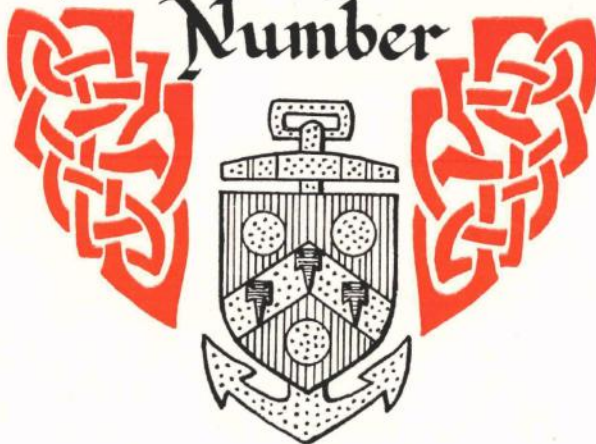


THE ERASMIAN

1899 --- 1949
Golden Jubilee
Number



JUNE, 1949

THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, DUBLIN

EIGHTEEN NINETY NINE — NINETEEN FORTY NINE

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JUNE, 1949

THE STAFF, 1949



Standing:—Rev. J. Murray Moore, B.A.; Messrs. L. B. Cooley, A.M.R.S.C.M.; C. D. Buckley, B.A.; P. J. O’Kane, M.A.; V. W. Graham, M.A.; F. A. L. Gardner, M.A., B.Sc.; J. E. Cornish, B.A.; G. W. Keegan, M.A.; J. R. W. Goulden, B.A.; Rev. E. H. Despard, B.A.

Seated:—Rev. R. H. Dowse, M.A.; Mr. W. R. Wilson, F.R.S.A.; Miss I. M. Gamble, M.A.; Miss M. Woodcock; Mr. C. L. Dillon, M.A.; Dr. J. Bennett (Headmaster); Mr. S. S. Evans, L.C.C., S.C.; Miss D. V. Orr, N.F.U.; Mr. G. C. Johnson, B.A.; Mr. W. G. Kirkpatrick, M.A.; Rev. R. Lee Cole, M.A., B.D.

Foreword

THIS Jubilee issue of THE ERASMIAN will celebrate its fiftieth birthday. It happens, also, that the School will complete its eightieth year in 1949, as it was opened in January, 1870. When the Editor announced beforehand the plans for the present number, he referred to the continuous record of school life which is preserved in such publications. If we try to form a picture of the School during its first thirty years, our only sources of information are bare lists of names, the marks obtained in half-yearly examinations during part of the time, and a few recollections of Old Boys of the period. The only written record which gives some life to the years 1870 to 1880 is a series of articles by J. S. B. MacIlwaine, R.H.A., which appeared in THE ERASMIAN of 1929. He and the late Primate, Archbishop D'Arcy, entered at the opening of the School. The Archbishop was the first President of the O.B.U., founded in 1928, and Mr. MacIlwaine often visited us up to the time of his death in 1945.

With the birth of THE ERASMIAN, a continuous light seems to shine on the ever-recurring yet ever-changing activities of the boys who constituted the School.

My earliest recollections of Trinity College, which I entered in 1902, are of the number of High School boys who were prominent there and of the reputation which the School had for Academic distinction and Sport. During my years of residence, five of the Fellows (of a total of about thirty) had come from The High School. Two of these became Provosts (Dr. Thrift and Dr. Alton). Since then the School has continued to supply outstanding students, and a glance at the record of the last ten years will show that its success has been more than maintained. Distinctions at Entrance and during the College Courses have been greater in number and value than in any similar period in the past. Two former pupils have become Fellows and three appointed Lecturers. Two others have been elected to Professorships and three to Lectureships in English Universities.

During the fifty years of the life of THE ERASMIAN, nearly three thousand boys have been sent out into the world from the School. Their characters have been influenced by their surroundings here, by the Staff and other boys and by all the various activities of a large school, and they were subjected to these influences at the most impressionable period of their lives. We can only hope that the School has had some success in teaching them to value the fundamental things of real worth in life.

It will interest Old Boys to know that the School now occupies all the first two floors of the former Headmaster's house and in the Autumn will extend to the third floor. In September, 1949, the Staff will consist of 16 teachers (besides the Headmaster and Catechists), compared with 10 in 1899.

We greatly regret that the School is about to lose Mr. W. G. Kirkpatrick, who has for many years so ably directed THE ERASMIAN, while giving the boys a real part in its management. We will miss, too, his vitality in organising Sport and marked success in teaching, but we are glad that an Old Boy of our own has obtained well-merited promotion to a position of responsibility in his profession, and we wish him all success and prosperity in his future career.

We are all very grateful to the Committee and contributors—Old Boys and present pupils—who have worked hard to make this issue of THE ERASMIAN a worthy Golden Jubilee Number.

JOHN BENNETT,
Headmaster.

CONTENTS

	Page
FRONTISPIECE	2
FOREWORD	The Headmaster 3
THE EDITOR'S DEN:	
Masters and Boys (1885-1892)	E. H. Alton 5
Early "Erasmians"	G. C. Duggan 6
"Twilight" (Poem)	J. T. Killen 7
Handball and Hockey	C. H. Darley 8
William Wilkins	W. K. Magee 8
"Enitesis Pulchrior Multo" (Poem)	R. Bell 9
Dust and Feathers	A. N. Jeffares 9
Looking Back (1912-1917)	W. E. Abbott 11
The Yosemite Valley	D. M. Frazer 11
The Channel Islands Under Occupation	A. G. Scott 12
Swan Song	"R.U.A." 15
Schools in Lebanon	H. W. Naylor 15
The Lay of the Last Man In	"L.S.M." 16
ἡ Γενναῖα-κάς	"A" 16
Protest Against Nihilism	E. W. Allen 17
Post Haste	T. V. Jackson 17
Birds in May	R. A. Dalzell 18
The Baths	I. E. Burrows 19
"Work" (Poem)	J. McDonough 19
My First Experience on an Escalator	G. Fisher 19
Such is Life	G. A. Henderson 20
Half-way Round the World	R. G. Brooks 21
The "Impot" (Poem)	W. F. Wilson 22
A Visit to a Farm	G. Hayes 22
A Visit to a Museum	D. Malcolm 22
The Dublin Airport	J. D. Wilkinson 23
A Puppy's Story	S. H. Heaney 23
Fifty Years Ago	 23
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES:	
School News	 25
Examination Results	 27
The Library	 28
The Chess Club	 29
The "Irish Times" "Goes to Bed"	 29
Twelve Annual Concerts	 30
Parents' Association	 31
SPORTS REVIEW:	
Club Officers	 32
Cricket Notes	 33
Tennis Notes	 33
Rugby Notes	 34
Athletics	 35
Table Tennis	 35
The Boxing Club	 36
Handball	 38
OLD BOYS' UNION:	
Officers	 40
Hon. Secretary's Preface	 40
The Old Boys' Union (by the President)	 40
General Notices	 41
Old High School Rugby Internationals	 42
News of Old Boys	 42
Marriages	 43
Deaths	 43

THE EDITOR'S DEN

Masters and Boys

(1885—1892)

BEFORE I was introduced to The High School and its Headmaster in 1885, I had spent the best part of two years at the School of Art. It was my father's hope that I might show myself capable of benefiting by the scheme of studies established by South Kensington. Becoming suddenly alarmed at my state of ignorance, at the suggestion of an uncle that stern discipline was good for young boys, my father hurried one afternoon to Harcourt Street and I made the acquaintance of Mr. Wilkins. After a short examination, he thought he could take me into the Lower First, and there I met some of my very first friends. The head of the class at that time was Arthur Moore, who subsequently, for many years, was Registrar of the Erasmus Smith Board.

I passed from class to class with varying degrees of discomfort. I made a number of friends and met others, who were not so friendly. Some masters were helpful and others seemed to show an anxiety to report the members of the class to the Headmaster, who took his own way of educating the young and correcting their deficiencies.

There were some remarkable figures on the staff of the School when I was there. Outstanding, I thought, as a teacher was Charles Egerton, who ultimately obtained a Chair of English Literature in New Zealand. He had a wonderful gift of teaching. He could cloak the simplest matter with some interesting phrase or illustration, so that his students, if any way attentive, never forgot it. He certainly could teach English grammar and the elements of English literature in a marvellous way.

French at that time was in the hands of a very big Prussian, Herr Krahmer. If he was in the mood, he could tell one tales of the great campaigns of Prussia, and especially the Siege of Paris. He had a gift for philology, and he tried to enlighten his class with the discoveries of Jakob Grimm, whom hitherto I associated only with fairy tales. He was always urging me to join his class in German, and I regret to

this day that my father did not agree to this proposition.

Then there was Mr. Cooney, interested in everything athletic, particularly football. And ultimately, as one neared the top of the School, one encountered George Wilkins, who finally, when still Classical master of the School, obtained Fellowship in Trinity. He was a brilliant teacher. He was succeeded by John Thompson, who taught us what Homeric philology could be. Those who were under him will never forget him and his unfathomable kindness.

I met all of these and others whom I have not mentioned. I only had a few months under Thomas Foster, who left us to obtain a headmastership in Belfast. He was, we believed, largely responsible for the achievements of William Thrift, who was at the top of the School when I entered. Foster was an extremely kind man and was patient with the dullest of his class, among whom I think I could reckon myself.

I suppose the master who made the biggest mark with young people was Tom Taggart. He was only in the School for a short period, I think about a couple of years, but during that period he won his place on the International Rugby Team, and I am not sure, but I think he actually scored in one of the great matches.

There were heroes of football also among the boys; how we revered the brothers Brunker and the brothers Jeffares! One of each of these families wore in time the green jersey.

The Headmaster had, I think, more respect for the less athletic members of his flock. Outstanding among these was John Arbuthnot Nairn, who left the School for Cambridge, where he made a record score in winning prizes, and left the university to become Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School in London. He was a most accurate scholar. He was senior to me, but I worked often at his side in the big classroom; I marvelled at his industry and envied his beautiful handwriting. In my own year, or thereabouts, were two others who studied Classics and who kept more or less

together—John Wisdom and J. R. Colthurst. John Wisdom won a place in the Civil Service and settled down to a quiet life of office work and study in London. He first devoted himself to Oriental languages and then turned to Russian, and translated two or three Russian novels, which were published. He went out with the Territorials in the first war in charge of a machine-gun section and was killed very soon. His brother, Tom, was in the class above me, and he was the father of John Wisdom, junior, who has distinguished himself in recent years in Trinity and elsewhere.

A long way senior to me was W. B. Yeats, who, even in school, was writing poetry and scheming plays.

There were many others above me. I might mention F. M. Hitchcock, who was competing for Fellowship in the year I entered College. Junior to him was W. E. Thrift, destined to precede me as Provost, and G. V. Jourdan. Other names and faces flash through my memories: J. R. Prenter, a splendid scholar whose verses adorned *Kottabos*; Robert Ashe, who was murdered in India—how I admired him! he was a very faithful friend; Ernest Longworth and his brother Bertie. Ernest distinguished himself in journalism. Another of my year was Joseph Kemp; we were very good friends, but I never saw as much of him as I would have liked. He made a reputation for himself as a judge in China.

All these, I am afraid, are names only to my readers, but their memories are imperishable for me.

The Headmaster of the School, "W.W.," started his post-graduate career as a poet and his volume of "Songs of Study" was often to be found amongst the prizes awarded to promising schoolboys. He believed in discipline and enforced it, but he was proud of the School and proud of the achievements of his boys. He was kind, but took pains to conceal his kindness. It was only later on in life that I learned how many boys owed their fortunes in later days to the help that "W.W." gave.

I should like, if I had space, to say something about the nature of our studies and games. There was no question of compulsion as regards the latter, but compulsion was unceasing behind our studies. We all worked

at Mathematics, Classics, English and French; there were a few who attended Krahmer's German class. If a boy wanted to study Science, he was allowed to read Ganot for himself.

Enough! I must turn from the interesting world of past days, its ghosts and memories, to the commonplace duties of the present.

E. H. ALTON.

Early "Erasmians"

WHEN THE ERASMIAN first appeared fifty years ago, I had been at The High School for nearly three years and had reached the mature age of 14. It was not the first School Magazine. Its predecessor, named "H.S.D.," was started in 1896 or 1897. It was not printed, but duplicated in manuscript and circulated from hand to hand. Newport White (now the Librarian in Marsh's Library) edited it and was assisted by his second brother George (who subsequently became a clergyman and died in 1907). A younger brother, Vere, a classmate of my own, lent me a copy to read. It contained a poem by George modelled on Hood's "I remember, I remember the house where I was born," beginning "I remember, I remember The High School long ago," subsequently reproduced in THE ERASMIAN itself. From what I recollect of the articles in the Magazine, they would not have appealed to some of the masters, and the work was clearly a spontaneous boyish production. Copies must now be extremely rare, if they exist at all.

The early issues of THE ERASMIAN, as we now know it, were editorially almost entirely in the hands of the Senior Classical Master, Mr. John Thompson, who later succeeded to the post of Headmaster.

Two other Masters, Mr. C. H. Ward and Mr. W. E. Paterson, assisted in the production of the Magazine, the former writing the "Editorial" for the first three numbers, and the latter the "Cycling Notes" and at least one poem.

Three boys who played an important part in the production of the first two numbers were Newport White, who acted as Secretary, A. W. McFarlane and C. H. McComas, who

both held the post of Treasurer successively. White did most of the "reporting" until he left school at the end of the year 1899. Another boy, C. Scaife, supplied the first "Cricket Notes."

Apart from these, little or no responsibility fell to any of the boys, though occasionally original contributions were furnished. I think that we were shyer than the modern schoolboy and that such of us as did try to write poetry concealed the fact as something almost shameful. Years later, I sent a short poem to Mr. Thompson for publication in *THE ERASMIAN* and he then made a curious confession to me—that he had never been able to understand how people were moved to write poetry and that he himself had no poetic sense.

Except for accounts of school matches and such news, I do not remember many genuine literary efforts in the early numbers. Old Boys who had read papers at College Societies persuaded the Editor to commit their efforts to posterity. For some reason a phrase in one such remains embedded in my memory: "In Ireland we live in a miasma of politics"; it still reads quite up-to-date.

An Old Boy who helped from the beginning by writing up such features as "College Notes" and "Notes on Old Boys" was George A. Joynt. Among others who sent contributions were Cecil H. Darley, R. G. Leonard, T. E. Stephens and H. A. Harmsworth—later Sir Hildebrand, the journalist, who wrote an article on "Modern Journalism" for the first number.

A contribution of my own appeared in the Magazine about the end of the year 1900, though it was without the permission of the author. Someone had supplied Mr. Thompson with an account of a play which I had written "for private production," in which an Irish bard (the Abbey Theatre was beginning to make its presence felt) prophesies in verse at the end of the play the deeds of Irish Regiments in the Boer War then drawing to its close. These prophetic verses were printed in full, and though the name of the author was withheld, I went about for some weeks in fear (though with an inner thrill) that I might be publicly branded as a poet.

And with these few reminiscences I will now unashamedly commit the remainder of my thoughts to verse.

THE JUBILEE OF "THE ERASMIAN"

What? Can it be a full half-century's span
Since first I turned your leaves, *ERASMIAN*,
In whose recorded chart one dimly hears
The heart-beats of the school across the years?
What did the infant look like? It was pink
Outside, within was the same printer's ink
As makes the text to-day—advertisements,
The doings of old boys, or school events,
Poems like primroses, shy, elusive things,
High-soaring prose or borne on broken wings.

* * *

This child now having reached its Jubilee
Decides to follow fashion and be free.
No master's hand shall check its vagrant mood,
No censorship insist that it be good.
What shall it say of Smith and Jones, who fuss
Of cosines and integral calculus?
Or Robinson whose Greek and Latin flail
Makes even the stoutest Classicist turn pale?
What if this grown-up child shall roundly curse
French teachers or the guardians of our Erse?
Or Shakespeare hear his snail-like schoolboy
roar
And rend both playwright and expositor?

