

THE ERASMIAN

(THE MAGAZINE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, DUBLIN)

JUNE
1938

NEW SERIES
Vol XXIX. No. I



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Editorial

School life since Christmas has been eventful; we have won the Junior (Rugby) Cup, and the Ellerker Cup. Both our Senior tennis team and Junior cricket team have reached their respective finals, the German Government presented us with more pictures, as being the school with the best record in teaching German in Eire, and a record number obtained prizes in the Synod Scripture examinations; and of even more personal interest have been the tennis and handball competitions, the voting for Rugby caps, the election for the Old Boys' Cup, training for the Leinster School Sports and our own coming sports, and the formation of a photographic society.

This last is an enterprise to be highly commended, for it will give boys who are not interested in, or are unable to take part in group games, a means of making friends, while it will encourage competitive individualism in a small degree, a facet of character-building which tends to be overlooked in the great emphasis which is laid on the team spirit nowadays.

We consider, for example, that more boys should be encouraged to play tennis; this would not be in any way detrimental to the school cricket teams, for there are many boys, most of them ardent footballers, who condemn cricket as slow and who, from lack of encouragement, have never played tennis, and these, we humbly suggest, would be benefited by the game. In an individual game no player can deceive himself as to his ability, as often happens in team games. The increasing numbers of the school now make it possible for individual games to be encouraged; the fact that the tennis teams are doing so well surely makes it an opportune moment to consider seriously ways and means of building hard courts in the school; it is a peculiar state of affairs that the team which has worked its way to the final has been forced, through lack of facilities in Harcourt Street or Belgrave Square, to hire public courts for its training.

We began on a note of happy hilarity over our prowess in sport. We have dealt with struggles of brawn, and the dread struggle of brain lies ahead now. Did we say we began on a note of hilarity? We had better not consider

coming examinations too closely if we are to conclude in a happy frame of mind, so here's hoping the success achieved in the field will be followed by success in the examination hall, thus adding further to the renown of our *alma mater*.

School Notes

School re-opened after the Easter holidays on April 27th. We were granted an extra holiday after Whitsuntide on Tuesday, 7th June in honour of the J.C.T. victory.

* * *

An entertainment, kindly provided by the Old Boys, was held on Friday, 17th June. The J.C.T., winners of the Junior Football Cup, and the Boxing team, which won the Ellerker Cup, had a very enjoyable supper at Mills' Hall, and afterwards went to the Gaiety Theatre. A presentation was also made to each member of the J.C.T. This was made possible by the generosity of Mr. W. J. Good, whose two boys were at the school, and who has been a constant supporter of all our sporting events. The President of the Union presided at the function.

* * *

We congratulate—

R. T. Motyer, on winning a bronze medal for putting the shot in the Leinster School Sports; he was third in the Leinster and the All Ireland Sports.

K. E. T. Tyrrell (Bell Cap), E. R. Roberts and A. F. Bennett, on receiving caps, and also R. T. Motyer on receiving a "date."

N. Butler, E. Lovell and N. Rudd, who won prizes in the "Daily Herald" handwriting competition.

* * *

It has been decided that the ERASMIAN in future will only be published twice a year, in December and June.

* * *

We thank Messrs. Storey, Johnston and Bryans for their kindness in entertaining the members of the J.C.T. after our victory at Lansdowne Road.

* * *

The Sidney Carpenter Memorial Prize has been won by O. M. P. Tobias.

Rugby Notes

We had a successful season, apart from winning the Junior Cup. The S.C.T. did not win many matches, but they were a light young team and we shall have most of them again next year. In their cup match against King's Hospital they did extremely well to hold a much heavier side to a three points win. In fact, King's Hospital did not succeed in crossing our line at all, their solitary score being due to a penalty goal. Motyer and Smith were

XV. This team provides the newcomer to Rugby with an opportunity to learn the game without the strain of competition hanging over him. If more senior boys gave the 2nd XV the support it deserves we might have an opportunity of winning the Senior Schools Cup in the next few years.

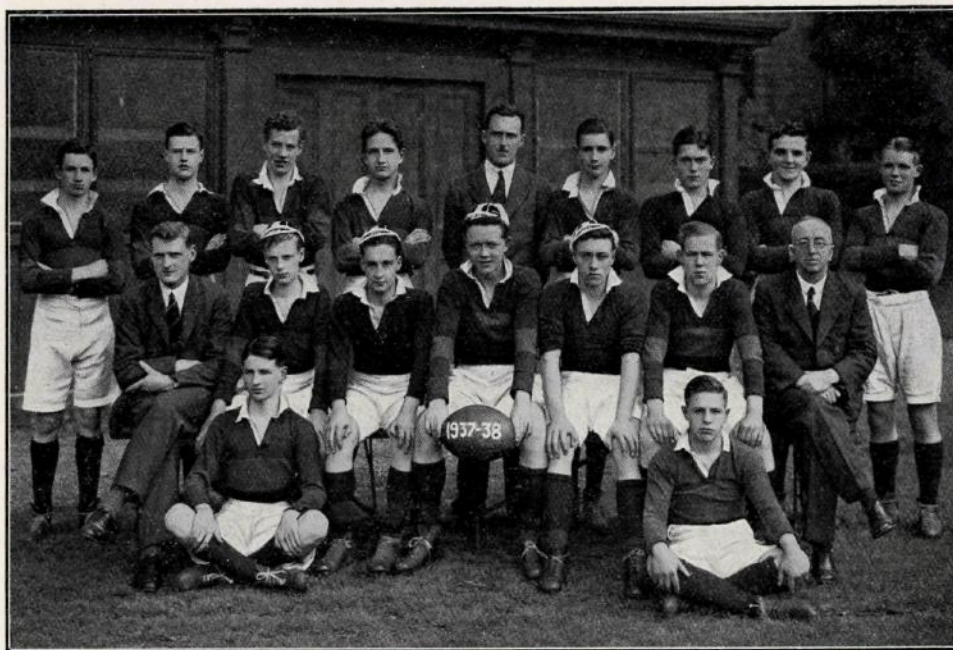
The Under Fourteen and Under Thirteen teams are among the keenest in the school. They turn up to matches punctually; they play hard; they train at the Square as often as they can, and, the best symptom of all, we never had

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CUP TEAM, 1937-38.

A. G. Drake,

A. J. Allen, D. A. Orr, L. C. Poll, Mr. J. A. Storey, G. T. Moore, J. W. Allen, K. W. Young,

J. Smyth,



A. F. Bennett, K. E. Tyrrell, R. T. Motyer (Capt.), E. R. Roberts, G. A. Cole,
Mr. G. C. Johnson, Mr. J. Bennett,
J. K. McColl

R. Leary

the best backs on the day's display and though all the forwards played extremely well, the most prominent were Roberts, Cole and Young.

The 2nd XV did very well, and the keenness they showed was extremely gratifying. It is from the 2nd XV of this year that many of next year's S.C.T. will come, and if we are to have a successful Senior team we must be capable of running a strong enthusiastic 2nd

any difficulty in finding substitutes for these two teams. Our problem, rather, was to get sufficient games for those clamouring to play, despite the fact that the Under Fourteen played ten matches and the Under Thirteen twelve during the season. One word of advice to these teams. They must remember that matches are won by team work, that the brilliant individual is all the better when he merges himself

with the team. If they do so, they will be even more successful next season.

RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points For Against	
S.C.T.	17	2	13	1	98	225
2nd XV	13	4	9	—	76	175
J.C.T.	26	22	3	1	318	113
Under 14 ...	10	6	3	1	86	46
Under 13 ...	12	2	10	—	37	147

WE WIN THE JUNIOR CUP

Undoubtedly the great event of the past season was the winning of the Leinster Junior Schools Cup for the first time in our school's history. We had been within reach of winning this cup in the past, but never had fortune quite smiled on us. Last year, for instance, we had been "pipped" on the post by Castleknock, who eventually fought their way to the final. After such a failure our success this year gave us even more pleasure, if such were possible.

Even from the start of the season we realised that we had a promising team. The material for a cup-winning team was there. It merely remained to make some minor adjustments before everything functioned smoothly. Martin went from the centre to scrum-half; Tyrrell came out from the forwards to partner Weir at centre; the forwards learned to remember that they had a match-winning combination behind them. The result of all this was that only three matches were lost before Christmas, and in no case was the team at full strength.

Not that we were free from trouble and disappointments. At Christmas King left, and shortly afterwards White fell sick, so that we lost the services of two 10st. forwards at one blow. Had it not been for the keenness of the Under Fourteen team we should have found it impossible to replace these two.

We had drawn Belvedere in the first round of the higher section of the competition and we went off to Donnybrook with a certain degree of confidence engendered by the comforting knowledge that we had already beaten our opponents twice in friendly matches. Our confidence was justified. Tyrrell scored in the first minute of the game. Rooney converted. Shortly afterwards Rooney also kicked a penalty goal. 8—0 in the first quarter of an hour! The match was won, we thought.

But Belvedere are always a hard team to beat in a cup match. Their heavy pack came down the field, forced a scrum on our line, and a score came from a typical blind-side movement. Soon afterwards came a second score in similar fashion. We on the touchline grew glum for Belvedere were going great guns. Our faces fell still further when the referee awarded them a simple penalty kick almost in front of the posts. Their failure to score from that penalty was the turning point of the match.

The second half was almost all High School. Time and again we swept down the field, our forwards doing brilliant work in the loose. Our backs, too, made the most of their opportunities to such effect that Parsons scored three tries. When the final whistle went we had beaten Belvedere by 24 points to 6.

We were down to play Masonic next, but they had a case of measles and ceded us the match.

O'Connell's School qualified to meet us in the semi-final, which was played on the senior pitch at Donnybrook. We had already beaten O'Connell's in a friendly fixture about a month previously, but only by a small margin, so that we did not feel too confident of success, for they had one of the heaviest packs in the competition.

The beginning of the match was startling. We scored almost from the kick off. A short, high kick, good following up by Jarrett, a forward rush to the opponents' line; the ball went loose, Strickland was there to touch down and High School were three points up in less time than it takes to tell.

The next High School score was the most brilliant of the match. From a line out near half-way the ball came to Weir, who in a fine swerving run penetrated the whole defence to score between the posts. It was done in Weir's inimitable style and would have done credit to any international at Lansdowne Road. O'Connell's School scored a scrambling try in the corner shortly afterwards, but a fine try by Martin and an equally fine penalty goal by Rooney in the second half put the result beyond all doubt, even though O'Connell's School had also kicked a penalty goal in the second half. For the first time for many years the High School had won through to a cup final at Lansdowne Road.

Nothing was left undone to prepare the team for the final. Mr. Tom Bell gave the benefit of his experience to the forwards and afterwards took the whole team to Lansdowne Road to familiarise them with the pitch. We wish here to express our deep sense of obligation to him. It may well have been that the little extra experience of the ground turned the scales in our favour on the day of the final.

No High School team ever had such a following before as was seen at Lansdowne Road

to wear a rosette or ribbon made himself conspicuous. We were in the final and we were determined to make the most of it.

The teams came out on the field. Newbridge looked much heavier than we in the forwards, though our backs were bigger and faster. The heavy Newbridge pack soon put their backs attacking. Those first ten minutes of the game were nerve-wracking, when the Newbridge backs made attack after attack on our line. Would we never succeed in fighting our way outside our own half?

JUNIOR CUP TEAM

Winners of the Leinster Schools' Junior Rugby Challenge Cup, 1938.

J. F. Collins,

R. J. Beattie

H. R. Roberts, G. Jarrett, G. D. Lyons, Mr. J. A. Storey, S. S. Bestall, B. Griffin, J. C. Strickland



Mr. G. C. Johnson,

Mr. J. Bennett

D. P. Stephens, G. J. Tyrrell, R. J. S. Weir (Capt.), B. Rooney, C. W. Martin,

J. A. Bell

A. W. Parson.

that day. The old boys and the parents of those still at school were there in their hundreds. The noise was terrific. Hitherto sober and staid seniors brought gongs, bells and motor-horns to add to the din of voices. Flags in red and black flaunted against the black and white of the Newbridge contingent. Anyone who failed

At last we were out, working our way to the middle of the field where play fluctuated for a time. Newbridge were taking all the scrums. Their heavy pack was functioning like some well-oiled machine. Our backs were tackling ferociously. The ball went loose. The referee whistled for a scrum. For once the ball came

out on our side. Martin to Griffin, Griffin to Weir, and Weir was off on his own, away on one of those peculiarly elusive swerving runs that had bothered so many teams throughout the course of the year. Not a man laid a hand on him. Once he almost slipped, and a great Ah! of relief went up when it was seen that he had recovered himself. Then gongs, motor-horns, bells, and the roar of hundreds of voices greeted one of the finest scores ever made at Lansdowne Road. Rooney added the crown to his wonderful place-kicking throughout the season by converting the try.

Then the Newbridge pack came back down the field again. They laid siege to our line. Their three-quarters were like clockwork. Time and again the ball went along their line. Time and again our men tackled them, but at last the pressure told and their left wing raced over for a good try. They failed to convert it.

The second half of the match opened with the score still 5-3 in our favour. Do what they could, and every man was fighting hard, yet our forwards could not get the ball. Newbridge camped in our twenty-five, though at times Rooney, Weir and Tyrrell led sallies up to the half-way line. Once or twice indeed, if luck had favoured them, they might have scored. And always Newbridge came back. Their forwards were superb, but our backs were impregnable. Newbridge had no man who could penetrate to our line. We held our breath as they attempted a drop at goal, but it sailed under the bar. Not once but many times, Stephens saved us by whole-hearted tackling. Martin and Griffin were taking punishment at half-back. The forwards were covering up like demons. To us who sat on the stands or who walked about nervously the tension was almost unbearable. No defence, it seemed, could hang on to such a slight lead as two points. Then there came a slight relief, ten minutes from the end. Our forwards came away in a rush which brought us up into the half-way territory. Play vacillated there for a moment or two. Again the Newbridge pack brought it back to our twenty-five. The siege was on again.

The closing minutes of that game will be remembered by everyone who saw that match. It was a struggle between a brilliant defence and an attack which had every opportunity. Some have said that Newbridge were unlucky

not to win. Possibly that is true, but it is fairer to say that they *could* not win; that they were vouchsafed every chance to do so and that they failed. Their forwards were superb, their backs were well-trained, but we had boys who were as fit as they; we had boys whose tackling was heroic, who made no bones about going down on the ball, whose resolution was unshakable, and so, the final whistle went, and the Cup came to the High School.

