

THE ERASMIAN

NEW SERIES.
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DECEMBER,
1915.

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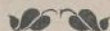
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THE ERASMIAN.

DECEMBER, 1915.



Editorial.



IN a short time Christmas will be upon us, that season of mirth and enjoyment, but in many homes this year we fear that the usual festivities will be looked for in vain. The parents, not few in number, whose dear ones have met their death on the field of honour or whose fate is wrapped in obscurity, will naturally be loth to hold any celebrations. For amid rejoicings, the past and its dear histories and youth and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart and present in the memory, no doubt, they would be sure to see and hear as they looked over the great gulf of time and parting and grief. However they have their consolation in the thought that their sons have perished in the arms of battle for the noblest of causes, namely, to succour the weak and defend their country's honour. Undaunted they have trodden in the pathway of duty and undaunted they have fallen. Their aspiration has been finely described by the Great Laureate—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wep't for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown.

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soiled with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears."

* * *

Signs are not wanting that this country is at last waking up to the g in realities of the situation. For instance, the amateur-strategists and the amateur-prophets, at the beginning of the war so prominent, have now for the most part disappeared into the background, and no more are our ears dinned by their frenzied yells, which are so full of sound and fury, but which signify so little. Very few of us imagined this time last year that the following Christmas would see us still entangled in the toils of war. Then the vast majority of the organs of public opinion were filled with articles, written in flamboyant language, predicting the early collapse of the Germanic Powers and the triumphal procession of the Allies into Berlin. However, as time went on, it was seen how chimerical were these hopes, and gradually the conviction

began to dawn on the public that this war was going to be much more costly and prolonged than anyone had anticipated. It was realised that Germany was a foe worthy of our steel, and that great efforts would be necessary on our part if we were to defeat the preparations of half a century. In this view we were not deceived. Now, after sixteen months of war, the end is not yet in sight. Many of our projects have met with failure, mainly through errors in high places; and, on the other hand, deeds have been achieved which have added many a bright ray to the already lustrous star of Britain's fame. The spirit of ancient Rome, that famous Roman spirit, we are told, always rose highest when the storms of adversity were greatest, and it has always been among the Englishman's proudest boasts that the spirit of his native land is the same. If we except the wails of a few pessimists, we can easily discern in the rooted determination of this people, whatever betide, not to sheath the sword until the menace of German militarism is crushed for ever—a spirit akin to that of the Eternal City. Through the dim mists of conjecture and official reticence arise now and again mountain-peaks of facts and, we are told, of deeds which make us feel it as a good thing to be Britons. We are told how, trailing clouds of glory behind them, many valiant souls have passed into the Valhalla of the Brave, and we ask ourselves how Germany can hope to conquer in the end if such a spirit animates her foes. Is there any son of Britain with the smallest spark of honour in his composition who did not burn with indignation when the awful news of Miss Cavell's death was broken to a horrified world, when Germany placed another indelible stain on her already tarnished escutcheon, and English womanhood was exalted to the premier place among the nations of the world? We do not believe there is one. When the details of her noble end were published many of us must have had the thoughts which surge through us when on a fine summer's evening we see the clouds in the west exchange their ominous greyness for a sudden golden glory. It is against a system that produces men capable of such a deed that we are fighting to-day, and it behoves everyone of us, whether he be in the morning or evening of life, to sacrifice everything to the common good that the champions of right may vanquish the apostle of barbarism, that the poet's vision may become a reality, when there will be

“ Every tiger-madness muzzled, every serpent-passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled,
Robed in universal harvest up to either pole earth smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her war-less isles.”

* * *

One fine morning near the end of October, when all of us were agog to learn the date fixed for the distribution of Prizes,

we were told in the regular formula to keep our seats after prayers. This being done, the Headmaster mounted the rostrum, as it were, and began his momentous statement. A surreptitious glance back at the start revealed to us the faces of the boys beaming with joyful expectation as if they conjured up visions of a nice tea. But these hopes were rudely quenched when we were informed that, owing to the general, urgent need of economy, the Governors had decided not to hold any public distribution of prizes this year, and as far as possible to invest the money of the prize-winners in the War Loan. Then the light of joy faded from their faces, to be succeeded by looks of mingled disappointment and resignation. However, as the Headmaster impressed upon them the gravity of the situation, their faces assumed looks of settled contentment, and the hearty cheers at the end showed they were perfectly ready to sacrifice the desires of the material mind to the needs of their country. We feel sure that the Governors have acted wisely in this matter, and if their example was widely imitated the country would be helped to an immeasurable degree.

* * *

In the past numbers we have been devoting all the flowers of our rhetoric to the task of inducing boys to write us some articles, and so far, to say the least of it, our efforts have not been extraordinarily successful. Once, however, they came in "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." Soon the flowers, so to speak, were separated from the weeds, and in due course adorned the pages of this Magazine. But then, *horresco referens*, a most sad thing happened. Just when we thought we were standing under a spout of good luck, destined (in our fond imagination) to pour out a copious flood upon us, suddenly the deluge stopped, nor did it begin to flow again. At a loss first to find a reason for this cessation, we spent many an hour wrapped in deep meditation, and finally were driven to adopt the conclusion that it was inability on the part of the boys themselves to write anything worthy of publication. What a conclusion and how humiliating for junior students! But we hope that under the benign influence of the coming season of mirth the divine afflatus will make its presence felt in some of the boys, urging them to make a genuine effort to wipe away the stigma of such a disgrace. In conclusion, we wish all our friends and readers, pupils and Old Boys, at home and in the field, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Roll of Honour.

