

Seagoe Parish Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1920.

A Visit to Hamel.

During a recent visit to the Battlefields in France and Belgium, the Rector spent a day (July 30th) at Hamel where so many of the "Ninth" fell in the glorious advance of July 1st, 1916. It is a scene of desolation. The village and church of Hamel have quite disappeared. The litter of war lies everywhere—Cartridges, Petrol Tins, Gun Fittings, Grenades, and Shells. The numerous Shell Holes in the Ancre marshes have caused the river to spread, but the clear full stream still flows through the marsh in its old channel. In a small square plot marked off by a barbed wire fence from the surrounding shell-pitted thistled-covered land, lie the sacred remains of our honoured dead. A small wooden cross much weather-beaten marks each grave, and there are in all about 250 graves. Yellow sand covers the graves. The Rector examined carefully all the graves in this Cemetery, and noted the following belonging to the Ninth Battalion R.I.F., Francis E. Cross, J. A. Hutchinson, J. Chambers, Lieut. Townsend, J. Glenn, Sergt. J. McCappin, Pte. Cordy (1st R.I.F.), Lance-Cpl. R. Wilson, J. W. Lunn, Rifleman (?) W. J. Brown, J. Chambers, J. Watson, Sergt. Foster, Rifleman J. Brown (10th R.I.R.) No. 17174; Pte. J. Johnston, 14548, R.I.F.; Pte. S. Robinson, R.I.F., No. 18263. A large Concentration Cemetery containing about 600 graves has been formed at the end of the "Ravine," where it touches the road from Albert to Beaucourt. Most of the graves here are inscribed "Unknown British Soldier,"; but one conspicuous white cross with lettering in black bore the name "Trooper McClelland, N.I.H."

There are other Cemeteries in the neighbourhood, but it was not possible for the Rector to visit them. They also contain the graves of many who went out from this Parish.

Some day, perhaps, it will be possible to mark by a permanent monument the place where so many of our bravest and best made the great sacrifice.

Puzzles.

Hidden Towns and Rivers.

1. He jumped over the hurdles and won the race.
2. This plough will be very useful for farming.
3. That boy never was able to write very well.
4. He has great riches and owns vast estates.
5. That car had entered for the Grand Prix.

Square Words—1 Part of the verb "to be."—Another word for level—A tall plant.—Terminations.

Beheaded Words.

- Behead a dance and leave everything.
Behead what is done at a meal, and leave place where.
Behead a noise and leave an instrument used for propelling a boat.
Behead a country and leave a common conjunction.
Behead a word, pronoun, and leave a meal.
Behead a crevice and leave a tickle.
All the beheaded letters, if put in order, will spell the name of the capital of a country.

PARISH REGISTER for AUGUST.

Baptisms.

The following were Baptized in Seagoe Parish Church, on August 7th, 1920.

Sharp—Olivia Kathleen, daughter of John and Margaret Sharp, of Edenderry.

Sponsors—Ellen Margaret Campbell, Margaret Sharp.

Magee—William John, son of Joseph and Sarah Margaret Magee, of Edenderry

Sponsors—Anne Reid, Anne Magee.

Simpson—Sarah Mary, daughter of George and Susanna Jane Simpson, of Lylo.

Sponsors—Edith Livingston, Susanna Jane Simpson.

Serplus—Lily, daughter of William Edward and Jane Serplus, of Kernan.

Sponsors—Priscilla McKee, Jane Serplus.

Magee—Gladys, daughter of Alfred David and Judith Magee, of Ballymacrandle.

Sponsors—Jane Currie, Elizabeth Livingston.

Montgomery—George, son of Thomas John and Martha Montgomery, of Lower Seagoe.

Sponsors—Ethel Porter, Martha Montgomery.

Received into the Congregation.

Hara—Pearl, daughter of James and Sara Hara, of Drumnagooon, having been Privately Baptised on 15th August, 1919, was publicly received into the Congregation on August 7th, 1920.

Sponsors—Selina McCormick, Sarah Hara.

PRIVATE BAPTISM.

