

The **ERASMIAN**

NEW SERIES

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JUNE

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Contents.	Page
Editorial	7
School Notes	10
Some War Stories	11
Holidays	14
Correspondence	17
Photo: High School Cricket Team	
Cricket Notes	20
Swimming Notes	24
Athletic Sports	25
Gymnastic Display	27
Our Contemporaries	27
Notices	28
Old Boys' Union	28
Notes On Our Old Boys	28
Photo: High School Football Team	
Sport	29

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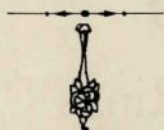
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DUBLIN

THE ERASMIAN

JUNE, 1932

Editorial

SOMEONE once remarked or wrote that coming events cast their shadows before. The truth of this adage was apparent at the beginning of June, when the approach of the Congress was heralded by the appearance of flagstuffs on the gloomy and depressing facade of Harcourt Street Station.

The approach of the same event caused what might have been looks of depression in the faces of many seniors, and of something resembling excitement in the expressions of others. (This is a thing which, as a certain ancient gentleman remarked, no one would have believed possible, hearing of it before it actually happened.) The reason was that some looked forward to any early Intermediate, others to any equally early Sports, for the date of the latter event is at the beginning instead of the end of June, as is usually the case. However, the date of the Sports has evidently been changed in far more drastic fashion at some former date, for in looking up our "Archives" we have found a passage in an "Erasmian" of Edwardian days, which tells us that those who stayed in Dublin during the summer holidays had a lively time with the Motor Race and the Royal Visit. "But," continued the paragraph, "their enthusiasm was damped by the rain which fell almost continuously during July and August, and only cleared off just in time for the Sports on September 12th."

Recently, the lively sound of rain, and occasionally of hail beating against the editorial window, showed clearly that Summer had come and was passing, and it was time for us to take up once again that long-suffering fountain pen, of which we had made mention before, and write. We did so, and with a prayer to the Muses, or to whatever Deity makes editors his special care, we began. After several efforts of a somewhat startling nature we gave up in despair a belated attempt to be original, and started to write a very ordinary

editorial, which we found equally unsatisfying, with the result that it quickly followed the other to the waste paper basket. Possibly it was the result of employing our imagination feverishly for some time, or giving too much attention to the manoeuvres of a certain butterfly on the ceiling; however, our recollections of the next few moments—until it happened—are somewhat hazy. An extraordinary figure appeared suddenly beside the inkpot. It was about two feet high, and dressed all in black. It looked like a rubber figure which had been blown up in some places and left slack in others, for its chest was puffed out like a balloon, but its face was a mass of loose wrinkles. The round saucerlike eyes had an unchanging expression of disdainful amusement which was vaguely annoying. Its head was crowned with a shock of brown hair, exactly like a mop. We asked his name; he replied, "I'm the Imp!" and the following conversation ensued:—

Editor: "What do you want?"

Imp.: "You're trying to write an editorial, and you can't."

Ed. (indignantly): "Certainly not!"

Imp.: "Then you won't need my help."

Ed. (hastily): "Wait—how did you know I was writing an editorial?"

Imp.: "You filled your sixpenny scratcher from my ink-pot, and consequently I've shrunk in places."

Ed. (weakly): "H'm" (with dignity). "Have you any experience in writing editorials?"

Imp.: "Lots. I saw the editorial in the first 'Erasmian' in 1870."

Ed. (triumphantly): "The 'Erasmian' didn't exist in 1870."

Imp.: "That's all you know. There were plenty of 'mags.' written before the first 'Erasmian' appeared in print."

Ed.: "How was the first one written?"

Imp.: "Each contributor wrote an article on the back of an old exercise and they pinned them together. They were passed round the class to be read but when they reached the chap at the end of the second seat, he was asked to translate just as he was going to read them. He slipped the precious manuscript hastily between the pages of his atlas. An hour later the class went to geography. The master after a while said, "'B,' please lend me your atlas for a minute." "B" left the class, forgetting to ask for

the borrowed book, so the master gave it to another fellow to give to him. He left it on the window-sill of one of the classrooms and when going into the class afterwards, forgot all about it.

Very careless. "Why —"

Ed. (hastily): "Quite. Very. What happened then?"

Imp.: "The sergeant found it."

Ed.: "What did he do?"

Imp.: "He said 'A ha'penny, ha!—no name—a penny!' and took it to his box. He took out the old exercises with the articles on the back and laid them carefully on one side of his desk. A master came in later, and hastily laid a bundle of reports on top of them. Then the scene shifts to the head's study. He was signing the reports. He came to the last, signed it, laid it aside and underneath found a pile of old exercises. He turned them over."

Ed.: "Well?"

Imp.: "He read the articles."

Ed.: "What did he do?"

Imp.: "He put them in the waste paper basket, where I found them and hid them."

Ed.: "What?"

Imp.: "I have them still; they are yellow with age, but are legible."

Ed.: "Where are they now?"

Imp.: "In the waste paper basket."

Ed.: "What?"

Imp.: "Every time an editor sits down to write here—two or three times a year—I bring them out from their dusty hiding place and lay them in the basket again. I hoped that some editor would see and read them some day, but no one troubles to look in the waste paper basket."

We leapt up and snatched at the waste paper basket. Our elbow struck against something, and there was a light bump and a rustle. The ink-pot lay on its side, and ink flowed across the papers on the desk and fell drip, drip, on the floor. In the basket lay the papers which we had thrown in some time before. That was all.

And the butterfly at length found the opening between the bottom of the open window and the sill, and flew out joyously into the sunshine, for the rain had now ceased.

SCHOOL NOTES.

SCHOOL re-opened on Tuesday, April 5th, and the term ended on Wednesday, June 22nd. The closing day was to have been June 30th, but it was shifted back eight days. Most of the School seemed to bear up well under the blow.

* * *

We congratulate T. J. R. Atkinson on gaining a Kitchener Scholarship (£400).

* * *

The Sports were held at Lansdowne Road on Thursday, 9th of June.

* * *

In the All-Ireland Championships, last May, R. J. Walker won the mile and half mile. His time for the mile was 4 minutes 4 4-5 seconds, beating by four seconds the record set up by his brother, D. G. Walker.

* * *

We congratulate L. P. Hill (3A) on winning the Silver Medal for Junior Violin at the Sligo Feis.

* * *

We had a visit from Mr. Shannon at the end of May. He has a post in a School just outside London.

* * *

School was defeated by Mountjoy in a lawn-tennis match in the middle of May by five matches to nil. The team were unfortunate, as they were heavily beaten, four of the matches ending in two sets. C. A. Kemp was defeated by 3-6, 8-6, 5-7, after a very good match.