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.

H. P. CREAGHE (1890-1894) ..	.. 3rd South African Irish
I. K. GIBSON (1889-1893) ..	.. 3rd South African Irish
R. J. CHARTERS (1910-1915) ..	.. 4th Royal Irish Rifles
W. O'FARRELL (1910-1915) ..	.. Royal Flying Corps (Motor Section)
R. N. MONTGOMERY (1893-1899)	.. Royal Army Medical Corps
R. E. BUTLER (1897-1902) ..	.. Black Watch
G. B. BUTLER (1897-1899) ..	.. Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery
B. B. BURKE (1885-1892) ..	.. Major, R.A.M.C.
A. R. RILEY (1891-1895) ..	.. Lieutenant, Army Service Corps
E. W. RILEY (1887-1892) ..	.. Engineer, Lieut.-Commander R.N.
F. N. SMART (1900-1903) ..	.. Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
A. H. CLARKE (1905-1907) ..	.. Calcutta Scottish Volunteers
C. J. G. CONERNEY (1913-1915)	.. Inns of Court O.T.C.
E. E. C. HEAD (1911-1914) ..	.. Inns of Court O.T.C.
H. T. HENLEY (1904-1907) ..	.. Lieutenant, Royal Irish Rifles
O. N. MORIARTY (1897-1900) ..	.. Captain, Royal Garrison Artillery
O. E. MORIARTY (1899-1900) ..	.. Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery
C. R. SHANNON (1895-1897) ..	.. Captain, 101 Field Co. R.E.
J. P. HUNTER (1892-1898) ..	.. Lieutenant, A.S.C.
G. N. HUNTER (1892-1898) ..	.. Australian Contingent
C. BAILEY (1891-1893) ..	.. Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers
A. H. BAILEY (1882-1886) ..	.. New Zealand Contingent
F. E. FURNEY (1909-1911) ..	.. Lieutenant, 8th Royal Munster Fusiliers
C. G. MACDOWELL (1889-1897)	.. Canadian Contingent
J. M. MOUNSEY (1909-1915) ..	.. Royal Army Medical Corps
J. C. TAYLOR (1905-1910) ..	.. Sergeant, Royal Engineers
C. J. DODDS (1909-1911) ..	.. Captain, 6th Royal Munster Fusiliers
N. F. GIFFORD (1901-1905) ..	.. 4th Royal Dublin Fusiliers
R. BELL (1907-1913) ..	.. North Irish Horse
A. C. PARKER (1900-1901) ..	.. Corporal, 34 Signalling Co. R.E.
A. J. BLUE (1891-1893) ..	..
E. H. WILKINS (1896-1906) ..	.. Captain, R.A.M.C. (New Zealand)

Since our last number was issued three more old boys have fallen in the war.

C. R. SHANNON (1895-1897) ..	.. Captain, R.E. (Oct. 4th, in Flanders)
A. H. BAILEY (1882-1886) ..	.. New Zealand Contingent (Aug., in Gallipoli)
J. G. ST. JOHN ELLIS ..	.. Lieutenant, R.E. (Oct. 11th, in Gallipoli)

We are glad to be able to say that Captain R. S. Scholefield, whose death was announced in the September number, has since been found not to have been killed, but wounded and

taken prisoner in the attack on the Hohenzollern redoubt in September.

Many old boys from the front have been to see us this autumn and we are very glad to welcome them or to hear from them and others who are less fortunate in getting leave. We are glad to hear of several of them getting promotions, and there are, no doubt, others whose promotions escape our eyes.

Captain T. S. Tomlinson, of the Munsters, and Lieutenant R. G. Kelly, of the Dublins, have sent us their photo from Alexandria, and we congratulate them on their obvious recovery from their recent illness.

D. M. Frazer, who was in the 7th Dublins in Gallipoli, has now received a Commission.

H. B. Goulding is now a Captain in the R.A.M.C., and is attached to the Seaforth Highlanders.

Major R. D. Barbor is now D.A.Q.G., and chief in charge of the supplies of the second army in France.

His brother, Captain J. H. Barbor, A.S.C., has been attached to the Canadians and recommended for his services.

F. S. Marchant has now finished his training with the O.T.C. and obtained his Commission. We were glad to see his brother, C. S., who has been at the front since last December.

Our readers will be glad to see a letter from Mr. Slade, now in Gallipoli with the 6th Essex.

C. E. A. Ferguson has obtained a Commission in the Royal Irish Regiment.



School Notes.



NEAR the end of October we had a visit from first one and then another Intermediate Inspector. They were new faces. Mr. Kerin and Mr. O'Neill know us no more. We now have Mr. Miller and Mr. Bithrey.

* * *

The Rifle Club has been holding its bi-weekly practices regularly, over which Mr. Bennett and Mr. Magill very kindly preside.

* * *

The Chairman of the Board of Governors came on Thursday morning, 25th November, and gave out the awards gained

by boys at the School Examinations held last Christmas and midsummer. The proceedings were very informal, there being no visitors. The Head-master first read his report, then the prizes were given out. After this Mr. Maconchy made a short, eloquent speech in which, while touching on the achievements of the School, he devoted most of his attention to the war and the responsibilities of the rising generation. A hearty cheer for the Head-master terminated the function.



Notes on Old Boys.



J. V. Bateman (1913-15), who captained the Swimming Club last season, has gained a Hebrew Sizarship and an Entrance Prize in the same language. He has also been awarded a First Class Statutory Exhibition by the Erasmus Smith Governors.



