

Extremos Poteat Reduisse.

# The Record

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY.

VOL. IV

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The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Sydney.

"EXTREMOS PUDEAT REDIISSE."

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VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1913.

No 3.

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## Officers.

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## Editorial

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**W**HEN the project of having a school paper was first mooted, there was some doubt as to whether it was altogether a wise plan to risk the possibility of failure.

In this "Record" we find a direct answer to that doubt, for once again it has been found necessary to extend the paper. And yet, in spite of this extension, we are still in a position to reject matter which might reasonably expect to go further than that bete-noire of budding authors—the editorial waste-paper basket.

We do not say that all the material in the paper is of great literary merit. But we think it is a matter for self congratulation that every article is the original work of various of our boys, whose positions in the school range from the first to the fourth year.

We are especially pleased at the ready response to our invitation for more poetry. So eager, indeed, were some to oblige us, that they "tossed off" (probably in a moment of inspiration) verses that we could hardly be expected to print.

But we must once again remind our readers—which means practically the whole school—that if they are to continue to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which is here presented to their epicurean palates, they must not place the whole burden of writing this paper on the editor and his subs. We are hard-working souls ("although we say



it ourselves as shouldn't'), but we cannot be expected to do everything. So don't forget to spend the next three months in thinking of something; then write it down, and give us the opportunity of introducing a new literary genius to an admiring world.

## School Notes.

Congratulations to Mr. C. E. Fletcher, B.A., an English master of this school, on winning the prize offered by the Department for the best essay on Civics, open to teachers.

The Detention Book has disappeared from its usual abode in No. 2; it is hard to see a motive for this heinous crime, but we would like to suggest to Mr. Ransom the advisability of obtaining a new one, as we have an idea that he has seen the old one for the last time.

We regret to announce the resignation of our late Editor, G. J. M. Saxby, who has left the school to pursue his studies at the University. His place has been taken by F. J. Sheed.

A number of new prefects have been created, so that the full list now consists of: W. S. Paterson (Senior Prefect), G. Barr, W. R. Beavis, G. Banks-Smith, J. R. Colvin, A. J. Geoffrey, E. Hooke, V. Kenniff, T. B. Nicol, D. Magill, A. J. Lawson, L. J. Price, F. J. Sheed, W. P. Ridley, N. Waddell and J. Woodhouse.

The following names have been added to the School honour boards:—

Senior.—1911. R. I. KAY (John West and Grahame Medals).

1912, C. L. C. HENRY. }  
F. C. HERLIHY. }

Captain of the School, 1912.—G. J. M. SAXBY.

Junior, 1912.—F. J. SHEED.

We congratulate C. W. Harper on his play in the first grade Lacrosse Competition; he assists Birchgrove A team.

We beg to congratulate Newington College on its military success, and the North Sydney Church of England Grammar School on its success in rowing.

Mr. F. J. Gallagher has gained his M.A. Our congratulations.

The other day our masters were photographed—with disastrous results.

## Empire Day.

The assembly hall presented a very picturesque appearance on the morning of Friday, 23rd May, when Empire Day was celebrated. Tasteful decorations of flags, flowers and greenery, lent the sombre walls an unusual charm. Many parents and friends were present; hence, with a full attendance of the boys—many of whom were in uniform to do honour to the day—the hall was well filled. Mr. Waterhouse presided, and with him on the platform were Professor David and Mr. Braik (Inspector of Schools, Wanganui District, New Zealand).

Mr. Waterhouse urged the boys to be proud of their native land, Australia, and to be prepared to make any sacrifice on its behalf. But just as every boy loved his mother best of all his dear ones, so they should ever be mindful of their indebtedness to the Motherland, and be ready if occasion ever arose to render her every assistance in their power, because of the love and tender care and self-sacrificing spirit which the Motherland had always exhibited towards her young Dominions.

Professor David said it was good to widen one's outlook once a year, if not more often, by taking a general survey of the British Empire, not with a view to making ourselves swollen-headed, but to see how far that Empire reached, and who and what it was that had made for its greatness. All over that Empire were liberty, justice, and truth in all fulness and perfection, never surpassed in the history of the world. There were those who said it was a mistake for Australia to have a navy of its own, and that we should have made a contribution to the British Navy. Personally he thought we were going absolutely on the right lines in having our own navy, manned by our own men, and put together, he hoped, in our own dockyards. The Australian Navy and Army were not established in any spirit of militarism, but for purposes of self-defence, and it was a noble and grand thing to see the spirit in which the compulsory military service was being taken up by our own people. All honour and gratitude were due to those institutions, which helped to uplift our fellow-men, and to bind the Empire, and, above all, we owed the highest honour to what was represented by the crosses on our national flag—the churches. It was the church that kept alive all that made for what was best and most uplifting in the life of the nation. Moreover, we ought to be proud that all our Governments so honestly studied the interests of the people, and our Governments were always so free from those corrupt and selfish interests which had so lowered the politics of some other nations. There were some who held that the British Empire was on the down grade; but as long as those who lived in the Empire devoted themselves to the British flag honestly and strongly, doing the duty that lay nearest them, as long as they kept up those



principles of liberty and justice to their fellow-men, living for their fellow-men as well as for themselves, then, please God, they would keep the glorious old flag flying as long as the world should last.

Mr. Braik also spoke of the intimate ties existing, not only between the Motherland and her Colonies, but also between the colonies themselves. He referred to the fact that the march of science and scientific research, which was conquering land after land—and in this respect he mentioned the progress of agricultural science in New Zealand—was also drawing closer together the various parts of the Empire.

The speeches were interspersed with patriotic songs by the pupils, musical items by Messrs. Stoyles, Thomas, Marshall, Steel and Gallagher, and a recitation by Mr. Ransom. The gathering saluted the flag, and the proceedings were closed, after cheers had been given for the King, Professor David, Mr. Braik, Mr. Waterhouse, and the teaching staff.

### The Avenging of Thor.

As faintly grew the first rays of the morn,  
And lighted up the Danish township far,  
Upon the river, by the current borne,  
A body floated from the field of war.  
Far out across the plain, towards the hills,  
A lonely horseman rides the plain apace,  
Upon the morning air his war-cry thrills,  
As nearer draws he to this lonely place.  
His upturned body floating down the tide  
Was once most mighty Thor, the Thunder-Chief;  
The horseman, one to whom Thor did confide  
The secrets of his life, and every grief.  
The horseman soon the body thence did reach,  
And his loud cries of grief the air did fill,  
And, looking up, the Heavens did beseech,  
To give him strength the crafty wolf to kill.  
Then left he quickly, and the wolf pursued,  
Till he the wretch o'ertook at even-call;  
And fighting bravely in the great Thor's feud,  
The wolf before his strokes he made to fall.  
Thus mighty Thor avenged was by him.  
And that base wretch the wolf laid low at last;  
But all valhalla's glory soon grew dim  
When its most valiant hero's life had passed.

R.H.