* * *

The School Library continues to flourish, and is very popular. The following are the books presented to the library and the names of those who gave them this year:—

Presented by Mr. Harrison—"Manual of Mythology" (Maxime Collegorum).

"	"	W. A. Page	—"Romance of Modern Travel."
"	"	do.	—"The Abbeygate Cricket Cup."
"	"	do.	—"Tom Swift and the Electric Locomotive."
"	"	A. D. Mason	—"At the Point of the Sword."
"	"	do.	—"The Clipper of the Clouds."
"	"	do.	—"Old Jack."
"	"	Sharp	—"The Brig Audacious."
"	"	do.	—"The Secret of the Australian Desert."
"	"	do.	—"The Hermit Hunter of the Wild."
"	"	do.	—"A Million a Minute."

Presented by Sharp	—“Mobsley's Mohicans.”
” ” do.	—“Cook's Voyages.”
” ” do.	—“Texas the Southerner.”
” ” Bryans	—“A Gentleman of the Road.”
” ” do.	—“His Minor Master.”
” ” do.	—“The Buckskin Five.”
” ” do.	—“The Place of Dragons.”
” ” do.	—“Marching Orders.”
” ” do.	—“Dan Russel the Fox.”
	* * *

Just before going to Press we have received the following successes of Old Boys in the Trinity College Races:—

D. G. Walker was second in the Half-Mile Handicap, his time being 1 min. 58 2-5 secs. to the winner's 2 mins. 1 sec. He also was in the 440 yards, being beaten by his brother, who had a handicap of 14. He was one of the Medical School Team in Relay Race. R. J. Walker won the 440 and the Freshman's Half Mile.

The following awards have also been made:—

Carpenter Memorial Prize.

This Prize was founded by Professor Carpenter in memory of his son, Sidney, who was killed in an accident in Wales, while still a pupil at the School. The winner this year is D. H. McNeill. We have much pleasure in congratulating him.

Old Boys' Cup.

This Cup was presented by the Old Boys, to be given annually to “the best all-round type of boy in the School.” The Headmaster, to whom the choice was left, took a vote of the Masters and the Upper School. An overwhelming majority voted in favour of J. M. Caldwell, to whom the Cup has accordingly been awarded. We congratulate him most heartily.

* * *

We are very grateful to Capt. Tomlinson and Mr. Good for judging the various classes for the award of gymnastic medals.

—:o:—

SOME WAR STORIES.

MR. E. SIMPSON, if you get him in the right mood, can spin a very good yarn (literally speaking, of course). Well, we got him on the hop, and this is what he produced.

“When I was in the Naval Air Force at Gallipoli,” he said,

"I was up one day with a seaman named B. We were in the basket of an observation balloon, to mark the mines in the sea below. We were 800 or 1,000 feet up, opposite the Dardanelles, and from that height we could see Mt. Ida, Mt. Athos, Mt. Olympus, Tenedos, Lemnos, Troy, and other places famous in Homer and Horace.

"The Dardanelles has a very swift current, so that whenever we dropped a buoy to mark a mine it was swept away, despite its heavy moorings. The minesweeper was therefore in danger of hitting the mine. The 'sweeper,' as everybody knows, had the job of breaking the moorings of the mine, and then of sending men in boats to take pot-shots at it, to sink it. It was therefore difficult for the captain to know whether we up above were allowing for the drift or not.

"Commander T., of the 'Duchess of Richmond,' to which we were attached, at last lost his temper, and sailed straight on, trusting to luck to get between the mines, which were laid about forty yards apart. I signalled to him, 'Mine fifty yards dead ahead,' but he took no notice. 'Mine thirty yards, twenty yards, ten yards, dead ahead'—but still no deviation.

"The draught of these 'sweepers' was small, but the mine was almost awash. He passed over it in safety till about the centre of the vessel was above the mine, then there was a loud explosion, and the whole ship was covered in smoke. After about half a minute a shout rose to our ears from below, "Are we down-hearted?" and the crew of forty-five answered with one voice, 'No!' Then, stoically resigned to their fate, they began to sing, 'My Little Grey Home in the West,' and a rating accompanied on a fiddle.

"Meanwhile we were still at the end of the cable 800 feet above the ship, with the chance of being pulled down with the ship, or, if the cable broke, of flying to the moon—but it didn't break! I was at first stunned by the explosion, but B., my companion, got his camera and photographed the whole scene. When I had recovered it was his turn to lose his head. I nearly had to sit on his head to keep him from jumping overboard. On examination, the parachute cords were found to be quite rotten, and broke in our hands. We stayed! There were two cords in the balloon, a red and a blue. The red let out the hydrogen very quickly, but as we didn't want a bath just yet we pulled the blue, and gradually began to lose height.

"Naked men began to jump on to the rafts which they threw out, and on them were quickly scattered over the sea by the current. We two in the balloon are perhaps the only people who ever saw how a man really drowns, for we saw the wireless operator drown. He jumped out, but as he was a non-swimmer he didn't get far. We could hear him choking—for sound carries up, but not down—and we saw him sink down, flat on his back, with his arms and legs spread out as if he were pegged out on the

ground (an old Indian practice). As he went down the water made him appear blue, and we gradually lost sight of him.

"By this time there were only two men left on board, and we could hear them arguing as to who should be last off the boat, for the captain of the 'sweeper' was junior in rank to his Commander. They solved the difficulty by both diving off together and swimming to safety.

"Later on another officer, a poor swimmer, came back and brought a rating, who had broken his leg in the explosion, out of the cook-house. He put the man on a raft and got him on board another vessel in safety.

"While this had been going on the balloon had been gradually losing height, and we were now near the surface. A small boat approached, so we got into it at the same moment, lest either of us should be carried up again by the lift occasioned by the loss of our weight. Up with the balloon went our clothes, maps, instruments, etc., for we had undressed preparatory to a three-mile swim to land.

"On our arrival on board another ship I was accosted by T., who said, 'Simpson, borrow some clothes and come and have a game of chess.' While the game was in progress T. made out his report to the Admiralty as follows: 'Admiralty, London.—Regret to report Duchess of Richmond struck mine 12.5 G.M.T., sank 12.23 G.M.T. Wireless operator drowned. Four cot cases.'

"Your move, Simpson."

.

Mr. Simpson continued:—

"On investigating the matter after our ship had gone to visit Neptune at the bottom of the *Ægean* we found that (1) we had thirteen officers on board; (2) thirteen of a crew; (3) thirteen Air Force men; (4) our balloon was the thirteenth to be inflated at Imbros; and (5) we struck the mine just after the thirteenth hour had begun! Further, and the unluckiest omen from a sailor's point of view, we had had to return to port for some gear we left behind—after leaving the same port on a Friday! No wonder we sank!

"A few hours later on the same day, the 28th June, peace was signed at Versailles, so we should have had a holiday. The 'Duchess of Richmond' can probably claim the distinction, therefore, of being the last ship sunk in the Great War."

