

The ERASMIAN

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial	49
School Notes	50
A Vindication of Free Verse	51
Notes from Malaya	52
The Wasted Masterpiece of Aloysius J. Cyrus-Westropp	54
Ultra Modern Education	60
A Fine Haul	61
Ancients v. Moderns	63
Synopsis of Lecture	65
Crickat	53, 68
Swimming Notes	73
The Boxing Club	73
Old Boys' Union	74
Marriages	75
Obituary	75
Our Contemporaries	76
Notices	76

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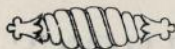
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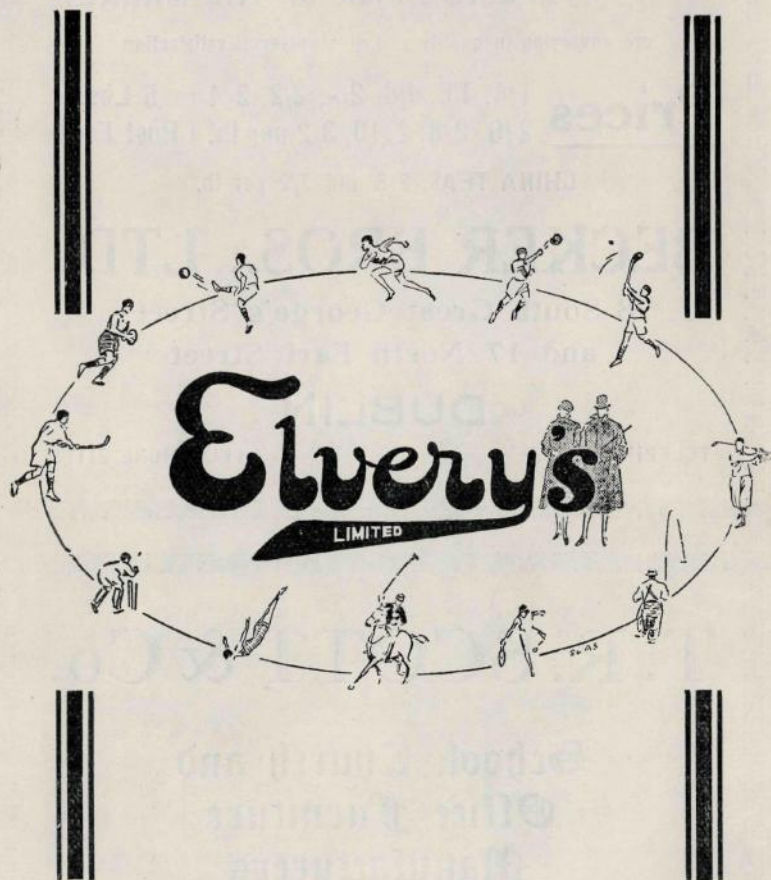
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: THE ERASMIAN :

JUNE, 1931

Editorial

Some maker of rhymes and rhythm has written a long list of barriers through which, he declares, Eros can penetrate; but from his catalogue he has omitted "the walls of a school." By the time, however, you are reading these lines in an unappreciating manner your love, dear reader, of liberty and freedom will have been satiated—before you will lie two whole months during which it is in your power to have what some obscure essayist longed for when he said "Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner!" Or, if you prefer it, you may plunge "as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore." These and many more things you may do far from such old companions as that brain-racking geometrician who lived, as some archaeologist remarked, either before or after 100 B.C., and far from all Editors, with their puns, alliterations, arguments, and complaints.

Being assured, then, of your good humour, we may hunt around for some "suitable theme"—time-honoured expression. In our search we are somewhat dismayed by realising that some of us have completed our last term at school. When next we shall open the cover of the well-known and much-abused *Erasmian* we shall be among the ranks of the Old Boys of the School. We begin to hope that the favourite saying of many wise old gentlemen whom we have known—"that their school days were the happiest of their lives"—was not true. We would much regret having spent our happiest days without realising they had come. But "*non hoc iocosa conveniet lyrae.*"

This (we say it merely to fill up space) is a Latin quotation. Hence we have discovered a reply to give to those numerous individuals who declare that they would write an article for this magazine if they could think of a suitable subject. It is, "The Advantages of Introducing a Latin Quotation into an Editorial." Had we thought of this sooner, doubtless our present issue would have been filled with dissertations upon this scopeful topic.

Although we are well aware that everybody's thoughts are at present centred upon tennis rackets and cricket bats, let us recall the football season by congratulating Evans' House on winning the Inter-House Football Championship. Although they undoubtedly

deserved to win, they were closely followed by Burrows' House. As the football is the most important division of the games, it is practically certain that they will win the cup—the more so as their cricket team has already reached the final.

But "Hold, enough!" (we incur the curse of Macbeth in pronouncing the fatal words), it is not our duty to detain you from the pleasant pages which follow.

* * * *

School Notes

The annual boxing contest against St. Andrew's College was won by our opponents by 5 bouts to 3. We congratulate J. McKell, R. Lutton, and G. Keegan, who won their fights for the School. A full account appears elsewhere.

The last of the series of lectures on British Coinage was given in the School on 23rd April by Mr. J. B. S. MacIlwaine.

The School Sports are to be held on June 23rd at Lansdowne Road at 1 o'clock. The gymnastic display will be given at the Sports again this year.

It was decided at the Sports Committee to give points towards the House Competition for every event except the sack-race, the Siamese race, the obstacle race, and the championship quarter-mile. This will give every boy a chance of winning some points for his House, and at the same time will make the Championship more open.

The swimming commenced after Easter as usual. The annual gala will be held on October 5th.

The first Old Boys' cricket match was played on May 9th at Belgrave Square. The match resulted in a win for the School by 93 runs (for 8 wickets) to 84. It is hoped to arrange another match at the end of the season.

Talking of cricket, we have acquired a motor lawn mower which has caused the "eight-foot grass" of Belgrave Square to disappear. We are indebted to Mr. Evans for spending much time in looking after and working the machine.

A tennis court has been made at Belgrave Square.

We are alarmed at the rapid growth of the numbers of "plus-fours" which are in the School. Some of the specimens which have put in an appearance have exceeded the original "fours," and have run, we are sure, into "sixes" at least. Cricket was nearly suspended by some of the team declaring that they would play in future in white "plus fours."

The three handball competitions are at present in progress, and we hope to have them finished before the Sports.

Our heartiest congratulations to:

D. T. Bardon, who won a Kitchener Scholarship.

J. Stafford, on winning the "Captain's Prize" at Skerries Golf Club.

D. W. Rice, who won first place in the Senior Violin Competition at the Feis Ceoil.

H. Begley and T. Eager, who were chosen to play in the Boys' Brigade football team.

- M. E. Bardon, who played in the Lansdowne Rugby Team which won both the Leinster Cup and the Bateman Cup.
 F. H. Ballagh, who won the Men's Handicap Singles (hard-court) at Fitzwilliam Tennis Club.
 Stanley Woods, who won too many things to write them all down.
 D. G. Walker, on winning the half-mile and quarter-mile in the Dublin University Harriers and Athletic Club Championships.
 R. J. Walker, who at the Irish Schools' and Colleges' Championships won the mile race and was second in the half-mile.
 R. Boucher, who made 48 out of a total of 56 in the second innings of the league match against Wesley College.
 J. W. Bridle, on gaining first place at the recent Bank of Ireland examination.
 J. A. Bamford, for his success in the same examination.

