

THE ERASMIAN

(THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, DUBLIN)

APRIL
1937

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Vol. XXVIII. No. 1



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EDITORIAL

IT is the privilege of an editor to be presented with copies of contemporary magazines, and, on reading through these, to glean, if possible, some new ideas. We have found that the editorials are, without exception, similar productions. That is to say they are composed of literary padding of high-sounding verbiage, debasing the editorial task, and without any constructive message. Not many of the readers of these magazines know, or are particularly interested in the occupant of the "editorial chair," or the wielder of the "editorial pen," so perhaps it would not be out of place to write in a style dissimilar to the usual cheap "debunking" vein.

In the last editorial we stated that the school was the important factor of the magazine, and many aspects of this are dealt with in our succeeding pages. There is, however, one aspect not dealt with—the relationship between master and boy.

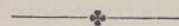
Every boy sees a master in a different light, and as he sees him so he treats him. Some regard them as tormentors, others see in them objects for ridicule; yet more consider them as enemies with whom a war, good-humoured or otherwise, may be carried on by ways and means well known to both sides. A minority seek to have a soft and easy life by flattering them, but for the most part masters are treated dispassionately, as robots and necessary evils.

On the other side, there are masters who have somewhat similar views about their pupils. There are good-humoured ones who stand a lot of "nonsense," and short-tempered ones whose bitter tongues lash with satire the victims of their spleen. There are those who make favourites and those who victimise. In fact, their reactions may well be said to balance the behaviour of the boys. This would seem right of necessity, for as the boy does so shall he receive, but always with the advantage of receiving at the same time his useful knowledge.

Now, most boys are kindly and sporting, and masters, by their calling, are just the same type, with added years and experience. Once this is recognised, and a little courtesy—the sporting idea—be extended by a boy to a master, or vice versa; a little thinking of how one would act if the positions were reversed, and, above all, if the experiment to get to know the master

or boy was made, then, instead of encountering an imaginary enemy, it is more than likely that one would find a friend.

May we finish with the words of the "best-seller"—"all characters are fictitious, and no reference is intended to any living person" and the editor's indecision is final.



SCHOOL NOTES

THIS term was seriously interrupted by the 'flu epidemic, which upset both work and play, but the school closed for one day only, Saturday, 30th January.

Schoolboys are not very good at expressing sympathy, but we all feel very deeply for Mr. Bennett in the great loss he has sustained by the death of his mother early in February.

We are very pleased to publish in this issue a hitherto unpublished poem, "What Then?" by the very distinguished poet and Old Boy Dr. W. B. Yeats.

This term Mr. Chillingworth reports that books were kindly given to the library by Orgel and Smyth.

We congratulate—

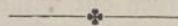
C. V. Boyle on being "capped" for all this year's international matches.

Stanley Woods on "doing it again" in no uncertain way in Australia and New Zealand.

H. S. Carlisle, C. A. Kemp and D. Hennessy on representing Ireland in the International Table Tennis Competitions.

E. R. Young (the "Bell" Cap), R. T. Towson (Date), R. T. Motyer, and G. D. H. Mulroney on being awarded Rugby Caps.

E. R. Roberts and J. N. Allen on their respective elections as captain and vice-captain of the Swimming Club.



From Editor to Editor the ERASMIAN descended
Recording school activities, prospectus therein
blended;

A Man arose, an artist and a literary lover,
May he give us fare in keeping with his new
and striking cover!

"ADMIRATOR."

BOXING NOTES

Captain ...	D. A. ORR
Vice-Captain ...	E. R. ROBERTS
Hon. Sec. ...	R. MEYER

WE started this season with a tournament against King's Hospital B.C. in November. High School was represented by: Mosquito—G. R. Stevens (won on points), J. R. Reid (lost on points); Fly—D. A. Orr (won on points); G. W. Ridgeway (lost on points); D. Leary (lost on points); Bantam—R. A. Meyer (won on points); Feather—W. G. Crockett (won on points); Light—D. Hiron (won by a technical K.O.); E. R. Roberts (won by a technical K.O.); W. H. Leary (won on points); Welter—W. S. McAlister (lost on points).

Our next contest was with Christian College, Cork, B.C., in February, but we were unsuccessful in this tournament. On the team this time were: Mosquito—R. Quinn (won on points); E. Chapman (lost by a technical K.O.); Fly—J. Pielow (lost by a technical K.O.); Bantam—W. G. Crockett (won on points); R. Leary (lost on points); D. A. Orr (won on points); Feather—R. Meyer (lost on points); Light—E. R. Roberts (lost by a technical K.O.); D. Hiron (lost by a technical K.O.); Welter—S. Moore (lost on points); Middle—M. S. Rooney (won on points).

We are glad to see that the juniors are training hard and we would like to see more of the seniors following their example.

RUGBY

Captain ...	G. I. McCABE
Vice-Captain...	E. R. YOUNG
Capt. J.C.T. ...	D. A. ORR
Hon. Sec. ...	R. T. MOTYER

OWING to the influenza epidemic we were forced to turn out without our captain and three other regular members of the S.C.T. for our match against King's Hospital in the first round of the Senior Cup. In the circumstances the team did well to hold them to a five point defeat: 8—3. The game started with a rush by the K.H. forwards and after some scrummaging near the line they scored a try which was converted. After this the play was

very even, first one side having the advantage then the other. Nearing half-time, however, K.H. scored a try against the run of the play. Half-time score 8—0. In the second half we had a slight advantage with the wind behind us, and from a line-out on the K.H. line Young scored an unconverted try.

