

THE ERASMIAN

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MARCH,
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THE MAGAZINE OF

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12 of the 15 Successes advertised from Dublin Classes.
BEST IRISH RESULT.**

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THE ERASMIAN.

MARCH, 1916.



Editorial.



IT is considered a recognised duty of all editors of this magazine to devote a section of the editorial to an appeal for contributions. This time, however, we have decided to sweep away "the dust of antique time" from this institution and are going to devote all our remarks to the task of inducing boys to make use of the *Erasmian* as a medium for displaying to their fellow-creatures the literary powers they possess. For when we looked over the contributions sent in for this number, we were saddened even unto tears. Yes, tears springing from no weak and womanly source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of human emotion, tears that befit an English master, when he sees a split infinitive—a cricket-captain, when an easy catch is dropped in an important match—a patriot, when his countrymen insist on his losing £400 a year—tears such as these rising from the depths of our editorial woe, forced themselves from our eyes and relieved our heart. No boy ought to be deterred through fear of ridicule from writing articles. A fictitious name easily shrouds the author in the mists of uncertainty and it is the editor that invariably suffers if a poor production appears. The fierce light, which, we are told is an inseparable concomitant of thrones, has shown in recent times a remarkable disposition to beat with democratic impartiality on less exalted items of furniture, including editorial chairs. Therefore let them put the fear of ridicule on one side. Another excuse is lack of subjects to write on. We wonder how any boy can say this with the storms of war raging around us—war so fruitful in themes, with its vast series of problems, as yet unsolved, its soul-stirring heroisms and its measureless sacrifices. Does the tale of the Great Retreat from Serbia, when the Irish Division saved the army from irretrievable disaster, strike no responsive chord in our readers' breasts? Is not the splendid failure of the Dardanelles expedition a subject mete for verse—those classic shores, so redolent of ancient mythology, convulsed with thunders which even Ajax would have scrupled to defy? A tale of useless heroism and devotion—this ill-starred enterprise will form a bright page in the history of Britain and was worthy of a better fate. *Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni.* The war offers

countless subjects worthy of discussion, if only boys will look for them.

Or if they do not like the war, let them go down into the country during the next few weeks, when spring is at its height. Then the birds sing all day long and the sky is blue overhead, with here and there masses of fleecy-white clouds, enhancing its charm. The wind with just a crisp freshness in it blows softly o'er the pine wood and comes laden with perfume to make the cowslips dance in the field, to play among the catkins on the willow and hazel, and to ripple the fields of tender growing corn, as the waves of a summer sea. On all sides are the beautiful country flowers,

"By rill or roadside springing,
But never out of place,
Waking the glad birds singing
With their sweet looks of grace."

Out beyond are the blue and lilac-coloured mountains with little valleys and deep-bosomed woods. There is no sound, save that of the burbling streams which thread the mountain slopes with streaks of light and music. A place to linger in awhile, a place of refreshment where little spring-like lyrics leap up in the heart as butterflies from the flowery grass. But there is in mankind that which impels him ever towards the highest and one climbs the bare and wonderfully lonely summit of an adjacent mountain, with its crown of dazzling snow, gleaming insistently like some chaste beacon against the deep-blue of the sky. As one lies back, Memory's hand restores to us beautiful words, thoughts become clear and hidden meanings show themselves—for here is peace. It is not the stillness, it is not the isolation or the awful grandness of the silent peaks, it seems to come welling up from within—the peace that passeth all intellectual understanding, the peace of the high places of earth.

Or else we would advise them to take a boat out to sea on a day with plenty of wind, and describe some of their experiences, but only some, for there are experiences which one meets with at sea, by no means suited for a respectable magazine like the *Erasmian*. Let him describe as the boat forces her way through the thundering waves, crushing them into clouds of white foam at the bow, how the sunshine, striking through, sets a score of broken rainbow curves shining and dancing in the spray; how to right and left the waves go by in rushing hills and valleys, deep-blue in the sunshine, dark slate-colour in the shadow. How now and again the wind catches a large breaker, twists and shapes it to a pointed cone and drives a spout of white spray, like smoke, into the air. How for one moment the light, penetrating the peak of the cone, changes it to a pellucid green, clear and bright as a flawless emerald. A little observation reveals these charming phenomena and we ask no more than that boys should write down such sights and send them to us. Think of the unspeakable delight with

which we gaze upon the flower-decked meadows, the solemn woods, the vast expanse of starlit sky! With what deep unspoken joy we listen to the song of the wind in the pine wood or in the crannies by the mighty mountains or soften our hearts at the pathetic music of the sobbing sea. Beautiful are the sunsets and sundawns, beautiful the lights and shadows that sweep across the uplands in the all-golden afternoons, beautiful the ripple of the corn beneath the caresses of the breeze, beautiful the soft shades of the gloaming when the sun sinks to rest in a bed of daffodil sky. The glorious nature-themes, with the ebb and flow, as it were, of colour and colour, have fired the enthusiasm of all the greatest poets that have ever lived, and if these, wherefore not then, the boys of the High School, however clever they may be—in their own imagination.

In H. S. D., the way for contributions lies through the little box in the hall, a box, one look at which ought to convince the sceptical that it is put there for use and not for ornamentation.



School Notes.



THE School resumed work after the Christmas Vacation on Thursday, 13th of January. The School will break up for the Easter recess on Wednesday, April 19th, and will re-open on Tuesday, May 2nd.

* * *

The Rifle Club has been holding its bi-weekly practices, over which Mr. Bennett and Mr. McIntyre very kindly preside. The averages are printed on another page.

* * *

The Swimming Club intend to re-commence their natations after Easter. The Club has been unfortunate in losing the services of its Hon. Secretary, J. V. Bateman, but there are plenty of boys available from which a good substitute may be picked. The number of members last year was a record, and we look forward to the same again this season.

* * *

We print elsewhere the list of Prize Winners at the School Examinations at Christmas.

* * *

About the middle of March, Dr. Miller, Intermediate Inspector, paid us two visits.

* * *

We print elsewhere a list of the successful candidates in the Scripture Examinations which took place last December. In the Church of Ireland Division the School gained the first place in Greek Testament for the fourth time in five years, G. S. B.

Mack coming out on top, while, for the second year in succession, one of our candidates—S. Smyth—was first in the Presbyterian Division. We also congratulate W. H. Thrift on winning a first prize in Greek Testament. Special mention may also be made of C. Digges, C. G. Proctor, R. P. McGarrigle, G. H. Townsend, and H. Montgomery in the Junior Grade. Of the Presbyterian candidates, in addition to S. Smyth of Form 5, we may mention S. R. Smyth of 3A, who obtained a first prize in the Middle Grade.