* * *

It is a dream, for still *TH' ERASMIAN* hears
The master's footfall after fifty years.
No boyish freak will break the faithful trust
The years have handed on, no staining rust
Will tarnish the bright steel that honour wears.
These pages are a field of corn, not tares.
The trumpets of the years, as they began,
Still sound *reveillé* to *TH' ERASMIAN*.

G. C. DUGGAN.

Twilight

The sun will soon be lost from sight,
And soon the day will yield to night.
The lights are being lit inside,
While darkness spreads out far and wide.

The cows are settling down to rest,
The birds are sleeping in the nest,
Now all the beasts are fast asleep,
And shining stars begin to peep.

JOHN T. KILLEN (Form 3C¹), Age 11.

Handball and Hockey

I WOULD like, if I may, to use THE ERASMIAN for putting on record two things which occurred during my nine years (1888-1897) as a pupil, I will not say scholar, at High School, namely, the building of the handball courts and the formation of a hockey club.

Before the handball courts were built, some informal handball was played from time to time against any old wall, but it occurred to some of us that we should have a proper court, and I was deputed to draw up a petition to the Governors. This I did, and, as I write an execrable hand, I asked my elder brother, who was an excellent penman, to make a fair copy. I took this to the Headmaster, who read it through to himself and then read aloud the first sentence, which began: "It has for some time been felt. . . ." He said: "What kind of a construction is that? I won't submit such a document to the Governors. Take it away!" That was that!

I heard at the time, whether true or not I can't say, that the Head had asked the Governors to have put up some kind of a building where boys could play on wet days during the midday break and that he feared our petition might torpedo his plan. Now the Chairman of the Board of Governors at that time was the Right Hon. Hedges Eyre Chatterton, Vice-Chancellor of Ireland, who lived near my home in Stillorgan and was an intimate friend of my family. One day walking from the train at Stillorgan I told him of the Head's rejection of our petition. He said that he had never heard such nonsense, and told me to send the petition to the Governors direct. This I did, and shortly afterwards the building of the two courts began. I now feel that this by-passing of the Head was grossly irregular, but at the time it was to me pure joy.

I hope that succeeding generations of boys have got as much pleasure out of handball as mine did. We had some good players, the best of whom were the brothers George W. and D. Malcolm Frazer, who were never beaten when playing together.

As regards the Hockey Club, its foundation was due to the enterprise of Mr. W. E. Paterson, Form Master of Lower Fourth Class. His

was a delightful personality, if a little informal. He did not confine himself to academic instruction. One day—it was in 1892—he mentioned that he was thinking of starting a hockey team and that some other Old Boys had been talking about it. He contemplated a team of present and Old Boys. I said we at home, that is my brothers and some friends, had played a kind of hockey for years, mostly with sticks cut out of the hedge. Willie Paterson was delighted at finding even one boy with experience of the game. Before long a team was got together. I think the first match was played against a King's Hospital team, also a mixture of masters and boys. Next we played a team from the Rifle Brigade then in Dublin; and soon Three Rock Rovers and other clubs were founded. But what I want to emphasise is that modern hockey in Ireland was born in The High School. This is stated in more than one book on the subject (see *Hockey in Ireland* by T. S. C. Dagg, another Old Boy). Besides Willie Paterson, other masters played: C. H. Ward and the Rev. William Anderson ("Andy" for short, behind his back), subsequently the Head of Mountjoy School for many years. I suggest that it is good for masters and boys to play together, if possible, as we did in our day in hockey and cricket, as well as in the cycling club (formed about 1893 or 1894). This gives the boys an opportunity of learning that masters are human, and the masters of finding that few boys are little devils.

Amongst the boy members of the team Arthur Cheales was the best, and he subsequently got his hockey blue at Cambridge.

I for one regret that hockey died out as a High School game, for though I think that rugger is a better game, there ought to be room for both, as King's Hospital and St. Columba's still prove.

CECIL H. DARLEY.

William Wilkins

I WONDER how many people now remember William Wilkins, Headmaster of The High School, when I was one of its pupils in the early eighties of last century. To most of the boys he seemed a cruel man, and was much feared by the youngsters whose ears he pinched; and

at his canings, conducted in presence of the whole school, the more sensitive of us looked on with horror. He called all the boys by their Christian names (his own name amongst them all being "Billy"), but this hardly made his sarcasms, delivered in his hearty Dundalk brogue, more endearing. He had no wish, however, to make himself popular—apparently rather the contrary.

I think now that he was a highly competent and conscientious Headmaster, taking his duties very seriously, and, in the words of the School motto: "Faithful to his trust." He made a point of knowing each of his pupils as intimately as possible. When one met him outside the School, he was quite different and had dropped all his terrors, and in this way I entered into very friendly relations with him. (Curiously, this phase of our relations began on top of the old horse-tramcar outside the gates of the Phoenix Park on the Monday after the terrible Saturday of the murders, the scene of which we had both been visiting, and I remember how we both saluted Earl Spencer, who suddenly clattered out of the gates with his cavalcade of mounted police.)

The only class he took himself was in English literature, a subject in which he imparted to some at least of his pupils his own passionate interest, and he had a way of quoting in his soft brogue typical passages from the poets which, in my own case, awakened an early interest in poetry. Shakespeare he seemed to know almost by heart, and I remember his own densely annotated copy which he once lent me. He had been a poet himself in early life, and had published a volume, *Songs of Study*, which his pupils used to receive with a certain amount of chagrin as one of their prizes. The volume is now forgotten, and the poems are not, in fact, very good, though one of them, "In the Engine Shed," used to be a favourite in popular recitations.

There must have been many men scattered over the world to whom their copies of *The Golden Treasury* or Shakespeare brought memories of William Wilkins. It has certainly been so with myself.

W. K. MAGEE.
("JOHN EGLINTON")

Enitescis Pulchrior Multo

Through half a century thy leaves have turned,
Not to the sere and yellow which are burned
In autumn bonfires.—No! thou hast retained
Thy pristine sheen unsullied and unstained,
Save only when thy turning leaves are pawed
By grubby boys who read to scoff, not laud.
We honour now thy Golden Jubilee
In these few lines of "Old Boy" poesy,
And stand wide open to that grubby crew.
But undeterred by scornful little men,
We hasten to resume our theme again:
While youth sits in the editorial chair,
Thou wilt remain both young and debonair,
Unscathed by years which to thy readers bring
Senility, sans teeth, sans everything.

RANDAL BELL.

Dust and Feathers

WHEN I was asked to edit THE ERASMIAN I had had some previous editorial experience: I had been proprietor and editor of the *Opinion*, a short-lived but colourful journal which was produced in Forms 3c Upper and 3A. Part of its colour came from multi-coloured inks, part from lurid illustrations of aeroplanes, racing cars, and trains; but the colourful quality that remains in my memory lies in the intense zest with which it was produced, the literary enthusiasm which wrote many of its pages in periods allotted to science and mathematics, and the idealism which was content with no profit—since the penny charged to members of the form, for the privilege of reading and thereafter most frankly criticising it, barely covered the cost of the exercise books and ink which went to its making.

Mr. George Orwell might ask what the political or sociological purposes of the venture were: the answer is that there were none. It was truly a labour of love the magazine expressed the joy of imagination at its height, a schoolboy's, be it granted, but how vigorous a schoolboy's imagination can be—so strong that he imagines the whole of his work original, and only after long years does he realise the vast debt owed to the literature of a properly varied schoolboy's diet; the brilliant fantasies and adventure stories of Alfred Edgar, then the most versatile writer in the pages of the

Modern Boy, and, in contrast, the technical gravity of the *Meccano Magazine*; the active unintrospective characters in the stories of the *B.O.P.* or *Chums*, juxtaposed with the mechanical details of machines supplied by the *Motor* or the *Aeroplane*.

The result of all this reading and dreaming was the creation of stories ranging from hidden aerodromes in the Behring Strait to secret harbours in the South Seas; stories of schoolboys who managed to save their uncle's car factory from disaster by racing one of his cars successfully without his knowledge, aided, of course, by the faithful elderly mechanic, a stock character; stories, too, of the more advanced young men, who, greatly daring and not a little bashful, proposed to a heroine at the close of their chivalrous war against Afghan bandits—there was always a clearly defined, simple, black and white morality, which made things easy to handle. But there was a touch of complexity, of psychology perhaps, in a tale written round a suitable drawing of a steam roller, of the boy who followed one of those romantic products of the Fowler factory as it rolled and scarified its way along the neighbouring roads, walking up and down with it, gradually losing interest in his work, until finally, summoned by the Headmaster to explain himself, his reason appeared to have vanished, and, muttering fiercely "Puff, puff, puff, scrunch," he knocked over the inkpot on the desk with the terse explanation "Tar!" No modern touch of leaving the reader in the air; a schoolboy public was too critical to accept that easy way out. The blunt finale had to be told: "and so, a little sadly, they took him away, still puffing and scrunching, to the mental asylum."

One story had something of larger vision in it; doubtless from a literary critic's point of view it depended too much upon coincidence, but the recent tragedy of a little girl's death in a disused oil well, while her father was away endeavouring to compel the closure of such wells, suggests that my story of a pro-British Countess, whose son was a member of the I.R.A., had a greater touch of reality about its melodrama than my contemporaries were willing to concede. The Countess told the police, searching for a wounded gunman who had escaped them, that there was no one in her room; after they had left she went to the

curtain behind which she had heard a rustling, and there found her son, who, though wounded, had managed to climb through the window, but had died immediately. It was not well worked out, but it was unusual, and it shared in the exciting qualities of the other serials and stories, the drama that even their titles seemed to exude: "Snarling Guns," "The Rival Pirates," "Mystery Aerodrome," and the rest.

The excitement with which the adventures of these fortunate characters (who, like Dick Barton, led charmed lives) had been penned and illustrated did not die away when some years later I had the honour to edit *THE ERASMIAN*; on the contrary, it increased. The first sight of print brings a proof that it is all real, a thrill that never completely vanishes afterwards, and a foretaste of responsibility which becomes more firmly seated as time goes on—responsibility, or rather apprehension, from the moment of accepting the position of editor, realising that first one must catch one's hare, that the schoolboy pack needs to be firmly laid on to the scent before it will contribute to the chase of material, and wondering dreamwise whether the hounds will not turn into the wolves of outraged public opinion to whom the editor should obviously be thrown, or questioning if life will be spared, ghostridden by racked and beheaded misprints. The excitement varies from editor to editor, no doubt, but what it must surely leave common to all is a sense of belonging a little more intimately to the institution with which the magazine is connected. I remember experiencing some degree of this collective feeling when I first saw all the *ERASMIANS* from time immemorial in a dusty old cupboard and set to work at Dr. Bennett's suggestion to sort them and put them in order: their editors' aspirations and apprehensions lay there covered in dust. It caused a commonplace but none the less poignant Horatian realisation of the passing of time, a memory of Pindar's "Man is the dream of a shadow." The dust would shortly settle on one's own body and on the *ERASMIANS* of one's own editing; yet what had happened since the magazine began was not altogether insignificant. *THE ERASMIAN* has given visual form to a loyalty, an awareness, even a tradition which, despite lengthening lists of editors, altered formats, and ever-changing emphasis, maintains an ideal of service.

A. N. JEFFARES.

Looking Back (1912-1917)

WHEN I was a pupil at The High School there were no "Houses" or Prefects; no Irish, choir or dramatics; no boxing, tennis or table tennis. Nevertheless, we seemed to be fully occupied.

The Classics reigned supreme in the curriculum though a wide range of subjects was taken by nearly all. While the School enjoyed a high reputation for academic achievement, the "Inter." was not taken with the same deadly seriousness as in other Irish schools. In those days the exams were divided into Junior, Middle and Senior grades and most boys took them in succession. We certainly did not resort to the specialisation and cramming prevalent elsewhere, and yet a large measure of success did attend our efforts and was welcomed by those in authority.

After 1914 it became customary for boys to join the British Army on leaving school. To most it appeared inevitable. To all it seemed right. Ere long the Headmaster, Mr. John Thompson, had frequently to announce war casualties in the ranks of the Old Boys. While it seemed to his listeners that the dead had given their lives in a worthy cause which must in the end prevail, he was careful to promise no Utopia when the war was over.

The Annual Athletic Sports were held in the R.D.S. enclosure at Ballsbridge in 1913 and 1914 and then abandoned for the war period. Cricket and rugby were played at Belgrave Square with a varying measure of success. During the swimming season there were weekly visits to the Iveagh Baths and in the winter a Rifle Club, which operated in the Clockroom, provided keen competition. The present Headmaster, Dr. Bennett, then Senior Classical master, supervised both these clubs and joined in their activities.

In the playground, handball and a form of "soccer" with a tennis ball flourished. In the latter the field of play was bordered on one side by a wall against which the ball could be kicked and remain in play on the rebound. There was a maypole, too, on which quite "elderly" boys did not disdain to have a go.

Did the sun shine more often in those days? I believe it did! It was grand to be alive and in Dublin.

W. E. ABBOTT (Nottingham).

The Yosemite Valley

A JUBILEE is always a great occasion, and a literary Jubilee is a far and wide event which calls generally for reminiscences.

Sixty-three years ago I entered High School; fifty-three years ago I left High School. The least said about my sojourn there the better. Fifty-one years ago I entered the largest commercial concern in Dublin, and ten years ago I left my employment to accomplish the dearest wish of my life—to see the world. How lucky I was to be able to do this at that particular moment, as what I did could not be accomplished now at any price.

Let me describe just one twelve-hour journey—or try to describe it, for it baffles description—and if you read these words slowly and consider them carefully, you may get the idea of a thrill.

A thrill. What is a thrill? Surely something unexpected, or half unexpected, which one may be looking forward to or come upon by chance. It is, at any rate, something which leaves a lasting impression. I have seen many of the World's Wonders, but should like to recall one which was thrilling, marvellous and wonderful to see.

I had to stay for a few days in San Francisco and was strongly advised by a friend to go to the Yosemite Valley (YO SEM I TEE) instead of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Travelling by night train in a sleeper, I arrived at Merced Station in the early morning. Breakfast was obtained in the station, and, shortly after, a motor coach drew up to bring passengers to the Valley. The distance is eighty-four miles and uphill all the way until the road reaches 4,000 feet above sea level.

At the entry to the Valley proper the tops of the rocks on either side are another 4,000 feet above the road. The vegetation is luxuriant. At the end of the valley road there is a magnificent hotel where a most sumptuous lunch was provided in palatial style. One hour only was allowed—I wish it had been longer so as to dally over each mouthful! The bus for the top of the Canyon started at 1.30 p.m. and nine passengers "embussed." If you had not a warm coat you were supplied with one and a

rug, for we were bound for the extra 4,000 feet.

My diary records that adjectives in the English language fail miserably to describe the awe, the beauty, the majesty, the depths and distances which were before us under a clear sunny sky. At the culminating peak a great flat rock juts out into space with a drop of several thousand feet immediately below. It is strongly fenced round to prevent anyone disposed to giddiness from falling over. Away sixty miles in the distance are clearly visible the snow-capped Matterhorn Peak (12,100 feet high) and a range of mountains. In the near distance there is a rock which is sheer from top to bottom, cut flat as if out of a piece of cheese, 3,300 feet from top to bottom, called El Capitan, with not a blade of vegetation on it. Looking below you and down the Valley, you see a dense forest of fir trees, and in the middle distance there are two waterfalls—one over 900 feet and the other over 600 feet. The road below in the valley appears just like a thread of a spider's web. The Valley is of glacial formation, of course, and five glaciers are still in the neighbourhood. As far as the eye can see in all directions, Nature has produced a thrill which can never be forgotten.

If you can visualise what I have attempted to describe, you should have it before you to see this panorama before you die.