The Junior team also made its exit in the first round of the Cup against Castleknock, having been beaten by 6—5. The sides were very evenly matched, High School having the advantage in the backs and Castleknock in the forwards. Early in the first half Allen, picking the ball up after a kick ahead, raced the opposing backs to the line to touch down between the posts. Begley converted. Half-time score 5—0. Just after the interval Castleknock were awarded a penalty for offside which they converted. There was no more scoring until the last minute when the ball flashed out along the Castleknock line enabling the wing man to score an unconverted try in the corner. The whistle went immediately afterwards, leaving Castleknock with a win against the run of the play, for, in the opinion of many outsiders we were the better team and were very unlucky to lose.

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TRINITY COLLEGE—HONOURS EXAMINATIONS.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

D. H. McNeill—Second Rank Honours in Modern Literature.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.

R. D. Seligman—First of First Rank Honours in Legal Science.

A. D. Mason—Second Rank Honours in Legal Science.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.

J. C. Gilmour—First Rank Honours in Mathematics and in Experimental Science.

M. C. Fowler—First of First Rank Honours in Classics.

J. C. Duggan—First of First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Science.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

R. L. G. Proctor—M.D.

W. J. G. Warwick—M.B.

G. W. Patterson—B.Ch.

LAW SCHOOL.

C. A. Boyle—Intermediate Law Examination.

A. D. Mason—Law of Property and Constitutional Law.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

D. C. Magill—Pre-registration Examination.

E. Vinson—Second Dental Examination.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

J. F. Whitney—Entrance Examination.

The following have gained positions recently and have, therefore, left school:—J. Abbott, E. J. Barker, A. S. Burrowes, R. J. L. Butt, S. F. Dagg, W. B. Grant, D. W. Hiron, R. A. Meyer, D. W. McCowen, G. A. Russell, A. L. Taylor, E. D. Watters.

THE BREAK-UP DANCE

THE Annual Break-Up Dance was held in the Clock Room on Friday, December 20th, 1936, by kind permission of the Board of Governors. As in other years the event was a great social success. At the same time we would have been pleased to have seen more present boys there, because it is for their benefit that the dance is primarily run. If it were not

for the support given by the Old Boys it would not be possible to run these dances properly.

We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Bennett for the excellent way in which the catering was carried out. We would like to thank Mr. Watson, whose energy and advice helped to make the dance a success, also Mr. Wilson for his help in decoration. We are very grateful to the parents of the boys and the others who made gifts of cakes.

FABULA

He was an ancient one, Professor of Biology, and his students never wearied of playing pranks on him. They painted a white cabbage butterfly in beautiful colours and brought it to him for identification. "Ha! yes, remarkable—rare—'m—'m. Tell me, where did you get this most rare specimen?" said the learned one. "On Howth, sir," was the reply. Still muttering, he asked had they seen it fly, and on being told that they had a great chase after it, he said, "M-m-m, did it by any chance hum?" "Oh, yes, sir," said one, "it did." "Then it certainly is—let me see, 'm—one of the great hum-bugs," retorted the wise one.

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ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

THE ninth annual entertainment has come and gone, and after a year's hard work the Committee are proud to report on a successful performance of a D'Oyly Carte Opera—The Pirates of Penzance. The success is, in the first instance due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Eric May, A.I.A.A. It was the third time that we

a silver cake dish to Mr. C. L. Dillon, who has organised all the concerts since their inception nine years ago. It is with joy that we offer congratulations to Mr. May upon his attaining the status of a qualified architect, and we wish him continued success in his profession.

Our plans for 1937 are well advanced as we have secured Mr. May again as our Director

"The Pirates of Penzance"

THE HIGH SCHOOL NINTH ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.
DECEMBER, 1936



R. LAWRENCE
A. S. BURROWES
D. W. HIRON E. S. STEWART

T. F. V. JACKSON
W. S. KELLY J. R. ERSKINE

have had his services as Musical Director, and so it was fitting that the Staff and boys at the School Dance presented Mr. May with a silver cup suitably inscribed. On the same occasion Mr. Eric May and Mr. W. S. Kelly presented

and we intend to perform "The Mikado." Some changes in our organisation are contemplated with the object of giving our patrons greater comfort. It is proposed to have a smaller number of seats, and to book the entire hall to prevent

overcrowding on the Saturday night. To counteract the consequent loss of revenue we shall run for four nights with half-price for children only at the first two. We shall be glad to hear from Old Boys who are willing to help, particularly in the Orchestra. Come along Old Boys, we want a High School Orchestra. Messrs. L. Williams and G. H. Worlin will help any who are anxious to take part.

Frederic and sang with real feeling, particularly in the duets with R. F. Luke, the principal "girl." The latter is still very young and we hope to hear his beautiful voice for a few more years. A. S. Burrowes, as Ruth, had a difficult part; he sang and acted splendidly. D. W. Hiron led the Pirates in a traditional manner and he obviously lived his part throughout the play. The excellent chorus

A Scene from "The Pirates of Penzance"



E. J. BARKER

R. W. MASON

D. W. HIRON

Now for the "Pirates." As the Major-General, W. S. Kelly gave us an excellent portrait well up to professional standard. R. W. Mason, as Pirate King, made good use of his wonderful bass voice. T. F. V. Jackson was a real "find," and as Sergeant of the Police, he gave us a fine example of humour in the part. R. Lawrence, in his first appearance at High School performances, was a success as

work showed good tone and balance and was especially a tribute to the work done by Mr. May and the boys themselves.

