

Brasenose Sacrifice

(The following memoirs are reprinted, by kind permission of the Editor, from the *Oxford Magazine*.)

ALFRED MAURICE BENN came up to Brasenose as a Commoner from Charterhouse in October, 1913. A member of the O.T.C. both at Charterhouse and the University, he obtained a commission in the West Yorkshire Regiment on the outbreak of the War.

Small in stature—very quiet and self-contained—he gave little evidence during his year at College of the stuff that was in him; like so many others he found himself in the War, or it might be true to say that the War found him, found the great heart waiting for its call, that during two years of war never failed to answer to the heaviest demands made on it.

He served in Gallipoli, Egypt, France. The nature of his service can be gathered from the letters of his brother officers. One writes to his father after his death: 'The regiment lost heavily that day . . . but it lost no officer who was more part of it or more well loved than your son. No one ever forgot the work he did at Suvla, when he went out on wiring parties, there the most dangerous and wearing task I have ever seen, I think, in the army. I know too, from what people said, how calm and cool he was at the work, and how he bore up with men killed at his side almost every night, all through those long months.'

Another writes: 'At Suvla we were for a long time engaged on joint enterprise; I had the putting out of a new line, he the wiring of it. This, for many, many nights, under heavy sniping. It was common comment that his work ought to have been recognized, and no one more than myself knows how thoroughly he deserved it.'

. . . He was always dependable, and to know that anything was under his charge was to know that one could dismiss it from one's mind safely. . . . He was a type the country can ill afford to lose, an officer and a gentleman in the truest sense of the word; and had I wanted a companion in a difficult or hazardous enterprise, none that I know could have lent me greater aid or confidence.'

He was killed in the attack on the Stuff Redoubt on September 27, 1916, and there it was his fine courage and devotion to his men that cost him his life. The chaplain writes: 'He was wounded early on, quite sufficiently to warrant his coming down, but he kept on with his men who loved him and would follow him anywhere. For several hours those who came through the dressing station reported him as follows: "He's wounded, Sir, but going fine. He won't come away."'

He never came away. He was reported 'wounded and missing', and so there we leave him, 'going fine' in death as in life—one more of the very gallant gentlemen whom his College mourns and honours and keeps in her memory.

HERBERT NORMAN MARRIOTT, Captain of the East Yorkshire Regiment, was killed on Monday, November 13. He came up to Brasenose from Charterhouse in 1898, and took his degree, with Honours in Modern History, three years later. For some time after this he was engaged in school work, and subsequently went out to the Federated Malay States. Here he was, when war broke out, the sub-editor of the *Malay Mail* at Kuala Lumpur. He was always on the look-out for the arrival of a Brasenose man, and specially welcomed one who would help to 'beat Singapore' at hockey.

But Marriott was not the man to stay in the East when his country was in need of him, and he left Malay in the first months of the War, reaching England in November, 1914. He fully intended to enlist, but a commission was offered to him, and he joined the East Yorkshires. This promptness is exactly what we should have expected

of Marriott. He was chivalrous and keen, never likely to spare himself, and devoted to the cause he adopted. He was equally loyal to Brasenose, where he had lately arranged to have his name replaced on the books. Indeed, his letters suggest that he was as anxious to add another name to the roll of service in his College as he was to get home and serve his country.

Both the University and City of Oxford may well be proud of the heroic sacrifices which have been ungrudgingly offered, and, alas! too often accepted, in our country's struggle; but the simple story of the passing of ANDREA ANGEL, in the awful explosion of Jan. 19, surely marks the summit to which patriotism may ever attain. To undergo cheerfully unusual fatigues and discomforts—not to speak of the possible risks of painful wounds and death—in defence of one's country requires a spirit of endurance which should not by any means be underrated; but to dedicate oneself untiringly to the noble task of saving others, whilst fully conscious that the period of material existence is to be measured in minutes, implies a courage of imperishable quality. Gentle, indeed, were the ways of Angel in his life; his behaviour in face of death will provide a perpetual source of inspiration.