* * * *

A Vindication of Free Verse

Ignorant people think—
 although not equipped for this operation—
 that free verse
 is only written by those who cannot write
 the other kind.

This is not so—far from it—it is quite otherwise.

Now

about many questions
 there may be much doubt
 and bitterness and controversy,
 but
 about free verse there can be none of these,
 at least as far as I am concerned.

And why? Because

I am convinced—and I can hold my own with any man—
 that free verse is harder to compose
 than sticky verse, if that is what the other is called.

And why? Because

one must take care
 to make the lines form
 upon the paper
 shapes

Of an unusual and sophisticated pattern
 denoting subtleties of thought
 as yet undreamt of
 by Einstein—
 or is it
 Epstein?

And this indubitably
 and perhaps irrefutably
 requires more skill
 than the proving of a proposition
 about homologous sides

or mean similitude
 or even means themselves.
 But I have yet to show
 the chief reason why
 the composition of free verse
 is not lightly to be undertaken.
 For must not the composer have
 the strength of mind and intrepidity of purpose
 to ask
 AN EDITOR TO PUBLISH IT ?

“MAENAD.”

* * * *

Notes from Malaya

I. A PAPER-CHASE.

We had another paper-chase to-day. It is a regular weekly run, and all sorts of people, from the Tengku Makhota (Crown Prince) and the heads of various Government departments down to myself, the most junior officer in the State of Johore, and from the General Adviser's wife down to the youngest hospital sister—all attired in shorts, and most of them bulging in odd places and looking the wierdest figures imaginable—trot over the countryside through swamp and jungle, for a distance of about five miles. Two youngish, energetic people—a man and a woman—are chosen as the hares. Two other energetic people, blowing horns, act as the huntsmen, and all the younger people keep up with them, running; while the elderly, the pot-bellied, and the rheumatic walk in a straggling throng behind. Needless to say, I followed every wrong trail, barging like a blind buffalo into swamps and through pineapple plantations, which tore beautiful lattice-patterns in my legs, but I could run so much faster than the others that I got back on to the right trail, and twice caught up with the hares. I must have lost pounds of flesh. I certainly lost quarts, and might have been followed by the trail of water which dripped from me as I ran. I was first home after a terrific run of about seven miles, but we didn't catch the hares.

II. PRIZE-DAY AT ENGLISH COLLEGE, JOHORE.

To-day our school made holiday, and saw its first public distribution of prizes. The boys attended in Malay dress, and such an array of dazzling silks a person living in Europe could not imagine. Every colour in the spectrum, in its most vivid form, was represented there. A Malay can wear colours which we would consider as a violent clash and still preserve his dignity. A purple plaid overlaid on cloth of gold was one of the milder designs of the Sarongs; immense squares of blue and yellow, and green and pink, formed the background of others. The Scouts were very smart—a splendidly-built lot, with legs like young trees, as most Malays have. I don't know if any of you remember Nepia, the Maori who played full-back for the All Blacks—he was a typical Malay in appearance.

The visitors included the Resident, Mr. Shaw, and his wife; the Dato Mentri Besar (Prime Minister), who distributed the prizes; Ungku Aziz, the Sultan's nephew, and his European wife (a very

popular couple, cheery and hospitable); the Dato Mohamed Sallah (State Secretary); Ungku Mohamed C. Khalia, the Mohamedan "Archbishop"; and most of the European heads of departments, with their wives. The Headmaster read the inevitable report; the D.M.B. made an inaudible speech in Malay, but the few sentences I did catch seemed to be the traditional "address to the boys," to which we used to have to listen in the clockroom every year: "You must all work hard, and don't be discouraged if you don't win prizes; it isn't always the clever boys who make the best citizens," etc.

There were other speeches, after which the boys sang the Johore anthem with considerably more vigour than taste, and got lost towards the end, in spite of my careful coaching. Then we refreshed the visitors, showed them round the school, bowed them to their cars, and as the last car was just slipping into gear made a wild stampede for the remains of the cakes and sandwiches. Incidentally, the headmaster told the throng that I was a useful young man who could do many things.

D. B. W. Good.

* * *

SEMI-FINAL OF THE HOUSE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP

DILLONS' v BURROWS'

Dillons' First Innings

Croxon, bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	7
Browett, bowled Boucher	..	..	..	..	5
Willis, caught Moore, bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	3
Thompson, run out	..	..	..	..	1
Bamford, stumped, bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	0
Boyle, not out	..	..	..	..	11
Maison, caught Penny, bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	1
Watson, bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	1
Dukes, bowled Boucher	..	..	..	..	0
Freeland, stumped, bowled Boucher	..	..	..	..	0
Dungan, l.b.w., bowled Dunn	..	..	..	..	1
Extras	..	..	..	..	0
Total	..	..	..	..	20

Burrows' First Innings

Boucher, l.b.w., bowled Croxon	..	..	..	..	36
Dunn, run out	..	..	..	..	11
Penney, not out	..	..	..	..	3
Moore, not out	..	..	..	..	0
Extras	..	..	..	..	6
Total for 2 wickets	..	..	..	..	56

Ellis, Scott, H. G.; Jackson, Agnew, Brisbane, Crockett,
Thompson did not bat.

The Wasted Masterpiece of Aloysius J. Cyrus-Westropp

A short while ago, being left to my own resources in the clock-room, I was ruminating upon MSS. in general, and was picturing the intense excitement that would be aroused were I, during my coming Aegean tour, to find in some peasant's cottage in Lesbos the originals of Sappho's lost productions, when I noticed that the door leading to the storeroom was open. Now, the store to me has always been one of the School's holiest of holies, a place to be approached with reverence and awe, and such an opportunity of exploring its inmost recesses without restraint seemed too good to miss. I slipped in, and when I had become accustomed to the half-light I was bewildered by the multitude of objects that met my gaze. Every imaginable kind of stationery was there, along with books that had been lost, stolen, or strayed from some remote and prehistoric period: Livys that in 1925 belonged to So-and-So, poetry books on whose fly-leaves large childish writing said that Harold This or Donald That of Form II. was their owner; grammars, geographies, Euclids, and every other kind of lesson-book that one could think of.

And there in the dim light those old books, with their names and scribblings, filled one with a vague sadness, and took on the mysterious and indefinable quality of all old things, which would have a wonderful story to tell could they but speak.

