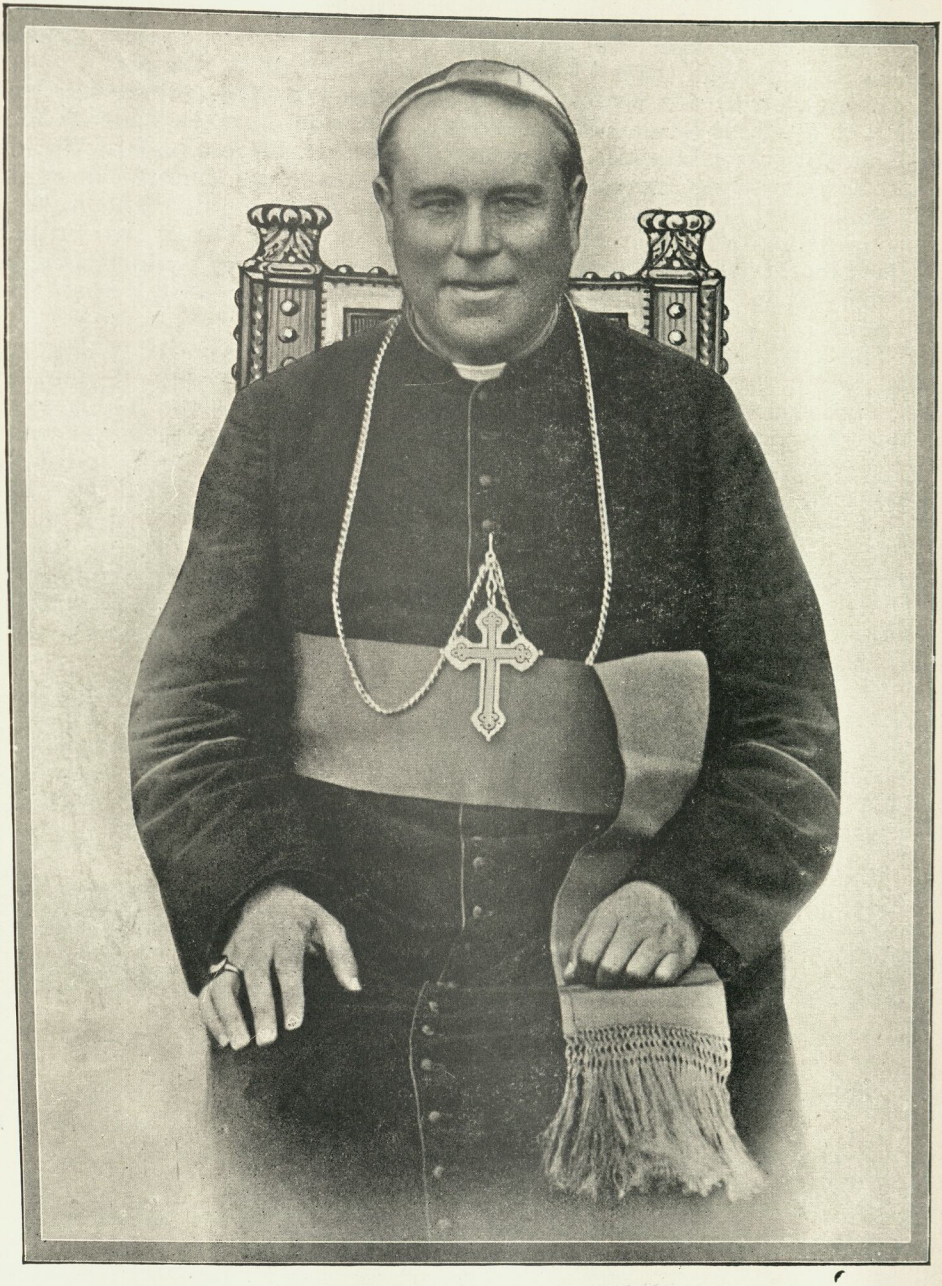
From the city the assault veered to the University. A lot of linen was washed, and it all ended in the House voting for its own worthiness; a purely "ex parte" judgment, and emotional rather than intellectual. For it became increasingly clear as the evening went on that no one knew what the traditions of Oxford are. But on the whole the members, after an orgy of self analysis, felt themselves able to say to each other.

My natural instinct teaches me
(And instinct is important, O),
You're everything you ought to be,
And nothing that you oughtn't, O.

(Reprinted by courtesy of "Sydney Morning Herald.")



Rev. C. McKillop, '05; H. B. Phipps, '91; Dr. J. R. Godsall, '17; Rev. K. McKillop, 05.



HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. B. CATTANEO, D.D., LL.D.
Apostolic Delegate.

A Song of Riverview

Dedicated to

Father T. Gartlan, S.J.

