

— THE —
ERASMIAN

NEW SERIES.
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- 1st Place : Writing Assistants, April, 1928.
- 1st Place : Government Typists, November, 1928.
- 2nd, 3rd, 4th Places : Pharmaceutical Prelim.
Jan., 1928.
- 4th Place : Army Cadets, June, 1928.
- 4th Place : Customs & Excise, July, 1928.
- 7th Place : Hibernian Bank, September, 1926.
- 8th Place : Customs & Excise, July, 1928.
- 10th Place : Customs & Excise, July, 1928.
- 11th Place : Royal Bank, June, 1927.

EASTER SCHOLARSHIP, 1926, 1927, 1928 : 24
Successes.**UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES, 1928.**

- 10 Successes, Summer, 1928, Matriculation.
- 22 Successes, Autumn, 1928, Matriculation.
- 4 Successes, First Arts, Summer, 1928.
- 1 Success, B.A., Summer, 1928.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES, 1926-27.

- 16 Successes, Matriculation.
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- 3 Successes, B.A.
- 4 Successes, Trinity Entrance.
- 3 Successes, College of Surgeons.

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21986 21986 The Erasmian. JUNE. 1929.

Editorial.

“ Once more the task devolves upon us of writing about twenty pages of interesting and amusing literature for an apathetic and unappreciative”

Well, well !

Since the above was written in an obscure and unofficial magazine, we have, perhaps lost in forcefulness what we have gained in politeness ; but this is irrelevant. We find, on looking up the records, that we were inspired to write the above because for that particular number we received no contributions at all.

Now, of course, when we are advanced to the dignity of an official post, when the magazine we edit is taken by those outside the school to represent its highest level of literary ability,—now, of course, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Do not contributions pour in upon us, so that the reading of them takes up all our time for weeks ? Do not the Upper and Lower Sixth use up in literary composition hours spared with difficulty from their all absorbing scholastic labours ? Do not even the lower forms struggle painfully with the intricacies of rhyme, while the Old Boys, from every corner of the earth, inundate us with reams, with bales, with cartloads of articles.

They do not.

We have not received, up to the present any cartloads of articles, or bales, or even reams. Possibly they are on their way—we are anxious to make all possible allowances—but now, not we but our successor will have the benefit of them ; and in the meantime there is the weary task of compiling an ERASMIAN with the help (exclusive of official reports) of precisely three contributions.

Well, well.

U B R I S.

I saw the three Fates where they sat
 Remote upon a mountain peak,
 Crowned with faint wreaths of eddying cloud,
 Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos.
 Before their feet the mountainside
 Dropt steeply, suddenly, terribly down
 To darkness and the homes of bats.

Beyond I saw another peak
 Less huge, but lofty still ; and there
 I saw a man standing alone,
 Leaning on a thin bright sword ; the wind
 Shrieked at him, and he did not hear,
 But stared across the empty gulf.

Sudden he raised his head, and cried :—
 “ Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos,
 I know you, and I know your names,
 Weavers of life, weavers of death.
 Urd, Verdanti, Skuld of the Veil,
 You weave the lives of kings and gods,
 But I will fashion my life alone.
 I will break your webs, I will shatter your looms !”

One of three on the mountain peak
 Raised a thread from the threads of the loom,
 Snapped it, and laid it back again.

And a vehement blast of a mighty wind
 Clutched that man where he stood on the edge,
 And swept him over the precipice :
 And his sword flashed once in the endless dark,
 And the sound of his cry was smothered and lost
 Amid the darkness and emptiness

But round the precipice lip there hung,
 Resting not in forgetfulness,
 The memory of a thin strange voice :
 “ I will break your webs, I will shatter your looms !”

Stage and Screen— A Comparison

Now that the invention of the "talkies" has removed the last outstanding defect in the mechanism of films, it is more easily possible to compare the screen with the stage. One hears all sorts of opinions on the subject. Some say that the "talkies" will entirely replace stage plays; others, that the "talkie" itself is bound to die out, as being an unnatural hybrid form. Both of these conjectures, to my mind, leave out of consideration the essential difference between the two arts.

The dramatic art consists in the exposition of the results of a hypothesis. For instance, in "Hamlet" one postulates the opening situation and the character of Hamlet, and the interactions of these are worked out to their logical conclusion. Most plays can be reduced to this formula. When they cannot, it is usually due to the introduction of extraneous elements.

The art of film differs in several important particulars. In the first place, the portrayal of character, even with the "talkies," does not seem to be congenial to the medium. In the second place, a new and important factor—the element of visual rhythm—is introduced. This latter is almost totally absent from the sister art, and in films is so important that it may be able to sustain the interest for a time alone and unaided by any plot. In conjunction with the principle of visual rhythm, we have all sorts of devices—dissolve, iris, double-exposure, mix, and so on—which are represented only in a rudimentary condition on the stage, and have, indeed, their true counterpart in the corresponding devices of music.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note how closely analogous are the two arts of music and the film. Almost any term of the one art could be applied to the other. For example the indications of intensity of sound correspond to the indications of intensity of light, such as *morendo* to the fade-out. One may have *leit motifs* in films, and other resemblances will easily be seen by anyone who wishes to work out the analogy fully. It is for this reason that music serves so well to accompany a film. Up to the present, no composer of any eminence has discovered this scope for his talents, but I am confident that in the future many will do so.