Swimming Notes

Captain	...	...	E. R. ROBERTS
Vice-Captain	...	...	J. N. ALLEN
Hon Sec.	...	...	K. H. YOUNG

Our season opened on Friday, 29th April, with a large attendance. We have again secured the services of Mr. Case and we look forward to a successful season. At the annual meeting the suggestion of a club badge by E. R. Roberts met with general approval. The badges will cost one and sixpence each and are now ready.

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Boxing Notes

Captain ... D. A. ORR
 Vice-Captain ... R. H. LEARY
 Hon Sec. ... K. H. YOUNG

We had only two contests this season. We won one and lost one. We were defeated by St. Columba's College. Tuesday, 8th March.

H.S. S.C.C.
 George beat Kenny on points
 Whitney beat Powell on points

H.S. St. Andrew's

6st.—R. Rumball beat R. Allen on points.
 6st. 7lbs.—S. Whitney beat V. Deever on pts.
 7st.—R. Quin beat G. Manning, K.O.
 J. Greening beat W. Wann
 7st. 7lbs.—H. Jestin lost to J. McCaw
 9st. 2lbs.—R. Leary beat D. Waugh
 9st. 10lbs.—D. Orr beat D. Ganly
 10st. 8lbs.—K. H. Young lost to R. Lee
 11st. 8lbs.—R. T. Motyer beat H. Hitchcock
 on points

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOXING CLUB. ELLERKER CUP TEAM, 1938.

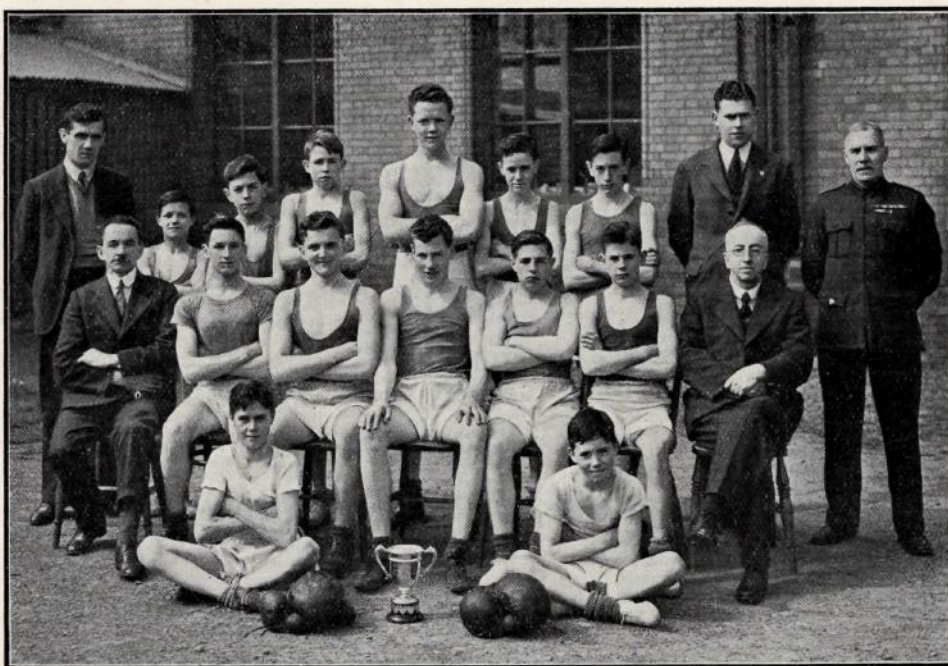
J. Nelson (Trainer)

R. W. Parkinson

R. W. Rumball, J. R. Greening, R. T. Motyer, S. J. Whitney, H. O. Jestin

Sgt. Nelson

Mr. J. W. Goulden



Mr. J. Young, A. G. Drake, K. H. Young, D. A. Orr, R. H. Leary, R. R. Quin, Mr. J. Bennett
 (Hon. Sec.) (Capt.) (V.Capt.)
 N. George G. T. Stephens

Quin beat Cuppage, Tec. K.O. 2nd round
 Jestin lost to Beamish on points
 Spencer lost to Medicott, K.O. 2nd round
 Young lost to Kelliher, Tec. K.O. 1st round
 Featherstone lost to O'Malley on points

We next met St. Andrews in the Ellerker Cup contest on Monday, March 28th. We had a clear cut victory by 9 bouts to 2.

G. Stephens (H.S.), A. C. Drake (H.S.) W.O.
 M.C.—Mr. J. A. Storey.

A fight arranged with King's Hospital was put off owing to King's Hospital being affiliated to the I.A.B.A. The association would not allow the fight as we were not members.

Throughout the season a number of members consistently attended, namely, D. A. Orr, R.

Young, R. Leary, J. Greening, S. Whitney, Green Bros. H. Jestin, W. Williams, Burge, R. Dann, Brennan, S. Simms, H. Foster, Stewart, R. Rumball, White and Caldwell. We are also indebted to Mr. Goulden, Mr. Young and Sergeant Nelson for spending so much of their valuable time helping us. When the time for the Ellerker Cup contest came near we found we did not possess a member weighing enough to meet H. Hitchcock, of St. Andrew's. R. Motyer offered to learn boxing and only had three weeks training, but he beat his man and we are exceedingly grateful to him for his sportsmanship.

D. A. Orr has now brought his total of fights up to ten, all of which he has won. R. Quin won both his bouts this year by technical K.O.'s. S. Whitney, first year, won both his fights.

Examination Results

EXAMINATION IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

General Synod and Presbyterian Assembly).

(75 Prizes were won, including Special Prize for First Place in Presbyterian Examination.)

Prize Winners.

Greek Testament.—R. A. Cole (First Class).
G. A. W. Ridgeway (Second Class).

Pass Certificate.—A. N. Jeffares, N. D. Browne.

Third Year's Course.

Prizes.—J. F. J. McKeon (First Class); J. C. G. Strickland (Second Class); O. M. P. Tobias, E. W. O'M. Lovell, J. F. L. Collins (Third Class).

Pass Certificates.—K. H. M. Young, E. G. Cobbe, T. E. R. Willis, C. R. Payne, G. L. James, G. D. Lyons, J. C. Pemberton, D. N. Baynham.

First Year's Course.

Prizes.—A. L. P. Jones, J. A. Motyer, C. Harris, V. A. James, E. W. Brennan, J. H. Turner, A. W. Parson, R. R. Caldwell, C. M. Kearon, R. W. Rumball, H. C. Jermyn, N. F. Boxwell, W. B. West, J. J. Maguire, E. P. Sholedice, R. L. Gardner, R. R. Patterson, R. F. Luke, D. C. Reynolds, G. H. Pogue, J. R. Greening (First Class); D. J. Gordon, R. Lindsay, R. J. Beattie, E. W. Pollock, R. A. Kerr, K. F. C. Somers, W. J.

Armstrong, D. C. Wright, W. N. Anderson, R. B. Reeves, E. A. Weatherall, D. G. Duff, E. R. Haynes, E. A. Foster, P. A. Gray, F. M. Penney, I. B. Pielow, R. R. Quin, W. R. Medcalf (Second Class); H. O. Jestin, J. P. Pike, A. S. Sheil, E. D. R. Sims, W. J. Whelan, W. E. Potts, J. W. Vanston, A. W. Willits, W. P. B. Mathews, J. W. Moore, S. A. E. Belford, N. J. Butler, D. E. Dann, S. W. Reede, G. T. Stephens, D. J. A. Burrowes (Third Class).