NOTE:—A school song if in any way adequate should conform to the following rules:—

(1) it must be a real song, as distinct from other poetic effusions, hence have the lilt which easily is set to music;

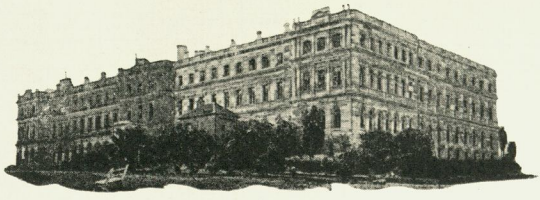
(2) it should be simple in the expression of its verses, for it should be for all students of the school, not the elite only;

(3) the music should also be simple enough to be easily sung, and the accompaniment to be played;

(4) the thoughts and emotions, the local colour, as expressed in the song must be true and correspond to realities;

(5) it must be in some sense inspired, for a frigid cold set of verses is not worth singing as a school song. Only because the author of the song which is printed with this—shall I say prelude?—thinks that it fulfils the above conditions does he offer it for insertion into the Jubilee Book, and also because so far no such song, at least set to music, has appeared. Should it stimulate the production of other songs of Riverview, a secondary strong desire of its author will be realised. For it, even if it proves in any way adequate, is only a 'general' song, we want particular ones, cricket, football, rowing and so on. Which, the author thinks might most suitably be produced when some big event of the school will naturally inspire the future authors, as the idea of Riverview's Jubilee Year has inspired the author of this, who dedicates it with affectionate respect to Father Gartlan.

A word of explanation may be added regarding the indicated tempo. Originally written in fours, common time, with the tempo indication 'allegro con brio' the author felt that, in spite of the addition 'con brio' added to the allegro, it might inadvertently be played and sung with too much drag, he set it 'two-four' time, and left the addition to allegro of con brio. The song must go with a swing, it is joyous, it must be just as fast as the enunciation of the words and the sentiment allows.



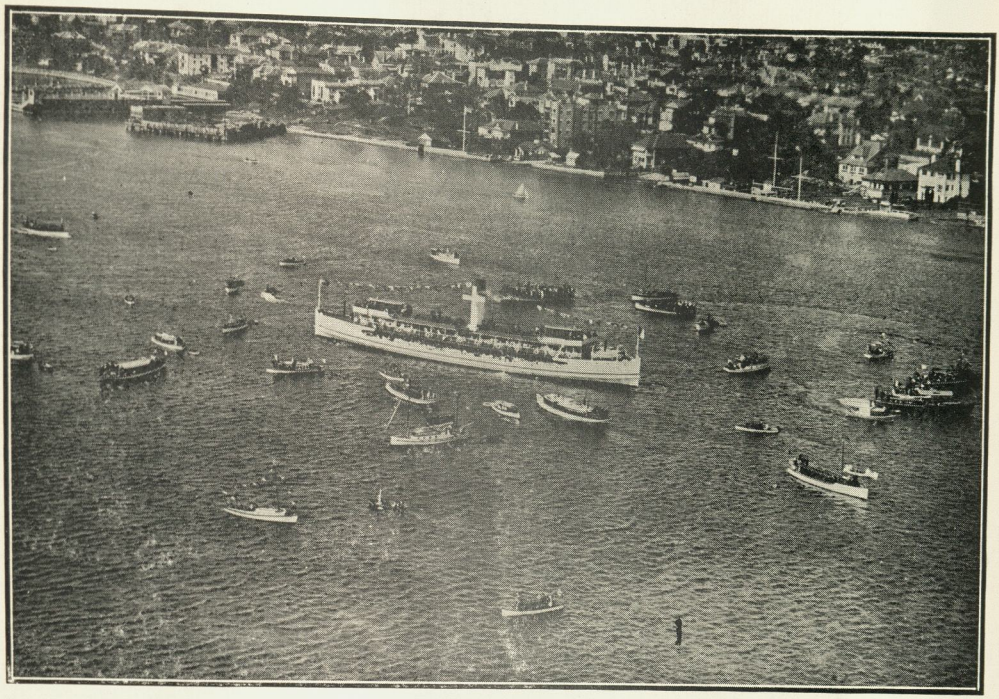
A Song of Riverview

(JUBILEE YEAR, 1930).

By P. J. DALTON, S.J.




Choi - cest charms are found we know. Where op - al wa - ters lap be - low The
all Things that are good and true what e'er you can do. dare to do so
row - ing skiff. in stu - dy hall. To an - swer ev - er du - ty's call And
wood - y hill where - on built true A crown is set at Ri - ver - view
runs the mot - to, till the last Ig - na - tius sons to this hold fast.
so through life, when school is done. Un - til the crown of glo - ry's won.
Refrain
View View River - view
Home of lads stout and true,
Bat - tling, stri - ving, every good con - tri - ving, Boys give a cheer for Ri - ver - view
cresc.
rall



BLESSED EUCHARIST CROSSING THE HARBOUR IN BOAT MARKED WITH CROSS.