Then in corners and recesses were piles of waste-paper, which on examination turned out to be old exercises and impositions that had escaped the waste-paper basket. At the sight of these a thought suddenly struck me—Was there any possibility of here satisfying my desire to find valuable MSS.? Perhaps I might find documents which would reveal my predecessors' plan of attack upon the Nine Points Circle, or come upon some revolutionary method for the tracing maps with the minimum expenditure of time and energy. With beating heart I commenced to go through the litter before me—exercises, exercises, exercises, some interesting, many uninteresting an occasional map and some impositions were all I saw. Some of the latter, however, would be of great interest to an archaeologist, for their method of production seems to have no parallel, even among the tablets of the Sumerians—though of this I cannot be sure until the British Museum answers my communication on the subject. It would seem that the writer clamped three pens one behind the other, and then proceeded to write across the top line of the page the cabalistic words “do,” “dare,” “dedi,” “datum,” the same being simultaneously reproduced on the next two lines.

As time was getting on I was thinking of retiring with these impositions as the only things of interest, when I caught sight of some documents beneath a cricket-pad left there by a harassed secretary. Pouncing upon them, I held them up to the light and read upon the cover this title:

The Double Cross at Aqua Calenta.

I may as well pause to explain the origin of this masterpiece before handing it on unchanged to my readers. The promoters of the last School concert, wishing to give a dramatic presentation of genuine merit, wrote to Frederick Lonsdale, Aemilio Scala, Mussolini, and Noel Coward, inviting them to write a play for the aforesaid entertainment. They all agreed; but when their efforts were submitted to the selection committee it was found that Lonsdale's eternal triangle was obtuse angled, and was consequently somewhat unsuitable; Mr. Scala, evidently under a misapprehension, sent a libretto entitled "Il Fissha de Chippa"; Mussolini sent an order for the committee's arrest; while Mr. Coward's production—well perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. In despair, an appeal was then made to American talent, and a noted young New York playwright, Aloysius J. Cyrus-Westropp, produced the masterpiece that I found lying in the store-room. The reason for its presence there rather than in the library of T.C.D. is that, although accepted by the selection committee, its performance was forbidden by the U.S. Consul, who said that in its attitude towards the American people it was untrue in point of fact and libellous in intent. Judge for yourself, for here is the pure and unadulterated text of "The Double Cross at Aqua Calenta."

Dramatis Personae.

The Stranger.

Some men that probably rank as "bad men."

One out-and-out "bad man," calling himself Don Pedro Gomez.

The Girl, his niece.

The scene is laid partly in Don Pedro's saloon in the Californian desert and partly on the banks of the River Yessipee.

The curtain goes up and discovers Don Pedro's saloon, in which four or five tough-looking gentlemen lean against the counter and are attended by a beautiful girl with soulful eyes, and who obviously was not meant for this kind of work but is probably forced to continue it by the machinations of Don Pedro. Enter, on left, the Stranger. He is a striking and attractive-looking individual, with a complexion that could only have been acquired by using one or other of the shaving creams advertised in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and with the air of a man who has taken a correspondence course in commerce and now gazes with resolute eyes and clenched fists at the world in general. He strolls nonchalantly over to the counter, disregarding the other occupants of the saloon.

The Stranger—Say, Blue Eyes, mine's a peach melba, and make it snappy, please.

The Girl—O, sure! (With a few deft flicks of her hand the melba is assembled and placed before the stranger. He, while eating it, gazes at the girl in a way that would be disconcerting in the extreme to any ordinary person, but which seems to charm her.)

The Stranger—Anything much for a fellah to do in this hyar burg ?

The Girl—O, I guess not ! (With a tone of delighted expectation)—But you're not staying here, are you ?

The Stranger—Waal, I hadn't meant to, but (exchanging a heart-to-heart gaze) I guess I may change my mind now.

The Girl (clasping her hands and gazing at the saloon skylight rapturously)—O, gee ! That would be just marvellous.

The Stranger—Waal, I reckon I'll hop and get my things now. (He goes to the door, where he turns back and nods.) I'll be seein' you.

The Girl—I'll be waitin'.

SCENE II.

The same. The Bad Men, who have been regarding the proceedings with a highly disfavoured eye, are now gathered together talking with great vehemence.

The girl has disappeared.

1st Bad Man—Say, are you guys gonna let that dog-gone son of a Dago, with his complexion and hair oil, snoop Pedro's niece on us ? Come on, you lazy bunch o' quitters, and I'll show you how to treat that bozo.

The others—Oh, yeah !

1st Bad Man—Oh yeah nothing ! I'm serious. We gotta do something about this.

2nd Bad Man—Aw, say, lay off that tack. If it's as bad as all that, send for old Pedro himself.

1st Bad Man—Says you. Send for him yourself.

The others—Says me. We'll all go for him.

Them all—You've said it. Let's go. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The same. The girl is behind the bar cleaning glasses but with her thoughts obviously far away. Enter through door on left the Bad Men with Don Pedro in their company. The latter looks as if he had swallowed a pint of brimstone and quinine. He halts in the middle of the saloon and gnashes his teeth (false) in a paroxysm of rage. In fact, his whole bearing is not at all calculated to remind one of Florence Nightingale.

Don Pedro (ominously calm for a moment)—So that's how things are, eh ? (With a sudden burst of fury)—I'll fix him. That bozo ! That guy ! I'll guy his gol-darned eye. (Whisking round, he points with quivering finger at his niece)—And you, you give that snake-

in-the-grass any encouragement and I'll give you—I'll give you— (He becomes inarticulate and apoplectic, but is brought to by water poured down his shirt-front by the Bad Men. He then continues)—Well, I know how I'll get him. I'll bet him he can't chuck a stone across that thyar river (pointing through the door, with a wicked grin on his face), and you know the trick in that. (Loud guffaws accompanied by much thigh-slapping from the Bad Men). Only the stakes this time are death—d'ye get me?—death! If he gets a stone pitched across that river, he sure can plug me straight. If not, I plug him, and reckon he's booked for the high jump right now.

The Bad Men—Oh, boy! You've said it.

(To all this the girl has been listening with horror-struck countenance, for she knows the ins and outs of this river trick. In fact, she's seen it many times before, when the stakes however were only a few dollars.)

Don Pedro—Waal, say! Here's the fellow coming right now.

(The Stranger enters through door on left, with two suitcases and a raincoat. He gives the Bad Men and Don Pedro a cursory glance, and is about to go over to the girl when Don Pedro confronts him, speaking in a quavering voice that reveals the depth of his emotion.)

Don Pedro—Say, I wanna make a bet with you.

The Stranger—Oh yeah! Let's hear it.

Don Pedro—I bet you you can't throw a stone across that river there—see (pointing through the door at a river about one hundred yards distant; the stranger looks, and turning, with an incredulous smile, is about to speak, when Don Pedro shrieks out)—And the stakes is death, d'ye see—death!

(While Don Pedro is speaking, the girl behind the counter is trying to attract the stranger's attention while violently shaking her head. He, however, does not notice her.)

The Stranger—But it's absurd—it's ridiculous!

Don Pedro—Nix on that. Do you take me on?

(The girl again becomes violently agitated, and shakes her head in dissent, but fails again to attract the stranger's attention.)

The Stranger—Yeah, course I'll take you on; it's your funeral, not mine.

