

THE ERASMIAN

NEW SERIES.
VOL. XIII. No. 4.

SEPTEMBER,
1916.

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THE ERASMIAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1916.



Editorial.



AFTER the most magnificent summer that it has been our humble lot to experience, we returned to H. S. D. on September 1st. The results of the Intermediate Examinations were, of course, posted up in the time-honoured way in the clock-room, and the usual crowd surrounded them. Boys may come and boys may go, but that crowd is always to be seen on the opening day of the school year. The school has, on the whole, done better than last year, the boys of the Middle Grade especially distinguishing themselves. We hope to see some of them doing even better next year—but that lies in the lap of the gods. We would advise boys who intend to take this examination next year to begin work immediately. The most successful boy is the one that works solidly all through the year, not he who tries to cram a year's work into a month. Now is the best time to make a beginning, and let none of our readers have the *vasum rhinocerotis*, thinking of the inexperienced person who gives the advice, for we are enlarging on the words of a man, eminently gifted with common sense, the immortal Horace and the words are *dimidium facti qui cæpit habet*. Therefore let every student commence to work steadily now, with the knowledge that he is practically ensuring himself success thereby, and also saving himself much needless wear and tear in the days to come.

* * *

With this number our Editorship comes to an end, and also incidentally the thirteenth year in the history of the *Erasmian*. For the past two years we have presided over its destinies—with what measure of success is known to our readers alone. Now it is our duty—a duty tinged with regret—to relinquish the task to some worthier successor, but before we leave the stage we would like to say a few words in general. We would like to thank all those who, by word or deed, have given us assistance during our tenure of office, and would ask them to continue to accord their support to our successor—for without some assistance from the boys of the school, no magazine can ever flourish. For, after all, the love of their

magazine is but the love of their school expressing itself in one particular direction. If the achievements of their school are precious to them, if they take any pride in its success, then surely they ought to make it a point of honour that the chronicle of these events should be as worthy of them as possible. Boys who do not support their magazine, generally are found to be those who do not support their school either. School is the training ground for life, and if boys do not learn how to play the game in school then naturally in life also they will fail to play the game. In youth the object of their affections should be their school, in manhood their country. Thus if they do not perform their duty towards their school, probably they will be found wanting in their duty towards their country.

* * *

With these words we make way for our successor, feeling sure that under his auspices the star of the *Erasmian's* fame will shine out with greatly increased lustre, without any clouds of danger near to dim its brightness.



School Notes.



THERE are few changes to record in School this term. The most important is the absence of Mr. Wyon, who joined the Royal Dublin Fusiliers at the beginning of the holidays, and having rapidly passed his tests and obtained promotion, went out to France in August as a Lance-corporal. He is now attached to the staff of a general as interpreter, has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and expects soon to get his commission. We all wish him the best of luck. In the meantime his work in school is being undertaken by Mr. D. L. Kelleher, B.A., to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

* * *

Towards the end of September Sergeant Millett, who has been away since the beginning of the war, wrote resigning his post in the school, and as Antoine (very few boys remembered his other name Vandermolen) was anxious to go to England to make munitions for the Belgian army, a new sergeant has been appointed. This is Sergeant William Parker, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who served through the Boer War and was through the campaign in Gallipoli, from which he was invalided home at the end of 1915.

* * *

We give elsewhere the marks of the boys who passed in the June Examinations of the Intermediate. The school passed four boys in the Senior Grade (all who entered), 10 in the Middle (9 with Honours), and 19 in the Junior Grade.

In the Middle Grade, E. W. Scales obtained a Classical Exhibition, and qualified for a £3 Prize in Modern Languages; W. H. B. M'Crea a £3 Prize in Classics and a £3 Prize in Latin Composition; A. R. Ellis, a £3 Prize in Classics, and qualified for a £3 Prize in Modern Languages; and W. E. Abbott obtained a £2 Prize in Science. In the Junior Grade, N. Shapira obtained a £2 Prize in Modern Languages, and qualified for a £2 Prize in Mathematics.

* * *

K. Waller has passed the London Matriculation Examination with Second Class Honours, and has now entered the College of Science.

* * *

H. A. Goodwillie has also entered the College of Science.

* * *

R. E. Johnston passed for Sandhurst last July.

* * *

C. G. Bateman and R. W. Mather have passed the Entrance Examination, T.C.D.

* * *

W. H. T. Pollett has obtained a Clerkship in the Lancashire Fire Insurance Office.

* * *

The following representatives of the various Forms were elected to form the Literary and Athletic Committee for 1916-17:—

FORM 6—W. E. Cunningham, W. H. Thrift, T. V. Harris, S. Smyth.

FORM 5—H. Bell, H. M'Kee, D. Pedlow, F. L. Milligan.

