

**Lieut. PERCIVAL V. A. RADCLIFFE, 2/5th Bn. The Yorkshire Regt., attached  
Machine Gun Corps (Cavalry).**

Lieut. Percival V. A. Radcliffe, who died of wounds received in action near Graincourt, in France, on November 25th, 1917, was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Radcliffe, and grandson of Sir Percival Radcliffe, Bart., of Rudding Park, Yorkshire.

Born in 1897, he came to Hodder in 1906, and two years later passed on to the College. It was not long before he was known to everyone as "Bunny," and "Bunny" he remained to the end. He was one of those rare and happy characters who never lack friends, and do not know what it is to have an enemy.

In school games he did not shine. Football and cricket possessed little or no attraction for him. From the beginning, riding, shooting and hunting held first place in his affections. He was a keen and capable horseman, and an excellent shot. Hard-going over open country, or the swift flight of an oncoming covey, meant to him life indeed.

His interest in the O.T.C. was very marked. Always ready to do any work in connection with the corps, at no matter what expense of time and trouble to himself, he was able to give great assistance to those in command. Musketry was his special study, and the knowledge which he acquired at this time was of direct practical value to him, and enabled him, when he took his commission, to be really and immediately useful to his country.

He had taken a commission in the Yorkshire Regiment on September 28th, 1914. His knowledge of musketry was apparent at once. He took a further course at Hythe, and for a year acted as Musketry Officer to his battalion. When the regiment went abroad, he was left behind to continue his instruction work with another unit. This was a great blow to him, and fearing that it might happen again, he took up transport work, and was Transport

Officer to his new battalion. At last his orders came to leave for the front, but on the eve of his departure he had a serious accident, in which his foot was badly crushed, and he found himself in hospital instead of on an outgoing transport. When he was able to get about again he applied for and obtained a transfer to the M.G.C. on July 21st, 1916, and was attached to the cavalry section of that corps, where he was again made Transport Officer. After a machine gun course in August and September, 1916, he was posted in January, 1917, to the 170th M.G.C.

In April, 1917, he joined the M.G.C. (Cavalry), and on September 6th, 1917, he went to France.

After staying some time at the base, he was moved up the line in November, and in his first engagement found death awaiting him. He met it as one would have expected him to do, quietly, without any terror, and with his first thoughts given to the brother officer and the men who had been standing near him when he was wounded.

Extracts from the letters of his C.O. and of his Squadron Sergeant-Major show the esteem in which he was held by all.

His Colonel thus described his death at the Capture of Bournon Wood (Battle of Cambrai, 1917):—

Percy was very badly hit by a shell on the morning of November 25th, and died from his wounds at about 5.30 p.m. the same night. Your son had only been with my squadron a comparatively short while, but in that time had made himself loved by everyone, and had shown, what his death had made even more certain, what a very fine character he was.

He was hit by three 5.9-in. shell splinters in the thigh, knee, and right arm, and although he made a tremendous fight for it, died peacefully under morphia. I was with him three minutes after he was hit till practically the end, and his first word on coming round was to ask if the other officer who was with him (a

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fellow called Belford) was all right. This was characteristic of him. He recognised my voice, and asked if he was badly hit. Throughout he displayed the most wonderful courage. The doctors did not dare amputate as Percy hadn't the strength to bear it. I buried him myself, with one of my officers and a Chaplain, in a grave near the road, which should never be disturbed. As there was no R.C. priest, the burial service had to be performed by a Church of England clergyman. The day before his death your boy came under fire for the first time, showing a splendid spirit and courage, laughing and cheering up his men.

Your boy died as we all knew him—unselfish, plucky, a "white man," if ever there was one. You have lost your son, and we have lost a *very* dear friend, and an excellent officer.

**His Squadron Sergeant-Major wrote :—**

I happened to be actually on the spot when Lieut. Radcliffe was hit, and I rendered him first aid. He was taken down to the dressing station about twenty yards away and expert aid was rendered to him by the doctor there. Your son was hit about 1 p.m., and remained conscious until he passed away, about 5 p.m. He seemed to be in no pain, as he asked me whether he was hurt, and also asked after Lieut. Belford and his Section Sergeant.

The officers of his squadron and I were present at his funeral. That took place at 8 p.m., at a point situated about 200 yards west of the sugar factory, just north of Graincourt. [He is buried at Anneux.—ED.]

It was a great shock to the squadron when Lieut. Radcliffe died, as he was so well liked by all ranks.

**Corpl. NOEL EDGEWORTH SOMERS, 14th Bn., 4th Infantry Brigade, Australian Imperial Forces.**

After a long period of waiting and anxious inquiries on the part of relatives and friends, it was ascertained that Noel Somers, who was posted as "missing since August 8th, 1915," was killed in action on that date. It will be remembered that the battle which occurred on August 8th consisted of an attack in great strength by the British forces on the Turkish trenches on Achi Baba. The attacking columns at first achieved a great measure of success, carrying three lines of Turkish trenches at the point of the bayonet; but at the critical moment supports were not forthcoming in sufficient strength; the forward movement was checked, and the ground gained could not be held. In the retirement which followed, a large proportion of the British killed and wounded had to be abandoned. Of some of these nothing was afterwards heard, and among them was Noel Somers.

Born in 1893, he was the eldest son of Dr. Edgeworth Somers and Mrs. Somers, of Mornington, Melbourne, and had enlisted in

the Commonwealth Forces at the outbreak of the war. He had been stationed with his regiment in Egypt for some months before the expedition sailed for the Gallipoli Peninsula, and his letters to Stonyhurst from Egypt were full of cheery anticipation of the fighting in prospect.

During the Gallipoli campaign he was engaged in most of the hardest fighting that fell to the lot of the Australian contingents. His soldierly qualities displayed during the campaign had so impressed his Commanding Officer that he had been recommended for a commission a short time before the engagement in which he lost his life.

Before coming to Stonyhurst in 1908, Noel Somers had been at the Royal Naval College, Osborne. On arrival here as a "new boy" he was already a sturdy athletic fellow, and took a prominent place among the football and cricket players of his standing in the school.