* * *

Dr. Carleton has been appointed Deputy Regius Professor in the Divinity School, T.C.D., which will in consequence entail his leaving us at Easter. We shall all be sorry to lose him. He has been with us a long time, over thirty years, and must hold the record as School Catechist. He will leave nothing but pleasant memories behind him. His place will be taken after Easter by Rev. C. C. W. Duggan, B.D., of Leeson Park Church, who is a distinguished old boy, belonging to a family whose name will always be closely associated with the School.

* * *

We have also to welcome this term to the School a new Presbyterian Catechist, Rev. A. W. Neill, M.A., a distinguished graduate and gold medallist of Trinity, now minister at Grey-stones.

* * *

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Harris, picked on the Possibles, Mackay and Bell (subs.) As a result of the match, Possibles v Probables, Harris was chosen as sub. for the Leinster Schools' Team.



Swimming Prospects.



LAST year, under the able leadership of J. V. Bateman, the Swimming Club gained successes which passed all expectations. It carried off the two Senior Championships at first attempt and so attained the leading position among the schools that enter for these competitions. There is a very fair prospect of keeping up this good record during the coming season also. In the first place we still have three of last year's squadron team, and besides there is a considerable amount of individual talent. We do not look alone to the seniors for honours; there is no reason why the juniors should not acquit themselves very creditably. We would ask them to bear in mind that there is a Junior Championship which they might try to bring to the School.

Taken all round our prospects seem quite rosy, and it rests with the members alone to see that the School holds for another year the distinctions won last season.

Army Notes.

To the lists published in our previous numbers the following names are now added. The Headmaster would be glad to receive further names of Old Boys serving in His Majesty's forces.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

H. G. HILLAS (1891-1900)	.. Egyptian Flying Corps
S. J. DOIG (1890-1896)	.. 7th Dragoons
N. R. NUZUM (1912-1914)	.. South Irish Horse
H. WALLEN (1910) ..	.. South Irish Horse
B. L. ARMSTRONG (1911-1912)	.. Royal Engineers
W. F. BENSON (1907-1912)	.. R.A.M.C.
W. J. E. DAWSON (1909-1915)	.. 2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
MAX NUROCK (1904-1911)	.. 2nd Lieut., A.S.C.
C. A. KINNEAR (1910-1915)	.. 2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
P. F. R. ANLEY (1886-1887)	.. Capt., Notts and Derby Regt.
J. R. BAMFORD (1909-1913)	.. R.A.M.C.
T. H. HINKSON (1912-1913)	.. Lieut., 3rd Royal Irish Regt.
W. F. V. RUMNEY (1909-1912)	.. Lce.-Corpl., Transport Dept., A.S.C.
G. K. FITZPATRICK (1897-1903)	.. Princess Patricia's Canadians
A. H. SEALE (1888-1892)	.. Brit. Red Cross, Motor Ambl., R.A.M.C.
A. GIBSON (1910-1912)	.. 2nd Lieut., Leinster Regt.
R. D. GIBSON (1910-1913)	.. Leinster Regt.
E. ROBSON (1908-1909)	.. 2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry
G. H. NOBLETT (1912-1913)	.. Motor Despatch Rider, R.E.
G. C. DODDS (1909-1915)	.. Cadet, Indian Army
H. G. G. DIGGES (1909-1916)	.. Cadet, R. Mil. Acad., Woolwich
W. H. B. MACK (1910-1913)	.. Cadet, R.G.A.
A. J. SMYTH (1908-1915)	.. 2nd Lieut., Royal Irish Rifles
N. S. CLOUSTON (1896-1905)	.. 2nd Lieut., R.E.
R. DE R. BRETT (1910-1911)	.. 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers
C. S. BURROWS (1895-1903)	.. 2nd Lieut., 14th Northumberland Fus.
O. V. BURROWS (1900-1902)	.. Lieut., R.A.M.C.
C. G. S. CAROLIN (1907-1910)	.. 2nd Lieut., A.S.C.
+ J. H. WISDOM (1883-1891)	.. 2nd Dragoon Guards
F. M. TAYLOR (1895-1901)	.. Lieut., R.A.M.C.
T. B. TAYLOR (1895-1901)	.. Lieut., R.V.C.
A. K. FERGUSON (1910-1915)	.. Cadet, R. Mil. College, Sandhurst

We greatly regret to add to the list of old boys who have fallen in the war the name of John Henry Wisdom (1883-1891), Private 2nd Dragoon Guards, who was killed in action in France, on January 26th. He had only been a short time in the firing line.

Jock Bell was home on leave in December. He is now out "somewhere in France."

J. M. Mounsey is stationed at Cork. He says the quarters are very good and the work not too hard.

It will occasion much surprise to many of our readers to hear that C. A. Kinnear, who left us only last October, is now out at the front. He is in a rather hot corner, but so far is uninjured.

F. S. Marchant was in at School near Christmas, looking very fit. Despite the fact that he says the work is very stiff, he seems to thrive on it, for we have never seen him looking better.

H. S. Scales, a foremost member of last year's cricket team, has now been sent out to France.

A. J. Smyth, who went to Sandhurst last August, has now been gazetted as 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd Royal Irish Rifles. He is stationed at Portobello, but any boys who want to talk to him can see him in Grafton Street, where he is on view every Saturday morning.

The following is a note sent us by A. H. Seale, one of our old boys who is "doing his bit" in Italy:—"I am driving an Ambulance with the First British Ambulance Unit for Italy, and like the life which provides many excitements. I am now at a little Out-Station and close to the operations. At present the weather is warm with sun during the day, but frosty at night."

G. N. Hunter has been gazetted as 2nd Lieutenant in the 19th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles. He spent the three years prior to the war in Australia, in the Victorian State Service, and joined the Field Engineers of the Australian Forces shortly after war was declared. He saw active service at the Lone Pine trenches at Anzac, and was invalided home a few months ago.

Major R. D. Barbor has been appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General in command of the Supplies of the Second Army in France, and to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel whilst so employed. His name was by some oversight omitted from the list of T.C.D. men serving in the army, which has been published in the *Irish Times*.

We were sorry to hear that H. Barron was rather severely wounded in the recapture of the "International Trench" early in March. He was in charge of some trench mortars when struck in the face by a German grenade.



Notes on Old Boys.



A. J. Beatty (1908-13) has passed the Junior Sophister Hilary Term Examination.

* * *

R. T. Stoney (1906-11) has passed the Second Professional Examination at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

* * *

R. J. Ogden (1899-1903) has passed the Preliminary Examination at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

* * *

L. J. D. Richardson, Sch. (1903-12) was awarded the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for Greek Verse (£12).

W. H. B. Mack, Sch. (1911-13) has won the 1st Vice-Chancellor's Medal for Latin and the 1st Berkeley Medal for Greek Verse.