Mrs. Bennett and Mr. W. R. Wilson once again delighted the audience with a brilliant display of scenery and costumes.

The High School Harmonica Band played dance music prior to the performance each night.

A TOUR TO THE ARGENTINE

LAST year the Argentine Rugby Union invited the English Rugby Union to send a team to the Argentine. The invitation was accepted, and so, in June, 1936, the British Rugby Football Team set sail from Tilbury.

The Touring Team consisted of a party of twenty-five. We had as manager "Doug" Prentice, a former English International forward and captain of the side which toured Australia and New Zealand in 1931. Our "Ref" was Dr. Glynn Hughes, and B. C. Gadney captained the side. There were nineteen Englishmen, two Scots and two Irishmen. We were a very happy party.

We sailed on the s.s. Andalusia Star, a very comfortable and well-equipped ship. The first few days we spent in finding our sea-legs and then "Doug" put us in charge of Lieut. Jimmy Unwin, the Army wing-threequarter. Jimmy had taken a course in physical training, and, unfortunately for us, had proved a very apt pupil. He routed us out of bed at 8.30 a.m. and sent us off to the swimming pool. At eleven

o'clock we assembled on the main-deck and Jimmy put us through our paces. With the temperature at 93 degrees in the shade it was no fun doing army exercises!

We stopped at many interesting places on the voyage, amongst them, Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, where two of the team, Peter Hordern and Denis Pratten, missed the ship and had to hire a boat to chase us, and Rio de Janeiro the most beautiful harbour in the world. We played a practice game in Rio and had to carry our Rugger togs in our arms to the ground because the Customs officials were afraid that we would smuggle dutiable goods into the country if we brought our bags ashore!

At last the day came when we were due at Buenos Aires. The ship had been sailing up the River Plate all day and we could feel her bumping along the bed of the river which was very shallow owing to the tremendous amount of silt washed down from the interior. Dredgers are continually at work up the whole of the 124 miles to Buenos Aires trying to keep the river free for traffic.

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Buenos Aires is a very modern city, the Paris of the Southern Hemisphere, and it is built on the same style as New York even to its skyscrapers. We learnt on our arrival that we were to play all our matches in Buenos Aires; this was rather disappointing as we had been looking forward to seeing most of the Argentine.

The team's headquarters was a large twelve storey hotel in the centre of the city. A charabanc was placed at our disposal and it soon became a familiar sight in the city. The Argentine and British flags were crossed on the radiator. This led to an amusing incident. We were driving along through the city at a rattling good pace because we were rather late for a match when a policeman on point duty stopped us. We called our driver a few very uncomplimentary names for this extra delay and foresaw a fine for speeding, but we were wrong—the policeman had merely stopped us in order to adjust the flags which apparently were crossed the wrong way!

The British Ambassador, Sir Neville Henderson, K.C.M.G., welcomed the team to

Buenos Aires prior to the first match against Buenos Aires Football Club. This match was in the nature of a practice—we won by 55 points to nil—Jimmy Unwin scoring six tries. We played every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon. The Argentine rests on Saturday afternoon and turns Sunday into a holiday. The team met with stiffer resistance in the next match against a selected Argentine side and we found it more difficult to score. We won by 27 points to nil. At this match the spectators numbering about 12,000 sat in their shirt-sleeves!

To the great delight of the spectators Prince Obolensky turned out for the Touring Team in the third match of the tour. It was in this match that the proud record of British touring teams was broken—the first try ever recorded against a touring team in the Argentine was scored in this match. The 1904 team had not even had a point registered against them, the 1927 team had had only three penalties recorded against them. It was a great achievement on the part of the Olivos R.F.C., more especially as it is the only All-Argentinian team; other clubs are either British or a mixture of both nationalities.

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It was rather a relief to have the record broken. The effect of it was noticeable in our play, we played a more attractive and carefree game and won by 27 points to 3 points.

Most of the sports clubs, university clubs and golf clubs had generously made us honorary members, and we had so many people looking after us and entertaining us that we had not a spare moment all day. A noticeable feature of these clubs was that all possessed their own swimming pools, a fact which made me reflect sadly on the inadequacy of Dublin's swimming facilities.

One of the most enjoyable matches was that against Old Georgians. This team was composed of the Old Boys of St. George's, the only English Public School in the Argentine. The boys in St. George's play Soccer until they are twelve years old and then start learning to play Rugby. Here they have an advantage over all the other clubs, because the Argentine plays Soccer till he leaves school and as he is not taught Rugger he has to learn by experience. We ran up a very high score against Old Georgians because they tried to play good open Rugby and so they gave us the chance to demonstrate how Rugby should be played. Perhaps more first-class football was played in that match than in all the others put together. The value of having a good place kick was shown in this game. Twice we were penalised for scrum infringements about the half-way line and Harris Smith—the best player we met—kicked two beautiful goals. The score was 55 to 6 points. This was our seventh match and we had scored 295 points to 9 points. This compared favourably with David MacMyn's team of 1927, who in their nine matches scored 295 points to 9 also, but never had their line crossed.