FORM 4—W. D. Fielding.

FORMS 3A, 3B, and 3C.—J. E. Allen.

General Representatives—E. W. Scales, J. Mackay.

* * *

The Committee held its first meeting on September 3rd, when the officers of the various clubs were elected.

* * *

The Football officials and Select Committee will be found elsewhere.

* * *

The officers for the Rifle Club for 1916-17 are:—

Captain—W. H. Thrift.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer—D. Pedlow.

We have since heard that General Maxwell has forbidden all miniature rifle shooting in Ireland, so we will be unable to hold our weekly practices.

Notes on Old Boys.

✓ A WE must congratulate Mr. A. L. B. Moore (1884-88), our Registrar, on being awarded a Bronze Medal by the Chapter of St. John for his services during the rebellion in Easter week.

* * *

A. J. Beatty (1908-13) was first in both his Law Examinations in June and obtained a £6 Prize in each, viz., in Feudal Law and English Law, and in Constitutional and Criminal Law.

* * *

J. V. Bateman (1913-15) has obtained a Catechetical Premium in College as well as a Prize of £6 for Hebrew.

* * *

L. J. D. Richardson (1904-12) has been appointed Librarian of the Classical Society.

* * *

H. V. Thornton (1905-12) has been elected member of the Council of the Classical Society.

* * *

The following have passed Medical Examinations in Trinity: — Maurice Nurock (1906-14), Chemistry (First Place), and Botany and Zoology.

* * *

J. Levy (1908-15), Chemistry (on high marks), and Botany and Zoology.

* * *

P. J. Levitt (1910-13), Chemistry, and Botany and Zoology.

* * *

R. W. Shaw (1910-11), Intermediate Medical Pt. I.

* * *

E. Lipman (1898-1905), Final Medical, Pt. II.

* * *

C. G. White (1910-15) has passed the 1st year Sessional Examination in the Royal College of Science, and obtained a prize for Mechanics.

* * *

Joe Bell, who passed the final Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, gaining a medal in Medicine, has obtained his commission in the Army Veterinary Corps, and is now on his way to India.

OUR DEAD AT SUVLA BAY.

I.

For three short weeks they fought and died ; they crept
 O'er bent-strewn plain, up stony hills, those men
 Fresh from the homeland, from the English fen,
 Welsh valleys, Ireland's hills. At times they slept,
 Their eyes weary with dust and vigils kept
 In blazing day and stifling night ; each glen
 A hell of living death, and where were ten
 Now one man stood. From furze and trench there swept
 The slaying fire. On the sea's edge they fell
 Or on far uplands, captains with their troops
 Who strove on until death ; and in the gray
 Dawn the waves sang for them a soft farewell.
 The sleeping lily of a good death droops
 Upon their eyes who died at Suvla Bay.

II.

Say not in vain they died, though they will see
 No more the green hills, nor the blue peat-haze,
 Nor gorse aflame in spring—aye, tho' our days
 Are robbed of song and youth's gay witchery.
 Who knows but thereby in far Picardy
 Some village sleeps in peace ; some maiden prays
 Safe in her Russian border home ? The rays
 Of victory broaden : justice and chivalry
 See the light coming. In their long last sleep
 Dimly our dead hear the great bugle-notes
 Of armies closing in. Have you not caught
 Their whispering voices ? On shell-splintered steep,
 On Suvla's hills a far-off vision floats—
 Our dead Crusaders watching where they fought.

G. C. D.

August 16th, 1916.



Swimming Notes.



SWIMMING was resumed at the Iveagh Baths on Monday, 4th September.

During the vacation the Schoolboys' Championship Races took place at Greystones Gala. We had two representatives, R. W. Mather and D. Pigott. In the senior event R. W. Mather appeared to have finished second, but apparently the judge did not see him, for he awarded second place to another competitor. The junior event was won by D. Pigott, but he was disqualified as he was over age.

On the second Thursday of the term several boys competed for two places on the squadron team. Pigott and Farmer secured their places after a stiff struggle. W. E. Cunningham and H. S. Larkin also swam well. The School's Squadron Race took place on Saturday, 7th October, at Clongowes Wood College. Clongowes, who had a very strong team, won easily, while Hibernian Military School was second. In conclusion, we heartily thank Mr. Faloone and Mr. Bennett for their kindness in superintending matters at the Iveagh Baths every week.



The Jutland Battle.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.



ONE OF H.M. SHIPS,

25th June, 1916.

It has occurred to me that perhaps some H. S. D. fellows might like to hear from an old H. S. D. boy a few of his impressions of the recent Naval Battle off Jutland. If you don't think they would, I would recommend the fire as being the most suitable repository for this effusion.

Anyrate, here goes as much as I am at present allowed to relate, which isn't very much.