The film of the future, as I imagine it, will make full use of all its component parts:—the film proper, the musical accompaniment, speech or song, and "effects." Neither the producer nor the actors will be the controlling force, but the author, working in close collaboration with the composer. If these happen to be

men of genius, the result will be Wagnerian music-drama on an epic scale—a drama with resources of which Wagner never dreamt, performed once only, under the supervision of the author and the composer, and fixed imperishably for all time.



Medley.

One morning as I was sauntering out from Prayers in a nonchalant fashion, I was accosted by the Editor, who said these words to me in a gruff voice: "Write me an article!" Now, the Editor is a burly heavyweight with a first-time straight left punch, so I replied, in a meek voice, that I would. But when I set about writing I found that my mind was full of cosines and atomic weights, and my inspiration was therefore clogged.

After many sleepless nights it occurred to me that I might be able to produce a metrical version of the school rules. I started on Rule I:

Each boy must wear the High School cap,
And let there be thereon,
His name, address, and handicap;
And likewise with his books

But I decided after a very short while that verse was beyond my powers, and forsook it. I then tried my hand at a detective story:

It was midnight and two figures were seen stealing stealthily out of a tenement house in the Limehouse of Chicago. After walking down the street they turned aside into a narrow alleyway, and began an earnest conversation.

"Guess you gotta," said one in guttural tones.

"I'm not gonna," replied the other in a shrill female voice, from behind a veritable bulwark of lipstick.

"I know you doan wanna, but still you gotta," said the first.

Here again my intellect failed. I was in utter desperation. How could I face the Editor? Then, thinking it would be better to lose my reputation than to lose my life, I made one last attempt, this time at "free verse."

Possibly nobody will have the
Patience to read
This far.
So it does not in the least matter
What I write.
Therefore, I will stop, wishing
Everybody an extremely
Joyous vacation.

W. W.

School Notes.

The gymnasium is practically completed, and will, we suppose, be ready for use next term.

Whether there will be any opening ceremony we do not know. It might be difficult to devise some suitable form for the occasion ; it is scarcely to be hoped for that any high dignitary would for instance, turn the first somersault.

Apropos :—

A friend of mine who was walking up Harcourt Street the other day noticed for the first time that a building was being erected in the playground attached to the High School.

His curiosity aroused, he stopped and spoke to a man who was leaning against the school wall, inquiring the purpose of the building.

" I couldn't say rightly," said the man, glancing over his shoulder, " unless, maybe, it might be a gymnagerie for the boys ! "

We wish to thank the following, who have presented books to the School Library :—Mr. Imrie, the Rev. C. C. Duggan, R. E. Boothman.

A person in the Upper Sixth, who promised us an article some months ago, informs us that he has now completely finished the title.

On Tuesday, April 30th, the School clock showed the right time.

We congratulate A. G. Breakey on obtaining the Kitchener Scholarship (£130 a year for four years).

And D. W. Rice on winning a Medal at the Feis for violin playing.

In the vacant plot of school ground behind the ball-alleys a concrete cricket pitch, enclosed by netting, has been laid down. The Eleven will practise here during the break.

We congratulate Mr. Wilson on having his picture " Harcourt Street under Snow," hung in the Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition, and W. S. Coomber on having his picture, " Old House, Dartmouth," hung also.

Mr. J. B. S. McIlwaine, R.H.A. (an article by whom appears elsewhere), had no less than eight pictures hung.

Mr. McIlwaine has promised us a lecture next term.

On Saturday, May 18th, Mr. G. R. Hyde gave a lecture to the junior classes on " Western Australia."

Some Famous Highwaymen— and Women.

Since the time of Adam's expulsion from Eden there has always been a certain type of person who perpetually bemoans the absence of the "good old days." I wonder, when our Victorian forbears, seeing the advent of the railway and other ungodly things of the same nature, sighed for the "good old days," did they realise that those "days" were not really so good as they imagined? Did they realise that lace ruffles and so-called romance did not counterbalance the benefits of social and economic progress? One reason of this blindness to facts is that the romantic novel—especially of the Jeffrey Farnol type—has cast so much glamour over the past few centuries that people find it hard to visualise life then as it really was. And over no institution has so much romance been thrown as that of highway robbery and its near relation, buccaneering.

Take for example, Dick Turpin, probably the most famous highwayman in song and story that England has ever produced. It is with regret that I join the army of iconoclasts and state that the true facts of this gentleman's life bear little resemblance to the romantic stories usually associated with him. He was the son of an inn keeper in Hempstead, Essex, where as a young man he was apprenticed to a butcher. While presumably following this trade he was detected in cattle stealing, after which he turned his hand to smuggling, but this profession not proving lucrative enough he joined a band of house breakers, and was implicated in robberies around London. Subsequently, he took to highway robbery, and while so engaged he performed the feat on which his whole reputation has been built—to wit, his ride from London to York in the short time of fifteen hours. But there is an unpleasant fact about this exploit which is generally forgotten. In traversing the one hundred and ninety miles between London and York, he rode his famous horse, Black Bess, to death. He himself was hanged years later in York.