Pass Certificates.—E. F. J. Beck, J. Lindsay, C. T. Sterne, H. A. Ashe, L. J. Faull, A. D. Grice, H. R. Roberts, A. C. Stewart, A. J. Burge, J. Dagg, N. E. Lambert, P. J. Burgess, G. L. M. Cole, J. H. Lindsay, G. C. McKeon, S. J. Wright, A. L. D. Turpin, T. H. Fallon, N. S. Tyne, C. W. Holt, S. M. Burch, G. B. Quin, J. E. Predy, W. J. Burleigh, E. G. Hughes, R. W. Parkinson, S. J. Whitney, G. H. Gardner, N. T. H. George, R. P. Hill, S. N. C. Smith, K. B. Macaulay, A. J. Seawright, W. B. Lyons, R. James Stevenson, J. M. G. Carey, S. N. Grant, H. A. W. Calvert, H. R. J. White, R. E. Bardon, A. M. Grey, R. John Stevenson.

PRESBYTERIANS.

First Year's Course.

Prizes.—R. P. Willis (Special Prize First Place); I. R. Collie (Second Class); R. G. Smith (Third Class).

Pass Certificates.—O. O. Ferguson, R. J. Machesney, W. T. J. Gourley, W. E. D. Rutherford, J. W. Spencer.

Third Year's Course.

Pass Certificates.—P. A. Davis, A. W. Goulding, J. A. Bell.

METHODISTS.

Third Year's Course.

Prize.—F. L. Thompson (Second Class).

First Year's Course.

Prizes.—V. C. B. Maslin, G. F. Thompson, A. W. Polden (First Class), N. S. Taylor (Second Class).

Pass Certificates.—J. Strachan, H. A. Ross.

Scripture Only.

Prizes.—C. F. G. Delaney, R. F. Kyle, H. W. Robinson, R. H. Kyle (First Class).

Pass Certificate.—D. Collie.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

G. A. F. Harrison—Scholarship in Experimental Science.

HONOURS EXAMINATIONS.

S. A. Moore (Jun. Soph.)—First Rank Honours in Classics. First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Science.

R. D. Seligman (Jun. Soph.)—First of First Rank Honours in Legal Science.

A. D. Mason (Jun. Soph.)—First Rank Honours in Legal Science.

W. R. Bryans (Sen. Fresh.)—Third Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Science.

J. C. Duggan (Sen. Fresh.)—First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Science.

J. C. Gilmour (Sen. Fresh.)—Second Rank Honours in Mathematics, Second Rank Honours in Experimental Science.

M. C. Fowler (Sen. Fresh.)—Second Rank Honours in Classics.

J. D. Smyth (Jun. Fresh.)—First Rank Honours in Natural Science. Second Rank Honours in Experimental Science.

D. S. Malley (Jun. Fresh.)—First of First Rank Honours in Classics.

B. S. Whitney (Jun. Fresh.)—Second Rank Honours in Experimental Science.

W. de B. Gilmour (Jun. Fresh.)—Second Rank Honours in Natural Science.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.

D. T. Bardon—Diploma in Psychological Medicine.

R. A. Lutton—B.A.O. (Hons.), M.B.

H. S. Boyce—M.B., B.A.O.

J. M. Caldwell—B.Ch.

T. W. Buckley—B.A.O.

D. A. Huggard—B.A.O.

INTERMEDIATE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

W. Houston (Hons.), W. G. Caldwell (Hons.),
E. B. Moore, J. I. Stafford.

INSTITUTE OF BANKERS.

Final Examination.—G. A. Bamford (Bank of Ireland); J. D. Durie (Royal Bank of Ireland).

Preliminary Examination.—R. S. Savage (Bank of Ireland); T. H. Walker (National Bank).

G. D. H. Mulroney—6th place in Examination for Bank of Ireland Clerkships.

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THE COCOA WORKS, DUBLIN

The Prizes awarded by the German Government for the best record in teaching German in Eire have again been assigned to the High School. Two fine framed pictures have been received by the School, and very valuable prizes have been given to the two boys chosen, I. P. Mortished and C. B. Richardson.

The High School Camera Club

The end of the summer term saw the beginning of a new movement in the school. On Thursday, 3rd June, the High School Camera Club held its first meeting, at which officers were elected and possible activities discussed. The use of a dark room has been obtained in which it is hoped to install proper equipment, including an enlarger. All members will be taught development, printing and enlargement of their own films, and a series of competitions will be run throughout the year culminating in an exhibition of members' work. We will welcome all new members, who should make enquiries from Mr. Goulden.

What We Want to Know

Who is responsible for the nine o'clock shower?

Who is the sixth former going to South Africa?

What member of the staff is guilty of amateurism in local shooting contests?

Would T-rr-ll prefer a silver cup to Golden Sovereign?

What purpose had W-ll--ms in mind when he bought his new camera?

Who pulled out a tooth in Irish class?

What is -rr's "partner exchange" scheme in the Dundrum tournament?

Are plus-fours the correct attire for classical boys?

Who is "Mr. Forgot" in form one?

Did R. C-l- go to see the news reel only in the Grafton?

Did "Liam" really kiss his niece after the J.C.T. victory?

Who was responsible for the temporary evacuation of the "old men" from the hall?

Who is the H.S.D. bailiff?

How many members of the new photographic society will pay their subscriptions?

"SPLENDIDE MENDAX."

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thousands of Dublin Cyclists*



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"The Mikado"

FINE PERFORMANCE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

"Before a large and enthusiastic audience in the hall of the High School, Dublin, students and Old Boys of the School added yet another outstanding success to their already brilliant theatrical record. On this notable occasion Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "The Mikado" was presented. One has come to

Wilson and executed by Mrs. Bennett, made a gay picture. The production so far as lighting and effects were concerned showed not only efficiency but imagination. Under the direction of Mr. Eric May, A.I.A.A., the lilting and tuneful music was rendered with gusto and polish. The chorus work was nicely balanced and given with real understanding. To the orchestra, also, tribute must be given.

As Nanki-Poo, the wandering minstrel, R. Lawrence gave an admirable performance, at all times using his voice with an ease and sweet-

"THE MIKADO"—December, 1937

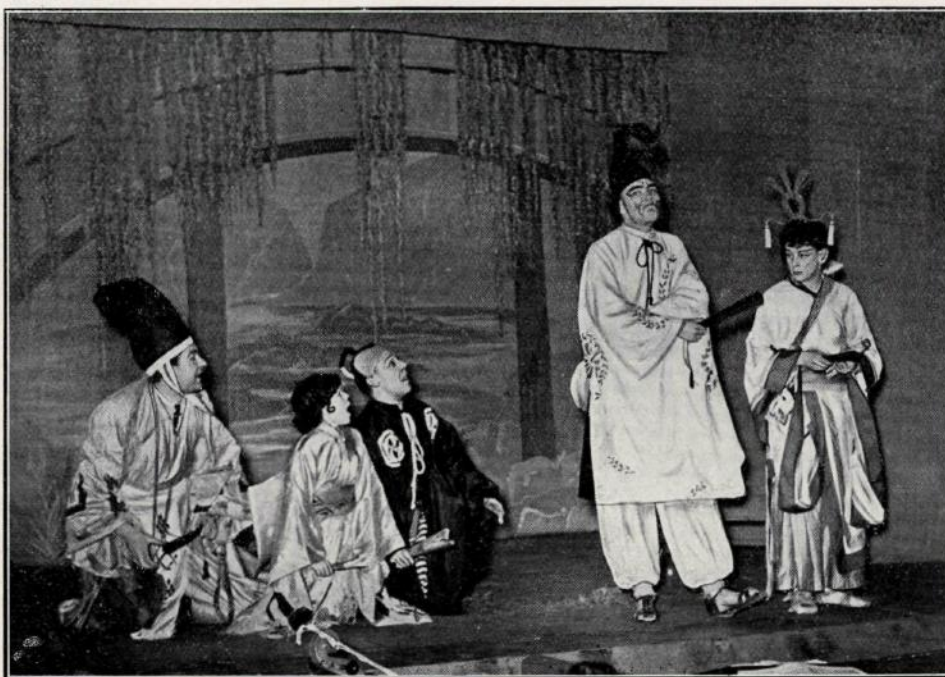


Photo by C. W. Vanston.