At about 4.20 p.m. on the 31st May, we intercepted a signal from one of our cruisers saying that the enemy had been sighted in force steaming North. In a very short time our Battle Cruisers were in touch with the enemy Battle Cruisers, who fell back on their main Fleet which was then steaming North. Our Battle Cruisers having got into touch with the enemy main Fleet, apparently engaged them hoping to keep them out until our Battle Fleet arrived on the scene. In this they were successful.

We (my ship was one of the Flagships of the Battle Squadrons of the Grand Fleet) steamed on at full speed. Those of us on board who had been with the Grand Fleet since the commencement of the war really never expected to get into action, as we've occasionally had similar shows before, and the wily Germ has always been off like a red shank when our Battle Cruisers push their funnels over the horizon. However, this time it was to be different. The Germ had come further North than he has ever come before. They evidently hoped to be able to catch our Battle Cruisers, finish them off with their whole High Seas Fleet and get back into their own harbour before the Grand Fleet appeared.

About an hour and a half later we heard heavy firing on our starboard bow. Weather all this time was thick—visibility varying from 9,000 yards to 13,000—rather an advantage to our adversary in my humble opinion. Some quarter of an hour later our Battle Cruisers loomed up out of the mist, right ahead, firing heavily, one being on fire forward (the fire eventually was got under). The enemy were not then in sight, but we could see the flashes of their guns and also their projectiles falling all round our ships. We then swung into position in line of battle, and shortly afterwards fired our first shot at a division of German Dreadnoughts which had come into view. We quickly picked up our target and put two or three salvoes (four or five guns to a salvo) into her, set her on fire in several places, and then she was once again enveloped in mist.

Just then we got a bit of a jar, which shook us considerably. The fellow sitting next me (a midshipman) didn't like the jar overmuch, as he was shot up about four feet and knocked his head against a lamp with some force, and his subsequent remarks, though perhaps justified under the circumstances, were most reprehensible in one so young. Personally, I did not like it a bit, and wouldn't have been surprised were I suddenly confronted with the sky. A torpedo had struck our ship, which at once took up a list to one side. For the moment it seemed that we could hardly maintain our place in the line.

However, after a delay of some minutes, we were able to carry on, and next discovered a burning and apparently helpless cruiser drifting down between the lines. We loosed off at her and ripped her side completely open. Inside the huge rent she appeared to be burning like a furnace. As she looked "done for" we knocked off, and there is no doubt that she could not have lived for more than another ten minutes, and, at any rate, there were plenty more ships in the line, who undoubtedly finished her.

The next item to appear through the mist was a division of four more German Dreadnoughts. We quickly got their range and hit one of them frequently. Five salvoes were distinctly seen to hit her, and our next astern also frequently hit her. She was seen to turn out of the line, heel over and, when last seen disappearing into the mist and smoke, her guns were pointing skywards.

Just then, we saw a half-flotilla of enemy destroyers dash out at high speed to the attack. This was a very real danger, for, with so low a visibility, a destroyer would be practically within her torpedo range from the moment she came into view. About four of our ships at once turned every available gun on them, and two boats were seen to disappear, the others turning round, fired their torpedoes and disappeared

into the mist and smoke. Luckily, by most skilful steering, we managed to evade all their torpedoes.

By this time the enemy main Fleet had turned round and were making for home at full speed. They had tried to refuse action from the outset, but the rapidity with which we had closed them and forced action had delayed them long enough to give them a severe pounding.

Before this we had passed one of our Battle Cruisers with a broken back, her stem and stern sticking high up in the air.

Night having come on and the main Fleets having separated, the only thing left for the heavy ships to do was to look out for torpedo attack during the dark, and then (as we thought) finish the German Fleet in the morning.

All through the night the sky was lit up by burning ships, and two ships at least were seen to blow up. This, of course, was all destroyer work. Our flotillas apparently got in amongst the German Fleet during the night and successfully torpedoed a few German ships. The German flotillas luckily were unable to find us during the dark hours.

That actually finished the action so far as my ship was concerned. The papers, no doubt, will tell you the reason why some day.

The next day was very unhealthy for my ship. We saw a Zeppelin, which we drove off, and a few submarines, but Fritz had no luck, and then the day after that all was well. The next day a long railway journey, and here I am for the time being.

This all refers to what was seen from my ship. With such low visibility one could not make out much beyond what was actually happening all round you within a radius of about 12,000 yards.

I, personally, was working a ranging instrument down below, so actually saw nothing, but everything as it occurred was reported down voice pipes, &c., so that we could work our instruments and pass on results to the guns. On the whole, I think it is preferable to be able to see your enemy whilst you are trying to knock him out. Imagine my thoughts when I received the information "Three torpedoes approaching the ship." A pause, then "One passed yards ahead"—"Ship altering course to Port"—"Torpedo twenty yards astern"—"Third torpedo just missed astern."