(The girl becomes distraught, sags at the knees, and with an abandoned gesture leans her forehead against a soda syphon.)

Don Pedro—O.K., baby! Come right on.

The Stranger (turning to Bad Men)—Wait till I give my truck to this little girl, and then I'm with you.

(As he is shoving his things over the counter she whispers some thing quickly in his ear, and, unnoticed by the others, hands him

a small round object. He looks at it for a moment, then with a comprehending smile slips it into his pocket, turns, and goes out.)

SCENE IV.

The banks of the Yessipee. On its banks are the Stranger, Don Pedro, and the Bad Men. The river itself is about thirty feet wide, flowing with difficulty through the sandy Californian desert. There would be as much chance of finding a stone within miles of it as there would be of finding an ice-wafer on top of the Great Pyramid. Fiendish grins begin to appear on the faces of Don Pedro and his confederates at the thought of the Stranger's predicament, and already revolver holsters are being loosened in anticipation.

Don Pedro—Waal, stranger, let's see this little stone throwing exhibition of yours.

The Bad Men—Yeah, snap into it, Buddy. We ain't got all day to wait, ye know.

The Stranger (waxing indignant and eloquent)—Yeah, you dirty pack of double-crossers! Clever, aren't you? Askin' a guy to pitch a stone across a river where there isn't one in sight. But you ain't put it over big on me—oh, no! Not by a long chalk, you ain't.

(He puts his right hand in one pocket, takes out the stone which was the thing given to him by the girl and throws it across the river. At the same time he draws with his left hand his automatic, and disdainfully shoots Don Pedro somewhere near his heart, as he stands transfixed with rage and dismay. He then turns, and is just in time to catch the girl, who has sprung from somewhere into his arms. Cowed and baffled, the Bad Men slink away.)

The Stranger—Gee, honey, you sure got me out of a hole that time. You're marvellous.

The Girl (from the depths of his coat lapels)—Mm, Mm!

(Spot light. Green lights. Red lights. Eggs and tomatoes.)

"B."



THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR CUP TEAM, 1930-31

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"Ultra-Modern Education"

Our school is being mechanised (of that there is no doubt);
 To be ultra-modern seems to be its fate;
 And every single recognised tradition they will flout
 To make our means of learning up-to-date.

There's an instrument that circulates the classrooms of the school,
 In appearance rather like a gramophone;
 But tunes it never syncopates; its function, as a rule,
 Is to talk in tongues to us but little known.

"The Linguaphone," they've named it, for it fluently can speak
 In French and German and "Compulsory,"
 And although you might have blamed it for its ignorance of Greek,
 Therein it's little worse than you or me.

Then there's the "Epidiascope," an instrument that's just
 As weird and wonderful as is its name;
 And if you haven't any hope, or even any lust
 For travel, you will get it just the same.

Mohammedan and Christian, Bulgarians and Turks,
 In wide selection flash upon the screen;
 But there's no need to listen to the master if it irks,
 For, being in the dark, you can't be seen.

But this is ancient history you've heard oft-times before
 In the report on Distribution Day;
 And, that there be no mystery, I'll tell you something more
 That we're doing in the engineering way.

For last year, when we were playing the Old Boys at Belgrave
 Square
 (In case you do not know, the game was cricket),
 Mr. Rupert Jeffares mentioned that it wasn't very fair
 That for grass 'twas difficult to see the wicket.

And, at his criticism appalled, our hearts then took a turn;
 To find a remedy for this sad pass
 In Belgrave Square there was installed, with groundsman (name
 of Byrne),
 A motor-mower to massacre the grass.

Now when they see the good effect it's had upon the ground
 They'll think what mechanisms next to pop;
 And when next term we all collect, there'll probably be found
 Automatic "sweet" machines in the tuck-shop.

F. A. G.

A Fine Haul

Francois Andrée, skipper of the French schooner *La Fee*, gave a sigh of relief as he watched the coastguard patrol-boat disappear in the distance far ahead. And well he might, for the close vicinity of the coastguards made him feel uncomfortable on account of his 200,000 dollar cargo of liquor. It might reappear though, he thought, but if that occurrence did not take place before morning, when with good luck he would have been relieved of his unwelcome cargo, he would be satisfied.

It was now only a little after noon. Would the night never come ! In his anxiety, Andrée ordered the six in his watch to keep their eyes the whole time on the spot where the patrol-boat had last been seen. He himself spent a good while carefully watching the whole horizon—in his mind he imagined he saw patrol-boats everywhere.

Four o'clock came and went. Andrée had his full crew—twelve in number—on deck. He explained the circumstances to them, and informed them that they would receive at least two years' imprisonment if they happened to be caught. He would leave it to them, he said, to decide what their fate would be. Would they run for it and risk being overtaken and searched, or run the gauntlet altogether and risk being shot by the coastguards for refusing to stop when ordered to do so ? Or they could dump the cargo overboard, though it was doubtful whether they could succeed in getting rid of it all before the patrol-boat's return. There was a shout of dissent at this last proposal, and so Andrée unfolded the plan which, ever since he had started rum-running some ten years before, he had determined to carry out as a last resource should the men be willing. He was careful to obtain the unanimous assent of the crew, for, knowing how dangerous a game he was playing, he saw full well that should any of the coastguards be killed he would have to pay the inevitable penalty.

The twelve who formed his crew were a reckless lot, recruited without exception from the docks of Le Havre. The majority had been with Andrée since he had started to evade the defenders of the peace on the high seas. Most of them had heard his plan before, but so far it had never been carried into execution. Now, perhaps, it would be.

His crew readily agreed, and prepared themselves for the carrying out of their hazardous plan. The patrol-boat might appear any minute.

To put it shortly, Andrée's plan was simplicity itself to talk about, but was by no means as easy to carry out. Andrée had decided to allow the Customs' officers to come aboard, then they would be seized ; while the remainder of *La Fee's* crew would attack the patrol-boat. Being but a few men aboard her (when it had passed

before they could only count three), they hoped to have an easy capture, and an equally easy escape when the deed was done.

The dull December day was drawing to a close. Suddenly one of the men pointed excitedly to the west. Yes, there was no doubt about it—the patrol-boat was returning! But what was this? The boat they believed to be manned by a mere handful was crowded with men, and all armed to the teeth. Andrée's plan was dashed to the ground! There was nothing to be done but to escape or surrender. He gave a quick command, and the schooner's head was brought to bear away from the approaching boat. Everything was done to make *La Fee* run at her greatest speed.

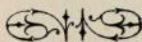
But it soon became evident that the schooner was losing ground. The patrol-boat was gaining rapidly, but still Andrée held on, thinking that if he could evade capture for another hour the darkness would greatly hinder pursuit. The wind was freshening, too, and this made him think that he might yet escape. But a motor-boat has an undoubted advantage over a "windjammer," and Andrée soon saw that escape was impossible. Still he decided to hold on to the very last.

After a stern chase of about half an hour the schooner was commanded to heave to by the patrol-boat, now only about two hundred cable lengths away. But, despite the order, Andrée still kept on, changing his course rapidly in his vain endeavour to escape.