On the result of the Junior Exhibitions, J. M. Mounsey (1909-15) was awarded the High School Exhibition of £25 a year for four years with free rooms in college. As he has joined the Royal Army Medical Corps the exhibition is being held over for him until he returns.



C. A. Kinnear (1910-15) has been awarded a Second Class Statutory Exhibition.



W. H. B. Mack (1911-13), Sch., gained First of First Honours in Classics (Michaelmas Term) in Junior Sophister year, thus winning in addition the William Roberts' Prize. He also obtained a First Class "Little Go."



L. M. Leventon (1911-13) has won the Silver Medal for Anatomy in the College of Surgeons, and has passed the Second Professional Examination.



M. Briscoe (1909-11) has passed the Third Professional Examinations.



JUNIOR SOPHISTER CLASS.

H. V. Thornton (1905-1912) has gained First of First Class Honours in History and Political History, also the Cluff Memorial Prize for History, and Second of the First Honours in Classics.

L. J. D. Richardson (1904-1912) also gained First of First Class Honours in Classics.

SENIOR FRESHMAN CLASS.

At "Little Go" W. H. B. Mack (1911-1913) and A. J. Beatty (1908-1913) passed First Class.

W. H. B. Mack won First of the First Class Honours in Classics, also the William Roberts' Prize.

JUNIOR FRESHMAN CLASS.

G. K. Carpenter (1908-1915) has gained First of First Class Honours in Experimental Science.

Maurice Nurock won First Class Honours in French, and a Second Class Honour in English.

* * *

J. C. Duncan, Ex.-Sch., Mod., B.A., has been elected to an Associate Seat on the Council of the Philosophical Society.

* * *

C. G. Carolin has been elected Hon. Sec. of the Dublin University Engineering Students' Society. M. T. Craig has been elected a member of the Committee of the same Society.

* * *

In the Hebrew Sizarship Examination C. J. G. Conerney (1913-15) ran a good second to J. V. Bateman, and was recommended by the Examiners for a second Sizarship. In these hard times, however, the Board of Trinity College could not see their way to accept the recommendation. Conerney has since been passed by the Inns of Court O.T.C. for a Commission.

* * *

E. E. C. Head (1911-14) has also been granted a Commission by the Inns of Court O.T.C.

* * *

I. Levy (1908-15) and A. K. Ferguson (1910-15) have entered Trinity this autumn.

* * *

Dr. W. I. de C. Wheeler (1895-96) has been appointed Surgeon to the Lord Lieutenant's Household.

* * *

F. M. Graham (1914-15), who left last summer on the removal of his parents to Cardiff, has obtained an Open Entrance Scholarship at King's School, Worcester.

E. M. Norton, B.D. (1897-1906), has gone out to the Fuh-Kien Mission in China this month. He is representing in the mission field the Parish Church of Rathmines.

* * *

We have much pleasure in recording the latest and greatest success of Max Nurock, Sch. (1904-1911), who has gained this October in Trinity College the highest distinction open to an undergraduate by winning the University Studentship in Classics, with First Place and Large Gold Medal in both Classics and Mental and Moral Philosophy. This is but a fitting crown to his brilliant school and University career, a career absolutely unparalleled in the annals of College, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, unsurpassable. In no respect could it have been bettered, for not even once during his undergraduate course, numerous as were the examinations (and examiners) he faced, did his name appear in the class-list other than at its head. Indeed, the almost monotonous regularity with which this occurred perhaps robbed Max Nurock of some of the awe and respect we would have felt due to him had his position seemed more insecure and less a fundamental law of nature.

Perhaps it would not be unfitting to recapitulate in these pages, which he himself so often adorned, some of his numerous achievements. While at the High School he won First Class Exhibitions in Classics and Prizes for Latin Composition in all the grades of the Intermediate, as well as the Medal for Greek in the Junior Grade and for Latin in the Senior. He did not, however, devote himself entirely to matters scholastic, but took a general interest in all the games and sports, and *inter alia* for two years guided, as Editor, the destinies of this Magazine. In 1911 he exchanged school for college, where he soon found wide scope for his genius. At Entrance he won the High School Exhibition supplemented by an extra £10 a year for obtaining the First Place at the Examination for Junior Exhibitions, as well as three Entrance Prizes in the various forms of Classical Composition. He was also awarded by Trinity College the First Board Exhibition. While still in his first year he obtained First Classical Scholarship in open competition against men of several years' standing in college, an achievement which, though not entirely without precedent, is worthy of all admiration. Throughout his undergraduate career he won First of the First Class Honours in Classics on seven occasions, and as his secondary subject he took up Mental and Moral Philosophy, in which he obtained First of the First Honours on Four occasions. He also won almost all the prizes offered in Trinity College to candidates who devote themselves to special branches of classical study—the Ferrar Memorial

Prize (for Comparative Philology and Gothic), the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse (with poems on "Marius" and "Erin" respectively), the William Roberts' Prize, the Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek (on a course of of Aristotle and Longinus), and the corresponding Vice-Chancellor's Gold Medal for Latin (on a course of Virgil). He also carried off the Wray Prize for Metaphysics, which is the sole prize in college for this subject, and, as such, a much coveted distinction. And now he has completed his course with Double Senior Moderatorship and Studentship, his percentage in Classics being 86, which breaks the previous record (79) scored by Professor Bury in 1882.

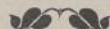
* * *

At the recent distribution of prizes at the Dental Hospital, Lincoln Place, L. L. Glick (1909-10) was awarded First Prizes in Dental Surgery, Materia Medica, and Pathology (£1 1s. and certificate), Dental Anatomy (£2 2s. and certificate), and Orthodontia (£1 1s. and certificate).