Freeburn—July 23rd, 1920, Hilda, daughter of Thomas and Anne Elizabeth Freeburn, of Edenderry.

Marriages.

McBroom and Watson—August 26th, 1920, William John McBroom, of Portadown, to Sarah Watson, of Edenderry.

Simpson and Russell—September 1st, 1920, William Simpson, of Ballinacor, to Deborah Maria Russell, of Aghaccommon.

Burials.

Dynes—July 30th, Robert Dynes, of Drumlisnagrilly, aged 74 years.

Watson—August 5th, Cherry Bell Watson, of Killicomaine, aged one year.

Allen—August 18th, Arthur Allen, of Edenderry, aged 86 years.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

The Annual Harvest Thanksgiving Services will (D.V.) be held in Seagoe Parish Church on Thursday, October 7th, at 8 p.m., and on Sunday, October 10th, at 11-30 and 7.
Preacher on Thursday—Rev. J. R. MacDonald, M.A., Rector of Donacloyne.

Preacher on Sunday—Rev. John Taylor, M.A., Rector of St. Jude's, Belfast.

A Harvest Thanksgiving Service will be held in Hacknahay School, on Sunday, Sept. 26th, at 8-30 p.m. Preacher—Rev. W. R. M. Orr, L.L.D., Rector of Gilford, and on Monday, Sept. 27th at 8 p.m.

ITEMS.

Work at the widening of Portadown Bridge was begun last month. * *

Emigrants to Canada and the States are very numerous just now.

Mr. James McDowell, of Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., is building a fine Villa at Killicomaine. * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Calvert (formerly Miss Amy Walker) have given the name of "Seagoe" to their house at Monkstown.

The New Church Hymnal will be used in Seagoe Church for the first time on Sunday, September 5th, and the first Hymn to be sung will be 340 to the tune "Seagoe." **Correction.**

In the List of Subscriptions to Seagoe War Memorial "Pte. Neill" should read Mrs. E. Neill, Ballymacrandle, £1.

Bible Class Presentation.

On Sunday Morning, August 22nd, at the Edenderry Women's Bible Class, a beautiful Bible, illustrated by Harold Copping, was presented to Lizzie Stewart, on the occasion of her departure for America, by Miss Armstrong and the members of the Bible Class, as a mark of friendship and esteem, and in memory of almost fifteen years faithful attendance, wishing her God's best blessings, and every happiness in her future life.

WITH THE "NINTH" IN FRANCE,

By Lieut.-Col. S. W. BLACKER, D.S.O.

[Continued from August Magazine.]

Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1916.

Was round the Trenches this a.m., and now the Adj. is out, and I am attending to messages. 3 Generals visited me yesterday, and one (W. Stronge) to-day. He is most cheery and well. Our routine here is—Breakfast: 8-30. Then a walk round trenches, see men, see work being done, and what is wanted. It is a big job, as trenches are falling in, and some over ankles in liquid mud. Lunch: 1, then sit in the dug-out, receiving and answering messages. Stand to at 4-30 p.m. when I go round 1 Coy. Dinner: 7-30 p.m. Start on evening round 10 p.m., which lasts till midnight. Then morning stand to at 5-30 a.m. till 7 a.m., which one of us attends. In addition a 'situation' report has to be sent in at 4 a.m. Of course, numerous Returns through the day, at stated hours. We are shelling them a good deal. They only answer with Whizz-Bangs, M.G. and rifle, and not very much of that. No casualties, so far, I'm thankful to say. A very comfy night. As I turned in (in clothes) at 12 midnight, after evening rounds, I didn't attend morning 'Stand To' so lagged till 7-30 a.m.