The last two matches were Test matches. We were given a week's holiday before each game and we went off up to ranches away out in the country and so our wish to see the country was satisfied. Charles Beamish, W. H. (Bill) Weston, J. G. A. Bear and myself stayed on a ranch together. The journey to the ranch was very interesting. First of all on the train the waiter could not understand our Spanish (we weren't too sure of it, either!) and it looked as though we were going to have no breakfast when Bill decided to crow like a cock and see if that would get us our bacon and

eggs! Bill's effort brought no response and I took my turn at the waiter. I drew a plate of bacon and eggs on the table-cloth, but my rather futuristic art failed badly! Charles saved the day by finding a dictionary in his pocket.

The country is absolutely dead flat for over 500 miles from Buenos Aires—there is not a hill of more than 30 feet anywhere and it is very monotonous indeed with its wire fencing stretching into the distance. The roads are very wide and even when far out in the Pampas they are perfectly straight and all turns are right angles. The distance from the station to the ranch was twenty-one miles, and as there are no stones out in the Pampas the roads are just mud tracks. We broke a wheel and a spring in the car and got to the ranch in just over two hours! Our host was very modest; he mentioned that the ranch was rather small, just 120,000 acres! He had two other ranches tucked away further up country!!

It was with regret that we left the Argentine. We had been royally entertained everywhere and had made hosts of new friends. We won the two Test matches and stopped at Rio de Janeiro on the way back to play a match. It was our last match together and we celebrated it by winning with 80 points to nil.

As can be realised from our scores the standard of Rugby in the Argentine is not very high at present, but it has improved since the last tour in 1927. The fact that we scored 470 points to 12 points in eleven matches shows that they still have a long way to go—but with teams who have the right spirit, like Old Georgians, it will not be long before the Argentine will be able to send a team to the British Isles.

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WHAT THEN?

HIS chosen comrades thought at school
He must grow a famous man;
He thought the same and lived by rule,
All his twenties crammed with toil;
What then, sang Plato's ghost, what then?

* * *

Everything he wrote was read,
After certain years he won
Sufficient money for his need,
Friends that have been friends indeed;
What then, sang Plato's ghost, what then?

* * *

All his happier dreams came true—
A small old house, wife, daughter, son,
Grounds where plum and cabbage grew,
Poets and Wits about him drew;
What then, sang Plato's ghost, what then?

* * *

The work is done, grown old he thought,
According to my boyish plan;
Let the fools rage, I swerved in nought,
Something to perfection brought;
But louder sang that ghost, what then?

W. B. YEATS.

SKI-ING

ANDRE and I generally went out ski-ing every free-week-end in winter, either with a party or just the two of us. Occasionally we went by train to some place up in the Jura mountains and then from the station we went for long treks up through silent pine-woods to some summit we had decided upon. On the way we gradually took off all our outer clothing and stuffed it into our rucksacks, for the sun climbed faster than we did, up above the mountains.

We lunched and lazed around for an hour or two at the top; lying naked to the waist in the broiling sun and gazing up into the blue sky, so clear at that altitude as to seem almost black.

In the late afternoon we begin the long run down, usually by a different route from that by which we had come up. Whizzing down an open slope that is turning glassy with the evening frost makes good wrapping-up and warm gloves very necessary. Then, approaching the valley, we enter the forest again and, as the darkness increases, more and more care must be taken. The trail sometimes makes ess bends on a 45 degrees slope and when you are going down this at about 30 miles per hour trees have a habit of looming up at you, eager to snap a ski or even a leg.

We arrive breathless and with faces stung by the icy wind at the village, where we jostle into the station with the crowd of other "skieurs," push our skis into the van and finally relax in the warm compartment for the hour's journey back to town.

Sometimes, when the weather report is favourable we go into Savoy for the whole week-end. As Savoy is over the frontier, we generally go by motor-coach, for by rail one

has to change trains once or twice and the customs formalities are more strict.

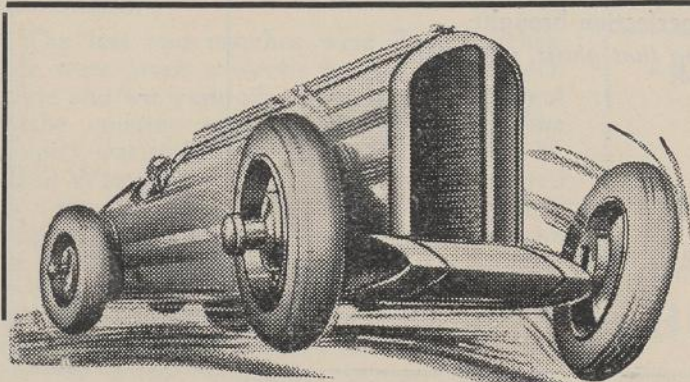
Belonging to a ski-club in Geneva, we are able to sleep in certain chalets, or "refuges" as they are often called, in different places between Geneva and Chamonix. We preferred going to one above the Col des Gets, about twelve miles away, and after a long monotonous journey we come up out of the forest into the Col, or mountain-pass of Les Gets. Although wind-swept and desolate, there is a little hamlet with a hotel and café at the top of the pass, for it is the natural resting place on this way from Znanings to Morzine, way down in the further valley.

After a quick cup of coffee in the aforementioned establishment we untie our skis, fasten underneath them the long strips of sealskin which prevent us slipping backwards while going uphill, clamp the skis on our feet and set off.