The Eucharistic Congress

SEPTEMBER, 1928.

September of the crimson dawns
And sunlit days and starry nights—
Her emerald tints upon the heights,
Her floral opulence on the lawns,—

September, herald of the Spring,
Triumphant o'er rude Winter's sway—
Whose smile makes all the world be gay
And hill and vale with gladness ring.

While all with deep contentment list,
And hearts rejoice with one accord—
With her Thou cam'st to us, O Lord,
In Thy majestic Eucharist.

The multitudes of many lands,
Of tropic Ind and thronged Cathay,
The mighty New World hordes, and they
Of spacious Afric, and the strands .

Girt by the vast Pacific main—
Yea, all mankind—gave reverent ear,
With helpful Science' aid, to hear
The authentic, glad, triumphant strain.

That smote upon the echoing air,
When Thou did rise, the Sacring done
A holier, more majestic Sun,
To light the mighty concourse there.

Then, that bright Sabbath afternoon,
When Thou wih princely retinue,
Headed by Peter's Legate, drew
To board the barque, the loud bassoon.

And pealing trump, with shrill acclaim,
Struck through the vibrant ether-girth
That trembling ringed approving Earth,
Glad Salvos to Thy Royal Fame.

O'er our fair haven's sunlit breast,
The glad flotilla's worshipping freight
Followed Thy course in regal state,
Towards waiting thousands at the West.

In triumph, o'er the reverent flood,
Still did Thy barque exulting fare,
Thy message filling all the air:
This is My Body, This My Blood."

And when Thou cam'st upon the shore,
Where each bedecked and crowded street
Was hallowed by adorers' feet,
The scene a solemn grandeur bore.

And men forgot all discontent,
And women put their cares aside;
Each maid with each in reverence vied,
Each youth in adoration bent.

They watched Thy pageant onward fare
While joy transfigured every face,
For each warm bosom felt the Grace
Thou cam'st to lavish everywhere.

Then shame-faced malice hid its head;
Then doubt gave place to wondering awe;
And in the hearts of all who saw
There thrilled a pulse of loving dread.

And we, Thine own, partook the boon
Of joying, in Thy progress grand,
Held in the Prince's reverent hand,
Through the thronged ways that afternoon.

We marked with grateful eyes the mien
Of pausing strangers, as they scanned
The kneeling hosts on either hand,
And marvelled at the regal scene.

And as Thy loyal people knelt
On the bare earth, the stranger's gaze,
While loving voices hymned Thy praise,
Told of the speechless awe he felt.

Dear Christ! How Thou did'st find the way,
In Thy Divine Omnipotence,
To whelm each soul with reverence
That saw Thy triumph that glad day.

Onward, to Music's sacred strain,
Borne by Thy countless escort still,
Thou cam'st unto the hallowed hill
Where towers the beauteous new-built fame.

Like waves upon a mighty sea
Those loving thousands watched Thee, Lord,
Kneeling on street and slope and sward,
Their hearts aglow with charity,

And faith and hope, while Thou didst raise
Thy Hand Divine with deigning love,
To lavish largesse from above,
And prosper all their happy days.

—F.A.C.

Our College Church

The College Church was built as a memorial to Father Joseph Dalton by the Old Boys of the College. It gives a good roomy interior, very fine sanctuary, excellent confessionals, and a beautiful Lady Chapel. In its present stage, it is rather too high for its length and rather wanting in symmetry, with the Lady Chapel on the epistle side of the sanctuary end of the church, and nothing to correspond on the other side. No doubt, in time, balance will be secured by the addition of a chapel of St. Ignatius on the gospel side to balance the Lady Chapel on the epistle side, and more due proportions by a lengthening of the chapel towards the main College Building. It is built in a modern style which combines in it much that is Gothic, and some Romanesque features, with a hint, in the mouldings, of the baroque. The buttresses, which support the walls are Gothic in type; there are windows with the round arch of the Romanesque, small windows in the confessionals of Gothic pointed form and in the interior, elaborate mouldings. With due proportions and symmetry, such as would be given by lengthening and the addition of a chapel of St. Ignatius to balance the Lady Chapel, and some kind of porch to the facade, one would have a very pleasing exterior. We have had for years some exquisite

stained glass in the windows, two beautiful altars, and a fine set of terra-cotta Stations of the Cross, but otherwise plain walls. The elaborate mouldings and various wall divisions have cried out for decoration; the contrast between the strong white walls and ceiling and the colour of windows, of altars and of Stations was much too sharp. We have been fortunate in being able to secure the services of Signor Vito Giuffrida, to decorate the walls and ceilings, placing in a suitable setting our windows, altars and Stations, to give us a church making for devotion, in which the attention is continually drawn to and focussed upon the scene of richest decoration, in the centre of which is the altar and tabernacle.