R. W. Mason	P. J. Burgess	W. S. Kelly,	T. F. V. Jackson,	R. R. Quin
(Poo-Bah)	(Pitti-Sing)	(Ko-Ko)	(Mikado)	(Katisha)

expect much when the students of this school provide either musical or dramatic entertainment and last night's musical feast more than realised expectations. From the outset there was a delightful and infectious spirit on the stage and the audience immediately caught the atmosphere for enjoyment and delighted in every moment of the evening.

With the background of colourful scenery, the work of Mr. W. R. Wilson, F.R.S.A., the costumes of the players, also designed by Mr.

ness. W. S. Kelly gave a really memorable performance as the Lord High Executioner. It can be said with truth that very few youthful actors have such a sense of comedy.

R. W. Mason gave an excellent interpretation as Poo-Bah, bringing to the part all the portentous solemnity which should distinguish it. Yum-Yum was played delightfully by R. F. Luke, and the two sisters by D. J. Burrows and P. J. Burgess. Katisha was ably played by R. R. Quin, and H. H. Lewis gave an admirable

performance as Pish-Tush and T. F. V. Jackson as the Mikado."—(Extract from the *Evening Mail*).

In addition to this report of our tenth annual entertainment, it is only necessary to mention our indebtedness to Mr. Eric May for his continued voluntary service throughout the year. Once more he entered the School Choir successfully for the Department of Education's musical examination. Also to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Kelly for their valuable assistance in the production of the "Mikado." Mrs. Kelly in her capacity as accompanist attended many rehearsals and bore the strain of four performances with great distinction. Mr. Kelly devoted much time to the stage-work and his experience helped greatly to the success of the show. We would like to record our congratulations to Mr. Eric May and Mr. R. W. Mason on their successes in the Dublin Feis Ceoil.

There are still copies of the "Souvenir" programme available. It is a record of our first ten concerts.

The Break-Up Dance

The annual break up dance was held in the Clock Room on Tuesday, December 21st, 1937, by kind permission of the Board of Governors. As in other years the event was a great social success, but again we have to voice the complaint that there were not enough present boys at the dance, and, although a dance class was run in school, many of the present boys hung back bashfully at the door.

We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Bennett for her supervision of the catering and we thank Mr. Watson, whose energy and advice made 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.

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Early last June, when I should have been "swotting" for a midsummer examination, I was eagerly perusing a book, a most enthralling book, containing the adventures of an ex-R.A.F. officer working his passage around the world. It was all terribly exciting, but the role which fascinated me most was that of a stoker "deep down in the bowels of the ship." I felt from that moment that life would not be complete until I had experienced the sensation of being a member of the black crew.

Examinations over and holidays at last, I approached my uncle, who happens to be in the shipping business, as to the likelihood of my becoming a stoker just for a short trip, say to the Continent and back. He laughed at my "fad" as he called it but eventually gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, the captain of the cargo boat "Lady Helen." Certainly not "Queen Mary" standard but suitable enough as the scene of my debut. Captain Rogers swore a little (or was it a little?) about "young fellas with dam' fool ideas" but ended by signing me on as stoker for a voyage to Bremen and back. "Lady Helen" was due to sail the next morning at 5 a.m. I was to be on board at 1 a.m. I felt this was life—I would write a book about my experiences, I decided.

But at 12.30 a.m. I found the docks look entirely different than at 11.30 a.m. Every boat seemed the same to me. How on earth was I to find the "Lady Helen"? At 1.15 a.m. I found a boat with smoke pouring from her smokestacks; this must be the "Lady Helen," and courage returning, I went on board. A figure loomed ahead of me, I coughed and said in a pleasant voice, "I'm the new stoker."

"Well get below out of this, who do you think you are?"

Defenceless against such irony and totally demoralised I dived below, or rather fell down the companionway, not the "stairs" as I was afterwards informed.

Eventually stumbling upon the stokehold more by luck than instinct, and fearing to be met by another rousing reception, I followed the example of the other occupants, stripped to the waist, seized a shovel and commenced to heave coal into an enormous opening which never seemed to show any sign of filling. After five

minutes I was black from head to foot; after half-an-hour the sweat ran down my face and neck in rivulets and I expected my head to burst at any moment. After an interval of two hours every bone in my body ached and I was glad to retire to a none too clean fo'c'sle and collapse on the nearest bunk.

I was just alighting from a bus in Harcourt Street, when—bump, where was I?—On the floor, which tilted alarmingly as I rose to my feet. Stumbling back to the stokehold I was met by a blasphemous greeting from the engineer; apparently I had overslept the dog-watch or something silly. I found stoking now an almost impossible task, but seizing my opportunity I took a shovelful of coal, waited till the ship tilted, then ran to the other side and as I was passing the furnace hurled in my coal. As often as not I stumbled—on red hot ashes.

I need not continue the account of that experience, I will never forget it. Interesting, perhaps, at first, then painful, but eventually dreadfully monotonous. But after three days I wondered when Bremen could be expected to appear, it seemed a long, long time since I left Dublin. On the fourth day, reckoning on a speed of 10 knots, I calculated we should be very near Bielostok—practically in the centre of the U.S.S.R. There was something drastically wrong I decided. The next time I was snatching a few moments on deck I saw a figure in captain's uniform approaching—but it was not Captain Rogers. Strange, surely there were not two captains? Taking my courage in both hands, I asked "When do you expect to make Bremen, sir?"

"Bremen?" he barked.

A terrible fear gnawed at my heart.

"Is . . . Isn't this the 'Lady Helen'?" I faltered.

"—" (something which sounded vaguely like Helen), he answered, "this is the 'Menjax,' outward bound for Perth."

A.J.A.

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Dr. C. F. DARCY, Archbishop of Armagh

Many abler pens than mine have recorded much of general interest regarding the late Primate, Dr. C. F. D'Arcy; few are now alive who can remember him as a boy at school when they were pupils of the High School, Dublin. He was one of the first boys to be entered, shortly after the school opened in October, 1870. I entered on the 9th of January, 1871. D'Arcy and certainly one, if not two, of his cousins were also boys on the list. One named Norman was subsequently drowned in a lake in Canada.

School boys do not as a rule care very much for pedigrees so it did not interest us very much to know that the D'Arcy family were descended from an old Anglo-Norman, "whose Barony of Darcy de Knayth dated from 1332."

