



BLUE AND WHITE

1918

Extracts on the Influenza Pandemic taken from the Blue
and White Magazine of St Patrick's College, 1918



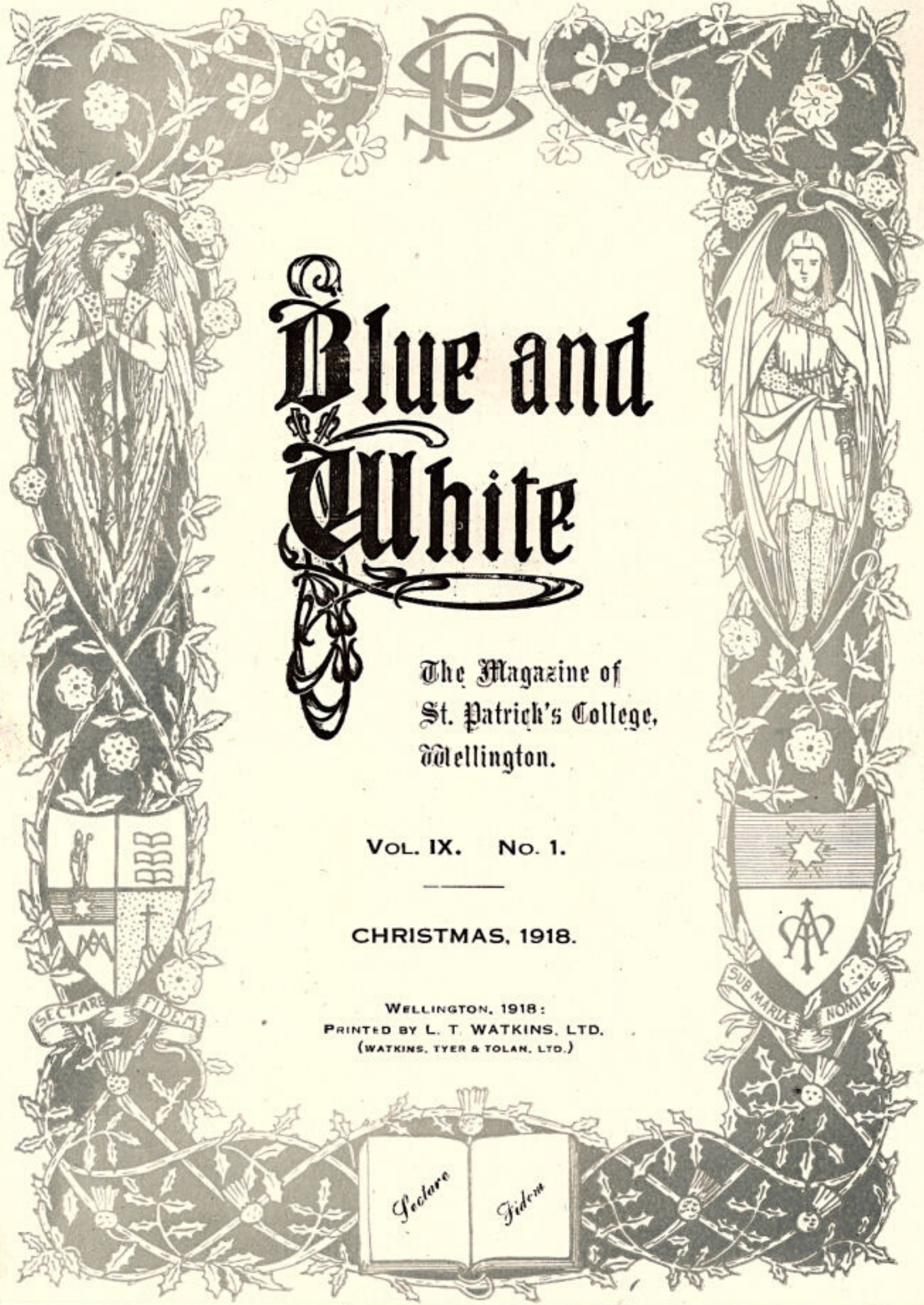
Blue and White

The Magazine of
St. Patrick's College,
Wellington.

