

Obituaries of Brasenose men who died in the First World War (mostly reprinted from the *Oxford Magazine*)

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## Brasenose Sacrifice

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

**K**ILLED in action in Flanders, on Monday, May 24, FRANCIS JAMES GUNTER, Lieutenant in the 11th Hussars; Commoner 1912-14, previously of Eton College. Aged 21.

F. J. Gunter came up to Brasenose from Eton in October, 1912; quiet, reserved, and self-contained, he made in those two years a place of his own in the College life, and the news of his death comes as a great sorrow to those who knew him more intimately. Under a stoical mask of reserve lay hid a deep sense of loyalty and duty; heir to a large estate, he faced the position which lay before him with a sober sense of the responsibilities it involved; to fear God and to honour the king he owned, in one of his rare moments of confession, as his ideal for himself and for those among whom he hoped to pass his life; a mysterious Providence has only allowed him to leave to them his example. A brilliant horseman, with no knowledge of what fear meant, he rode as he lived, his own line, quiet and straight. Faithful friend and gallant gentleman, he has died a soldier's death and has left his College and all who knew him yet another example of duty done.

ROY BERRIMAN HATFIELD, who died of wounds in France on May 25, matriculated at Brasenose from Merchant Taylors' School in 1903. While an undergraduate he had a serious accident which incapacitated him for some time and interfered considerably with his work for the Law School, in which he obtained an *aegrotat* in 1907. He was a Liveryman of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and was admitted a Solicitor in 1912. In the same year he took a commission in the 8th (City of London) Battalion of the London Regiment (Post Office Rifles). In 1914 he was

appointed Private Secretary and an A.D.C. to the Governor of Hong Kong with the local rank of Captain, but on war being declared he applied for leave and rejoined his regiment as Lieutenant. Whilst in residence he entered fully into the spirit of Oxford life, and senior members of the College no less than junior have reason to remember his kindly and affectionate disposition.

Since the notice of Lieutenant R. B. HATFIELD, printed in the *Oxford Magazine* of June 4, was written, further information has been received. He had gallantly led an attack which was successful in capturing a portion of the German trenches when he was hit. Everything possible was done for him, and he was carried away by stretcher bearers—in spite of heavy fire—and taken to the hospital at Béthune, where he died peacefully soon after. His soldier servant speaks of him as the best of masters, and a brother officer says that his death was the greatest loss possible to the regiment, and would be mourned by all.

Captain REGINALD CROMMELIN POPHAM BLYTH, Gloucestershire Regiment, attached Egyptian Army, only son of the late Bishop in Jerusalem and the East, fell at the Dardanelles on June 4. Born in 1877, he came to Brasenose from St. Edward's School in 1896. The tale of his subsequent doings we quote from *The Times* of June 16: 'After training with the Worcestershire Regiment, he was gazetted to the 28th Regiment (1st Gloucestershires), in which his great-grandfather served under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt and in the Peninsular campaign. Captain Blyth served in South Africa in 1900, and when with his regiment in India for some years he acted as a Divisional Staff Signalling Officer. Since 1908 he was attached to the Egyptian Army, for work in the Sudan, and a few months ago he was raised to the rank of Bey. He was well known as a polo-player; while at Oxford he played half-back for his college, and he was also in the regimental team; and in cricket he was a brilliant batsman. The collection of big game trophies that fell to his gun in the Sudan speaks of his sportsmanship in yet

another field. Captain Blyth was married, and leaves one little son.'

S. D. K. ROGERS, Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in action on Monday, June 14, was the son of Captain S. M. Rogers, R.A., and came up to Brasenose in October 1912. His father fell in the South African War, and now the son has followed the father's example. Very quiet, very reserved, of very slight physique (he coxed the College boat at 8 st.), few probably gave him credit for the determined spirit which carried him, sick though he was, through eight months of trench fighting. He had been commended for bomb and intelligence work, and his commanding officer wrote of him: 'His death is a great loss to the battalion; he was the bravest officer I have met in this war; he came out "sick" last November and could have gone home ten days after he came out, but he never gave in, and his spirit carried him through everything. Any man who was really sick and still stuck out through the winter in the trenches is above ordinary men. I cannot speak too highly of him, and I had recently recommended him in dispatches.'