What interested me was that D'Arcy knew a great deal more than I did about such matters as chemistry, mechanics and what was then in its infancy, electricity.

We were never class-mates, but the subjects above mentioned drew us together, and although he got into trouble for a display of some chemical nature, I am absolutely sure that during his whole school career he never acted as a boy otherwise than as a perfect gentleman. Nowadays a prize is given each year to the boy selected by his school fellows who represents the best type of schoolboy. It is not too much to say that had such a prize existed in our time Charles F. D'Arcy would have been an easy winner.

It is unnecessary for me to state here anything about the position he filled in after life, that has been done far better than I could do it. I may, however, quote from a letter I had some years ago from the late Archdeacon J. H. Thorpe.

Through a letter from him which appeared in the "Erasmian," I discovered that Thorpe was an old class-mate of my own, we had both been in the VI Form under Dr. Creswell. In reply to a letter from me he said:—

" I think the founding of the 'Old Boys' Union' was a very happy idea and has brought many of them in touch again. About a year or so ago I had a letter from Mitchell (1928), now dead, alas, who became a Presbyterian Minister He told me of Stanley Shaw, who now lives in some Institute in London. . . . I came to England to Nottingham. There I met, to my surprise,

" Dr. Creswell, whose relatives live there. . . " (He told how kind Creswell was to him.)

Thorpe went on to say: "Once the Primate (Armagh) preached for me here and he generally writes me when any family event attracts his attention. He has a great name in England and deserves it. He is our foremost philosopher."

In our time we had no games except those we invented for ourselves. There was no ball-alley in those days. One game, a sort of "leap-frog," called "foot and a half," and another called "bell-man." This latter consisted in one or more boys standing in the centre of a run while other boys tried to get past them or him.

I do not think D'Arcy ever took part in these pastimes. Nor was he ever mixed up in any quarrel with any of the other boys. Indeed, during my time at the High School there were only three fights, one of which was serious.

It was stated in the Press blood sports did not appeal to him. It is a controversial question, should the clergy take part in them? However, it may be recorded that it was reported: "In November, 1934, a fox which had sought sanctuary in the kitchen of Leadenhall Rectory was there killed in the presence of the Rector."—"Greater World," Jan. 25, 1936.

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As it is claimed that "sportsmen" are not "cruel," it does not seem a sporting thing to kill a wretched animal which was perfectly helpless.

After I left school I lost touch with D'Arcy (who remained on at school for some time longer). Hearing he had reached the Bench was the first I heard of his standing in the Church. After Clogher he went to Down as Bishop, next he went to Dublin as Archbishop. Passing the Palace in St. Stephen's Green, on the spur of the moment I knocked at the door. The butler was very doubtful about admitting me, as I had no appointment.

I told him I had not met the Archbishop for forty-six years. D'Arcy must have overheard me for he came down the staircase and welcomed me warmly. He took me up to the drawing-room introducing me to his wife and daughters. I reminded him that he had told me at school how electricity was made with a glass plate hung on an axle. Mrs. D'Arcy remarked that the remains of the old machine were at that moment in the pantry!

We met at Amiens Street Railway Station the day he was leaving Dublin for Armagh. Our train (the 9 a.m.) did not leave, as the engine driver refused to take it owing to policemen being on board! This was the time England were governing the country.

The last time we met it was at a friend's house. He remained on to talk with "his old friend." After all these years it was a pleasure to hear him speak so warmly of Doctor Creswell as a school teacher. He laid great stress on his power of imparting knowledge, how he made a mathematical problem so clear that a misunderstanding was impossible. That was correct, as in private life Creswell was an example of Walter Page's estimate: "The thoroughbred English man and English woman is the real thing, the realist thing on earth."

On that occasion we discussed modern poetry and to my surprise he quoted almost the whole of Shelley's *Cloud*, about which he spoke in no uncertain manner.

Shortly after he came to Armagh the question of having his portrait painted was talked over with me by the late Archdeacon Hobson. I, of course, suggested Sir William Orpen, but he said it would be too costly. I then suggested he would allow me to approach Orpen on the matter, but nothing came of it. As he was the first Patron of the Old Boys' Union, I was

hoping to get his bust executed as a small token of our gratitude for the honour he had done us, but death claimed him first.

On a cold raw damp afternoon in February, 1938, with the flag on the Municipal Technical School in the city of Armagh at half mast, we found ourselves packed with not a seat vacant in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Clergy from all parts came, also high and low, rich and poor to pay respect to one who had carried on as he had considered right. It was then forgotten how a difference of opinion had arisen, and as the words of the beautiful hymn "Abide with Me" came down the aisle, the wish he had expressed at our last meeting came to my mind, "I would like to be buried at sea." Possibly, if it was not for the letter he wrote me after his return from the voyage during which Mrs. D'Arcy had passed away, and who had been buried at sea, I might not have understood.

What one of the great newspapers of the world said the day after the funeral should find a place in any record of the last act, the final act we can perform for one we knew, recording as it does the pleasing fact that all united to pay respect to one of Ireland's most illustrious sons.

"Daily Express," February 4th, 1938:—

IRELAND UNITED AT FUNERAL OF PRIMATE.

Ireland was united yesterday at the funeral of Dr. Charles D'Arcy, Archbishop of Armagh and Lord Primate of All Ireland, in the Cathedral grounds.

The Catholic Church, represented by Cardinal MacRory, the Government of Eire, the Governor of Northern Ireland, the Government of Ulster, and all Irish Churches attended a service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Cardinal MacRory tendered his personal condolences with the Primate's family.

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An Essay on "Any Subject"

There's no doubt about it, we can appreciate a bit of freedom. It doesn't matter whether it's freedom from work, or freedom from political restrictions, "free" samples, or a free-wheel. Therefore, it comes as a pleasant surprise to us to find we have a choice of subject for this week's essay. But we must show our appreciation for this welcome gift. We must write a good essay, for is this not a chance to regain our reputation? Of course, there are heaps of subjects to write about, so we can easily choose a suitable one. Alas! we have yet to learn many things!

If our essay is to be at all good we must choose a fairly hard subject. Perhaps a literary criticism would meet the case. "A very good idea," we say, and then falter. Whom shall we write about? "Oh!" says our optimistic mind, "there are thousands to pick from." But our pessimistic soul retaliates with the remark that we cannot write a thousand essays, we don't know much about actual material, and anyway we don't appreciate the stuff very much. "The idea!" snorts our optimistic friend, and then retires from the discussion. Our Modern Spirit here joins the debate with the suggestion "Couldn't we write about Mr. Priestley, whom we *do* know something about, and whom we *do* appreciate," and in strong American tones adds that "at any rate there is always our pal Dorothy Sayers and her private 'tec, Lord Wimsey, to help us out of the trouble." Here, however, Dame Victorianism puts in the scathing remark that this is all nonsense, and, anyway, who are these people?

No! It'll have to be a more general subject. "Modern Transport," perhaps, or even our old friend "Bridges." Yes, that latter's not too bad, there's all that rot about ancient bridges of creepers, and then tree trunks and so on. . . We could also probably work in that bit we saw in the *Daily Times* about the new "Waterloo Bridge," that "new bridge over Liffey" legend, and by vigorous pruning, could we not bring in many excellent facts and fritterings? That is, if we haven't done it before lately. . . Oh! Bearded Wallahs, we have! *Valete* to "Bridges"!

