

FROM THE PARISH MAGAZINE JULY 1915

1

Excerpts from Fr Halliwell's letter to his parishioners which also included articles headed: **WAR AGAINST THE POWER OF DARKNESS WHAT DEFEAT WOULD MEAN.** (*including a poem by Rottingdean resident Mr. Rudyard Kipling*) and **BLESSED JOAN OF ARC**

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR.

August 4th brings us to the anniversary of the declaration of War and the commencement of hostilities. We propose to mark the years, mind, by a day set apart for the Solemn Commemoration of those who have fallen. Wednesday, August 11th, is a convenient opportunity for this. On that day all the Masses will be for this intention, and there will be a solemn Requiem.

While remembering the souls of those of our relations or friends who have sacrificed their lives, we should make a practice at all times, and especially on this occasion, of including in our prayers all the unremembered Dead, those, that is, who have no friends to pray for them or none who care or wish to do so. Those of whom no special mention is made on earth have a very particular claim on our charity.

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Fr Halliwell had to record the loss of many of the young men of the parish. This is one example:

**R.I.P.
HARRY CHARLES RANSLEY ROLFE.**

We have lost an old friend —Harry Rolfe. The news came as a shock to us last Monday (June 21st), and before we were able quite to realize it, the same evening some of us had postcards from him, with cheering words, written from the Dardanelles, where he was killed. A letter (censored), dated Wednesday, May 10th, written by his friend Frank Young to Harry's former landlady, gives briefly the particulars of his death. "A few lines to let you know that Harry was killed last Friday whilst we were in action. We were in a charge, and he got shot through the shoulder, and it came out at the bottom of his back. He must have been hit with one of those explosive bullets the Turks are using, and they give most awful wounds. We lost nearly half of our Battalion, and have had to join up with the Anson Battalion. Harry managed to get back to our trench alright, but he was done, and there he breathed his last. You might have heard about his death, but in case you have not, I thought I had better let you know. Harry got a letter the day before about his brother's death, and he was very much put out about it."

Harry was one of those few who seem to be naturally drawn to religion. He was altogether good, as everyone who met him knew, and was ; true Catholic. He was brought up in St. Paul's parish, but quite recently he went to live near the Annunciation, where he became a Server and Sun day School Teacher. The missionary spirit was in him to a degree enough to put many of us to shame. He loved to lead others to the Catholic Faith, and his influence in getting young fellows to come on to Confirmation, Confession, or Holy Communion was wonderful. Last year he offered himself for missionary work to the Bishop of Zanzibar, and would eventually have gone out to E. Africa for that purpose, but when the war broke out he felt it his duty to join the Royal Navy, and went for his training to the Crystal Palace. It was a great help and joy to him to have as Chaplain there Father Walter Carey, brother of the Vicar of the Church he served at. We often had flying visits from him during his training, and now and then he would bring a friend with him to see us. It seems only yesterday we had a card from him on which were two sailors waving "Good-bye" from a train, and "Don't worry, they'll soon be back," printed above. Then a day or so later another (with a picture of the ship he was on) to say "All's well."

He was in the Collingwood Battalion, which suffered so severely in casualties both in officers and men. His; life, we are sure, has not been given for his King and Country in vain. He died as he lived — Bravely! May God grant him Refreshment, Light, and Peace.

Fr. J.E. Halliwell

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Regular life at S. Paul's continued, with requests for contributions to the Bishop of Chichester's Fund and S. Paul's Foreign Missions at Poona and at Bloemfontain being remembered at Mass during the week, but some activities have been curtailed:

THE CATECHISM.

The Annual Festival of the Catechism will be held on the First Sunday in July (in the Octave of the Visitation of our Lady).

Next month we hope to give a list of those boys and girls who have earned awards.

There will be no Catechism Outing this year, as all the Clergy of Brighton have agreed to do without such pleasures owing to the War. We are sorry that this is necessary, hut such things help to make us fool the reality of this terrible war.

Let us hope that by next summer it will all he over and peace be restored.

Two of our old boys have already laid down their lives for their country. Alfred Gibbs died from wounds received in Flanders in the early part of the war. **Harry Rolfe** (who first belonged to the Catechism in Mr. Gresham's days) was killed in the Dardanelles only a week ago. While regretting their early death, we envy them the manner of it, and pray for their rest and peace.

To them we must also add the name of Archie Ford, who died after a short illness a fortnight ago, at the early age of 18. R.I.P..

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In January that year Fr Halliwell records the dedication of the modest wooden War Shrine

THE WAR SHRINE.

