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THE ERASMIAN

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JUNE
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Vol XXVIII. No. 2



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EDITORIAL

WE draw your attention to the School Museum, for this desirable side of School life has been lamentably lost sight of for ages. It is situated in the old Art room—just in case you don't know. Who holds the key? We do not know. We have viewed the contents of the presses through the glass and they seemed good to us, such a little number of exhibits as there are. Now the object of drawing attention to this subject is two-fold, as will be seen from the following.

The old Latin meaning of *curriculum* was strife or any contest of speed, but people nowadays have another meaning for the word and curriculum is now applied to the subjects which are taught in Schools and Colleges. But we hold that there is too much of the Latin meaning of a speed contest in the modern interpretation. Youth of this age does not find its schooldays the best time of life, if, indeed, anyone ever did; they are a ceaseless rush to amass knowledge for examination purposes, and, for the nonce, education seems to have lost its aim, for success in life at present depends mainly on the amount of learning assimilated for such examinations.

The present day School curriculum does not permit of much spare time, for we rush from class to class in our cramming of knowledge and neglect many duties and pleasures. The School Museum fills one niche and should be used as part of education which must be divorced from its hard and fast grip of pure curriculum lore.

Lately we have heard several high and mighty sixth formers deploring the fact that they had reached their school zenith in work and games but had acquired no personal interest outside these two; music didn't appeal, nor art, nor even literature. In such cases might not a search for rarer things have furnished the missing hobby? And on these grounds, and on the grounds of maintaining a closer contact of the Old Boys with their Alma Mater, we have no hesitation in appealing to all to interest themselves in this laudable object.

In our homes amongst the "junk" we are certain that many things of interest could be brought to light, for so many people collect curios and forget them when the first flush of novelty has passed. Old Boys throughout the

world must see curios that would interest people at home and they would probably remember the old presses in the old Art room.

We therefore appeal to both past and present pupils to take a greater interest in the Museum, and thus preserve a school institution which has been neglected much of late, and we are confident that great benefit will be gained by those who do.



SCHOOL NOTES

OUR Chairman of the Board of Governors, Dr. W. E. Thrift, who is an Old Boy of the School, has been elected to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin. We wish to offer him our sincere congratulations and our best wishes.

We listened to the Coronation Service on Wednesday, May 12th. On Saturday, 15th May, we were given a holiday to celebrate Dr. Thrift's appointment as Provost. Monday, the 17th, being Whit Monday, was also a holiday.

W. G. Booker and E. R. Young were present at the Empire Youth Service, held in Westminster Abbey on the 18th May.

G. H. D. Mulroney attended a concert held in Limerick, and spoke about the German tour there.

We thank—

Mr. S. W. Meyer, who presented the Boxing Club with a set of new gloves. The gift is greatly appreciated.

Mr. W. Warnock, who has offered a prize for the best essay written in Irish, to be given in competition annually.

We congratulate—

David Smith (1899-1905) on being appointed Inspector-General of Police of the Central Provinces of India.

D. W. Mitchell (1920-27) on gaining the Adrian Stokes Memorial Fellowship.

W. S. Moore (1928-35) on receiving a commission in the R.A.F.

C. V. Boyle (1926-33) on being called to the Bar.

S. A. Moore, J. H. M. Beattie and D. H. McNeill on winning the coveted distinction of

scholarship in Trinity College. We secured three out of the eight Foundation Scholarships awarded to the Free State Schools.

G. A. Atkinson on being awarded a divided First Prize for his play "Almost a Tragedy" in a competition run by the University Players. He began his dramatic career in our theatricals.

W. G. Booker, on his score of 108 not out in the Senior League match v. St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham.

BOXING NOTES

Captain D. A. ORR

Vice-Captain ... R. A. MEYER

TOWARDS the end of last season we had a tournament against Portora Royal School which we lost by six fights to three. The bouts which we lost were closely contested, Pielow and Meyer, in particular, being unlucky in

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CUP TEAM

K. A. WARRINGTON, W. A. J. LEARY, R. G. SMITH, S. HUNTER, A. V. BAKER, B. S. WHITNEY, F. E. BOYD, E. R. ROBERTS.



Mr. J. A. STOREY, W. B. BOOKER, R. T. MOTYER, E. R. YOUNG (Capt.), G. D. MULRONEY,
R. T. TOWSON, Mr J. BENNETT.
K. E. S. TYRRELL. G. A. COLE

SWIMMING NOTES

Captain E. R. ROBERTS

Vice-Captain ... J. N. ALLEN

WE have been training hard and therefore there is nothing of great interest to report. We should like to see that those who attend the baths would do so regularly.

their losses. Orr, Crockett and Quinn all won their contests in decisive fashion. We are greatly indebted to those Old Boys and members of the staff who gave us great help during the season. The Ellerker Cup contest was not held this year, but we are looking forward to our next meeting with St. Andrew's Boxing Club.

CRICKET

Captain	...	R. T. MOTYER
Vice-Captain	...	W. G. BOOKER
Hon. Secretary	...	W. GILMOUR

THE School followed up its success of last year by again beating the Old Boys in a very enjoyable match played at Belgrave Square on the evenings of the 10th and 11th of May.

The Old Boys, who fielded a fairly strong

OLD BOYS

J. S. Keddie, c Motyer b Booker	7
J. C. Gilmour, c Motyer b Booker	11
G. Keegan, ht. wkt. b Motyer	5
C. Keegan, b Motyer	0
A. D. Mason, b Motyer	1
C. G. Morton, run out	2
C. C. Gick, not out	8
W. H. Walker c Motyer b Warrington	2
T. O. Early, c and b Mr. Butler	7
J. E. Keddie, lbw b Mr. Butler	3
V. S. Dungan, b Motyer	2
Extras	3

Total 51

THE HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR CUP TEAM

G. T. MOORE, A. W. REYNOLDS, L. C. POLL, F. C. BURGE, G. H. PRIESTMAN, K. H. McK. YOUNG,
A. S. SIEV, E. V. SUTTON.



Mr. J. A. STOREY, A. S. WEIR, J. SMYTH, D. A. ORR (Capt.), J. N. ALLEN, B. F. L. ROONEY,
Mr. J. BENNETT.
A. G. DRAKE. R. J. BEATTIE.

team, batted first, but owing to the fine bowling of Motyer and Booker were dismissed for 51 runs. At the end of the first day's play the School had scored 28 runs for 3 wickets.