It was difficult to tear oneself away from the sight, but the 'bus was due to return at 4.45 p.m. and an hour's run brought us back to the hotel (which is named Ahwahnee). On the way down the driver stopped the car at a bend in the road and the sound of the car was evidently well known to the denizens, as out of the woods came some deer and approached the car expectantly. It seems that the driver of the 'bus always carries some sweets which the deer will take out of his hand without any fear. I tried my hand at giving some sweets and they came to me also. (I have a photo of myself caught in the act, as evidence!) A booked sleeper awaited me at Merced Station, to which I early retired and found myself at San Francisco at 8 o'clock next morning, well pleased with my friend's advice.

D. MALCOLM FRAZER.

The Channel Islands under Occupation

I WAS living in the Channel Islands for nine years—from October, 1936, to September, 1945—first in Alderney and Guernsey and, from March, 1939, in Jersey.

I was unfortunate enough not to get away before the arrival of the German forces, and having no choice lived through five years of their occupation.

When war broke out in 1939 nobody was seriously alarmed, as we thought it would never reach our shores; but after Dunkirk and the collapse of France, St. Helier, Jersey's capital, was declared an open town and panic broke loose in the island, with a run on the banks and people struggling to get away by any means—in potato boats, coal boats or otherwise. No luggage, save one small case, was allowed to each person, and some people bolted with only what they stood up in.

It was necessary to register at the Town Hall to get away, and I was thirteen hours in a badly kept queue, from 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., before I got my name down, and I booked for the first regular passenger boat available sailing on 2nd July, 1940.

On 28th June I was sitting in my room, about two miles from the town, when at 7.40 p.m. a tremendous explosion took place. I immediately ran out to investigate, when a number of other explosions occurred in the direction of the town.

On reaching the sea wall I saw a huge blaze, where a timber yard was on fire, while three planes came over from the north-west firing machine guns. I sought shelter in an archway, and presently met excited groups of women talking in English and French, and a boy on a bicycle coming from the town said the town was in ruins and full of dead and dying.

Fortunately it was not so bad, but a number of hotels beside the harbour had their fronts shattered, and 9 people were killed and 22 injured. Earlier on much worse happened in Guernsey. The German planes first arrived there and bombed the mail boat leaving for England, and although it was not hit, about 30 people standing at the departure platform were killed and about 60 injured.

This was the last boat for England, but we did not know it at the time, and I had all ready to go on 2nd July when I was told in town on 1st July that the Germans had landed in Guernsey at noon.

A crowd was gathering in the Royal Square, St. Helier, and the Bailiff, mounting a box, read to us the translation of the German Proclamation, which had been dropped at an early hour that morning. It set forth the usual terms of occupation and penalties in the event of resistance. In a voice charged with emotion he said he was having these orders carried out, and told us to keep orderly and obey them.

The Germans arrived by air on that evening, Monday, 1st July, 1940, at 5.30 p.m. and were duly met by the Bailiff and staff, while bed sheets and white calico fluttered from all houses.

So I and a host of non-native residents were willy-nilly virtually prisoners of war.

My first view of the Germans was next morning, when I saw a young soldier, little more than a boy, in a grey-green uniform with a coal scuttle green helmet, on guard at the slipway outside the Grand Hotel, near the town. His rifle was slung on his back, and he was chatting in broken English to some local youths and offering them his binoculars to study the view.

Another proclamation was issued at night, making a curfew at 11 p.m., ordering all fire arms to be surrendered, all motor cars, except for essential purposes under permit, to be put out of action, and all military and reservists on leave to report at the Town Hall.

A detailed census was ordered by our new rulers, as well as stocktaking of all drapers and outfitters. Currency was first fixed 8 Reich-marks to the £, amended to 7 Reich-marks in a few days, and finally, in 1942, to 9.36. As Fritz, the private soldier, received 2 marks per day, he was quite comfortably situated. The Germans soon began to buy up woollen and fur goods, which they forwarded to Germany, and soon stocks were exhausted.

An unpleasant incident happened early on when a German soldier removed the hat of an Irish labourer, who was having supper in a café. The Irishman promptly floored the German, but was arrested, handed over to the civil authorities, by whom he was given a

month's hard labour. Quite a number of young Irish labourers were stranded in Jersey, men who had come over for the potato season.

The market for tomatoes and potatoes was now gone and they were selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 1d. a pound respectively before rationing started. Later the Germans bought and shipped a lot of both to Germany.

Rationing was in full swing before Christmas—turkeys now costing £3 10s. each—and my landlady supplied a rabbit as a great treat for Christmas dinner, 1940.

The Germans did themselves royally the first Christmas with sing songs and Christmas trees covered with fairy lamps and tinsel.

1941 opened with a hard winter, and although we had an accredited buyer in Granville, France, food got very scarce.

The Germans were apparently on their good behaviour, and were civil and courteous; there was nothing in the nature of an outrage. Heavy fortification went up all over the island, and light railways were run from the harbour along the coast and into the interior. A lot of French labourers were imported, and many local men took up jobs working for the Germans, which naturally caused considerable ill-feeling.

Practically all hotels were taken over. Certain large houses along the coast were also requisitioned, and their owners had to look for accommodation elsewhere.

Early on a local countryman blundered into the military zone after dusk, was called on to halt, but took to his heels, was fired at and killed. However, if one obeyed the military laws, one was not molested.

The Germans were exceedingly touchy about the sign "V" and penalised certain districts where it was written up, by making a certain number of persons patrol the district at night to watch for the offenders.

1942 was a hard year. The winter was very severe and the schools had to be closed for a considerable time, as there was no heating. We were in dire straits for shoe leather, and I had my shoes soled with old motor tyres.

Community kitchens were opened in St. Helier, and great praise is due to a Scotch lady (a Miss Frazer), a Domestic Science Instructress, for their organisation. A small meal of vegetable soup, a few potatoes with mince

meat and a little stewed fruit could be had for sevenpence; and rich and poor were glad to sit down to bare tables and enjoy the little meal, often as a supplement to one at home.

A big shock came in September, 1942. The German Command ordered the deportation of all British subjects, other than Channel Islanders, to Germany for internment. I fully expected to go, and a lot of my friends were taken; but when they had deported about 1,500 they said they had got their "quota," and about half of us "non-natives" remained. From what I can gather these deportees were in many ways better off than we, as in addition to whatever German rations they had, they got regular Red Cross parcels, while we did not receive parcels until the beginning of 1945.

By 1943 we had become accustomed to rationing, which was something like as follows: Vegetables, *unrationed*; remainder—*weekly*: a small quantity of meal for porridge, 5 lbs. of potatoes, 4½ lbs. of bread, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. meat; *monthly* in addition: pot of jam, tin of tunny fish, bottle of wine, piece of soap, 3 oz. cheese.

Tea, of course, had long disappeared, and we were using a substitute made either of beet-root or of carrots, while coffee was made from corn or from acorns. Fishing for one's dinner was a favourite pastime, and I have done this sitting on a rock with a stick and a line.

The "Marché Noir" or Black Market flourished to a scandalous extent, and many vows of vengeance were made as to what would be done to those farmers who sold to the rich or to the Germans, and starved the poor.

All farmers were not like these mentioned, as I personally met with considerable kindness from some who supplied me with eggs all through the occupation.

But a feeling of great distrust was in the islands, caused by informers—writers of anonymous letters to the German Command—giving away people with wireless sets, or otherwise breaking the German laws, and a number of people in consequence were sent to jail or deported to the Continent. In 1942 all wireless sets were called in, but in spite of this some people succeeded in hiding theirs all through the occupation.

Lots of people were laid up, including the writer, with enteritis in 1943, caused by the

poor food, and I was six weeks in hospital. Food was now desperately short, and school children were bringing raw turnips with them for lunch.

Occasional Allied 'planes would cross, flying at a great height, and heavy anti-aircraft fire would follow, making the windows rattle. At night, it was a wonderful sight—the "flaming onions" and searchlights being just like a fire-work display.

The night of the Normandy Invasion, in June 1944, was a hectic one. The anti-aircraft guns were going all night and I could not sleep; my landlady in the morning, in great excitement, told me that the invasion had started.

A notice was issued by the German Command that people must keep calm, and that if fighting took place we were to remain indoor, and any attempt to assist the "enemy" would be punished by death.

This was an anxious time, and the Jersey Government supplied us with a week's rations free, and told us to keep this as an emergency, which I fear few people did. An invasion of Jersey was fully expected, and we were very fortunate it did not come off, as very few of us would have survived.

I was fortunate enough to get rooms in a farmhouse at this time; my landlady going to keep house for her uncle, a farmer, and giving me the offer of accompanying her. There I was much better off, and at least did not lack plain food.

The year dragged on with hope increasing, but with our supplies cut off from France, and the Germans requisitioning some local food, our position was very serious. Nightly robberies of fowl and even rations were constant and noiseless. Stewed limpets, carrigeen moss, goat, and even old horse were freely eaten; while individual German soldiers were offering 2 bottles of cognac for a dog, and one bottle for a cat.

In 1945, with the 1944 harvest finished, we were in dire straits. Fortunately the Red Cross became alive to our position, and on 3rd January we got our first parcels, amid great relief. It was from the Canadian Red Cross, and everyone got a parcel with an assortment of tinned goods, which were welcomed with joy. The second arrival of the boat was not for four weeks after, and we were getting

despondent again, especially as we had now no bread and no potatoes, and were living on turnips. Fortunately the Red Cross boat came regularly after this, bringing also much-needed flour; but for the Red Cross I fear we should not have survived.

Meanwhile, the roar of the Normandy bombardment grew with great intensity, and our spirits rose, till finally, on 7th May, the Germans capitulated, and British troops landed without bloodshed.

The enthusiasm was great, and the Union Jack and French tricolour flew from nearly all houses.

We were all radiantly happy to be released; the King and Queen came to see us amid great enthusiasm; and rapidly plenty of food was rushed to the islands.

I made application to get back to Ireland, but sailing accommodation was not available for some time; at last it came, and I am now back safe and sound in my own country.

Before finishing, I may mention that the German forts remained standing intact when I left; also a wonderful German underground hospital with 600 beds, air conditioning, electric light and operating theatre—these buildings will probably be one of the sights preserved for future summer visitors.

A. G. SCOTT.

Swan Song

ARIEL paused, stumbled, almost fell. Slowly his weary limbs crumpled beneath him. Seated, his joints long cramped with rheumatism, pained him less. He felt the pale afternoon sun caress his flesh, bared by the great rents in his suit. The pavement was warm beneath him; a sigh of contentment escaped his lips. His eyes closed.

His legs no longer pained him. He felt contentment within him, a longing for peace and rest. Rest?—but rest came only with death. To die; here it would be peaceful; to die, to sleep, to merge with the sunlight, the shadows, the daydreams. A smile, loving and patient, creased still further his lined face. Tranquil, he waited—for death.

The passers-by stared at him, envied his patient smile, pitied his extreme age, and

reluctant to depart, left coins in the tattered cap half-fallen from his knee. The money would buy food, so he could live a little longer, but he was very old—such was their kindly thought.

The busy stream of workers had passed. The evening turned chill. Ariel no longer tired, arose. A wash would remove the lines from his face. With this money he could enjoy himself well. For a clever young man life was not harsh.

"R. U. A." (6A).

Schools in Lebanon

AN ordinary school in Lebanon is not very different from The High School, and yet in some respects it is. Here schoolboys still have to sweat over their Maths., History, Latin, and all the rest that comes with a school curriculum. But instead of studying in English, they study in French and Arabic, for the most part, especially in the lower classes. Apart from this—our type of schooling—there are the old Moslem schools, which are usually built near mosques. Here, Arab boys, usually in their colourful native dress, are huddled in small bare classrooms where nearly everything is learnt by rote.

I used to live next to one of these schools in Damascus, and I remember hearing them at their lessons. The masters started their classes by reading out, or rather chanting, something like the alphabet, a poem, or even some history, and the class would follow in melodious unison, which would sound to our ears much like a trained choir except for the frequent interruptions of harsh rebukes and whacks of a stick. However, this sort of school is fast dying out, and giving way to new schools, through the admirable work started by nuns and priests and the French Government, and now being continued by the Lebanese.

Though a Lebanese schoolboy is handicapped by many difficulties, he has two advantages over one in Dublin. It is easier for him to learn foreign languages—English and French being spoken widely—and he can grasp and learn history more easily, having at his doorstep so much to interest him in it. Lebanon is a store-house of history, for here is Byblos and Sidon, centres of Phœnician culture, with their relics of ports, houses, daggers and jewels, and

tombs; Balbeck and Palmyra, centres of Greek and Roman trade and culture, with their enormous temples dedicated to Zeus, Baal, and other deities, adorned with exquisite statues and friezes; and the Crack de Chevalier, the best preserved crusader castle in existence, in whose dungeons can still be found crusaders' skulls.

The Lebanese schoolboy is not as enthusiastic over sports as we are, yet he does play a considerable amount. Football is the main sport all the year round. Basket ball, swimming, tennis, and skiing, all introduced by the French, are also popular sports. Cricket and rugby, however, are unknown except for an odd game which might have been seen when the British Army was there.

I myself did not live the life of a Lebanese schoolboy, for I lived in a totally different circle, and attended a different type of school. The school I went to was The American Community School, which was originally built for the children of American missionaries and those of the staff of The American University, Beirut—the Oxford of the Middle East. Subsequently the school was enlarged and now includes among its pupils children of the British and American Legations, and oil companies, who all join in to have a wonderful school life.

H. W. NAYLOR (6A).

The Lay of the Last Man In (With apologies to Tennyson)

Break, break, break!

On the "leg" or the "off" will it be?

Would that this wily bowler
Hadn't got the line on me!

O well for Number Nine,

For he made a passable score,

And I'm lucky to have been missed
When I tried for a glorious "four"!

But the bowler still comes on

And I'm paralysed by his skill.

O for the touch of an expert hand
To deal with this treacherous "pill"!

Break, break, break

Or in-swing with fiendish glee!

Now, *that* one never rose at all—
So it's "Out!" and a "duck" for me!
"L.S.M."

1 5Cpuao-ôâr

n í rebas ábalta mo leabhar do léigead, bí an méad sin cainnte ar siubál ag an beirt aca. Bíonn sé doiligh orm leabhar do léigead i dtraen am ar bít, ac le beirt fear os mo comair amac ag cainnt mar a bíodar siúro ceip orm slán. Leagas mo leabhar ar mo glúm agus o'péacás amac an fuinneog ar an tuitce ag éaló tairt.

B'é sué an fíir móir a múscail mo cúro fios-raécta ar dtúis. Bí sué garb gránna aige agus anois is arís cuireadh sé gáire as nár taiten liom. Fear mcán-dosta a bí ann agus agharó úir d'oréa air. Bí an fear eile níos óige agus níos luá agus bí beola tanai air a tairbeán gur dume san trócaire é. Nó sin mar a samluigead dom-sa pé sgéal é. Annsin éuala mé rud a baim preab asam. Níor péadós mo éluasa a éreor-beáil. O'éist mé. Bí an fear beag ag cainnt arís. "B'fearr liom," ar seisean, "b'fearr liom é marbú le sgian. Béad sé níos gáiste, agus is fusa an sgian a céilt." "Ní aontuigim leat," arís an fear mór. "Is fearr gunna a úsáid." "Ac cloisfí an t-urcár," arís an dume eile "a's ní cloistear sgian. Duille beag amáin mar sin—" Buail sé a lámh i gcoinne brollac an fíir eile. "— agus tá sé réir."