The general colour scheme of the decorations is a combination of cream, bronze and various reddish tints, which tones with the colours in the windows, altars, statues, and Stations of the Cross. The walls have been given a foundation colouring of cream, with the basal portion in a darker hue, and the various lines of the mouldings have been picked out in bronze.

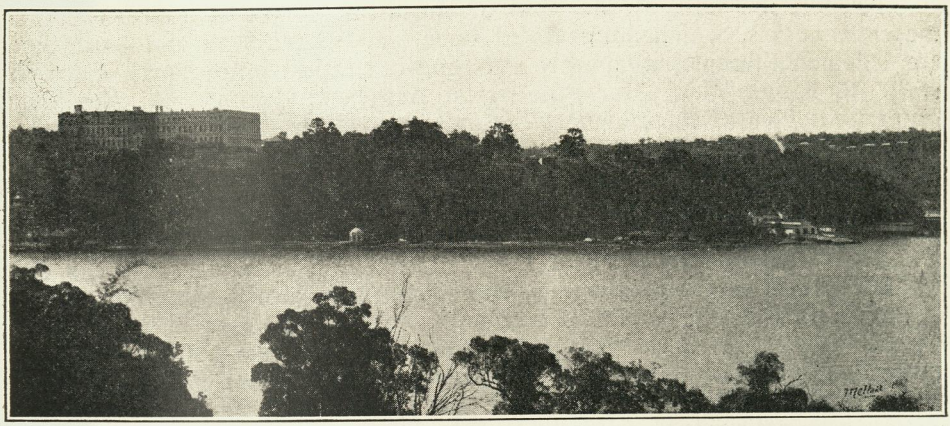
The ceiling has been decorated, in its upper portion, in a simple and effective way, by placing a single flower in each quarterfoil, and at the sides, by panels in which an arrangement of flower and leaf, light upon a very slightly darker background, give an excellent satin finish. The same device has been used continually in the decoration of the church, sometimes dark upon light, sometimes white upon a slightly indicated yellowish background, or very light sienna upon a darker background of the same colour. This, in fact, is a characteristic motif of the whole decoration, and its continual recurrence with slight variation tends to produce a satisfying sense of unity in design. The upper divison of the walls contains precisely similar panels, with the satin finish, as are found in the side panels of the ceiling, here placed horizontally.

The next division of the wall contains sprays of flowers, and emblems, throughout the whole circuit of the church; these are excellently drawn and coloured.

The arch at the entrance to the sanctuary contains, in the centre, a chalice surmounted by the Host, from which rays diverge, the whole encircled by a design of grape and vine leaves, and flanked at the sides of the arch by fine sprays of roses intertwined with wattle, supporting suitable emblems, on one side a plain cross, on the other an open book with the device A.M.D.G.

The arch over the recess in which the Lady Altar is placed, contains a medallion of Our Lady of Sorrows flanked by sprays of flowers. The wall to which the Lady Altar is attached has been decorated with artistic restraint and effectiveness. A sienna border, set a little away from the line of the altar edge encloses a design of leaf and marguerite flower, cream upon very light sienna tint, giving a most graceful lace effect: the ceiling of the recess is decorated with a single star of a jade colour, which tones exquisitely with the malachite and blue mosaic ornaments of the Lady Altar.

The main wall of the church in addition to the two upper divisions already mentioned contains very little in the way of decorative painting.



RIVERVIEW.

The two upper divisions of the wall rest on a highly decorative course, consisting of cream lozenges standing on a brown background, and contained above and below by the bronze moulding. Decorative panels indicating scenes of Our Lord's life have been placed in the lower course of the wall, above the basal portion between the Stations of the Cross, also in the Lady Chapel beneath the window of the Immaculate Conception, has been placed a panel representing the Flight into Egypt.

The Sanctuary has been decorated in a most sumptuous fashion, and here is found the most finished work of the artist. The central divisions contain, in the back wall of the Sanctuary, on either side of the window of the Ascension, panels showing St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, on the simplest background with blue cloud-flecked sky, and vaguely indicated land area. Both drawing and colouring are effective, and the features are plainly distinct at any distance, and are not harsh at close quarters. The side walls of this division, contain, on the gospel side a picture of the disciples with Our Lord walking through the cornfield, with the same cloud-flecked sky, this picture after one by Raphael, and on the epistle side Our Lord healing the leper. In the last picture, after a modern artist, the whole background has been skilfully changed, from that of a city street with its buildings, to a scene in which the cloud-flecked sky is again effectively introduced, suggestive of the outskirts of a town. The upper portion of the back wall of the Sanctuary flanking the upper portion, and surmounting the window, has been decorated with great skill. The two little angels familiar to all from the Sistine Madonna, one pensive, the other playful, fill the lower side corners, and the playful cherub on the right side, striding through the clouds, plays with rosebuds, tossing them in the air as they whirl through the space intervening between himself and his brother cherub on the left. This is a most charming piece. Drawing, colouring, and imaginative design combine to give a most pleasing effect.