The Regt. we succeeded here seem to be somewhat careless in sanitary matters. Weather fine, thank goodness! Men all keen and rather love it, and work well. Parties out last night examining wire. Found it bad in many places, and go out to night to mend. Have had to give up "Behr" stockings. Effort of walking without corking too much. My snow shoes are doing well. You cannot imagine the mud, and one comes in plastered and coated with mud, and no means of getting rid of it. Some mens' dug-outs poor. The men have got into the life and work very quickly, and the Officers also. 91 slabs of milk choc. came to-day, addressed to 10th R.I.F., 111th Brig., 37th Div.!! from Ulster Choc. League, Ballinahinch,

which I distributed to the 2 Coys. in the Trenches. Lendrum is in charge of the M.G., as FitzGerald was left behind with 2 guns for training! One would think training in the Trenches would be best! Quiet 24 hours, tho' our guns strafed a bit to-day, and our M.G. were hard at work this p.m., and answered by the Huns, who also put about a dozen Whizz-Bangs (small Fd. Guns) over us this a.m.

Sunday, Nov. 21st.

Such crowded hovels A and B Coys. Officers and men are in, its hard to use anything. Weather still fine, I'm glad to say, but this p.m. is dark and looks like snow. The Trenches are depressing, badly made in the first instance, and this snow and rain has brought a lot of the parapet down, and made it bulge everywhere. The whole parapet has to be demolished and built up again. In addition the floor of all the Trenches has to be scraped and cleaned every day. Tho' men are working day and night, nothing seems to be done. We have about 1,000 yards of front; a 2nd line, which is badly fallen in, and 2 long communication trenches to keep up. 3 men's dug-outs, each holding a platoon, at each end of the line. I mean that there are 6 of these dug-outs altogether, and each group of three holds a platoon. These are very good, the others very bad: small, dilapidated, leaky and wretched. We are all covered with mud, but I insist on the men shaving, and they do.

Our guns strafed the Huns severely this a.m. No reply. And our M.G. harried the village and their transport, and made it shift, and the drivers shout and curse, last night. They fire a few Whizz-Bangs over bits of our line each day. No damage so far. I don't think they are a very enterprising lot opposite here. There are various places they might harry us. Don't send any more mitts, either to me or for me till I let you know. No, they've decided on reducing the cheese ration.

I do not think much of the discipline of the Regulars in these parts. Many drunk in the town nightly, and their sanitary discipline nil. The 1st R.I.F. are now in the next line to us, with 18th R.Irish on the other side. Lambton, the 4th Div. Gen., has not been near us so far. Hull, the Brig. of 10th Brig., to whom we were attached till they were relieved from the Trenches yesterday, was very nice. We are all right for food, and doing well here in the line of food. Our store is in the dug-out. Will not change to-day. It is rather chilly.

Monday, Nov. 22nd.

Fine day, but foggy and very raw. Brigadier came round this a.m. and Lambton, who Commands this Div., turned up about lunch time and we gave him lunch. I walked with him to the confines of our trenches afterwards. I suppose this was his inspection, on which he will found his report. Not much value, I fear. There was a certain amount of bomb throwing by the Huns last night, on our right, at a patrol of the 8th R.I.R. No damage, I believe, otherwise very quiet night. A sniper has established himself in front, about 200 yards from us, we think, but we cannot locate him. I paid a visit to 1st Battalion this p.m. They are on our left. Found the Adj. and another Sub in; paid my respects to them on behalf of the 9th Battalion, and had a talk. Just back. We go out to-morrow evening to some billets, and then off on a 'long trek' again; where to I know not. Our fire absolutely refuses to burn, in spite of all our efforts. Had a very comfy night. Went round Trenches about 9—11, and had a long doss. Have walked a lot to-day, and am feeling very well. A M.G. strafe beginning now.

Tuesday, Nov. 23rd.

Busy arranging reliefs. No casualties so far. Thick frosty fog.

Wednesday, Nov. 24th—[Colincamps]

Got back out of the Trenches to this place from where we went in. Relief was not finished to 7 p.m., when Pratt, Adjutant and I were the last to leave. Walked to the village M—M— Dined with Smyth, who gave us a splendid repast, and then walked on here arriving at 10 p.m. Fergie had been at work and got three rooms—a splendid billet, due to the kindness of the Gunners here. I am in a beautifully furnished room, with carpet! Such luxury after dug-out. An easy day to-day, as the men are cleaning and bathing preparatory to move to-morrow, when we go back same way, and billets, we came here from, to our old R—. Stay there a day or two to collect things, and then on again, but where we don't know. Each night in the Trenches we had a Gunner Officer with us, who fed with us and had a dug-out of his own. I can't think why he was here. Two very nice Subs. came, and yesterday the Captain (Bittleston) arrived, about three hours before we left.