* * *

C. J. Shortt (1910-12) has passed the Supplemental Examination for Final Freshmen, Hilary Term.

* * *

J. V. Bateman (1913-15) has passed the Junior Freshman Term Examination.

* * *

G. S. B. Mack (1911-12) gained a 1st Class at the B.A. degree Examination. On Sunday, December 19th, he was ordained in Christ Church Cathedral by the Archbishop of Dublin to the curacy of Clonmel.

* * *

Joe Bell (1906-11) passed his 3rd Professional Examination with Honours, gaining a Silver Medal and first place in Pathology and Bacteriology at the Royal Veterinary College of Ireland.

* * *

At the same College, A. Hayman (1910-13) passed his 3rd Professional Examination with Honours.

* * *

A. I. Steyn (1906-11) has passed the B.A. degree Examination, Michaelmas Term.

* * *

C. D. Wilding (1911-15) has gained an Established Clerkship to the Surveyor of Taxes.

* * *

Rev. Canon F. W. McConnell (1889-93) Professor of Celtic in Queen's University, Belfast, has been awarded a Litt.D. degree (Stip. Con.) by his Alma Mater, T.C.D.

* * *

C. G. White (1910-15) passed 1st Class at the London Matriculation Examination.

* * *

J. H. Kemp (1885-91) has been appointed Attorney-General for Hong Kong.

* * *

Rev. I. J. North Bomford, B.A. (1896-99) for eight years Senior Curate of Galway, was unanimously appointed to be Vicar of Headford, by the Board of Nomination of that Parish.

* * *

R. R. Smylie (1886-93) has been appointed Junior Crown Counsel for the County of Cavan.

* * *

E. H. Alton, F.T.C.D. (1885-92) has been elected Hon. Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Irish Academy.

MARRIAGES.

POWELL (1904-07) AND COLE—December 29, 1915, at Glencraig Church, Craigavad, by the Rev G. W. Capsey, M.A., Vicar. IEVAN HERBERT POWELL, B.A., M.B., B.Ch., T.C.D., second son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. POWELL, M.D., R.A.M.C. (retired) 15 Cowper Road, Rathmines, Dublin, to KATHLEEN HARRIETTE JACQUETTA, elder daughter of Lieutenant T. WILLOUGHBY COLE, R.A.M.C., of Woodview, Innishannon, Co. Cork, and Manor House, Donnington, Yorkshire.

M'CLENAGHAN (1905-10) AND SMITH—February 27, 1916, at Zion Church, Rathgar, by the Rev. A. G. Alexander, HENRY WILLIAM DOUGLAS (9th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers) elder son of W. J. M'CLENAGHAN, Cnoc-na-Greine, Omagh, to STELLA, youngest daughter of H. J. SMITH, 26 Victoria Road, Rathgar.

MASON (1895-1902) AND DAWSON—November 10, 1915, at St. George's Church, Winnipeg, GEORGE A., youngest son of A. MASON, Rathmines Road, to EDITH M., third daughter of R. E. DAWSON, Mountpleasant Avenue, Rathmines.

OBITUARY.

PATERSON (1890-92)—December 8, 1915, at 3 Rockford Terrace, Blackrock, ERNEST MAXWELL, the dearly-loved husband of CISSIE PATERSON, and youngest son of the late ADAM PATERSON, Dundrum, aged 36 years.

BOYERS (1910-14)—January 29, 1916, at the residence of his parents, 17 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, after a long illness, FRANCIS NELSON, dearly-beloved and only surviving son of JOSEPH and ELIZABETH BOYERS, in his 19th year.



Scripture Examinations.



CHURCH OF IRELAND.

GREEK TESTAMENT.—First Place, G. S. B. Mack, 92. First Class Prize, W. H. Thrift, 73. Second Class Prizes, E. W. Scales, 68; W. E. Cunningham, 65; W. B. E. McCrea, 64; H. J. L. Armstrong, 62; W. E. Abbott, 61. Third Class Prize, T. V. Harris, 55.

SENIOR GRADE.—Pass Certificates, R. A. Heatley, 57½; R. E. Johnston, 53; E. F. Rice, 48½; F. R. Swayne, 45; A. W. Wallen, 38½; J. I. Mackay, 35.

MIDDLE GRADE.—Pass Certificates, L. B. Nulty, 53; D. W. Pedlow, 45; C. S. Roberts, 45; S. Taylor, 43½; T. E. O'Farrell, 43; R. Maguire, 41; G. H. A. Timms, 39; C. Harper, 38½; D. M. Killingley, 37; H. Clarendon, 35; A. Howell, 35; D. C. Towers, 35.

JUNIOR GRADE.—Second Class Prizes, C. Digges, 80½; C. G. Proctor, 80; R. P. McGarrigle, 77; G. H. Townsend, 77; H. Montgomery, 75½. Third Class Prizes, R. C. Hewitt, 70½; R. D. Stephens, 69; R. G. Freeman, 68½; W. R. M. Hewitt, 68; T. J. Mahon, 67; R. H. Colwill, 65. Pass Certificates, H. C. H. Molloy, 58; G. A. Owgan, 50½; G. R. Mahon, 50½; J. P. Rogers, 48½; G. F. N. Gray, 48; J. H. Hanan, 45½; G. H. Anderson, 41½; T. B. Tickell, 40½; L. H. G. Macbeth, 38; G. Dodds, 35; G. E. Taylor, 35.

* * *

PRESBYTERIAN.

JUNIOR DIVISION.—N. J. Mather, 46.

MIDDLE DIVISION.—S. R. Smyth, 90; H. Bell, 75; S. M. Lawson, 73; G. McKee, 67.

NEW TESTAMENT, GREEK.—S. Smyth, 85 (First Place).



Cricket Prospects, 1916.



OUR losses are quite obvious—eight good players less—can we hope to fill such a gap?—if so—where is the second team to come from? These questions arise more or less acutely at the beginning of every Cricket season. This season they seem weightier than usual perhaps—but reasons are not far to seek—and no doubt most of the other schools are in like case with ourselves. We are surely well able to form two teams from a school of our numbers. We are apt to overlook the fact that the youngsters add a year to their age whenever we do so; besides we have several promising looking new boys, and possibly others may now be living nearer to Belgrave Square. We believe there is good material in last year's second team, and we hope every effort will be made to defend the Cup.

The following names encourage us in the belief that we shall fight stubbornly:—H. Larkin, S. Smyth, Thrift, Cunningham, Harris, Hillyard, Waller, Rice, Bateman, Mackay, McCrea, Mather, Scales, Foster, McGuire.

Examination Results.