.

Mr. Simpson also told us a very touching story of the battle-field of Gallipoli.

He and a friend named Johnson, nicknamed Johnny, got a week-end's leave, starting from the 1st April, 1919, and visited the field of Gallipoli, looking for souvenirs. They soon saw a kit-bag lying on the ground near a clump of brushwood. The ground around showed signs of shrapnel, so that it looked as if the owner had been wounded there and had been unable to reach the trench

some distance away. Suddenly Johnny, who had been rummaging around the kit-bag, called to Mr. Simpson. When the latter came up he found Johnny looking at a book which lay open among the leaves. They started excavations, and found that it was a New Testament—one of those issued to the troops by the Methodists. It had lain open there for four whole years, and by now edges of the cover had been worn away. The rain had, however, got in among the leaves of the Testament, and had preserved them by hardening them.

"The first words that met our eyes," said Mr. Simpson, "struck us dumb. We both felt as if God was present. Our natural senses, sight, smell, hearing, left us, and we stood alone on that field of death nearer to Heaven than ever before or since. The words that we saw printed in deeper type than the rest of the story, and probably the last that that dying or wounded soldier read were these: 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!'"

H.B.M.

—:o:—

HOLIDAYS.

THE Holiday Season is approaching. We do not always realize how recent is the growth of this almost universal habit of taking a holiday. Until the nineteenth century only the rich could afford to go and "take the waters," when they had devoted the rest of the year to the process of "hob-nailing the liver." Few, if any, of those who did take a holiday, thought of going to spend some weeks beside the desolation which we call the sea. Even up to the end of the nineteenth century the working man never, and even the merchant seldom took a holiday, except the occasional recognised forerunner of our "Bank Holidays." In the old Ballad of John Gilpin we see the well-to-do trader's attitude towards holidays, and schools often advertised "no holidays given" as an attraction to parents. Perhaps the fuss and turmoil of our lives to-day make it necessary to stop for a while, to prevent a crack in the works.

However, there are not many who are not even now planning holidays for the summer, in spite of fat taxes and lean purses. Last summer the present writer was looking for a particular kind of holiday which he found it very hard to achieve, and thought that his experience might be of use to others. He had a fancy (aided by a recent consultation with a doctor) that a quiet place with plenty of sunshine would be what he wanted, and began to read guide books and consult experienced friends. The problem was to find a place far from the cosmopolitan tourist, where the hoot of motors and the blare of bands was never heard in the land, and where there was sea bathing and, above all, plenty of sun. Besides, the month was crowded July. His ideal was not easy to find, but it was found in a little place in the West of Italy, named Levanto, some distance South of Genoa.

Let me describe the journey. Several successive days' rain in Ireland before leaving caused a longing for any kind of sunshine. A rainy day to London and a showery day to Paris gave even greater appreciation of the approach to the sun as we sped Southwards. There were the usual incidents of the journey. In the carriage was a strange-looking character who showed a most kind heart under a singularly unattractive appearance. He spent his time trying to help everybody, and after a while we got his history. He was a successful American business man, but he could not speak any language properly. His father, an Italian lawyer, was expelled from Italy for political reasons, when the son was aged twelve. He lived in France until the age of seventeen, and then went to America. We could hear what his French and English were like, and he had almost forgotten Italian! His wife was the daughter of a rich Inca merchant. He told us that his first wife was an American, and "she never stopped talking." His present wife, he said, "never talked at all." She was with him, and he seemed to speak the truth.

He was at any rate a kindly soul, and helped us greatly in Turin, where we got bed and breakfast in an excellent hotel for about two shillings each (including tips). Leaving Turin, we had the experience of an extraordinary act of honesty about money on the part of a railway porter, and soon after saw a guard trying to swindle an old German couple out of a few coppers. Contrasts like these are found all the world over. A few hours later we reached Levanto. It is possible to leave Dublin in the morning and arrive at Levanto next day by going right through.

It is an old town on a small bay, completely shut off from the world by the Appenines which rise up at the back and run spurs into the sea on each side. The railway runs along this coast by burrowing through a succession of these mountain spurs. The place must have been almost inaccessible from land until the making of the railway and the one road which winds for ten miles down from the high Roman road on the mountains. Yet it was not a safe place in the old days, for Saracens, Moors and other sea robbers used to raid it, so that the inhabitants had to build a wall and Castle, the ruins of which still remain. Above it rise the olive and vine-covered hills, with old-world villages nestling amongst the trees. Many of the farms have been constructed with infinite toil of long generations, who have built huge walls to hold the pockets of earth on which they produced their little "yearly dues of wheat and wine and oil." I asked an Italian what these people lived on in the winter, mentioning the potato as the chief store of our Irish farmer. He said that they were very poor, and lived in the winter chiefly on dried figs, which they grow on every little farm. He pointed out our luck in Ireland in having the English market, and contrasted the Italian farmer who has so small a market in their own few large towns. I thought of the line of Virgil for our farmers: "*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona*

novant." It is a pity that the Irishman could not see the plight of the Continental farmer who is out of reach of *the only market for agricultural produce in Europe.*

Previous experience of the Italian Lakes in Summer had made us think that July was intolerable in Italy. This is not so. There is always a cool breeze off the sea at Levanto. You cannot leave the shore without mounting up above the sea, and there is always the sun from morning until evening every day.

The country people there have never used a wheeled vehicle, and it was delightful to walk, as we did, often six or seven miles in the afternoon along their mule tracks under hanging vines up to the quaint old villages among the vines and olive trees, and always below us was the light transparent colour of the sunny Mediterranean.

They lived as those described in the Georgics of Virgil, and many a line and phrase ran in my mind as we came on farming scenes which must have been the same thousands of years ago.

The hills above the farms are covered to the tops with a kind of dwarf pine, which relieves the barrenness of the rocks. There is no smoke anywhere, as they burn charcoal, so that the air is always absolutely clear, and over all is a marvellous peace so hard to find in these noisy days.

Yet the place is not dull. There is dancing in the hotels for those who are young enough to look for such things, and the railway makes excursions to other places of interest quite easy. For example, we went to Pisa by a local train, which ambled along and stopped at every station. One can watch the "*boum labores*," the process of irrigation, and the various methods of training the vine, while above tower the white Carrara mountains, all "rent with shaft and pit" for the sake of the famous marble.

"The proud mart of Pisa, queen of the Western waves, where ride Massilia's triremes," is now a flat plain. We could not see the sea, even from the top of the tower. This famous tower and the Cathedral are all that Pisa has now, but they are a very big "all." The town itself has a pleasant sleepy air, with a touch of decayed greatness about it. The Cathedral and adjacent buildings are more interesting than the tower, famed for its grotesque "lean," which is even greater than I had imagined. When going up or down the stairs inside it is hard to resist the feeling that one is being thrown now against the inner and now against the outer wall. For a sensation I tried looking over the leaning side from the edge of the circular platform at the top, where there is no railing. As the Americans say, "I got the kick all right."