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CHRISTMAS, 1918.

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SUB MARIE NOMINE

Sectare Fidem

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Blue and White

THE MAGAZINE OF ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

PUBLISHED AT THE END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR.

VOL. IX

DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 1.

Subscriptions, 3/- per annum, are payable to the Editor, St. Patrick's College, Wellington.

All notifications of change of address are attended to by the Editor.

Editorial.

FRIENDS of "Blue and White" will hear with regret that Father Gondringer has retired from the editorship of the magazine. Successive illnesses have forced him for this year to transfer to other shoulders a task which has been for him always a labour of love; but never more so than in the years of the World War, when the record response of Old Boys of the College gave vivid inspiration to his ready pen. Another's shoulders have taken the burden at a late hour. We hesitated to take it at first. But the candid advice of a friend—we fancy he was quoting at the time—"Take it, you'll kill it!" decided us to "carry on." Misfortunes early dogged the footsteps of the new editor, not the least real of which was a tired feeling agreed upon by the medical fraternity as an after-effect of influenza. The whole structure on which this publication rested buckled beneath the weight of the recent epidemic. Printer, blockmaker and editor all gave way, and

the date of issue was thrown back a full month. The advisability of suspending publication for the year was at one time seriously discussed. We hope that our readers will commend our decision to go ahead at all costs.

This has not been a normal year. The inter-college match did not take place. The sports were three times postponed, and then abandoned altogether. Late in November the Rector, acting on the advice of the house physician, Dr. McEvedy, closed the school. When the epidemic reached its height in Wellington, and travelling by boat, at least, became difficult, our boys were in their own homes. Those few who could not make the journey were at the seaside in the well-appointed College bach at Rona Bay.

You already know through Press Association telegram in the local papers that at the first call of the stricken, Father Gilbert offered the College to the Minister for Health as an emergency hospital. But, past students of ours, you did not know that the new hospital was placed under the direction of those nurses that cared for you so tenderly and so efficiently in your schoolboy ailments—the Sisters of Compassion.

The orderly record of the careers of past students of the College, which has been a distinctive feature of the magazine, has disappeared from this issue. It is only for a year, and will be resumed in our next number.

Our New Rector

WITH the year 1918 St. Patrick's entered upon the thirty-fourth year of its existence. In three-and-thirty years it had known but three Rectors—Dr. Watters, Father Keogh and Dr. Kennedy. But it was well known that our third Rector, having been re-appointed twice already, was anxious to lay down the burden, which only his strong sense of religious obedience had led him to assume in 1909. Hence it did not come as a surprise to us to learn, upon our return from the summer vacation, that Dr. Kennedy had been appointed president of the Greenmeadows Seminary, and that the Very Rev. Father T. A. Gilbert, S.M., M.A., had been named as his successor.