Andrea Angel was of mixed Italian and British descent, his maternal grandfather being Signor Raba-gliati, a political exile who sought refuge in England many years ago. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Angel (of Glan-y-Mor, Penally, S. Wales), he was born at Bradford on January 9, 1877. His parents removed to Devonshire, and Andrea received his early education at Exeter School. In the year 1896 he came up to Christ Church as an Exhibitioner, and, specializing in chemistry, he obtained, three years later, a First Class in the Honour School of Natural Science. He was afterwards elected to a Dixon Scholarship and commenced a series of researches which he carried to a successful conclusion, obtaining thereby the degree of B.Sc. in

1906. In the meantime he had taken the B.A. (1899) and M.A. (1903). These high academic achievements had not prevented him from taking an active part in College Games; he was a member of the Rugby XV at the 'House' for five consecutive years (1897-1902) and was regarded as a useful half-back.

Angel did a considerable amount of private coaching and it was not long before his teaching abilities became generally recognized. He was appointed Tutor in Chemistry to the Non-Collegiate Body in 1902, and served in a like capacity at Keble from 1903 onwards. In 1904 he was appointed Lecturer in Chemistry at Brasenose, and he was subsequently put in charge of the Christ Church Laboratory, a post he only relinquished on leaving Oxford after the outbreak of war. In 1904 Angel married the eldest daughter of Mr. St. George Stock (of Pembroke College), Lecturer in Greek in the University of Birmingham. There are two little daughters. In 1914 he was elected a member of the Brasenose Common Room, a token of that College's esteem and gratitude which he greatly valued.

All the above teaching appointments implied an amount of work that would have proved overwhelming to any one less methodical. Angel was a most patient and conscientious teacher to both elementary and advanced students. His illuminating notes on the more difficult parts of his subject were at every one's disposal. Of a quiet but sunny disposition, he exercised an ineffaceable charm over those with whom he came in contact. Interest for the welfare of his pupils did not diminish when they had completed their course of study; he was highly successful in obtaining for them suitable positions, especially in chemical industries (to which he always had a leaning), and many of the chemists he trained are now doing valuable work of national importance.

Angel was for many years Secretary of the 'Chemical Club', a community of undergraduates and senior men that met regularly on Monday afternoons at the University Museum to discuss general chemical topics—at

first informally over cakes and tea, and then in a somewhat more dignified manner over pipes and cigarettes, the basis of the discussion being provided by a paper read by one of its members. These meetings were always looked forward to as being sociable gatherings at which scientific subjects could be talked about. The functions of the 'Secretary' were rather comprehensive: in addition to his secretarial duties proper, Angel had to see to the occasional collection of subscriptions; it was Angel who poured out the tea and saw to it that the cakes preserved a high standard of excellence. There rarely was a balance-sheet in those days. Later, when Angel's increasing work compelled him reluctantly to hand over the Secretaryship to another, a balance-sheet was regularly produced—but the subscription had to be raised!

Angel had quite a mechanical bent. He was well versed in the arts and crafts of the laboratory, and could devise wondrously efficient pieces of apparatus from the simplest materials. He was also an excellent photographer, and once actually constructed a camera. His mechanical aptitude was never so much needed as when he purchased a second-hand motor car—the sum he is said to have paid for it is so incredibly small that it would be better not to specify it. In any case the car was finally coaxed to go and eventually became quite reliable.

But these pleasant relaxations came to an end on the outbreak of war. Angel joined the O.T.C. with a view to applying for a commission. Not long afterwards a well-known chemical firm offered him a post in which his talents could be made full use of. It was while acting as chief chemist that he made the final sacrifice to his sense of duty.

T. V. B.

JOHN TASKER KEWLEY came to Brasenose in 1910 as a Science Scholar from Kingswood School, Bath. From the first he was just what he remained to the end, a

bright-eyed, open-hearted boy, keen about many things, doing what lay at hand vigorously and well, conscious all the while of many other things to come, sometimes apt to fly off to something new before the old was quite finished. In his first year with the minimum of guidance he took the measure of a new situation created by changes in the syllabus for Mathematical Moderations and obtained a safe First Class. Then for three years he worked at scientific subjects, chiefly Chemistry and Mineralogy. Concentration on one branch of work was always a difficulty to him, and he was often inclined to raise some question of a change of the obvious plan. A Second Class in Chemistry hardly did justice to his real ability; but the mark of distinction for Mineralogy, taken as a subsidiary subject in the Final School, was for him a characteristic compensation. Through his two and a half years of active military service he was looking forward to a return to further work in Oxford, and no one was better fitted to carry on the highest University work in individual subjects, or to take part in the reconstruction of industrial conditions in regions where insight into many branches of scientific knowledge will be sorely needed.