On the second evening a fine stand by Mr. Nowlan and Gilmour helped the School to carry the score to 77 all out, and so win by 26 runs.

BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Booker	9	2	15	3
Motyer	8	3	10	4
Mr. Butler	5	1	13	2
Warrington	3	0	9	1
Dr. Harrison	1	0	1	0

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HIGH SCHOOL

W. G. Booker, c Early b Keegan, C. L.	10
K. A. Warrington, run out	1
Lyons, run out	15
Mr. Butler, b Gilmour, J. C.	2
W. Gilmour, b Gilmour	18
Mr. Nowlan, b Dungan	13
Dr. Harrison, lbw b Walker	3
Mr. Storey, b Walker	0
R. T. Motyer, b Keddie	7
B. S. Whitney, not out	4
G. Mulroney c Keddie, J.E., b Keddie,	0
J. S.	0
Extras	4
Total	77

BOWLING

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Walker	10	2	18	2
Dungan	15	4	16	1
Early	1	0	9	0
Gilmour, J. C.	5	0	11	2
Keegan, C. L.	3	0	19	1
Keddie, J. S.	3	1	4	2

EXAMINATION RESULTS

EXAMINATION IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.
(General Synod and Presbyterian Assembly)

PRIZE-WINNERS

- ✓ Greek Testament—R. A. Cole (Third Class).
- ✓ Pass Certificate—H. J. MacDonald.

FIFTH YEAR'S COURSE

- ✓ Pass Certificate—F. Gardner.

FOURTH YEAR'S COURSE

- ✓ Pass Certificate—C. W. Woodman, F. C. Burge, L. G. Duff, R. F. Jackson, G. D. Buckley, H. R. J. Fogarty, C. G. Corrigan, G. B. P. Patterson, T. W. Beattie, E. V. Sutton, H. B. Harrison.

SECOND YEAR'S COURSE

- ✓ Prizes—R. K. Maguire, J. F. J. McKeon, R. W. Rumball, T. C. G. Strickland, G. J. Tyrrell, C. H. G. Delaney, V. C. B. Maslin, F. L. Thompson, G. W. Williams (First Class); R. R. Caldwell, E. W. O'M. Lovell, O. M. P. Tobias, W. B. West, R. J. S. Weir, D. P. Stephens, T. E. R. Wills, A. W. Parson, A. L. P. Jones, J. A. Motyer, H. C. Jermyn, G. F. Thompson, T. R. Sharpe (Second Class); J. C. Pemberton, E. W. Frith, H. R. Roberts, E. A. Thomp-

son, D. G. Duff, J. W. Moore (Third Class).

Pass Certificates—J. R. Greening, G. D. Lyons, E. G. Cobbe, R. R. Quin, G. H. Gardner, D. C. Wright, P. G. Bullock, R. L. Gardner, R. P. King, R. J. Beattie, W. P. B. Mathews, E. R. Haynes, R. A. Kerr, H. W. Lowe, J. J. Maguire, E. D. R. Simms, A. N. Luger, F. M. Penney, J. D. H. Lewis, D. N. Baynham, T. G. Grey, R. A. Hill, E. P. Sholedice, D. E. Dann, I. B. Pielow, R. J. Stevenson, J. E. Predy, D. J. A. Burrows, R. H. Leary, K. J. M. Young, A. B. Hennessy, J. P. Pike, G. T. Stephens, J. P. G. Waldron, S. J. Wright, W. B. Lyons, N. S. Taylor, R. F. Kyle, H. W. Robinson, J. F. N. Speidel.

PRESBYTERIANS.

SECOND YEAR'S COURSE.

Prizes—R. P. Willis (First Class); W. G. Clarke, J. A. Bell, J. R. Collie, P. A. Davis, A. G. Allshire (Pass Certificates).

FOURTH YEAR'S COURSE.

Pass Certificate—G. H. Priestman.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

S. A. Moore—Scholarship in Classics.
J. H. M. Beattie—First Scholarship in Mental and Moral Science.
D. H. McNeill—Scholarship in Modern Languages.
C. V. Boyle—B.A.
G. A. F. Harrison (S.F.)—First Rank Honours in Experimental Science.
J. C. Duggan (J.F.)—First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Science.
M. C. Fowler (J.F.)—First of First Rank Honours in Classics.
J. C. Gilmour (J.F.)—Second Rank Honours in Mathematics.
J. D. Smyth (J.F.)—First of First Rank Honours in Natural Science.
C. A. Boyle, B.A.—Solicitors Final Examination.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

The School Choir was awarded 80 per cent. and earned a money grant.

The Prize awarded by the German Government to the School in which the highest percentage of pupils received instruction in German has been assigned to the High School.

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HORACE COMES TO HIGH SCHOOL

TO-DAY we study Horace according to tradition—and the Trinity syllabus, and we often come upon passages which show a deep insight into High School life. In fact, were such a thing possible, one might say that Horace actually did attend High School in his youth.

We have not sufficient space here to give all of his many references, but some extracts are given below. For non-Classical scholars there are clues above the passages.

- (1) The Clock room on a cold day:
"quis aquam temperet ignibus,
... et quota Paelignis caream frigori-
bus, taces."
- (2) Detention:
"inclinare meridiem sentis."
Bunking:
"si per invisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito."
- (3) Classical master:
"docte sermones utriusque linguae."