### A Visit to H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

On Monday, May 5th, a party of 180 boys, picked from the principal schools of Sydney, was invited to go for a visit of inspection on board H.M.A.S. "Melbourne," the first cruiser of the Australian fleet.

As we boarded the "Bronzewing," which had the distinguished honour of conveying us to our destination, we were a merry party. Everyone of the 180 tongues which we could

muster was wagging gaily; the sun shone brilliantly on the blue waters of our harbour, while the Metropolitan Schools' Band added its quota to the general enjoyment by playing lively selections.

On landing at Cockatoo the party was formed up two deep and, under the command of Major Parsonage, assisted by Paterson and Sheed of this school, we marched to the vessel. As we stepped on board all saluted the quarter-deck (thus giving an agreeable surprise to our hosts), and formed up round Captain Silver, who proceeded to deliver a stirring address. In it he dwelt on the fact that though the ship was our own, still we owed a duty to the Empire which made our freedom possible. This speech, containing, as it did, no fine phrases and no attempt at polished oratory, impressed us greatly as the work of a seaman and a man of action.

Then we were divided into detachments and placed under the charge of several officers, who were good enough to volunteer to show us over the ship. And here it would not be out of place to express our thanks for the unfailing kindness and courtesy manifested by all on board. In patience they rivalled even Job, for without the least appearance of irritation they answered the same questions time after time, and officers and men seemed to vie with one another to give us all the information and pleasure in their power.

As for all the details of the ship itself we can say little. We went through the ship too hurriedly to retain aught but a very confused impression of most of what was so patiently explained to us. A good many of our party had notebooks, but it is doubtful whether they were of much assistance. To put down all the information would have been impossible; to select what should be put down would have taken too much time and destroyed half the pleasure of the trip. The best thing to do was to keep eyes and ears open, with the certainty of remembering anything that specially interested us.

On going on board we thought the vessel remarkably neat; great, therefore, was our amazement at hearing one of the men make a remark something like the following: "Some of the people that come on this boat seem to think they're going to see a palace, and look shocked when we tell them that we are sailors, not housemaids."

But we soon began to appreciate the force of his next remark: "This boat is meant for business."

The place which left the greatest impression on us was the little compartment devoted to the torpedo. The officer in charge gave us a most practical and interesting account of the torpedo; and then to show us the power of the compressed air which drives it, he let the propellers work at three separate speeds. When going at top speed we only saw a flash, for the blades of the propellor are sharp as razors.



The next strong impression was left by the quick-firer; we were allowed to amuse ourselves by pointing the gun (which was of course unloaded) at any point of Balmain which seemed to us to deserve the honour. We learnt that this particular gun would fire 45 shots a minute, which was (or at least our informant said it was) rather slow. We were then treated to a description of some of the guns, and we have a vague recollection of various disjointed phrases such as "six inch mark" and "parabolic trajectory."

Then we descended into a region of heat and boilers. Here a perspiring engineer was describing the workings of the "Melbourne's" engines, and of the turbine to one perspiring physicist, but most of us were glad to regain the cool upper air.

Then we proceeded through the officers' quarters, the appearance of which struck us with amazement. In his speech Captain Silver had spoken of the wisdom of taking to the sea, but this part of the inspection drove home the moral as hours of speaking could not have done. Nowhere could one desire more comfortable quarters—roomy well-lighted cabins, a good library, and a well-appointed dining-room.

These were the principal sights which appealed to us, and if the critical may complain of the lack of detail, we may say that we don't think we were asked on board to compile a list of statistics, but to get some idea of the greatness of the modern battleship.

As we marched off the "Melbourne" (having sung "God Save the King") we were saluted with three hearty cheers from the sailors, led by Captain Silver, which we returned with interest. Throughout the journey home we were entertained with music from the band, starting with "Auld Lang Syne," which was struck up as we left Cockatoo.

The net result of the expedition was no great extension of our knowledge of matters naval, but rather an increase of patriotic feeling, for we could now feel that this fine ship, with her wonderful organisation and splendid discipline, was a thing in which we were personally interested, and one in whose doings, if war were unfortunately to come, we could take a real pride.

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### Old Boys' Column.

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Owing to the absence of the Old Boys' Editor in the country, his notes for last issue were too late for publication; consequently there was no appearance of a list of University results. The most noticeable pass at the graduation was that of H. D. Hall, B.A. He obtained first class honours and the Coutts Scholarship in English; first class honours and Frazer Scholarship in History, as well as the University Prize for English verse.

We notice also that A. B. Colville, M. C. G. Levy, R. R. Kidston, K. D. McDonald and G. W. Perkins graduated B.A., and that F. S. Cotton and A. M. Dunkley obtained their B.Sc. with honours.

A. L. Campbell, B.A., obtained his B.E., also with honours.  
R. P. Lane obtained his B.D.S.

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We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. Saxby from the Presidency of the Old Boys' Union. No one, excepting perhaps our Secretary (Mr. Fairland) has been such an untiring, energetic, and enthusiastic worker for the O.B.U. as Mr. Saxby. We note with very great pleasure that the Old Boys are to honour him with a dinner in recognition of his valuable services to the School and the O.B.U.

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The position of President of the O.B.U. rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Saxby, was filled by the appointment of the Senior Vice-President, Mr. P. S. Hunt. The vacancy on the Council has been filled by the appointment of Mr. P. J. Pratt, a former President. Mr. Pratt has always taken a keen interest in Old Boys' affairs, and it was only on account of his removal to the country that he has not occupied a seat on the Council during recent years.

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We congratulate Doctors J. E. Bateman, B.Sc., A. Benjamin, R. V. Graham, and S. W. Van Epen on their successful emergence from the Final Exam. in Medicine. All had a particularly successful course.

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The Old Boys v. School football match will take place at Wentworth Park on 10th July. Old Boys desirous of playing are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secs. at once.

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The proposed Tennis Match against the School has not yet eventuated. The trouble has been the arranging of a suitable date. Old Boys desiring to play are asked to inform the Hon. Secs. as soon as possible.

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There is no reason why Old Boys should not meet the School in other friendly games, such as baseball. It only requires a number of enthusiasts in any game to ask the Hon. Secs. of the Old Boys' Union to arrange such a match.

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The Council of the Old Boys' Union has decided to give a complimentary dinner to Mr. G. C. Saxby and Mr. E. A. Southee, Rhodes Scholar, on the occasion of their attaining their respective honors. This function will probably take place on Thursday, July 3rd.



All Old Boys should make every effort to attend and make this function the success that it deserves. The price of tickets has been fixed at five shillings each. A good musical programme is being arranged.

At the Annual Swimming Carnival of the School, held at Bondi Baths on Wednesday, 12th March last, an Old Boys' 100 Yards Championship was decided. This resulted in a win for F. S. Cotton, followed by S. Perry.

It is the intention of the Committee to make this race an annual event. If sufficient advertisement and timely notice be given for this event, a good field should start.