* * *

MARRIAGE.

ARDILL (1896-1904) AND CLEMENTS—October 16, 1915, at Bala, Ontario, Harry Roche Ardill, eldest son of the Rev. Canon Ardill, Calry Rectory, Sligo, to Moyna, second daughter of Frederick W. Clements, Musquosh Lodge, Bala, Ontario.



Prize Distribution.



REPORT FOR 1914-15.

Our Prize Distribution this year is very informal. This does not require any apology, and hardly an explanation. A social function is out of place in the midst of a critical and dangerous war, and the strict economy urged by the Government demands that unnecessary expense should be avoided. For the same reason most of the prizes are taking the form of vouchers in the National War Loan. Before they are given out I shall give a short statement of the School's work for the year 1914-15. Our numbers have been well maintained, and our record is one of successful progress.

At the Scripture Examinations held last December by the Church of Ireland Synod and the Presbyterian Assembly, the School passed 78 pupils obtaining 27 prizes (as compared with 57 passes and 14 prizes in the previous year), and we repeated the success won in 1912 by taking the first place in Greek Testament in both the Church and Presbyterian examinations, the successful boys being G. S. B. Mack and C. A. Kinnear.

In the Intermediate Examinations we passed 30 boys; in the Senior Grade 5 and 2 with honours; in the Middle Grade 5 and 1 with honours; and in the Junior 20 and 10 with honours. The number of distinctions was 16, the highest for several years, and was especially marked in the Junior Grade, 9 of the 10 boys who passed with honours being eligible between them for 12 rewards. I will only mention two names. G. S. B. Mack obtained a First Class Classical Exhibition in the Senior Grade and a Composition Prize in English. In the Junior Grade the boy who did the best all round was Sidney Carpenter, who, to the regret of the whole School, lost his life during the summer holidays by an accident at Aira Force, near Ullswater, in the English Lake district. Professor and Mrs. Carpenter, with whom we deeply sympathise in their great loss, have very kindly asked me to divide his two prizes, one in the Modern Literary Group and the other a special prize for English Composition, among the other boys in his grade, and they have further very generously specified their intention of founding in his memory an annual prize for English Composition to be awarded in the Junior Grade Class, and also of giving a similar prize next year in the Middle Grade Class to which their boy would have belonged but for his untimely death.

At the Examination for Junior and School Exhibitions in October last year in Trinity College, the High School Exhibition of £25 a year for four years, together with free rooms in College was won by G. K. Carpenter (elder brother of Sidney Carpenter), and a First Class Junior Exhibition by Maurice Nurock. Two First Entrance Prizes were gained—one in Natural Science by D. L. Fletcher (now a Lieutenant in the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment), and one in Experimental Science by G. K. Carpenter. The Governors further awarded a First Class Statutory Exhibition, to which are also attached free rooms in College, to Maurice Nurock.

At the Examinations held in June at the Royal College of Science for Exhibitions and Teacherships in Training, an Exhibition of £50 a year for four years together with free tuition, was won by H. S. Scales (now serving in the North Irish Horse), and a Teachership in Training of about £45 a year for four years with free tuition, by G. C. White.

At the Entrance Examination of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians in June, the first and second places respectively were obtained by E. L. Coleman and R. S. Wayland.

In Trinity College the number and character of the distinctions won by old High School boys during the year, although for obvious reasons more restricted than they otherwise would have been, are yet very remarkable. They include a Senior Moderatorship in Natural Science (J. M.

Barron, who has since obtained an Eastern Cadetship), a Fellowship Prize (M. A. C. Wilkins), the First Classical Scholarship (W. H. B. Mack), Vice-Chancellor's Medal for Latin, Wm. Roberts Prize, Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek, Vice-Chancellor's Prize for Greek Prose, Ferrar Memorial Prize for Sanscrit and Philology (L. J. D. Richardson), Elrington Theological Prize (G. C. Duggan), Vice-Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse, Wray Prize for Metaphysics (Max Nurock), Downes' Prize (G. S. B. Mack), Two First Classes at Little Go, and First of the First Honours in English Literature, French, Classics, and Mental and Moral Philosophy. Honours were also obtained in the Medical, Engineering, and Divinity Schools.

The School has also obtained successes at Sandhurst in the Geological Survey, and in the Second Division of the Civil Service, besides numerous appointments in banks and other commercial offices.

In games the School reached its highest record. In Rugby Football, under John Bell as Captain, the XV. reached the final for the Schools' Cup, and was only beaten by Blackrock. In cricket, under C. E. Larkin as Captain, we won the Leinster Schools' Cup, and in swimming we won the Dublin Schools' Squadron Race, the Captain, J. V. Bateman, also winning the Senior School Boys' Championship in record time. John Bell and G. E. Larkin represented the School on the Leinster Rugby team in the Interprovincial match, and G. E. Larkin, F. S. Marchant, and H. S. Scales were selected for the Leinster Cricket XI. against Ulster, Larkin being Captain. All these selected players are now serving in His Majesty's Forces. The Rifle Club was carried on vigorously during the year, but owing to the war we did not hold the usual Athletic Sports.