Another highwayman, William Davis, was in public life a respectable farmer in Somerset, where he was held in high esteem by his neighbours. With farming he combined the more lucrative profession of highway robbery, holding up travellers on Bagshot Heath and as far afield as Salisbury Plain, where he robbed the Duchess of Albermarle. "Ah!" our readers exclaim, "another Robin Hood, who robbed the rich and gave the proceeds to the poor." Alas! such is not the case. For this otherwise perfect example of all that a highwayman should be, was not above

robbing a tinker of a paltry sum on Hillingdon Heath. It is satisfactory to know that he was shot by a traveller whom he had previously robbed.

But two really romantic characters that bear out the statement that truth is stranger than fiction are Grizel Cochrane and Claude Duval. Grizel Cochrane—who was probably the inspiration of the numerous "Colonel Barkers" that have astounded the world since her day—was the eighteen year old daughter of Sir John Cochrane. This gentleman in 1683 was lying in the Talbooth in Edinburgh awaiting his execution for complicity in the Argyle insurrection. Meanwhile his friends in London were making every effort to obtain his reprieve, but despite their attempts the warrant for Sir John's execution was despatched on its way to Edinburgh. Hearing this, Grizel Cochrane resolved to rob the messenger and so ensure a delay of at least sixteen days. Dressed in her brother's clothes she crossed the border, held up the messenger, and secured the warrant. Fortune favoured her venture, for before a new warrant could be sent a Royal Pardon arrived for Sir John.

Claude Duval, as his name suggests, was a Frenchman from Normandy, who came to England in the service of the Duke of Richmond in 1643. He soon became a gentleman of the road, as notorious for his daring robberies as for his gallantry towards the fair sex. He is said to have stopped a coach on Hounslow Heath in which a gentleman and lady were travelling. At Duval's request the lady executed a minuet with him on the turf, for which pleasant entertainment the gentleman accompanying her had to pay one hundred pounds. Duval met the inevitable fate of his class and was hanged at Tyburn in 1670, to the great grief of the women. His tombstone in Covent Garden Church bore the inscription:—"Here lies Duval—reader, if male thou art, look to thy purse, if female, to thy heart."

Two other famous cases of women playing a man's part are Anne Bonny and Mary Read. Anne Bonny, the daughter of an attorney, was born in county Cork, but spent her girlhood in Carolina where her father had settled. On some mad impulse she ran away to sea with an English pirate, Captain Rackam; she is said to have been as active as any of her male shipmates in boarding a prize. One of her shipmates was a girl called Mary Read, who had been brought up in London as a boy. She, too, ran away to sea and served in a man-of-war, which, while on its way to the West Indies, was captured by the pirate ship in which Anne Bonny was serving. Mary Read decided to join Captain Rackam's crew as a pirate, she and Anne Bonny becoming close friends. One of Mary's most notable exploits was the killing of fellow pirate in a duel over a young man whom the pirates had captured and wished to put to death. This man shortly afterwards became Mary's husband, but did not long enjoy that doubtful distinction, for in October, 1720, their ship was attacked by a

sloop sent out by the Governor of Jamaica. Anne and Mary were the only members of the crew who made any resistance, but in spite of their efforts Rackam and his cowardly crew were captured. Many were executed but Mary Read died in prison, while the fate of Anne Bonny is unknown.

These were just a few of the individuals who made the "good old days" so good. A few—a very few—of them are romantic and likeable figures, but the great majority are no better than our modern thugs and gunmen.



The Appointment of an Editor.

During the Summer Term it comes to be known that the Editor of the ERASMIAN has nominated his successor. This, as a rule, is all the public knows about it. Recently, however, one of those who assisted at the ceremony was induced to break his strict oath of secrecy and his statement was hurriedly committed to writing before he could change his mind. This may account for one or two peculiarities in the following description of this exceedingly ancient ritual, which we now present, without further comment, to our readers:—

The Editor-Designate, attired, according to immemorial tradition, in a pale pink bathing suit, was ushered into the Editorial study, situated in a remote and unexplored part of the School precincts. Here he was received by a select body consisting of the Editor, the Art Editor, the Chief Contributor, the Jokemonger-in-Ordinary, and a high dignitary whose name is unfortunately indecipherable. The door was then shut, bolted and triple locked.

The Editor then commenced to read the list of questions which has been handed down since the time of Erasmus Smith:—

Editor.—Who enters?

Ed.-Des.—The Editor-Designate.

Ed.—Approach, and answer me. Do you know the nature of an editorial?

Ed.-Des.—I do.

Ed.—Do you know the nature of a contribution?

Ed.-Des.—No.

Ed. (heaving a sigh)—There is no need for you to know. It is highly unlikely that you will ever see one. (Resuming)—Have you a strong constitution?

Ed.-Des.—Yes.

Ed. (to the Jokemonger).—Test him.