On Monday, December the 4th, we had a short service for the benediction of the War Shrine which has been put up in the cloister. The Figure of our Lord upon the Cross is placed in the centre, and on either side are the names of parishioners and friends who have fallen in the War. At the foot the prayer is inscribed :

“Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord :
And let light perpetual shine upon them.”

Below this is a ledge where their friends may place flowers. We hope that many as they pass by will pause for a few moments and pray for the souls of those whose names are here commemorated, and who laid down their lives fighting on our behalf, that the Passion and Death of our Divine Saviour may avail for their perfect cleansing and may obtain for them Refreshment, Light and Peace.

“No man apart from Home and Freedom died.
Who clasped the Feet of Jesus crucified.”

The names at present commemorated are : —

Thomas Kelly.	John Collins.
George Yates.	Charles Tottem.
Frederick Edwards.	Edward Wood.
Albert Kilkenny.	John Budgen.
Harry Rolfe.	Horatio Martin.
Albeit Gibbs.	William Hughes.
Eustace Pickett.	Harry Pullinger.
Frederick Cotterill.	George Martin.
William Pullen.	Harold Davies.
Frederick Bennett.	Valentine Davies.
Richard Cottingham.	Harry Crichton Cowley.
	Frederic W. Caton.

The idea is that the friends of those who are commemorated should keep the ledge supplied with flowers, and the Vicar hopes that any who wish to have other names added to the list will let him know.



* *Charles Tottem is listed incorrectly on the memorial as Charles Totten*

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Extracts from THE VICAR'S LETTER in June:

IN MEMORIAM. Reginald Knatchbull

The news of Reginald Knatchbull's death has caused widespread sorrow in our parish, where he was so well known and respected. It occurred on April 19th in connection with the fighting at Gaza. He had written home just before the engagement, and, in the course of his letter, there were some words which have received a fulfilment beyond his thought. He wrote : — “Well, here I am, safe and well in the Promised Land. Who knows how long it 'will be before we enter Jerusalem ?”

He was indeed happy in the circumstances of his death. As the Captain of his Company tells us in the subjoined letter, it was instantaneous. And the Quarter-Master further adds that “he died doing his utmost to satisfy the calls of the wounded for water.”

And now ...

And now he knows what that reward is which our Lord assured us should not be lost by any who gave a cup of cold water to one who was in need, “Safe and well in the Promised Land.” Surely if we could choose the place in which to die it would be the country sanctified by the footsteps of our Divine Saviour. The actual spot, too, is full of significance. Gaza was a city to which belonged one of the great prophecies of the Resurrection. It was here that Samson “arose at midnight and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulder and carried them up to the top of an hill” (Judges xvi. 3).

It was on this hill — “Samson's Ridge”— that Reginald Knatchbull was buried, with the memories of Christ’s Resurrection and Ascension and triumph over the power of death all around. And here we are content to leave him “safe and well in the Promised Land.” And who knows how long it will be before he enters Jerusalem ?

We think our readers will like to see these letters written to Reginald Knatchbull’s widow by the Captain and Quarter-Master of his Company.

Fr J.E. Halliwell

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To Reginald Knatchbull's widow from the Captain of his Company:

DEAR MADAM,

I am writing to offer you my most sincere sympathy on the death of your husband 200970 Pte. Knatchbull, who was killed in action on the 19th inst. His death was instantaneous, which is a comfort. I have known him a long time and always found him such a willing soldier and always ready to do credit to his Company and Battalion. Lately he was working in my Company Quartermaster Stores where he did very good work and seemed to like his work. He was carrying up ammunition to the firing line when he was killed. Our parson buried him on the evening of the 19th.

Again offering you and your family my deepest sympathy,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Stuart K. Reid, Captain.

O.C.A. Coy

4th Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment, E.E.F.

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The Quarter-Master's letter:

22-4-17

MY DEAR MRS. KNATCHBULL,

I expect by this time you have been notified of the sad news of the death of your husband Pte. R. Knatchbull on April 19th. On the death of your husband I have lost a very great friend and servant. He has acted as my storeman for the last six months and I must say I have always found him most straightforward and most reliable and one of the best of fellows. You have one satisfaction that he was killed outright. There were four of us taking water up to the firing line when a Turkish Machine Gun opened fire on us. Three out of the four of us were badly hit. He died doing his utmost to satisfy the calls of the wounded for water. Please accept from all N.C.O.'s and men of "A" Coy. our most heart-felt sympathy in your terrible loss; personally I shall miss him more than any one in this regiment. May God bless you and comfort you in this time of trouble.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

C.Q.M.S. A. Boyce,

A Coy.,

4th Royal Sussex Regiment, E.E.F.

It will comfort you to know that we buried your husband on "Samson Ridge" on the evening of April 20th.

(Note the confusion over the date of the funeral in these letters)