Then, of course, we always did fancy ourselves at narrative writing. We've got that up our sleeve. It was only the other day we were

amusing ourselves making up a "best seller" novel. Let's see. . . Yes! The hero's name was "Marmaduke," or some equally disgusting label. The story was a detective yarn, something about a corpse in the pantry with its head in a cake tin—cut off, of course. The "duke" found it, and by extensive use of a magnifying glass and some salt—in lieu of fingerprint powder—many interesting discoveries were made. These included clues which led—by a winding path, it's true, but then the book must have some solid material in it—to the belief that the murderer was a short man with side-whiskers and spats who had a hobby of rearing mice. The weapon of death and decapitation—a bacon slicing-machine—was also found, hidden behind a pound of butter and a box of anti-indigestion pills. Then followed many long interviews with the inmates of the country mansion—also necessary to spread out the book. Many told their story—there was Lord and Lady Flop, the Hon. Flop and his fiancée, the seven butlers, the cook, the scullery-maid, the Income Tax man who had called any rate not more than a week before the murder, and numerous others. All, however, denied rearing mice, the nearest being the sixth butler, who admitted that he had many years before had a pet newt, but it had died of frost bite. The "duke" found his man in the end, of course. The climax comes when he discovers that the head does not belong to the body! Another body-and-head is found immediately in the lily-pond—a body with spats, and then the duke recalls the hair he had found on his chocolate éclair that night. The head in the tin had side whiskers! So the man in the pond had killed the man in the pantry, and *vice versa*. The perfect crime, gentlemen! If the reader is mentally deficient. . . However, that's rather long for an essay, as the introduction and author's preface alone take up two old science note-books and the margin of the *Weekly Burb*.

Also in the narrative line is "A Dream." Ah! here is scope for the imaginative pen! Here the mind may travel along mysterious and meandering mazes! Et cetera, et cetera. But it is undoubtedly an excellent subject—and original, that is after we have written that stock piece about the lobsters for supper and also falling out of bed at the finish. We commence by the fall over the cliff, of course, and then continue by exploring the depths of the

sea—which is really the lily-pond in Lord Flop's garden, and then by emerging on to the lawn and playing a mixture of water and horse polo with a cross between a revolver and a bacon-slicer. We swallowed the ball which is in reality a head, and so it goes on until we come to the finish when we are walking round a sweet factory being given a sample at every step. We suddenly trip over a bar of chocolate and are thrown into a moulding machine which, having stamped "This side up—no cranes" on our back, causes us to wake up, on, as we mentioned before, the floor.

But seriously, what can we write about?

A.W.R.

Vogelenzang — Ostend

The Jamboree had ended. Tents had been struck, and all heavy baggage left in a central dump for collection by the railway at a later date. Personal equipment had been packed, and we, the members of the Irish Free State Contingent, were waiting for the arrival of the lorry which was to take them to the station.

Then came an unpleasant surprise. The clerk of the weather, who had been so kind to us since our arrival in the Netherlands a fortnight before, decided that we were not to depart unscathed. He certainly carried out this decision well—within fifteen minutes we were soaked, despite our raincoats and capes.

It was then four-thirty, and our train was not due to leave for Ostend until six-thirty, but our officers decided that there would be more shelter near the station than in the centre of the large grassy plain where our camp had been pitched. So, leaving a deputation to meet the lorry, we decamped—and we were not sorry either to leave before our time.

The approach to the station from the Jamboree grounds consisted of a straight road about half a mile in length, and arched over with trees. Arriving there, we quickly discovered that we were by no means the first to forsake the camp. Our hopes of finding a dry spot vanished, and we had to content ourselves with one where the puddles were still isolated and not yet united into a large lake.

After a short wait, a member of the Rover Police came along and escorted us to our position in the line waiting for the Ostend train.

Our hopes were again shattered. We were at the end of the column. "Never mind," counselled the Rover, "although you're at the end here, you'll be first on board the boat at Ostend." At the time, however, we were more concerned about the fact that we would be last on board the train at Vogelenzang, because from there to Ostend was six hours journey, while from Ostend to Dover it was only three.

At length we got the word to move on. We heard it with sighs of relief, but we were doomed to become wetter—and muddier.

Our ruc-sacs had been dumped on the side of the road at the station, and, as far as we could see, they were lying in the muddiest patch that existed. Most of that mud was transferred to our clothes and bodies during the short "trot" to the carriages.

At first it appeared as if there were no seats left, and most of us were still in the corridor when the train started. Eventually we sorted ourselves out, and most of us found seats. The greater part of the kit was left on the floor in the corridor, and from that time on to walk down it was to go on a climbing expedition. In addition, on passing each compartment, the door would fly open and threats, mingled with warnings not to step on the various kits, were hurled at the hardy adventurer.

Having removed our wet raincoats and jackets, we dumped them in the corridor, hanging them from every available hook and bar. Then "packed meals" were produced and we proceeded to eat from the paper bags, each of which contained three buns, a banana, and a small packet of butter.

By the time we reached Leiden we had finished this appetising repast and felt in a merrier mood, so harmonicas were produced

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and we sang lustily in accompaniment. Occasionally we looked out through the windows to see if there was anything worth seeing. Apart from the rain, however, the only other feature was an extensive flat and dreary landscape, composed of rectangular fields surrounded by small dykes with, maybe, some trees scattered here and there. Now and again a canal was crossed, or a long straight road. A few broken down windmills were noticed. Holland is noted, among other things, for windmills. A Dutch picture or setting invariably includes one, yet, during our whole stay, we saw only two or three working. They are rapidly becoming relics of the past, being replaced everywhere by less picturesque, but more efficient forms of machinery.

Soon we were at The Hague, the capital of the Netherlands, and noted for its Peace Palace, where the Court of International Arbitration is held. From The Hague the railway runs to Rotterdam via Delft, where the familiar delft ware was first made. The town is of special importance to the Dutch because it had so many connections with William the Silent, the Liberator of the country. Twenty minutes travelling from Delft brought us to Rotterdam. The train passed over Rotterdam, rather than through it, because the railway is elevated, with many long bridges over the innumerable channels and canals which make up the docks that are second only to London in their clearance of tonnage.

From Rotterdam to the Belgian frontier the journey and scenery were uneventful, and it was in the gathering darkness that we arrived at Esschen, the frontier station.

Here several changes were effected and noticed. Firstly, we turned back our watches twenty minutes; secondly, all sheath knives had disappeared from our belts, because it is forbidden to wear knives in Belgium; thirdly, the platforms were at ground level instead of being raised, as in Holland and in the British Isles.

The stop was short, during which time there was great demand for the boys selling sweets and chocolates. Then—off again. The Belgian countryside was, if anything, less interesting than the Dutch. At any rate it was dirtier, and bore every evidence that Belgium is an industrial country.

Darkness had fallen by the time we reached

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Antwerp, and we gained only a vague impression of houses, spires and chimneys.

From there to Ostend the informal "camp-fires" gradually died away, and it was a party of tired and sleepy scouts who climbed out of the train and lurched along the quay to the steamer where there were the pleasant prospects of coffee and, more important, somewhere to lie down and go to sleep.

R.J.M.