THE following are the Prize Winners in the Examinations held at Christmas :—

- FORM VI.—English, W. E. Cunningham; Latin, G. S. B. Mack; Greek, W. E. Cunningham; French, E. C. Smith; German, E. C. Smith; Mathematics, W. E. Cunningham; Science, H. Waller; History and Geography, W. H. Thrift.
- FORM V.—English, W. E. Abbott; Latin, A. R. Ellis; Greek, T. V. Harris; French, E. C. N. Morin; German, E. F. Rice; Mathematics, I. Cornick; Science, E. W. Scales; Writing and Drawing, J. Mackay; History and Geography, W. E. Abbott; Commerce, J. Mackay.
- FORM IV.—English, P. Coleman; Latin, N. Shaper; Greek, P. Coleman, L. Hayman; French, P. Coleman; German, N. Shaper; Mathematics, P. Coleman, S. L. Simon; Science, N. Shaper, D. A. Saville, P. Coleman; Writing and Drawing, L. Hayman; History and Geography, P. Coleman; Commerce, H. E. Child.
- FORM III A.—English, I. E. Jones; Latin, I. E. Jones; Greek, I. E. Jones; French, I. E. Jones; German, I. Isaacson; Mathematics, I. E. Jones; Science, H. R. Bardon; Writing and Drawing, J. E. Allen; History and Geography, I. E. Jones; Commerce, E. R. Colwill.
- FORM III B.—English, R. G. Freeman; Latin, C. F. Dunne; French, C. F. Dunne; Mathematics, C. W. E. Prenter; Science, C. W. E. Prenter; Writing and Drawing, T. B. Tickell; History and Geography, R. C. Buchanan; Commerce, R. Paisley.
- FORM III C.—English, R. H. Colwill; Latin, T. J. Mahon; French, R. H. Colwill; Mathematics, R. H. Colwill; Writing and Drawing, J. H. Hanan; History and Geography, T. J. Mahon.
- FORM II.—Scripture, W. P. Hanan; English, C. W. Gibbs; Latin, M. Bell; French, J. E. Thrift; Mathematics, M. Bell; Writing and Drawing, C. Paton; History and Geography, J. E. Thrift.
- FORM I A.—Scripture, R. Tod; English, C. Hefford; French, C. Hefford, J. Green; Mathematics, H. Dondon; Writing and Drawing, J. P. Thomson; History and Geography, M. A. H. Mills.
- FORM I B.—Scripture, F. G. W. Fosbery; English, D. B. W. Good; French, D. B. W. Good; Mathematics, D. B. W. Good; Writing and Drawing, H. P. Mayston; History and Geography, D. B. W. Good.

Football Notes.

SENIOR CUP TEAM.

The following is a summary of the matches played:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against
20	11	9	1	331	116

BEFORE proceeding to give accounts of the various matches, we think a few words about the team in general would not be out of place.

There seems to be a prevailing idea amongst some members of the team that training is unnecessary. This idea has proved to be the undoing of many teams, and we sincerely hope it will not have a similar effect on the High School team.

The team in general has met with varied success, but we feel sure that the number of defeats would have been greatly lessened had the team shown more signs of that combination which practice alone produces. Our lack of training in our first two League matches was so apparent as to be remarked upon in some of the leading Irish sport journals. It is the duty of every member, who has the welfare of his team at heart, to do his utmost to destroy this unenviable reputation.

We would suggest to the forwards that they pack more closely and put more determination into their rushes. There is a tendency amongst some of the forwards to delay outside and talk after a scrum has been formed, instead of packing at once. Those referred to would do well to remember this fact.

The passing among the backs has not, of late, been very good; if the three-quarters would lie back in their places this defect might easily be remedied. Some of the backs might put more "sting" into their tackling. The full-back should remember to field the ball before it bounces, and should get touch at any cost.

We heartily congratulate Dodds and Digges on having received Cadetships in Wellington and Woolwich respectively. The team will greatly miss the services of both, each having captained the School team during the present season. We wish them every success for the future.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors have, so far, not met with any great success. This, however, is not so much due to lack of spirit as to lack of weight. They have certainly shown great determination in training; often we have seen them at practices in the rain, and on more than one occasion even in snow! This indeed is an example to the Seniors. The team is as yet small, but signs are not wanting that in the future it will uphold the best traditions of High School football.

In conclusion we wish to offer our heartiest thanks to Mr. Watson for so ably superintending the affairs of both XV.'s, and to Messrs. Faloon and McIntyre for so kindly refereeing our matches.

THE PLAYERS.

The Captains—Dodds, Digges, and Bateman. It is generally admitted that each of these players has shown greatly improved form during the present season. Digges will be greatly missed as a "hooker."

The Forwards—Bell was rather disappointing at first, but is now quite up to the "Bell" standard, and what more could we wish?

Mackay has firmly established his position as a worker, both in the tight and in the loose.

Cunningham and Pemberton. These two players have proved to be the "finds" of this year's team. Both are good out of touch, and neither is afraid to put down his head and shove.

Pollett is a light but useful forward, makes up for lack of weight by hard work, shows great promise.

McKee is good in the loose, but is weak in packing. His tendency to get "off-side" is fatal.

The Backs—Milligan promises well, tackles soundly, but should remember to field the ball before it bounces.

Larkin plays a sporting game but lacks judgment in kicking. He should remember that a wing's first duty is to make for the line.

Harris is easily the best three-quarter. He never spares himself in defence, and is very unselfish in attack.

Smyth is sound, but his tendency to lie out of his place has lost points for the side on more than one occasion.

Hillyard has greatly improved, is fast, but should use his pace to greater advantage.

Pedlow is a natural "half-back," and if he would mix his methods more he would be hard to beat.

Ellis will be one of our strongest backs when he learns the game better. He tackles soundly and makes for the line with a determination which we like to see.

Moore is good, but should use his weight to greater advantage.

Oct. 13th—DROGHEDA GRAMMAR SCHOOL, at Belgrave Square.

This match calls for little comment, as the visitors' team was very small and greatly lacking in experience. By the time that the long whistle went we had amassed 79 points; so it would naturally be easier to name those who did not score than those who did. Even our full-back succeeded in registering a try.

Oct. 16th—WESLEY COLLEGE, at Bloomfield.

In this match High School proved much too strong for its opponents. We crossed our opponents' line three times in the first half—the kick at goal proving successful in each case. Our superiority was demonstrated even more strikingly in the second moiety, when we scored five more tries, none of which was converted. The final whistle left us winners by 3 goals, 5 tries (30 points) to nil. The scorers for High School were Dodds, Harris (2), Pedlow, Hillyard (2), and Smyth (2). Shortt converted two and Dodds one.

Oct. 20th—ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, Rathfarnham.

Play in this match was very fast throughout, and the final score somewhat exaggerates our superiority. For although we won by 43 points to 3, we had to fight hard for every try, and St. Columba's rallied splendidly in the closing stages. Harris (3), Dodds (3), Pedlow (2), Smyth (2), Larkin, Bateman, and Hillyard scored for us. Only two tries were converted.