Last, but not least, we have 250 old boys serving in the army and navy, and the School is represented in all the Colonial contingents. Over a dozen boys in Trinity abandoned their studies to join the forces. Of the 24 boys who formed the sixth form at the beginning of the war in August last year 15 have already joined, and others will be joining before the year is out. Two of the masters—Mr. Slade and Mr. Ellwood—enlisted last Christmas, and have since obtained commissions, Mr. Slade in the 6th Essex Regiment and Mr. Ellwood in the Loyal North Lancashire. Many old boys have distinguished themselves and been mentioned in despatches, and Major H. St. M. Carter, of the R.A.M.C., has been awarded the D.S.O., and Captain H. C. Crozier the Military Cross. A year ago two old boys had gained the highest honour of all by giving their lives for their country—Major Roper, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, and C. H. Young, of the R.A.M.C. Since then many have been wounded, and twelve

more have been killed. Their names are :—W. D. Appleyard, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers ; A. H. Bailey, New Zealand Contingent ; Lieut. T. A. D. Deane, Royal Marine Light Infantry ; Capt. G. G. Duggan, Royal Irish Fusiliers ; Lieut. J. R. Duggan, Royal Irish Regiment ; Lieut. J. G. St. John Ellis, Royal Engineers ; Lieut. N. L. Hannon, King's Liverpool Regiment ; Corporal James Kelly, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers ; Lieut. J. H. F. Leland, Royal Welsh Fusiliers ; Capt. C. R. Shannon, Royal Engineers ; Lieut. F. P. Synnott, Royal Welsh Fusiliers ; and Lieut. S. Lee Tolerton, Royal Irish Fusiliers. Of these and all who are fighting at this time for the honour of their country, the freedom of the world, and the rights of the rising generation, we may say with Wordsworth :

There is one great society upon earth,
The noble living and the noble dead.

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

The Chairman said that his first word must be to congratulate the Headmaster and the School on their very remarkable list of successes, especially in Trinity College, between which and the school there had always been a very close connection, to the great advantage of its pupils. The Board of Erasmus Smith had at their disposal a large number of statutory exhibitions, some of which were awarded every year to pupils of the school, which carry with them, in addition to their emoluments, free rooms in Trinity College. There were also the special High School exhibitions awarded every year of £25-£35 a year for four years, also carrying rooms in college. Not merely the results of the Intermediate Examinations, but the confidential reports from the Intermediate Inspectors, which were of the most satisfactory character, had given the greatest pleasure to the Board of Governors. As an old Rugby football captain he took very great pride in the School's record of athletic success, and he knew from his own experience that a school successful in games was usually a school successful in work, owing to the *esprit de corps* and the general good-feeling which they created. A year ago, at the prize giving, they were in the first stage of the war ; the first wave of enthusiasm was passing over the country, and we looked forward to an early peace. Now, after fifteen months, we had to take a more sober view. We realised that for two generations Germany had prepared for this war, especially against England, and that a great effort was necessary to foil the enemy. How did this affect boys at school in two days ? First, no slacking could be allowed. Everyone must do his bit. Some of the older boys might yet go out and fight and add to the illustrious roll of High School boys, many of whom had given their lives. Secondly, it was before the younger generation to take stock. The losses

had to be repaired in men, in money, in civilisation. The country must never again be taken unawares, and boys must educate themselves to face the enormous problems to be solved after the war is over. One other great lesson the war has taught them: It had brought all classes together to work for their common honour and liberty.



A Letter from Gallipoli.



1/5th ESSEX REGIMENT,

54th DIVISION,

BR. MED. EXP. FCE.,

Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, '15.

HERE we are again, as the song says, and trying to keep as cheery as the circumstances will permit. I have now been in this awful place, "somewhere in G——i," for the last month, and shall not be sorry when I quit it. In a nutshell, it is made up of sand, scrub, stink, and flies—flies by the million! The moment one puts an empty dinner-plate down it is smothered with two or three hundred flies; it looks just like a black patch, and those that can't settle on the plate, settle on the backs of those who are more fortunate. This is no exaggeration, but mere plain fact. The beggars are responsible for 98% of the sickness here, and if ever I reach civilisation again I swear a solemn "strafe" against all flies.

As I have to censor all my own letters, I cannot indulge in any "descriptions"; it is strictly forbidden; but isolated incidents may interest you. Like everybody else here I have had narrow squeaks with shrapnel. Some nine or ten days ago, while lying in my dug-out after an "all-night sitting" in certain trenches, a "whiz-bang" (as they call it) exploded a few yards in front of me. On another occasion the C.O. and his "Second" had just left my stores, and I ran after him with a certain piece of information, when—whiz!—a shell passed right between us and exploded about eight or ten yards further on. We hurriedly got out of the rain! But except when they want to make a more than close acquaintance with one's personal beauty, shells are treated with a blasé indifference. You see, they are flying about all over the place at any time of the day, so one just "carries on." "Weary Willies" are crawling whiningly across now, and explosion seems just outside my parlour (ahem!) window. We came under rifle and shell fire before we landed, and we've been under it ever since. It would amuse you to see officers of all ranks walking about like tramps. The simile rather exaggerates, but conveys the correct impression. Out here practical ability, natural resourcefulness, and adaptability count. All

the amenities of civil life are left behind on the boat. For the first five days I was here I had two half mugs of water allotted me, and in each case I had to wash, clean my teeth, and shave in them. Sounds horrid, doesn't it? but that's the least of our troubles. It will do my eyes good when I see a house or a road again, and "heavenly" won't be the word for it when I sleep once more, undressed, between clean sheets, and have fresh food put before me. Hallo! Johnny Turk has just begun his nightly "strafe"; we can almost tell the time by it. They snipe like the deuce, and have very good shots amongst 'em.

Next morning (WEDNESDAY).

Lack of light and candles put a stop to my pencil pushing last night. The Ration-issue to the whole Division has been a dismal—

Next morning (THURSDAY).