It's a hard two and a half hours' climb, but we are glad to stretch ourselves after sitting in the coach for two hours, and as we climb up past some small woodcutters' cabins the evening sun moves slowly down towards the western ranges. The air is cold and still, and nothing is to be heard but our hard breathing and the soft "clunch" of the skis in the snow.

Soon the last trees are below us and we are advancing along a narrow gusty ridge with a drop of some hundreds of feet on either side. Then again we are zig-zagging up a wide slope dotted with grotesque but probably dangerous white hummocks—big boulders covered with snow.

We arrive at last at our destination, on top of it would be more correct, for the six feet of snow on the low, overhanging roof easily joins



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the ten feet or so on the ground itself, and but for seeing the chimney emerge we might easily have passed over one corner of the building!

It is a little low châlet, literally hugging the side of the mountain. In the summer the cow-herds inhabit it, isolated from the world below for a month or two, and in the winter our ski club rents it for the convenience of its members.

Shortly before we have arrived the flaming sun had disappeared below distant blue-looking peaks, and now the whole snowy region is a sea of orange turning pink, mauve and then purple.

As we enter the low doorway a grand smell of soup and cocoa assails us, for some others have arrived just before us and have performed the burdensome task of lighting the antiquated stove and fetching water for the food. We are greeted heartily with brandished spoons and, after dumping our packs on the floor we tuck in for all we are worth.

Our appetites satisfied, we talk and sing for half an hour and then get ready for bed. No late hours are permitted, for we have to be up before dawn. Before climbing in, however, we

have a last enraptured gaze at the moonlit snowscape stretching away on all sides, mountains, ranges, peaks, glaciers all sharp and clear as daylight; above, the deep black sky, illumined with myriads of bright stars, and all around nothing—not a voice not a sound nor a light, only a majestic quiet and the round moon shining down upon the world.

I.P.M.

“REWARD”

There is a young fellow called “Froggy,”
In the morning he thinks he is groggy.

He gets out of bed

To read prayers for the Head.

Door closed! Imposition! Poor Froggy!

G.A.W.R.

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COASTAL TRAWLING

THE sun was rising in the East and over the grey waves a soft light shone. I reached the pier, threw my coat and food aboard and then grasped the mast stays and swung down into the trawler. "Good morning, Jer," I said to the weatherbeaten skipper who was mending a net on the deck. "Good morning," he replied. "Going to be choppy once we're out on the banks; did you remember to buy the condensed milk?" I handed him the tin and surveyed the boat. She was half-decked with a canoe type stern, which allows the nets to be taken aboard easily.

Soon the Diesel engine started up and the boat moved off down the harbour—once outside we went straight out to sea for about three miles. The trawler slowed to a crawl and the skipper ordered "Out she goes," adding, *sotto voce*, the words "In the name of God." The net was "shot" bag end first. It is vee shaped and open at the larger end—it terminates in a bag where the fish cannot escape. The lower side of the net is weighted down with lead, the upper side buoyed up with cork. At the leading, or open end and at each side, two otter-boards are fastened. These keep the open end distended to its full extent of about thirty feet, as the trawler drifts slowly on.

After the net had been "shot" we settled down to breakfast—tea, bread and biscuits. The length of time for each shot lasts according to the ground covered and tidal conditions and may be anything from two to six hours. During the trawl the skipper sits in the stern, trying the strain on the drag ropes to feel the nature of the sea bed over which the net is passing and checks the distance between these two ropes. I felt the ropes, too, and noticed a gentle thrumming but I could not say whether it was from the drag of the rope through the water or the friction of the otter boards on the ground. When the trawl is out there is little to do and the men busied themselves in swabbing the decks, smoking, and generally tidying up. For my part I used a pair of binoculars in trying to make out landmarks with which I was familiar on land but which seemed so different from the sea.

There is a shout from the skipper, "All hands on deck—she's in a sand hole." While so saying he turns the tiller hard over until we are in the reverse direction to that in which we had been

travelling a moment before. The engine speed is increased and the skipper explains to me that this probably means the net is turned inside out and many fish lost. The crew immediately begin to haul on the ropes to ship the net again. It is hard work in which I join because these sand holes are sometimes very deep—three to six fathoms—so considerable strength is required to dislodge the otter-boards and net. It is always a thrill when the otter-board first becomes visible near the surface of the water. It was also a relief in this case as it took over half an hour to bring them up. The otter-boards were taken in, one at the bow, the other at the stern—to allow the net to be taken aboard at the lowest part of the gunwale. The ropes are neatly coiled. The skipper was right, the net was inside out, with very few fish, and full of "bower," which is the name the men give to all sorts of seaweed. As soon as the net was aboard the boat was headed in her original course and the second net "shot" as before. The first net was then inspected, turned right side out, and some minor repairs effected by means of netting needles, instruments in the use of which the men are extraordinarily adept.