Oct. 23rd—MERRION, at Belgrave Square.

Owing to a spell of bad weather the ground was very heavy, and as our opponents were considerably heavier than we were, this fact told strongly in their favour. Besides this disadvantage we were badly handicapped by the non-appearance of three of our "stars," and had to play substitutes. Still the match provided plenty of excitement for the spectators, and until about ten minutes from full time the score was one try all. Then Merriion scored a try in a forward rush and added the major points. Despite our efforts we were unable to pierce the enemy's lines and "no side" arrived with the score at 8 points to 3 in favour of Merriion.

Oct. 30th—MASONIC SCHOOL, at Belgrave Square.

This match proved to be a walk over for us, as our opponents were completely outclassed from start to finish. The combination of the backs was a distinct improvement on previous performances, and the forwards played a very vigorous game. The match was very uninteresting from the spectators' point of view. The following scored for us—Larkin (3), Dodds (2), Hillyard (2), Digges (1), Smyth (1), Bateman (1), Pedlow (1), and Mackay (1).

Nov. 1st—ROYAL ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, at Belfast.

Unlike previous years, the clerk of the weather was very favourable to us this time and gave us a glorious day. This was undoubtedly the best match we played during the earlier part of the season; our opponents had a slight advantage in weight, but their backs showed a lack of combination. The game was very fast and well-contested throughout. Dodds was the most pro-

minent figure among our backs, scoring on two occasions. Pemberton also scored, while for the home team Sullivan after a good passing movement succeeded in crossing our line. In no case were the major points added. The result thus favoured High School by 9 points to 3. This is the first occasion on which we have beaten R.A.I. on their own ground.

Nov. 3rd—BELVEDERE S.C.T., at Belgrave Square.

On the day of our match with Belvedere the ground was very wet, and our opponents, having a much heavier pack, naturally had a great advantage. The match was mainly a struggle between forwards, but there were also many opportunities for the backs of both sides, which were not all turned to good use. In the end we were beaten rather unluckily by 9 points to 5.

Nov. 6th—BLACKROCK S.C.T., at Blackrock.

In this match we were completely outclassed, mainly because many of our players were unable to turn up. Yet Blackrock did not get it all their own way, and although at "no side" the score stood at 33 points to nil in their favour, our team got through some good work. The chief thing wrong with our team was that it did not infuse enough vigour into its work.

Nov. 10th—MR. FULCHER'S TEAM, at Belgrave Square.

This team nominally represented Mr. Fulcher's Academy, but in reality it was composed for the most part of ex-members of last year's school teams. The game was well contested, but our forwards were unable to cope with the heavier pack against them. It was certainly not lack of spirit which lost us this match.

Result—Mr. Fulcher's XV., 1 goal, 3 tries (14 points).

High School, nil.

Nov. 20th—WESLEY COLLEGE.

Although we did not field our strongest team we proved superior in all departments of the game. The play throughout was inclined to be loose. Harris, Smyth, Dodds, Hillyard, and Pedlow all scored, making the final score 24 points to nil in our favour.

Dec. 1st—MOUNTJOY SCHOOL, at Belgrave Square.

This game, from an onlooker's point of view, must have been uninteresting, as the play was of a rather unscientific nature. We were unfortunate in losing by 9 points to nil, for we pressed hard on our opponents line for a considerable part of the game. The opposing defence was too sound and we could not penetrate it.

Dec. 15th—KING'S HOSPITAL, at Belgrave Square.

Our match with King's Hospital calls for little comment, the play being a repetition of the Mountjoy match, save that we were victorious on this occasion. The ground was heavy and darkness

fell rather early. The game was finished in semi-darkness, the players being scarcely able to distinguish one another.

Result—High School, 1 goal, 1 try (8 points).

King's Hospital, 2 tries (6 points).

Jan. 26th—MOUNTJOY SCHOOL, at Croydon Park.

The play in this match proved to be of a much higher standard than in our previous encounter. We again suffered defeat, but our opponents did not have it all their own way. For several times our backs nearly succeeded in scoring, and many good forward rushes were only held up in time. Milligan played well at full. Smyth and Harris were the pick of the "threes," whilst Digges, Bateman, Bell, and Mackay were most conspicuous among the forwards.

Result—Mountjoy School, 13 points.

High School, nil.

Feb. 2nd—ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, at Belgrave Square.

Though we were again successful in our return match with St. Columba's, the game was much more interesting than our former one. Our opponents' pack had been augmented since the earlier part of the season and all played well. For the School team Harris, Smyth, and Pedlow among the backs, and Digges, Bell, and Bateman among the forwards, played to good effect.

Result—High School, 23 points.

St. Columba's College, nil.

LEAGUE MATCH.

Jan. 29th—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

We played our first League Match against St. Andrew's College at Lansdowne Road, on January 29th, under very favourable conditions.

High School won the toss, and St. Andrew's started off against the wind. The Andrew's forwards started off with a good rush, but good kicking soon brought play to half way and, save for occasional bursts, play was very even. Half time arrived without a score. On resuming High School at once attacked, and for the concluding period held the upper hand. Bell headed a good rush and was forced into touch; from the ensuing throw out Ellis burst over far out for an unconverted try. After the drop out play was brought to half way, where Bateman picking up ran through to score near the posts. Digges failed to convert. "No time" whistle went leaving High school winners by 2 tries (6 points) to nil.

Feb. 12th—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE (League).

This match was played at Lansdowne Road in ideal football weather. The game was well contested and both teams showed

great spirit. Mary's were the first to open the scoring per Donovan. His try was not improved upon. This spurred High School to greater efforts, which were rewarded by Harris scoring; again the kick failed. Just before half time High School were penalised and Donovan dropped a goal, thus putting Mary's 3 points ahead. In the concluding moiety we held the upper hand and certainly deserved a couple of scores. Finally Dodds scored and Digges made a good but ineffectual effort to convert. High School pressed for the remaining period and Smyth and Pedlow nearly succeeded in scoring. The game was drawn. This result left us at the top of our section of the League. Our opponents in the final will be Blackrock. For us Milligan, at "full," was sound; Harris and Smyth were most conspicuous among the "threes," whilst Dodds and Pedlow combined well at "half." All the forwards worked well, but the result might have been different if a little more energy had been displayed.



Rifle Club Notes.



THE following are the Rifle Club averages from the beginning of this term to the end of February :—

SENIORS.