It is easy for anybody coming home from the East via Italy to stop at Levanto. All the main trains stop there. To those going from England I would suggest a circular ticket giving a return via Florence, Milan and the Simplon.

Though this article has run too long, I shall tell of one incident more. In a tram in Florence, on the way to Fiesole (in these trams everybody who wants a chat goes out and talks to the driver)

we saw a notice which read: "For the honour of Italy do not"—the word "stumped us." On looking in the dictionary we found it was: "Do not use bad language." The notice itself was on the glass, not unlike our "Football match at Lansdowne Road to-day."

—:o:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Headmaster has received the following letter from an Old Boy. Perhaps others may be induced to follow Mr. Fletcher's example, and give us their experiences:—

Bulimba Street, Bulimba,
Brisbane, Queensland.

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—

I must thank you for your kind letter and also for the prospectus and copies of the School Magazine. I was particularly interested in the articles on the old school days, which recalled to my memory Mr. Foster and Oscar Krahmer. I also remember old "Moses," the messenger, and his little sanctum on the left of the main entrance to the big hall.

We had a very warm time at Christmas, the shade registration being 103 degrees and varying from 90 degrees to 100 degrees for some weeks. In spite of this, the people here keep up the old style dinner on Christmas Day as kept by their forefathers in the Old Country—roast turkey, plum pudding, and the usual home customs.

On Boxing Day I brought two of my grand-children (I have sixteen) for a trip to the surf. Brisbane, I must inform you, is 15 miles from the mouth of the Brisbane River, a winding river mostly a quarter of a mile wide and very picturesque. We boarded a Bay steamer and passed down the river and out into Moreton Bay. This is a fine piece of water practically land-locked by islands—Bribie, Moreton and Stradbroke—and is from 20 to 30 miles wide from the mainland to these islands. We were bound for Bribie Island, 30 miles across, and had wonderful views of the mountains backing the city of Brisbane and the various bay-side towns glittering white in the sunlight. After three hours steaming we land at Bribie township, a small settlement on the inner side of the island, and have lunch, then board a motor 'bus (of which there are three running on holidays) for a three-mile run across the island to the outside beach. This is a great surfing beach, and is some 15 to 20 miles long, with the unbroken roll of the South Pacific Ocean breaking on the sands, the nearest land being New Caledonia or some of the South Sea Islands. The beach, and, in fact, all the bathing beaches in Queensland have watch platforms on 15 or 20 feet posts, on which a look-out stands to warn bathers when sharks approach. A bell is rung, and all hands make for shore until the unwelcome gentleman vamooses. We all enjoyed our bathe and returned home, where we arrived at 9 p.m., having

had a good twelve hours' outing, and required no rocking to sleep.

You ask me to tell you something of this country, and I will be pleased to do so. In the first place, Brisbane is just below the tropic of Capricorn, and therefore inclined to be warm, but when you get used to the climate you would not change places with anyone. Our houses are built of wood, with roofs of galvanised iron, and are built on stumps about six feet from the ground. Each stump has a cap of galvanised iron on top to prevent the white ants from entering the timber of the main building. These little pests (whose proper name is termites—they are not ants at all) will enter a board and eat the inside quite hollow, leaving an apparently sound board until you press your hand against it, when your hand will go right through. I had a friend who went further North to a town called Normanton, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. He thought he would make a vegetable garden at his quarters, and could not understand the smiles of the local residents at his efforts. His cabbages grew well, and when looking about ready to cut he was surprised one morning to find them withering away. On inspection he found the stalks completely hollowed out by white ants. He told me you could not leave any wood work lying on the ground for a few hours without it being destroyed by these pests.

Talking of pests, one of the worst of these is the cactus, or prickly pear, imported many years ago for what purpose I do not know. It in time covered hundreds of thousands of acres, growing to the height of eight to ten feet, and impassable for human beings, and tying up valuable land—in fact, the Government would give you a block on condition you cleared it of the pear—a hopeless job, as every leaf dropped in clearing became a clump of pear, and birds carried the seed over miles of country. However, the Government introduced a small insect from South America or India—I do not know which—and he has fed on the pear somewhat after the manner of the white ant, and cleared thousands of acres for the plough. In time, we can also hope the cactus will be completely eradicated. It is a remarkable thing that such a number of importations from other countries have become pests, for instance, the *sida retusa*, a plant introduced for fibre, for string and rope making, which now overruns the country; English starlings and sparrows, and the rabbit. Bunny has got such a hold on Australia that we have been compelled to erect miles and miles of wire netting fences, with gates at intervals—penalty for leaving these gates open is £50—to keep the rabbit in bounds.

We have very many lovely birds here—parrots of every colour and hue, cockatoos (white, and also black), and many gaudy finches. These birds are not like your British birds, in that they have no song like the thrush, blackbird, or skylark.

Queensland is, as I suppose you are aware, noted for its sugar, and it is a pretty sight to see miles of pale green sugar cane stretching as far as the eye can reach. We also grow bananas, pineapples, custard apples, mangoes and passion fruit, besides numerous other tropical fruits. You see our winter

temperature is about 60 degrees, and that we find cold, so we can grow out in the open plants that you would grow in glasshouses or glass frames. I suppose you could count the days in the year on which the sun has not shone on one hand, so it is no wonder the Southern States name our State "Sunny Queensland."

One of my sons has just returned from the Great Barrier Reef. This coral reef extends from about 100 miles north of Brisbane, right along the Queensland coast, and then in irregular formation to the coast of New Guinea. It forms a natural defence line on Australia's Eastern Coast line. There are only a few openings through, which could be easily defended. My son was getting turtles for a Brisbane cannery for soup-making, and in three hours turned over forty, of which they took twenty-eight aboard the launch, turning the remainder loose. I wonder how some of your pupils would enjoy a trip like that, over 300 miles up the coast. The launch's destination was Lady Musgrave Island, a coral island 40 miles from the Barrier Reef. The island is covered with stunted trees, in which hundreds of seabirds have their nests, and the birds are so unaccustomed to human beings they allowed the men to lift them off their nests and look at the eggs. The beach is of ground coral, dazzlingly white, and at night the turtle comes ashore to lay her eggs in the sand, when the men of the launch intercept them and turn them on their backs, and they are then quite helpless. As the turtle run two or three and a half hundredweight, it is no light job to capsize them. There are many beautiful corals on the reef—white, yellow, red, pink and purple, some in the form of trees, basins, and "skulls," also lacy growths of fine coral. The fish are all the colours of the rainbow, and dart in and out of the coral; also crabs of all sizes and colours. Fish are caught at the edge of the reef in deep water, some of them weighing 50 to 60 pounds. You have only to drop a baited line over, and at once you have a meal for four or five men.