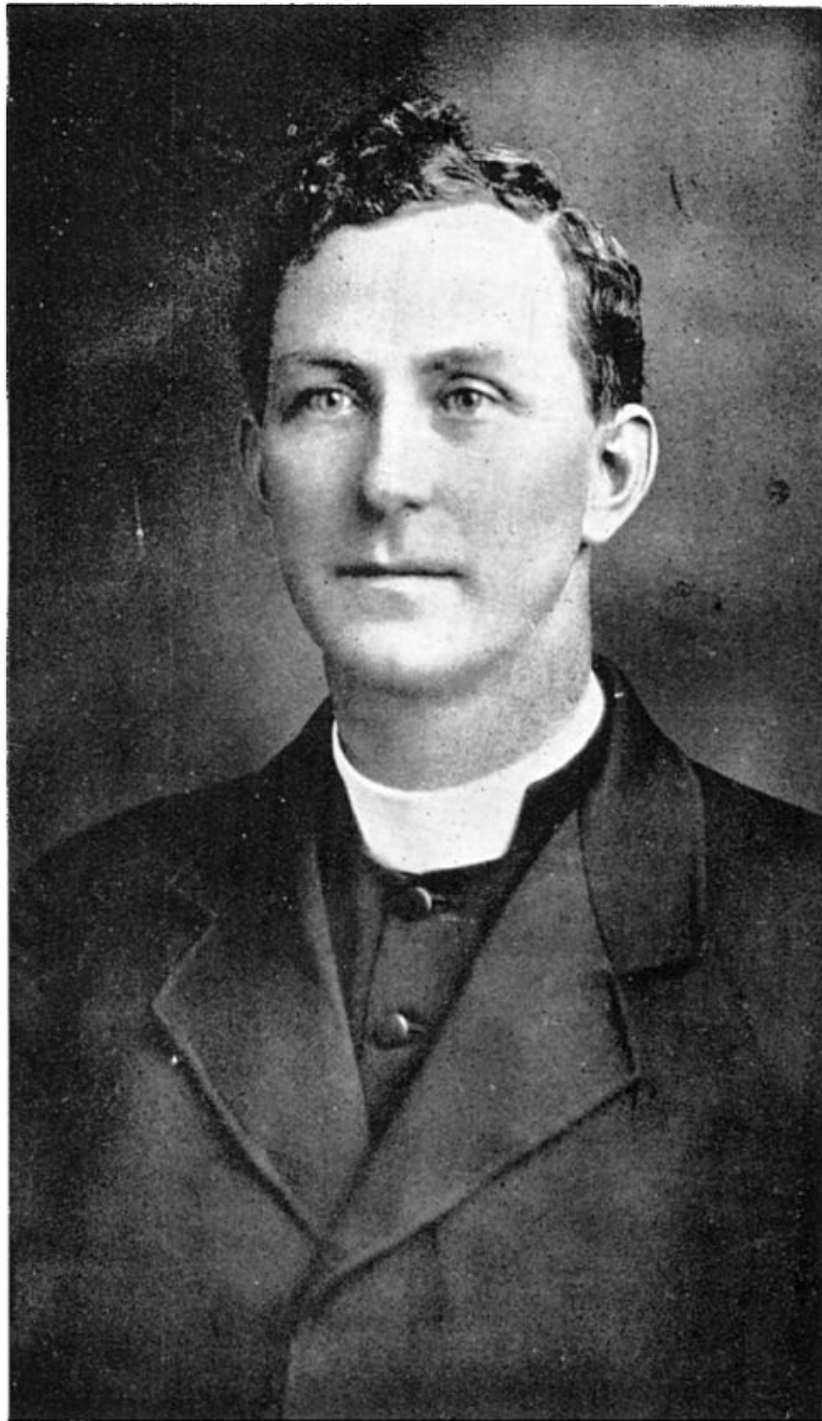
Our one comfort in losing our beloved Rector was that our new chief was to be not only a New Zealander but an old boy of the school, and, therefore, thoroughly imbued with its traditions. In the Army and the Navy it is generally conceded that those make the best leaders who have been brought up in the service, climbing from step to step, until they have reached the most exalted post of all. This was so in the case of the new Rector, and the knowledge of that fact contributed greatly to the universal approval with which his appointment was greeted by old boys and present boys alike.

Father Gilbert was born in 1883 in Kumara, a West Coast township which, though small and unpretentious to-day, still remembers with regretful pride the days of its splendour in the seventies and eighties. In Kumara our new Rector received from that splendid teaching Order, the Sisters of Mercy, his primary and part of his secondary education. The latter he completed in St. Patrick's in 1899 and 1900. After passing the matriculation examination, he decided to join the Society of Mary and, for that purpose, proceeded to St. Mary's Seminary, Meeanee, H.B., the novitiate and training school of the Marist Fathers in New Zealand. He was professed in 1904, and, at the beginning of 1906, having completed his theological studies, he was sent as a junior master

to St. Patrick's. Whilst teaching at his Alma Mater, Father Gilbert attended the lectures at the Victoria University College. In 1908, in addition to obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he distinguished himself by winning the Senior Scholarship in Latin. He completed his University career in 1909 by taking honours in languages and literature, and thus securing the degree of Master of Arts.