Very sorry, but a Quartermaster is a very busy person in H. M. Forces, and I was kept more than busy throughout the whole day with a 37-bag mail. Another 25 bags have turned up this morning, so if I wish to catch to-day's outgoing mail I must be brief. Our Batt. had a bad night last night in the trenches, Capt. Tee, of "A" Company, being shot, and a sergeant and private also who were working on the parapet with him. We can ill spare such a man.

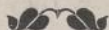
By the way, it may be interesting to you to know (if ever the question arises) that shells *can* be seen during flight. The other afternoon, as it was drawing on to dusk, I sat outside my stores and watched five H. E. shells, in succession, whine over the crest of the hill opposite. I believe they can only be seen under certain conditions. In my case, for example. I was looking at the crest of the hill; the shells came from somewhere behind me; the black of the earth of the hill below, and the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere above, gave me a very sharply-defined skyline, and I saw the shells as they crossed over the crest. I pointed the phenomenon out to the adjutant and another lieutenant, and they saw the shells also.

Hallo! "Cookhouse" going; and I am busy after dinner.

Yours very faithfully,

4/II/'15.

ALEXANDER R. SLADE.



Reminiscences of an Old High School Boy.



I HAVE been asked by the Editor of the *Erasmian* to write him an article for the School Magazine, and, having

been intimidated into giving a promise, I cannot see that I have any option but to comply. It is common ground between us that we can never permit the authority of an editor to be for a moment questioned.

I am very glad in any case, to get away from the war, and all that it involves in the dusty arena of a newspaper office, in order to write something which, if it does not give very much pleasure to those who read it, is not entirely dissociated from enjoyment in the mind of him who writes it. Perhaps you boys who are at High School to-day do not realize your own happiness. It is in the years to come that you will most appreciate the High School, the days you spent there, the friends you made there, and all that school is to a man when he looks back upon it, seated for a moment beside a milestone on the road of middle life.

I got a letter this morning which illustrates in my own case how one's school days never cease to be part of one, and how they may throw a pleasant light across our path at any moment of our life's journey. The letter was from Mr. C. G. Gray, Editor of the *Aeroplane*. He was at High School with me in the early nineties, and I have not seen him for perhaps half a score of years. After discussing some of the war news with particular regard to Zeppelins, he adds:—

“By the way! What are your hours at the office? Is there any chance of dragging you out to lunch next Wednesday? Where is Longworth? Can he be got at, too? For the sake of old times I'd like a chat with you both. I'm having a five days a week holiday over here for a fortnight, returning to London to-night, to put my paper to bed on Monday and Tuesday, and getting back here on Wednesday. Hope all is well with you.

“Yours,

“CHARLES GREY.”

You may be sure I hastened to reply, with, I trust, not too indecent avidity, to Grey's admirable idea of a lunch for the sake of old times. And I was glad to be able to answer his question about Longworth, that he was serving his King and country in the Royal Irish Rifles. And this enquiry, coming out of the old and happy far off days, reminded me that it was owing to Longworth that I went to High School, and that I am to-day writing this article as a member of the Profession of journalism. Let me tell you the little story, and if it appears somewhat personal in its character, why should it not be, as from one High School boy talking to others?

It so happened that about the year 1890 my father, who was H.M. Surveyor of Customs, was transferred to Dublin for official duty. When we arrived in Dublin we put up at a hotel in Sackville Street, while he might look round for a house,

and make such other arrangements as were necessary. Now, he had a theory that it was a very good thing for boys to make them do as much of their own work as possible, and accordingly he said to me one morning at breakfast:—"Amongst other things that we shall have to arrange is the question of a school for you and your brothers. I shall be very busy for the next two or three days. But in the meantime you might make some preliminary enquiries and report progress."

A few minutes after getting this injunction, and not at all sure that I should succeed in carrying it out efficiently, I happened to be standing at the door of the hotel when I noticed a school boy passing by with a strap full of books under his arm, obviously making his way to school. I looked at him with a closer interest, and finding something pleasing in his expression I thought to myself that I would follow his example and go to his school with him. I did so, and found my way to High School, whence I returned with a syllabus and a prospectus, which settled the matter of a suitable school. I do not think I shall ever be sufficiently grateful to this chance encounter in the street, this good fortune of an hour. For it turned out to be the good fortune of a lifetime as well.

The boy was E. V. Longworth, and we became great personal friends. We spent our holidays together, and I saw him make his first appearance in court. This was long before he had become a barrister, and while we were yet at school together. We had gone on a voyage on a tramp steamer to the Low Countries, and had called at the Port of Bristol *en route*. "Somewhere at sea," as the phrase goes, we discovered an aged Jew who had come aboard as a stow-away in the hope of beating his passage to Hamburg. And while at Bristol the Jew's bundle had been stolen by one of the quay labourers. But Longworth and I were fortunate enough to detect him in the act of making off with the swag. And we accordingly found ourselves in the Bristol Police Court the next day giving evidence. We were both ready to give evidence, but Longworth was called upon before me, and his testimony settled the case. Subsequently he received his first court fee, the not very large but at the time not altogether unwelcome sum of one shilling and sixpence. As I had had an equal share in detecting the crime, and as I was equally willing to get into the witness-box, I considered that in common fairness I was entitled to at least half the fee. I mentioned this incident not only because it is pleasing to me to recall, but also because it is pleasing to be able to add that it is the only dispute which ever came between Longworth and myself.