I have a very fine aviary in my garden, in which I have numbers of the gaily coloured finches and members of the parrot family, some scarlet with green wings, carmine with blue wings and tail, and rosella parrots, blue with yellow breast and wings. As the aviary is 30 feet long, they have plenty of room, and are very happy and tame—in fact, I have numbers of finches born and bred in captivity. I have also a bush house. This is a building roofed and enclosed by battons of hardwood about two inches apart to keep the full force of the sun out. Contrary to the Old Country style, where you build glasshouses to entice the sun, we have to build to keep it out. Inside I have all sorts of tropical ferns and vivid coloured coleus, and on a hot day it is such a relief to go into it for a cool down. The bush house runs the full length of my residence, about 48 feet.

Before I close I wait to mention that an old High School boy, H. M. Robinson, died here about a fortnight ago, aged 68. He went to the school in my time, but it was only recently I found out he was a Dublin man. He was retired when he died, and had

formerly been Collector of Customs at Brisbane. You will find his name on the old School rolls.

I will now conclude with best wishes to your good self, and hoping the old School will continue to grow and progress under your guidance.

Yours faithfully,

H. FLETCHER.

To THE EDITOR OF THE *Erasmian*.

DEAR SIR,—

I notice that the School Sports are being held a fortnight earlier than usual this year because of the fact that Lansdowne Road is not available for the rest of the month. I should like to take this opportunity of suggesting that since the date of the Sports has been moved back a fortnight without upsetting any of School routine, it could easily be moved back another four weeks.

At present there is a long interval between the end of the Rugger season and the start of the Athletic season. This could be remedied by holding the Sports soon after the end of the Rugger season. Boys are then in training from the Rugger matches, and would be fully prepared to run in the Sports.

Under the present arrangement, boys have to start training all over again at the beginning of June, and their cricket and swimming suffer as a result of this. There is always a noticeable decline in the attendance at the Iveagh Baths and at cricket practices during June.

Thus it would benefit Athletics, Cricket and Swimming if the Sports were finished towards the end of April and the rest of the team were left free for Cricket and Swimming.

Yours sincerely,

C.V.B.

—:o:—

CRICKET NOTES, 1932.

Captain : J. P. Dunn. Vice-Captain : P. R. Walker.
Secretary : S. G. Watson.

WE opened the season in a promising manner by winning our first match, against Mountjoy, after a close game. As the season progressed, however, we found that the team lacked run-getting qualities, although, on the other hand, the bowling and fielding reached a high standard.

Unfortunately, one or two promising players were working for exams., and on that account could not afford to give up the time for cricket, and also our Vice-Captain, owing to illness, was unable to play throughout the whole season.

The Junior Team this year was decidedly superior to that of the two preceding seasons. Six of its members played constantly for the 1st XI.

— 100 —



— 100 —

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The Junior Cup Team won a decisive victory over Wesley College in the first round. In the second round they were unfortunate in meeting a side with far more abilities for practising than ours, and were badly beaten.

A professional was engaged again, 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 of any other recent year.

We add some of the more important matches.

SCHOOL CRICKET FIXTURES.

HIGH SCHOOL V. MOUNTJOY SCHOOL.

High School.—First Innings.		Mountjoy School.—First Innings.	
Dunn, l.b.w., b Parks	11	Philip, b McKell	1
Carlisle, b Wildman	2	Turner, b Browett	0
Caldwell, b Wildman	3	Hicks, b McKell	4
Keegan, b Wildman	0	Blackmore, ct. Caldwell, b	
McNeill, b Hicks	9	Browett	6
Browett, ct. Turner, b Wild-		Wildman, ct. Watson, b Car-	
man	0	lisle	12
Watson, b Wildman	0	Parks, l.b.w., b Browett ...	12
Chillingworth, run out	1	Macoun, ct. Caldwell, b	
Hamilton, ct. Philip, b Philip	6	Browett	
McKell, b Wildman	9	Buttermore, ct. Caldwell, b	
Walker, not out	2	Browett	0
Extras	4	Jones, b Browett	0
Total	47	McBride, b Carlisle	7
		Crawley, not out	1
		Extras	4
		Total	46
		Browett, 6 for 14.	

LEAGUE MATCH V. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

High School.—First Innings.			
Caldwell, ct. McBride, b		Keegan, ct. Bell, b Tully ...	12
McCarthy	1	Dungan, ct. Shrago, b Mc-	
McNeill, b McBride	3	Bride	0
McKell, ct. Tully, b McBride	0	Watson, ct. McBride, b Tully	0
Dunn, ct. Mitchell, b McBride	10	Ellis, not out	2
Browett, ct. Colter, b Mc-		Hamilton, ct. and b McBride	4
Bride	2	Extras	4
Carlisle, ct. Shrago, b Mc-			
Bride	3	Total	41
McBride, 7 for 17; Tully, 2 for 4			

St. Andrew's.—First Innings.

Shrago, l.b.w., b Browett ...	8	Tully, b Dungan	4
Bell, ct. Keegan, b McNeill ..	11	McD., b McNeill	1
Tully, ct. and b Browett ...	2	Mitchell, not out	2
Keatings, b Browett	0	Extras	3
McCarthy, ct. Dunn, b Mc-			—
Neill	13	Total	47
Colter, ct. and b Browett ...	1		
Craigie, b Browett	0	Browett, 5 for 12; McNeill, 3	
McBride, ct. and b Dungan	2	for 11, Dungan, 2 for 2.	

FIRST ROUND—JUNIOR CUP.

HIGH SCHOOL V. WESLEY COLLEGE.

High School.—First Innings.

Ellis, ct b Citron	1
Mason, run out, b Carry ...	1
McNeill, l.b.w., b Carry	0
Gilmour, run out, b Carry ...	4
Carlisle, ct b Stirling ...	14
McKell, b Carry	17
Dungan, b Shipway	0
Keegan, ct. b Stirling ...	2
Robinson, ct. b Carry ...	14
Boyle, ct. b Lindsay ...	1
Morrow, not out	0
Extras	3

Total 57

Carry, 5 for 19; Stirling, 2 for 15.

High School.—Second Innings.

Ellis, not out	6
Mason, ct. and b Carry	0
McNeill, not out	4
Extra	1

Total 11

Carry, 1 for 3.

Wesley.—First Innings.

Citron, b Dungan	0
Jacobson, b McKell	2
Lindsey, b McKell	4
Stirling, b Dungan	0
Carry, ct. b McKell ...	0
De Courcy, b Dungan	1
Shipway, not out	9
O'Neill, b Ellis	0
Bustard, l.b.w. b Robinson	15
Neill, b Carlisle	1
Rogers, b Dungan	0
Extras	4

Total 36

Dungan, 4 for 9; McKell, 3 for 7.