Yours,

E. S. D.



Roll of Honour *(Continued).*

SINCE our June number appeared the following names must be added to our Roll of Honour :—

H. M. ANDERSON (1905-08)	..	2nd Lieut., Northumberland Fus.
JOS. BELL (1906-11)	..	Lieut., R.A.V.C.
M. COLT (1895-99)	..	Lieut., R.A.M.C.
F. A. HARRISON (1905-09)	..	2nd Lieut., 3rd Leinster Regiment
W. D. KELSO (1899-1903)	..	South Irish Horse
J. S. LEWIS (1912-13)	..	North Irish Horse
T. R. MICHELSON (1909-10)	..	19th R. I. Rifles
A. G. C. MONTSERRAT (1890-96)	..	Canadian Expeditionary Force
F. W. SHEA (1910-13)	..	R.F.A.
G. A. SMALL (1902-05)	..	Lieut., 7th Bengal Lancers
H. A. SLOAN (1893-99)	..	Inns of Court O.T.C.
A. Spiro (1891-98)	..	Grenadier Guards
F. W. Torney (1878-1882)	..	Major, 128th Can. Exp. Force

We regret to announce the deaths in the war of two more Old Boys.

R. S. Swan (1889-1895), Sergeant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, died on August 15th in hospital at Salonica from typhoid fever.

C. J. Dodds (1909-1911), Captain, 10th Royal Munster Fusiliers, was killed in France on September 22nd.

A third and perhaps a fourth Old Boy must probably be added to these.

L. Barron (1899-1905), Lieut., Border Regiment, has been reported missing, and it is feared has been killed.

F. A. Harrison, 2nd Lieut. 3rd Leinster Regiment, has also been missing since September 9th.

A large number of Old Boys have been wounded.

Captain H. B. Goulding, R.A.M.C., attached to the Seaforth Highlanders, was wounded in the head and left shoulder in the first hour of the great push on the Somme on July 1st, near Thiepval.

C. T. Parker, who enlisted in the Lincolns and afterwards obtained a commission in the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, has been wounded three times. We hear that there are two other Old Boys in his battalion, Captain F. W. Synnott and Lieut. W. H. Crotty.

Lieut. A. B. E. Hillas, of the 7th Gordon Highlanders, was also slightly wounded on the Somme.

G. N. Hunter, of the Australian Contingent, was shot in the right forearm late in the day on July 1st, and will probably be unable to use it again. He was in a German trench at the time after what he calls "a glorious field day."

Lieut. H. W. D. M'Clenaghan, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, is home on sick leave with trench fever.

Lieut. G. S. Appleyard has also been wounded.

Lieut. G. McElnay, Lieut. R.D.F., was wounded on the Somme in the right arm, but is getting well again.

✓ S. J. Doig, 7th Dragoon Guards, has been sent home invalided.

Captain F. Smartt, R.A.M.C., who has been in charge of a base hospital at Rouen, and was very busy with the wounded for five weeks of the push, was obliged to go on the sick list with a septic finger, but is now quite well again.

C. E. A. Ferguson is home from Salonica in hospital at Liverpool with malaria. His brother, A. K., who entered Sandhurst early this year, when on sentry duty at Camberley stopped the King's motor car and had the honour of a very pleasant interview with His Majesty.

Lieut. E. J. F. Holland (1898-1901), 9th Royal Irish Rifles, has been awarded the Military Cross.

Lieut. G. L. Moss ((1908-10), Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment, has obtained the Military Cross.

Both Douglas and Frank Small are now Majors and hold high appointments in the Flying Corps in England. They both did excellent work at the beginning of the war flying in France, and rumour says that Frank was for some time in charge of the defences of London against the Zepp raids. Their brother, G. A. Small, has thrown up his appointment under the Education Board in India and has joined the Bengal Lancers.

Talking of the Flying Corps, W. O'Farrell has abandoned this branch of the service and has gone out to Macedonia as a Despatch Rider.

Lieut. Joe Bell has joined the Veterinary Corps and been sent out to India. We hear that his brother Jack is distinguishing himself in France.

We are always glad to get letters and visits from Old Boys. Lieut. P. F. T. Burns writes from France that he is up in the firing line, and finds his French useful in providing for the officers' mess.

A. C. Parker has been promoted from corporal to sergeant in the Royal Engineers. He is in the trenches in France in the midst of flying shells, one of which exploded ten yards from him. He is so little affected by the guns going for all they are worth that he writes that he is falling asleep in the midst of it.

