

Brother Daniel – My Hero

[Br Reginald Hibbins](#)

Brother Daniel was a middle aged French Brother who had been called up to the French Army and fought in the 1914-18 War. When demobilized he finished up as Prefect of Discipline of the Senior School at St Joseph's College, Beulah Hill. I came under his jurisdiction in 1934.

I was a day-boy and preferred to bring sandwiches for lunch but for supervisory reasons I was required to eat them in the boarders' dining room. Being a rebel, I and two of my friends contrived to hide in some bushes behind the cycle shed attached to a large ex-army wooden hut used as the gym which separated the first and second "meadows" (playing fields). We were never missed, and spent our lunch break kicking a tennis ball around. We eventually tired of this, and one of us brought an air pistol which we fired at a target chalked on the bike shed wall. This went on for several weeks unnoticed.

One day, things got very much out of control. One of us (not me!) had found a service revolver hidden among his father's "souvenirs" and brought it to school. This was exiting. One of us fired at our chalked target. We expected to find the bullet embedded in the wood. Instead there was a hole! We panicked and hastily hid the revolver in a school desk. After class we went to retrieve it but it was gone.

We were in a state of shock, fear and guilt. If caught we expected to be expelled or taken to court. Then Bro. Daniel appeared. "Anything wrong?" "We have lost something." Bro. Daniel felt into the massive pocket in his habit and pulled out the gun. "It wouldn't be this, would it? During lunch I was walking along the first meadow when a bullet whizzed past me so I investigated." Shamefully we confessed.

"You have got a problem haven't you? What do you intend to do about it?" "Take it home and hope my dad hasn't missed it."

So Bro. Daniel handed it over.

"But you've got a problem: anyone can see the gun has been fired."

Whereupon Bro. Daniel pulled out a canvas roll from his pocket containing gun cleaning equipment and showed us how to clean the gun.

"But you have another problem; you are a bullet short. Daniel pulled out a spare bullet from his pocket. It fitted! "Off you go." "Aren't you going to report us?" "What's the point? You have learned your lesson."

WHAT A MAN!