Since leaving school in 1908, F. S. (Stan) Cotton has been earning much distinction in the athletic world, chiefly in swimming. He is a thorough enthusiast in athletics, tennis, and swimming. In the latter he has this year won the Old Boys' Championship, the 100 yards championship of Bondi Club, 100 yards Country Championship, and open mile handicap in the Nepean River. In wrestling he was light-weight champion of the Y.M.C.A., and this year in the oval races at the University, he won the mile off the 100 yards mark, and tied in the high jump, with 10 inches. He also won the 100 yards handicap at the inter-Varsity Sports. Cotton obtained his B.Sc. this year with honours.

We have to congratulate G. A. Smith, who left the School after the 1907 Senior, on passing with credit the Licensed Surveyors' Examination. He was the only one of the few who passed to obtain credit.

The Old Boys were beaten in the return cricket match against the School, which was played on a "wet" wicket at the Sydney Cricket Ground on Friday, April 25. Owing to the several postponements, caused by the persistent efforts of Jupiter Pluvius, the Old Boys were not represented by their full strength. A very pleasing part of an enjoyable afternoon's sport was the afternoon tea provided by the Old Boys. Speeches (?) were made by C. A. Fairland and E. A. Southee for the Old Boys, and responded to by Mr. Gallagher and V. Garner for the School.

We have heard that the School would not miss the return cricket match against the Old Boys for anything! Is it the afternoon tea which attracts?

At the Inter-Varsity Sports held in Sydney at the end of May, two Old Boys performed with great credit. H. B. Taylor won the half-mile and was second in the 440 yards championship, while E. A. Southee won the broad jump

championship, and was placed third in the 220 yards championship. In the former event Southee created a new Inter-Varsity record of 22 ft. 6 in.

We seem to have struck the "travelling season" for Old Boys. W. M. Carne left for America in April to pursue his studies further in the realms of Botany; S. E. Townshend, B.A., LL.B., clerk of examinations at the University, is at present enjoying a six-months' trip on the "festive Continong," and Dr. S. J. Johnston, of Sydney University, is leaving shortly on an extended trip to Europe.

In connection with the Old Boys' complimentary dinner, it is expected that all the Senior Boys at the School, as well as all the Masters, will attend in force to give a hearty send-off to Messrs. Saxby and Southee.

E. A. Southee leaves for Oxford by the "Ophir" on August 16th next.

Those who were at the School about 1904-1908 will be pleased to hear that A. F. Tuckermann is back again at the University. A.F.T. is doing the Arts course.

Old Boys who have not yet paid their subscriptions to the O.B.U. for 1913, may ease their consciences by sending two shillings and sixpence, either in stamps or postal note, to the Hon. Secs., 59 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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## Sonnet.

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(At the opening of the International Congress of Historians some time ago, the President, Sir James Bryce, remarked on the fact that the weaker and more backward races were being absorbed by those larger and more progressive; that the number of different languages was decreasing, and that the world was slowly but surely approaching unification.)

### TO THE HISTORIAN.

On incidents long passed does he expound,  
 And draws, the present from the past to gain,  
 From records of great minds that once did reign,  
 Great truths, that all the works of man surround;  
 The struggles manifold that surge around  
 The lives and works of great men who maintain  
 To solve the source of mankind's deepest pain,  
 Show beneficial change is surely found.  
 From out the lab'rinth of the past he sees  
 Evolve but slow the future state of man;  
 A universal peace, with strife unknown,—  
 A world-wide love—good-will on every breeze.  
 Thus man, through ages that through time do span,  
 Shall finally his work with vict'ry crown.

"S.S.A."



## First Experiences.

Possibly it may not be too presumptuous in us to preface this article by the remark that we have now arrived at an age when we can look back on our various experiences, *quoad longissime mens potest pueritiae memoriam recordari ultimam*," with patronising amusement, not altogether un-mixed with contempt. Be this as it may, it is beyond dispute that it is hard to realise that we are the same beings who have been the "heroes" of so many adventures.

It is a great pity that our minds can recollect nothing of the period of babyhood. Think of our wonderment at the monotonous swing of the cradle, at the lofty ceiling far above—a wonderment which hardly had time to assume any definite form before it passed into soothing sleep or hideous yells. What must have been our opinion of the much-maligned dodger which, received with such joyful expectation, was speedily cast aside as a delusion and a snare?

But to pass on. After such trifles as our first message, in which, of course, we took a wrong turning, and found ourselves pouring the heart-rending story into the ears of some man in blue, we find one day standing out as an epoch in our career—the first day at school.

With the bliss born of ignorance, we had long looked forward to the fateful day, and when we received the parental notification, "You'll go to school on Monday, Tommy," how did we laud it over our envious young brother and admiring little sister. All Saturday and Sunday passed in joyful expectation, but Monday morning discovered a very white-faced Tommy, rather shaky about the knees. Of that first day the less said the better. Rude, unsympathetic boys asked if our mother knew we were out, while others gave us the comforting assurance that their several fathers could beat our own "one hand kneeling."

After this period of storm and stress we come to the first serious fight. One morning a friend saluted us with the query, "Can you fight young Smut?" Our answer is a hesitating "Ye-es." "Well, he reckons he can beat you any day in the week." We need go no further. All will remember the futile wriggles and the half-hearted bravado. The fight itself was (judged by modern standards) probably a gory affair—plenty of scratches and a lack of bruises, culminating in an orgy of stone-throwing and abuse. But the aftermath—Ah! how that cane stung our resined hands, and curled round our shaking legs, and with what smug self-satisfaction the fight promoter mocked at the tears that would come!

Our first cigarette is almost too unpleasant to contemplate, but a stern sense of duty compels us to place on record the manly pride which radiated from every fibre of our small being as we struck the match, and the horrible revulsion of feeling as the nauseating smoke began to explore the cracks

and crannies of our throat. What followed is mostly a blank, and all our efforts to recall it only succeed in creating a sickening smell of apples. Strange, isn't it?

And now we come to an experience which is wonderfully difficult to classify, namely, our introduction to the bicycle. In itself it calls up not one pleasing impression, and yet we would, if necessary, go through the whole ghastly process again. Wherefore, though our whole sensitive nature thrills with horror, let us describe in its every harrowing detail the story of our attempt.

The bicycle, a rusty old battler of the genus "boneshaker," was lent by a friend who was good enough to offer us the advantage of his personal tuition. Before the event we wondered at such kindness. After it we didn't, and in these few words lies a world of tragedy. In the first place our natural modesty received a severe shock at the sight of the friends—male, and what was far worse, female—who had congregated to advise. (!) Some dozen held the bike, while we mounted, and then, with refreshing unanimity, all let go, and we heard the shout, "Let 'er rip." After a short exhibition of acrobatics we found ourself sitting in the road contemplating with a puzzled air the machine which lay, by some inexplicable concatenation of circumstances, across our bleeding knees. There was a great amount of sniggering and smirking, and other evidence of inward risibility, which in spite of our assurance that it wasn't laughable, burst into yells (of something louder than silence) when we repeated the performance. The last we remember is creeping home by back lanes, swearing strange oaths, a festive rip down the sides of our trousers, and our self-esteem forfeited, to all seeming, for ever.