Táinig eagla orm. Preab mo érorde. Bíodar ag dul dume éigin do marbú, agus bíodar ag cainnt faoi go h-oscailte. Cad ba cóir dom a déanam? Beirt dúnmárbtóirí os mo comair amac, agus san don dume eile ms an éarráiste ac mé féin! Cuir i gcás gur tug siad pé ndeara go rabas ag éistead leo, gur éualas cad a bí ráirte acu. B'féir naé dtaitneocad sin leo. B'féir gur ionnam-sa a cuirfí an piléar, nó a sárfai an sgian. Má tá siad réir le dume amáin a marbú nár cuma leo dume eile freisin, go h-áiríte dá mbéad rún an gníh a bí rómpa ag an dume sin. . . . Táinig crí cos is lámh orm. "Caitfí mé é a marbú, is cuma cé'n dóig," arís an fear mór. Damedó geit asam. Ar dtúis céapas gur mise a bí i gceist aige. "Is fearr é déanam anois," arís an fear eile, "agus beir réir leis." A tiarna, é déanam anois! Agus ní raib doimne eile ann ac mé féin! Mise a bí i gceist acu! Bíodar ag dul mo marbú. Beirte géalt a bí ionnta ní foláir. "Mair go léor," arís an fear mór, "déanfaimí anois é. Mar-bócáimí an dume malluigíte agus caitfimid an corp amac an fuinneog mar a mol tú ar dtúis." O'éirig sé i n-a sheasam. Táinig scannraó orm agus toct i mo scórnaig. O'péac sé orm, éionn-

tuig a cúl liom, agus leas sé láim ar bosca dubh a bhí tuas i líon na mbeart. "Tá gunna arís ann," arsa mise liom féin. Cad a d'éanfaid? O'péacás amach an fúmneog. Buiréacás le Dia, stáisiún! Bí an traen ag dul níos moille agus ní raib an bosca ag an fear pós. Stop an traen. De léim síris mé doras an carráiste agus amach liom ar an stáisiún. Tosnuigheas ag rit agus mé ag súil le uréar ón gunna agus piléar im óruim. Connaças Sárda Siotcéana. Rugas greim air. "Tá siad ag dul mé a mairbh," arsa mise leis, agus mo gúar ar crí le h-eagla. "Céard é seo," ar seisean de glór cúim, "Beir greim ort." O'innis mé mo sgéal dó agus taisbeán mé an carráiste dó. Cuadamar síos go dtí an doras, agus na daime go léir a bhí ar an stáisiún ag péacaint orainn go fíorasach. O'poscail an Sárda an doras. Bí an beirt ann, ceart go leor. Bí an bosca dubh poscailte ag an fear mór. Clóscriobán a bhí ann. "Sm é anois," arsa an fear mór, ag baint amach píosa páipéir as an clóscriobán, "tá sé marbh agam, agus tá an corp i bfolach. Veromro ábalta an scéal a éiríochú anois gan don trioblóid. "Ach," ar seisean, "tá súil agam na mbíonn orainn don éiríochú eile do mairbh. . . ." O'péac an Sárda orm-sa. Tuíteas i laige!

A.

A Protest against Nihilism

IT is common talk among the scientists and politicians of the present era that the civilisation of the present day is doomed to extinction within, at the outside, a generation, unless the moral sciences can balance with the mathematical. It is an undeniable fact that the major part of man's energies in the past have been devoted to practical ends; that is to say, the motive behind his labours has been the facilitating of his earthly existence. Civilisation, in that respect, has almost reached perfection. Modern man has so many "metal limbs" that he is in danger of losing that vital, restless energy which has raised him so much above the other animals; unless he can indulge to a greater extent in the more æsthetic pursuits of the mind.

The ancient civilisations of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome did not reach the stage of development man has reached to-day. Never before has humanity suffered less pain,

never has the human race been as enlightend as it is to-day. Former civilisations perished mainly because they were oases in deserts of barbarity. As night follows day, so did darkness fall on the world at the death of each phase of our civilisation; but the restless genius of progress inevitably comes to the fore, the march of evolution continues and a new civilisation is born.

Man is a young animal and is at a low stage of evolution; there has been animate existence on the earth, it is said, for 1,200,000,000 years—man from the anthropomorphous form to the homo sapiens has been in existence for 1,000,000 years, and he has only existed in a civilised form for about 10,000 years. He possesses the instinct of self-preservation above all others. This instinct is a strong point in the argument against twentieth century nihilism. A French philosopher said: "The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a mountain on the brain of the living"; but some of the wisdom also lives on and man benefits by the mistakes of his forebears to a limited extent. Man is world-conscious to-day, whereas in all previous eras his outlook was local and bound up in his immediate surroundings.

The twentieth-century species of the homo sapiens instinctively feels that if this civilisation, which embraces practically every corner of the inhabited globe, is shattered, then the human race itself will in all probability become extinct. All his instincts and traditions rebel against this idea, and, no matter how ruthlessly man conquered the animal kingdom, he will not destroy himself. In the past, man has always faced facts and overcome every object of resistance to his struggle for existence, and it is quite natural to assume that man will balance his knowledge and endeavour to live in harmony with his fellow-beings in this rapidly shrinking world.

E. W. ALLEN (6A).

Post Haste

THIS is the story of how a letter travelled to Dublin one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. This letter—or "cover," as a collector calls it—is one that I have in my collection of covers of this type, which are

called "pre-stamp covers," having been posted before stamps were in use. I have chosen to tell the story of this particular cover because it was posted during the first year that steamships came into service on the mail-route to Ireland.

In June, 1821, two steamships were put into service: "The Meteor," 189 tons, two 30 h.p. engines, and "The Lightning," 205 tons, two 40 h.p. engines. Before this the mails were carried by sailing packet.

This letter is not like a letter you would receive nowadays, as it is not in an envelope. Envelopes were not used then: the letter was folded and sealed. The letter bears on the front an address in Dublin and, above the address, "1s. 3d." in manuscript, for this was the cost of sending a letter from London to Dublin. The cost of postage was the reason why envelopes were not used, as the Post Office considered the envelope another sheet and doubled the postage! On the back of our "cover" is the London postmark and the Dublin reception and "Paid" mark.

The letter left London about 8 p.m. on November 16th, 1821. It would have left by coach, with the other mails, for Ireland, from "The Swan with the Two Necks," an inn in Gresham Street, the journey of over 260 miles to Holyhead taking nearly two days to cover. The route lay through St. Albans, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury and Oswestry, and then into Wales, on to Bangor and across the Menai Straits. At Holyhead the coach would stop at "The Eagle and Child," and the mails would be taken to the steam-packet. The packet would then start for Howth.

The average time for a passage during the steamers' first year was seven and a half hours, but the times for passages varied considerably: the longest passage was 23 hours, the shortest about six hours.

On arrival at Howth, the mails would be sent by road to Dublin, there to be sent out and delivered. The payment of postage on posting the letter was not necessary, and usually it was collected on delivery. This happened in the case of my "cover," as is shown by the Dublin "Paid" mark.

This letter probably took about fifty hours to reach Dublin. To-day, a letter posted in London in the morning may be delivered here in the afternoon if it comes by air.

T. V. JACKSON (6A).

Birds in May

MANY as are the harbingers of Spring, the voice of the birds is the most welcome. When sunshine breaks the death grip of Winter, the birds become busy with nesting. Growth begins once more and the countryside is clothed in verdant green.

If we take a walk in the early morning we can hear the dawn chorus begin. The first signs that dawn has broken will be the plaintive chirps of sleepy birds. One by one the birds begin their morning song. It is like hearing each member of an orchestra playing solo the part he contributes to the symphony—the dawn chorus. As the sun rises in the sky the birds become more interested in searching for food, and there is a lull in their singing. It is now that one can watch the birds at close quarters. The motto of the bird-watcher should be "To see and not be seen." If we lie close to the hedge a blackbird will come hopping along the hedgerow. But if we are not well hidden, he will rise with his chattering cry of alarm which will frighten all nearby birds. The swallows and the martins twittering overhead fly swiftly in search of insects. Soon they will be building their nests in the outhouses of the farmyards. Soon some gulls will come hovering high in the air, coming in from the coast to feed in the inland fields.

The hours of day have passed; it is dusk. In the nearby fields, some young rabbits are already venturing forth from the ditches. On our right is a small wood. Now the wood-pigeons are coming to roost. It is one of the most peaceful sounds in Nature to hear these birds cooing in the twilight. A blackbird is calling "pink, pink" in the thicket, his last notes before he goes to sleep. When we reach the far edge of the wood the light is almost gone. From the middle of a large swampy field, a wisp of snipe rise with a harsh "scaap,

scaap," and fly off into the gathering darkness. In a nearby stream we hear a waterhen clucking softly to herself as she finds a resting place for the night. Suddenly all is still except for the whirring of wild-ducks' wings as they come into the swamp to feed. A curlew utters his melancholy note "cur-lee, cur-lee," as he calls to his mate who is sitting on her nest. And now as the moon rises the owls come out and, flapping their ghost-like wings, begin their search for food.

R. A. DALZELL (5¹).

The Baths

IT was a hot day in the summer holidays. I had nowhere to go. I had threepence—one solitary threepence. It was still hot, so was I. Suddenly I thought of the public baths. They would be cool, clean, and uncrowded. I pulled my bathing togs off the top of the wardrobe, dusted them, put them in a bag, ran downstairs, fell at the bottom, picked myself and the bathing togs up, jumped on my bike and cycled.

At the baths I deposited my threepence at the paybox, then queued up for somewhere to change. Half an hour later I was allotted a compartment and had to share it with only three other fellows. I thought the water was slightly heated, so when I had changed I dived straight in. I found three things: the first, the water was freezing; the second, it was dirty; the third, it was crowded. I raced another boy to the end of the bath, and I would have won if I had not slipped on the corner. No opportunity to get back into the water presented itself, until I was pushed—entirely by accident—and found that water was hard. I struggled to the steps and crawled out, half drowned, a crushed and beaten boy. I had forgotten my towel. I wriggled into my clothes and walked out. The authorities were unwilling to refund my threepence. My bike had been stolen. I slipped on a banana skin. I found that I had lost my penknife. So I tottered off home, with dragging footsteps and a sorrowful heart. I was still hot. Don't laugh! *Remember it might happen to you.*

I. E. BURROWS (Form 4¹).

Work

Work!

That horrid word
Sounds so absurd
In midst of Junior's frolics;
But Work!
The word now
Brings to each brow
A wrinkled frown, and why?
Why?—Work!
The "Inter" comes,
The classroom hums
With Fifth Form's anxious supplications
To Hume Street,
Whence, they say,
Come any day
The papers that will seal their fate.
Vain Work!

J. McDONOUGH (5¹).

My First Experience on an Escalator

MY first experience on an escalator was very thrilling and exciting. I had read about them in books, but had never seen a real one.

I stepped on to the platform at the bottom of an escalator before it formed itself into steps. It was a funny feeling to feel myself going up a staircase without having to move my feet, as I have to do at home or at school. It is great fun trying to run up an escalator that is coming down. I tried it and, although my legs were moving very quickly, it seemed that I was not moving at all. Of course, if you are in a hurry you need not stand on the steps, for you can step out as on an ordinary stairs, and it is surprising how quickly you reach the end.

I will always remember my first experience on an escalator.

G. FISHER (3D), Age 10½.

THE WAR MEMORIAL FUND

Owing to pressure on space, it has been found necessary to hold over until our December number the first list of subscribers to this fund. If you have not yet sent a subscription, please do so now to Mr. P. R. Walker, Hon. Treasurer, O.B.U.

Such is Life!

I—THE MORNING POST

SILENCE reigns. Then the sound of footsteps is heard, then a bump, rat-tat, receding footsteps and the morning post has arrived safely at our home. One member of the household yawns a long drawn-out yawn, turns over and closes his eyes. Then another raises himself slightly, blinks, mutters something about the cold and flops back. After this has been repeated about twice by all members, one bravely ventures downstairs.

I cry—vainly, as I think—"Anything for me?" and to my sleepy surprise a still sleepier voice replies, "Yes."

"What does it say?" cry I, more wakefully.

"It says you're to go to—eh—how should I know?" So I lie back, knowing quite well.

Gradually doors open and doors slam, water runs, bare feet pad about on the landing and slowly but surely our household comes to life. Then after about ten minutes everybody goes downstairs to collect their post. For some curious reason, the post in our home is generally either bills, circulars, printed postcards or those informative slips which tell the reader that his subscription is now due.

"Oh, £2 6s. 8d.," says one.

"Thursday night at 7.30 p.m.—Can't go," says another.

Such awkward news and reminders of fresh expenses would seem to offer but a poor start to the day; the postman who brings them is, however, a necessity to our household—our alarm clock is as usual out of order.

II—TUESDAY AT 3.15

Standing on the top step, I raise and let fall the knocker on the door of George Jarley, L.D.S. Presently the door is opened by a pretty nurse, who smiles and says, "Step right in." So I step right in to a gloomy hall.

"This way, please," she says, opening the waiting-room door. I am greeted by several

people with wan faces, who then return to leafing nervously through some magazines. Soon footsteps are heard, the door opens and the nurse says, "Mrs. Jackson." Mrs. Jackson, with a smothered sigh, rises and walks out.

Meanwhile I pick up a magazine, glance at it, pick up another, drop it and lapse into a moody silence. So, slowly, Mr. MacIntosh, Master Mitchell and Miss Jones all leave the waiting-room in turn. Soon the nurse once again reappears and announces my name.

With weak knees I rise and follow her into a bright, sunny surgery.

"Ah! good afternoon!" beams the dentist.

"Good afternoon," I reply weakly.

"Sit down and I'll take a peep at you."

So I sit down in that most uncomfortable chair and wait. I do not wait long, for he comes over and in an imperative voice says "Open!" Then he puts the mirror in my mouth and hums, "Yes, two fillings and scaling and cleaning, that won't take long, will it?"

"Eh?" he says again.

I try to say that I hope not, but owing to the fact that I have three fingers, a mirror, and a probe in my mouth, I just gurgles. After that he prods and pokes and generally tinkers around in my mouth.

When he is satisfied what he has to do, he fits a needle into his drill, approaches and says, "Open!" I open my mouth and close my eyes, and setting his drill in motion, he places it on my tooth and. . .

"That's all now. Sure that didn't hurt?"

I just give him one look and remain silent. While he is mixing the filling he asks me questions about home, school and play, to which I give very abrupt answers.

When he has finished filling and allowed me to step down from the chair, I collect my hat and coat, with his last words "Next Tuesday at 3.15" ringing in my ears.

Stepping out into the street, I find that the traffic still rumbles on as if nothing had happened at all.

G. A. HENDERSON (41).

Half-way Round the World

[Born in Malta in 1935, the young writer of this article celebrated his 4th birthday in Hong-Kong, spent six months in Manila, and then five years in Australia. Here he describes his voyage back to England in the last weeks of the War.—ED.]

ONE day early in March, 1945, I embarked on the most exciting voyage of my life, from Sydney to Liverpool. My mother, brother and I had arrived in Sydney at 11 a.m., after a 17-hour journey by train from Melbourne. A bus was waiting at the station to take us to the ship, which was the Union Castle liner "Stirling Castle." That afternoon the ship set sail. Sydney Harbour was a wonderful sight, especially the famous bridge under which we passed. At the mouth of the harbour we dropped the pilot, and the land slowly receded until it became a mere haze in the dusk. I was very tired that night when I climbed up into my bunk.

The next morning I went down to the children's breakfast which was before the adults'. It was a wonderful meal except for one thing: I asked for a glass of milk, but when the steward brought it to me, I found that it was powdered milk. I drank it all the same and about ten minutes later I had a violent attack of *mal de mer*.

Four days later a pilot came aboard to bring us into Wellington, New Zealand. We had to wait here for ten days, the cause being kept a "State secret." During that time the passengers were taken around the city and into the country on picnics by the Government.

Then we set sail for Panama. The days got gradually warmer as we approached the equator. The ship took a round-about course across the Pacific as the war was still on. One day the six-inch gun, which was mounted on the stern, was uncovered for target practice. A smoke-canister was dropped overboard. The first shot missed, but the second blew the canister out of the water, leaving an arch of smoke which reminded me of Sydney harbour bridge. Some days later "King Neptune" came aboard and some of the crew were shaved and sprayed with water from the fire-hoses.

On the morning on which we were due to pass through the Panama Canal, I got up very early so as to see the approach to the Canal.

The sea around seemed to be dotted with small islands. We dropped anchor outside the Canal and some launches came out to the ship. When these left, the ship proceeded up the Canal and was towed into the first lock by little engines travelling on rails along the bank. A little further on an enormous bridge swung around to let us pass. It took a day to pass through the Canal and that evening we docked at Colon, on the Atlantic side of the Canal, to take on water.