Jokemonger.—This is a joke: "First Person: Homer's odd, I see. Second Person: Homer's ill, I add." Ha, ha, ha.

(The Art Editor blenches. The dignitary previously mentioned utters a low moan. The Editor-Designate is unmoved.)

Ed. (relentlessly).—Again!

Jokemonger.—This is a riddle: "What is the difference between C sharp and B flat?" Answer: "If a man was crossing the road and a bus came along, if he did not C sharp, he would B flat." Ha, ha, ha!

(The Art Editor faints. Even the Editor himself looks pale. But the Editor-Designate is unshaken.)

Ed. (hastily)—Enough.

(And of course when the Editor says "Enough" we must stop.)



Correspondence.

The High School, Dublin.

To the Editor of the ERASMIAN.

Dear Sir,

The loose way in which the School Rules are worded grieves and pains me. I propose that they be reworded.

Take, for example, the first rule, worded thus:—"All boys are expected to wear the School cap." This is evidently capable of the grossest misrepresentation, for, Form VI seem to think they can wear hats, some boys seem to think they can brazenly in a vulgar and ostentatious manner reveal their plastered locks, while others seem to think they can wear their caps, either over their eyes, in Public School fashion, or on the back of their heads, or over the right ear, or conversely over their left. Most probably justify themselves that they are only "expected" to wear the School cap. I propose that they be "requested and desired" to do so as well. This appeal to their better feelings would, I think, have the required effect. Again, the rule says "school cap." What school cap? We are not told. What is the school cap? Again we are not enlightened.

My version would read as follows:—"Every pupil (Forms I to VI upr. inc.) of the High School of Erasmus Smith, Dublin, Est. 1870 (hereinafter known as the School), is expected, requested and desired to wear on his cranium, in a manner adjudged decent and proper by a standing committee consisting of the Headmaster, two Assistant Masters and the Sergeant of the School, the school cap (Reg. No. 665853) of recognised shape and pattern obtainable at the cost of 3/6 (three shillings and sixpence) from Messrs. Lewers & Co., School outfitters, only." This is hardly capable of misrepresentation.

In this manner all the rules could be amended so as to avoid all possibility of misinterpretation, with, I am sure, a great moral and physical effect in the school.

Trusting that when I receive my next home-work book (with time-table) I may see this long-felt want satisfied and the school rules drawn up in a satisfactory legal manner.

I remain, yours, etc., A. STICKLER.

Athletics.

SWIMMING NOTES.

Captain—R. S. Savage.

Vice-Captain—J. M. Bryson.

Hon. Secretary—G. F. Mitchell.

The swimming season is now in full swing, and though fair numbers are present on Mondays and Thursdays, more might attend regularly. The Polo team, though not yet up to last year's standard, is showing great promise, and a number of matches have been played, mostly against Trinity S.C. teams. We have only three of last year's team left, but the newcomers are very keen, and are coming on well. The boys from whom the squadron will be picked are in training and show good speed. Amongst the juniors the standard of swimming is high, and prospects for future seasons are good.

We wish to thank Messrs. Wilson and Shannon for attending so regularly, and Sgt-Major Burke, our Instructor, with whom we sympathise in his recent bereavement, for the interest he takes in the boys.

CRICKET SEASON.

This season has hopes of being a very promising one for High School Cricket. The Senior XI has won one League match out of two played. The Senior XI met St. Andrew's College in a League match and after an exciting game won by the good margin of 4 wkts. The next League match was played against Mountjoy, on May 13th (unlucky thirteen) and after a tie in the 1st innings we were beaten in the 2nd innings by 6 wkts. with only four minutes to full time.

The Junior XI has had even better success than the Senior XI, having lost only one match. In the 1st round of the Junior Cup, they beat Sandford Park School by 3 wkts., thus proceeding to the 2nd round. The 2nd round was played against St. Andrew's College, who were beaten after an exciting double innings match by 7 wkts. High School thus going to the semi-final.

The 2nd XI have so far this season played only three matches, having won one, lost one, and the remaining game being drawn.

The "Under 14" have only played one match, in which Sandford Park School beat them.

		Matches Played	Matches Won	Matches Lost	Matches Drawn	Points
Senior XI ...	...	4	2	1	1	5
2nd XI ...	...	3	1	1	1	3
Junior XI ...	...	7	5	1	1	11
Under 14 ...	...	1	—	1	—	—

HIGH SCHOOL.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Willis b. Tully	1	c. Simpson b. Tully	16
Boucher b. Tully	4	b. Tully	8
Thompson c. McFerron b. Mitchell	8	c. McDougall b. Mitchell	10
Green run out	5		
Murdock c. McFerron b. Mitchell	4	not out	6
Hawkins l.b.w., b. Tully	1		
Flynn c. and b. Tully	9		
Felton c. Keating b. Colter	4		
Hutson b. Tully	0		
Orr not out	2		
Horrell hit wicket, b. Tully	0		
Extras	4	Extras	2
	42	(3 wkts.)	42