Bang! A shot whined through the air and exploded a mile beyond the chase. The next was more eventful, though, for a portion of the rail was shattered and two men were so badly wounded with fragments of metal that they died almost immediately. Two more shots followed, missed, and exploded harmlessly some distance ahead of *La Fee*, throwing showers of spray over the rail. Another crash, and Andrée decided to surrender. Was there any use throwing away ten lives, as well as his own, for a few barrels of liquor? But before he could heave-to another shot was fired, and his foremast-carried away. The patrol-boat, seeing the smuggler heaving-to, ceased firing. She closed in on the ill-fated *La Fee*—the capture was complete.

After a quick run the two ships entered Fair Island Channel and from thence arrived at New York. The schooner's crew were placed under arrest, and here we will leave them, and congratulate the coastguards for their well-arranged ruse and magnificent haul.

H. A. P.



Ancients v. Moderns

(To be read by Classical Students only.)

A MEDLEY OF THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

1. And in the following year, when Cosgrave and De Valera were Archons in Dublin, and Abercorn Ephor in Belfast, and when the temple of Guinness upon the Liffey was smitten with a bolt from Zeus, OI PALAI (which, being interpreted, means "The Ancients") engaged OI NUN (which, in like manner, signifies "The Moderns") in a great battle in the Lansdowne Stadium.

2. And before the contest, Nicias, who led the Ancients, said these things: "Ancients, be ye not afraid lest ye be conquered, but think upon the glorious deeds of your ancestors. Though these men be the pick of many Moderns, know ye that numbers count nothing. For did not Leonidas withstand many thousands of Persians with only a few hundred men? And did not Alexander conquer the whole world with only a few Macedonians, and a couple of millions of allies, besides the other Greeks? We have made every preparation which our circumstances allowed: we have sharp nails in our boots; we have the ref. bribed*; the touch judges are all upon our side; and, what is more, we are united in purpose and are all sober!" And Nicias having said these things, they went out to the contest.

3. And Goldsmith, who led the Moderns, said these things: "Be of good cheer, comrades, for at the worst we can only be slaughtered; and if we lose (as we probably shall do), Horace hath promised to open one of his casks of old mellow Chian wine." And after these things they issued forth to the strife.

4. And the contest was seen by myriads of all manner of men—Greeks and barbarians; Ionians, Aeolians, and Dorians; islanders and mainlanders; Egyptians and Indians; and even wild savages from Hibernia and Britannia.

5. The battle commenced with great fury upon the line of the Ancients—both parties striving, some to force their way in, the others to prevent them. And not long after Achilles, seizing upon the ball, flashed like a mighty steed across the plain, about to pass no one save only Pope, who stood raging like some snake in its den. But Pope, when opposed by a mighty man, turned and fled, and in this way Achilles scored.

6. And at these things many of the wild barbarians from Hibernia, being much excited, and tapping their clubs upon the heads of their neighbours, Plato, who was touch judge, reasoned with them upon other things, and especially upon the folly of their behaviour; whereupon they subsided, wondering whether their souls were immortal.

7. And when the contest was renewed it was stopped again not

* *Probably an interpolation—Classen.*

long afterwards, for Horace and Swift spoke to each other DEINA (which, upon the application of interpretation, means "terrible things," which we are not allowed herein to set down). Horace immediately was appeased, but Swift afterwards went away and wrote bitter things about him.

8. But then a strange thing happened, for Johnson, receiving the ball and running down the touch-line, the Ancients let him pass, knowing that their full-back—Virgil—would destroy so ponderous a forward; when, to their amaze and chagrin, they perceived that he had vanished, and Johnson scored. After these things, not much later, they perceived Virgil sitting under a goal-post and writing with admirable hyperbole, "*patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi*." And being much wroth, Horace smote him, and Maecenas nearly disowned him.

9. And in this manner the contest ended for a time, a truce being made, both sides claiming the victory. And in the second half of the battle, of which Thucydides has written the history, nothing of importance happened except that Euripides was sent off the field for saying terrible things. And he, of all the Greeks of my time, most merited such a thing; but Herrick and Shakespeare, being sent on an embassy to the referee, Woden (who had accepted money from Nicias, but despite the latter's religious tendencies, his luck was out, and Woden, though keeping the money, was impartial), and by using sweet words Euripides was allowed to re-enter the field.

10. And not long after, Nicias received the ball, but not knowing what to do with it (Cleon abusing him much) gave it to Demosthenes, who straightway scored; wherefore the Ancients won.

11. And the Moderns, having taken up their dead under a truce, and the Ancients having set up a trophy, both sides went home.

These things happened in the Lansdowne Stadium.

"THUCYDIDES."



Synopsis of Lecture

SOME FEATURES OF THE ENGLISH COINAGE :

GEORGE I. to GEORGE V.

On the 23rd April Mr. J. B. S. MacIlwaine delivered the third and concluding lecture on the English coinage.

It was pointed out that the British Numismatic Society had exhibited a tray of Colonial coins of the late King Edward VII. to show how low the art of die-sinking had sunk !

It is also fitting to set on record how with only one exception every assistance was given by collectors to enable slides to be prepared : one gentlemen not only sent casts of coins to the Museum free of all cost, but placed the whole of his collection at our disposal.

At this time (George I.) the coinage of England and Scotland were one ; it was established on a fairly sound basis ; the coins, if not artistic, were well and truly struck. With the introduction of machinery it is thought the charm of portraiture on our coins vanished.

At this period screws had to be cut by hand, a Dublin man having invented a method of doing so.

In an illustration of a coining press the screw is shown left-hand ; that is, to move it down it must be turned " against the sun." Coming nearer to our own time, the screws in the unique double bass by Perry of Dublin in the Museum are left-hand. Obviously there must have been a reason for making them so, but so far it has not been discovered. Imagination merges in wonder at the fact that with hand-cut screws Blondeau and Simon could strike coins that mark the *apogee* of medallic art in Great Britain.

George I. made slight changes—the legend was more extended. He added a quarter guinea to the list of gold pieces. SSC was placed on the silver coins to show that the silver came from the South Sea Company. WCC indicated the Welch Copper Company. In copper halfpennies and farthings were coined.

George II. issued two distinct types of coins, one with a young and one with an old head.

John Croker, when only assistant engraver at the Mint, had an enormous amount of work to accomplish. He cut the dies for the coinage of William III., Anne, George I., and the first issue of George II. " He left behind him the reputation of an honest man, a good Christian, and a faithful and diligent servant of the Crown of England."

George III. struck several varieties, until the great re-coinage in 1816. In gold the most important piece was the five guineas. In all no less than 38 different dates of this coin are represented. In 1763 £100 was coined into shillings for the Earl of Northumberland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to distribute when he made his first appearance—they are extremely rare in good condition.

In 1787 no less than four distinct types of shillings were issued, the rarest of which has no dot over the king's head. Such small distinctions are what make all the difference in the rarity of a piece. As the silver coinage was scarce, the extraordinary expedient of issuing Spanish dollars countermarked with the head of King George III. was adopted. The Bank of England struck tokens in silver.