USE
'NUGGET'
THE POLISH THAT
ADDS MONTHS
OF EXTRA WEAR

The monotony of trawling cannot be exaggerated. The steady thrum of the engine combined with the pitching of the boat make it uncomfortable and tiresome. As the trawler is moving slowly every wave seems to exaggerate the rolling and bucketing. The sway is not normal, it is an ugly sideways, staccato-like motion which is caused by the jerky pull of the trawl behind. When the net was repaired and placed ready for shooting, the boat was again tidied up and after an hour or so the inevitable kettle is once again filled from the fresh-water breaker. There were a few gurnet amongst the last catch and these the skipper suggested should be cooked. They were boiled in fresh water in an old saucepan. After what seemed a very short time I saw the mugs and other implements of the meal appearing on deck through the fo'castle hatch. Finally came the fish, which the skipper inspected and pronounced done, whereupon he drained off the cooking water and filled the saucepan with cold sea water—drained that off, and there we were. It was uncommonly nice although the cutlery was primitive—a crust makes a fine fish knife and fork.

Meanwhile the wind was rising and the sea getting choppy and the skipper decided that the net should be hauled up. A sweep of the boat, the engine declutched, and again the thrill of the otter-boards' appearance. This time it was a difficult job owing to the heavy seas. One minute the gunwale was under, next it was five feet above the water. The men were drenched notwithstanding their sea-boots and oilskin aprons, and I am sure that if I had helped I would have fallen overboard as there was nothing to hold on to. The net was aboard. A pull of the cod line, and out poured a cascade of shining, flapping, flat fish on to the deck. I felt very proud when I was asked to take the tiller and head the trawler for a distant land-

mark. The crew got busy in sorting the catch. The sole into one box, plaice into another, and odds, such as gurnet, large sand dabs, turbot and ray, the especial delicacy of the fishermen, into a third. All the small fish, hermit crabs, soft-backed crabs, whelks and other debris are quickly thrown overboard to the great joy of the myriads of squalling, fighting, and diving sea-gulls, trying to catch the fish, which take some time to empty the air from their gills and consequently float for a while.

The boat was leaping over the now white-crested waves at about ten knots, and the spray from the bows was lovely to see. I suggested steering into the waves, instead of going across them, and the skipper took the tiller from me, possibly thinking I was going to be ill, and kept her on her course. He would not allow me to leave the cockpit as she was rolling so dreadfully. The mouth of the harbour loomed larger and larger and, really I wasn't sorry when we entered the smooth water. That was my first day's trawling; since then I have had many other very pleasant trips in the same boat.

A.N.J.

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OUR SUMMER VACATION

EVERY year we cheerfully suffer disillusionment. Beguiled by an entrancing spell of warm weather we unanimously decide to depart for a season from our native shores and disport ourselves in foreign climes. This decision is all very fine, but immediately there arises the all-important question, namely, "Whither shall we go?" Much valuable time is wasted in seeking the reply to this query. No suitable resort can, it seems, be selected. Finally, dismissing the matter temporarily from our minds, we go out for a stroll. Suddenly, a poster is presented to our admiring gaze; a large, glaring poster, depicting myriads of youthful, bewitching females, reclining gracefully upon sand of blazing yellow washed by a dazzlingly blue sea. Beneath this elegant piece of artistry runs the legend: "Come to Glorious Goldenstrand, Britain's most popular resort . . . etc., etc." With one accord we dash homewards. Feverishly we consult the guidebook for a list of Goldenstrand boarding-houses, and eventually we choose what seems to be an excellent residence. At once we despatch a polite missive requesting terms. After a fitting delay the reply arrives, couched in the following terms:—"Dear —, I have two excellent airy rooms such as you require. Delightful views of the bay are obtained from both windows . . . etc." We, poor fools that we are, write back with all speed and book the rooms.

At length, the long expected day of our departure arrives. Alack! No longer do "sweet breathing zephyrs" hold sway. Instead, icy Boreas howls and shrieks over the countryside, causing frightful devastation. In fear and trembling we set out, and after a voyage of incredible hardship and danger we arrive at our destination. Ah! dear reader, no words can describe our appalling sensations on perceiving the hideous spectacle before us. A leaden, angry sea pounds incessantly upon a grim patch of mud and shingle. Lining the promenade (such as it is) is a dreary row of dilapidated dwellings. One of these in particular calls aloud to heaven for repair. It is, needless to say, our chosen boarding-house.

We enter. We are greeted by the landlady (attired in an apron of very dubious cleanliness) and are forthwith conducted up a flight of mouldering stairs to our "excellent, airy rooms."

These are situated in a sordid and unwholesome garret, and illuminated by grimy skylights approximately six inches square. Here, it seems, we are expected to make our stay for fourteen mortal days. Aghast, we make our escape as quickly as possible from this abode of misery, through which rings the resounding hiss of a permanently defective water system. We brave the cutting wind until dinner time, when we re-enter in order to appease our hunger. We are served with a sickening mess of decayed meat denominated "hash," followed by a disgusting glutinous mass of sago embellished with more than usually revolting prunes. In horror-struck silence we gulp down this sumptuous repast. Almost immediately we are smitten with acute dyspepsia, complicated by a touch of ptomaine poisoning. Painfully we grope our way to our regal apartments; we pack our suitcases; we descend, pay our score and flee headlong into the night, and at first possible opportunity we sail for home. Eventually we arrive, racked with pain, and then each and every one of us enjoys a nice quiet nervous breakdown.

D.T.M.

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ODE TO A GOOD ERASMIAN (IF EVER SUCH THERE HASBIAN)

Pardon us, Mighty Editor, nor despise
Our causeless, yet not impious surmise,
But we are now convinced, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not missed one thought that could
befit

And all that was improper did'st omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their innocence or theft.