Around the wall, at the level of the altar, is found a procession of majestic angels, which suggests at once the "cherubims and palm-trees (of Solomon's temple) as it were standing out, and coming forth from the wall" (3 Kings VI.). Here the artist has been daring. At the back, immense angels with exquisite wings walk through a grove of eucalyptus, through which the blue sky peers. One hand rests on a gigantic waratah bloom, and other waratahs too, mingled with immense flannel flowers, spring from the earth, and the other hand of the angel supports a long golden trumpet, gracefully held aloft pointing into the air above the tabernacle, to proclaim the glory of the God of the Eucharist. On the side walls we have, on the gospel side, the Archangel Gabriel, leading a group of angels playing on musical instruments, walking in a field of arum lilies; on the other side Michael with drawn sword, with breast-plate and helmet, gives the death stroke to Lucifer, represented by a Mephistophelean head appearing above the earth. Michael is supported by other angels playing on musical instruments, in a field of eucalyptus, while from the ground spring huge flannel flowers mingled with waratahs. Beneath these panels is an effective supporting design of a simple kind, the flower design used elsewhere, vaguely indicated, dark upon light, with a slight reddish tint.

The reredos has been coloured cream, its panels simply picked out with bronze.

The general effect of the decoration is to lead the eye continually towards the altar and tabernacle. Flowers, and descriptive scenes of the life of Our Lord and Our Lady produce the first effect in the general body of the church, and the eye is next drawn to the lavish decoration of the Sanctuary in which St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and the Angels, form a guard of honour round the tabernacle, while the picture of the apostles in the corn, and the healing of the leper remind one of the full significance of the Incarnation, while the waratahs and eucalyptus remind us that in Australia too, the Eucharistic Lord is ever the same, and that his angels haunt and protect our own native land, for to God all is one, and all men are his children. Elaborate decoration is of course always open to criticism, but we think our church has been most beautifully and suitably decorated. And, if sumptuous decoration is anywhere suitable, where more, as indeed the Church has always thought, than in God's own house? And who will say how many of our bare little chapels are the result of an imperceptible permeation of puritanic atmosphere into the critical faculty of those who live among men who would remove the beauty of God's world from the walls of his temples, owing to a loss of Catholic spirit, which is full of a love of the beautiful things that God has made as mirroring His own beauty?

—(O.A.M.)

An Honourable List

PRIESTS OF RIVERVIEW.

Sacerdotes in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

Arthur Moore ('81-'85).
Edward M. O'Brien ('81-'85).
Michael Flemming ('81-'83).
Stephen Burke, D.D. ('85-'86).
Ron Coen, C.P. ('85-'88).
Henry Fitzgerald ('86-'87).
John Drinan, S.J. ('81-'87).
Cornelius Hartnett, S.J. ('90).
John Dunne ('92-'94).
Joseph Healy, S.J. ('92-'93).
Patrick Dalton, S.J. ('93-'99).
Patrick Griffin, S.J. ('94-'99).
Guy Gavan-Duffy ('95-'98).
Thomas O'Mara, S.J. ('96-'97).
William Baker, S.J. ('96-'97).
H. Basil Loughnan, S.J. ('00-'03).
Louis Loughnan, S.J. ('0--'03-'06).
Felix Conlon, S.J. ('99-'06).
Vincent Conlon, S.J. ('04-'09).
Robert McCarthy, S.J. ('04-'07).
Henry McArdle, S.J. ('05-'07).
Kenneth McKillop, S.J. ('05-'06).
Colin McKillop, S.J. ('95-'11).
Maurice McKenna, ('06).
William McNally ('06-'07).
Dominic Furlong ('14-17).
Mark Carlton ('15).

We add to the list, **honoris causa.**

Michael Hartnett, S.J. ('84-'85).
Gordon Rorke, S.J. ('97-'04).

who died before ordination, as Scholastics of the Society of Jesus. The list is compiled by the Editor from memory and a few available lists.