- (4) Dr. Giles' little books:
"tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis."
- (5) At Dinner:
"Non siculae dapes
dulcem elaborabunt saporem."
- (6) Rugby Training:
"tenerae nimis
mentes asperioribus . . . formandae
studiis."
- (7) Rugby Forwards:
"vis consilii expers nole ruit sua."
- (8) Before Exams:
"detractus ensis cui super impia
cervice pendet. . ."
- (9) After Exams:
"dona praesentis cape laetus horae et
linque severa."
- (10) Boxing and Sports:
"Neque pugno
neque segni pede victus."
- (11) "Omne capax movet urna nomen."
"VIDE ET CREDE."

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IT was twenty minutes to two when we arrived at the G.P.O. on our visit to the broadcasting studios. After taking the lift and walking down a long corridor, we arrived at the entrance—a glass panelled door on which was written, "Radio Athluain. No Admittance." Streaks of golden lightning completed the effect on this gateway of Irish broadcasting.

Past the lightning, we entered another long corridor, and passing by the offices of the Director, Assistant Director and the general staff we came to the Gramophone Library. Our guide unlocked the door and we went in. On all sides were shelves and gramophone records filled all the available space on them. In the centre was a table with a few records, some books and files, and a small gramophone on it. There are over ten thousand records classified and indexed in this room. They are so placed on the shelves that by reference to a file—in which the names are kept in alphabetical order—any record on the shelves can be picked out in a few seconds. On the lowest shelf are recent records of dance music, above this are older records of

dance and light orchestral music. On the next shelf are records of light orchestral music, light operas, etc., and on top are records of grand opera and symphonies. Vocal records are kept on the opposite side of the room, and are grouped in much the same manner as the orchestral records.

Leaving the library, we continued down the corridor. On each side of us now were the rehearsal studios, of which there are four, each an exact replica of a proper broadcasting studio. Entering Rehearsal Studio No. 1, the first thing that struck us was the heavy material like blanketing, which completely covered the walls. There was also a heavy carpet, the object of both of these being to kill any echo. The ceiling was low, and several heavy beams ran across it, which split up any sound which would otherwise gather on the flat ceiling. Actually this studio has slightly better acoustics than the actual broadcasting studios, and is sometimes used for broadcasting.

This studio is at the end of the corridor and a narrow flight of stairs leads to the main studios. At the top of the stairs is the waiting room for those waiting their call. Comfortably

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furnished, it is more like a hotel lounge than a traditional waiting room. Several people were sitting in armchairs, waiting for the schools' broadcast at 2.30. All were reading over their scripts.

We had not to wait though, and opened the door into the "holy-of-holies." We were in a short corridor this time, with only two doors and a wide entrance off it. Over each of the doors were two lights, a white warning light, and the famous "red light." The wide entrance led into the control room, in which three engineers—one with headphones—were watching dials and occasionally moving a switch or a control knob. The walls of this room are glass, and look into three studios, two being fairly large, the third very small, in which most of the space is taken up by a large electric gramophone on which there are three record tables. The request programme was on, and the announcer was announcing the next record. The walls of the control room are sound-proof, nothing of the programme being heard except by the engineer with headphones.

We left the control room and entered the main studio, where they were preparing for the

schools' broadcast which came on in ten minutes time. This studio was fitted out in much the same way as the rehearsal studio, except that everything was more elaborate. There was also "blanketing" across the ceiling, because here the roof is pointed, being on the top floor of the G.P.O. This roof is bad for broadcasting as the sound collects in it. The "blanketing" eliminates some of this nuisance but not all, and this explains why reception is often "muzzy." In this studio are all the sound effects. In addition there is a scale model of a hall-door, with posts, which is only 3 feet high. Detail is complete from a Yale lock to a knocker.

The other studio is larger and is used for full orchestras and bands. It can be screened off to half its size for smaller orchestras. There was a door in one corner over which the red light glowed its warning. This was the door into the gramophone studio where the programme was just finishing.

We waited for a few minutes to see the change over at half-two, to the main studio, where a school choir was now assembled. This we did through the glass from the orchestral studio. Half-two came. The engineer in charge winked the red light warningly in the main studio. Then the white light came on. The announcer in the gramophone studio raised his pencil. The last record had ended. The engineers moved several switches and the red light went on in the main studio. With that the announcer there began talking, and we, having seen it all, retreated quietly from the studios through the waiting room and back into the G.P.O.

R.J.M.

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"REGENERATION"

But sometimes,
I am awfully all,
As otherwise,
I'm merely much,
So formerly,
I'd fearfully fall,
Then latterly,
I'm seldom such,
Around I daily refuse lies,
Before I whirly, weekly went,
Ah! Jollity, thy Poet is wise,
For now his light is all
But spent.

"THE SOU"

THE eleventh battalion of La Legion Etrange had been marching since dawn and the sun was now high in the heavens. Legionnaire 1369 knew he could march no longer. His tongue was swollen and black, his feet lacerated and bleeding, behind and on either side lay nothing but a vast expanse of sand, and in front lay—sand, miles of sand that shimmered and cruelly hurt his stinging eyes. He faltered in his stride and slowly sank to the ground while the battalion shuffled wearily on. An officer galloped up on horseback, dismounted and savagely kicked the inert mass with his heavy riding boots. Legionnaire 1369 rose to his knees, then swayed to his feet, ably assisted by a volley of oaths and kicks from the officer; he gripped the butt of his rifle and lurched towards his tormentor. The next moment a pistol butt descended on his tortured brain, the desert seemed to rise to meet him and he knew no more.

With the return of consciousness he found himself surrounded by a sea of blackness, and the realisation gradually sank into his bemused brain that he was in the punishment cells, deep down in the bowels of the fort. For hours he sat staring blindly into the inky darkness, then gradually he discerned dim forms wavering vaguely and indistinctly; he commenced to babble. With a jerk he pulled himself together. He must keep a steady grip on himself, he must not think, he must not let his brain wander on. . . . He must do something, anything, anything to keep his mind off the Stygian blackness. He groped in the ragged pockets of his tunic and pulled out five small coins—five sous. With a shrill laugh he hurled them from him. His hands groped slowly over the floor; they touched something—one sou, "four more"; another, "three more," "two more" . . .