His College will remember with pride and love the gentle-natured boy who faced and achieved so much.

By the death of JOHN GARRETT BUSSELL his College and his friends have lost one who was, as one of them writes, 'whether as priest or soldier so emphatically a man'. Another now in his regiment said as he went out, 'I want to be with old Bussell, he's the best man I know'. Those two sentences give the keynote to his character—manliness and goodness struck every one who came in contact with J. G. Bussell. He had a remarkable career. As a boy of just over seventeen he enlisted in the Yeomanry and fought through the Boer War. He then came up to Brasenose as a Commoner in 1901, next year was elected to a Colquitt Exhibition, took his degree in 1904, and was ordained in 1905. He first held a curacy at Kensington, then went as Priest-Vicar to Truro Cathedral, but in 1907 he came back as master and

chaplain to his old school, St. Edward's, Oxford, and there stayed till he went as assistant master to Marlborough in 1914. There is no doubt that his real interest lay with boys—and he was eminently fitted for such work—his manliness, cheerfulness, and ease of manner attracted them, and he got the best out of them. A great athlete, he rowed in the Brasenose boat for three years and was a member of the Oxford Fifteen in 1904 and 1905, and kept up his youth in a most remarkable manner. He continued to play for the Harlequins' first team almost, if not quite, up to the last year of his life, and no remonstrances that he ought, as a married man with children, to give it up had the least effect. He was always overflowing with life and vitality. Those who remember him at Brasenose will appreciate the remark of his second in command, 'The men all loved him, especially his laugh, which kept every one going'. How one recalls that laugh in the old quad and the Hall! His great hobby was caravanning, and he was never so happy as when he got away on his caravan, and, free from all the trammels of modern life, could enjoy the things of the country. He was killed in the trenches on June 28. His second in command writes: 'Three of us officers were walking together, myself in front, Captain Bussell about about half a yard behind me. . . . I had just gone down a small step when a bullet whizzed just over my head and caught the Captain, who was on the step. . . . He must have died absolutely instantaneously. . . . The whole business was dreadfully sad, as he was absolutely enjoying life and had only just been saying what a ripping life it was, and what an interesting sector of trench, though the most dangerous.' He died as he lived, enjoying life to the end and teaching others to do the same. A great example. A great man, whether as priest or as soldier.

DRUCE ROBERT BRANDT, Lieutenant in the 6th (attached to the 1st) Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, fell in action in Flanders, on July 6, at the early age of 27. His commanding officer wrote to his parents: 'Your son fell,

wounded in two places, about 6.30 a.m. . . . during the successful assault on a line of German trenches. The attack had been gallantly led by your son with his company on this section of the front assaulted, and he had reached the German parapet and was engaged in cheering on his men to renewed efforts when he fell, and, it seems, died almost immediately.' Another officer wrote: 'He was put in command of a company, all the officers of which had been knocked out the day before, and he led the actual charge. . . . He was splendid the night he took over the company, and seemed to gather up the threads of the situation at once.'

Whilst still at Harrow in 1904 Brandt was elected to an Exhibition at Balliol, though he did not come into residence until 1906. Four years later he nearly lost his life after an operation for appendicitis, and manfully bore the disappointment of an *aegrotat* in Literae Humaniores. He was immediately elected to a Fellowship in Classics at Brasenose. The connexion was unhappily only to last for three years. In 1912 he had made up his mind that his future was not to be in Oxford. 'Under all', he wrote to the Principal, 'there lies the conviction that my proper place is not in the educational but in the industrial or political world—the feeling that I must be up and doing, not sitting and talking.' He felt cramped and fettered by the restraints imposed by an official position, and when at last, in spite of the earnest (and perhaps selfish) remonstrances of his friends, the time came to say good-bye, 'I must', he said, 'I *must* flap my wings'. At Brasenose he held a commission in the Officers' Training Corps: his first act after leaving in the summer of 1913 was to go through a course of training with the Special Reserve. Then he plunged into social work at Bermondsey. At Harrow and Balliol he proved himself a responsive and brilliant pupil; at Brasenose he asserted himself as an invigorating and inspiring teacher. But like his great friend, Ronald Poulton, he felt the call to work to improve the economic relations of capital and labour, and still more to create new sympathies