In 1817 gold was made the standard of value. Probably the most perfect coins in the English series are the shillings of 1816; not only are they artistic, but they withstood the wear and tear of circulation, both sides of the coin being well covered. Four types of Maundy money were struck. The second type is extremely rare. Copper coins were issued; one, a two-penny piece, was exactly two ounces in weight. As it had a large wide rim it was called the "cart-wheel." On one occasion a man amongst the "gods" in the old Fishamble Street Theatre, Dublin, disliking one of the musicians, threw a "cart-wheel" at him. It missed the man, but smashed his instrument. At one time it was necessary to have correct weights to check the coins—they form an interesting study.

Beyond introducing the Saint George and the Dragon on to the gold coins—it had been the reverse design of the crown in his father's last issue—there was little change made by George IV. The reverse of the half-crown by Merlin was a beautiful work of art. Owing to a misunderstanding, Wyon, an Englishman, was commissioned to prepare new dies, Pistrucci having refused to copy the work of another artist, the bust of the king by Chantry having been selected.

It is now admitted that, however beautiful the design may be, if St. George did strike the blow at the dragon he would most certainly fall off the horse.

By courtesy of the American Numismatic Society several slides showing the process of making the dies and striking the coins were shown.

In the short reign of William IV. nothing of importance occurred. The copper penny of this reign, in good condition, is very rare.

Victoria came to the throne in 1837. In 1849 the florin, or two-shilling piece, was struck. It was immediately withdrawn, as the words "Dia Gratia," or "D.G." were omitted. The next issued had Gothic lettering, and was a handsome coin. The Britannia groat, or fourpence, of 1852 was at one time considered extremely rare, as only two specimens were known. After considerable trouble it was discovered both were clever forgeries. How one of them ever got into circulation and was obtained from a trader in a small way was never discovered.

The miserable Jubilee coinage calls for little notice. In 1893 a new coinage was issued. That it was an improvement on the Jubilee coinage goes without saying, but as the preparation of the designs was open to competition it was unfortunate Millais had not

been one of those selected. The crown has always been a great difficulty. One very beautiful design that was never put into circulation was the Queen as Una directing the Lion.

The coins of Edward VII. were all struck in low relief. The reverse of the florin was poor. At the time it was severely criticised. While it is extremely difficult to produce anything new and original, it is quite unnecessary to select inartistic and impossible designs.

This is clearly shown in some of the designs of our present King's coins. What would happen if the lion on the reverse of the sixpence wagged his tail may be left to the imagination! Why the full stop is omitted after the VII. *as it is part of the figure* in all Roman figures is unknown. Nor why the king's ear is placed so low down on his face. The late Mr. John F. Bacon made a sketch for the May, 1912, number of the Strand Magazine, in which the king's ear is correctly shown. A slide with a reproduction of this drawing and a florin showing the misplaced ear has unfortunately been lost or mislaid. The remaining coins of this reign call for little notice. It is an unfortunate fact that the silver five-shilling piece or crown is no longer issued, breaking the link with Charles II. milled money, or with Edward VI., who first struck this piece in 1551.

At the close of the lecture it was pointed out that, as the slides were the property of the Museum authorities, it was fitting the MSS. of these lectures (which might at some future time be of interest to some student of numismatics), could be more conveniently stored at the King's School, and consequently Mr. Bennett very kindly consented to receive and keep them.

A vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Bennett was suitably acknowledged by the lecturer.

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



Cricket

Cricket progressed this year under the following officers : Captain, R. Boucher ; Vice-Captain, F. A. G. Willis ; Hon. Secretary, E. A. Thompson. It was given every opportunity to flourish during the season. Firstly, a professional was engaged, not only to give practice to the players, but also to keep the ground in order. The pitch this year reached a higher standard of perfection than that of any other recent year. Secondly, a motor lawn motor was purchased at the cost of nearly £70, which not only kept the pitch in good order but made the outfield much better than many we have played on. Thirdly, new nets were acquired, which gave more room for practice.

Unfortunately, neither professional nor equipment can make a team—material was lacking. Although the season opened in a promising way, many of the players found that they had exams. to work for, and repenting of past idleness perforce desisted from playing cricket, and commenced to study. Well, well, we suppose exams. are essential !

We had no fewer than six of last year's team with us this year, from which it might be thought that we could put a good team in the field. Yet our Senior team had to borrow so much from the Junior that we had to put one weak and one fairly strong team in the field each day.

The Senior Cup team have won to date five out of their nine matches—not a very startling result, but one which really looks better than it is, as most of the victories have been won by a narrow margin whilst the defeats were all decisive. The team would have done better with more practice, but is still in a position to end up the season in a very worthy fashion.

The 2nd XI. played only one match, as players eligible for this team are so scarce. In this match we were defeated by the narrow margin of three runs.

The Junior Cup team were most unfortunate as regards its matches, as no fewer than six out of their first eleven matches had to be abandoned. Of the remaining five, the team only won one. This can be put down to the fact that, excepting the Cup match, they only had a full team playing once, and on that one occasion proved victorious.

The "Under 14" played two matches, one of which they won and the other they lost, so we cannot say much of them, the more so as practically all those who play in this team are also in the Junior Cup team.

We add some of the more important matches :

S.C.T.

League Match v. Wesley College.

HIGH SCHOOL.

First Inn'gs.

Willis, b Williamson.....	1
Boucher, b Levinson.....	18

Croxon, b Levinson.....	13
Thompson, b Tynegate.....	5
Boyle, C. A., c Cathcart, b Tynegate.....	5
Dunn, b Levinson.....	1
Walker, lbw, b Levinson.....	2
Bamford, c Hackett, b Tynegate.....	1
Cairns, b Tynegate.....	4
Smullen, run out.....	0
McKell, not out.....	0
Extras	0
Total	50

Second Innings.

Willis, c Cathcart, b Levinson.....	2
Boucher, b Tynegate.....	48
Croxon, b Tynegate.....	0
Thompson, b Levinson.....	0
Boyle, C. A., c Hackett, b Williamson.....	0
Dunn, b Williamson.....	0
Walker, b Levinson.....	3
Bamford, c Hackett, b Levinson.....	0
Cairns, c and b Levinson.....	0
Smullen, not out.....	0
McKell, c Hackett, b Levinson.....	0
Extras	3
Total	56

Bowling—First innings : Levinson, 4 for 13. Second Innings :
Levinson, 6 for 9 ; Tynegate, 2 for 13.

WESLEY COLLEGE.

First Innings.

Plunkett, c Croxon, b Bamford.....	3
Cathcart, c Dunn, b Thompson.....	11
Williamson, c Cairns, b Thompson.....	0
Weinwronk, not out.....	5
Levinson, c Cairns, b Thompson.....	1
Polden, c Willis, b Smullen.....	5
Hackett, c Cairns, b Thompson.....	0
Tynegate, lbw, b Smullen.....	0
Prigge, b Smullen.....	0
Boyd, b Thompson.....	3
Bollard, c Cairns, b Thompson.....	0
Extras	5
Total	33

Second Innings.