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Bowles b. Murdoch	0	b. Hutson	11
Tully c. Boucher b. Murdoch	0	b. Murdoch	6
McFerron c. Flynn b. Murdoch	2	b. Murdoch	0
Keating b. Thompson	13	b. Murdoch	5
Stephenson b. Murdoch	0	c and b. Hutson	0
Mitchell l.b.w. b. Murdoch	7	not out	2
Simpson b. Green	3	c. Hawkins b. Hutson	0
McDougald run out	0	b. Murdoch	0
Stanley b. Thompson	4	l.b.w. b. Murdoch	0
McBride c. Green b. Murdoch	5	b. Hutson	0
Colter not out	0	b. Murdoch	9
Extras	4	Extras	7
	38		40

Bowling :—1st innings, Murdoch, 6 for 11 ; Thompson 2 for 2 ; Hutson, 0 for 12 ; Green, 1 for 9.

2nd innings—Murdoch, 6 for 7 ; Thompson, 0 for 11 ; Hutson, 4 for 5.

HIGH SCHOOL.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
R. Boucher c. Wilson b. Hughes	0	b. Patterson	23
G. A. Bamford b. Hughes	0	hit wkt. b. Patterson	5
E. A. Thompson b. Patterson	0	c. Rees b. Hughes	1
G. W. Patterson b. Hughes	4	c. and b. Williams	26
A. G. Breakey b. Hughes	6	run out	8
W. G. Taylor c. Williams b. Patterson	3	b. Buttermore	12
		not out	8
L. Green c. and b. Patterson	2	b. Hughes	0
R. H. S. Ballagh b. Hughes	0	b. Buttermore	2
H. W. W. Good c. Williams b. Hughes	0	b. Hughes	3
R. S. Savage not out	0	b. Hughes	0
Extra	1	Extras	5
	16		93

MOUNTJOY SCHOOL.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lees b. Murdoch	5	b. Murdoch	3
Hughes b. Ballagh	1	b. Ballagh	36
Williams c. Patterson b. Murdoch	3	not out	29
Laryheed b. Ballagh	1	b. Murdoch	26
Patterson b. Ballagh	0		
Buttermore c. Boucher b. Ballagh	0		
Smith l.b.w. b. Murdoch	1		
Rafter b. Murdoch	0		
Wilson c. Green b. Ballagh	1		
Doherty b. Murdoch	0		
Parke not out	2	l.b.w. b. Murdoch	0
Extras	2	Extras	3
	16		(4 wkts.) 97

Bowling :—Ballagh, 1st innings, 5 for 9 ; 2nd Innings, 1 for 34.
 Murdoch, 1st innings, 5 for 5 ; 2nd innings, 3 for 60.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.**HIGH SCHOOL**

Barber c. Breakey b. Green	28	Boucher c. and b. Smith	11
Fine b. Ballagh	16	Bamford l.b.w. Tully	1
Smith l.b. Murdoch	1	Thompson not out	18
Price l.b.w. b. Ballagh	0	Patterson c. Kernoff b. Tully	0
Buchanan b. Ballagh	0	Breakey b. Kernoff	5
Bowles c. Boucher b. Ballagh	0	Taylor b. Kernoff	0
Tully run out	1	Green c. Kernoff b. Smith	6
Crawford run out	6	Murdoch not out	13
Kernoff c. Green b. Ballagh	0		
McNamara l.b.w. b. Ballagh	0		
McLean not out	1		
Extras	3		4
	56	(6 wks.)	58

Bowling :—Ballagh, 6 for 25 ; Murdoch, 1 for 11 ; Bamford, 0 for 7 ; Thompson, 0 for 3 ; Green 1 for 7.

SANDFORD PARK**HIGH SCHOOL.**

Milton b. Hutson	2	Boucher b. Pilkington	6
Pilkington c. Green b. Murdoch	3	Willis b. Pilkington	12
Cope c. Boucher b. Hutson	15	Thompson b. Cope	12
Campbell, G. b. Murdoch	7	Green b. Cope	4
Campbell, J. c. Boucher b. Thompson	6	Murdoch c. Johnstone b. Pilkington	22
Johnstone b. Murdoch	0	Hawkins b. Campbell, G.	12
Considine b. Murdoch	0	Flynn c. Mellon b. Cope	10
Hogan b. Murdoch	1	Hutson not out	9
Jolly not out	3	Felton not out	0
Clayton run out	1	Orr	
Leggett run out	0	Martin	
Extras	5	Extras	7
	43	(7 wks.)	84

Bowling :—Thompson, 1 for 8 ; Murdoch, 5 for 18 ; Hutson, 2 for 11 ; Green, 0 for 1.

The Old Boys' Union.

President.—The Most Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., Primate of all Ireland.

Secretaries.—M. Bell and W. H. Thrift.

Treasurer.—Rev. W. C. G. Proctor, B.D.

All Old Boys are invited to join the Union. Life subscription is one guinea, which may be paid in two annual instalments.

The ERASMIAN is sent free to all members. Contributions for publication will be welcomed by the Editor.



Early Days of the High School.

(Continued from last issue.)