The first land we saw after leaving Colon was Bermuda, where we were to await the arrival of a convoy from New York. During our stay we were not allowed ashore and some people went bathing over the side of the ship in the crystal clear water. While they were bathing a shark was sighted. The bathers broke all records in reaching the rope-ladder. One youth, who had been a long way off, had his leg ripped by the shark just as he reached the ladder. The shark was shot from the bridge and it dived, leaving a crimson trail in the water behind it. We left Bermuda and joined a convoy. We were surrounded by ships of all shapes and sizes, with destroyers and corvettes fussing around them like a hen with her brood. One evening we heard a dull boom and a slight tremor passed through the ship. We afterwards learnt that a Nazi submarine had ventured too close and had got its deserts in the form of a depth charge.

When we were four days out from England we got the news that Germany had surrendered, and there was great rejoicing on board, and the children were given a special Victory Tea. The next day a German submarine surrendered to a destroyer and was taken in tow by it. Part of the convoy left us, as they were going to Cherbourg. The rest headed up St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea. Our ship was the commodore of the convoy now. We entered Liverpool on a dreary wet day. Evidence of war was shown by the superstructures of sunken ships, which projected out of the water on both sides of the Channel into Liverpool. England, though war-scarred, was peaceful. The people had a tired, worn look, but they gave us a great welcome, which was very pleasant after the strain of a war-time voyage which took nearly eight weeks.

R. G. BROOKS (Form 41).

The "Impot"

'Twas Wednesday morn in History class,
The period, Charles the First,
And of all times in history
I hate that one the worst!

Now, Wednesday's "halfer" at our school—
It may be so at yours—
And we had planned a jolly hike,
And then tea on the moors.

And so—well, could you wonder now!—
My thoughts were apt to stray,
From stupid Charles and his trials
On that particular day.

And when our mistress turned and asked
The date his reign began,
I said: "Oh—er—ten sixty-six!"
She said: "Disgraceful, man!"

And that is how—alas, poor me!
I'm sitting lonely, here
Scrawling away an "impot" while
The others make good cheer.

Three times in neatest hand-writing,
I have to copy out
Each date of note in King Charles' reign,
And what they're all about!

I've missed the walk, I've missed the tea,
The holiday's gone by,
But there's no doubt, next History test,
I'll come out top—or die!

W. F. WILSON (Form 3C²).

A Visit to a Farm

LAST summer I went for my holiday to my uncle's farm in the country. My uncle owns a large farm and I spent a very enjoyable month on it.

On the farm there are horses, sheep, cattle, pigs and poultry, and a fleet of up-to-date machinery. It is a mixed farm with a herd of about a hundred Shorthorn cows and a hundred acres of tillage.

The main crops grown on the farm are potatoes and wheat, and root crops such as

turnips and mangels for cattle feeding. My interest lay chiefly in the machinery. Every morning I went out to the fields on a tractor, and soon learned how to cultivate and harrow, as well as to drive the tractor. I generally spent the afternoon round the farmyard giving a hand to feed the pigs, or watching the milking. The cows were milked by electric machines which milked the cow, measured the milk and then took it away by pipes to the dairy, where it was cooled. The milk came by pipe into a churn, thus coming straight from the cow to the churn untouched by hand. When the cows were milked they were given a feed of cake and silage and turned out to the fields. I helped my aunt to feed the poultry and collect the eggs from a flock of sixty hens.

At the end of the month I came home very sorry to be leaving the farm behind me, but fully convinced that I would be a farmer when I grew up.

G. HAYES (Form J⁴), Age 11.

A Visit to a Museum

THE Natural History Museum, Dublin, contains many types of animals, from tiny shellfish and beetles to an elephant and the skeleton of a whale. In between are a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, some seals, and the smaller animals and birds. Naturally, all these animals are stuffed or preserved.

Some of these animals are placed in glass cases, painted to represent their natural surroundings. This makes them very interesting.

There is also a Science Museum. In it are swords, shields, spears, and other weapons from Ancient Ireland. Also, there are models of railway engines, showing the works as well as the outside.

There are other departments in which are historical objects, furniture, some things connected with Ancient Egypt, and some with savage tribes.

The atmosphere in the Museum is very quiet, and people feel they must not talk above a whisper; but it is a very interesting place in which to spend an afternoon.

D. MALCOLM (J³), Age 10.

The Dublin Airport

I VISITED Collinstown during my Easter holidays. When you arrive at the gates you get a beautiful view of the building and the surrounding grounds. The building itself is shaped like part of a circle with a huge porch through which the passengers and staff pass.

On the first floor there are railings all the way round the building. On the second floor there is a lovely restaurant, with plenty of tables, and is very well set out. On the second floor you have a lovely view of aeroplanes coming and going. The runway is huge now. There are a whole lot of seats. On the way up to the third floor, there are doors leading into other rooms.

It is lovely to see the aeroplanes landing, and the way they are able to keep on the roads like motor cars. There are a whole lot of little motor cars that go to the plane to take the luggage, some to oil it, and some to bring the men to the plane to see that it is all right.

When a plane is starting the pilot waves a flag out through the window. When the passengers are on board the plane slowly wends its way over to the main runway. There it stops until it gets the signal from the control tower. It then moves off slowly, gradually getting up speed until it finally leaves and soars away like a bird.

J. D. WILKINSON (J³), Age 9.

A Puppy's Story

I WAS a little West-Highland pup and I was born in Scotland. My master was a kind man and I loved my mother and father very much. When I was old enough my master brought me out among the heather.

One day a lady came to look at me. She said I was a nice dog, and took me away with her. First she took me a long way in a train. We got out of the train and went on to a boat. We travelled a long way in it, but I was not quite sure whether I liked it or not.

When we got out at Ireland we went along to a big house. The next day I was put in a basket and sent away by train.

When I was unpacked I was let out into a field with some other dogs. Every day I had great fun playing with the other dogs; until one day I was packed up and brought to the house again. I was given a bath and a good brush.

The next day I heard a knock at the door; I barked as hard as I could, then I was given a lovely piece of baked liver. I was brought into a room. There I saw a little boy, a man and a lady. I liked the lady best. They decided that they liked me and took me away in a car.

When we arrived at another house two little boys were waiting for me. They came out and said I was a nice little dog. For a little while I did nothing but sleep. In a short time I got used to the place; now I will not let anyone into the garden. It is my garden now.

S. H. HEANEY (J³), Age 9.

Fifty Years Ago

(Some random extracts from Volume I of
THE ERASMIAN)

VOL. I, No. 1

EDITORIAL

The High School Magazine appears in this issue under a new guise and name. For several years past a series of manuscript and hectographed copies of its predecessors, under various names, has delighted the leisure hours of their readers. . . We have decided to place ourselves under an obligation to the art of Gutenberg.

* * *

RUGBY

The voting for caps for good play during the past season took place on March 27, and resulted as follows: G. W. White (14), W. C. Chambré (10), W. H. Carson (9). Halpin, Hillas, Thrift and Meyer also received votes.

* * *

On the Leinster Schools' Team v. Munster, V. V. Drennan obtained a place among the forwards, and G. Halpin was among the forward substitutes. Drennan also got on against Ulster.

* * *

[We find in Vol. I, No. 1, accounts of matches played against the following teams: Corrig School, Drogheda G.S., Marlborough, The Masonic School, Rathmines School, St. Andrew's College, and St. Stephen's Green School.—Ed. 1949.]

* * *

GYMNASTICS

Last year was, we believe, the first in which a Shield for Gymnastics was offered for competition among Irish Schools. Three schools entered and the result was: 1, Belvedere College; 2, The High School; 3, St. Stephen's Green School.

* * *

COLLEGE NOTES (T.C.D.)

The Graduates' Memorial Committee has at length emerged from obscurity and Rotten Row is now no more. A wooden hoarding round the doomed building was the first sign of impending fate. . . The inhabitants have been quartered throughout the College, and the last person to leave was an Old High School Boy. . . Great disappointment was caused by the removal of the windows at the beginning, as some valuable lessons in the flight of projectiles had been anticipated.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The following periodicals have been received: *The Columban*, *The Wesley College Quarterly*, and *S.S.G.S.*

* * *

VOL. I, No. 2

SCHOOL NEWS

The distribution of prizes came off in the Clockroom on Friday, June 23rd. . . The Headmaster referred to our last gathering of this kind three years ago, when we celebrated the erection of six new classrooms. Since then our chief material gain has been the permanent acquisition of Belgrave Square, and the fitting up of a proper dressingroom there, with our worthy Sergeant in charge.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

It would be of great interest and service to the School if some permanent record were kept

of the careers of our Old Boys, subsequent to their leaving School. . . And why should we not have a High School Dinner *regularly every year*? . . An Album, too, might be provided for photographs.

Yours faithfully,
"AMICUS."

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Committee wish to dispose, for a reasonable price, of the hektograph used in reproducing the first numbers of "H.S."

[Our founders were burning their boats: THE ERASMIAN had found its "sea legs," apparently!—Ed. (1949)]

* * *

VOL. I, No. 3

SCHOOL NEWS

The disappearance of the historic Lower Fourth has caused a pang of regret to many Old Boys. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that it was the most celebrated—possibly notorious—of the classes. . . They always showed their great fondness for the scholastic atmosphere of the big schoolroom by their crowded attendance there on Saturdays (and, indeed, on most other days). . .

[Since revived—still running true to traditional form?—Ed. (1949)]

* * *

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS (T.C.D.)

Classical Studentship—F. A. Longworth.
Moderatorships—H. H. Jeffcott (Experimental Science—Senior; Mathematics—Junior); S. Hutchinson (Logic and Ethics—Senior, Large Gold); F. A. Longworth (Classics—Senior; Logic and Ethics—Senior); R. D. Barbor (Modern Literature—Senior).

* * *

LITERARY

I remember, I remember

The cards of roseate hue,
For which, when marks sank under four,
Fell punishment was due.

Our father's brow was dark and stern,
Our tongues were mute and dumb;
On Saturdays the curse of cane
And fingers, stiff and numb.

AN OLD BOY.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

School News

WITH this special Golden Jubilee Number, we celebrate the fiftieth birthday of THE ERASMIAN. The first number was published in May, 1899. It was pink in colour and contained 24 pages of "copy-book" size. We are fortunate to have a copy of Volume 1, No. 1 in the School, but we were surprised, even a little flattered, to learn that a bound copy of the complete first volume is to be found on the shelves of Marsh's Library, at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

P. J. O'Kane's wedding which had taken place during the summer holidays. We offer Mr. and Mrs. O'Kane our somewhat belated congratulations and wish them every happiness in their new home.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Gamble in her bereavement through the death of her mother in December last.

We congratulate Mr. Kirkpatrick on having been elected President of the Association of Secondary Teachers for the year 1949-50; and Mr. Dillon on his re-election to the Registration Council of the Department of Education.

PREFECTS, 1948-9



Back Row:—M. S. Burton, R. F. Marks, T. V. Jackson.
Front Row:—J. D. Fox, A. H. Knight, J. L. Wilding.

The Editorial Committee, 1948-49:—A. Knight, E. W. Allen (6A), J. D. Erdberg (6B), J. McDonough, D. Forsyth (5¹), I. Burrows, and R. G. Brooks (4¹).

The cover for this issue was designed for us by Mr. W. R. Wilson, F.R.S.A. For this and for his help and advice in other matters, we are very grateful.

High School members of the Boys' Brigade were very pleased when our Headmaster, Dr. Bennett, was invited to be Chairman at the Annual B.B. (Dublin Battalion) Demonstration at the Mansion House on March 4th this year.

By an unfortunate oversight, mention was omitted from the December ERASMIAN of Mr.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Keegan on the birth of their second son in December last.

On Friday, 17th December, 1948, the Seniors held their Christmas Party in the Clockroom. The thanks of all are due to those members of the Staff and the Committee whose organisation and help contributed to the party's success.

A party of Seniors visited the offices of the *Irish Times* in March to see how a newspaper is produced. We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Hill, who so kindly arranged the visit and conducted the boys throughout the "tour." A member of the party has recorded his impressions elsewhere in this edition.

On Saturday, 19th March, the Rev. Charles Ellis, M.A., and Mr. R. B. McCandless showed



Photograph by C. E. H. MALTBY, Form 51.

THE HIGH SCHOOL—MAIN ENTRANCE

the Senior forms of the School a very interesting film dealing with the work of The Mission to Lepers. They also gave us some information about "The Lamplighters," the Mission's new club for its younger supporters.

As many people had expressed a wish to hear the recording of the Service at which the new War Memorial Tablets were unveiled, arrangements were made for them to do so on Thursday, 24th March. The recording was given twice during the evening—at 5 o'clock and 8 o'clock—in the Clockroom.

The examination for Entrance Scholarships was held in the School on the 30th and 31st of May, 1949.

We wish to thank Mr. G. D. L. Lyons for his generous gift of cricket equipment. His "Bradman" bat is proving a great favourite.

The Board of Governors have bought a new motor-mower for Belgrave Square. Its up-to-date mechanism interests the boys (from a discreet distance, let us add), while its efficiency is evident from the well-groomed appearance of the Square.

We congratulate:

W. S. W. Poole (6A) on obtaining the A.L.C.M. for elocution at the examination held at Easter. He was also Highly Commended at the Father Mathew Feis this year.

A. W. M. Cooper (6A), already a Schools' Cricket Interprovincial, on being selected to play not only on this year's Trials matches, but also on a Senior Club side, Clontarf C.C. 1st XI.

T. W. Williams (6A) on being selected on the Leinster Schools' Cricket Interpro. Second Trial.

We wish to thank those Old Boys who responded to our request for certain back-numbers of THE ERASMIAN. We can now have a complete set of THE ERASMIAN since 1938 bound in one volume to join the others in the Library.

Our Contemporaries

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following School magazines: C.A.I. (Coleraine Academical Institution); The Masonic Schools' Magazine; The Wesley College Magazine.

ALAN DAVID LLOYD

Died 19th May, 1949, aged fifteen years

Conventional words are inadequate to express our sympathy with the parents of Alan David Lloyd. Perhaps it will comfort them a little to know that in The High School, especially among Boy Scouts and members of his own form, he will be remembered for his example of unflinching courage and continual cheerfulness.

J. R. W. G.

Examination Results

EXAMINATION IN HOLY SCRIPTURE, 1949

GREEK TESTAMENT

Silver Medal—J. L. Wilding.

Prizes—F. Marks, W. S. W. Poole (1st Class).

Pass—J. N. Hayes.

CHURCH OF IRELAND

FIRST YEAR

Prizes—J. Killen, R. Galloway (1st Class); R. Stevens, D. Irwin (2nd Class); D. Scott, W. F. Wilson, D. J. Fitzpatrick (3rd Class).

Pass—J. F. Tickner, A. Thompson, R. Cotter, G. Thompson, R. McMullen, D. R. Moody, D. Abbott, D. Taylor, R. J. Hill, B. Dignam, D. Oakes, H. C. Lundy, B. Stewart, D. M. Johnston, D. Seymour, D. Williams, J. Pankhurst, H. Bleakley, E. V. Ingram, M. V. Burns, R. E. Wilson, R. Burgess, R. S. Purcell, P. D. McMurtry, G. P. Williams, J. K. Brownlee.

SECOND YEAR

Prizes—A. B. Fox, D. Nowlan (1st Class); R. H. C. Walshe (2nd Class); D. J. A. Dawson, R. H. Haskins (3rd Class).

Pass—F. W. Gray, J. F. Harrison, T. W. R. Meates, J. E. S. Long, A. L. Gillis, G. A. Watt, C. E. Coates, W. McCoubrey, A. Cooper, D. W. C. Walsh, R. McDonough, H. V. Maude, C. B. Warren, S. N. M. Bayly, S. N. Watt, F. Griffith.

THIRD YEAR

Pass—E. Ahern, D. Griffith, D. C. Gillis, J. Love, T. J. Williams, A. R. Higgins, K. Fleming, K. Henderson, S. Browning.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

FIRST YEAR

Prizes—B. Duncan (1st Class); A. N. McKenna (3rd Class).