And now let us whisper—for we come to the story of our first love affair. We forget the exact season; probably it was spring, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Probably also it was leap year, for we are essentially bashful. We find it rather difficult to begin the account of this episode; anyway **She** was just a little snip of a thing with very laboured-looking ringlets and yellow stockings. After much inward questioning we winked; she smiled. Encouraged by success, we, at our next meeting, managed to stammer a blushing and simpering, not to say giggling, "Good morning." Then we were struck, and for the first time began to take a lively interest in our personal appearance—also in the price of rings. Blazing ties (embellished with massive "diamond" tie pins) and ear-warming collars superseded our soft shirts. As the case grew more virulent we managed to persuade our all-unconscious ma to buy us an emphatic fancy waistcoat. But this was the end of love's young dream. The fancy waistcoat bred assurance, assurance bred indiscriminate winks, and thus, alas for our pristine innocence, we went the way of all flesh and entered the mighty order of k-nuts. —F.J.S.



## School Song

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—It has long seemed rather a shame to me that boys of the Sydney High School cannot, as those of other Great Public Schools, enjoy the luxury of singing a rousing school song.

There seems really no excuse for this, shall I say, negligence, or want of loyalty to a school which is thus compelled to stand the tuneless mute amongst its chanting fellows. What is the reason for this dearth? Surely we have a record as brilliant as those of other N. S. Wales schools who have their songs. Surely our past is as worthy as theirs; and surely, amongst her sons, past or present, can be found one willing and able to give us a song—one that shall go down to future generations of school-fellows, preserving the spirit of the past, the spirit which will make for a worthier emulation of that past, a stronger present, and a greater, grander future.

S. E.

## Adaptations from Nature

The Senior Literary and Debating Society, on the 8th of May, were favored by a lecture from Dr. Morris, on the subject, "Adaptations from Nature."

In welcoming Dr. Morris, our Headmaster referred to the lectures which he had previously delivered, and expressed the hope that on some future occasion he would again address us. There was little need to speak of the interesting manner in which the lectures had been given, for those who who had previously listened to him showed their appreciation by their presence.

In his opening remarks, the lecturer stated that he did not propose to reveal new facts, but to demonstrate the significance of many already known. He would refer to many interesting adjustments in Chemistry, Physics and Mechanics, and treat his subject in such a way as to allow us to "get home in time for bed."

He very briefly but aptly dealt with the relationship of air to life, showing the various uses of the windpipe, bronchial tubes and lungs. He also considered the construction of the nostrils, and the assistance rendered by them to the human body. The relationship of air to hearing and the speech, and the construction of the larynx and resonant chamber, were fully explained. The chemical constituents of air and of the various foods were then dealt with, whilst the disintegration of the various constituents of the foods proved an interesting topic. Dr. Morris then proceeded to describe the mechanical contrivances situated in the body, which combined to assist in its actions. The action of the biceps with regard to the elbow and wrist showed that it was arranged in the best possible way for rapidity, but not

for power. The other parts of the body received individual attention, but owing to the shortness of the time at his disposal, Dr. Morris was compelled to touch rather briefly upon the functions of the various organs of the animals. His lecture was, however, rendered in such a way as to prove most helpful and instructive to all present. A vote of thanks to Dr. Morris was moved by Mr. J. Woodhouse, and carried by acclamation. The meeting then adjourned.

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## Hope

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There are depths in the heart of a rose,  
Which the mind may not sound.  
There are sighs on the wind as it blows,  
Breathing sorrow profound.

There's a glory in yonder bright star,  
After which the heart yearns;  
There's a voice in the sky-deeps afar,  
Unto which the soul turns.

List! A cry, welling up, sad and shrill,  
Wrung from hearts in despair:  
Will it reach, in its flight, God's high hill?  
Will He hear it?—and care?

Mystic rose, glorious star, heaven's calm.  
Could men's souls only read  
In your God-given secret—a balm  
For the spirit's deep need.

All the mystery of life's tangled skein  
Would at once be made clear;  
God's one purpose in life be made plain;  
Man to Him be brought near.

A.L.

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## Shakespeare Day

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On 23rd April of this year general celebrations were held throughout the Commonwealth, and, indeed, throughout the entire world, commemorating the birthday of that world-genius, William Shakespeare. Among the most notable ceremonies were those held at the great educational centres of the State. The High School had hoped on that day to hear a lecture from Professor MacCallum, who is considered by many the greatest living critic of Shakespeare, but, unfortunately, the learned Professor was unable to be with us, owing to very pressing engagements. However, the Professor stated his willingness to deliver an address on the 12th May, and on that date the school assembled in the Turner Hall of the Technical College, which Mr. Williams had kindly placed at our disposal. Mr. Waterhouse, in a few brief remarks, introduced Professor MacCallum, to whom he expressed the gratitude of the teachers and the pupils for his kindness in



coming to speak, and stated that the subject of the speech would be, "The Study of Literature." The boys welcomed the Professor with a hearty outburst of applause.

"I am a busy man, and having had little time to prepare specially for the honour of addressing you to-day, I have decided to speak to you on a subject about which I have already, and for many years, thought a good deal, which I have greatly at heart, and which the boys of the High School have at heart, too, if I may judge from the performance of many who come up to the University. That subject is, 'The Study of Literature,' which, of course, must always for us issue in the study of Shakespeare, our great and unparalleled literary man.

"Now, why are you asked to study literature and poetry? It is not a practical study, it does not lead to any practical career, it does not 'pay' in any direct or obvious respect. Is it then as a recreation, because it gives pleasure? Well, I sincerely hope it will give you pleasure in the long run, and that you will be glad of it by and by; but I can imagine that at present the pleasure is sometimes not very conspicuous, e.g., when you are preparing for an examination. Or is it because it is morally educative? Again, I hope that it will be with you, as it often is, the source of much noble impulse, but this need not be so; the people who appreciate poetry most keenly are not always the best citizens or the best men. I venture to say that the great object of poetry and the study of it, is truth—which may seem to you a strange paradox, for we all know that in Shakespeare's own phrase—

"The truest poetry is the most feigning."

"But there are different kinds of truth. When you say that the sun rises or sets at a particular time, you are stating a truth, but it is not a scientific truth, for the scientist will explain that the sun neither rises nor sets. It is a practical, not an absolute truth. We can have truths of common-sense, of the understanding, of the reason, which are each valid in its own sphere, but not in any of the others. In the same way we can have truths of the imagination and feeling, and these are the truths that poetry looks for and gives.

"But, further, the truth of the imagination is of so peculiar a kind that it does not prove itself to the heart unless it is expressed in the most perfect possible way. It is sometimes discussed whether the excellence of poetry lies in the form or in the matter. The answer is, 'In neither and in both.' If it pays heed only to the form, it becomes a lifeless thing, as was so much of the literature of the 18th century. If it relies only on the matter, it will have as little merit as much of our religious verse, which is rendered impressive only by the music with which it is associated. You may as well say that a wall has an outside but no inside, or an inside but no outside, as that there can be a poetry of expression apart from the idea, or a poetry of ideas apart from the expression. There is always a relation between the idea and the expres-

sion, and in the best poetry this relation is so close that they are merely different aspects of the same thing. You can verify this for yourselves. Think of some favorite verse of poetry, and consider how the slightest change would spoil it for you. This perfection is the note of good poetry in its humblest and loftiest examples. You can have it in an ordinary ballad. Take, for instance, the ejaculation of the transgressor on the way to execution:—

“‘O, little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in  
Or the death I was to dee.’