When the War broke out all else was put aside, and he obtained a commission in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. One accident and at least one serious illness saved him from some of the severer trials of the earlier fighting. But he had experience of many fields of this 'far flung' conflict. It would have been a joy if we could have welcomed him back after seeing so much that he had the eye to see. As it is we only know that on January 16 he died of wounds, the elder of two brothers whose names are commemorated on the roll of 'Oxford's Sacrifice'.

By the death of GUY HORSMAN BAILEY, Brasenose has lost a loyal and cherished son and the Army an officer of much achievement and of great promise. He came up

to Oxford from Malvern in October 1910; he will be remembered here for his whole-hearted service to the College rowing—he rowed in the Eight all his four years, and in its most prosperous days the Boat Club never had a more devoted adherent; no disaster or misfortune could damp his cheeriness, his enthusiasm, or his pluck.

His second love was the O.U.O.T.C., in which he worked strenuously and successfully. By temperament a born soldier, at school he had been an officer in the O.T.C.; up here he was Sergeant-Major of the University Battery, and as soon as war broke out he joined the 4th East Anglian Brigade, R.F.A., T.F. In March 1915 his chance came: Major Gibbon, who had been Adjutant to the University Battery, selected him for a commission in the Regular Army, and he went out under him in the 460th Battery to Gallipoli. He shared in the landing on April 25 at Lancashire landing, and went through the whole campaign, being one of the last to embark at the final evacuation of Cape Helles. For his services there he won the Military Cross, and the Divisional Orders deserve quoting: 'In the action of August 6 this officer was Forward Observing Officer. All communications with his Battery were cut by the exceptionally heavy hostile shell-fire. He came out into the open under the same shell-fire, repaired the broken wire as he went, found his C.O., who was in another Observation Station, and then returned to his post. Throughout the last three months this young officer has shown exceptional coolness, initiative, resource, and judgement on several occasions, and I would specially recommend him for some reward.'

In August 1915, he was transferred to L Battery, R.H.A., and in March 1916 went with the Division to France. In August 1916 he obtained his Captaincy; for a time he was in command of the trench mortars of the Division and was complimented for his work, particularly for getting some trench mortars into a very forward

position through the mud and working them successfully. On returning to L Battery, he took command of it on his Major being invalided, and had been in command for some three months when he met his death on February 28. It had always been his hope to enter the Army—a hope that at one time seemed little likely to be fulfilled. One likes to remember now that he had his heart's desire. In his three short years he saw more of active service than many a soldier in a long life. He had his soldier's life, and he has crowned it with a soldier's death.

Many of his contemporaries will keep yet another remembrance of him: they will cherish the recollection of holidays spent at his home by Kingham Junction, in the Heythrop country, where Guy Bailey taught them something of his own knowledge and love of horse and hound and countryside. Rowing and hunting, it is hard to say which he cared for most and by which he will be most missed. For those who knew him there will always be a blank in his College, a blank by the coverts which he loved so well.

CHARLES EDWARD STEWART, Captain in the Durham Light Infantry, died of wounds received in action, on April 10. He was at Brasenose 1905–8, where he rowed for the College in Torpid and Eight. Here he made friendships which continued and ripened, took an honours Degree in Law, and left the impression of his loyal nature and high character. When war broke out, Stewart was a W.S. though not yet practising for himself, and he lost no time in joining, as a private, the University Company of the Edinburgh Battalion, Royal Scots. In September 1914 he applied for a commission in the Durham Light Infantry. After a considerable period of training, at last, in the latter half of 1915, he was sent to France, and at the time of his death he had seen a long and arduous period of service there. But it was characteristic of him that he considered 'the worst was for those who are left behind'. His commanding officer

has described him as easily the most popular officer in the Battalion. We quote his description of Stewart's splendid part in the fighting during which the fatal wound was received:—'Needless to say he was acting in most gallant fashion. In attacking the first trench there was a machine gun firing on us, and the leading line of his Company were hesitating about continuing to advance against it. Charles ran forward from his second line, where his correct place was, to lead the first line on, when he was hit by the fatal bullet.'