It always seemed that any differences Dr. Creswell had with the staff were on matters of discipline. He often stood by when a class was at work but I never knew him to interfere. When my father heard the name of a new master he cautioned me not on any account to tell any of the other boys about the trouble this master's brother had got into, nor the fact that my father had something indirectly to do with bringing the man to justice. He also impressed on me to be most careful not to give the master any trouble. This was quite unnecessary, as he was particularly nice to me. Did he know? However, on one occasion the doctor stood up as usual. "There is too much noise," was the cry: then he called out "Moore." Now this boy was standing at the head of the class which this particular master was teaching, and consequently the master's desk and chair were hiding him more or less from the doctor. At this time we were doing the first book of "Paradise Lost"; in it there is an account of how the master of a small ship at night, seeing part of a whale's body above the surface of the sea, fixes his anchor to what he thinks is an island, and so shelters himself until the morning.

Almost instantly the Doctor had called out "Moore" a boy in his class said: "Moors by his Side under the Lee," quoting the exact word from "Paradise Lost." The Doctor was so surprised at the remark, he asked for an explanation, and when he heard it was so amused at its absurdity that he laughed heartily.

The merit of cob-webs as styptics are even now put forward. A medical friend told me he was present when a hunter cut an artery in its foreleg; handkerchiefs were of course useless. He went forward and eventually did the needful. (The animal was

afterwards sold for a large sum.) When my friend was doing the operation one of the natives pushed to the front and called out :—
“ Have any of yez got a cob-web on you.”

Boys don't often make mistakes in sizing up the character of a new master. Once I knew a grave error made with a mild, quiet young man, who came from Trinity College to do duty temporarily. He caught a boy reading the laws of cricket in class. He called him up, took the book from him, asked him a question on some point of the game. The boy did not know the answer, he looked rather sorry for himself in front of the class, but was more than surprised to be handed back his book and told to go on with his work. During all that master's term he never had any more trouble ; the boys thought no end of him.

One day a boy got an epileptic fit. No one answered when the query as to who was his greatest friend was asked, but when it was discovered that the friend would have to drive home with the sick boy in a cab almost half the school rose. I was not selected. After some time Doctor Creswell had some serious difficulty with the German master, Mr. Oscar Khramer. They were not on speaking terms. We thought the Board were backing up Mr. O. Khramer ; that was enough. From this gentleman I got my first experience of German diplomacy. We boys were asked to work in his garden, and each boy would get a penknife. Of course, living in the country I know what was gardening. This work was to remove a heap of clay with a wheel-barrow ! I struck ! Mr. O. Khramer was furious. He did not say anything but he neglected me from that day. He reported me for wasting paper, too much space between the words. Doctor Creswell took no notice. Eventually he had me up for something I did in class. He sat on a form with his back to the hot water pipes. (He usually had a collection of handkerchiefs drying on the pipes, which he had previously washed in the lavatory.) The boy stood in front of him, the sentence was “ Run the gauntlet,” the prisoner had to make his way out from between the two forms, each boy as he passed might pinch him as often and as hard as he liked. Immediately the signal was given I got a most unexpected pinch which caused me to jump up and Mr. Khramer, who had put out his legs to retard me, was somewhat surprised when I landed down on his shins. Great uproar. Doctor Creswell on the scene, who sided with me. That ended that stunt.

I never had much to do with Mr. Cooney. He was a master I liked greatly. He was a sort of grown-up Peter Pan ; at heart he was a boy, he took a boy's view of life. I never knew him do a nasty thing or act unfairly. I met him occasionally after I left school, he was fond of skating.

The drawing-master, Mr. Smeeth, was a charming character. He taught drawing as it is always taught, he did not seek to force art as the essential element. The boys' parents have to be considered. They paying the piper, may not be satisfied with an

artistic tune ! We all loved Mr. Smeeth. He was so gentle. A common thing was to say :—" Please sir, may I have a No. 2 crayon." (It is very soft and very dark.) Then came this little speech :—" A No. 2 crayon is like gunpowder in the hands of a child. Yes, you may have a No. 2 crayon." One thing he taught thoroughly was perspective. He made it clear and easy to follow, so that it was a most interesting study, as he had the gift of removing its difficulties. I was so well grounded in it when I left school that it never gave me any further trouble. I met Mr. Smeeth once or twice in Exhibitions and I was struck with his clear and sound judgment, which corroborated my opinion that he was fully competent to teach the most advanced class of art students if he had been called on. It has always been a pleasure to me that I knew this true gentleman.

Many years after I had left school I met a French gentleman, M. Le Peton, who had a school for small boys in Dublin. He was a most accomplished skater, and did some small figures so intricate that they were hopeless to follow. What was so curious to me was the wonderful admiration his small boys had for him, and the feeling seemed mutual. At last I remarked on it to him. His reply was remarkable: he said :—" We love each other. I love boys, they are so honest, I am not honest, you are not honest, but these boys have a code of honour, and will be honest until they become like you and me."