This is as good as could be. It brings home to us the chances and changes of life, the pathos of a mother’s love who knows not at all what the fate of her infants will be; the pathos, too, of the offender’s wistful memory of the bygone days of innocence.

“Or, again, in a higher style, take the weighty moral maxim of Milton:—

“‘Nor love thy life nor hate,  
But what thou liv’st, live well: how long or short  
Permit to Heaven.’

At first sight it might seem hardly poetry at all. There is not an image, not a figure in it; we might think it differed from prose only in the rhythm. But we presently become aware that it has the note of perfection, so that we could not change the order of the words or even an apparently unimportant syllable without injury. Thus, in the opening clause, you could, without violating the scansion, say, ‘Nor love nor hate thy life’; but it would not be the same, for ‘love’ and ‘hate’ are the emphatic words, so Milton gives them the emphatic positions at the beginning and the end. Again, in the last line, the word ‘permit’ is hardly what we should have expected: ordinary people would have preferred ‘remit,’ or some equivalent, but a little reflection shows that it is absolutely and finally right. Milton, the Latin scholar, remembered that ‘*permittere*’ implies more complete surrender than ‘*remittere*’; and Milton, the English artist, remembered that his countrymen used ‘permit’ in the sense of ‘allow’; and he wants to convey both associations. Of course, we puny mortals can’t allow Providence to do this or that—we have to resign ourselves. But the sense of the passage, which could not be put so concisely in any other way, is: ‘Resign yourself as unreservedly as if you were free to give or withhold your sanction.’

“Or take another instance of an even loftier kind. I often think that the profoundest single saying that even Shakespeare ever penned, is Helen’s wonderful reflection in ‘All’s Well’:—

“‘The fated sky gives us free scope.’

Note the contrast between the ‘fated sky’ and our ‘free scope.’ On the one hand we have the universe with its stars



and planets and systems, obeying a mechanical law, with which we have nothing to do; and we, as parts and products of the universe, have to obey likewise, and seem to lose our rank as responsible agents. And on the other hand, there is nothing of which we are more surely conscious than that, nevertheless, we have liberty of choice and liberty of will. We all have the feeling of this contradiction. Shakespeare has it, too, but he gets beyond it. To him the very order of the physical world is guarantee that reason like our own is at work in it, and that in very truth it leads and ministers to our moral independence. 'The fated sky gives us free scope.' What a wealth of philosophy is summed up in that one short sentence, and how the music and the lilt fix it in our minds! Could it be better put?

"Such illustrations may serve to show how in poetry the thought and its expression are really the same, and, just in virtue of their being the same, appeal to our imaginations and emotions. But hitherto we have been considering separate thoughts. The same principle holds good when we proceed to view the way in which one thought is connected with another, and in which the whole series is presented as one complete whole.

"In regard to the first of these points you can see what I mean, if you compare the account that one boy gives of something that has occurred to him with that given by a companion. The individual phrases of both may be equally vivid, but the one will be rambling, confused, disjointed, the other gives you an orderly, coherent narrative. The latter is the better story-teller, because he can better express or set forth the progress of the incident he is relating. But this is true not only of stories, but of any succession of ideas, from a demonstration in Euclid to Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality.'

"Even this, however, is not enough. You may advance quite relevantly from point to point, but there may be no proper beginning and middle and ending. In that case the statement, as a whole, whether it be poem or novel, or treatise or drama, will be fragmentary. It will make no one impression because it lacks unity, because it does not give the full entire meaning or truth of the subject taken up. I can illustrate those three points by a reference to architecture. In a really admirable building the separate rooms must answer their purpose, and be satisfactory in their lighting, decoration, shape and the like: this corresponds to the expression of the individual thoughts. Then there must be suitable provision of doors, passages, staircases; this corresponds to the connections between the several ideas. But we get the crowning excellence only if these various factors are so disposed that the building, as a whole, makes an imposing or stately or beautiful impression—if it is one harmonious edifice. And that is the most difficult and the most important thing.

"There is an admirable book which I hope you will all take occasion to read, if you have not already done so, viz., Lamb's 'Specimens from the Dramatic Poets.' The perusal must often rouse our enthusiasm; we seem to be in the presence of men of Shakespearian genius. But Lamb, with that wonderful tact and insight of his, has often picked out the one beauty in a whole play; the specimens are in many cases mere 'purple patches,' and the plays, if you go to them yourselves, are apt to leave you disappointed. And the reason is that all but a few of the Elizabethan dramas, though most of them are great in single scenes, fail in connection, and all but a very few out of Shakespeare fail to bring out the effect, the meaning, the beauty as a whole.

"You must then have the individual passage right, the connection right; and, above all, the one underlying idea of the entire subject fully realised and fitly set forth. Whenever you have these three conditions fulfilled, you have first-rate poetry, whatever its theme may be.

"That might seem to result in putting all poetry on the same level, and making no distinction between higher and lower varieties; but that is not my view. Excellence in some kinds is far more difficult and far more precious than in others. The mere length makes a difference. It is easier to attain and maintain perfection in a short poem than in a long one. It is easier in the short 'swallow-flight' of a lyric than in an idyll; it is easier in an idyll, a little picture, than in a drama or an epic. Then the subject-matter may also demand more ordinary or more extraordinary powers. The poem may be merely a drinking song, and as such be quite excellent; but that excellence is much more common-place than is required for the countless concerns of human interest that gradually rise to the portrayal of human character, or even of men's relations with the Divine. In English literature we have a wealth of masterpieces, from the lowest to all but the highest. More especially we have in Shakespeare the supreme revelation of the human spirit in almost all its aspects, in its essential nature, its growth, its modification by circumstances or by the influence of other men. Beyond Shakespeare in our own literature we cannot go. Milton, indeed, attempted something higher, but wonderful though Milton is, his own opinions and the circumstances of his time, prevented his full success; and in this domain we have still to look for the grand achievement to the Italian Dante. However, we need not repine. English literature teems with riches that a life-time cannot master or even explore. That is why the study cannot begin too soon, and why you have to get into the way of it at School. Its very excellence stands in its way and makes the approach difficult. It is much easier to feel at home with the second or third or tenth rate. An ephemeral novel, for instance, makes no great demands on you. You read it to pass away an odd hour or two, or to beguile the tedium of a railway journey. But to under-



stand and appreciate and love really good literature, you must exert yourselves, and that means careful study. It has been said, hardly with exaggeration, that what is worth reading only once is not worth reading at all.