From that time until his appointment as Rector of the school, Father Gilbert threw himself into his work as a teacher with an energy and enthusiasm, which soon marked him out as a future leader in St. Patrick's. Keenly alive to all modern improvements, he introduced the National Methods of Teaching with his Latin classes, with most gratifying results. A deep student of Shakespeare, he succeeded in imparting his own admiration for the Bard of Avon to his pupils, and the scenes from the plays, which were a feature of our Prize Distributions, were the result of their joint efforts. With his scholarship and classical studies, the new Rector combined a deep love for the history of our own country, and it was due to him that the teaching of New Zealand history found in our curriculum the prominent place which it now holds. In addition to his work at the school, he became known to the outside public as an eloquent pulpit orator, whose services were in frequent request.

After thus spending twelve years in helping to maintain the traditions of the school, he was, in February, 1918, appointed their chief guardian. The first year of his Rectorship is drawing to a close. It has been marked by a record number on the roll and by constant, steady progress in all our various activities. It has seen the accomplishment of a design, described elsewhere, which was, for many years, very near to his heart: we mean the acquisition of the new property at Seatoun. May he be the first to shift our "penates," and erect upon the new site a larger and more up-to-date school, and long live to rule over its destinies, such is the fervent wish of "Blue and White."



The Very Rev. T. A. Gilbert, S.M., M.A., Sen. Sch

St. Patrick's College Emergency Hospital

WE recall a parable: A man lay wounded and dying by the roadside. The first to pass him by was a priest. Was history to repeat itself, and a priest—a Christian priest—to be callous and indifferent to the call of the afflicted? The city lay stricken about him, and death was already rioting in an

provisioning of the hospital, and William Carmine, a student, as secretary. The staff of maids remained at their posts, preserving outside the wards the same order and cleanliness as during the year. No words of praise could be too great for the part played by Miss Cubbon, who, in her capacity as cook, provided such tasty soups and dishes

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL.

(UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SISTERS OF COMPASSION)

VOLUNTARY HELPERS

ARE NEEDED AT ONCE!
ARE NEEDED AT ONCE!

ARE NEEDED AT ONCE!
ARE NEEDED AT ONCE!

DONATIONS OF FRUITS, SOUPS, EGGS, ETC., THANKFULLY
RECEIVED.

ENTRANCE BY MAIN GATE, CAMBRIDGE TERRACE.

TELEPHONE **834a**

THOS. A. GILBERT, S.M., Rector.

orgy of pitiless conquest. In one way only could the experienced few minister to the many. The seriously ill must be collected in hospitals. But the General Hospital was already full. There were hundreds still with death already in the room, and their call for help was a pitiable cry that came to the ears of the Rector of St. Patrick's College. The boys had been dismissed for their homes that very day, and the dormitories left vacant would, with their modern conveniences, provide model wards for any hospital. Promptly and courageously our Rector made his decision; and, because of it, many live to-day who would most assuredly have died. Through the whole period of the epidemic he remained at the head. With him were associated Father MacDonnell to superintend the

as compelled the most unwilling to eat. But she would tell you that the greater credit was due to Miss Veitch who, to parody a well-known saying, came to nurse and remained to cook. All this talk about food is very "common," you think? Then you were never really ill, and never had to have your desire to eat created again within you by food artistically prepared. Suffice it that the patients themselves realised the services rendered them and were moved to speak loudly in praise, and this would be no story of the fight against the epidemic if it did not give due prominence to the work of those who prepared the sinews of war.

Two conditions the Rector made when he offered the College as a hospital to the Minister of Public Health. The building

was afterward to be restored to its former healthy condition. Toward that end, the place was to be thoroughly fumigated, the dormitories painted and bedding used to be replaced by new. In fulfilment of the second of the conditions, the wards were placed under the direction of the qualified nurses of the Sisters of Compassion. These good Sisters were already engaged on their work of healing in the poorer quarter of the city, but a Sister was given command with four other Sisters to work with her. Mrs. O'Leary, a nurse of large heart and experience, undertook to share the responsibility. But other helpers were need-

The hours that preceded the opening of the wards were hours of feverish anxiety. Bedding and every hospital requisite were sent from the Defence Stores. Men of the Medical Corps came early upon the scene, and through the epidemic gave splendid proof of the efficiency of the training at Awapuni. It is bad form to praise Government administration. One must be dead sure before offering approval. But we refuse to contemplate the plight of Wellington if the military authorities had not leaned to the burden of its load.