Each time when he had regained the five sous, he flung them away again, blindly, and the fantastic search began once more.

NOTICE

Readers are asked to give their support to "Erasmian" advertisers, and to mention the school magazine when making Purchases.

Hours later a key grated in the lock and a guard with a lantern entered and placed a bidon of water on the floor. Something glinted dully in the dim light of the lantern, a coin, and mechanically the guard reached out and thrust it in his pocket, then went out locking the door behind him.

In a famous asylum in Paris a demented wretch still mutters night and day "one more sou."

A.J.A.

H.S.D. SPIRITS' ASSOCIATION

"OH! I have quite a decent time up here," commented the Clock Room clock. Settling down on the top rung of the ladder, I listened expectantly. "At any rate," continued that famous time-piece, "I have a much better time than my twin brother out in the open, for with all the 'hot air' rising from the classes below to keep me warm—"

I tried not to be indignant.

"As I was saying," he continued, "it's not too dull a life up here. There are plenty of things to amuse me—why only Friday last didn't you yourself make a perfect 'howler' in a class here? I nearly lost two minutes, I laughed so much!"

I blushed. "But," I said, changing the subject hastily, "surely it takes more than that to make your life bearable?"

"Oh! well, there are always affairs such as the Annual Concert, and the School Dance to liven things up, the Spirits' Committee meetings are quite interesting. Then——"

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"The *what?*" I exclaimed, causing my perch to shiver.

"Don't you know about the H.S.D. Spirits' Association?" he asked with astonishment. "Oh! well, I suppose you wouldn't. Well, you see, it's like this: Everything in the school is governed by a Spirit. For instance, there is a Spirit of the War Memorial, and of the Senior Handball Alley, and of the tap in the Yard, to give examples. These spirits all meet together in the Clock Room at midnight every Tuesday—."

"To-night!" I cried excitedly.

"To-night!" said the clock calmly. "At the meetings, they make any complaints, and decide how to punish the offender. For instance, last Tuesday, the Spirit of desk No. 3 in this room complained that X— minor had been carving his initials on the desk. Next day the Spirits caused a bottle of ink to fall on X— minor's coat. . ."

"So that's what it was," I said, "nobody could explain how it happened." How lucky I had decided to interview the clock and not the school cat as I had first intended! Here was news!

"Then, of course," my informer went on, "the Spirits can complain against the doings of the objects they represent, as the old holly-bush in the playground discovered to its cost when it stopped growing 'just for fun'."

"Why!" I said, "it was cut down."

"Spirits arranged that," said the clock cryptically.

I began to wonder what would happen *that* night, and so I asked him.

"I don't know," he replied frankly, "but if you'd like to come to-morrow, I'll be able to tell you."

"You bet I'll come!" I said enthusiastically. "I'll be here at the same time." And, bidding him "Good-bye," I returned to floor-level once more.

It was slightly before the arranged time next day, when I carefully steadied my ladder against the Clock Room wall. Slowly I mounted. Up, up, over the library, until at last I reached the clock.

"Well, what news have you got for me?" I cried eagerly, not bothering to sit down. "Quickly! I'm impatient!"

To my surprise, the clock answered me in a toneless voice. His energy of the day before had vanished, leaving his voice leaden. "A great deal happened last night," he grunted with an effort. "The Spirits came together as usual, and the Spirit of the Head's Study—Spirit-in-chief—stood up to speak. 'Brother Spirits,' he began, 'an important matter has come to my notice. To-day, a loyal member came to me, and told me that the secrets of the Association have been let out to a human being!' A murmur of horror ran through the assembly. 'This member,' the leader continued, 'is the Spirit of—the Clock!'"

"What!" I shouted, amazed.

"Alas! It is true," moaned the clock. "I knew of the Spirits in other things, but what I didn't know was that there was a Spirit belonging to *me*! When I told you about the Association, my Spirit was listening. As a result I have been ordered to take my brother's place outside. Nobody will know of the change, except you and me, and my twin brother. So, farewell, and think of me when the snow comes!"

A.W.R.



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Dulce est desipere in loco
 Yip-i-addy-i-aye!
 And Humpty Dumpty 'na suide 'na bfalla
 The Gaelic scholars say.
 Molois, ho posis moi,
 Will ye no' come back again?
 When you've reached to plus infinity,
 And the limits of X".
 Immerse a body in any liquid,
 Its weight it appears to lose;
 H²O is no use to a poet,
 I'll be saying goodbye to my Muse.
 Allons enfants de la Patrie,
 And sit au clair de la lune,
 Ich weiss nich was soll es bedeuten,
 And I've come to the end of the rune.

"OVERWORKED."

AS BAILE SAN TUL AS.

AN RAIB SÉ AR EOLAS AGAT, A LEIGTEÓIR, SUR
 b'féidir leat dul tar sáile agus panaict i
 n-Éirinn ar an am gceartha? Cím naé raib.
 Bál, cogar anois agus cuirfid mé an sgéal os
 do comair. Ní fuil le véanam agat, ac dul go
 dtí Cataire na Gaillime ar traen nó ar bus, nó
 ar gluaisteán, má tá a leictéir agat, agus do
 cur fút san tsean-áit iongantach sin go ceann
 oróice.

Ba éoir duit an cataire a sroisint go moé um
 tráchnóna, i gcaoi go mbeid do doitin d'uain
 agat na raibairce agus sa h-iongantais a b'piceál i
 gceart. Cipid tú Sean-pobal San Niocaláis agus
 Teac an Loinnsig, 'na croc atair a son-mac tré
 fuinneóis ann. Tá an 'Cladac' le piceál
 preisin agus na tighe beaga ann 'na gcom-
 nuirdeann na daoine a táinig o'n Spáinn padó;
 agus ar d'anam ná véan vearmad dul go h-umali
 go b'piceál tú an dealb cloiche atá sa gcearnóg,
 i lár na Cataire. Sean-pádraig Ó Conaire atá
 ann-an sgríobhnóir Gaeilge is mó dá b'pactas
 le nar linn. Ac táim ag dul amuigh.