Spring taps admitted water to the basins in the lavatory ; it was discovered by using two or three at the same time the pipes made great noises. Of course a scout was placed when the entertainment was going on. Should a master arrive only quiet boys were engaged washing their hands. Chemistry has one drawback, it is a somewhat smelly business. One of the boys gave a splendid display, but alas, there was smoke and smell. I thought it too risky to remain and just as I got to the head of the stairs Doctor Creswell appeared in the passage with " tickler " under his arm. A door into one of the class rooms was close by, and as it is set well back from the face of the wall there was a space into which I slipped, and the Doctor's gown flying up as he passed me I escaped. The chemist got severely punished.

There was an old stable in the yard, and ladders gave access to a loft. What the game was I don't remember, but there was some difficulty in getting either up or down. However, the Doctor came along one day when I was on the loft. He could not get up nor did I feel inclined to get down. So after a time he went away and I got out of the difficulty and made my way by some underground passage to the school-room which I entered softly, and was not discovered.

Two very clever boys were Gray and Stanley Shaw. They were sons of the Fellows of Trinity College. Messrs. Gray and Shaw had attended some play and wrote an account which was published in, I think, the " Express." It was read for the class. Dr.

Creswell was charmed and, of course, we all agreed. A boy I liked greatly was named Courtney. I lost sight of him for years. He turned up at a friend's house who had one of the Gilbert and Sullivan's operas staged. I was helping her with the scenery, when the music got into difficulties and Courtney did the needful, and did it very well. He, I am sorry to say, is no more.

There was one task I rather liked. We got a week to prepare a map which had to be drawn on slates. It certainly taught me a lot of interesting facts about the countries we studied. Even at this day I can make a fair shot at placing the towns, etc., in the proper places. But of all my studies I detested essay writing most. I had not the least idea how to go about it. And somehow Doctor Creswell did not seem to care how I floundered in the quagmire.

Ten was the highest mark. I usually got one, rarely two, once I think I got three. On one occasion during the examinations I found myself tied up in the school room for at least two hours, so out of pure mischief I selected the subject "Ghosts" from amongst others. As my mother had a wonderful collection of ghost stories which I had been hearing all my life, I just started off and found the time all too short. Nothing was heard for some time when Dr. Creswell told the class he had the greatest surprise for them, who was near the top of the list. No one could guess, least of all myself. So I had to tell how the wonderful had been accomplished.

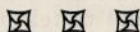
There were two or three brothers who were rather distant. They never did anything particular. Some years after I left school I had to go to the country to see a gentleman on business. When I discovered he was these boys' father, I mentioned the fact that his sons were old schoolfellows. This pleased him greatly. He was most courteous and hospitable and made me promise to go and spend a day with his sons. Shortly afterwards I saw one of my old schoolfellows standing on the steps of a house in Dublin. Remembering the kind invitation I went forward saying:—"Well B——, how are you?" to which came the remarkable reply: "Never mind." The day in the country never came off.

The names of some boys were set out as follows:—Robinson DIGGES WHITE COAL in the PARKE. Another was MOSS grows in the MARSH and when it's put in the CARTE it FALLS off. Carte went into the Army Medical and was eventually appointed to the Guards. He is gone. Falls distinguished himself both with the Conservative party and by going to the Front with the Ulster Section. Beyond carrying off a big lot of prizes I cannot remember he ever did anything at school. He certainly never got into serious trouble. I cannot say the same for myself. I had some wonderful escapes, but on one occasion had to confess having put soda in the ink wells. The whole school was to be kept in until the criminal confessed. So there was nothing else for it. The punishment was most effectual. I had to remain in each day till all the wells were cleaned. It does not require much

imagination to picture the condition of a boy's hands and clothes nor the explanation when he arrived home on the first occasion. I rather think the Porter called "Moses" helped me when the Masters had all gone on one occasion. One of my school-fellows, now the Primate, knew a lot of interesting things. He told me a good deal about electricity. It was then in its infancy. He explained how to make it by means of a plate of glass hung on an axle and revolved. We drifted apart and it was some forty-six years when we met again. I reminded him about the electric machine, and it would appear that the old model was at that time in existence. The day the Primate was leaving Dublin for Armagh we met at Amiens Street Station, our train did not start as the driver refused to go while policemen were in the train. This was at the time England was governing the country.

I can only remember one of my exploits in the essay line. Writing on "Charity," I pointed out how the Good Samaritan had given "two pence" to the man who fell amongst thieves. And the beauty of it was that I could not see the joke, even at that time I knew something of the value of money at the time of its issue.

J. B. S. MACILWAINE, R.H.A.



Old Boy's Union Dinner.

The first dinner of the Old Boys' Union was held in Mills' Restaurant on Wednesday, 20th March. Mr. W. H. Carson, K.C., was in the chair.

The toast of "The School" was proposed by Mr. Edward H. Byrne, President of the Incorporated Law Society. He said that he looked on it as a particular compliment to be asked to propose the Toast of his old school. He usually spoke from "instructions" and to-night he got them from the Headmaster who supplied him with many documents containing the history of the school. He considered that there were more honoured names in the High School list of past pupils than in any school of similar size. Amongst these he mentioned the Primate, the Most Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, W. B. Yeats, S. P. Johnston, Sir William de Courcey Wheeler, Prof. Thrift, T.D.; Prof. Alton, T.D.; G. A. Exham, Harry Thrift (all fine Fellows of Trinity College); Sir Bernard D'Olier Darley, Brigadier General A Maxwell, Sir Hildebrand Harmsworth, Prof. Patten, J. A. Nairn, Frank Greer, K.C.; G. C. Duggan, etc. Mr. Byrne showed that Old Boys had become prominent in every walk of life and particularly in the Church.