On Friday at midday, less than two days after the last boy had gone to his home



One of the Wards.

ed. An appeal was made by the Rector. To give reality to our record, we reprint in small space and with reduced size of lettering, that appeal as it appeared in the "dailies."

The response was immediate and came from all classes and creeds. To give but a few instances. Two ladies on their way from Christchurch to Hastings interrupted their journey to labour among the patients. Others left their employment to answer the greater call. Only afterwards did they learn that their employers were equally generous. Others came after their day's work was over, and took their place in the night's vigil. Their names will be given at the end of our record.

or to our seaside "bach," the first patient was carried in. Before nightfall the first ward of twenty-four beds was full. The following day the second of the same capacity was occupied. The tragic horror of those first few days will ever linger in the memory of all at St. Patrick's. The ever recurring whine of the ambulance as its engine dragged its heavy burden up the stiff incline, the uninterrupted ringing of door-bells and telephone, the careful tread of stretcher-burdened feet up the broad stairway, the groaning of the badly stricken—these were the sounds that came to the ears of the writer as he lay abed in a remote part of the building. They brought swift an-

nihilation to his sense of security, which, translated reads, he got his wind up.

But in the wards a dozen brave souls breathed the breath of the epidemic and met its maddening dance of death with the calm confidence of veteran nurses. During days that were longer for them than the hours of daylight, they made in unceasing cycle the round of beds, washing, sponging, healing the raw flesh of too generous poulticing in the home, administering nourishment and medicine. In the cool comfort of frequent sponging, restful repose came to many a fevered brain. The old joy of living was born again out of despair. Comfort and cheer, stimulant and proper nourishment restored morale to all but the few whose life was already forfeit and to whom removal to hospital was both useless and cruel.



The reward of such super-human efforts came later to the Sisters and their band of helpers, when their patients departed in glad company to their various homes to begin their period of convalescence. Hours of untold strain and fatigue there had been, hours spent in the torment of delirium and imminent death, but the happy restoration to life of sixty-one patients proved the solid worth of the sacrifice they had made.

The hospital might have been named Dr. Fyffe's Hospital, so regular was he in attendance, and with such confidence was his advice received by Sisters and patients alike. Dr. Fyffe had returned to New Zealand as a battle casualty. But the 5.9 had done its work ineffectively, for the restored strength of the doctor was proof against the severe strain of responsibility and incessant work.

Patients of all denominations used to look forward to the daily visits of the Rev. Mr. Page, of St. Mark's; no one could have discharged his duties more bravely and conscientiously.

Our story is not yet complete. As the patients began to mend, and faces, taunt with the strain of difficult breathing, relaxed to smile and converse, two of the Sisters were themselves stricken with the disease. In the hope that the rise in temperature was but the result of exhaustion and nerve strain, they carried on. But the stubborn finger of the epidemic continued to trace a rising line on the chart, and they were compelled to hand over their charge to other Sisters. Another Sister assumed command, being recalled from the Island Bay district. The serious plight of the stricken Sisters caused universal sorrow in

the wards. One of the Sisters, we are pleased to record had come through to convalescence after a well-nigh hopeless fight with death. The other—the brain and motive power of the whole enterprise of charity—is yet in the gravest danger. From half past five in the morning till nine at night she had every day consumed her strength in the interest of the sick. In the losing battle before her, may God give her back the vitality she expended to the limit of endurance. Sisters of Compassion they are named.

The patients in our hospital, the poor and sick within a long radius of their convents, have had brought home to them the full content of that title. But then, their work during the epidemic was not far different from the normal function of their daily lives. Consequently they met the crisis well prepared. And if the danger was great, and life could be won back at the price of exhaustion or death, then they were vowed to such work, and were linked in sacrifice to Him Who had died that we might live.

The following rendered personal assistance in connection with the hospital:—

Mesdames O'Leary, Parkinson, Fausett, Murphy.

Misses Veitch, Cubbon, Ward, Ryan, O'Connell, Jones.

Messrs. Murphy, Sharkey, Johnson, Synnott, Carmine, Kemp, Campbell, Ward.

Scouts Anderson, Callaghan.