We got out of the Trenches with no casualties. I am so pleased. One or two narrow shaves. A shell near C. Johnston, and rifle sight shot off, and a bayonet hit with a bullet. The 1st R.I.F. on our

left had a man killed, and some wounded in the three days they were in. The 18th on our left had some casualties. The 9th R.I.R. had three men badly hit at a working party the night before we left. Downs had 4 and 12th R.I.R. 3, I think. I hear the new XIII Corps is to consist of 7th, 30th, 32nd and 36th Divisions, and is to concentrate near Abbeville. Fergie had a long talk with Hull, the Brigadier. In recounting it to me "Brigadier said 'You're a well-officered Battalion. You're Colonel is a nut, and a Brazil nut to boot.'" You should have heard Fergie rolling it out. Am writing in R.A. mess, which is comfy.

The men were splendid the whole week. Never a complaint, tho' very uncomfortable and in some cases worse. We had one case of frost-bite. The sentries in Sap-heads were standing over their ankles in cold slush, for two hours at a time with no means of keeping their feet dry. Lutton did excellently with the telephone arrangements; never a hitch; everything working smoothly and quickly, tho' the lines wanted constant watching for breakages, due to trenches falling in. Young Anson is A-D-C to Lambton.

I think I told you about the march. Men did splendidly, and all came in with Battalion. You know Adj. has had a lot to do with efficiency of Battalion. Most of the C.O.'s are equally good or bad, but few have decent Adjts.; and Adjutant is excellent. Afraid C. Shillington was killed.

Thursday, Nov. 25th—[Puchevillers.]

Here we are at the end of our first march. We left at 9 a.m. and got in here at 1 p.m. Fine sunny day; roads very heavy; about 12 miles. Lambton came out to see us, and the Battalion looked well. The Qr. Mr. of the 1st R.I.F. and Eric Fforde came out to see the Battalion pass. The Qr. Mr. (Bunting, a Portadown man,) was greatly struck with the Battalion, and said the "Baby" was a very fine one. Half the 12th R.I.R. is here also. They had a rotten time. Only in the line by Coys., remainder under canvas. This is the 3rd time we have been here. P-v-s and a different billet each time. I'll write a line to Miss Fforde to say I've seen her brother. He was looking well, transport officer, and back well from the front line. We had all yesterday for baths and changing clothing, and the men turned out well to-day. Very cold here but splendid for marching. If it will only keep fine for to-morrow's long march.

Friday, Nov. 26th—[Ribeaucourt.]

Got back here R— after 17½ mile march, about 3 p.m. Very cold with snow showers and bitter wind. Off again to-morrow to B—, about 10 miles due west of this place. Redmond was only 1½ miles from us at M—. We were the Battalion he referred to next the Dublins.

Congreve, V.C., commands the XIII Corps. Fearful rush here arranging for move. I walked about 9 miles of the march to-day, it was so bitter riding. Yes, I fancy plenty of ammunition. Gunners blazing away all day. Snow boots doing well. Any working

party at night is risky, as the opposite side invariably spray a bit with M.G. on the chance of catching some party working at something on top.

Saturday, Nov. 27—[Bellancourt.]

Frosty and cold. Got in here at 2-30 p.m. after a 12 mile march. Cold, bright, hard frost, and roads like iron.

Sunday, Nov. 28th.

A nice village. H.Q. in a Notary's house, quite good, but cold; good kitchen, ad beds for 6 of us; the best we have met with yet. Bitterly cold night and day; looks like more snow. This place was left filthy by a lot in New Div. just out from home. We are now getting it in order. The whole house, which you can see is new and spotless in peace time, was covered with dirt, tins, paper and filth—too bad! Madame the Notary came here to-day and was very distressed. We consoled her with assurances we were not like that! Windy day this. Sanitary work and settling down till tea. We had open-air service this morning, and I insisted on reading Eccles. xii., as we couldn't have Service last Sunday. A piercing N.E. wind has got up, looks like snow. Have to send a fatigue party of three Officers and 100 men to be at Railway— $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from here, at 4 a.m.