Cricket

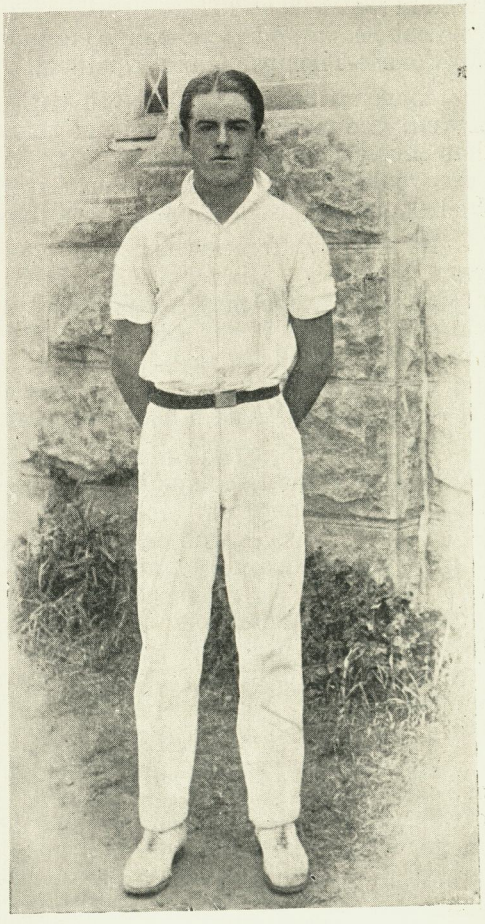
IMPRESSIONS IN THE YEAR RIVERVIEW WON THE SHIELD, 1929.

It is a very difficult proposition to write an article dealing with happenings of the past with nothing to guide you save memory, for after all one's memory is apt to play queer tricks at times. Bearing this statement in mind, I appeal for leniency if any inaccuracies creep in, or if I have failed to include some of the shining lights who attended St. Ignatius' College during the years 1919-1929.

But first let us pay homage to Caesar, for whatever small part I played in assisting Riverview on the cricket field was due to the intense keenness of John Boylan. "Mons" is imbibed with a tremendous love of his Alma Mater. In fact, I know of no Old Boy who watches the fortunes of St. Ignatius in sport like he does.

The Quidnuncs, a famous band of cricketers, save for the captain and sole selector—the writer—was mainly his idea, and it is through my association with this team that I can speak of the cricket skill displayed at "View" during the last ten years.

The Quidnuncs sprang into existence in 1919, and many of the original team had either reached Australian or inter-State rank, or did so at a later date. The following names will carry some idea of the wealth of cricket talent in the team:—W. A. Oldfield, Alan Kippax, Dr. Otto Nothling, Austin Punch, Mick Bardsley, Dr. J. V. Garner, Reg. Gostelow, M. B. Heslein, and at a later period Warren Bardsley, Archie Jackson, A. G. Moyes, Juley Flatau and W. Bassett.



TOM PARSONAGE.
Captain of the Premier Cricket Team of the G.P.S. Competition, 1929.

At our first visit several obvious defects were noted and commented on. For example, the bowlers and the captain showed a rather poor

knowledge on how a field should be placed. The running between the wickets was also faulty. The inter-State men showed the bowlers how they should place their field, and how the other faults could be rectified. Each year a definite improvement was noticeable until Riverview won the cricket premiership for the first time in 1929. But that is getting ahead of my story.

In the early days of the Quidnuncs there was not a great deal of cricket talent that one could work on. Of course there was the redoubtable "Tug" Morrissey, who afterwards gained his State blue for cricket and football. "Tug" was a very useful all-rounder; but his game developed a lot after leaving school. Then there was Bede Kelly, who used to bowl a medium fast ball, and Hilton Duff, who never fulfilled the promise with the bat that he showed at school. One must not overlook Charlie McDermott, Ian Comrie-Thompson, and Westfield.

Then we became acquainted with a young lad, who as a school boy, proved "the most noble Roman of them all." It seems superfluous to add that this refers to Tom Parsonage. It was obvious from the outset that Tom would develop into a fine cricketer, as he showed great promise with the bat, and he also displayed more than average skill with the ball.

Eventually, Tom arrived with a vengeance, and he led the Riverview team to victory. His form with the bat was exceptionally good. In fact, in this regard, one may be pardoned for stating that he was the match-winning factor. Then, too, there was Victor Moses. His wicketkeeping was always excellent, and frequently brilliant. He excelled with the bat, and he frequently provided the fireworks, as for instance in the match with Scots at Bellevue Hill. Moses on that occasion hit several sixers.

Now, there was still another lad that John Boylan picked out as the makings of a fine left-hand bowler; nor was his prophecy void, as he had singled out Wilson Bull. Wilson Bull was unquestionably one of the greatest left-hand bowlers who have ever been to Riverview; in fact, I can think of only one who excelled him, and that was Father (then Mr.) Healy. Who can forget his memorable 7 for 59, including the hat-trick, against Sydney Grammar School? Nor was that all, for runs were badly wanted that day, and when Bull went to the wicket 60 runs were required and nine wickets had fallen. At first he was shaky; then he went for the bowling with a reckless abandon that quelled the fire of the Grammar attack, and landed a win for "View."

Val. Heaton was another bowler of merit who, in my opinion, was not used as judiciously as he should have been. Once he broke a partnership he was relegated to the background again. Lastly, there was Jack Parsonage, who was dimmed by the lustre of his brother, Tom. This team worked as a unit; and every player realised that he was but a link in a chain, and that the chain was only as strong as its weakest link.