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It is with deep regret that we record the death of our Patron, the Most Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., Primate of All Ireland. He was a pupil of the High School from 1870 to 1877. His University career was unusually distinguished, and included First Science Scholarship and a Large Gold Medal in Philosophy at the Honour Degree Examinations. He became Bishop of Clogher in 1903, Bishop of Ossory in 1907, Bishop of Down in 1911, Archbishop of Dublin in 1919, and Primate (Archbishop of Armagh) in 1919.

He was celebrated as a scholar throughout the British Isles, and received Honorary Degrees (Doctor of Divinity) from Oxford, Glasgow, Belfast, and the Degree of D.Litt. from Dublin.

As a preacher he was sought after by the Universities — Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow and Dublin. His intellectual powers were shown in the long series of books on Philosophical subjects which he published. These not only displayed profound scholarship but a considerable amount of originality of thought.

Those of us who belonged to a different generation found him to be a man of simple and kindly manners. He took the chair at our first meeting in 1928 when the Old Boys' Union was founded and he became its First President and afterwards Patron.

We are glad to be able to include in this issue an appreciation from one of his contemporaries at the High School.

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. At the Annual General Meeting held on 25th October, 1937, it was proposed and adopted that boys leaving school may become members by paying five shillings during the first year after leaving school, five shillings during the second year, and eleven shillings during the third year; or ten shillings during the second year after leav-

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ing and eleven shillings during the third year; or one guinea during the third or subsequent years after leaving.

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Notes on Old Boys

Professor E. H. Alton, Litt.D. (1885-92), has been appointed Registrar of Trinity College, and Mr. Harry Thrift (1891-1901) has been co-opted as a Senior Fellow and elected Bursar of the College. The School is naturally proud of the fact that the Provost, the Registrar and the Bursar of the University have been former pupils.

Mr. Tennyson J. D. Large (1891-97) was made a C.B.E. He now holds the important post of Collector of H.M. Customs and Excise in Liverpool, where he is responsible for about one-tenth of the Customs and Excise departments of the whole country.

Dr. J. C. Patten, M.A., M.D., Sc.D. (1883-87), who gave us a lecture some years ago, has retired from the Professorship of Anatomy in Sheffield University, a post which he held for 35 years. The Laboratory became famous for its equipment under his rule. As a lecturer he

could make any subject, even anatomy, live. He was noted also for his work as an observer of bird life. His books are in the School library, one of them being presented by himself. His musical ability and versatility in other ways made him a most entertaining companion. He will be greatly missed by the University.

Dr. J. M. Bryson (1923-31) has been appointed House Physician to the new Kent and Canterbury Hospitals.

D. H. McNeill (1931-34) was second in the mile in excellent time at the White City.

G. I. McCabe (1930-36), won the University Swimming Championship of Ireland.

Stanley Woods (1915-20) won the Junior T.T. on a Velocette at 84.62 m.p.h., and was second in the Senior T.T. at 88.99 m.p.h.

Wm. S. Moore has received a Commission in the Air Force.

The Annual Drill Display was held in the Gymnasium on Thursday, 2nd June.

Medals were awarded to the following:—
4¹, R. P. Willis; 4², D. J. A. Burrowes; 3A, J. J. Maguire; 3B, P. J. Burgess; 3C¹, H. A. Ross; 3C², P. Tichauer; 3D, G. N. Gray; 2, J. W. P. Benson; 1A and 1B, J. W. Smallridge; Drill Down, G. T. Stephens.

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Marriages

PENNEY (1921-25) and SCOTT—June 8, 1938, at Harold's Cross Church, by Rev. W. C. G. Proctor, B.D., Victor Ernest, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Penney, 51 Sandford Road, Dublin, to Eileen Clare, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Scott, Harold's Cross Pharmacy, Dublin.

DARLEY (1890-98) and ROSS—January 21, 1938, at Hampstead Old Church, Sir Bernard Darley, C.I.E., youngest son of the late John Henry Darley, to Gladys, younger daughter of the late Hastings Lees, and widow of the late Garth Ross.

EGAN (1917-27) and ROBB—June 16, 1938, at Derry Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. W. M. Kennedy, the Rev. H. A. E. Egan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyons Egan, Bangor, Co. Down, to Janet Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robb, The Elms, Londonderry.

MASON (1920-26) and McLACHLAN—June 9, 1938, at St. Bartholemew's Church, by the Rev. R. Ross, assisted by the Rev. Canon Simpson, Thomas Standish, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Mason, 39 Kenilworth Square, to Doreen,

daughter of Major McLachlan, O.B.E., and Mrs. McLachlan, Lansdowne Terrace, Ballsbridge.

RIDGEWAY (1921-25) and HANNA—June 9, 1938, at the Centenary Church, by the Rev. R. Lee Cole, B.D., assisted by the Rev. T. J. Irwin, D.Litt., Ernest Charles, son of the late Mr. Charles A. Ridgeway and Mrs. Ridgeway, "Ratherdrum," Gilford Park, Sandymount, to Vivienne Margaret, only daughter of Mr. Victor E. Hanna and Mrs. Hanna, Lansdowne Road, Ballsbridge.

WALKER (1922-28) and JOHNSON—June 11 1938, at St. Peter's Church, Burnham, by the Rev. Leslie York, Desmond Grier, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Fernhill, Sandford, Co. Dublin, to Geraldine Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. M. Johnson and the late Mrs. Johnson.

WHITESIDE (1919-25) and BROATCH—June 11th, 1938, at Ruthwell Church, Dumfries, by the Rev. W. M. McCaul, Arthur Hamilton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George D. Whiteside, Inverness, Fairfield Park, Rathgar, to Isabel Lind, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Broatch, Thwaite, Ruthwell, Dumfries-shire.

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Deaths

GORDON—February 28, 1938, at his residence, 8 St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, Frank Vivian Gordon.

Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner was held in the Clock Room on Saturday, 15th January, 1937. The President, Mr. R. W. Jeffares, was in the chair. This fixture was more successful than ever and achieved a fresh record in the numbers who attended, amounting to over 120 guests. The Memorial Window was illuminated and the usual silence observed. After the toasts of "The King" and "Ireland," the toast of "The School" was proposed by the Rev. R. E. Weir, who in an amusing speech, managed to recall the spirit of the school in the old days.

The Headmaster, in replying, said that the school had again increased in numbers and was now larger than it had ever been except for a short period in 1893, when several of the present Dublin schools had not been founded.

The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr. G. B. Butler, and replied to by Dr. Starkie in his usual entertaining and original way, and by Mr. Walter Howden.

Mr. D. B. W. Good, B.L., in a happy speech, proposed the toast of the Musical Brethren and the Honorary Officers.

The toast of the President was proposed by the Provost of Trinity College. No entertainment at which the President speaks can be a failure.

The musical programme was contributed to by Messrs. R. McCullough, R. W. Mason, P. Henry, A. Waters, Dr. F. J. O'Grady and Dr. F. Redmond.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—"S.G.S." (Sligo Grammar School), "R.B.A.I." (Royal Belfast Academical Institution), "C.A.I." (Coleraine Academical Institution), "The Campbellian" (Campbell College, Belfast), The Magazine of Midleton College, Cork, "T.C.D." (Trinity College, Dublin), "M.C.B." (Methodist College, Belfast), St. Andrew's College Magazine.

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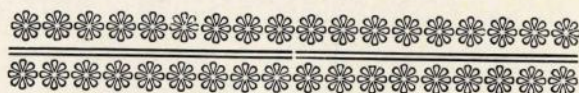
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