For

With pleasure we have seen
That a method has been found,
Whereby our periodical
In good taste has been bound;
In fact, we would point out
That the artist should have credit,
For the fact that, in the school,
Almost everybody read it.
And now we only pray
That our scribe may yet endeavour
To tread his useful way
Till the contents match the cover.

H.W.W.

And other bard, (to whom all due apologies)

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THANK YOU!

Dear Billy,

How extremely kind of you to send me that
case of Whisky for Christmas. I have never
tasted such marvellous Whiskey and I keep
tasting it.

The Whiskey you have sent me for Christ-
mas is marvelous. I keep tasting it and how
kind of you to send thish wonderlous Whiskey
for Xmas which I keep tashing.

Its really really too mishkind of you to keep
sendingme thoish whishehy in cases which I
keep ta tashing for Christmas and tashing his
dickory dock.

What kind whiskey ole mann haw extash es
stremely marelous
toforsextreeexyrawwhisikhy ininaaaaaaseok-
inde6 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ n

to tash exmas you great friend tha thanq you ole
mann for extreeshrwhwhisikhy inina cashaase
kind 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ yo8 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ %xxd.

Kindse kisses kisemas 7&; (33/?).

You $\frac{3}{4}$ ols pPaa)-lkj $\frac{1}{2}$

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(Taken from a South African contemporary.)

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AUTUMN SCENES (IN THE DUBLIN MOUNTAINS)

A SHAFT of mellowed sunlight lingers o'er the hill. A carpet of red leaves silences the footfalls of the milk-man as, with his breath a misty forerunner, he trudges down the lane. The dust of the summer has gone and, beneath the leaves, the damp yellow ground is marked with channels. The hedges drip dismally after the recent rain and the deserted fields look wet and sleeping beneath their blanket of misty white.

In the East the vague ghostly purple of the land merges into the cold pink tints of the autumn sky, and overhead a flight of rooks caw plaintively as they wing their way across the hill. Behind the hedge the little brook is creeping up its banks and on its verge the blades of grass point downwards. The water, carried from the hills, numbs the fingers with its chill. In the hedges the late blackberries are now soft and watery and crush at the touch of the lightest fingers.

The elder hangs its head, heavy laden with its purple-black berries; but they, too, soon shall fall. Beneath the sycamore, red stalks glint among the heaps of yellow catkins and from the branches above the winged seeds spin with each fretful gust. The wild rose leaves behind it but its berries to show where once it held its brief and gorgeous reign.

A horse and cart laden with tree-trunks climbs up the hill, the horse straining in the harness, its head jerking and flanks glistening. At his master's heels a collie dog watches the slipping hoofs, the lashing tail; tired of the slow pace he runs on and sits at the side of the road until his companions come up. Thus they pass over the brow of the hill and I turn my footsteps homeward.

E.R.R.

“TRANSMUTATION”

M-ll-- was a man of science,
Studied Heat and H²O,
Archimedes' proud defiance
Laid the would-be chemist low;
Optics left him too myopic,
Hydrostatics found a leak,
But the cheil was philosophic
Now he's swotting classic Greek!

A.J.S.

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THE CHARWOMAN'S TALE

"Talkin' of quare things, ma'am, did I iver tell ya the quare thing that happened to himself wanst? We had a room beyant in Mercer's Sthreet at the time. Wan night I had gone roun' to White Friar Sthreet to say a few prayers—more betoken I was the only wan of us that iver said any at the time, but all that changed as I'll be after tellin' ya."

"Himself tauld me that a ginteel knock came to the dure and when he opened it, there was three or four boyoes who hauled him out and into a cab. They dhrove an' dhrove with the blinds down, over cobbles an' over smooth bits, but himself said he somehow felt whin they ended up, that they weren't far from Mercer's Sthreet."

"A still they made him mend—a tinsmith he was ma'am—an' they tould him what they'ud do if he iver splhit. Powerful argyments they must a' used, and more use than all the priests in Church Street praching timperance to him from then till doomsday. He was in mortal fear that he'ud let it out about the still when he'd a sup taken, so he tuk the pledge an' went to Mass every morning for a coupla munts for his intention."

"Oh, great comfort I had with him. I evan had a few shillings saved behind wan of the pictures whin I was tuk off to hospital for me operation."

"An' whin the time kem for me ta come out, there was I sitting waitin' for himself ta call fer me. But, shure, he never kem, an' I had ta go home be myself. An' a nice sight the room was in, Glory be! He 'ud started to give a bit of a do agin me comin' out—Oh! sorra a word of a lie, ma'am—he 'ud med the paste an' cut the paper. An' when he tuk down the pitchers

didden 'e find me few shillings, an' the sight of the money was too much fer him. An' pledge an' intentions all went. What was the use of saying anything, ma'am? What's dun's dun, an', besides, later on I got aven without sayin' a word."

"Well, sometime afther I went ta Mass wan mornin', and down I flopped on something hard. Bad cess t' it! says I, there's me knee gone, and this me day for the Chief Justices. Oh! that's the place where the little one said to me: 'Isen't it grand! I won't have to pray fer pa to-night, he's not on circuit.' But, shure, she was only a child, an' childer have no sense. Well, when I got a chanst I found I was kneelin' on a few shillings knotted in the tail of me old peddycoat, where himself must 've knotted it when he kem home the night before with a sup taken. When I got home he was up and searchin' mad round the room."