Lieut. T. M. Stratford Tinte was home on leave for ten days at the end of September, having been all through the push. He was attached to the Connaughts in the attack on Ginchy and Guillemont, and was one of the only two officers who escaped uninjured. He had a narrow shave, as a piece of shrapnel cut off a large piece of his tunic.

W. H. B. Mack has been gazetted Second Lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery.

H. G. G. Digges has obtained his commission on passing out of Woolwich, and is attached to the R.G.A.

Prof. John Purser, who was for a long time in the North Sea in command of a patrol boat, and knows the names of all the ships in his Majesty's Navy, is now in Portsmouth experimenting in something to do with sea-mines.

Mr. Norton, who was for some time in France in the trenches looking after gas, and was invalided home with trench fever, paid us a short visit in September. He is now making gas near Birmingham.



Intermediate Results.



FULL marks in each subject are 400. Honour marks are in italics. The marks given are those of the candidates who have passed and the subjects in which they have passed. P means passed, and P H passed with honours.

SENIOR GRADE.

	English.	Greek.	Latin.	French.	History & Geography.	Arithmetic & Algebra	Geometry.	Trigonometry.	Science.	Result.
Cunningham, W. E.	140	237	179	220	..	114	160	110	..	P
Flewett, T. E.	150	..	222	279	..	203	180	..	P	P
Heatley, R. A.	160	..	120	120	145	166	160	..	P	P
Thrift, W. H.	140	198	210	189	..	228	120	..	135	P

MIDDLE GRADE.

	English.	Greek.	Latin.	French.	History & Geography	Arithmetic & Algebra.	Geometry.	Trigonometry.	Science	Drawing	Result
Abbott, W. E.	225	221	262	246	..	192	270	185	291	..	P H
Armstrong, H. J. L.	230	202	187	208	..	133	200	245	236	..	P H
Coleman, M.	220	..	254	260	215	108	90	165	..	..	P H
Cornick, I.	195	..	225	273	225	178	240	200	..	..	P H
Ellis, A. R.	235	217	317	242	235	167	140	120	..	..	P H
Harris, T. V.	180	182	285	111	100	190	120	..	211	..	P
McCrea, W. B. E.	220	210	343	175	225	151	..	..	..	..	P H
Scales, E. W.	270	239	329	244	..	160	210	225	250	..	P H
Smyth, S.	200	207	219	139	175	233	90	200	224	..	P H
Wallen A.	145	..	304	201	115	107	220	80	201	325	P H

JUNIOR GRADE.

	English.	Greek	Latin.	French.	German.	History & Geography.	Arithmetic & Algebra.	Geometry.	Science & Drawing	Result
Berman, A.	140	..	218	147	..	..	241	270	P	P
Clarendon, H. W.	205	..	220	251	..	145	148	160	173	P
Fielding, W. D.	150	..	249	256	..	..	238	310	P	P
Ginsberg, A.	140	..	174	..	..	..	191	300	P	P
Harris, L.	190	..	255	203	234	135	365	210	210	P
Heyman, L.	170	209	227	208	..	120	256	120	135	P
M'Killingley, D. McD.	230	267	183	174	..	120	134	220	..	P
Lawson, S. McL.	155	288	221	154	..	..	211	..	P	P
Levitt, W. M.	190	..	250	189	225	160	146	..	170	P
M'Guire, R. E.	180	133	234	234	..	160	248	..	221	P H
Nulty, L. B.	230	..	234	208	..	..	290	280	P	P
Reid, C. J.	190	..	134	136	..	..	201	120	P	P
Sayers, J. D.	205	..	177	151	151	..	216	130	P	P
Sayers, M. J.	150	..	120	..	..	..	166	160	P	P
Shapira, N.	235	..	283	246	255	121	313	170	150	P H
Simon, S. L.	205	..	120	..	..	112	323	360	P	P
Taylor, S. C.	210	..	268	215	..	..	236	120	P	P
Timms, G. H. A.	260	..	189	144	..	..	256	170	P	P
Towers, C. D.	190	267	175	188	..	..	162	..	P	P



Football Prospects.



THE following Officers have been elected for the coming season :

Captain—H. BELL.

Vice-Captain—T. V. HARRIS.

Hon. Secretary—W. E. CUNNINGHAM.

Selection Committee—The above Officers with Messrs. Faloone and Watson.