“There is something else to be noted. It so happens that a great number of our poetic masterpieces belong to a bygone age; and, therefore, besides the inherent difficulties that must be faced if we would understand any work of high art, there are at the outset certain accidental difficulties in the way of our enjoyment of them. Language is always changing; it changes its grammar, its vocabulary, its pronunciation; and if you forget this you will not do justice to many passages in writers of a few generations back. Shakespeare’s grammar was in some respects quite different from ours; he placed his accents differently—many of his words had another shade of meaning; and unless we learn his usage we shall be apt to miss the rightness or music or aptness of his lines. Thus, if you are to come to close quarters with a writer of former days, a certain amount of language study is quite indispensable.

“Similarly, it may be necessary to know something of the circumstances of the time. A notable example of this may be furnished by the play of ‘*Coriolanus*,’ which some of you are working at just now. It must have occurred to any of you who went back to the story in Livy or Plutarch, that Shakespeare does not picture the Roman plebs in so favorable a light as they did. According to them the plebs was a law-abiding body that already showed the instincts and abilities of statesmen. Shakespeare alters all this. He certainly represents his plebeians with wrongs to redress and with abundant cause of grievance against the arrogance of *Coriolanus*; but all the same they are not the plebians of the old historians—they are quite destitute of self-control in conduct or of insight in politics. The reason is that in his day there was no instance in latter-day Europe of the common people showing such qualities. He could not anticipate the great rebellion that broke out a quarter of a century after his death; he only knew of such outbursts as the *Jacquerie* in France, or the *Peasants’ War* in Germany, or *Wat Tyler’s* rising in his own country. And a man can only reproduce what he knows; so Shakespeare, though not unjust or untrue to human nature generally, is here untrue to the picture he got from his authorities. He has been blamed for this, but you see how, if we take into account the circumstances of his time, the blame is undeserved.

“In some cases, again, to enter into a man’s poetry we must have some acquaintance with his career and character. Lord Byron is an instance of this. Nowadays, we cannot at first understand the estimation in which he was held throughout all Europe at the beginning of the 19th century; and are astonished that he was preferred to men like Words-

worth or Coleridge. But if we study Byron's life, and get to see what an irregular, uncontrollable temperament was his; how he threw himself on the gratification of his private desires without being able to satisfy them; how he rebelled against restrictions, yet found no joy in his rebellion; how he was tossed about in his unrest till he realised a nobler liberty as the goal to aim at, we see that he was the exponent of some of the deepest tendencies of his generation. For that generation, too, was bred on the lawlessness of the Revolution, which had not fulfilled its promises, and was languishing under a period of reaction against which it blindly strove, hopelessly and joylessly; and yet all the time it was working forward to a knowledge of the true way. Byron showed his contemporaries their very hearts, and, therefore, commanded their homage. When we perceive this he commands our homage, too.

"Well, these examples illustrate how, to get from our literary heritage all that it can yield, we may need to study the language of the age, the circumstances of the age, and the personality of the writer. Such study from the literary point of view must, of course, be the means, not the end; we must use it so that we may read the poetry aright, and not read the poetry for the sake of grammar or history or biography. They are ladders and helps that more often than not we cannot do without, but for the literary student they are only of value, as bringing him close to his great object; and that is to grasp, feel and realise the art of the poet—the art which consists in the perfect utterance of the ideas and sentiments he is interpreting to the world.

"So I return to my earlier question and ask, 'What is the good of our study of literature?' I answer, 'In the first place occupation with that "imaginative" truth which is embodied in good literature tends necessarily to enlarge our own imaginations. It encourages us to note, and helps us to find other examples of itself in our ordinary experience, they would never disclose themselves to the callous and unawakened. Secondly, with the enlargement of the imagination comes an increase of sympathy. Our thoughts are turned aside from the narrow path of our own concerns; our minds are broadened, alien things are brought home to us and shown to be akin to ourselves. And thirdly, this increase of sympathy brings with it a new sense of the meaning of life in its beauty, its pathos, its terror, its humor. We realise the manifold meaning of life more through the study of Literature and Poetry than in any other way.'"



## To a Star

---

O faithful watcher thro' the longest night,  
When the fair moon lends not her silver light  
To help thee lead the wand'rer to his home,  
Thy shining beam greets me where'er I roam;  
When the tired sun has sunken to his rest,  
And his last ray has left the mountain's crest.

Art thou the dwelling of an angel bright  
Who watches o'er some soul throughout the night,  
And calms its fears with Nature's restful sleep,  
And soothes its slumbers; till at dawn's first peep,  
Its vigil ended, thy light fades away,  
Yielding reluctantly to cheerful day?

Art thou a warning beacon set on high,  
Lightening the darkness of the sky,  
To guide the sailor o'er the tossing wave:  
The hunter, lost in pathless wilds, to save,  
And bring him safely to his home at last,  
Where loneliness, and all his fears are past?

O bright celestial emblem! whose clear ray,  
O'ershadowed by the risen King of Day,  
Grows pale, and vanishes from mortal sight;  
I long to see again thy twinkling light  
Shine forth with cheerful brightness from within,  
Like a pure soul amidst a world of sin.

Haply some dark cloud obscures thy light,  
As evil slander veils the pure and bright,  
In this short life of mortals here below;  
But when the wind of truth revealed doth blow  
It scatters far this cloud of strife and doubt;—  
And then how bright and clear thy beams shine out!

O mystery profound! O changeless star!  
Set deep in Heaven's vault, afar  
From this our world; serenely calm,  
Thy gentle radiance falls as soothing balm,  
To pierce the darkness thick, and bring to me  
This simple message: Thus to write of thee.

R.K.

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## A Bush Battle

Yes, there he was! A big yellow mouthed scaly iguana; a nasty looking customer, yet not a customer for he did not pay, in hard cash for the eggs he poached from farmyards; in fact, he was a mere thief. From the tip of his turned up wrinkled snout, to the end of his tail, he measured some three feet, whilst a hand's length could scarcely have covered his greatest width. Two dirty green stripes, the dirty green of the moss one sees on old post-and-rail fences, ran down his broad back on a background of black and yellow spots. From his hind legs to the end of his tail ran perpendicular bars of the same colour. The tail itself tapered to a long ridged weapon of defence. His narrow, slot-like eyes, blinked wickedly in the bright sunlight as he lay at the foot of an old gum.

It was unfortunate for him that a very pertinacious black and tan terrier happened to be passing during this period of semi-laziness. The dog saw him, sniffed the air, as dogs will, and stalked slowly and deliberately to within striking distance. Then a quick leap, a shake of the dog's stubborn little head, and Mr. Iguana found himself taking an aerial trip, very much against his will. Six feet in the air he went, then came down with a thud to Mother Earth, to the realities of this word and a very eager black and tan terrier. As soon as he touched the ground, the iguana darted towards the friendly gum. Once let him reach that tree and he could defy all the dogs in Australia.

But his enemy seemed to have the genius of an area officer for carrying out manoeuvres. Another leap and the iguana was thrown eight feet away. He had played one of his cards and had lost, he must try another one. Cunningly he lay where he had fallen, and, opening his big cavern-like mouth spat venomously at the dog. But the dog was inspired by the lust of battle. Despite the iguana's quick turns, he was thrown a dozen times in the air, to fall as many sickening thuds to the ground. He had lost his second card!