"What are ya luckin' fer?' sez I."

"Nuthin', says he."

"Well, may ya have luck,' sez I to meself. 'If you got my few shilluns, I got yours, and we're even now!'"

F.A.L.G.



"DAINTY"

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THROUGH THE KEYHOLES

"I'm in a terrible jam, son!"—so—"You'd best come up to the board, then"—for—"It's better to work in the bike-sheds than to do no work at all"—and—"If all the brains of this class were put together and given to a hen, she'd be a half-wit in hens"—well—"To, eh! find the density of eh! an egg"—"Get out and report yourself to the sergeant."—really—"How you fellows can't behave, I don't know"—"Ya, Ya, Ya, you little cads!"—sh—"zz-zz-zz"—"Tell me, Liam, what were your words for 10 across and 3 down"—by-the-way—"Did you ever hear this one?"—ah!—"Can't you get on with your work, there?"

"AUDIVI."

HOPEFUL—LAMENT

In 1936 of grace
We visited another Race,
And on a ship from day to day
Thro' Germany we made our way.
The banks of Elbe were then our walls,
At towns thereon we made our calls,
Living with German lads.

A lot of Germany we saw
And the effect of Hitler Law,
How hopeful was that Nation wide
Of rising with the flowing tide.
So now the time is opportune
To ask our hosts, to have them soon
Living with Irish lads.

In 1937! Disgrace!
We cannot ask that other Race
Unless we beg from day to day
The wherewithal for their short stay.
But no! we'll paint a lovely scene
With purple bogs and hills of green,
Done by an Irish lad.

And so we hope to raise the dough
To let the invitation go.
Rally to Whist and Concert fare
And save C.D. from greying hair,
So he may then perhaps survive
To see our German friends arrive.
Welcome to Ireland, lads.

EXTRA MURAL.

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.

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Hon. Treasurer: T. BELL.

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OLD BOYS' DINNER

THE Annual Dinner was held in the Clock-room on Saturday, 16th January. In the absence of the President, Mr. Harry Thrift, F.T.C.D., owing to illness, the Chair was taken by the ex-President, Mr. S. W. Meyer. The Memorial Window was illuminated and the usual silence observed.

In the opinion of all who attended this was the most successful dinner held by the Union. Not only were the numbers very large but the

and amusing incidents in his experience of it. He reminded his hearers that the School has always had a high record of achievement.

The Headmaster, in replying, said that last term had seen the largest entrance of new pupils in his experience of the High School. The examination record last year was one which at least equalled any previous year since its foundation. He took this opportunity of quoting of the work done for the Union by the Secretary, Mr. Mervyn Bell, whom he had known for twenty years.



THE OLD BOYS' UNION DINNER, 1937

level of the entertainment provided was continuously high. It was specially gratifying to see so many present who left school recently.

After the toasts of "The King" and "Ireland," the toast of "The School" was proposed by Dr. W. E. Thrift, Vice-Provost of Trinity College and Chairman of the Board of Governors. He paid a moving tribute to the memory of the late Headmaster, Mr. John Thompson. Dr. Thrift has been in touch with the school for nearly 60 years and recalled many interesting

The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Professor John Purser and replied to by Dr. Starkie and Mr. Price (St. Andrew's Union). Dr. Starkie's speech was one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the evening.

A presentation was made to Mr. Mervyn Bell by Mr. A. J. Beatty, on behalf of the Union on the occasion of his marriage. Mr. Beatty said that the Union owed much of its undoubted success to the untiring work of its original Secretary, Mr. Mervyn Bell.

Mr. R. W. Jeffares, on behalf of the Union, presented Mr. Robert Irwin, who had so often helped at their functions, with a wrist watch. The members wished him all success in his new life in America.

The musical programme was contributed to by Messrs. J. R. Cowle, Robert Irwin, Robert McCullagh and Karene, the conjurer.

MARRIAGE

BOYCE (1921-1927) and MILNE—January 12, 1937, at Rathfarnham Parish Church, by the Rev. Canon Sullivan, M.A., assisted by Rev. G. E. Camier, B.A., Samuel Harold Boyce, St. Mary's, Terenure, to Noragh May Milne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Milne, Slievenamon, 139 Templeogue Road, Terenure, Dublin.

NOTICES

BOXING

It is proposed to form an Old Boys' Boxing Club. The School Gymnasium and Boxing Ring will be at the disposal of the Old Boys if this Boxing Club is successfully formed. Will all Old Boys who are interested in above, please

send their names as soon as possible to the Hon. Secretaries, W. R. Bryans and G. S. Prince, at the School?

CRICKET

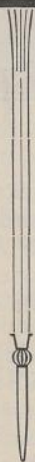
The usual fixtures will be arranged during the coming season. The Hon. Secretaries hope for the support of the cricketing members of the Union. It is most disheartening to find the team "short" on the day of a match, and a little forethought would avoid the Secretaries having to fill vacant places at such short notice.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines:—

M.C.B. (Methodist College, Belfast); C.A.I. (Coleraine Academical Institution); The Campbellian (Campbell College, Belfast); School News R.B.A.I. (Royal Belfast Academical Institution); S.G.S. (Sligo Grammar School); T.C.D. (Trinity College, Dublin); The Lifeboat (Royal National Life-Boat Institution); The Midleton College Magazine (Midleton College, Cork).

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