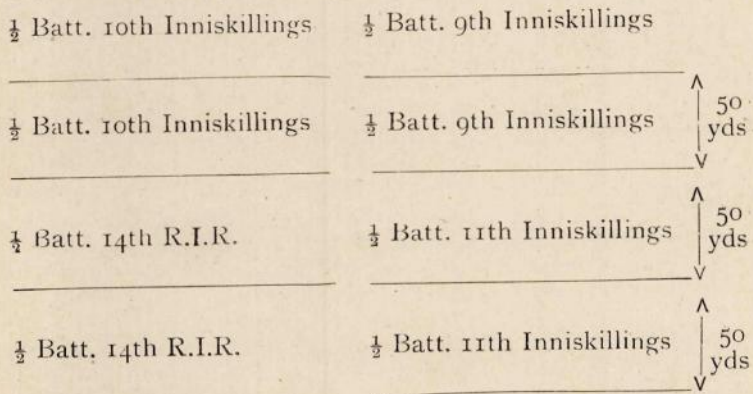
Our prospects for the coming season are fairly hopeful, although we have lost all last year's officers. Dodds, our captain, has passed into Wellington College, India. Digges has already obtained his commission through Woolwich. Bateman, who was elected captain on the departure of Dodds, has entered Trinity College. Of last year's pack, Bell, Mackay, Cunningham, and McKee survive; but, considering the material to hand, a creditable pack ought to be formed. All last year's backs, with the exception of Dodds and Larkin, are still with us. Larkin will shortly be leaving for Sandhurst, and Ellis will probably be brought in to fill the gap in the three-quarter line. Milligan will partner Pedlow at half, and his place at full back will be filled by Scales. We advise all members of the teams to "train" regularly, and thus there will not be any need for remarks from the Press.

The Opening of the Offensive.

1ST JULY, 1916.



AFTER a continuous and violent bombardment of the German trenches and support lines, and villages behind the lines, which lasted for seven days, the offensive was launched at 7.30 a.m. on July 1st. The Divisional frontage was from the northern bank of the River Ancre on the left to Thiépval village on the right, a distance of about 500 yards. The 109th Brigade was on the right of the line, the 108th on the left, extending some 100 yards to the north of the River Ancre. The 107th Brigade was in support. The 109th Brigade attacked in four lines, led by the 9th Inniskillings (right) and 10th Inniskillings (left), these two battalions attacking in lines of half-battalions (see sketch). Behind the 9th Battalion was the 11th Inniskillings, and behind the 10th Battalion the 14th Royal Irish Rifles. These battalions also attacked in lines of half-battalions. This is the most certain method of attack, it is thought.



The foregoing will serve as a guide to the dispositions and method of attack.

We had been told that the attack was to be launched at 7.30, and a few minutes before that time we mustered in the trenches (front line) in the order of the advance. My platoon was on the extreme right of the battalion, and got out of the trench at the head of Union Street.

The most nerve-racking moments of all were those while we waited, watch in hand, for the moment when the Company Commander's whistle would tell us to go "over the top." Suddenly it goes, and we are up the gangway, out of

the trench in single file, and through our own wire, breaking out into line as we got through, until the whole half-battalion has joined up with the half-battalion of the 10th on our left. Then steadily we march on for about 100 yards, not running or charging, but advancing at a steady walking pace. The men are too heavily loaded to run, and it must be remembered that we had to go 1,200 yards to an ultimate objective. Then from our front and from both sides, breaking out like a sudden crackling of a log fire, came the German machine guns, and the front line, with the exception of some dozen men, goes down like ninepins. The remainder lie down and await the coming of the second line of attack, also sadly thinned, when the new line goes on again. Again the same thing happens, and now the Germans have got word back to their artillery, who start a terrific barrage (curtain) fire of high explosive shells and shrapnel until the place is a very inferno.

Then we got to the German front line, where small parties were left to clear out snipers, machine-gunners and the dug-outs. These parties bombed along what was left of the trench, and the bayonet was found an extremely handy weapon there! The main line passed on, reaching the second line in a few moments, now reduced to less than half its strength. The line was halted here for a short time to allow the artillery to lift on to the German 4th line, and it was here that we had time to look around. Such a sight! "No Man's Land," lying between our front line and that of the Germans, was strewn with dead and wounded men, some of the latter trying to crawl to shell holes, and being riddled with German machine-gun bullets while doing so, for the Germans turned their machine-guns on anyone they saw moving, and riddled him until he lay still. Pieces of men were lying in every direction; in one place I saw a head—it looked curious to see it lying alone on the grass. One of the wounded officers was lying near the German front line wire, when one of the German shells lit right on top of him—when the smoke cleared there was nothing there. Another officer who was going to his assistance was also suddenly wiped out of existence by the same shell. I saw one of our men walk calmly up to a machine-gun, kick one of the gunners in the face, bayonet the second, and shoot the third, then picking up the gun and hurling it into the trench on top of him. A sergeant found a machine gun lying on the parapet of the second line, fixed it up with the help of another man, and turned it on the Germans in the third line.