between the two : and the call could only be obeyed by the renunciation of his Oxford life.

‘“Bob” Brandt’, wrote his old house master at Harrow, ‘comes nearer to being my ideal of a boy than any boy I have ever known.’

At school he was captain of the Football Eleven and a prominent member of the Cricket Eleven. He was also light-weight champion of the Public Schools for boxing, and he held the Public Schools record for throwing the cricket ball. He kept wicket against Cambridge in his first year here, but it was always village cricket which he enjoyed most ; and, in fact, things which in the lives of many would have been their chief claim to remembrance, in his case it is almost an impertinence to recall. His University honours seem scarcely more material. Yet of his scholarship a word must be said. His respect for German thoroughness was only exceeded by his contempt for German taste. His own work, for all its sparkle and resourcefulness, always betrayed an exquisite sense of fitness : he would sometimes startle, but he was never dull or obscure. He would, perhaps, have never made a great contribution to written learning ; but English scholarship in its most characteristic aspect would have felt his influence by his impressing on a succession of pupils his own high standard of taste. That is the tradition of Oxford—her way with her biggest men : their work lives for posterity in their disciples : *vitai lampada tradunt*.

When he came to Brasenose one of his Balliol tutors gave him a testimonial : ‘It is not easy for me’, he wrote (almost echoing the words of the Harrow Head Master), ‘to speak more generally of his qualities, for I may say frankly that for no other pupil have I ever had quite the same respect and admiration.’ It was ‘not easy’ for his Balliol tutor during his life : it is impossible for his Brasenose friends after his death. To those who did not know him, any appreciation must inevitably appear pitched too high : upon those who knew him the printed word will jar as cold and inexpressive.

All the gifts of the gods were his. It is given to but few to combine intellectual brilliance with sanity of judgement; both were his in pre-eminent degree. It is given to fewer still, whilst maintaining an exacting standard of self-criticism, to enjoy life to the full. No one tried himself by higher ideals than Brandt, yet the grace and charm which sprang from the joyousness of his inner life made him the most delightful of companions and the most lovable of friends. He was as charitable to others as he was rigorous in self-discipline. To him all men were his equals: the courtesy of his soul was such that to the Irish peasant or a college servant his bearing was precisely the same as to the Oxford savant or a peer of the realm—the same harmony of intimacy with independence. He was no respecter of persons, but personality he respected wherever he found it, and, perhaps, most of all where he least expected to find it. In all things, in human nature no less than in art, he loved beauty, but even more than beauty he loved life: vigour in all its manifestations always appealed to him. But for all his charity he had a temper: evil never passed before him unchallenged or unrebuked. He united to a whimsical fancy a penetrative and illuminating imagination; yet he never lost grip of reality. He had indeed the insight which usually only comes of experience. He always looked straight into the heart of a question, and it was a real help to others to know what he saw. But in spite of this very unusual maturity of judgement, he retained to the end the most wonderful, the most seductive, boyishness. It never left him. The spirit of adventure, alike in thought and action, was strong within him. When with the insight of a master of language he hit upon the exact rendering for some difficult phrase, or detected some spark of hidden fire in an unpromising scholarship candidate, the same thrill of boyish expectancy ran through him as when, with the enthusiasm of a novice, he went in search of an Irish trout, or for the first time opened a Basque grammar, or started in the freshness of the early morning to raid the Oxfordshire fritillaries.

And (when all is said) it will be the freshness and gaiety of his spirit which will always come uppermost to memory.