Go dian-moé ar maidin—ar a sé a élog
 b'féidir—beid tú éios ag an gceib, agus radair
 tú ar bord luinge ann. Beid an grian ag tairneam

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—tá súil agam—an fearrge com ciúin is a ví fearrge riam. Mara mbionn, bal, veirteann na daoine i nÁrainn gur maíe an doctúir an tinneas fearrge. Níor éuala tú tráct ar Árainn riam! Cé bí ag múinead tír-eolais nuaira bí tusa ag dul ar scoil?

Cípró tú na h-Oileáin Árainn ar dtús nuair beirí an gáltán beag ag dul amac pan an Ceann Dub i gConnóae an Cláir agus beirí na Beanna Beola i gCeann na Mara ar an dtaoib tuairí díreac. Má's ruo é naé bfuil tú 'ro máirnéalac maíe is péirí naé mbeirí raíreac do dá súil ar feabhas ar an am sin, agus go gceapfir gurab amlaíó go bfuil trí scamail 'na luíge ar an bpairrge. Ní h-é sin mar atá an sgéal cor ar bit. Trí h-oileáin atá ann; na h-oileáin is iongantaisge sa domhan—sílim.

Níor éirí píl i nÁrainn riam agus 'sé mo tuairm naé éireoíó go deó. I ngeac áit áluinn eile bí píl mór ar uair éigin, agus, sluaighe acu naé raib clú nó cáil orra, ac veirim-se airís nár éirí píl, mór nó beag, i nÁrainn riam. Tá sort cumácta ann naé leighead do píl, dáir rugad pós, draoídeact na h-áite úo do cur i bpoilaib.

Ag smaínead dom anoct éim i súil mo aigne an t-Oileáin mór—na h-áiltreacá; na sean-dúnta ar tós na fíir Dolg, veirtear; na teampuill ar tós na naoim ann. Tá spiorad ar fuo an oileáin go léir naé bpeirí le teanga do labrad riam, do cur iscéill. Má's ruo é go raib péit na pílíreacáta ag doinne ann riam bí áfios aige go maíe naé raib sé ar a cúmas an draoídeact so do cur síos agus níor labair sé. Is ar éigin do gac duine dul ann agus annsan buailtear an cumáct sin istead na éroíde féin i ngean a fíos do.

Téig ann a léigheoir! Téig ann a veirim leat agus geallaim-se duit go raíóir tú ann airís agus airís. Feicpró tú an ceo ag scaipead ar na clocaib glasa ar maróin; feicpró tú an grian ag tairneam ar an meadon-lae agus ag dul faoi um tráchnóna—síos i mbrollaig na boena, feicpró tú an geallac tré néaltaib san oíóce. Cloispró tú fuaim na fearrge ag tuillead is ag tráíad ar cloicimib; torann na mór-conn pé na h-áiltreacáib sa stoirm; giungáil na gaighe agus glaíó caol na bpaíleáin féin. Tá ionghad agus draoídeact ag baint leo go léir i nÁrainn, a motuigeann duine 'na éroíde istig, naé bfuil ann i naon áit eile.

Ní furusta a éreíreamaint go bfuil na h-oileáin úo pé teorann Connóae na gáltíme.

S. Óg.

“VENDETTA OF THE WILD”

FIONN, the Golden Eagle, drifted slowly from side to side, a tiny speck against the blue, ranging here and there over the brown heather, floating from place to place with easy flicks of broad tireless wings.

Ever since that day, months ago, when his mate had left the nest, never to return or be seen by him again—for how was he to recognise that gory brown mass of feathers nailed to the keeper's board as her, he had been busy—busy supplying the wants of those two white balls of down in the eyrie, each with a huge gaping hole for a mouth, and busy guarding them from lurking enemies. It was no wonder that Fionn felt weary sometimes.

Suddenly he paused in his wheeling. What was that grey spot moving against the ling far below? With sudden decision he wheeled and threw himself downwards, every feather braced, every muscle taut, the wind whistling through his pinions, as the grey streak looked up in alarm.

The hare, with a startled squeal, ran, but inexorably that looming nightmare above fol-



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OF EXTRA WEAR

lowed its every turn, growing momentarily larger. Suddenly there was a still shriller squeal from the hare, and the eagle, with a tremendous flutter of wings, just saved itself from smashing against the ground, as he saw a dark sinuous shape land on top of the hare from a boulder. Hovering at a short distance he watched the brindled wild-cat, its eyes gleaming fire, its bottle-brush tail erect, daring him to touch her prey. At any other time Fionn would not have disputed possession, but now it was different. The hare was the only quarry he had seen that day, and his fledglings should not go hungry if he could help it. Besides he was hungry himself. Furthering these arguments the cat sprang quickly at him, missing him, it is true, but, nevertheless, angering him.

With deadly intentness he bore down on the cat. She, cursing and spitting in her wrath, eyes flashing green flame, awaited him. At the last moment she jumped aside and struck out with her paw. A brown tail-feather fluttered down and, madly enraged, Fionn cast himself at her again and again.

Eventually the moment came when the cat did not swerve aside quickly enough, and immediately was pinned down by cruel talons. Clawing wildly, she fought on in silence, until the combat reached the head of the glen near the top of the steep rugged cliffs that Fionn knew so well, the cat rolling this way and that, blind with blood and rage. Flapping his great wings to keep his balance, he had, perforce, to follow though well aware of his danger. Then the inevitable happened. There was a blood-curdling screech and the two combatants, whirled madly downwards through the air locked together in a frenzied grip. With a despairing jerk Fionn freed himself and soaring haltingly on frayed pinions the eagle saw the dark form of his enemy dash downwards to destruction. Slowly he followed and coasting down seized the coveted hare. Then higher and higher he laboured up the bleak mountain side to the eyrie where two hungry eaglets impatiently waited, while down in the valley amongst the grey boulders a dark brindled body lay very still.