Wesley.—Second Innings.

Citron, ct. b McKell ...	3
Bustard, b Dungan	0
Lindsey, b Dungan	5
O'Neill, b McKell	3
Stirling, l.b.w., b Dungan ...	0
De Courcy, run out, b McKell	3
Shipway, b McKell	0
Carry, ct. b Dungan	0
Rogers, ct. b McKell ...	1
Neill, ct. b McKell	10
Jacobson, not out	4
Extras	0

Total 29

McKell, 5 for 16; Dungan, 4 for 11.

SECOND ROUND—JUNIOR CUP.

HIGH SCHOOL V. MASONIC SCHOOL.

High School.—First Innings.		Masonic.—First Innings.	
Ellis, ct.	b Walker 0	Leitch, b Robinson	5
Gilmour, b Graham	1	Fincher, ct.	b McKell ... 5
McNeill, l.b.w., b Walker ...	1	Graham, b Robinson	30
Robinson, ct.	b Walker 1	Walker, run out, b Carlisle	56
Carlisle, ct.	b Walker ... 3	Regan, ct.	b McKell ... 20
McKell, b Graham	0	Trimble, run out, b McNeill	6
Mason, b Graham	0	Willis, b Carlisle	13
Keegan, run out, b Willis ...	7	Hart, ct.	b Carlisle 1
Dungan, b Willis	1	Simmons, not out	11
Caldwell, ct.	b Willis ... 1	Harvey, run out, b Carlisle	8
Boyle, not out	0	Gibson, not out	11
Extra	1	Extras	11
Total 16		Total 177	
Graham, 3 for 8; Walker, 4 for 5; Willis, 2 for 0.			

HOUSE MATCHES.

DILLON'S HOUSE V. FERGUSON'S HOUSE.

Dillon's.—First Innings.		Ferguson's.—First Innings.	
Carlisle, ct.	b Ellis 0	Dunn, b Lapedus	30
Robinson, run out	21	Ellis, l.b.w., b Carlisle	1
Watson, b Ellis	3	Early, b Carlisle	14
Boyle, b Ellis	14	Moore, b Lapedus	2
Lapedus, b Ellis	3	Chillingworth, ct. Watson, b	
Dungan, b Boyle	0	Carlisle	5
Scott, l.b.w., b Dunn	1	Jackson, b Keegan	14
Keegan, b Dunn	0	Penney, run out	0
Harrison, not out	0	Boyle, b Scott	5
Mason, b Dunn	1	O'Malley, run out	0
Extras	5	Gilmour, ct. Robinson, b	
	—	Scott	3
Total	48	Thompson, not out	0
Ellis, 4 for 15; Dunn, 3 for 6.		Extras	6
			—
		Total	80
		Carlisle, 3 for 24.	

FINAL OF THE HOUSE CRICKET.

FERGUSON'S V. EVANS'.

Ferguson's.—First Innings.		Evans'.—First Innings.	
Dunn, ct. McKell, b Hamilton	38	Caldwell, ct. Early, b Ellis ..	14
Ellis, b McKell	0	McKell, ct. Dunn, b Ellis ...	2
Early, b McKell	0	Gilmour, b Ellis	8
Moore (W. S.), b McKell ...	10	Hamilton, ct. and b Jackson	0
Jackson, b McKell	15	Morrow, ct. Gargan, b Ellis	0
Boyle,, b McKell	8	Magill, ct. Jackson, b Ellis	7
Penney, b Caldwell	1	McKell, ct. and b Jackson ...	6
Gilmour, ct. Gilmour, b Caldwell	0	James, ct. Ellis, b Dunn ...	3
Thompson, b Caldwell	1	Rooney, not out	0
O'Malley, st. Gilmour, b McKell	2	Cole, b Penney	8
Gargan, not out	0	Extras	—
Extras	15	Total	50
Total	90		

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SWIMMING NOTES.

Captain: C. V. BOYLE. Hon. Sec.: H. LEWIS.

THE Swimming season opened at the Iveagh Baths on the 11th of April. We have secured the services of Sergeant-Major Burke as swimming instructor.

The Seniors and the Juniors are very keen this season. We have every confidence of our success in the Water Polo Cup and also in the Squadron Championship. We have, with one or two exceptions, the same polo team as last year. The team gained considerable experience in the polo matches last season, and is improved all round. We have played three polo matches this season, and won one, lost one, and drawn one.

The Juniors are at last taking their swimming seriously, and not just splashing around the shallow end of the baths. We are glad to see this improvement, and recommend some of the Seniors to follow their example.

We are disappointed at the number of boys, Senior and Junior, who turn up at the baths. We suggest it is pure slackness and laziness on the part of the boys. Non-swimmers are missing a grand opportunity of learning how to swim. Those who can already swim should not be content with being able to get along somehow,

but should try and improve their speed and stroke.

We notice that training, as a whole, is neglected during the Summer months. Boys have unrivalled opportunities to train in the Summer, but unfortunately they do not avail themselves of their opportunities. It is no good going for a bathe in the sea and just paddling around. It does not improve your swimming or your stroke. Boys should go for a swim in the sea or baths with the firm intention of making an improvement in their swimming.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Wilson for attending at the baths so regularly, and also Mr. Ellerker for coaching us at the beginning of the season.

We append the results of Water Polo matches:—

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals for.	Goals against.
3	1	1	1	5	5

—:0:—

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ON Thursday, 9th June, the Annual School Sports were held at Lansdowne Road under the most favourable weather conditions. A large gathering of parents and friends thoroughly enjoyed a lengthy programme, which passed without a hitch, thanks to the capable organisation of Mr. Evans. At the conclusion of the afternoon Mrs. Bennett very kindly presented the prizes.

The War Memorial Cup was won by C. V. Boyle (27 points); the runner-up was J. P. Dunn (25 points). The Junior Cup was won by J. S. Ellis (16 points); runner-up D. C. Ewen (13 points). The Senior 220 Yards Championship Cup was won by J. P. Dunn; runner-up C. V. Boyle. The Junior 100 Yards Championship Cup was won by D. C. Ewen; runner-up H. C. Field.

Results:—

Long Jump, Handicap (under 15).—W. H. Booker (30ins.), 1; A. T. Begley (24ins.), 2; D. C. Magill (18ins.), 3.

Long Jump (Senior).—H. Begley, 1; T. J. Early, 2; R. D. Magill, 3.