He went straight from the morning of life to the great beyond. He loved life, but he gave it. For many of us the simple old Greek line has gained a new meaning and a new beauty :

*Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*

Killed in action at the Dardanelles on Thursday, July 22, GEORGE EDWARD GRUNDY, M.A., Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment, Assistant-Master at Haileybury College, Junior Hulme Scholar 1902-6, aged 32.

George Grundy came to Brasenose in 1902 from Malvern, with a Junior Hulme Scholarship. He was quick to make his mark in College. He was a fine athlete and took a prominent part in the College games. As a cricketer he just fell short of being a really fine bat, but he excelled at golf and captained Oxford against Cambridge. He took a Second Class in Mods. and a Fourth in Greats. He never had any taste for philosophy, but he was by nature a scholar and took increasing interest in Greek and Latin scholarship, in which, as a schoolmaster, he was always improving himself. He was master at Pocklington for a year and a half, and for the rest of his life at Haileybury, where he won golden opinions from boys and men. One of his head masters has described him as 'wayward but lovable'. Lovable he certainly was; it is the first epithet that springs to the lips of all who knew him, and he made his very waywardness lovable by the charm and frankness with which he would excuse it. In one of his last letters from the Dardanelles he speaks of his extraordinary happiness. 'I have never known till now what real joy was, never felt anything approaching the interest or pleasure that one gets at moments from the simplest things.' But as a matter of fact this is what he did always know and feel. Everything in life gave him heart-felt pleasure, and it was too much to expect that a man who enjoyed so much so

intensely—whether it was his games or external nature or the society of his friends—should work at his books with the undivided application of a student. Up here and, obviously, at his schools also, he just radiated good spirits and good temper and sunshine, and his influence at College was out of all proportion to his academic successes. He was by no means a popularity-hunter nor was he himself indiscriminating in his friendships or uncritical of his acquaintances, but no one ever failed to like him or to recognize the sterling goodness and frankness and unselfishness of his character.

Killed in action in Flanders on July 30, **FREDERICK ERNEST MARRIOTT**, Second Lieutenant in the 7th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, Commoner of the College, aged 22.

F. E. Marriott came up to Brasenose from Uppingham as a Commoner in October, 1912. He was a member of the O.U.O.T.C., and on the outbreak of war at once applied for a commission, and was gazetted to the 7th (Service) Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. He went out with his battalion in May, and was killed at Hooge on July 30. His battalion had just returned the nine miles to billets after their spell in the trenches only to be called back to the counter-attack; upon this, therefore, they launched after marching eighteen miles without food. Marriott fell leading his platoon; they got caught in barbed wire, and only two of the platoon came back. A brother officer who was wounded the same day writes: 'Fred must have done wonderfully well—he met some men who had lost their officer, rallied them and led them on with his own men.'

F. E. Marriott was in fact an ideal officer, absolutely fearless, devoted to his duty and to his men, and loved and respected by them in return. One of his platoon wrote to his father on his death: 'He was one of us—he was always ready to share anything he had with us. I have often seen him give a man his own food when he was hungry himself—and at the same time we all looked up to him and depended on him.'

In his note-book was found a list of the men in his platoon, with notes of the various things they needed—comforters, socks, &c.—and which he had either got or hoped to get for them.