Plunkett, b Thompson.....	5
Cathcart, c Boucher, b Thompson.....	6
Williamson, lbw, b Smullen.....	0
Weinwronk, b Smullen.....	2
Levinson, c Cairns, b Bamford.....	31
Polden, b Bamford.....	0
Hackett, st Boucher, b Bamford.....	0
Tynegate, b Bamford.....	2
Prigge, b Bamford.....	0
Boyd, b Bamford.....	0
Bollard, not out.....	0
Extras	2
Total	48

Bowling—First innings: Thompson, 6 for 8; Bamford, 1 for 14. Second innings: Bamford, 6 for 10.

Friendly v. Drogheda G.S.

DROGHEDA G.S.

Isaac, c Boucher, b Bamford.....	31
Pike, c Walker, b Bamford.....	2
Bradfield, b Bamford.....	2
Sloan, b Bamford.....	0
Whiteside, c and b Walker.....	5
McKenzie, c Thompson, b Walker.....	18
MacMillan, b Thompson.....	16
O'Connor, c Walker, b Bamford.....	9
McCarthy, b Bamford.....	0
Nightingale, not out.....	1
Bell, c Cairns, b Bamford.....	0
Extras	4
Total	88

HIGH SCHOOL.

Willis, b Pike.....	31
Cairns, c McCarthy, b Bradfield.....	4
Boucher, c Sloan, b Bradfield.....	39
Croxon, lbw, b Pike.....	13
Walker, b Bradfield.....	16
Thompson, not out.....	19
Dunn, not out.....	5
Extras	4
Total (for 5 wickets).....	131

Bowling: Bamford, 7 for 18; Bradfield, 3 for 39.

J.C.T.

Junior Cup Match v. Wesley College.

WESLEY COLLEGE.

First Innings.

Powell, c and b Bamford.....	15
Wilson, c Smyth, b McKell.....	4
Levinson, b Bamford.....	5
Ball, not out.....	30
Morriss, run out.....	0
Lindsay, b Bamford.....	0
Isaacson, c Carlile, b Bamford.....	2
Lewis, b Bamford.....	4
Weinwronk, lbw, b McKell.....	2
McCormick, run out.....	3
de Courcy, c Browett, b Bamford.....	0
Extras	9
Total	74

Second Innings.

Powell, c Bamford, b McKell.....	38
Wilson, b McKell.....	8
Levinson, not out.....	20
Ball, not out.....	22
Morriss, c Walker, P., b Ellis.....	23
Extras	5
Total (for 3 wickets).....	116

Bowling—First innings: Bamford, 6 for 36; second innings: McKell, 2 for 16.

HIGH SCHOOL.

First Innings.

Smyth, b Ball.....	1
Ellis, c Weinwronk, b Ball.....	0
McKell, b Levinson.....	1
Carlile, not out.....	3
Bamford, c Wilson, b Levinson.....	2
Walker, P., c Ball, b Levinson.....	4
Browett, c Lindsay, b Ball.....	6
Walker, T., b Ball.....	0
Dungan, b Powell.....	1
Keegan, c Ball, b Levinson.....	1
Gilmour, b Powell.....	0
Extra	1
Total	20

Second Innings.

Smyth, lbw, b McCormick.....	0
Ellis, b Lewis.....	0
McKell, c Powell, b Lewis.....	2
Carlile, c Morris, b McCormick.....	22
Bamford, run out.....	7
Walker, P., b Levinson.....	4
Browett, c Wilson, b Levinson.....	10
Walker, T., b Levinson.....	0
Dungan, c Morris, b Powell.....	2
Keegan, c McCormick, b Powell.....	0
Gilmour, not out.....	0
Extras	3

Total50

Bowling—First innings : Ball, 4 for 7 ; Levinson, 4 for 11.

Second innings : Lewis, 2 for 3.

House Match : Evans' v. Butlers'.

BUTLERS'.

Cairns, b Walker, R.....	25
Smyth, b Walker, R.....	10
Smullen, st Caldwell, b Boyle.....	0
Walker, T., b Boyle.....	3
Booker, b Walker, R.....	0
Mason, b Boyle.....	0
Caldwell, b Walker, R.....	3
Smith, st Caldwell, b McKell.....	1
Morrow, c Lewin, b McKell.....	3
Keegan, lbw, b Walker, R.....	1
Telford, not out.....	0
Extras	6

Total52

EVANS'.

Walker, R., c Booker, b Cairns.....	13
Boyle, b Cairns.....	0
Caldwell, b Smullen.....	7
McKell, lbw, b Cairns.....	1
Walker, P., b Keegan.....	36
Gilmore, c Smyth, b Cairns.....	3
Morrow, not out.....	10
Lewin, b Keegan.....	0
Blake, b Keegan.....	0
Hamilton, c Cairns, b Keegan.....	3
Rooney, run out.....	1
Extras	22

Total96

Bowling—Evans' : Walker, 5 for 17 ; Boyle, 3 for 5. Butlers' : Cairns, 4 for 23 ; Keegan, 4 for 12.

Swimming Notes

Club Captain, C. V. Boyle. Vice-Captain, H. Poole.

Hon. Secretary, C. V. Boyle.

The standard of swimming this year, at least among the Seniors, has fallen below the standard of previous years because, though most of last season's team are still at school, they are unfortunately over age. The standard of Junior swimming has been maintained at a high level, and it is from them in fact that our polo team is picked. Taking into consideration the fact that none of them have even played before in a polo match, our record this season, though at first sight rather disheartening, is really quite encouraging. We have been beaten twice by an experienced Belvedere team, but on the other hand we have gained a very meritorious draw with a Trinity team.

The School has always had a good reputation for its prowess at water polo, and although this season it seems to have lost it somewhat, it is obvious to an experienced observer that the material at our disposal can next season by assiduous training be brought to very good account.

There is every reason to believe that the awarding of a medal for a Junior championship will appreciably help to improve swimming among the Juniors, and also induce them to train hard during the summer months for the Junior Championship of Leinster, in which we have not had a representative for five years. Our last representative in it was H. C. Ewen, who won it in 1924 and 1925, and broke the record time for it.

We were agreeably surprised to see that Sergeant-Major Burke was still at the baths to instruct the boys, though we had heard a rumour to the contrary. We would like to thank Mr. Ellerker for the pains he is taking training the polo team. We would also like to thank Mr. Wilson for his regular attendance at the Baths.

The School Gala has been fixed for Monday, the 5th of October.

* * * *

The Boxing Club

The standard of boxing in the club this season compared on the whole quite favourably with that of last, although the attendance was not at all satisfactory, many of our old supporters having dropped off. This is to be regretted, for there are many of our seniors who would become first-class boxers if only they would go to the trouble of attending the classes. Our new instructor has made many improvements in the management and equipment of the gymnasium, and has inspired in the juniors a keenness that promises well for the future. We would remind these young gentlemen that on them more than on the seniors the club relies, and we hope that both will give it their best support next season.