Monday, Nov. 29th.

Yes. Some Huns shouted out to the Battalion next to us "you can have these——trenches, and the——Kaiser too, on 29th." I expect it only meant that lot were going to be relieved on 29th.

Tuesday, Nov. 30th.

Such a wet day. Poured all day without ceasing. Lovely day after the rain storm—much milder. They are issuing a second blanket per man, I am glad to say. No, I'm not made a Brigadier, nor any chance of it. I didn't leave the R.A. to become a General, but because I thought my duty lay with my own people.

A quiet day. Went round billets of two Coys in a.m., and searched for bombing ground in p.m. Bombing is all the rage now; everything else is forgotten. Every man to be a bomber—drill pamphlets, instructors, etc., flood in every minute of the day. Every place a sea of mud after the rain. The men quite cheerful and washing their clothes. Some of the skin coats only issued last night were found full of lice.

The men have kept wonderfully clean so far. No illness among them, only a few sore feet, I suppose the open-air life, for their feet can never be dry. I'm rather dreading Adjutant's departure. Suppose I am getting lazy. He has been excellent out here, in every way, keen, energetic, and untiring, and he has a sound opinion. Berry, Fergie, and Padre sleep in one room, three little spring beds alongside one another. They are very cosy and have a fire. I'm glad to say I haven't had a fire in my room since I came out. Consequently have been free from cold. "A" company returned at 2 a.m., after 24 hours hard

work, all in the rain. They marched and unloaded for 18 hours out of 24, unloading guns and wagons for the R.A. we left at Bordon, who have now come out here. I think we shall remain here for a bit, possibly a month! Anyway we are starting Reading Room, Company Sergts. Messes, and all the Sanitary fads. Billets quite good except for a few. I believe we may get 8 days leave after 3 months out, if we are not going into the Trenches, or otherwise just then.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st.

General Nugent turned up here to-day, very smiling. "There is more discipline in the little finger of any man in the Ulster Division than in a Company of Regulars," is what he said, and I think he is right. He said the Brigade had got a very good report again from the Trenches. Young Stronge, in Royal Scots came to lunch. In charge of details at Abbeville. Visited other Coys billets this a.m.. Quite satisfactory. Reading Room going well; have bought 4 good cheap oil lamps in Abbeville. Fergie has found tables, forms, chairs, and heaps of newspapers keep coming in. To-day three large bales arrived containing 378-pair socks, 300 writing pads and pencils, 11 mufflers. Simply splendid, and they have now been distributed. Padre is writing a letter to four local papers, of thanks, etc., and I put a notice in Battalion Orders—"Parcels, containing etc., have been received from County Armagh Committee for providing comforts to 9th, and have been distributed to Coys." Heavy rain again last night. The country is fearfully holding. Rode out with Pratt and Adj. to look for suitable drill grounds and rifle range. A very comfy bed here and I sleep well.

Thursday, Dec. 2nd.

Heavy rain all night. We got the rain and thaw on Monday, same as you. Splendid collecting all those things. Socks are a God send, they can't have too many while we are stationary. The road into some of their billets is 12 inches deep in liquid mud. No bottom to road, only mud, and a hollow impossible to drain. We are digging a deep pit, 12 feet deep, to see if we can get to chalk to drain away the water.

Friday, Dec. 3rd.

Such a constant and violent wet day, never ceased, and now a wind has got up. Village nearly under water, mud a foot deep in parts. I fear Adj. will be off to-morrow. Am rather sorry at his departure. Peal's Boots are simply splendid. I paddled about in seas of liquid mud a foot deep, and sticky slush, and rode 8 mile in driving rain. My breeches and socks were dry as a bone when I changed at 6-30 p.m., and my feet as warm as toast all day. McKane is now R.S.M. I think every one has been depressed by the weather, but it is what we must expect now for the next three months. We should be thankful we're not in the Trenches or on the march.

[To Be CONTINUED.]