The Headmaster, in replying to the Toast, said that on these occasions when they talked of the School they had to listen to the Schoolmaster for a while. All great writers in ancient and modern

literature, including Shakespeare, detested the whole race of schoolmasters. Fortunately, however, while boys and masters came and went, Schools like the High School continued to flourish. He showed that the school has in recent years fully upheld its past records by quoting a summary of the distinctions gained in every kind of public examination. During the present year many new activities, concerts, plays, debates, etc., had been taken up with enthusiasm by the boys.

Much money is being spent on new equipment, including a new gymnasium, and he particularly appealed to the Old Boys to keep in touch with the School.

Sir William de Courcey Wheeler proposed the Toast of "Our Guests." He analysed in a most interesting way the contributions of the various professions, particularly Medicine and Law, and Public Life. He gave an account of the St. Patrick's Night dinner in London, at which he had been one of the speakers, and went on to deal with the many of the great men in history who had been Irish school boys.

Sir Robert Tate, F.T.C.D., replying to the Toast, told a number of amusing stories which were much enjoyed. He paid a tribute to the work done in the past by the High School, by pointing out the distinguished names amongst his own colleagues in Trinity College, who had been pupils of the School.

The Rev. R. Watson and Mr. W. G. Wakeley replied on behalf of the Mountjoy and Diocesan Old Boys' Associations.

A vote of thanks to the Honorary Secretaries and Treasurer, Messrs. M. Bell, W. H. Thrift, and the Rev. W. C. Proctor was proposed by the Rev. W. J. Mayne.

Mr. Rupert Jeffares proposed a vote of thanks to the musical members. His reminiscences of his High School days were most amusing and his speech contributed much to the success of the dinner.

The following Old Boys contributed to the Musical Programme: Messrs. Leahy, Jeffares, M. Bell, Flewett, Mackay, Worlin, Rupert Jeffares.

This was the first dinner held since the Union was founded. It was well attended, and in the opinion of all, an unqualified success.



Notes on Old Boys.

The Most Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., President of the Old Boys' Union, has been appointed Huslean Lecturer for 1929 at Cambridge University.

We regret to announce the death of Sir Hildebrand Harmsworth, Bart., brother of the late Lord Northcliffe. Some time before his death he had written expressing a wish to join the Old Boys' Union.

The Rev. J. Riversdale Colthurst, M.A., has been offered the Curacy-in-Charge of the Parish of Ballycommon and Phillipstown.

Mr. Brendan P. Mansfield has been appointed manager of Messrs. J. N. Anderson's Nurseries, Napier, Hawke's Bay, and sails for New Zealand soon.

"Starting from scratch, Stanley Woods forged his way through the forty-eight riders who started in front of him and won the Athy 'Seventy-five' "—IRISH TIMES.

Mr. Woods has already won numerous successes including two International Tourist Trophy Races, the Dutch T.T., the French Grand Prix, the Belgian Grand Prix, and the Swiss Grand Prix.

Mr. R. J. Ross won the Fitzgerald Cup for advanced organ playing at the Dublin Feis Ceoil.



Marriage.

MATHER and McENNERY.—April 3rd, 1929, at Holy Trinity Church, Rathmines, by the Rev. J. Tobias, M.A., B.D., Robert William B., Dent. Sc., Army Dental Corps, elder son of the late Mr. Mather and Mrs. Mather, 48, Rathdown Road, to Miriam Beresford, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McEnnery, 85, Palmerstown Road, Dublin.



Our Contemporaries.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following :—
"T.C.D." (Trinity College, Dublin) ; "The Campbellian" (Campbell College, Belfast) ; "School News" (Royal Belfast Academical Institution.)



Notices.

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The Editor invites literary contributions from past and present pupils, and all others interested in the School.

Editor.—G. DALTON.

Treasurer.—G. MITCHELL,

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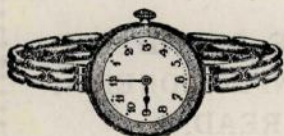
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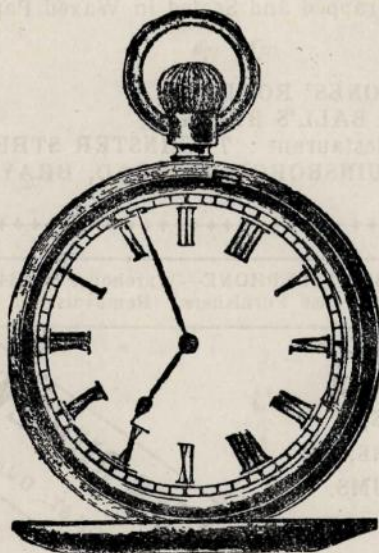
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