Name	Number of Practices	Total	Highest Individual Score	Average
Goodwillie ..	5	193	44	38.6
Mr. Bennett ..	4	146	44	36.5
Bird ..	4	146	44	36.5
Smyth ..	5	176	41	35.2
Harris ..	5	166	37	33.2
Flewett ..	4	113	34	28.3
Thrift ..	4	106	37	26.5
Armstrong ..	4	75	30	18.8
Abbott ..	2	17	17	8.5
M'Crea ..	3	11	8	3.7

JUNIORS.

Mr. M'Intyre ..	2	64	43	32.0
Nulty ..	3	89	39	29.6
M'Guire ..	3	88	36	29.3
Farmer ..	4	112	35	28.0
Bardon ..	4	96	33	24.0
Tickell ..	1	17	17	17.0
Digges ..	4	65	29	16.3
Flewett ..	3	48	23	16.0
Rogers ..	2	29	18	14.5
Timms ..	2	27	27	13.5
Townsend ..	3	40	16	13.3
Buchanan, G. ..	3	27	20	12.3
Buchanan, R. ..	4	40	26	10.0
Mansfield ..	4	20	18	5.0
Stephens ..	4	4	4	1.0
Fisher ..	4	0	0	.0

In Memoriam.



G. G. DUGGAN and J. R. DUGGAN.

In the Garden of God.

I.—TO GEORGE.

One day I wander'd in God's Garden fair,
The fairest Garden mortal e'er could see,
Where bright-hued flowers fill'd the air
With blended sense of subtle mystery.

Standing entranced within its charm methought
A crimson shadow swept athwart the air;
And, as its blood-red dimness passed, it brought
A murmuring sound of angel-chanted prayer.

Whereat I turn'd to see what meant this sound
Of softly singing waters, and behold!
A silver glistening lakelet, margin-bound
With forms angelic, folding wings of gold.

Then one advancing laid upon the wave
Of life a Spirit-lily, lovingwise.
Responsive to the water's touch, it gave
A sigh, and ope'd its eyes—its tired eyes—

Upon Eternity; and blossom'd to the strain
Which came from thousand throats of nodding flowers,
Graceful-inclining to the breath'd refrain—
The sad, sweet tones of the Eternal Hours.

And to my ears there came the Welcome-song,
Flowing in fullest measure from God's Throne,
"All hail to thee, O valiant soul! and strong
"To fight for cause of freedom, to lay down

"Thy life, so lightly held when foe malign
"Would crucify afresh God's Holy Son;
"This wave-encircled bed of Peace be thine—
"This rest of years which selfless love hath won."

C. C. W. DUGGAN.

II.—TO JACK.

Joyful, yet sad, I turn aside
From gazing on this vision sweet.
When lo! beside me I espied
A blossom, chastely delicate.

Shadow-begot, its petals white
Opening, discover, as they part,
A jewel sparkling in the light
Of heavenly day—a crimson'd heart,

A heart afire for holy deeds,
A heart for loving sacrifice,
A knightly heart which ne'er death heeds,
And scorns to think impurities.

A heart of bravery which hides
 Behind a girl-like downy cheek,
 A holy heart wherein abides
 The soul of Christ, the Spirit meek.

It was the Spirit-form of one
 Who died to stem the pow'r of sin,
 Giving his youthful strength to run
 The race, and as he ran to win.

His happy angel-soul will shine
 Eternal-youthful through the years—
 God-gardener, tend this plant divine,
 Bedew its leafage with Thy tears.

C. C. W. DUGGAN.

TO GEORGE.

Aye, he is gone with whom I passed long days
 On hillside and on heather tracts ; we stepped
 The long white roads together, in the blaze
 Of gorse-strewn summer, or when autumn slept.

So was our boyhood, brother of mine, we vied
 At play in friendly rivalry ; we knew
 The joy of youth together, and beside
 You stood I, when your love was given to you.

Now far away, where the blue waves lisp round
 Th'Aegean isles you lie, your manhood's strength
 Peacefully sleeping, and no more the sound
 Of battle rages ; peace is there at length.

But in our hearts is sorrow, tho' you died
 Giving your all in the great sacrifice.
 For honour's sake, for truth oppressed, denied
 Yourself the easy path, won Paradise.

I shall not see you more, and memories
 Will make my eyes grow wistful : why weep so
 God whispers, Heaven is opened straight for these
 Who strove and died that I might reign below.

G. C. DUGGAN.

TO JACK.

You have fought your one great fight
 In the glory of your youth,
 Died for freedom and the right
 You have battled for the truth.

To the God who made your frame
 So fair, so lithe, so strong,
 You have given it back the same
 Without spot, unstained by wrong.

From His treasure-house He gave
 Us one jewel, and you kept
 A child-like heart, a spirit brave,
 And joyous ; now our eyes have wept—

Wept for soaring courage gone,
 For your blithesome laugh now still,
 For a future still unwon,
 For a past death cannot kill.

* * * * *

In the lonely star-lit night,
 You lie sleeping, far away,
 Up the valley comes a light,
 Comes a song on winds astray.

'Tis the angels of the slain,
 Silver-winged, with silence shod,
 Come to bear you home again
 To the keeping of your God.

G. C. DUGGAN.

Sept., 1915.



Moving in New Zealand.



[Doctor Edgar H. Wilkins and his wife emigrated to New Zealand in December, 1913. In March, 1914, he went to reside in Petone, near Wellington. In January, 1915, he accepted a post as resident doctor at Pongaroa, a small country town 110 miles from Petone. The following is an account, taken from his letters, of a preliminary expedition to explore Pongaroa; of his removal thither and an account of his escape from a bush fire and the burning of his motor car].

BRITANNIA STREET,
 PETONE, NR. WELLINGTON,
 NEW ZEALAND,
21st December, 1914.

ON Saturday, December 19th, at 2.30 a.m., the alarm clock went off and I arose, dressed quickly and partook of breakfast in the grey light of dawn. By 3.15 I sped down the street in the motor car and called for Davy, the Welshman. Amid the music of crowing cocks, I admired the cold blue light over the hills changing to yellow and the sheen off the glassy water of the bay. When Davy was ready, we started on our tour of inspection to Pongaroa.