One sad habit which we developed at school, and which I

think our fellow school-boys ought to have checked in us, was the practice of delivering speeches in the playground. I remember meeting Longworth years afterwards, when we were both engaged in a General Election campaign, and deploring the fact that an early habit had landed us into such a laborious task. The candidate on whose behalf I was speaking, in a Cheshire constituency, got the worst beating of any candidate in that General Election. I think the moral is clear, and that boys, in the interest of future Parliamentary candidates, should not be allowed to harangue their fellow school-boys, even in so pleasant a place as the High School playground, which I do not doubt is still a place where girt by friend or foe a boy may speak the thing he wills.

And Longworth and I founded a paper at High School. It was not a successful paper like the *Erasmian*; it was not even printed, but laboriously worked on a cyclostyle, or duplicating machine, and did not survive its second or third number. But here again a habit formed in youth got quickly set. As I had followed Longworth to the High School, I followed him to Dublin University. There he developed a tendency to contribute articles to "T. C. D.," the College miscellany; and, knowing my habit of following him, which had now become persistent, he used to invite me to write articles for the same excellent periodical. His articles were apparently very much better than mine, for they attracted outside attention. Mine, I am afraid, never did anything except give intense and secret pleasure to their author. But, in any case, as a result of his articles, Longworth was invited to become a leader writer on the *Kilkenny Moderator*, which had recently been acquired by Mr. Standish O'Grady, the well-known Irish historian and scholar. And after a short spell in Kilkenny, Longworth's articles again attracted attention in Dublin, and he was offered the position of leader writer on the *Daily Express*. What more natural than that I should follow him to Kilkenny? The habit had now become second nature, and of course I did so. And when, shortly afterwards, Longworth was made first leader writer, and thus made a vacancy for the second, again, what more natural than that I should follow him from Kilkenny to the *Daily Express* Office? I could no more shake off the habit of following Longworth than I could command the Channel Fleet, although I believe that had he taken on this task I should have been unable to resist the temptation to have a go at it after him. While we were working together at journalism, Longworth decided that he would be called to the Irish Bar. It was a very expensive decision for me, because, of course, in view of our circumstances and our record, I had no option but to follow him once more. Subsequently he became Editor of the *Daily Express*, and when he left that

to devote himself to his practice, sheer force of habit compelled me to annex the vacant editorial chair. I have not been able to follow him into the military life, which he has now so gallantly chosen, chiefly because in one thing I succeeded in forestalling him, and have, in consequence, two small boys in High School to-day. And I am glad to recall that at my marriage Longworth gallantly undertook the friendly if onerous duties of a "best man."

I have been garrulous, and I pray for pardon. But it is entirely due to Grey writing to me after so many years, and asking me "What about Longworth?" And I hope you will forgive me these reminiscences so far as to permit me to point out what, to me at least, is their moral. It is that while we are at school, although we may not know it at the time, we are making friends that will last us through life. The poor, the poet says, make no new friends. I am sure that the middle-aged do not, at least of the type and quality of the friendships formed in the droning schoolroom, over the dog-s-eared Virgil, or, as more frequently happened in my case, over the chastening task of doing impositions.

I should like to go on and tell you something of the other friends that I made at school, of men like Jack Drennan, who is now Secretary of the Estates Commissioners, a post to which he was appointed in succession to Sir Edward O'Farrell, the present Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland. I should like to tell you of men like Robert Ashe, who gave his life for his country in India, where he was assassinated while holding the position of District Magistrate. I should like to tell you of J. R. Prenter, now a prominent Presbyterian divine in Edinburgh, or of Mr. Ernest Alton, now a Fellow of Trinity College, or of Mr. John A. Nairn, who used to annex Exhibitions and Scholarships in the Intermediate, at the Royal University, at Cambridge and London Universities, apparently much more easily than I could collect birds' eggs or postage stamps. But I must keep these further exercises in the garrulous for C. G. Grey's heartily endorsed luncheon party.

H. S. DOIG.



Rifle Club Notes.



THE Rifle Club is still "going strong," as the expression is, and the membership is as high as ever. We have lost our former Secretary, J. M. Mounsey, and H. T. Bird reigns in his stead. As before, it was found necessary to divide the club into Senior and Junior divisions, each of which have a separate day per week.

As regards individual scores, among the Seniors Mr. Bennett and H. T. Bird tie for the highest score of 44. H. Goodwillie

and H. T. Gilchrist come next with 43 and H. G. Dodds with 40. The averages are quite as good as those of the corresponding period last year, Mr. Bennett coming first with 37·7, H. T. Bird second with 36, and H. Goodwillie third with 35·7.

In the Juniors, with regard to individual scores, Clarendon comes first with 42, then McGuire next with 40, and Reid third with 38. The averages are fair. Clarendon is first with 31·0, Reid second with 27·0, and McGuire third with 24·5.

We must express, in conclusion, our warmest thanks to Mr. Bennett and Mr. Magill, who very kindly preside over the meetings.

SENIORS.

Name.	Number of Practices.	Highest Individual Score.	Total Points Scored.	Average
Mr. Bennett	9	44	340	37·7
H. T. Bird	9	44	324	36·0
Goodwillie	7	43	250	35·7
H. T. Gilchrist	8	43	260	32·5
H. G. Dodds	7	40	226	32·2
K. Waller	5	37	147	29·4
W. E. Cunningham	4	32	112	28·0
W. H. Thrift	9	36	246	27·3
Harris	8	42	204	25·5
T. E. Flewett	9	36	217	24·1
Armstrong	9	35	192	21·3
S. Smyth	3	25	64	21·3
W. E. Abbott	7	29	148	21·1
McKee	1	12	12	12·0

JUNIORS.