That he should have made a fine officer is no surprise to those who knew him here. A friend who got to know him at Henley in 1914 writes: 'To me he has stood for the last year as the perfect type of the young Englishman—gentle, manly, humorous—not too clever—he was a boy one will never forget and always regret.' He was a fine athlete; with great possibilities as a cricketer he sacrificed them to help his College on the river—a fine forward, as hard as nails, he would have been a strong candidate for his Blue either in the Oxford Fifteen in 1914, or in the Boat of 1915. No Fifteen or crew ever failed to be inspirited and strengthened by the presence and example of his stout heart and cheerful endurance. If not too clever, he had plenty of ability—but in his character lay his chief attraction. His was one of the simplest and finest characters one could meet—absolutely honest and disinterested, it was impossible to conceive Marriott being swayed by self-interest, or disowning an adventure into which his high spirits had led him, or bearing ill-will. Singularly affectionate, he had the knack of compassing one about with care, and making one feel that it was his pleasure to do it. He loved the country and knew it well—from the front he writes of the roses they found on the deserted cottages; he himself with his complete absence of all affectation breathed something of the purity and freshness of the country into his surroundings whatever they might be. There is none perhaps whom one more ardently hoped to see return and restart Brasenose life on its old lines. It was characteristic that in his last Term Boat Club and Rugby football urgently contended for him as secretary—each felt, and rightly so, that in him they had the College. He stood for and was popular with every section of the College life, and it was appropriate that it should be so. He came of Brasenose stock—his father Charles Marriott, a member of the

Oxford Eleven in 1871, and his uncle, H. P. Marriott, three times stroke of the Oxford boat, represented Brasenose in the past. We fondly dreamt that F. E. Marriott would build up the College in the present, and that his work might be carried on by the younger brother, H. D. MARRIOTT, who matriculated with us and would have come into residence in October, 1914. That dream has been shattered like so many others, and the younger brother, instead of following the elder here, has followed on the battlefield, and the two lie almost within beckoning distance on the fields of Flanders.

RICHARD WALLIS MAY left Oxford for Sandhurst at the outbreak of the War. From Sandhurst he passed to a commission in the Durham Light Infantry. After six months' service he was killed in action in France.

During his year at Brasenose no one would have guessed that his school life at Clifton College had been cut short by persistent ill health. The surroundings of his home at Weston-super-Mare had restored him to complete vigour and inspired him with a passion for golf. He came to Oxford in 1913 with the honours of his successes for Somerset County—for whom he had won the County Competition—fresh upon him: he ended his first year as secretary-elect of the O.U.G.C. In the lighter side of life at Oxford he had a boyish, whole-hearted pleasure. The call to higher service came just as he was beginning to learn that more serious work in Oxford was not so far beyond his powers as he had been inclined to believe.

Captain F. C. LEGG, B.A., of the 6th Battalion of the Border Regiment (Commoner of the College 1907-10), who was killed at the Dardanelles on August 22, aged 27, was one of the many men of sterling character who have come to Brasenose from Malvern College since the time when a link between the two was formed through the generosity of a former member of both. No one can have known him well without having a great regard for him.

The opinion of his contemporaries at Oxford may be summed up in the words of one of them: 'I was terribly sorry to hear of Frank Clegg's death, he was such a good fellow.' He himself wrote a year ago, in acknowledging the receipt of the Brasenose Roll of Service: 'I think that you and all of us have occasion for a very proper pride. Surely Oxford has given a very splendid and spontaneous answer to her many detractors.' A notice which appeared in *The Times* recorded a fact which was probably known only to his more intimate friends (for he was not a man likely to speak much of his own pursuits), viz. that he was fond of fishing and natural history of all kinds, particularly bird-watching. He had been admitted as a solicitor, but did not practise, and he joined the army at once on the outbreak of the War.

ERNEST PHILIP MORRIS PANES, Second-Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, was killed near Ypres, on September 25. He came to Brasenose in 1911 as Mathematical Scholar from Dean Close School, Cheltenham. He was a mathematician of great ability and unwearied industry; he had also many literary interests, which he actively shared with his classical contemporaries. When war broke out he had just finished his mathematical course and was working at German in Berlin in preparation for the study of History as a second Final School. Always at his best in the work of everyday life, calm and clear-headed, with a sense of humour counteracting a superficial austerity of manner, he seemed peculiarly fitted for administrative work in the Indian Civil Service, to which, as the son of a missionary in India, he had always looked forward with special interest. Those who knew him best feel most deeply the loss of one whose friendship was, in its quietness and confidence, a source of pleasure and strength to them all.