SECOND YEAR

Pass—H. E. Kilroy.

THIRD YEAR

Pass—G. A. Henderson.

METHODIST CHURCH

FIRST YEAR

Pass—J. A. Bailey, B. E. W. Dowse, D. Seager, N. Eames.

SECOND YEAR

Prizes—G. Dunwoody (1st Class).

Pass—W. M. McDonnell, N. V. Jones.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

DEGREES

M.A.—Rev. R. G. Love.

B.A.I.—G. D. Lyons.

LL.B.—S. A. Belford.

B.A.—W. G. Davis, E. J. Margetson, J. H. G. Perdue.

TERM HONORS

N. J. F. Rodway (J.S.)—Classics (1st of 1st Rank); Mental and Moral Science (1st Rank).

J. Smyth (J.S.)—Modern History (2nd Rank).

B. H. Murdoch (S.F.)—Mathematics (1st of 1st Rank); Economics and Political Science (2nd Rank).

N. S. Montgomery (S.F.)—Mathematics (1st Rank).

W. P. Northen (J.F.)—Experimental Science (1st Rank).

R. B. Maude (J.F.)—Natural Science (1st Rank).

E. C. T. Perdue (J.F.)—Classics (2nd Rank).

K. B. Henderson (J.F.)—Legal Science (2nd Rank).

TERM EXAMINATIONS

Junior Sophister—G. F. A. Day.

Senior Freshman—S. Callaghan.

Junior Freshman—J. G. Berry.

OTHER EXAMINATIONS

VETERINARY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

S. F. M. Davies—2nd Year: Silver Medal (Senior Anatomy); Bronze Medal (Physiology).

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN IRELAND

D. B. Barnett—2nd Professional (Materia Medica).

The Library

FROM a census taken to find the most popular authors in The High School Library, certain interesting facts come to light. Time has changed the type, the style and the quality of schoolboy literature so much that the books read by the modern schoolboy would be totally

strange to the schoolboy of fifty years ago. Those books of fifty years ago, which were read and enjoyed by most schoolboys, are now discarded because of their insipid circumlocutory styles, their over-preached moralities, to be replaced by stories of mystery and crime; by stories of unkillable air pilots and their 'planes; by stories of schoolboy life in which adventure is related with a slickness which appeals to the modern schoolboy.

And what form does this new wave take: this wave which may tumble into foam at any time to be lost for ever on the sandy beaches of time?

According to the census, Richmal Crompton comes first as the most popular author, with her classic among schoolboy figures—"William." Percy F. Westerman, versatile and prolific writer of schoolboy novels, and Captain W. E. Johns, writer of the famous "Biggles" and "Gimlet" yarns, come next in schoolboy opinion. Close on their heels is, strangely enough, one of the last of the old favourites, R. M. Ballantine, whose classic "Coral Island" still goes strong, but Ellery Queen, Arthur Ransome, Denis Wheatley, Bernard Newman, H. Hayens, H. Avery, M. Fenn and F. Striker are also popular with some sections of the School.

Since January, 1949, about 70 books have been acquired by the Library through purchase and presentation. The trend of these acquisitions conforms with the popular taste indicated by the census.

Among the non-fiction works added was "First Year at the University," by Bruce Truscott. Written as a guide to Freshmen, it gives valuable advice on all aspects of University life and should prove popular among Seniors about to enter Trinity College. Boys specialising in History will find stimulating reading in A. L. Rowse's "The Use of History." Other acquisitions of more general appeal are "The Left Handshake," by H. St. G. Saunders, a history of the Boy Scout movement during the recent war, and "No Surrender," by H. Avery, describing Captain Scott's journey to the South Pole. Mechanically-minded boys and racing enthusiasts have "The Story of the T.T.," by G. S. Davison; "Full Throttle," by H. Birkin; "Shelsley Walsh," by C. A. M. Mays, and "Bits and Pieces," by "Bira." For those whose interests

lie in the direction of Natural History there are "Watching Birds," by James Fisher; "Wonders of Migration," by Duncan; "The Insect Man," by E. Doorley (the story of G. H. Fabre); "Silver," by Haig Brown, and "Panther," by the same author, and finally "A Handbook for Young Gardeners," which will enable boys to make themselves useful at home!

Many books have been presented to the Library. For a generous gift of 17 books, we thank an Old Boy, Mr. H. E. P. Anderson. We also thank I. R. McAulay (6 books), R. Feuerstak (3), R. Silverman (3), B. Duncan (2), G. H. Bleakley (1), G. W. Eames (1), H. M. Lundy (1), D. C. B. Taylor (1), J. H. Taylor (1), D. M. Johnston (1), H. V. G. Maude (1).

J. D. E.

Chess Club

A SCHOOL Chess Club was founded at a meeting held in D Room on 3rd March, 1949. There was a large attendance of boys interested in the project. R. Feuerstak was appointed Hon. Secretary, and T. V. Jackson, W. J. A. Graham and R. Mahon were elected to the Committee. On behalf of the members of the Club, we wish to express our thanks to Mr. Goulden and T. V. Jackson, who presented sets of chessmen, and to congratulate H. Kilroy, of 3A, who made us a whole set himself.

R. F.

The *Irish Times* "Goes to Bed"

SCHOOLBOYS generally go on conducted tours in daylight, but an hour before midnight on March 15th, 1949, a group of stealthy-looking individuals gathered in the shadows of Westmoreland Street—a party of 6th Formers were about to descend on the *Irish Times* to see the paper "put to bed."

At 11.30 p.m. we moved silently round to the back-entrance and slipped in. At this hour the works seemed to be "warming up" for what in a newspaper office is the busiest period of the day—or rather the night. From 11.30 p.m. until the first editions come off the press at 1.30 a.m., everyone works at top speed to "put the paper to bed" in good time.

The atmosphere of haste was sustained when we entered the photographic department,

a high cavern-like room where men alternated between bursts of feverish energy and periods of idleness as the photos came in to be prepared for printing. This is done by resolving the print into a criss-cross series of raised "dots" on a metal plate, to which the ink will adhere without blurring. These dots can be seen on any newspaper photo with the white uninked portions between them. A high degree of accuracy is required to get the correct "depth" for these dots. Incidentally, clumsy people are not welcome here, as one of the special glass plates alone costs £60!

The noisy clack of linotype machines greeted us as we filed into a long lofty room with these amazingly ingenious machines ranged throughout its length. The operator of one of these complicated inventions can convert a mixture of lead, antimony and tin into type with no other manual labour than that of touching a keyboard lightly.

The type is then assembled in the form of a page and an impression of it taken on a special sheet of paper called a matrix. A semi-cylindrical metal page is produced from this matrix in the foundry and sent to the presses below, where it is bolted on to drums.

The printing room is relatively ordered compared with the other departments, though the noise created by the presses is deafening. These two machines run the full length of the room and turn out up to 22,000 copies an hour, though some of the latest models have a maximum of 40,000 copies an hour. From each three-quarter ton reel about five miles of paper passes through in one continuous stream and is delivered at the end, folded and ready for removal. There are moments of frantic activity when the paper tears, and yards of it have to be removed before the press can be started again.

Most of the external news comes through the teleprinter machine from England in the form of a continuous ribbon of paper with holes punched in it. This is fed into another machine, which translates the dots into printed words.

Few of us when we open our morning paper could visualise the tremendous energy that goes into producing those few sheets of newsprint. Intense co-ordinated effort was the keynote of everything we saw on our visit that night.

H. G. M. PAYNE (Form VIa).

Twelve Annual Concerts 1928-1939

IN this Jubilee Number it is fitting to recall, in brief, the history of our stage productions since 1928. It will present many happy memories of the periods while the rehearsals were proceeding, and of the nights of the actual performances. It started when our Headmaster, Dr. Bennett, took office; he suggested an

and lengthy record in the production of scholars, but, after last night's stage offering, many will be inclined to think that there are among its pupils a large number who can hope to qualify in the histrionic art."

Then, when success seemed achieved, it was a natural step to "Moonshine," a musical fantasy, written and produced by Mr. G. A. Mackay, and through that to operettas, "Don Quixote" and "A Slave of the Lamp," both

TWELVE ANNUAL CONCERTS 1928—1940



Mr. W. R. Wilson, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. C. L. Dillon,

annual concert to add to the School activities. Mr. C. L. Dillon and Mr. W. R. Wilson arranged to produce the first of the series in that same year, and Mrs. Bennett offered to assist with the costumes. Then, in 1930, came the first School pantomime, "Aladdin," arranged by Mrs. Begley, to be followed closely by "Jack and the Beanstalk," with Mr. G. A. Mackay as producer. The *Evening Mail* reported: "The High School has a fine

produced by Mr. Eric May. Under the same director, the acme of the productions was reached in four Gilbert and Sullivan operas: "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Mikado," "Iolanthe," and "The Gondoliers." Two serious blows followed: the Second World War and the departure to Cork of Mr. Eric May.

It is not possible to allot the thanks due to all our helpers, but in addition to those already

mentioned, tribute must be paid to Messrs. W. S. Kelly and R. W. Mason. Also, special reference should be made to the Greek play, "The Acharnians," in 1929, produced by the Headmaster. This was the first play to be produced in Greek in Ireland, so far as records show.

The stage, scenery and costumes were always a very special feature of each performance, and Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Wilson may feel well recompensed, as the display of their artistry became to very many the most outstanding success of the show.

It is a pity that there has not been a revival since the war ended. All the helpers within the School would welcome one, but they need extra-mural help. Now, Old Boys, come forward and volunteer!

C. L. D.

The High School Parents' Association

THIS Association was formed with the object of promoting and furthering in any way possible the welfare of the School and its pupils, both while attending and when leaving the School, and of fostering social and other activities among members of the Association. Membership is open to all parents and guardians of pupils attending the School. The annual subscription is 5/- per family.

The Parents' Association has now been five years in existence, and we ought to be able, at this stage, by taking a retrospective glance, to assess its worth to the Parents and to the School.

To those Parents who have been members, we can at least say that we have got to know one another in some measure, and have had the opportunity of discussing together the problems of all Parents who have young boys to place in life. We have had discussions from time to time with the Masters, who have always been most helpful, and who are all honorary members of the Association, and attend regularly. The Association has formed a link between the Masters and the Parents, which we feel could be of much benefit to both sides.

The Fifth Annual General Meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, 14th October, 1948, when the following were elected on the Committee: Mr. J. Oakes

(Chairman), Mr. B. Irwin (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. W. G. Abbott (Hon. Secretary), Messrs. Seymour, Fitzpatrick, Jinks, and Mrs. R. Pope.

On Friday, 27th January, 1949, Mr. J. W. Parkes, M.Sc., spoke on "Industrial Chemistry," and was most enlightening. Dr. Bennett then gave a most interesting talk on the School Building and its history.

A discussion between the Teaching Staff and Parents was held on Friday, 18th March, 1949. The subject under review was "Mutual Interests," and proved most interesting.

During the Session 1948-49 the series of talks on careers was continued. A number of social functions was also arranged.

A Social Evening, consisting of "Twenty Questions," games, and a short dance, was held on Friday, 18th February, 1949. The Question Master for "Twenty Questions" was Mr. W. G. Kirkpatrick, M.A., to whom the Committee return thanks for a most enjoyable contest between Teachers and Parents. This was the best attended meeting the Association has yet held—over 90 being present.

The Talks arranged for Friday, 8th April, 1949—"Insurance" and "Banking"—unfortunately clashed with other functions, such as Displays, etc., and had to be postponed until a later date.

The Annual Cricket and Tennis matches—Parents v. Boys—were played in June, 1948, and the boys proved victorious in both fixtures. Perhaps this year will see a reversal of our fortunes.

To Dr. Bennett and the Teaching Staff the Committee would like to return thanks for their ready co-operation, and, likewise, to all those parents who, by their interest and support, have helped the Association. That the Association fulfils a very useful purpose is evident, and the Committee would, therefore, ask for the continued active support of existing members, and their assistance in making the Association known amongst the Parents as widely as possible.

Parents desiring to join the Association may send their names and addresses to either the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. B. Irwin) or to the Hon. Secretary, c/o The High School, Harcourt Street.

W. G. ABBOTT, *Hon. Sec.*

Sports Club Officers:

CRICKET, 1949

Capt.: A. W. M. Cooper.
Vice-Capt.: T. W. Williams.
Hon. Sec.: R. M. Mahon.
Capt., J.C.T.: A. Menary.

TABLE TENNIS, 1948-49

Capt.: W. J. Free.
Vice-Capt.: W. S. W. Poole.
Hon. Sec.: R. M. Mahon.

TENNIS, 1949

Capt.: A. Knight.
Vice-Capt.: C. E. Maltby.
Hon. Sec.: W. S. W. Poole.
Capt., J.C.T.: G. W. Bull.

SWIMMING, 1949

Capt.: B. Tomlinson.
Vice-Capt.: C. Maltby.
Hon. Sec.: W. J. Lochtie.

RUGBY, 1948-49

Capt.: D. Fox.
Vice-Capt.: A. W. M. Cooper.
Hon. Sec.: W. J. Free.
Capt., J.C.T.: M. Gore.

ATHLETICS, 1949

Capt.: D. Fox.
Vice-Capt.: D. Forsyth.
Hon. Sec.: A. Menary.

BOXING, 1948-49

Capt.: D. Forsyth. Vice-Capt.: B. T. Tomlinson. Hon. Sec.: N. Jarrett. Junior Capt.: W. J. Lochtie.



SCHOOL CUPS

Old Boys' Cup	Moore [Senior 220 yards]	War Memorial [Senior Athletics]	Sealy [Tennis Champion]	Lord Holmpatrick [Champion House]
	Tennis [Junior Champion]		Athletics [Junior Champion]	
	Swimming [Senior Champion]	Swimming [Junior Champion]	Rugby ["Place and Drop"]	Magill [Junior 100 yards]

SPORTS REVIEW

Cricket, 1949

AS Easter was very late this year, the cricket season opened correspondingly late and will be less than two months in duration.

We have six of last year's Colours Team with us again and we should prove to be as good a fielding side as any we may meet, though we may prove to be a little short of batting talent. We met St. Andrew's College in the first round of the Senior Cup on 18th May, and won a fairly easy victory by 7 wickets.

ST. ANDREW'S: 42 (Pollock 13, A. Cooper 6 for 11, T. Williams 3 for 13, A. Menary 1 for 3).

H.S.D.: 85 (D. Freedman 35, T. Williams 23, Little 4 for 28).

We meet Sandford Park School in the second round.*

The J.C.T., under the leadership of A. P. Menary, are fairly strong this year. They meet Belvedere College, last year's finalists, in the first round of their Cup on 25th May.

The "Under 14," with C. C. Walker as Captain, is not as strong as in previous years, but it is very young and should provide some good material for future teams.

This year we were unable to obtain the services of Mr. A. L. Knott as senior coach, but his place has been taken by Mr. R. Roe, who takes net practice at the Square on two days each week. Mr. W. McMullan has been appointed to take charge of the juvenile cricket, and has arranged a number of Under 12 and Under 11 fixtures.

[* Later: Having defeated Sandford Park School in the second round, our S.C.T. meet Belvedere College in the semi-final of the Senior Cup. Details and results will appear in "The Erasmian," December, 1949.]

A. W. M. C.
May, 1949.

Tennis, 1949

WE started the tennis season with a membership of seventy-four, but the majority of these are very young. As usual, we began with practice on the hard courts at Anglesea L.T.C. for members of the Junior and Senior teams.

The arrangement of the teams at present is as follows:

Senior: 1, A. H. Knight; 2, C. Maltby; 3, R. Mahon; 4, W. S. W. Poole; 5, D. Forsyth; 6, D. Freedman. Sub.: N. Jarrett.

Junior: 1, G. W. Bull; 2, J. Seager; 3, J. Forsyth; 4, E. B. Twamley; 5, G. Chambers; 6, T. Rippingale. Sub.: G. Watson.