Mr. Dog now became too venturesome. Hitherto he had attacked from the rear; but with an eager little bark he made a quick snap at the "egg marauder's" head. Ah! he was too venturesome this time. He found to his cost that the iguana's teeth were sharp, and his jaws strong, and with a painful yap he let the iguana fall, nor did he forget in a hurry the sharp rap of a bony tail which followed up the steely snap of the sharp teeth. His ardour somewhat cooled, he rap of the sharp teeth. His ardour somewhat cooled, he stood barking for some three minutes, his moist snout within an inch of his foe's head. Mr. Iguana bided his time, his narrow eyes, more narrow if possible, for, had he not played another card, and won!

Won, hardly so. The dog, tiring of this patience, trying game, fainted, and the iguana was "drawn." He turned and scuttled across the thick carpet of dead leaves with a rustle like that of a lady's silk dress. The dog's chance, nor was he slow to profit by it. The lizard felt the sharp teeth at the back of his neck; a winning grip for the dog. The old rascal was shaken like a rat, and then tossed into the air. With a hollow thud, he hit the ground, and lay still. His back was broken.

He could not turn now. Still he could snap his teeth viciously, and the dog held off. For an instant the suffering iguana closed his eyes in pain. It was all over, thrown, dragged, thumped, battered, his spirit had fled.

Licking his few wounds, the dog trotted off down the track, leaving the body of the dead iguana lying in the glaring heat of a summer's sun. Some passers-by picked him up gingerly. That evening as the sun sank below the distant mountains, its last beams lit up an ancient ant hill, the last resting place of the old iguana.

A.W.V.K.



## Form Notes.

IV.B.—Our Form still survives as the senior form of the school, and though we look joyous and hearty, as some have said, our life is not one live-long laughter. Our room, without doubt, is dark and dreary, and yet, there we sit, day by day, in that dreary room by a dreary fire, writing doggedly on dented desks, dazzled by those dim-distant, death-dealing gas brackets. And if at times we do look dreary; if even the ennobling influence of Jovial Bacon does not inspire genius to work and to condense; if one groans under the burden of Livy or Horace, can anyone wonder and exclaim—

“This fellow loves to make parade of pain.”

Our members are not drones as far as School activities are concerned, almost everyone holding responsible positions.

The cry of the Sixth Forms of the past has been: “Oh! but we have too much work to do!” But what of us? Surely some suffering student will stretch out a sympathetic hand. We scorn to dally with ten subjects and a minimum of seven. To sit for such an examination would be beneath our dignity! When it is stated that to obtain an exhibition we must pass in a minimum of 11 subjects (not to mention general papers in English and Geography), then let our predecessors rejoice. They were allowed 18 months to 2½ years to prepare for their examination, whereas we know very little yet—and within five months of the exam. We do our work as well, the seen and the unseen—all is gloriously glossed over, to be referred to some time in the dim distant future. We have been denounced on several occasions as suffering from swelled head, but who need wonder why? Nevertheless, in our moments of deepest despair we are encouraged by Tennyson’s immortal lines:—

“Forward the Light Brigade.”

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldier knew

Someone had blundered.

There’s not to make reply,

There’s not to reason why,

There’s but to do or die;

Into the Valley of Death

Rode the Six Hundred.

One trifling circumstance has been omitted; but it is, indeed, so trifling that it hardly merits consideration. (Why dwell on it?—Ed.) At the half-yearly exams. we passed through 16 spasms. These have become so much part of our very being that the fact was almost overlooked. However, though we have not reached maturity in experience and knowledge, we strive to remember the position the School has occupied, and are doing our best to maintain it. (N.B.—On reading this, we felt our “spirit beat her mortal bars,” to quote Tennyson’s equally immortal lines.)

IV.A.—Recently we were treated to the unusual sight of a youth taking the teacher's place in front of the class. The said youth was Waddell, alias Percy (but 'don't tell him—he may object). After a brief discussion on previous notes he endeavored to find the Confederation of the Rhine in the index, but failed signally. Finding teaching a thankless task he gave over the position to its rightful owner.

There has been much discussion among the football enthusiasts of the School concerning our two "three-quarters," Cookson and Geoffroy. Another much-criticised (adversely, of course) man is Goodwin, whose one try of the season against the Tech. almost paralysed the football world, not to mention himself. However, he is recovering, and so are we. In Dent we have an enthusiastic baseballer, and although he never plays, this is most probably the fault of the selectors.

There is a rumor abroad that in Small and R. C. Henry we have two budding photographers. Anyhow, they spend a great deal of their time studying pictures (living) at the Station Gallery. Just a few words to show how we appreciate the figures which are expounded to us during the English lessons. The Small Woodhouse having a Dent in it, the Willan one quickly Waddell-ed out, whilst at the same time the Trotter had a Goodwin, whilst Thomas Hughes Wood in the Parr-k. (In sooth, a Hughes joke, but, like you(s) we're not Hughes to it.—Ed.)

III.B.—Examinations are over! Thank your lucky stars! Such are the exclamations that issue incessantly from our room. Our only remaining anxiety is whether our fair reputation, both as regards academic attainments and conduct, will remain untarnished.

We have experienced the sad (?) loss, or more correctly, gain of one of our members, H. R. Alder, who has now entered.

" . . . . the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life (to wit, a chemist's shop),  
(To) . . . . be a hero in the strife."

And thus, by the desertion of Mr. Alder and H. Martin (noticed in our previous issue), the illustrious secret society of S.A.M. is dissolved.

It is rumored that Harvey Porter, with his nose buried in various improving books, no Moore will need to wander along dusty Rhoades in the early Gray morning.

A snowy-haired young rascal, notable for his many atrocious acts, and who sits in the front seat, has been the victim of a daring robbery in broad daylight. Later, a penknife was advertised for auction sale, the proceeds to be given to the "School Union." We have several clever artists amongst us. Hence the rapid disappearance of chalk. The Art Gallery will be open from 12.45 to 1.10, with an eye on the door and t'other on the duster. (N.B.—Prefects are not admitted.)



III.A.—At last, after struggling for over a week in the throes of half-yearly examinations, we have emerged triumphant or otherwise. It is not safe to speak of Algebra in No. 4 now; all mention of that subject must be deferred until that awful day arrives on which the papers are to be returned. The results are returning with dreadful promptitude in some cases. It is almost pathetic at times to hear our brightest hopes shattered with a matter-of-fact 36 per cent.

We have now relapsed into a pleasant state of reflective indolence, but it seems too good to be true that we shall be allowed to remain in this blissful condition.

In this class a distinct "Tennis Revival" has taken place. No less than six of our members patronise this club, and among these, Frazer, McLaughlin and Webster, are recognised as being excellent players. Football occupies the attention of another section, and such players as Braithwaite, Foley, Robertson, Rayner, Ashworth and Cunningham, will do much to uphold the reputation of the class. We must not forget the noble Lacrossites, including Burrell and Dupen; and last, but not least, our patrons of the Rifle Club, in which list must be placed Caldwell, Middleton, Jones, and even our friend Pike. It should be here mentioned that our genial friend Pike is still at large.