Though I wore my big fur-lined coat and we had two rugs we felt it very cold at first, as we whizzed up the Hutt Valley in the car. Larks and thrushes began to sing, and the silvery light of a planet in the east paled as the sky grew brighter. Soon we passed the Upper Hutt, where the valley gets narrower and the road rougher and more winding—winding in and out along the course of the Hutt river, up hill and down hill, but rising all the while, as the Rimutaka mountains range came closer to us. The sun now lit up the mountain tops, and the air grew warmer. Numerous quails ran about in pairs on the roads and flew up at our approach. When we came to the foot of the great Rimutaka hill, about which so many terrible things are reported, we seemed to be

walled in by steep undulating banks of mountains, and Davy pointed out a little niche in the sky-line through which he said we had to go. It seemed to me impossible, however we followed the narrow rough sinuous road on the second gear, and as it got steeper, on the lowest gear. The road was very narrow, just about wide enough for the car. On the left the mountain side sloped down almost perpendicularly, and on the right it rose like a cliff. The winding of the road was fearful, and the corners as sharp as your elbow. As we got higher the yawning depths on our left would occasionally give me horrible nightmares of the car going over the precipice, and it was decidedly risky to take my eye off the road even for an instant. The whizzing of the engine on the lowest gear made the water boil and steam hissed out all round the front of the car, so that when we came to a stream we stopped to fill up the watertank. At last after seven miles of this we were at the top. We stopped for a moment to look back. Numerous wrecks of vans, horses, motor cars, and hundreds of cattle lie at the bottom of the gorge, which were blown over from time to time. The great danger on this hill is the wind. When it blows from the North-west it swoops up the valleys like a hurricane, and many a vehicle has been blown off the road. That was why we tackled it in the very early morning, when all is calm. As we glided cautiously down the other side which is steeper and much rougher, we met a mob of cattle being driven to the Gear Co. To let them pass we had to back up the hill to a corner, where there was more room. The driver of them was wild because we came down so close to them. If they wander off the road there is danger of their falling down into the gorge below. We lost half-an-hour here. Further on the road was covered with big broken stones, and ridges of rock stuck up in the middle of it. We *did* get jolted! The hill at this side is four miles long; the side we came up was seven miles. Soon we were on a level good straight road and travelled at about 35 miles an hour till we got to Casterton, and then to Masterton. It was flat country here. At Masterton we turned off the good road into a winding hilly country.

I should explain that Davy is a most versatile man. He is agent for everything, including boots, whiskey, tobaccos and pianos; does enlarging of photographs and water color tinting and picture framing; he has also been a mover of furniture, a fruit tree pruner, vegetable cultivator, and at one time had a grocery and general store in the Canterbury district. These are a few of his accomplishments. Every 20 miles or so he would point out a house he had lived in, and nearly every second house he knew the people who lived there, and had done business with them. At one place he called in to collect a debt of 14/- of 12 months standing. He was welcomed with open arms and we both went in and had a good meal. The road now got rougher and rougher, up and down and in and out, round corners and over rivers, winding its way among the hills. This grew very monotonous

and consumed an enormous amount of petrol. However at 110 miles from Petone we arrived at Pongaroa at 12.30 p.m. Pongaroa consists of a cross road, 6 shops, the bank, a police barracks, a dentist's, a nursing home and a forge. It seemed to me a God-forsaken, lonely back-of-the-earth sort of place, surrounded by monotonous, undulating hills, and with roads worse than I ever met with in Ireland. I used to think it would be dull to live on a plain, where one could not get up on a hill to get a view, but Pongaroa has not the virtue of being flat, nor even of having hills from which one can get a view. It is surrounded by hills and if you go up any of them you see nothing but more hills and more hills all the same in appearance, covered with grass and tree stumps remaining from the native bush, which has been cleared years ago.

We left Pongaroa at 6 p.m. and drove to Makuri, a dreadful road it was, if road it could be called. On the level I had to drive on the lowest gear, and going down hill mostly on the second gear. I hardly used the top gear at all for 18 miles, the surface was so rough. Imagine having to drive the engine on the second gear down hill, in order to keep the car moving! From Makuri we drove through a winding gorge in the moonlight and finally in the dark to a place called Mangatanuka, where we stopped at 9 p.m. at a cottage of Davy's for the night. On the way we picked up a case of bananas on the road and put them into the car. At 4 a.m. we were up next morning, breakfasted off the bananas and got away by 5 a.m. It was very cold at first. We drove through the Manamatu gorge, 4 miles long, with a huge river in it. From there through Palmerston, Foseton, Levin, Utaki, up the Packakariki hill, Porirua, Johnsonville, Ngauruhanga, to Petone—170 miles, and got back by 2 p.m.

PONGAROA,

12th January, 1915.

HERE we are in our new home. We had all our stuff loaded on a motor lorry last Monday week. The loading took from 1 p.m. till about 7 p.m. The lorry started next morning at 5.30 a.m. and I about 6.30 a.m. I took a passenger with me in the motor as far as Masterton, about half way to Pongaroa. I had Topsy, our cat, in a basket; the box at the back of the car was packed solid, and the folds of the hood well stuffed, so that when all was aboard there was not much room to move. We overtook the lorry at the top of the Rimutaka hill. The driver said that the tarpaulin covering the stuff was torn by a bolt projecting from a railway bridge they passed under, so there was not much room to spare between the top of the load and telephone wires in Masterton. Several bridges we passed over were marked at 2 tons limits, but our load was between 6 and 7 tons. They smashed several boards in one of the bridges. Practically all the bridges here are made of wood.

When we came to the rougher and narrower roads matters became more exciting. At one part the lorry was in front, and I and another motor car were unable to pass it for a distance of about 6 miles, as the road was so narrow. We passed ultimately at cross roads. Matters became very interesting when we met another lorry carrying wool to the market. One lorry alone filled practically the width of the road. Fortunately the road was not at the narrowest here, but it took about a quarter of an hour to pass by. A bolt running into one of my front tyres caused me some delay in changing a wheel. As we got into the wilder parts the natives gaped more and more at the huge lorry. At Alfreton, 28 miles from Pongaroa, the natives assured the lorry drivers that they had come to the end of their section, that the road further on was too narrow for them to fit on, that they would sink in the unmetalled part of the road and their wheels would skid on the steep hills. Cheerful news! but we persevered; we got through all difficulties and arrived at Pongaroa at 7.30 p.m. The lorry with its enormous load was a cause of great consternation to the natives. It was said that so large a vehicle had never before been seen in Pongaroa. Myself and the two lorry men had tea, and then with the help of a few other men unloaded the stuff in the dark, as they wanted to get away early in the morning. Topsy was consigned to the Bank Manager's wife, with due warning as to the animal's value as a mascot. [She is a black cat, who came of her own accord to take up her abode with us at Petone]. The two men and I stayed at the boarding house that night and breakfasted together in the morning. I had a professional case to attend to which delayed my start for Pahiataua, where I was to meet my wife and baby at the Railway Station. This is 36 miles away and takes at least 3 hours to cover in a motor car, as the road is so atrocious. In trying to save time on the rough road, I broke one of my leaves in my right front spring; but this was not a matter of any immediate consequence. About three quarters of the way to Pahiataua I ran out of petrol, having forgotten to get a refill at Pongaroa before starting. My heart sank into my feet, but after a little exploration, I got petrol from some very nice people in the neighbouring house with afternoon tea and an invitation to bring the family in on my return journey. At Pahiataua, I found my wife and baby at a hotel. The proprietor's daughter and another lady there had come out with us from England on the S.S. *Ruahine*. We got very kind hospitality there, and they would not charge anything. It was a tight business to get all into a little car. We soon arrived at Eglinton's where we were invited to tea, and as time went on they asked us to spend the night, which we did. I had a hot bath, and the whole household danced attendance on the baby. We left at 11.30 next morning with all kinds of good wishes. When we got on to the very rough road the car began to bump in front, and I found the right spring had broken right through the whole six leaves. I did not know what to