A great improvement has been made at Belgrave Square, where wooden net-posts have replaced the old, rather battered, iron ones, and we wish to thank Mr. Wilson who did most of the work. Unfortunately, until we could obtain ratchets for the new posts, we were unable to open our own courts, and had to play our first matches at Anglesea.

Our Senior team went under to Blackrock College, 6-0, after some "marathon" sets in the first match of the Senior Schools' League, but recovered to win against C.U.S., 5-1. The Junior team has started badly by losing to C.U.S., 6-0.

Three of our members, D. Cowan, J. Seager and T. Jinks had a good opportunity of seeing first-class tennis from close quarters, when they answered the invitation for volunteers from the schools to act as ball-boys at the Ireland v. Chile Davis Cup match at Fitzwilliam.

Our School Championships, Tournaments and House Matches are getting under way, and we are looking forward to our annual match with the parents on Wednesday, 29th June.

W. S. W. P.
May, 1949.

Rugby, 1948-49

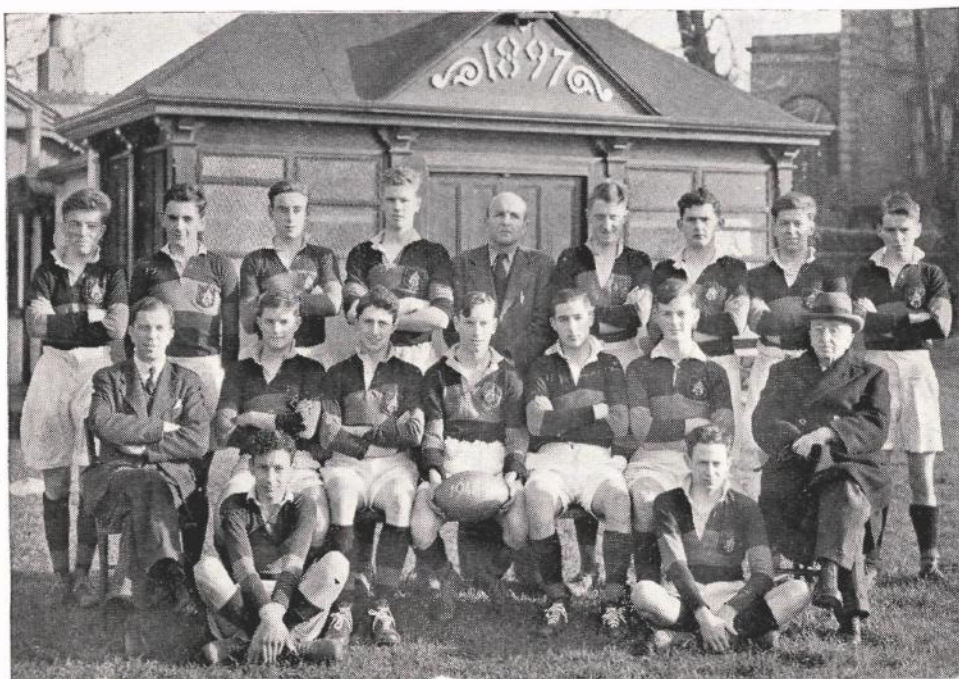
(SECOND HALF OF SEASON)

WE have just emerged from a season in which spirit and teamwork did much to overcome the obstacles of lack of weight and age. The S.C.T., playing with plenty of dash in the forwards, reached the second round of the Cup.

kept up the pressure and were quite often within a few yards of the line, but failed to score. W. Free's kicking at out-half was a great help, as passing the ball was almost impossible. In the last ten minutes, King's Hospital obtained a try which, however, they failed to convert.

Our second round opponents were Presentation College, Bray. We were unfortunate in

COLOURS XV (S.C.T.), 1948-9



Standing:—W. Poole, J. Sinclair, A. W. M. Cooper (Vice-Capt.), D. Forsyth, Mr. Cornish, T. Jackson, J. Gore, C. Bowden, J. Wilding.
Seated:—Mr. Kirkpatrick, N. Jarrett, A. Menary, D. Fox (Capt.), W. Free, C. Maltby, Dr. Bennett.
On Ground:—D. Freedman, B. Tomlinson.

[Also played in Cup and Colours matches:—R. M. Mahon (not in group)]

In the first round we defeated King's Hospital by eight points to six. The match was played in very bad conditions, with the rain falling during the whole match. King's Hospital opened the scoring with a penalty goal within the first ten minutes. After this we pressed all the harder and were rewarded with a try, scored by R. Mahon from a line out. Maltby failed to convert. Near the end of the first half, Jackson scored from a forward rush, and Maltby converted. In the second half, we

having lost the services of W. Free, our regular out-half, who had left school only a few days before to take up a business appointment. We were greeted by the rain again and a strong wind which, strange to say, blew against us in both halves. At half-time the score was three-nil, Presentation having scored a penalty in the first five minutes of the match. In the second half we were outplayed, both in the forwards and the backs, owing to the lack of weight. The final score was seventeen-nil against us.

We played Bangor Grammar School at The Square on January 28th, when we avenged our earlier defeat at Bangor by beating them eight-nil. The forwards excelled themselves in the tight and loose. Gore hooked the ball nearly every time from the set-scrums, and so gave the backs plenty to do.

The J.C.T. had a very lean time this season. With the exception of a few players, the team seemed to have no life or enterprise. They played St. Columba's in the Cup match and were beaten six-nil. The Captain, M. Gore, had a thankless job trying to put some determination into their play after the first score. If the team had put more dash into their play they could have been the winners. A few breakaways in the second half by Craven might have turned into scores if he had been backed up.

Walshe, a newcomer to the team, proved to have more energy and determination than some of the older members of the team. Lochtie, at centre, generally ran hard but had an unfortunate tendency to run across the field towards the touchline.

The "Under 14" team had the greatest number of wins during the season. They were by no means an excellent team, but they did play as a team, and the forwards kept on the ball.

The Juvenile Section of the Club was organised by Mr. J. Smyth, who was able to draw our attention to some very promising young players. Matches for the Under 12, Under 11 and Under 10 XV's were arranged with other Schools. St. Mary's College, our most regular challenger, did not concede us one victory during the season; this healthy rivalry, however, provided many enjoyable games.

We congratulate N. Jarrett on being awarded the Bell Cap for the best all-round player; J. Gore for the best forward, and D. Fox for the best back. We also congratulate C. Maltby on winning the Place and Drop Competition.

In the House Competition, all Houses emerged with an equal number of points.

We cannot end this report without saying how sorry we are that Mr. Kirkpatrick is

leaving us, as he has done so much for the game in school. We wish him every success in his new post.

D. F.

Athletics, 1949

THE School team competed at the Leinster Championships on Saturday, 21st May. D. Fox qualified in the Half-Mile, but failed to gain a place in the Final. A. Menary ran 1st in his heat in the 100 Yards and 2nd in the 220 Yards. Unfortunately, owing to illness, he did not reproduce his form in the semi-finals, and went out.

D. Forsyth repeated his performance of last year in the High Jump, Intermediate, clearing 5 ft. 4 ins., but lost the honour of being 1st, through making one fault more than his rival. He also gained 3rd place in the Long Jump, Intermediate, with a jump of 18 ft. 11½ ins. He has been selected to compete for Leinster in the Triangular Contest against Connacht and Munster.

The Preliminaries of our own School Sports will be held at The Square on Tuesday, 28th June, and the Finals at Lansdowne Road, on Saturday, 2nd July.

D. F.

Table Tennis

THE 1948-49 season, although outwardly unsuccessful in the results of matches, nevertheless marked a considerable increase in the enthusiasm displayed towards the game throughout the school. This zeal was stimulated by some excellent exhibitions and helpful coaching kindly given by two Old Boys—Messrs. H. Carlile and C. A. Kemp—and Mr. Morris, at the School. The opening of the Gym. for play during the lunch interval proved very popular and much new talent was discovered, so that we look forward to next season with higher hopes.

Our best thanks are due to Mrs. Bennett for kindly presenting the Club with a new table, net and bats.

Team for 1948-49: W. Poole, A. Knight, R. Mahon, C. Maltby, D. Freedman, and D. Fox.

The Boxing Club

FOR exactly twenty years we have been recording the activities of the Boxing Club. However, it is in the pages of a less well-known yellow contemporary (we refer, of course, to the colour of the cover) that we find the first mention of the Club. In a copy of the "Eclipse" of 1929, which was published and circulated privately by Form V, there is a "poem" written by a founder-member on the

under the supervision of a 'competent instructor.' "

In the far-off days of 1929 the Clockroom served as a Gymnasium. Desks, suitably arranged, provided a ring. H. W. Stevenson was the first captain. Three months after boxing had begun the new club made its first public appearance; in the Gymnasium in Trinity College (lent by kind permission of the Provost), we were defeated by St. Andrew's College Boxing Club.

H.S.D. BOXING CLUB



Team and Champions, 1948-9

Standing:—C. E. Coates, D. C. Taylor, J. D. Fox, N. S. Rothwell, G. T. Rippingale, S. Nolan, R. V. Johnston, K. H. Hodgson, E. A. Southam, E. Jarrett, Sergeant J. Nelson.
Seated:—Mr. J. R. W. Goulden, W. Gregory, W. J. Lochtie, N. Jarrett, D. Forsyth (Capt.), B. T. Tomlinson, D. Griffith, G. W. Bull, Dr. J. Bennett (Headmaster).
On the Ground:—N. Pearson, J. Forsyth, R. J. Hill, A. B. Fox.

eve of the first boxing training. The date is 28th January, 1929.

It was the then new Headmaster who started the Club. Dr. John Bennett was of the opinion that boxing provided a unique training for boys. He came to The High School as Head in 1928 and in January, 1929, the present Gymnasium was being built. To quote from THE ERASMIAN of the time, "training was being carried on

During those early years St. Andrew's College was our only opponent. Dr. Ellerker presented a cup for competition between the two schools in 1932. Contests for this cup ended in 1944. It was felt that as only two schools were in competition, it had become (as the "Eclipse" would probably have expressed it) too much of a "needle" affair. St. Andrew's College won the cup for the first

three years of the competition, but thereafter in all other years (except 1940-41) it was held by The High School.

Few boys, at present in the School, will know that Mr. G. W. Keegan was our captain in 1932-33. Even fewer will be able to imagine Mr. Kirkpatrick learning to use his fists between the desks at the end of the Clockroom. Perhaps some will remark on reading this: "That explains a lot!"

It was in the 1934-35 season (W. R. Bryans, Capt.) that we won our first match. We defeated both St. Andrew's College and St. Columba's College. In that year an Inter-House Championship was also held. The late Mr. John Young always took a keen interest in the boxing. In report after report we find the club expressing its thanks for his help and encouragement. Right up to the time of his death, on 11th November, 1940, he maintained that interest, though he had ceased to attend the Gym. for some time. It was the soft persuasion of John L. Young which induced a Mr. Goulden to attend, most unwillingly, at the Ellerker Cup match in 1936. Soon afterwards the same soft persuasion had induced a more willing attendance in the Gymnasium on Tuesdays and Fridays. When Mr. Kirkpatrick returned to the School as a master in 1938, the mantle was divided, and we find Mr. Goulden and Mr. Kirkpatrick sharing the responsibility.

In 1935 began one of the most pleasant chapters in the history of the club. An annual fixture was arranged with Portora Royal School, Enniskillen. Unfortunately, that chapter appears to have closed—only temporarily we hope. In the thirteen contests which took place, The High School won eight and Portora five. Our boys made many friendships. One recalls the Alston brothers, the Francis twins, T. R. B. Taylor, and the hard-hitting O. Duncan, who fell in the second world war.

Names of boys on the teams of those days in The High School come to mind, such as: D. A. Orr (M.C. and Bar in Burma); R. R. Quin (who flew thirty-eight operational flights over enemy country); H. O. Jestin (dropped with the 6th Airborne Division at Arnhem). Those were perhaps the greatest days of the club. We fought nine times against other schools, from 1938-42, and were defeated only once. Of the eighty-seven individual bouts in

the nine contests, we won fifty-six. David Orr had an unbroken record of fourteen successive wins. R. R. Quin was never defeated, winning nine of his twelve bouts by a K.O. Orr (Capt., 1937-40) and Quin (Capt., 1940-42) were two of our greatest captains.

Many old boys of the club have done well afterwards in the boxing world: J. Stafford was Featherweight champion of the British and Irish Universities for at least six years; D. A. Orr was Cruiserweight champion in the same competition for two years; P. H. Stewart (Capt., 1946-47) has represented D.U.B.C. with distinction.

In recent times two advances have been made: we have our own ring, and we have our championships. For the ring the club is indebted, of course, to the skill and ingenuity of, need we say, Mr. Wilson. At an interview given to our special representative, Mr. Wilson (we almost said "Willie") explained how it happened. He watched a borrowed army ring being erected in a most orderly manner by soldiers. It took a day. He decided that he could make one, which could be erected in disorder by IV² in a couple of hours. Actually, by including 3c², he was able to reduce the time to an hour.

The Championships have now become an institution. They attract the biggest "house" of the year. Next season this competition will celebrate its tenth birthday and the club will come of age.

This season our Captain was D. W. Forsyth. We affiliated to the I.A.B.A. There were three contests against other schools. We defeated St. Columba's at home. At home and away, we found Dungannon Royal School too good for us. We have arranged two annual fixtures with the latter school—one in Dublin, and one in Dungannon. We are pleased to have made the acquaintance of these hard-hitting Northerners. They are good sportsmen and they entertained us royally when we visited them in March. We sincerely hope that these keen contests will continue.

There are still a few names we must mention. Among those who support us in good times and bad are Col. McIlwaine and Mr. Stewart (father of three boxers). The latter is always to be seen in his own place in the second row. Until his death, in 1947, Col. W. F. Hannin,

who loved all forms of sport, was seldom absent from any of our contests.

To one man we owe much that can never be repaid. To Mr. George Carroll we offer our most hearty thanks for all the time he has given to refereeing and judging our contests. He has always given of his time and advice most generously. We thank also Mr. Richardson and Mr. Purcell and the many others who have helped in this way.

There are two others we must mention—"Johnny" Nelson and his father, "the Sergeant." Wherever High School men talk of boxing these two names are bound to crop up. To generations of High School boxers, "Johnny" stands out as the one who first demonstrated the power of a straight left. How often has one heard the remark: "You can't put a glove on Johnny." Small boys (and big boys) watch "the Sergeant" with wide open eyes as he demonstrates the ball. Many a boxer has thanked him for a little straight criticism after a poor showing.

We would ask the present members of the club to remember the words of the late Mr. Young to his successors: "You must see that the Boxing Club goes on."

BOXING COLOURS, 1948-49

Junior—W. M. Gregory, D. Griffith, W. J. Lochtie.

Senior—D. W. Forsyth, N. Jarrett, H. N. G. Lundy.

Date—B. T. A. Tomlinson.

Handball

THE finals of the Handball Championships were played on 16th December, 1948. The Senior medal was won by W. J. Free, who beat A. W. M. Cooper 21-5, 21-14. M. Gore won the Junior medal, by defeating E. Southam 11-8, 12-10. The large entry (24 in the Senior and 38 in the Junior) indicated the popularity of these tournaments.



*Leinster Schools'
Junior Rugby
Cup Winners,
1938*

Standing:—J. F. Collins, H. R. Roberts, G. Jarrett, G. D. Lyons, Dr. J. A. Storey, S. S. Bestall, B. Griffin, J. C. Strickland, R. J. Beattie.
Seated:—Mr. G. C. Johnson, D. P. Stephens, G. J. Tyrrell, R. J. S. Weir (Capt.), B. F. Rooney, C. W. Martin, Dr. J. Bennett (Headmaster).
On Ground:—J. A. Bell, A. W. Parsons.

● In an edition of "The Erasmian" in which we record so many achievements of the past fifty years, we feel that it is particularly appropriate that we should reproduce these photographs of teams which won coveted honours for their School on the Sportsfield



*Leinster Schools'
Junior Cricket
Cup Winners,
1938*

Standing:—J. W. Vanston, A. O'Malley, R. J. Beattie, G. Jarrett, R. R. Ouin, C. W. Martia.
Seated:—Dr. J. A. Storey, D. Burrowes, G. D. Lyons, B. F. Rooney (Capt.), J. Spencer,
S. Wright, Mr. G. C. Johnson.

