

low height for a distance of thirty-five miles. The rope trailing over houses and trees awakened many of the inhabitants of the villages we passed over, and extracted from them cries of alarm. We terrified them more by switching our searchlight on them. We landed near Cambridge at 3 a.m. The details of the landing still call for disgusting language, so I will be content with stating that the balloon landed on a tree, and we landed in a ditch, out of which we finally got and made our way home with plenty of Gray's 'plodding of the weary way,' but not one scrap of Virgil's famous—'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.'

J. G. Kiniry.—Sailed away as Lance-Corporal, with 3rd Pioneer Battalion, in June, 1916, and, in November, 1916, was "somewhere in France," and has been somewhere there ever since. He had not sent us any further news, but, unless he has fundamentally changed from what we knew of him as a boy, we'd write—"Not been idle, but from morning to night making things lively for the enemy and lovely for his friends." The School's sympathy to him



on the death of his respected father. May he rest in peace.

Gordon Kirby.—Some kind friend sent us accompanying photo, of Gordon, and on the back was written just this—"Corporal in the 2nd Division Light Horse, 'somewhere in France'—well." Now, the main thing that struck us was the unwritten notice—we mean the serious look on Gordon's face—a look far, far too solemn for one who ended up a "crack" song (School Chronicle in 1908 ("the best that ever")) with



a Gordonian parody of Byron's "Childe Harold" thus—

"Farewell! You'll find the writing somewhat plain,
No time to tell you more—'my train'!"

Gus. Lachal.—Listed on the outbreak of the war, but invalidated home some time back, and since then has been in the Defence Department. The School's sincerest sympathy to him on the death of his little boy, accidentally drowned in the Albert Park Lake early in the year.

Eddie and Leslie Leake.—Still both O.A.S. men, with the King Edward Horse, 4th Squadron, B.E.F., France, in which they have served

since 1915. May they soon come riding home,, and Kenyon Estate, Burrowa, N.S.W., resound to the charge, if not of King Edward Horse, at least of his horsemen.

Captain Paul Lohan.—The German shrapnel that Paul received in his left foot, first, put him in hospital for six months, and, after that, brought about his condemnation for active service by every medical board he went up before. Then applied for entrance to an artillery school, and, in reply, got something which, in his wildest dreams, he never imagined. At first, he writes very guardedly about it. Thus—"Am leaving England on a mission to a foreign country. There are three other Australian officers besides myself. At present we do not know where we are going. Later—"We arc off to-night. I am quite excited about it, since it's sailing under sealed orders with a vengeance." Only when censorship strictness was released, after the success of the enterprise, was he able to tell what had really happened. A mixed force of English, Russians and Serbians were sent to seize a port in Northern Russia, which the Allies thought the Germans would use as a submarine basis. His description of the "everlasting day" (they were well within the Arctic circle); of the peasants in their bright-coloured dresses, and—with their simple ways; of their sleighing and skieing and tobogganning, read like a mixture of "Farthest North" and "The Arabian Nights." While there, the sun went down after having been up for three weeks, and Paul writes—"I had just got used to going to sleep in the daylight. Now, I suppose there'll be difficulty about getting off in the dark." Come home, come home, Captain, and you needn't bring the "Rory Borealis" along with you.

Captain John Loughnan, M.C.—Three years of hard work and faithful service brought Jack, first, to his Captaincy, and, late, to the coveted honour of the Military Cross. We have not, as yet, received the official account of the deed that won th6 honour, but know, from his previous career, that it was indeed something "to-w-rite home about." Congratulations, Jack!

Victor Loughnan.—One of our special correspondents at the front who sends along precious news (items of interest about Old Xaverians met here, there, and everywhere), all made up in very small parcels. At the time of writing was having a few days behind the lines, and had pitched his tent quite close to a nice broad river, wherein the summer sun did shine—as did also Victor himself, astonishing his friends by a little bit of Beaurepaire. An Editor's thanks to you Victor, and may he soon have the pleasure of delivering them to you personally.

Vasco Loureiro.—Poor Vasco joined the 11th Field Engineers, Queensland, A.I.F., and served with them as a Sapper until injury to his spine put him on the casualty list. He was well on his way to recovery in a hospital in England, when meningitis supervened and