R.A.C.

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To-day the High School Anarcho-Communist Soviet reports the astounding progress of our glorious movement within the area under the control of its commissars.

The H.S. Communists are playing a magnificent part in the workers' struggle against the hated oppressors of the proletariat. During the month of May our brave members invented ten more torturing instruments dedicated to the use of the fast-approaching world-wide workers' republic. Tests were carried out on captured capitalists who had been spending their ill-gotten gains in the tuck-shop whilst starving striplings of the lower classes stood shivering in a food queue a few yards away, in an ill-lit alley of the school's underworld.

Our secret press in the well-defended mud-dungen area publishes fearless accounts of the injustices of the money-grabbing capitalists and imperialists in our weekly newspaper "The Black and Red Worker." We have as our

editor one of the most fervid revolutionaries in Harcourt Street, whose name must not be mentioned, but whose inspired articles urge our sweating comrades to further efforts in the name of the sanguinary struggle for the liberation of our down-trodden working classes, rotting at present in the accursed dungeons of the avaricious imperialists.

Even to-day we plot to seize the presses of the capitalist rag in which we unwillingly publish our glorious report. Even as I write our secret police are on the trail of the fear-struck Fascist editor, whom we shall send to the torture camps in the icy slopes of the Three Rock. Then, with Comrade Blowmupski of Nishni Novgorod as our leader we will raise on high the blood-red flag of revolution on the worm eaten flag pole, at present devoid of any standard representing the cause of the workers. Then, with every aperture guarded by a heavy calibre water pistol, manned by the flower of our soviet army, we will demand the release of the Detentionists and like parties who are the innocent victims of the terrible class war brought on by the tyrannic action of the Capitalists who crush all workers striving for independence beneath their No. 12's, already stained with the blood of countless martyrs! Death to the High School Nazis!! Down with the whipped-cream-walnut-capitalists!!! Abolish the monetary system!

(P.S.—All members who have not paid their subscription before July will be suspended.)

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Mr. Mambus, you are wanted on the 'phone.
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Where can that have come from?
Let me show it to the Manager,
An Unusual Occurrence,
Whoever may be wrong,
Permit me to apologise,
And pray, do not soliloquise,
But Dryden your remorseful eyes,
Montgomery!
Give us Song!

"IUVAT INSANIRE."

ON PUTTING ONESELF IN ANOTHER'S PLACE

WHEN we were young we were sometimes told to put ourselves in the place of some unfortunate person whose patience in affliction put us to shame. If we were normal children, we did nothing of the kind; we made the most of our tribulation, certain that the sufferings of the other fellow—if we thought of them at all—were much less severe than ours, and that, anyhow, they were different. And, of course, we were right in thinking that they were different. We could not have put ourselves into the other fellow's place, even if we had tried, because we never could have discovered what that place was. We have a certain amount of knowledge about Bill Smith's circumstances, and, if we have enough imagination, we can surround ourselves with circumstances not unlike those in which he is living; but even Shakespeare would have to confess himself ignorant of some of the circumstances, and, with the best will to see the world from Smith's point of view, he would fail. No one could see it exactly from that point of view but Smith himself, for Smith (like you and me) is unique. Shakespeare was able to imagine the reactions of his characters to their environment, because they were of his creation, or because history had told him what those reactions had been. His Antony and Cleopatra, his Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet behave in his plays as Plutarch or Holinshed or other chronicler said that they had behaved. His Ariel or Caliban behaves as in his judgment a creature of such a nature might in certain imagined circumstances behave. But, if Shakespeare had made a play on lines suggested by the career of the Earl of Essex, while that young man was still in Ireland, we may be sure that the fifth act would not have shown the hero as a leader of desperadoes in his country's capital. If Shakespeare had foreseen tragedy, he would have located it in Ireland.

We know some, perhaps many, of the conditions under which Bill Smith has to live. We know that he has an ailing wife, five delicate children, one of them half-witted, and £3 a week on which to feed, clothe and house the family. He lives, as we should have expected, in a cheap house in a mean street, and, except on Sundays and Bank Holidays, and for one fortnight yearly, he spends most of his daylight

hours in a dull little shop serving dull customers. You may thank whatever gods there be that you are not Bill Smith; or rather, that you are not in Smith's place. If you were Bill, you would be what he is—a Mark Tapley, despite his environment. But if, remaining yourself, you were in his place, you would be utterly miserable. If you wish to indulge in the luxury of self-pity, put yourself in what you imagine Bill's place to be. But, if you wish to use your imagination profitably, try to look at the world from the point of view of one who has tastes like your own, but who, nevertheless, has to spend his days in an environment not unlike Bill Smith's. What is a weariness to Bill is probably a weariness to the man you have in mind, to whom Bill's compensations, moreover, are, as likely as not, merely an additional source of boredom. The misfits, the round pegs in square holes—if you have tears, keep them for these; for the voiceless, "who die with all their music in them." I have in mind a man whom Nature intended to make a scientist, but whom *res angusta domi* turned into a commercial traveller. His achievement in commerce has been slight, and he has the look of one who has missed the greatest thing in life. Fair Science must have frowned upon his birth, for Melancholy has marked him for her own. Heaven be



praised for putting into the minds of my parents the hope that as a clergyman I should do credit to my family! The hope—a mistaken one—sent me to the university and gave me the bookish life that suited me. For a short period, when I was at the beginning of my 'teens, I was attracted by commerce. I had read in some boys' magazine a story entitled, I think, *Their Road to Fortune*, which described the experiences of two brothers whom the early death of their father had compelled to choose a business career. They had a good start, I remember, and their speedy success attracted me, the young mind being attracted by achievement rather than by the thing achieved. But Gordon Stables came along, and took me to hunt slavers off the coasts of Africa; and, when I got back to Europe, all posts in merchants' offices seem to have been occupied.