*Leinster Schools'
Junior Cricket
Cup Winners,
1947*



Standing:—T. W. Williams, W. J. Free, N. H. Kerrison, Mr. G. C. Johnson, D. T. Faiers,
A. W. M. Cooper, A. P. Menary.
Seated:—Mr. W. G. Kirkpatrick, K. Styles, C. E. Maltby, G. W. Griffin (Capt.), F. Brady,
D. Freedman, Dr. J. Bennett (Headmaster).

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HON. SECS.:

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Cecil G. Morton, 50 Orwell Road, Rathgar.

PRESIDENT: Mr. Mervyn Bell.

ASST. HON. SEC.:

W. G. Booker, 14 Trees Road,
Mount Merrion Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

VICE-PRESIDENT: Dr. John Bennett.

HON. TREAS.:

P. R. Walker, "Fernhill,"
Sandyford, Co. Dublin.

Preface

BY THE HON. SECRETARY

I HAD a visit from the manager of THE ERASMIAN some weeks ago to remind me that the O.B.U. news for this issue was due. In the special circumstances the President readily consented to make his contribution to the Old Boys' section of THE ERASMIAN.

When one speaks of The High School or the O.B.U., the name of Bell invariably crops up, so it is rather fitting in this year of anniversaries—this being the twenty-first birthday of the Union—that the President of the Union should be Mr. Mervyn Bell, one of our founder-members and, until quite recently, one of our Hon. Secretaries. Having introduced our President, I leave you in his hands and I feel sure that Mr. Manager—and you—will be well satisfied with the manuscript.

C. G. MORTON.

The Old Boys' Union

A GREAT number of Past Pupils of Schools and Colleges have always had the desire to form various kinds of Associations for the purpose of maintaining some sort of continuity of their school-days and of keeping up friendships which had been made during their early years.

This demand was met in several cases by the formation of a Past Pupils' Rugby or Cricket Club, but more generally was restricted to Annual Reunions, such as Dinners, Dances, etc.

Although these associations with the old school friends were very pleasant, a great number of Old Boys felt that it would be a finer thing to form some sort of Union which would be more closely linked with the Old School. In the case of The High School, it was Dr. Bennett who originally sowed the idea in the minds of Old Boys, and it is gratifying to know that the seed fell on fertile ground: in November, 1928, a large number of Old Boys met in the Clockroom and founded the present Old Boys' Union. This meeting was most

representative and included past pupils of practically every vintage.

This year will represent the Coming-of-Age of the Union, and from its foundation to the present time it has achieved much of what it originally set out to do. The Union is not merely an organisation for promoting social re-unions, but gives Old Boys an opportunity to put back into the School something of what they received from the School, and, although it may not be generally appreciated by Past Pupils, the existence of a strong and flourishing Union has very beneficial effects on the School, and Dr. Bennett and his staff, I know, appreciate much that has been done from time to time for the School by our Union.

Quite recently I was approached by an Old Boy who conveyed to me that he knew of several of his contemporaries who had offered their services to the School and who are prepared to devote quite a considerable amount of time in coaching the present boys in various forms of athletics. This spirit is one which is growing steadily, and now that we have practically reached our majority, with it is coming the wisdom that accompanies maturer years, and Old Boys are asking less and less what they may expect to get out of the Union, and more and more what they can do for their Old School through the channels of the Union.

I do not propose to recount in detail in these columns all that has been achieved by the Union since 1928, but I do wish to say that it was established on a very sound foundation and throughout the past twenty-one years has been well supported by the older Old Boys who have, by their energies, wise counsel and good judgment, brought the Union to its present position. Some of us who were little more than youths in 1928 are now becoming rather more mature and we will endeavour to carry on the good work, and we assure all the younger members that they will receive our closest co-operation in the future.

It is the wish of the present Committee that every boy leaving School will be conscious of the claims of the Union and will enrol as a member. New members and new ideas are

essential for the maintenance and growth of this Association, and when the Annual General Meeting is held next October I earnestly hope that there will be a larger gathering than ever and that the views of Old Boys will be freely expressed on all matters pertaining to our several activities, both social and otherwise.

Apart from the annual gatherings of Old Boys at Dinners, Dances, etc., and services which we believe we render to the School, there is a very important Social Service rendered by the Union in the maintenance of a bed in the Adelaide Hospital; this is something which should commend itself to Old Boys generally, and Harry Bunbury or Harry Booker will be pleased to enrol any Old Boy as an annual subscriber to this very worthy object.

May I congratulate Dr. Bennett and his staff on the high standard of education which is being maintained in the School and on the outstanding successes which have been so apparent in recent years. The School has flourished and continues to improve under the very able direction of Dr. Bennett, and I hope the Union has in some small way contributed to these successes.

I would also like to say how gratifying it is to know that the School Magazine—THE ERASMIAN—has continued throughout the past 50 years without a break. There were times when some of us felt that it did not give us quite enough scope for self-expression and, as a result, produced our own Form Magazines which were not subject to censorship, and some of these are still in existence, although I have not seen any since I left School.

Finally, I wish to congratulate Billy Kirkpatrick for all the work which he has put into the compilation of this Jubilee Issue, and to convey to him the best wishes of the members of the Old Boys' Union when he leaves The High School after the summer holidays to take up his new duties as Vice-Principal in Wesley College.

MERVYN BELL, *President, Old Boys' Union*

The Annual Dinner

Saturday, 15th January, 1949, saw, once again, a record attendance at the School for our Annual Dinner. Our President, Mr. Mervyn Bell, is to be congratulated on the capable

manner in which he presided. Seldom have four hours passed so pleasantly and so quickly. The speeches were excellent and we were fortunate to have Wing-Commander Rankin, D.S.O., D.F.C., with us to take the place of Lord Rugby who, for the first time for many years, was unable to attend. The musical guests were at the top of their form, and we owe a great debt of gratitude to them. They seem to get as much pleasure out of entertaining us as we do in being entertained.

Ladies' Night

This function, which is held in alternate years, took place in Clery's on Thursday, 31st March. About 60 sat down to an excellent dinner. The health of the ladies was proposed by the Rev. R. E. Weir, and Mrs. Mervyn Bell, wife of our President, suitably replied. We were then entertained by a galaxy of musical talent and a great evening was enjoyed by all.

Adelaide Hospital Scheme

There has been a noticeable falling off in the number of subscriptions in support of our bed in the Adelaide Hospital. We originally promised the hospital an annual subscription of £25, and difficulty is being found in maintaining this amount. The Hon. Treasurer will be pleased to receive subscriptions from two shillings and sixpence upwards. Please send your subscription to P. R. Walker, "Fernhill," Sandyford, Co. Dublin.

For Your Diary

THE ANNUAL GOLF OUTING AND SUPPER will take place early in September. As circulars are not sent to *all* members, will those interested in this function please write to Mr. S. S. Evans at the School, so that notices may be forwarded to them in due course.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on Friday, 21st October.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY DANCE will be held in the Metropole Ballroom on Saturday, 5th November.

YOUR ADDRESS—Do please let us have your changes of address. Dozens of ERASMIANS are being returned twice a year marked "NOT KNOWN."

Old High School Rugby Internationals

WHILE reading the first number of THE ERASMIAN (May, 1899), we came across the following paragraph: "We must congratulate G. P. Doran upon his obtaining his green cap this season, and also for the brilliant try which he scored against Wales, thereby winning the match and the 'Triple Crown' for Ireland. Mr. Doran is an Old H.S. Boy, and was afterwards at St. Edward's School, Oxford."

In the conversation which naturally buzzed after this interesting discovery, someone commented: "Strange coincidence that Ireland won the 'Triple Crown' both in THE ERASMIAN's first year and in its Golden Jubilee year." "Even more so," added another, "that an Old High School Boy should score the single try in 1899." "I wonder how many Internationals we have had among our Old Boys?" was a question that set us guessing.

We undertook to find out, and here is the result of our search in which we automatically turned to Mr. Rupert Jeffares, another Old Boy, for help. Our best thanks are due to him for the data he supplied. We made two lists and checked them against the School rolls. If there are any omissions, we apologise to those concerned; when in doubt we have preferred to err on the side of caution.

- M. E. Bardon (1916-24): v. E., 1934.
- C. V. Boyle (1926-33): v. N.Z., 1936; v. E., 1936-7; v. S., 1936-7; v. W., 1936-7-8-9.
- A. A. Brunker (1885-89): v. E., 1895; v. W., 1895.
- F. E. Davies (1883-84): v. E., 1893; v. S., 1892-3; v. W., 1892-3.
- B. R. W. Doran (1888-91): v. E., 1901-02; v. S., 1900-01-02; v. W., 1900-01-02.
- E. F. Doran (1881-84): v. S., 1890; v. W., 1890.
- G. P. Doran (1887-89): v. E., 1900-04; v. S., 1899-1900-02; v. W., 1899-1902-03.
- G. W. Holmes (1907-09): v. E., 1913; v. S., 1913; v. W., 1913.
- H. J. Knox (1893-98): v. E., 1905-06; v. S., 1905-06-08; v. W., 1904-05-06-07; v. N.Z., 1906.
- E. C. Ridgeway (1921-25): v. E., 1935; v. S., 1932-5; v. W., 1932-5.

J. Sealy (1886-94): v. E., 1896-9-1900; v. S., 1896-7-9-1900; v. W., 1896-7.

F. N. Smartt (1899-03): v. E., 1908-09; v. S., 1908.

H. Thrift (1891-1901): v. E., 1905-06-07-08-09; v. S., 1905-07-08-09; v. W., 1904-05-06-07-08-09; v. F., 1909; v. N.Z., 1906; v. S.A., 1907.

(Mr. T. Taggart, a member of the Staff, gained one cap, against Wales, in 1887).

Thirteen Irish Internationals between 1890 and 1939. Now then, Present School, never let it be said that you have no tradition to live up to!

News of Old Boys

H. R. ARMSTRONG (1940-44) continues to gather laurels in motor-cycle races and trials. He came 2nd in the 350 c.c. "scratch" class in the recent Leinster "200," and won the Leinster Handicap over the whole event. He has also gained two 4th's—in the Cookstown "100" and the North-West "200." Now for the 1949 International road-racing calendar he has been appointed official "works" rider for the A.J.S. factory.

HORACE BELL (1909-19) paid us a visit last term while he was in Ireland on holidays.

S. S. BESTALL (1934-39) is at present Acting Senior Establishment Officer to the British Administration of former Italian Somaliland.

G. B. BUTLER (1897-99), formerly a Governor of the School, has retired from the position of Secretary of the Representative Church Body.

H. F. DARLING (1919-25), formerly Superintendent of Police in Palestine, is now a Transport Officer in the British Administration of former Italian Somaliland.

G. H. F. GARDNER (MOD.), B.A. (1936-43), on completion of a year in Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A., where he acted as graduate assistant, returns to take up an appointment as Lecturer in Mathematics at Trinity College, Dublin.

A. D. GRICE (1937-42), now a Sergeant in the British South African Police, is stationed at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

GROUP-CAPTAIN L. A. HEALY (1919-20) has been honoured by the French Government for "services to the Republic," and received the insignia of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour last March.

REV. F. R. M. HITCHCOCK (1881-86) has written a book entitled "Transubstantiation: The Roman Dogma Examined."

S. F. JACKSON (1892-95) wrote to us during the year when answering the request for back-numbers of THE ERASMIAN. He retired a few years ago from the Sun Insurance Office after fifty years' service, and lives in Belfast.

DR. A. N. JEFFARES (1930-39) has been appointed Lecturer in English Literature at Edinburgh University. He has just published a book "W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet." The fact that Dr. Jeffares had access to Yeats' own diaries renders his book even more interesting and valuable as a new study of the great poet.

W. G. KIRKPATRICK (MOD.), M.A. (1923-30), who has been on the Staff of The High School since 1938, has been appointed Vice-Principal of Wesley College, Dublin.

R. F. KYLE (MOD.), B.A. (1935-44), is now a Scientific Officer at the British Admiralty.

R. H. KYLE, SCH. (1936-45), has been awarded a Scholarship in Mathematics at Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A., for the academic year 1949-50.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY MACK, K.C.M.G. (1905-06, 1910-13), H.M. Ambassador to Baghdad, has had the degree of LL.D. (*jure dignitatis*) conferred on him by Dublin University.

R. A. MALTBY (1938-46) is Hon. Treasurer of the Dublin University Swimming Club this season.

R. E. MCGUIRE, O.B.E. (1914-20), has been awarded the C.M.G. While on holiday in Ireland last year he played in two O.B.U. Cricket matches. He is at present resident in England.

PROFESSOR D. M. MITCHELL (1920-27) has been elected examiner in Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics (Court "A") and in Dental Medicine (Court "B") in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

REV. R. D. MURRAY (1928-32) is Rector of Enniskerry.

C. J. REID, B.A.I. (1912-17), was a Major in the Royal Engineers serving in the East during the 1939-45 war. His name was, unfortunately, not available for inclusion in our Forces Lists at the time. Since then he has returned to Dublin.

J. SMYTH (1933-39) is Hon. Secretary of Dublin University Cricket Club this season.

DR. J. D. SMYTH, F.T.C.D. (1927-36), has been appointed a member of the Censorship of Publications Board.

P. H. STEWART (1937-47) won his fight in the Featherweight class, in which he represented Trinity College at the Universities' Boxing International at the National Stadium in March this year.

W. WARNOCK, B.A. (1922-29), Irish Chargé d'Affaires in Sweden, has been elected an honorary member of the Swedish-Irish Society, which has recently been formed in Stockholm.

E. A. THOMPSON, M.A. (1925-32), Professor of Classics at Nottingham University, published last year "A History of Attila and the Huns."

Marriages

HUBERT STANLEY BOYCE, M.B. (1921-30), to FRANCES EMILY SLOANE, April 21, 1949.

OWEN ORR FERGUSON (1930-41) to VIOLET A. L. CONNOR, April 18, 1949.

RONAN LYNAM GARDNER, B.A.I. (1933-41), to ISOBEL GRAHAM CHRISTIE, April 16, 1949.

IVAN ELLIS JONES, C.I.E. (1912-21), to ANNA MACNEIL, November 27, 1948.

REV. ERNEST LOVELL (1935-38) to EDYTH COLE, April 21, 1949.

REGINALD JAMES MACHESNEY (1932-42) to NANCY GOODMAN, April 16, 1949.

RALPH ALAN MEYER (1929-36) to ANNE WILKINSON, April 1, 1949.

DAVID ALEXANDER ORR, M.C., B.A. (1930-40), to PHOEBE ROSALEEN DAVIS, April 21, 1949.

KENNETH EDWARD JOHN TYRRELL (1931-38) to D. FORRESTER, March 31, 1948.

KENNETH ALBERT WARRINGTON (1932-37) to HAZEL COLLINS, April 21, 1949.

Deaths

REV. EDWARD RIDLEY DAY, M.A. (1891-1900), March, 1949.

OLIVER GEORGE FALLON (1940-42), Feb. 4, 1949

GORDON SINCLAIR BAMFORD MACK (1906-16), in Canada, 1948.

PROFESSOR CHARLES JOSEPH PATTEN (1883-87), June 13, 1948.

MR. JUSTICE JAMES SEALY, K.C. (1886-94), February 4, 1949.

DR. TREVOR SEYMOUR SMITH (1899-1903), April 29, 1949.

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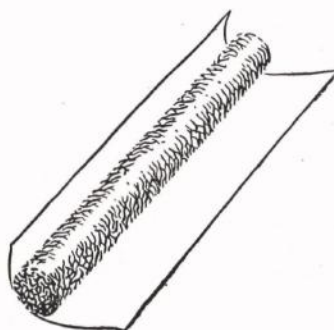
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1947 & 1948: 9 appointments.

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