do. It was a very wild place. Among the hills, no houses for miles. An aged couple soon came along in a buggy, and I enquired of them. The old man knew at once what to do. He said he was the first settler in this district, and he looked like it. I happened to have all my carpentry tools in the tool box of the car, and the jack plane, which I bought at Booth's in Dublin about fifteen years ago, served the purpose. I took the blade and handle out of it and, with the old native's help, I strapped it in between the spring and the frame of the car to keep it from bumping. Of course we had to raise the car up on a jack to do this. When this was fixed we went ahead very slowly, about five or six miles an hour. It was very jolty, but we got to Pongaroa by 5 p.m. I have got to like Pongaroa pretty well, but it is very wild. Coal is unknown here, and fruit and vegetables very difficult to get. We have to make our own bread or pay 1/- per loaf to get it from Pahiatua. I have just ordered firewood from an old Kerry man named Tim O'Brien.

January 16th. Pongaroa is a great place. I had to go out six miles to see a patient yesterday. I cycled, as the car was out of action on account of the broken spring. The roads are all up and down and in and out among grassy hills, scattered over with charred tree trunks, the remains of bush fires in the past, which give them the appearance of pin-cushions. The outlook all round Pongaroa is wild and hilly and in parts quite like some of the Wicklow hills. The little township itself is far more interesting than Petone. Drove of sheep and cattle and barking sheep-dogs pass in and out frequently. The various horse vehicles are also a matter of interest. Six-horse drags, the mail coaches, gigs, buggies and spiders are constantly passing. Men, women and quite young children riding on horseback are the rule. The approach of any horse, cattle or vehicle coming down the road is announced by the hollow sounds, as they cross the wooden bridge over the creek a hundred yards or so from our house.

A few nights ago there were two fires on the hills and a gale blowing. Each fire covered several square miles. It was quite a sight in the dark night to see the flames jumping and the black smoke rolling and the red lights of it on the clouds.

Every morning the sawing of four-foot logs into foot lengths and the splitting of them with an axe gives my muscles pleasant exercise, and makes me feel like a backwoods-man.

January 20, 1915. Since writing so far, we have missed a post, owing to a catastrophe, which I will now relate. To put it briefly, I have had a narrow escape with my life from a bush fire, and the motor car burnt. I am now writing in bed. On Monday morning the wind blew a hurricane, the house rocked and the key-holes squealed. I got a telephone message to go out thirteen miles to a boy, whose thigh was broken owing to a gate slamming on him in the wind. After a hasty lunch I got the car out of its shed, but had to get the assistance of two men to hold the gates

while I drove out. The wind was terrible. When I got about half-way to Rakannui, which was on my way to the patient's home, the country became enveloped in smoke. Soon I came on burning tree trunks along the road and the smoke was denser. At Rakannui the country was ablaze. The whole population was out taking measures to save the houses in the little township. I was met here by friends of the patient, and one of them, Mr. Coe, came with me to guide me along the seven mile of bye-road to the house, where the accident had occurred. The smoke from the burning wood was blinding, though the goggles which I wore gave me some protection. As we went on the smoke and fire became denser. I would not have thought of progressing by myself, but Mr. Coe said he was sure the fire did not extend much further, as he came down this road some hours before and there was no sign of fire. Hares and rabbits rushed about in a dazed condition, terrified by the fire. As we went on, the smoke became denser and more blinding, and the heat from the blazing bush more intense. I spoke to my pilot several times on the danger of going on, but he said he thought we must be through the worst of it. Also I did not like the idea of turning on such a narrow road, as the banks were burning, and the delay would probably heat the car to explosive point. I thought it better to keep moving ahead. The smoke was very severe on the eyes and at times we could see nothing and had practically to stop. The effect of the smoke on the lungs was also rather suffocating. The crackling roar of blazing undergrowth was in places very alarming. But I was anxious to get to the patient, as he had been in agony all day, and his relatives were anxious for him. Soon we seemed to be through the worst of it, but on coming round a very sharp corner we were confronted with some burning logs on the road. Mr. Coe got out to remove them. Meanwhile a log fell behind us and some burning wood into the car. I got out of the car and remembered no more. Some tree trunks had crashed down red hot and blazing across the car. A burning log hit me on the head and knocked me insensible. Mr. Coe was nearly smothered with smoke and was blinded by it. We were surrounded by fire. He managed to drag me out of it and was nearly bowled over himself. He dragged me half-a-mile before I came to. The first thing I remembered was asking to be laid down, and I became very ill. Then he made me walk with his support, though feeling very ill. I asked him where the car was and he said there was no hope for it, and that if he had tried to save it we might both have lost our lives. He brought me another mile to a house where I was put to bed for the night. As both my bags with splints and chloroform were lost in the car, a relative of the patient went back that night to Pongaroa to get more, and took a letter from me to my wife giving details. My head ached all night and the joints of my neck were strained. My hair was matted with blood and charcoal and a lot of it was singed.

I felt better in the morning and said I would go on with the case. Mr. Dickens, at whose house I stayed, was up all night to watch the safety of the house from the fire, which was on the hills all round. The smoke filled the house all night. In the morning Mr. Connor returned with splints, etc., from Pongaroa, and they drove me five rough miles through smoke and smouldering bush to the patient, which made me very ill, as the jolting was very severe on my head. On the way we passed the remains of the motor car. The body of it was completely burned and the bags. The tyre on the spare wheel was reduced to a cinder. The petrol tank had exploded, and the plugs were blown out of the cylinders. Three tyres were intact and the fourth tyre had a hole burned through it. A bridge on this road was burned down and they got the buggy across on planks after unharnessing the horses. On arrival I set the boy's leg and put it up in splints, but I was very ill and had to lie down while I was doing it. They offered to put me up for the night, but I preferred to get home. I drove the seven miles to Rakanui in the buggy and the rest of the way in a gig. The cut on my head proved not to be serious, and after a few days rest I felt quite recovered.

Jan. 25th. I had the car brought down to Pongaroa and with the help of Mr. Johnson, in the shop next door to us, whom we call the Universal Genius, I took it more or less to pieces and packed the loose parts in a case. The skeleton of the car, carrying the wheels and engine remains, and I am having it all sent to Masterton to be restored again, which will take some weeks.



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