There was one small boy—and this is not used in the sense that Mr. O'Mara used it, for he was a really small boy—who, when I saw him, could scarcely see over the top of the stumps. He was the wicketkeeper, and his name was Bristow Johnston. What a stout heart this young lad had, and he kept wickets in a surprising manner.

Before concluding this article, I should like to turn back the hands of time to recall once again the Punches—both fine cricketers—the Frasers, Fred Deery, Tom Dillon, a great keeper in his day, Dr. James Hughes, who was always willing to prove that he could hit the ball out of any ground, and lastly, Leslie Barry who was cut off in his early youth. Les Barry was a splendid exponent of the leg break. His length was excellent, and he could always turn the ball a fair amount, even on the best wicket. I have seen him tie the best of the school bats up, and some of the first grade men who visited us from time to time always treated his bowling with respect and spoke of his latent possibilities.

Looking back over a span of twenty-eight years, I think that Les Barry's bowling was never appreciated at its full value, and I make bold to state he was the best leg break exponent that I have ever seen in action for the College.

GEORGE McELHONE ('99-'02).

Obituary

REV. E. F. PIGOT, S.J.

Father E. F. Pigot, S.J., passed away on 22nd May, 1929, as the result of a severe cold contracted while travelling on matters connected with his work on Solar Radiation research.

.. Father Pigot was born at Dundrum, County Dublin, on September 18, 1858. He adopted the medical profession, and practised for a few years in Dublin. In 1885 he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Dromore, County Down. He made his first visit to Australia as a Jesuit scholastic in 1888, and taught for four years at Xavier College, Melbourne, and St. Ignatius' College, Sydney. Naturally, his department was science. He completed his theological studies in Milltown Park, Dublin, and was ordained in the summer of 1899. Two years later he volunteered for the arduous China Mission, where the French Fathers of the Society of Jesus were endeavouring to Christianise the vast pagan kingdom—an act revealing fires of missionary zeal and personal devotion probably unsuspected by those who knew only the retiring scientist and scholar of later years. His sacrifice was accepted, and recompensed in a striking manner. He did, indeed, master the Chinese language in preparation for missionary labours, and for a while tasted the hardships of active service.

He returned to Australia in 1907, and immediately set about founding an observatory at Riverview, while teaching science on the College staff. When death called him he had gathered at Riverview five double-component seismometers, two telescopes fully equipped for visual and photographic work, a wireless installation, clocks specially designed for extreme accuracy, an extensive scientific library, a complete set of meteorological instruments, and what he most valued in his later years, a solar radiation station, possessing rare and costly instruments, such as are possesed by only a few other, and these Government-endowed, stations throughout the world.

Father Pigot's interest in the scientific problems of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, his experiments at the construction of the Burrenjuk Dam, in geophysics at the Cobar mines and elsewhere, his pendulum experiments in the Queen Victoria Market Buildings in Sydney, are well known. In 1910 he took part in a solar eclipse expedition to Tasmania; in April, 1911, he went with the warship Encounter on a similar expedition to the Tongan Islands in the Pacific, and was prominent in the Goondiwindi Solar Eclipse Expedition in 1922.

Father Pigot was appointed by the Commonwealth Government to represent Australia at the International Seismological Congress at St. Petersburg in 1914. The outbreak of war prevented the Congress being held. In 1921 he was chosen as a member of the Australian National Research Council, and in 1922 went to Rome as its representative at the first general assembly of the International Union of Geodetics and Geophysics. He was elected President of the N.S.W. branch of the British Astronomical Association in 1923 and 1924. For many years he was a member of the Council of the Royal Society of N.S.W.

At the Pan-Pacific Science Congress, held in Australia in 1924, Father Pigot was secretary of the seismological section. In 1926 Father Pigot was once more chosen by the Commonwealth Government as a member of the Australian Delegation at the Pan-Pacific Congress, held in Tokio, in October, 1926. In December of last year he received word from the secretary of the Central International Bureau of Seismology, Strasburg, that he had been elected member of an International Commission of Research, formed for a short time previously at a congress held in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia.

Many warm-hearted and generous tributes to the kindliness and charm of Father Pigot's personal character have been expressed by public and scientific men since his death. Clearly his association with men in all walks of life begot high esteem and sincere friendship. Those who knew him in his private life will always preserve the memory of a kindly, gentle associate, and of a saintly religious.—R.I.P.