EVAN HENRY BAILLIE, Captain in the 10th Cameronians, was last seen in the forefront of the fighting on the slopes of 'Hill 70' on September 25. Officially he has been

reported as 'missing'; but seven weeks of silence seem to leave little ground of hope. He came to Brasenose in 1911 from Charterhouse with ample evidence of the regard and affection which he had won in his school-days. In his working hours in Oxford he was inevitably detached from his contemporaries in College: he was reading for the Forestry Diploma and looking forward to a degree in Botany. The Professor of Forestry speaks of him as industrious and promising, and we know that he was steadily advancing towards the career in the Indian Forest Service on which his heart was set. He rowed for the College, and there was a touch of brightness and keenness in all that he did. In the army his promotion was rapid. He joined his battalion in August, 1914, and his captaincy is dated February 1, 1915. We would venture to offer heartfelt sympathy to his father, whose three sons have given their lives for our country.

ARTHUR BERTEAM RANDOLPH, Lieutenant in the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards, who was killed in action in France, on Monday, September 27, matriculated at Brasenose in 1903, having been previously educated at Groton School, Massachusetts. In consequence of ill health he removed his name in the following year, but in the short time of his residence he had made a most favourable impression. Since he left Oxford the College had lost touch with him, so that the first intimation of his having joined the army was the notice of his death.

CLAUDE KEITH MACDONALD, Lieutenant in the 10th Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was killed in action in France, on Monday, September 27, came to Brasenose from Harrow in 1908, with strong commendation from the Head Master, of whose house he had been a member. He was a keen rider, especially in the hunting-field, and it was probably for this reason that he did not row or take any prominent part in other sports. He will be remembered with affection by all who knew him. When the War broke out he can have lost no

time in joining the army, for he was gazetted to a commission by the middle of September, 1914.

HILARY EVELYN ECCLES WILLIAMS, Lieutenant in the 11th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, was painlessly killed at the early age of 23, by a chance shell which struck the officers' mess dug-out in France, on September 30. His father and brother are both Brasenose men, and Hilary, as a matter of course, came to Brasenose in 1911 as a Commoner from Eton, where he had been a Scholar. Two years later he obtained a Second Class in Classical Moderations. He was President of the Octagon Club. On the outbreak of war he enlisted as a private in the Public Schools Corps, but soon obtained a commission.

He had none of the externals of the soldier on parade: it was often said at Brasenose that he always carried a collar-stud in his pocket for fear he might meet a lady! But the qualities which make a good officer in the field were his in singular degree—thoughtfulness for others, chivalrous loyalty, and unflinching courage. Of his life in the army all his brother officers from the Commanding Officer downwards tell the same tale. In the short time he was at the front he had distinguished himself by an act of great bravery, by bringing in a wounded soldier under heavy fire, and he had done invaluable work in patrolling. 'I don't think', wrote one of them, 'there was any officer, certainly no junior officer, who could have been more missed from a military point of view alone. The men in his platoon would have followed him anywhere, and there were always eager volunteers when he went out for patrol work between the trenches. His caution and reserve were such that, in spite of his boldness, I don't think the Germans would ever have got him. Again and again he went out and brought back valuable information. Once only a piece of sheer bad luck prevented his party from bringing in two or three German prisoners.' He was adored by the men of his platoon; his first thought was always for his men; and when his death became known many of them 'cried like children'. 'We couldn't have

had a better officer', they said, 'if we had picked one ourselves.' The loss was as great to his brother officers. 'As a friend,' writes one, 'he was always cheerful and unselfish, only laughing at what would have depressed many people.' 'Poor old Williams,' wrote another in a letter home; 'he was as brave as a lion, and topping good company.'