By the death of Sir ARMAND RUFFER—a victim of the War on war service—the College loses one of its most distinguished men of science, while Egypt and the Empire lose one of their most able Civil Servants. He came of a well-known banking family in Lyons, being son of Baron Alphonse de Ruffer, and after a course at the Lycée in that city and at the Gymnasium at Gotha, came up to Brasenose in 1878. His career here gave no special promise of his brilliant future: he graduated in 1882, and in 1887 he took his B.M., making henceforth medicine his special study. In due course he became Director of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, Professor of Bacteriology at the Medical School in Cairo, President of the Sanitary Council (or Board of Health) of Egypt, Member of the Indian Plague Commission, and Delegate for Egypt to various International Sanitary Conferences in Europe. His life's work was done in Egypt, where for many years as Minister of Health—in fact if not in name—he was responsible for the defence of the country's ports and long desert frontiers against cholera and other diseases which caravans of pilgrims and traders were always ready to spread on their passage through. In ordinary times he spent many weeks of every year in the desert, particularly at Tor in Sinai, where he camped to control the going and returning Meccan pilgrims.

Many of his friends will think of him as a brilliant researcher—witness, for instance, his monograph on the pathology of mummies, proving conclusively the existence

3,000 and more years ago in Egypt of diseases still peculiar to the Nile Valley; while others will remember him as a singularly capable administrator—witness his election as President of the Municipality of Alexandria: and the truth is that he combined intellectual powers and tastes with practical abilities in a very unusual degree. Nor were his interests in any way limited to his profession. He was a sportsman, a traveller, a linguist, and an antiquarian, a student of books and of men and nature, a man of very wide literary interests, and a charming friend and companion.

At the outbreak of war he threw the utmost of his great energy into the medical war service; and though it was not his wish to take military rank, yet as Red Cross Commissioner he was practically the organizer, if not the chief, of that service for the whole of the Eastern Mediterranean. It was in that service that he lost his life on board the troopship *Arcadian*.

He had received special marks of honour from many countries, but none pleased him so much as the knighthood conferred upon him last year at the special instance of his friend Lord Kitchener. In a letter to the present writer, Sir Armand spoke of Lord Kitchener's cordial congratulation as probably the last autograph letter from the hand of the great soldier. It is a tragic coincidence that he should perish in the same manner.

EDWIN RICHARD HAMPTON LEWIS, Second Lieutenant in the Worcestershire Regiment, who died of wounds on April 25, came to Brasenose from the King's School, Worcester, in October 1910, having been elected to a Colquitt Exhibition. At the end of his three years' residence he took a Second Class in the Theological School, and in the autumn of 1913 he went out to Edmonton as a Lay Missioner under the Archbishops' Western Canada Fund. This brought out all the grit and energy that underlay the quiet and thoughtful life which he had led at College. During the two years which he spent in Canada he suffered the hardships and the strain of soli-

tude and the roughest living, and many letters from his Canadian friends bore testimony to the wonderful work which he did among them. Returning to England in 1915, he obtained his commission in October. In 1916 he went out to France, and though invalided home in September he returned in December. Here again the force of his character was felt. 'We shall miss him very much from the battalion,' it was written of him just after he was wounded; 'he was such an influence for good among the men.'

In a letter which he wrote less than a week before he died, referring to some words spoken to him by one of his men, he says: 'If only the war will arouse this feeling [for religion] in many, it will have accomplished much for mankind and Christianity, and such steps are never made without great sacrifices.' It was in this spirit that he lived and laid down his life.

HERBERT F. BOLTON came up to Brasenose in October 1913, as a Colquitt Exhibitioner; after taking Pass Moderations he read for the Honour School of Theology; he would have taken his degree in 1916, and expected to be ordained at the end of this year; instead, he has fallen on the field of battle. He is one more instance of how men of every kind have met their country's need. No one seemed less destined for a soldier than little Bolton—small of stature, quiet, retiring, the peaceful service of a parson's life appeared pre-eminently his; but the call to other service came and he answered it, as the writer knows, without hesitation; he would in fact have gone earlier if he had not been urged to wait a little. He was a member of the O.U.O.T.C. from the time he came up, and took a commission in the South Lancashire Regiment in July, 1915. He was wounded on April 29 in the course of a general assault. His part was to take forward two machine guns. He got them forward and was at one time within thirty yards of the Germans. He lay out wounded for some days, and only reached hospital on May 3, to die the same evening. The matron of the hospital

writes: 'He was quite conscious and perfectly collected, and so marvellously good and patient. He was a sweet boy and so good.' That is the memory that all who knew him here will keep of him—'A boy and so good'.

It is war's bitterness that its yoke should be laid on such spirits as his, war's triumph that they take up the yoke and bear it after their Master.

Notices of Major M. E. Coxhead, Captain E. F. Brown, Lieutenant H. K. Wood, and Second Lieutenant F. Good-year are unavoidably postponed till the next issue of the *Brazen Nose*.