Clarendon	6	42	186	31·0
Reid	4	38	108	27·0
McGuire	8	40	226	24·5
Bardon	8	33	194	24·2
Howell	5	37	115	23·0
Nulty	9	35	190	21·1
Pollett	7	30	146	20·8
Buchanan, R.	3	23	62	20·6
Flewett, F.	4	30	80	20·0
Farmer	4	29	78	19·5
Gill	8	37	148	18·5
Smyth, S. R.	2	17	30	15·0
Allen	3	31	44	14·6
Lake	4	24	58	14·5
Townsend	6	27	76	12·6
Rogers	9	20	111	12·3
Prenter	7	25	80	11·4
Thom	4	23	45	11·2
Molloy	6	22	62	10·3
Timms	5	18	49	9·8
Killingley	6	14	55	9·1
Buchanan, G.	3	21	26	8·6
Towers	2	9	15	7·5
Digges	7	12	49	7·0
Freeman	2	8	13	6·5
Doig, R.	1	4	4	4·0
Fielding	1	2	2	2·0
Pedlow	3	4	4	1·3
Fisher	8	9	10	1·2
Stephens	9	3	7	·7

Poems and Sonnets.



By SIDNEY B. CARPENTER.

The following poems, with some others, were found in a drawer after his death:—

THE LONELY GRAVE.

A little hillside bare and lone,
Swept by the mountain breeze,
A little grave with a granite stone
Circled about with trees.

Forgotten, uncared for, there it stood,
Where mosses and ivy cling,
In the midst of a desolate, wind-swept wood
By the fairies mystic ring.

The trees o'erhead their branches wave,
As, shaken by the wind,
They keep their watch o'er the lonely grave
Removed from all its kind.

No bird or beast frequents this spot
'Till desolate and still
The falling leaves in autumn rot
And choke the running rill.

The grass has sprung up rank and high,
With flower or daisy never,
Only the whirlwind rushes by
And on and on for ever.

The carving hidden and defaced
Doth yield the only clue,
For on the granite may be traced
"Evangel Fortescue."

This is the resting-place of one
From toil and care set free;
Sleep on! sleep on! thy work is done;
Thy rest hath come to thee.

What matters it if storms sweep o'er
Thy long forgotten grave;
Such things can trouble thee no more,
Howe'er the tempests rave

A WINTER SUNSET.

The winter's day is drawing to a close;
Upon the frost-bound mountains all is still.
The ground is deep in freshly-fallen snow;
The setting sun sinks slowly o'er the hill;
Its fading sunbeams touch with tenderest light
The pure soft mantle so divinely white.

SPRINGTIME.

Of all the seasons I like best the spring⁷
 When winter loosens her unwilling hold,
 And the gay flowers their beauties fresh unfold,
 While the green woods with thrush's carols ring,
 And all reviving nature seems to sing,
 The balmy air comes softly o'er the wold,
 And with it bears a happiness untold,
 Which only that one time can ever bring.
 The trees, so long bereft, are clothed again ;
 Each little bud puts forth its shoot of green,
 Making the long, bare branches gay once more,
 Then falls in gentle showers the soft spring rain,
 And then the swallow blue once more is seen,
 Oh ! different is the spring to what has been.

NATURE'S SYMPATHY.

I love the silent hills, they are my friends,
 They sympathise with me when I'm distressed,
 When such my mood black storm clouds o'er them rest,
 And with my thoughts their sombre darkness blends.
 But when I'm joyful, sunshine to them sends
 Such lofty grandeur that within my breast
 I truly think they must by God be blest,
 And that He to them added glory lends,
 Their full sublimest beauty is displayed
 After a stormy day at eventide,
 When the cloud masses far away are rolled,
 And the sun slowly sinks. The colours made
 Are beautiful indeed ; for on the side
 Of every cloud is stretched a line of gold.

A MOUNTAIN REFUGE.

The Rockies' peaks are ever clad with snow ;
 Within their flinty bosom there is peace.
 All discord, toil and trouble there shall cease,
 And every anxious mind sweet rest shall know,
 As, hushed to slumber by the river's flow,
 The weary soul doth gain at length release.
 Then northwards rend their way the speckled geese,
 With outstretched wings and progress sure but slow.
 The setting sun sinks slowly in the west,
 And the gray crags and glistening snowy peaks
 Glitter and sparkle in its crimson rays.
 Oh ! weary traveller, lay you down and rest
 Amid such grandeur, where the frozen creeks
 Wind slowly down and broaden into bays.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

The warm west wind blows gently o'er the wold,
 Touching with fragrant breath the dewy plains.
 The distant hills are set in glittering gold,
 And homeward creep the harvest-laden wains
 O'er the green fields and through the dusty lanes,
 While the tired sheep are driven to the fold.
 All nature sinks to rest : the hills grow cold,
 Day slowly fades away and night remains,

THE HIGHLANDS.

Yon hills who raise aloft your far-flung steep
 Serene and calm to Heaven's solitude,
 How great your beauty ! with what peace endued
 Your wild untrammelled slopes when darkness creeps
 O'er mill and dale and nature softly sleeps,
 To rise at morn with purity renewed,
 Glistening with rain-drops shining many-hued,
 As the dark storm-cloud swiftly o'er her sweeps.
 Down in the sheltered valley herds of kine
 Browse peacefully among the long rich grass,
 Upon the loftier heights graze sheep and deer,
 By coppices of stunted oak or pine ;
 While rising near some lonely mountain pass
 The rushing stream shoots forth its waters clear.



Our Contemporaries.



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