Such he proved himself in war. Here at Brasenose he had endeared himself by the same qualities of unselfishness and high spirits, and by a very delightful and individual vein of humour. He was one of those men—scarcely to be found except amongst English Public School boys—who are always a little shy of showing others quite how good they are. Only a diligent College Secretary would have found out that he was a plucky and useful back, and that he could bat to some purpose. He would never have liked his friends, still less his teachers, to know how much work he did; he would have been disappointed that any one should realize how widely he read or with how much interest he looked forward to his destined career as a schoolmaster (for which he was exceptionally well qualified); and his constant little acts of unselfishness were done so easily and so much as a matter of course that they often passed unnoticed. So far from making a parade of his excellences, he tried to hide them. His popularity never turned his head, and men whom he scarcely knew would declare that there was no one they cared for quite so much as 'Billy', because, for example, of the friendliness and kindness he had shown them when they were lonely and unhappy Freshmen.

ROBERT HAMILTON HUTCHISON, of the 8th Black Watch, was the son of the Rev. Robert Hutchison, of Woodeaton Rectory. Born in 1890, he was a Scholar of Winchester and New College, and was elected to a Fellowship at Brasenose in the summer of 1913, filling the place left vacant by the resignation of D. R. Brandt.

It is difficult to believe that he was only with us one year, so fully had he identified himself with our life, and

so firm and individual a place had he made for himself in it. He had clear definite views and knew how to maintain them without assertiveness, and, young as he was, he was already a power on the tutorial staff. A true Wykehamist, he brought to his own work of Ancient History the Winchester tradition of deep and wide scholarship. He had an acute appreciation of literature, and it is characteristic that a fellow-officer writes of him: 'We slept together in a dug-out in the German first line trench that we had taken on September 25. There we got to know one another more intimately. He would often read to me some of the fine pieces from *The Times* broadsheets. . . . It was like a cool spring rippling through an arid sand-waste.' One is tempted to use those last words of himself—with his clean healthy outlook and his love of all the simple and good things of life—the garden, the river, the open moor. Like his predecessor, Brandt, he had to face appendicitis, and accepted it with characteristic courage; he was operated on just at the end of the Summer Term of 1914. When war broke out he was at first attached to the O.U.O.T.C., and worked at head-quarters during the rush of August and September 1914, when the O.T.C. was sending men up for commissions; but he felt he should do more, and before he was really recovered from his operation he accepted a commission in the Black Watch. When his battalion went abroad he was left behind to see after details, and his patience was sorely tried by a long wait at the depôt. Even when he got out, he was at first attached to an entrenching battalion, and was only attached to the 1st Black Watch a very short time before his death. He fell leading his platoon, and was shot through the head when he was just over the parapet of his trench. His Commanding Officer wrote of him that, though he had been but a short time with them, he had been much struck by his evident capacity for leadership, and that he promised to have done great things.

That promise of great things their College has seen first with D. R. Brandt, then with R. H. Hutchison, and the

promise that has been shown us is the surety for the realization that is now hidden from our eyes.

By the death of GILBERT RAPER FRERE, who died of wounds received in action on Tuesday, October 26, Brasenose has lost a very faithful son and all who knew him a valued friend. He came up from Haileybury in 1907, and at once identified himself with the river: he rowed in the Torpid in 1908, the Eight in 1908-9, and both these two years the Eight appeared at Henley. In 1909 he became captain of the Boat Club, but going down in December 1909, only held office for one Term. His very first race, in the Torpid of 1908, was a remarkable one; at the start 7, the heaviest man rowing in the races, broke his oar and was a passenger the whole way; despite that handicap the boat not only rowed over safe but actually got within a few feet of the boat in front. Handsome, popular, debonair, G. R. Frere will not be lightly forgotten by those who knew him here.

Lieutenant F. N. TUFF, of the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, whose death is reported from the Mediterranean, came up to Brasenose from Malvern in 1908. He had a great reputation as an athlete at school, and this was amply borne out by his University career, as he played Association football three years for Oxford and cricket once. He was a good steady bowler who could always be trusted to keep a length, and on some wickets and on some days, when he had his swerve at command, he could be very deadly. He was a good fellow in every sense of the word, and 'Father' Tuff will be deeply regretted by his contemporaries and friends. He was a member of the Phoenix, and universally esteemed in College for his good nature and good temper.