The advance was resumed in about fifteen minutes, and we gained the third line without many more casualties, as the slope of a hill gave us some shelter. Another check here of five minutes and then on again to the fourth line, which we

immediately commenced to consolidate. I had only three of my platoon with me unwounded, and altogether our company had only about ninety men out of 200 who went over the top. It was here that the Germans gave us proof of their wonderful artillery work. Shell after shell lit in that trench, and we were forced to go forward and lie in the open and in shell holes, being subjected to the most terrible enfilade fire from Thiépval village and St. Pierre on the left.

No trace could be found of the Division who should have joined with us on the right, and shortly afterwards word came that the Division on our left had also failed to get through. Our position we realised to be critical, as we were now out on a very narrow salient, with no flank support and subject to enfilade from both flanks.

However, we held on, expecting that the failure on our left and right was only temporary, and that when support could come up the line would be joined up with ours behind Thiépval village.

Everyone who was alive was simply parched with thirst and nearly stiff with cramp from lying in one position for so long, as it was 10 o'clock that night before we got the order to retire. As soon as we heard the order we knew that the Divisions on our flanks had not succeeded; and bitter were the curses we swore at being robbed of what was a certain victory, as the opposition numerically at that point was very weak, and we and the 10th Battalion had already taken 800 prisoners. Should the attack have succeeded we would have broken completely through at that point, and would have, with the help of cavalry, captured the whole German army at that point (probably about two Divisions), and all the artillery that could not be moved quickly. The retreat was carried out in splendid style, being in the nature of a rear-guard action right back, supported by our rifle and machine-gun fire. The Germans had counter-attacked when they saw we were retiring, but the casualties were comparatively slight, and most of the counter-attacking party were made prisoners. The German front line being reached, the hardest part of our work had to be done, as we had to retire through the terrific barrage which the Bosch kept on No Man's Land all day to prevent supports coming up to us, and we lost heavily there.

How anyone escaped is a miracle. Machine-gun bullets were splashing all round, high explosive shells and shrapnel bursting on every side.

When we reached our own front line we had to endeavour to make it fightable in case the German should attack, and also send out parties to bring in killed and wounded. It was impossible to do anything with the dead in the way of burying them; and no petrol was available at the time for burning

them (although this was afterwards done), and all we could do was to pile them up in great heaps in front of our trenches. Some were so badly smashed that it was not possible to move them. The wounded were so numerous and so scattered that the parties could not get them all, or nearly all, in, but after dark (we heard afterwards) large numbers of them had crawled into the sunken road which was between the Bosch trenches and ours (the Hamel-Thiépvál road). These were collected by special parties on Sunday night (2nd July) and Monday night (3rd July), having to lie out there for three days in some cases. An attempt was made by stretcher-bearers to bring in wounded on Sunday morning, but the Germans turned their machine guns on them and they had to desist. Even this work they would not let us do, although the R.A.M.C. are non-combatants and go unarmed.

As no sand-bags were available, and the men of each battalion who had returned were disorganised and mixed up together, the parapets of our trenches (which were terribly blown up) were built up of the dead of each side, British and German being piled up together. It was a ghastly business. One young fellow had his left arm blown off by a shell during the advance, and shortly afterwards another shell took away both legs as he lay on the ground—it was awful to see him writhing in his agony—then he called to a man near him, and a shot put him out of his pain for ever. I wonder how the man felt when he was asked to shoot his friend, but it was the best thing that could happen.

When it was all over, and the roll was called in the Martinsail Wood when we came out on Sunday evening, we had 210 in the battalion out of 700 odd, and four officers unwounded. Only one other officer out of those who were in the attack came back, and he was badly wounded. All the others are killed and missing, and will never be seen again, as we think most of the missing are killed.

H. W. D. McCLENAGHAN,

2nd Lieut. 9th Inniskillings.



Midsummer Examinations, 1916.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

"SIDNEY CARPENTER" MEMORIAL PRIZES—FORM 5—
W. B. E. McCrae, E. W. Scales. FORM 4—
D. M. Killingly.

CLASS PRIZES.

FORM 3A.—Scripture, R. D. Stephens; English, C. T. A. Harper; Latin, W. C. G. Proctor; French, F. G. Flewett; Greek, W. C. G. Proctor;