75 Yards, Handicap (under 12).—B. White (6 yds.), 1; G. A. Cole (5 yds.), 2; W. R. O'Malley (4 yds.), 3.

100 Yards, Handicap (under 13).—H. T. Wall (6 yds.), 1; G. A. Cole (7 yds.), 2; R. C. McKell (scr.), 3.

100 Yards, Handicap (under 14).—W. H. Booker (6 yds.), 1; L. P. Hill (7 yds.), 2; W. D. Boyle (6 yds.), 3.

100 Yards, Handicap (under 15).—R. J. Chillingworth (8 yds.), 1; J. S. Ellis (scr.), 2; D. C. Ewen (3 yds.), 3.

100 Yards, Handicap (under 16).—J. M. McKell (3 yds.), 1; A. E. G. Moore (2 yds.), 2; H. S. Keegan (5 yds.), 3.

100 Yards, Handicap (Senior).—G. H. Worlin (3 yds.), 1; H. Begley (3 yds.), 2; T. J. Early (5 yds.), 3.

75 Yards, Handicap (under 10).—C. B. Jones (5 yds.), 1; E. W. Epple (2 yds.), 2; D. P. Stevens (scr.), 3.

75 Yards, Handicap (under 11).—D. P. Stevens (6 yds.), 1; E. E. Grove (4 yds.), 2; A. T. Begley (2 yds.), 3.

High Jump, Handicap (under 15).—W. D. Boyle (5 ins.), 1; G. A. Trainor (5 ins.), 2; D. C. Ewen (3 ins.), 3.

High Jump (Senior).—J. M. McKell, 1; D. H. McNeill, H. Begley, W. S. Moore, 2.

220 Yards, Handicap (under 15).—J. S. Ellis (scr.), 1; D. C. Ewen (7 yds.), 2; A. D. Mason (13 yds.), 3.

220 Yards (Handicap (under 16).—J. M. McKell (3 yds.), 1; H. S. Keegan (7 yds.), 2; A. E. G. Moore (scr.), 3.

220 Yards, Handicap (Senior).—H. Begley (7 yds.), 1; W. G. Worlin (7 yds.), 2; T. J. Early (11 yds.), 3.

150 Yards, Handicap (under 12).—W. R. O'Malley (8 yds.), 1; A. T. Begley (8 yds.), 2; G. A. Cole (10 yds.), 3.

Siamese Race, Handicap.—T. McLoughlin and A. G. Harrison, 1; A. S. Burrowes and A. F. Grey (8 yds.), 2.

Sisters' Race (under 13).—Miss Smith, 1; Miss Goff, 2; Miss Grey, 3.

Sisters' Race (over 13).—Miss M. Grey, 1; Miss Huggard, 2; Miss Harrison, 3.

440 Yards, Handicap (Senior).—H. Begley (14 yds.), 1; R. G. Love (24 yds.), 2; A. E. G. Moore (14 yds.), 3.

440 Yards, Handicap (under 15).—D. C. Ewen (16 yds.), 1; J. S. Ellis (scr.), 2; V. S. Dungan (30 yds.), 3.

Band Race.—J. Woodbourne, 1; J. Guilfoyle, 2.

Half-mile Handicap (over 15).—R. D. Magill (40 yds.), 1; D. H. McNeill (15 yds.), 2; T. H. Walker (25 yds.), 3.

120 Yards Hurdles, Handicap (Senior).—R. D. Magill (scr.), 1; T. J. Early (scr.), 2; J. P. Dunn (owed 15 yds.), 3.

120 Yards Hurdles, Handicap (under 15).—J. S. Ellis (owed 10 yds.), 1; D. C. Ewen (owed 5 yds.), 2; A. T. Begley (scr.), 3.

Old Boys' Race.—R. J. Walker, 1; W. B. Good, 2.

Sack Race (over 13).—T. J. Early, 1; W. B. M. Smyth, 2; M. S. C. Rooney, 3.

One Mile, Handicap (over 15).—R. D. Magill (70 yds.), 1; T. H. Walker (60 yds.), 2; C. V. Boyle (scr.), 3.

Obstacle Race (under 13).—H. L. Moore, 1; E. W. Campbell, 2; R. W. Seligman, 3.

Obstacle Race (over 13).—T. J. Early, 1; E. Whitside, 2; G. Huggard, 3.

Consolation Race (under 12).—A. V. Poskitt, 1; C. Nicholl, 2; A. B. Graham, 3.

Consolation Race (under 15).—E. Zlotover, 1; V. C. Mistear, 2.

Consolation Race (Senior).—W. W. Mahon 1; A. E. Moore, 2; R. F. Glover, 3.

House Relay.—Evans' House, 1; Ferguson's House, 2; Butler's House, 3.

Masters' Walk!!!—Mr. Harrison, 1; Mr. Wilson, 2.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

THIS was held at the Athletic Sports on the 9th June at Lansdowne Road. Captain Tomlinson and Mr. Good very kindly acted as judges for the awarding of the Class Medals, which were won by the following:—

Form 1	...	...	D. P. Stephens
Form 2	...	...	W. T. Heaney
Form 3d	...	...	E. V. Meredith
Form 3c (lower)	...	...	G. Crockett
Form 3c (upper)	...	...	P. R. Owen
Form 3b	...	...	K. H. Alexander
Form 3a	...	...	J. D. Smyth
Form 4 (upper)	...	...	V. S. Dungan

The Sports Committee express their sincere thanks, on behalf of the boys, to the following, who have kindly presented prizes or subscriptions:—

J. Andrew, Esq.; A. J. Beatty, Esq.; T. Bell, Esq.; Mrs. Bennett, J. Bennett, Esq.; C. Boyle, Esq.; J. M. Bridle, Esq.; H. Brisbane, Esq.; G. R. Butler, Esq.; Captain Carden, H. R. Chillingworth, Esq.; C. S. Dillon, Esq.; G. C. Duggan, Esq., C.B.; J. P. Dunn, Esq.; R. Dunlop, Esq.; S. S. Evans, Esq.; J. S. Ferguson, Esq.; J. Garvey, Esq., D.L.; W. H. Gibson, Esq.; W. J. Good, Esq.; H. B. Goulding, Esq.; K. Harrison, Esq.; A. S. M. Imrie, Esq.; R. W. Jeffares, Esq.; Rev. T. J. Johnston, W. J. Lundy, Esq.; G. Lyster, Esq.; Rev. W. J. Mayne, D. Meyer, Esq.; the Rev. Canon Kingsmill Moore, D.D.; Rev. W. C. G. Proctor, B.D.; Mrs. Rogers, J. W. Rooney, Esq.; A. W. Stelfox, Esq.; T. R. Sergeant, Esq.; E. Simpson, Esq.; J. Thompson, Esq.; W. H. Thrift, Esq.; G. A. Watson, Esq.; W. R. Wilson, Esq.; J. L. Young, Esq.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: "T.C.D." (Trinity College, Dublin), "The Campbellian" (Campbell College, Belfast), "M.C.B." (Methodist College, Belfast), "The School News" (Royal Belfast Academical Institution), Sligo Grammar School Magazine, "R.S.D." (Royal School, Dungannon), C.A.I. (Coleraine Academical Institution).