Gifts were received from the following :—

Mesdames Luke, Macarthy-Reid, Dwan, Bryant, Monaghan, Haylan, Goodman (daily) Morgan, Wylie, Hunter, Gardiner, Barrs, Hurley, Lutz, Bourke, Whittaker, Whelan, Robinson, Taylor, Jansen, Dwyer, Andrews, O'Brien, O'Regan, Reid, Maher, Innes, Martin, Carr, Connolly, Bezar, O'Donovan, Tracy, Burke, O'Sullivan, Gollan, Wallace, Bell, Dillon, O'Shea, Bird, McVickar, Stephenson, Dwyer, Day, Gamble, Turner, Johnson, Bulter (Hastings), Ryan, Bourke (daily), Philips.

Misses Tracy, Kennedy, Burke, Fitzgerald (daily), Veitch, Cubbon, Flannery, Logan, Hannan.

Messrs. Russell (Rona Bay), Dwan, Padden, Oakes, McDonald, Mitchell, Fagan, Mulholland, Dwyer.

Sisters of Compassion, Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Newtown School, Commer-

cial Travellers' Club (daily), Star Boating Club, Red Cross Depot, Champion Company.

Use of motor car : Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. L. Dwan, Mr. D. Burke, Mr. J. J. McGrath.

Extract from a letter received by the Rector from Dr. W. Kington Fyffe :—

"As the last patient has now left the hospital I should like to put on record the great help and kindness I invariably received at the hands of yourself and everyone in the institution. As far as I myself am concerned, my work at St. Patrick's has been a real pleasure, and it has been made so largely by your co-operation and that of your incomparable Sisters. From the very beginning, when chaos was reigning in other places, your hospital was a model of good management and good nursing. It is impossible to speak too highly of the work done not only by your Sisters but by their lay helpers. I can truthfully say that they have saved many lives that, but for their devotion to duty, would have been lost."

Form Gossip

SIXTH A FORM NOTES.

(T. J. FOUHY.)

Instead of remaining apart in lonely state, the members of this patrician form have been compelled, owing to the press of circumstances, to congregate for several classes with the common "plebs." Though this is indeed a trying ordeal, we have borne it with a disdainful regard worthy of the name of VI A. None the less, we have most of our subjects apart from the distraction of profane scoffers at knowledge, and pursue our tranquil way according to the best traditions of scholarship. In mathematics we have soared above all mere passing things, and while investigating the value of tan. A in "number next one," we have surrounded ourselves with a veritable atmosphere of sines and cosines. In chemistry, we have finally mastered the intricacies of normal solutions, in spite of the errors and misrepresentations of the critical. In this class our diction is ever the most dignified, and several phrases we regard as strictly our own. "My word, this acid takes the cake!" "Gee whiz! it sure does lay them out!" And, later, "Do you get me, Pat?" "Yes, sir; clear as mud." Our life, however, is always full of interest, for we always work with the pleasing knowledge that at any moment we may leave (rather suddenly) this world of toil and care, and become new satellites in the solar system. When marching to the professor's room for Latin, we adopt

the martial "Sixth Form" tread, and then engage in flanking movements to capture the best chairs. Afterwards we discuss the fate of nations amid the lore of Tacitus and Virgil. We are afraid that the standard of morality in English and in French class is extremely low, judging by the sweeping denunciations made of silk stockings, high heels, a certain revue, ad lib. (*Quamquam animus meminisse horret!*—)

We have to thank all the professors who so kindly endured us during the year, and we trust that, even if we cannot remember the rules for the use of "Neuter Ce" or for the "Principle of Explicit Reference," we may prove worthy of them, and that their work on our behalf may not be wasted.

SIXTH B FORM NOTES.

(P. B. MARSHALL.)

The Sixth B., together with the Fifth Form, comprised the candidates for matriculation. Consequently the two forms were combined in one or two subjects, thus entailing increased work upon the staff of the College, who, without this burden, were already hampered by the insufficiency of their number. However careless and inattentive we may have appeared during the year, we never lost sight of our indebtedness to them for their untiring efforts and the patience with which they have borne their extra duties. We can but hope that examination results may afford some recompense for their troubles.