College Additions

With great suitability the fiftieth completed year of the life of the College coincides with building operations which have trebled the size of the permanent structure. The great increase in size of the College buildings is most strikingly noticed if one visits the College by river. One was familiar with the long oblong, ending on the east side in a plain high wall, the end of the central block, which stood out gaunt and obviously unfinished on the side that faced Sydney. Instead of this one now sees a giant completely finished. The western block has been balanced on the eastern side of the centre by an eastern block exactly the counterpart of that in the west. One remembers that the facade of all the western block was of smooth and carved stone. The eastern block is faced with smooth and carved stone, exactly corresponding with the facing of the west block. Thus



ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, 1930.

the desired balance has been secured. But the great beauty of the front of the College as it is now to be seen is found in its porch. For a quarter of a century, outside the door that led from what has been for all that time a physics room, was a platform obviously waiting for a super-structure. This has now come, in the form of a beautiful porch, sheltering the main entrance of the College, with steps on the eastern and western side flanked by a simple effective balustrade. The roof of the porch is supported by cylindrical unfluted columns supported by plainest capitals of Doric type. In the front these are in pairs, two on each side, connected below by a balustrade precisely similar in form to that which flanks the steps. At the top of the steps one sees similar columns, but here a single one on each side of the entrance to the porch. The base of the porch, as that of all the college front, is in rough stone, the steps, balustrade and columns are smooth and the final course forming the edges of the roofing is rough. The combination, which one must see to appreciate, of smooth and rough stone in the porch, does much to unite into one artistic whole the smooth side blocks with the rough centre.

The College is not at all completely built yet, but much has been done and the way has been shown to the final complete design—a quadrangle divided into two by the chapel, with complete colonnades all around and even, perhaps, the uniting by colonnades of the church itself to the main building. Such is the vision which has been present for years to the writer; perhaps the production in solid reality of portion of the vision splendid may hasten on the realisation of the whole.

The War Memorial

The project of some Memorial in commemoration of the noble sacrifice of the Old Boys of Riverview in the Great War was definitely launched when at the 22nd annual meeting of the Old Boys' Union, which was held at Paris House immediately after the annual dinner, on Tuesday, 12th August, 1919, Dr. Bernard Coen (the 1918-1919 President) proposed: "That a fitting memorial be erected at Riverview in honour of those ex-students who participated, and in memory of those who died in the Great War." The motion was seconded by the Rev. J. Healy, S.J., and was carried unanimously, with enthusiasm.

In accordance with that resolution on the 5th December, 1919, a circular was issued to the Old Boys asking for co-operation, and suggesting as a fitting memorial "a Column and a Memorial Hall, the Column to be of considerable height, to be placed in a commanding position in the grounds, so that it may be conspicuous from all parts of the river and from Sydney Harbour. The base will be engraved with the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice, and all of those Old Boys who took part in the war. The Memorial Hall will help to complete the quadrangle of the College, and serve as a study hall."

On the Speech Day of 1919 Dr. Humphrey Oxenham formally launched the scheme, while pointing out that "in every thousand of Australia's dead there was a Riverview boy." He urged every friend to subscribe with the utmost generosity towards such a noble project, whether it took the shape of Column or Memorial Hall.

The Very Rev. Father Lockington (Superior of the Jesuits in Australia), in referring to the War Memorial, suggested a Memorial Wing which would be a continuation of the main College building, three stories high, and containing a special Memorial Hall. He intimated that he was prepared, on behalf of the Society of Jesus, to assist the Old Boys in this direction.

By the energy and courageous devotion of our present Rector, Father Lockington, this fine scheme has been triumphantly accomplished. While accomplishing the fine work, Father Lockington also enlarged the chapel to double its former accommodation, and secured the services of Signor Guiffrida to decorate the walls of the chapel, as well as those of the boys' refectory, and the hall in the western pavilion of the main building. During the Rectorship of Father Lockington, too, the number of boys at the College have been doubled.

* * *

PROPOSED PICTURE FOR MEMORIAL HALL.

A movement has been set on foot by Mr. A. A. Rankin and the Honourable John Lane Mullins, M.L.C., to present to the College, in the year of its jubilee, 1930, a memorial picture in the form of a mural painting on the wall of the Memorial Hall.

Epilogue

The time has come to close the Riverview Jubilee Book. For all its defects the Editor is alone responsible; for the generous co-operation of the Old Boys of Riverview and its present staff, and of the excellent craftsmen who have printed it has been abundantly adequate. Any want of balance is due to the Editor's own defect in taste, or to the exigencies of time and space. Much more might have been chronicled were he not prevented by grudging space—'spatiis praeclusus iniquis'—and time, 'tempore.' And Vergil will surely forgive a borrowing in such a book from his great last book of Georgic's, for bees though they bear a mighty spirit in their little breasts, are small things, while Riverview is a great College. If the reading of these pages gives the reader as much pleasure as their preparation has given the Editor, the book has fulfilled its end. For it sets out to record the growth to maturity of a great College, which has been brought to its present glories by the works of great men, first of whom, after our present Rector, Fr. Lockington, came Fr. Joseph Dalton, Fr. Keating, Fr. Gartlan, Fr. John Murphy, and Fr. Pigot.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

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RIVERVIEW FROM THE AIR



1930.