- German, L. P. Sayers; Mathematics, W. C. G. Proctor; Science, I. E. Jones; History and Geography, C. T. A. Harper; Drawing, I. E. Jones; Commerce, S. F. McCrae.
- FORM 3B.—Scripture, D. D. C. Swayne; English, C. W. E. Prenter; Latin, D. D. C. Swayne; French, R. G. Freeman; Mathematics, R. G. Freeman and L. R. Roughsedge; Science, R. Paisley; History and Geography, J. S. Keddie; Drawing and Writing, R. Paisley; Commerce, J. S. Keddie.
- FORM 3C.—Scripture, H. Montgomery; English, T. J. Mahon; Latin, R. H. Colwill; French, G. E. Taylor; Mathematics, T. J. Mahon; History and Geography, R. H. Colwill; Drawing and Writing, R. H. Colwill and H. Montgomery.
- FORM 2.—Scripture, C. W. Gibbs; English, M. Bell; Latin, T. G. Squires; French, C. W. Gibbs; Mathematics, J. E. Thrift; History and Geography, E. N. Bardon; Drawing and Writing, M. Cowan and R. W. Hannan.
- FORM 1A.—Scripture, D. B. W. Good; English, E. T. Tuckey; French, L. Golding; Arithmetic, D. B. W. Good; History and Geography, D. B. W. Good and E. T. Tuckey; Drawing and Writing, L. Golding.
- FORM 1B.—Scripture, H. P. Mayston; English, E. S. L. Drought; French, H. P. Mayston; Arithmetic, E. S. L. Drought; History and Geography, E. S. L. Drought; Drawing and Writing, F. G. Reeves.



The Mixture.

AS THE READER DESIRES.



A "SKULL in Grafton Street" was the first title I thought of for this article. But the Editor said that his Magazine was too polite for that. So I must change it. But the vision of the skull remains, for it was in Grafton Street, while looking through a window at a picture of such a skull with an owl perched thereon, that the Editor accosted me. "I want an article," said he. I pointed to the motto beneath my picture—"The Wise are Silent." "The wise!" he smiled. "But you——" I cut him short before the insult had gone further.

"I can be funny," said I.

"You look it," said he.

That was enough. I searched in my pocket for my two famous typewritten jokes.

I.

Scene: A graveyard tombstone.

(The Inscription thereon).

JOHN GENTLEMAN.

True to his name he lived

Now he *lies* under it.

The Editor moved as if in pain. I handed him Number 2:—

"And what struck you most at the meeting?" asked the magistrate.

The witness searched his pockets. "I thought I brought it with me, your worship," said he. "It was a piece of a brick."

"Rotten," said the Editor. I sighed.

"Look here," said he, "can you write adventure?"

I drew another typed leaf from my vest. It is page one of my unpublished prose romance.

A.D. 2016.

When school suspended for the mid-day rest it was already only 9 o'clock by the twilight saving scheme. The air had a sting in it, and the slanting sun laughed at the time by the hall clock.

"I'll be back in ten minutes," said Slark, slipping his arms under his wings and starting the dynamo in his vest pocket by pressing his collar stud. "I dropped my exercise on Lambay Island, this morning, and Mr. — has given me 999 lines and the promise of a thick ear."

Mr. — vol-planed that instant out of the lab., but Slark, with a lightning corkscrew lift, eluded him, the smell of his singed hair coming back to us out of the friction of his 180 miles speed per hour. Passing over Sutton the aerobus had halted at the 300ft. altitude to let down a beautiful young lady and a strange man in a parachute. The man was having some kind of convulsions, and the umbrella plunged fearfully. The beautiful young lady was in danger of being suffocated by it. Slark nose-dived after it. "Sheer off," yelled the man as he drew near. "I am experimenting with the currents. I am a scientist." "You are a fool," said Slark. "Yes, but I have killed the lady —" added the scientist.

"Oh, chuck it," said the Editor. "Can't you possibly give me anything serious." "Certainly, now that you know I can be a little mad." "Well," the Editor went on, "tell me your most real experience."

THE REAL LESSON.

The most vivid thing I can remember is this. I was crossing Putney Bridge one day in 1907, I think. The sky was clear; the air was clear; the world seemed very young. Suddenly I heard a slight buzzing overhead, and, looking up, saw an airship sailing gracefully towards St. Paul's.

That morning in school we had been reading Jules Verne's tale, "The Clipper of the Clouds," and "Jepson" had been, as ever, contemptuous of it all. "What's the good of a silly lot of lies?" he used to say, for he was one of those boys who are always impertinent without meaning it. So now on Putney Bridge the first thought that came to me after I had recovered from the amazement of my sight was this, would "Jepson" see the miracle. For this was the first airship that ever yet had come, answering to its helm, above London Town. It was Colonel Cody, who had been a laughing stock for twenty years, that was now the magician of the upper air. This was his great historic flight from Aldershot to the metropolis and back. Next day in school "Jepson" was wonderfully pensive. He had learned the eternal lesson that when one is entirely certain then one is just entirely wrong. But the epilogue to this story is stranger still, for, last year, that doubting boy went up "Icarian" himself over the enemy lines in Flanders, and fought until he was shot down dead.

The Editor looked at me pensively. "I think you are a philosopher," said he. "There are many disguises that an artist must wear," said I. Let us return to the skull.



Our Contemporaries.



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NOTICES.

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