Our annual contest with St. Andrew's College brought this season to a close, and resulted in a win for St. Andrew's by five bouts to

three. Our luck was not of the best, for Stafford unfortunately lost his fight on a purely accidental foul, and Gough did not reproduce the form which he had been showing during the season. There also can have been very little between Freeland and Henderson, who, although a stone and a half heavier than our man, was hard put to it to get the decision.

The bouts which we won were, however, all won in convincing style. Lutton and Keegan both boxed cleverly, while McKell won his bout in such fine style that there can be little doubt that if he continues the game he will go far in it. The following is the complete list :

- E. M. Gillespie (St. Andrew's) beat J. D. Smith (High School) on points.
 G. W. Keegan (High School) beat C. O'Neill (St. Andrews) on points.
 J. A. Peters (St. Andrew's) beat J. Stafford (High School)—disqualified.
 W. Brooks (St. Andrew's) beat W. A. Douglas (High School) on points.
 R. Houston (St. Andrew's) beat A. Gough (High School) on points.
 C. W. L. Macnamara (Trinity) fought a three-round exhibition bout with D. T. Bardon (High School).
 W McKell (High School) beat L. G. Curtis (St. Andrew's), the referee stopping the fight in the second round.
 J. A. Lutton (High School) beat W. Houston (St. Andrew's) on points.
 R. Henderson (St. Andrew's) beat J. Freeland (High School) on points.

* * * *

Old Boys' Union

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

Vice-President—The Headmaster.

Hon. Secretaries—Mervyn Bell and Arthur J. Beatty.

Hon. Tressurer—Rev. W. C. G. Proctor, B.D.

All Old Boys are invited to join the Union. Life subscription is one guinea, which may be paid in two annual instalments. Boys leaving school are placed on the register of the Union, and their subscriptions are invited after three years.

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

THE LATE DR. WALTER CLEGG STEVENSON.

The Executive Committee has sent out a circular to Old Boys, inviting subscriptions for a memorial to be placed in the Clockroom.

NOTES ON OLD BOYS.

✓ Mr. William Butler Yeats has received the Degree of D.Litt. from Oxford University.

Mr. Ivan E. Jones has been appointed Deputy Commissioner in Charge of the Sargodha District, Punjab.

The following were elected Scholars of the House (Trinity College) on last Trinity Monday :—T. N. Richardson (First place—Experimental Science) ; H. B. S. Montgomery (Natural Science) ; W. Warneck (Modern Languages).

Professor C. J. Patten, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., whose lecture appeared last term, visited the boys in their classes and showed them interesting specimens illustrating bird life. The boys enjoyed his informal talk greatly.

Mr. E. A. Connolly has left to take up an appointment in the Imperial Bank of Persia.

Mr. Percy C. Scott was called to the Irish Bar this term.

The Rev. J. R. Colthurst, M.A., has been appointed Rector of Calary, Diocese of Glendalough.

* * * *

Marriages

BENSON and JOHNSTON.—January 13th, 1931, at St. Victor's Church, Dublin, by Rev. W. R. A. Bond, B.A., Arthur, younger and only surviving son of the late William Benson and of Mrs. Benson, 104 South Circular Road, Rialto, Dublin, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Johnston, Balligan, Kircubbin, County Down.

SIMPSON and ROBSON.—March 20th, 1931, at Wesleyan Church, Shagamu, Nigeria, by Rev. W. F. Mellor and Rev. A. Z. Cadamus, Frederick Vivian, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Parke Simpson, Terenure, Dublin, to Mary I., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Robson, New Seaham, Durham.

TAYLOR and GIDDINGS.—Tuesday, April 7th., 1931, at Zion Church, Rathgar, by the Rev. Parkinson Hill, M.A., William Fraser Taylor, of Cardiff, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Wesley Road, Rathgar, to Gwendoline Emma, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giddings, Rathgar Road, Dublin.

* * * *

Obituary

CHEALES.—Rev. A. W. R., M.A., Rector of Hatherop, Glos.; Rector of Coln St. Denys with Coln Rogers, Cheltenham.

O'GRADY.—May 8th, 1931, at Pretoria, South Africa, after a brief illness, William Hugh Art, LL.D., second son of the late Standish O'Grady.

STUART.—April 6th, 1931, at 4 Eden Park, Sandycove, Thomas Patrick Stuart, solicitor, elder son of the late Thomas Stuart, J.P., Beechfield House, Clontarf, Dublin.

MR. HENRY STUART DOIG.

The death of Mr. Henry Stuart Doig, the well-known journalist, took place suddenly on Saturday, 3rd April, at his residence, Hampton Court, Middlesex. Mr. Doig was fifty-seven years of age. He had worked for many years on the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail*, Dublin, and afterwards for a time on the *Freeman's Journal*. Shortly after the cessation of the *Freeman's Journal* he went to London. The wielder of a ready pen, he soon was known as a writer of signed special articles in weekly newspapers. Mr. Doig may be said to have died in harness: last Thursday night he was on duty at Northcliffe House.

Educated at the High School and at Trinity College, Dublin, he was a prizeman in English Literature and German. Mr. Doig's comparatively early death will be regretted by his former colleagues on the Dublin Press.

DR. ALEXANDER FINDLATER, D.S.O.

The death is announced of Dr. Alexander Findlater, D.S.O., B.A., Ch.B., M.D., of Edgware, Middlesex. He was the son of the late Mr. John Findlater, of Dublin, and was educated at High School and Trinity College, Dublin. He joined the Territorial Forces in March, 1909. When the war broke out he was with the London Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance, with which he served in Egypt and at Gallipoli, where in 1915 he was decorated with the D.S.O.

Dr. Findlater married in 1886 Emily Anna, daughter of Mr. Thomas Donnelly, of Dublin. He is survived by one daughter and two brothers—one of whom, Mr. William Findlater, resides at "The Beeches," Glenageary, Co. Dublin, while the other lives in Texas.

Dr. Findlater was at one time an eminent polo player. He was much beloved in Middlesex, where he had resided for thirty years. He had been ill for three weeks, and his death followed an attack of influenza.

LECTURES ON BRITISH COINAGE.

Mr. J. B. S. MacIlwaine, R.H.A., has presented to the school a very valuable account of his work on English Coinage.

We had the privilege of hearing three Lantern Lectures delivered by Mr. MacIlwaine containing a summary of his researches in this subject.

He has now given us all his work in three sections: (1) Ancient Britons to Elizabeth; (2) James I to Anne; (3) George I. to George V. The material here collected is in many ways unique, and those who are interested in Numismatics may at any time consult these articles on application to the Headmaster.

We are very grateful to Mr. MacIlwaine for his gift.

* * * *

Our Contemporaries

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

* * * *

Notices

The *Erasmian* is published three times a year—at the end of the Christmas, Easter, and Summer terms.

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

Editor E. A. THOMPSON.

Sub-Editor R. J. WALKER.

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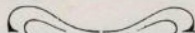
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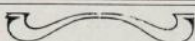
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