The round pegs in square holes no doubt desire a change, but persons whose occupations give them a tolerable chance of doing their own work would, I think, rather live their own lives, with all their drawbacks, than exchange with more successful workers. I do not covet Mr. Wells's position or Mr. Shaw's, Dr. Inge's, or the Pope's; certainly not Herr Hitler's or Signor Mussolini's. There is finality in one's mental picture of the careers of these illustrious persons, and the mind abhors finality. And, if I do not covet their careers, I certainly do not desire to be any one of these persons. The truth seems to be that one cannot seriously desire to be another person. One may desire another person's environment, but to wish to become another person implies a desire for annihilation; and it seems as feasible to jump off one's shadow as to do that. Desire for annihilation will be found, I think, to be no more than desire for a good long sleep.

H.R.C.

THE CLASSIC'S COMPLAINT

Oh! I long for the life of the Scientist gay!
Far happier he than the Classic.
He revels in acids the whole of the day,
And colours his face with boracic.

I spend all my days in construing old liars,
Who sang about Cupid and Bacchus,
Along with Odes, Epodes, and Satires
Of Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

But while I am working in labour and pain,
At subjects unfraught with enjoyment,
My Scientist neighbour is charming his brain
With every amusing employment.

If energy flags in the course of the hour,
He bleaches his clothing with chlorine,
And in order to prove its magnificent power,
Makes holes in the ceiling with fluorine.

With nothing to check him, the whole of the
class
With beakers and test-tubes he litters;
And quenches his thirst with a sip from a
glass
Of a drink that he calls "Prussic Bitters."

Of course in this joyous pursuit there must be
A perilous element reckoned;
A fellow sat down on some KNO₃
And departed this life in a second!

So I'll give up the life of a Scientist gay,
And continue in that of a Classic;
Though he revels in acids the whole of the
day,
And colours his face with boracic.

E.R.R.

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THE EMPIRE YOUTH RALLY

MAJOR NEY, of the Canadian Council of Education, conceived the idea of holding a great union of the Youth of the Empire in London in connection with the Coronation. He asked High School to send over two representatives. Harry Booker and myself, however unworthy of the honour were chosen. We arrived in London on the Monday after the Coronation.

The city looked very festive that night, with all the rich decorations still up and the principal buildings brilliantly flood-lit and even the flower-beds and fountains in the parks illuminated. The decoration of Selfridges was the show sight of London. The whole building was covered with immense silvered tableaux representing the history of England up to the central piece, the crowning of the present King and Queen.

On Tuesday night we had our first important meeting—the Rally in the Albert Hall. Big though the hall is, it was filled right up to the roof with row upon row of students representing every nation in the Commonwealth, and even the Irish Free State! The different uniforms made a very colourful spectacle, the Canadian contingent showing up particularly, the boys in scarlet blazers and the girls in blue berets and white blouses. The rally was to be broadcast, so we passed the time before it began in practising some of the songs to the accompaniment of the great organ. A Scottish girl pipers' band gave some selections of traditional airs and then the broadcast began, the Royal Albert Hall calling the Empire. Lord Snell, Chairman of the L.C.C., first made a speech welcoming us to London. He was followed by several distinguished speakers, including Earl De La Warr and Mr. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia. There was great enthusiasm when the Duke of Gloucester arrived to pay a surprise visit. He made a short speech on behalf of the King, wishing every success to the gathering and left shortly afterwards amid thunderous cheers. Later in the evening, Stanley Baldwin rose to make his last great public speech as Prime Minister. He got a really wonderful reception, everybody rising to their feet and giving him three cheers. Alfred Noyes concluded by reading his "Ode to Youth," specially written for the occasion. Then, as a grand finale, came the National Anthem sung with all the fervour of 8,000 voices—truly something to remember.

On Wednesday we had a great Empire Service of Youth in Westminster Abbey in the Coronation setting. We passed up the carpeted central aisle right to the two thrones and then to our seats on the right. The Abbey, even with all the specially constructed seats, was completely filled. The organ was playing all this time, its music softened in the vastness of the great Abbey. Then the choir sang the Coronation Anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me." There was a fanfare of trumpets and the procession moved up from the West Door. First came the Bishops in their richly coloured robes, followed by a procession bearing the flags of every nation in the Commonwealth, and lastly the Archbishop of Canterbury. The hymn "All people that on earth do dwell" was sung by all, and the service proceeded with prayers and a short lesson. Seeing the two thrones opposite us and looking up to where Queen Mary and the other members of the Royal Family had been sitting, it was not difficult to picture the brilliant ceremony which had been enacted here only a week before. The Archbishop of Canterbury came forward and preached a sermon on the Challenge of the Coronation. A hymn followed and then the Archbishop pronounced the Blessing. There came another stirring fanfare of trumpets and everybody stood to attention for the National Anthem. The Procession formed up again and passed slowly out of the Abbey. In the outer porch of the Abbey was a velvet covered stand upon which shone the Crown, the Orb, and the Sceptre with the rest of the King's Regalia. Here we were introduced to Major Ney, the man who organised the whole Rally and who helped to make it such a memorable event.

E. YOUNG.

"DAINTY"

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GRANADA

GRANADA is the most southerly situated of the islands of the Windward group, and with the exception of Trinidad and Tobago is nearest to the mainland of South America. It is roughly about 133 square miles in area. We have two seasons—a wet and a dry. The former lasts from about June to December, and the latter from January to the end of May. The average rainfall for the low-lying areas is about five inches annually, while the more mountainous districts have an average of about nine inches. On the other hand we have an average yearly temperature of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The country on the whole is very mountainous. Our very streets form a network of steep gradients, and, consequently, travelling about the island demands quite a lot of hill-climbing. The climate is, however, very healthy, mainly, I should think, because of the hilly nature of the country, for most of the dwelling-houses are situated on high land. The island is in possession of some of the finest seaside

resorts to be found in the West Indies. Grand Anse—one of these—has even been ranked among the best in the world, with its three mile beach with rolling surf and background of lofty palms and still more distant mountains.