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. B. Moore.
 Sub-Editor: E. A. Thompson.
 Sports Editor: J. M. Caldwell.

—:o:—

OLD BOYS' UNION.

President : THE MOST REV. C. F. DARCY, D.D.,
 Primate of all Ireland.

Vice-President : THE HEADMASTER.

Hon. Secretaries : MERVIN BELL AND ARTHUR J. BEATTY.

Hon. Treasurer : REV. W. C. G. PROCTOR, B.D.

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

—:o:—

NOTES ON OLD BOYS.

A PAPER was read by our President, the Primate, on "Theism and Recent Philosophical Speculation" before the British Institute of Philosophy.

* * *

Sir William I. de Courcey Wheeler has accepted the invitation of the Board of Regents of the American College of Surgeons to deliver the J. B. Murphy Oration in Surgery in the coming Autumn. The first of these lectures was delivered by Lord Moynihan.

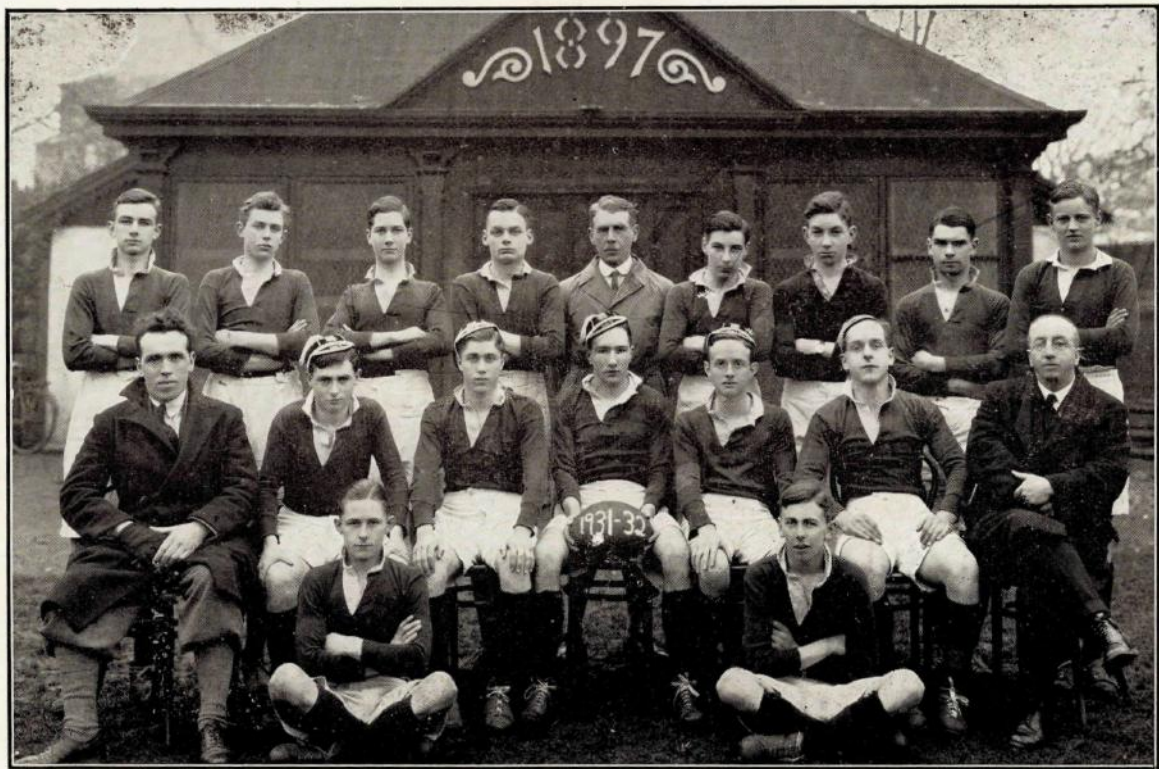
* * *

Captain Arthur M. Fleury received the C.B.E. in the recent Honour Lists for his services in connection with the disturbances in Cyprus last year. He served in the Royal Irish Regiment and then in the West African Frontier Force before going to Cyprus in 1910.

* * *

Mr. D. J. M. Lawson has been promoted to be Telegraph and Telephone Engineer, Nyassaland.

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Mr. J. R. FERGUSON	P. R. WALKER	C. V. BOYLE	J. M. CALDWELL	R. A. LUTTON	A. D. GOFF
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Mr. B. P. Mansfield, who went to manage Messrs. Anderson's Nurseries, Napier, New Zealand, has been awarded by examination the Diploma of Horticulture.

* * *

Mr. J. P. Prescott has been admitted as an Associate of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Ireland.

—:o:—

SPORT.

AN Old Boys' Rugby match against Mountjoy O.B.U. towards the end of last term resulted in a win for the High School by 9 to 6 points.

* * *

The O.B.U. Golf team also won a match against St. Andrew's O.B.U. on the 30th May.

* * *

The following is an extract from the "Irish Times" account of the Junior T.T. Races in the Isle of Man:—

"Stanley Woods, the popular Irish crack and the hero of every small boy in the Isle of Man, won his third Tourist Trophy Race yesterday by a victory in the Junior Race for machines of 350 c.c. capacity. . . . Woods covered the 264 miles at an average speed of 76.16 miles an hour, beating the Junior record by 3.22 miles an hour, and he raised the lap record by 3.35 miles an hour to 78.62 m.p.h.

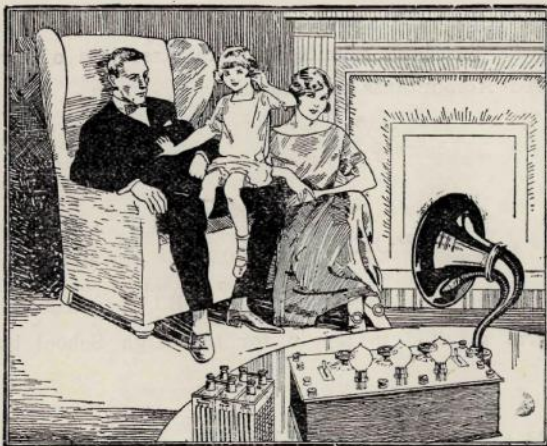
" . . . He took the lead on the first lap, and, travelling throughout at a faster speed than any other rider, he was never headed. From every point of the course there came reports of brilliancy of his speed and corner-work."

On going to Press we have also heard that he has won the Senior T.T. Race.

* * *

The competition for the Old Boys' Golf Cup will take place in September.

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