The staple products of the island are cocoa, nutmegs, and bananas, of which cocoa is the most important. The people, with the exception of a few whites from the British Isles employed in the colonial service and numerous Portuguese merchants, are more or less of Negro descent. The upper classes are in general landowners or proprietors of commercial business places. The members of the middle classes are in the main employed as store-clerks, or in the Civil Service; while the lower orders work as labourers or farm hands on the vast estates. On the whole we live a humdrum, uneventful life.

With regard to sport, we play quite a lot of football and cricket. Occasionally we compete against the neighbouring islands in the former sport, and there is a Cricket Tournament every two years when we strive against our two neighbours—St. Vincent and St. Lucia—for a cup trophy. However, having proved ourselves superior to our two opponents in the last three tournaments we have withdrawn from the competition, and are now trying to enter the Trinidad - Barbados - British Guiana Intercolonial Cricket. The last mentioned islands play the best cricket in the West Indies.

We also have yearly Athletic Sports to which the leading athletes from the neighbouring islands are invited. Then there are annual race meetings and local tennis tournaments. Many of our youths, I should say the majority, are keen lovers of the sea. There is one Aquatic Club, while the erection of another is at present under consideration. We, therefore, have yearly aquatic sports. Sailing is also one of the islanders' favourite means of recreation, and so it is a familiar sight to see the harbour dotted with the white sails of numbers of little sailing craft.

So Granada, with its fine capital St. George's, is an exceptionally pleasant island, with a warm healthy climate and thoroughly deserving of its age-old nick-name of "The Isle of Spice."

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THE SLACKER'S ALPHABET

A is the arm-chair I draw to the fire.
 B is for bed, without which I'd expire.
 C is for cushion so downy and soft.
 D is for dreams when I snore up aloft.
 E is for ease as I silently muse.
 F is for footstool supporting my shoes.
 G is the Good-Night which I gratefully sigh.
 H is for hammock; O let me there lie.
 I is for idleness; what could be nicer?
 J is for Joker, peace shattered—a "kyse," sir.
 K is for "Krib," my translation is neat.
 L is for learning, take care to avoid;
 M is for Music, her charms are so sweet!
 N is for Nightmare, a trifle oppressive;
 O is for Ovid, an author digressive;
 P is for Pillow, my head loves it best;
 Q is for Quiet, essential to rest.
 R is Rip Van Winkle, the chap who knew best;
 S is for snores, the windows are shaken;
 T is for torture, in class I awaken;
 U is for Uproar—that shattering din,
 V is for Vigour—a penance for sin;
 W is for Work, the hands it will stain,
 X is for 'ercise, it gives me a pain.
 Y is for yawns—in class they don't pay!
 Z is for Zunday—what more need I say?

OLD BOYS' UNION

THE object of the Union is to provide a bond between the past pupils of the School and to bring them together by games and sports and social functions. It also helps those who have left Dublin to hear of and keep in touch with their School contemporaries. The Union has already been of value to the present boys of the School.

Life subscription is one guinea, which may be paid in two annual instalments. Boys leaving School may, if they wish, have their names placed on the Register of the Union. Part at least of their life subscription must be paid within three years.

The ERASMIAN is sent free to all members.

Patron:

The Most Rev. C. F. D'ARCY, D.D., Primate of All Ireland.

President: H. THRIFT, F.T.C.D.

Vice-President: THE HEADMASTER.

Hon Secretaries:

MERVYN BELL and ARTHUR J. BEATTY.

Hon Treasurer: T. BELL.

Sports Secretaries:

Football: G. W. Keegan. *Cricket:* W. H. Walker and C. G. Morton.

Golf: S. S. Evans.

Executive Committee:

C. V. Boyle, W. F. Burgess, H. J. Johnston,
 W. H. Thrift, R. J. Walker, W. McCaw,
 A. D. Mason, T. D. Murphy.

ASSOCIATED SCHOOLS' UNION

The General Meeting was held in the High School on May 28th, when the following officers were elected:—Chairman, T. H. Corrigan (Mountjoy); Vice-Chairman, Alan B. Kidd

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(St. Andrews); Hon. Secretary, D. F. Moriarty (St. Columba's); Hon. Treasurer, Walter Howden (King's Hospital). A most successful year was reported, Wesley College and the Dublin Branch of Royal Belfast Academical Institution forming old boys' associations and joining the Union.



ANNUAL DANCE

The Annual Dance of the Union has been arranged to be held in the Metropole Ballroom on Saturday, November 6th.

It is hoped that all will try and keep this date free, and so make the dance, if possible, a bigger success than last year. This will be very difficult to achieve, as those who were present last year will agree, but we want to see everyone there, so remember that the Metropole Ballroom on Saturday, November 6th, will be a rendezvous for all H.S.D. friends.

GOLF

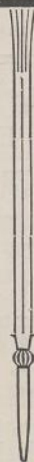
The Annual Competition for the Old Boys' Cup will be held at Grange Golf Club on Wednesday, 1st September, 1937. Conditions—18 holes strokes. Partners may be arranged. Players may start at any time between 3.30 and 5.30 p.m. Members are permitted to invite one Golfing Guest. The competition will be followed by Supper at 8.0 p.m., to which all members and friends are invited. Further particulars from S. S. Evans, at the High School.



MARRIAGE

RILEY (1920-4) and FRENCH.—May 8, 1937, at Stibbington Church, by the Rev. H. A. Bland, Raymond Calverley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Riley, 1 Dundela Park, Sandycove, Dublin, to Pleasance (Peggy), elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. French, The Gables, Stibbington, near Peterborough.

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