2B. COMMERCIAL.—Scene I.: Enter 2B.C. "Now, that seems familiar, doesn't it?" Oh, well, it's the same old class, still residing at the same number, although our numbers have been augmented by a few "Nouveaux." (That is a novel joke (?)).

All exam. diseases can be cured by that infallible and safe (?) remedy, "Fag," if taken by the hour by all the Cousens of that Brand in our class.—Adv.

We will now give a sound (you seem to be strongly developed as regards sound.—Ed.) piece of advice and warning—Beware of the Jokes (???). No compensation allowed after publication.

In view of the fact (and our room commands an extensive view) that we have had plenty of private study recently, one can but rightly surmise that fierce battles (not to say teachers) have been raging. Hence, the decided military bent of our class. The humidity of No. 7 is exceedingly high when we are subjected to incessant downpours of H<sub>2</sub>O and dewpoint (d'you know) is often reached.

Scene II. Enter Sport.

Although the hibernating season is now on, we still manifest a keen interest in the various branches of sport. Football again claims its adherents, baseball and tennis their victims. All our noted fast fishes have been hooked by Geometrical Anglers, but it is really due to the intense heat. (Oh,

sorry, I meant cold.) Patterson, the full back of the B Lacrosse Team, is famous for his good length "long hops."

### Scene III. Everywhere and Everyone.

Detention has now passed the climax and is on the wane. We have become acquainted with some of the results of our recent exam. papers, but they provided a great surprise for some of us; also, we hear daily great and awe-inspiring lectures upon the coming Intermediate, but we feel confident that our class will manfully uphold its high traditions, and come through with flying colors. That, however, remains TO BE SEE(N).

2A. GENERAL.—The recent series of cricket matches, which have afforded us excellent training for the 22 yards championship, prove once again our superiority over the other second year classes. After having presented 2B.G. with a defeat of 80 runs, six of our men gave 2A.C. a "leather hunt," and won, in the end, the premiership of second year.

The football season opens to us, in all its glory, and brings to us great expectations of repeating our successes in the football field, and, indeed, we are well represented in this branch of sport, having MacKellar, McCulloch and Whiting in the "First Fifteen."

The examinations proved so easy, that many of our Form thought it beneath their dignity to attempt them at all.

We must give our hearty thanks to the rain for continuing so long, for it gives us the right to inhabit No. 6 without the unpleasant sound of a prefect's voice crying, "Begone!" or "— take an hour!"

1C. GENERAL.—None of us in any way regret the fact that the examinations, with their gruelling tests, more especially in the first Latin paper, are over. Not that our class is afraid of them, for we have become famous for our good conduct, but our attendance is not what it should be; several of our Form, perhaps through no fault of theirs, have been often absent.

The football team intends (the way to Hell is paved with good intentions.—Ed.) to distinguish itself this season.

The Glee Club would be much benefited were several of our members to join, for they are real "Madam Melbas."

1B. GENERAL.—We have been progressing very favorably under our respected masters, and we are all satisfied with our studious efforts in the recent half-yearly exam. We have tacked our colors to the mast, and intend to uphold them in sport and School work.

Several new boys have been recently enrolled among our ranks, and, as a consequence, are studying hard to catch up with the others.



In Lachmond, Little, Kelly and Jakens we have four sturdy exponents of Rugby football. Of course, we are great enthusiasts in politics, and much discussion has lately been held concerning the elections. We are trying hard to win for ourselves the reputation of being the top first year class in the School. Our class anthem is:—

Our class has made a very fine show,  
Our bonds you cannot sever,  
Masters come and masters go,  
But 1B goes on for ever.

(The above, sung to the tune of "Footprints in the Soup," or "The Chicken's Last Walk to the Woodshed.")

1A. GENERAL.—On Monday morning, in No. 10 Room, assembled a body of wasted skeletons, to undergo the awful rigours of a half-yearly exam. There was evidence of much fear and trembling amongst the "slackers," such as F——r and O——g, but the majority of the class felt fairly confident, until, alas! they received the papers; then many and various were the exclamations of disgust and dismay. The sigh of relief that escaped some of our unfortunates on Friday afternoon blew the papers on to the floor. Then many were the resolutions not to look inside a History book till next term, and great were the expectations of a "glorious loaf" till next exam. should bring them to book.

In football our end is well supported by such small boys as Beaumont and Grey; whilst our class was rendered conspicuous in the "Carnival" by one of our representatives winning the beginner's race.

1A. COMMERCIAL.—In spite of wet weather, 1A. Commercial has lately proved itself the foremost sporting class of the first year. Both at cricket and football have our players distinguished themselves. However, the more studious of our fellows have of late been preparing their "formerly" neglected work of the exam.

Some of our lads were greatly surprised when the teachers asked them to visit the Detention Room for misbehaving themselves after the exams. were over, thinking, erroneously, that now they were to cease work and spend all the next fortnight in recuperating their jaded spirits. However, we look forward to the coming vacation to spend our leisure hours in study (non credo).

One of our masters recently vented his indignation on one of the members of the class, by actually demanding "why he was born," a question which somewhat overtaxed our friend's brains (or rather lack of them).

The whole class desires to thank Mr. Mussman for his kindness in taking them over the German gun-boat, "Cormorant."

## Literary and Debating Society.

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Increased interest is being taken in this branch of School activities. During the quarter which has just passed nine meetings have been held, and the attendance has been constantly increasing. The committee are to be congratulated on the lack of "Impromptu Speeches," which have previously occupied so conspicuous a part on the unofficial programme.

The two Ministerial debates have both been decided in favor of the Premier, Mr. F. Sheed.

The reading of the "Manuscript Journal" caused much amusement both to masters and boys. The contributions were mostly humorous, but, nevertheless, were not lacking in that particular which rendered them distinctly "literary."

On the 8th ult. we were favored by a lecture from Dr. Morris, on the subject, "Adaptations from Nature."

The item of the quarter which seemed to attract most attention was the challenge debate with the Old Boys of the School on the subject, "Strikes are not justifiable as a means of settling industrial disputes." The speakers for the Old Boys were Messrs. L. V. Hall, A. L. Buchanan and C. G. McDonald, and for the School, Messrs. L. J. Price, W. S. Paterson and H. McLoskey. After a welcome had been extended to the Old Boys by Mr. J. Woodhouse, Mr. Price opened the debate on behalf of the School by dealing with the legal aspect of the strike question. Mr. L. V. Hall spoke in his customary able fashion, and delivered a speech which was greatly appreciated by all. Mr. Paterson continued the attack for the School, and in a short and pithy speech placed before the meeting the effect of strikes upon all concerned. Mr. Buchanan's destructive criticism caused the previous speakers to wonder whether, after all, their arguments had not been given in favor of the other side. His constructive treatment of the subject under discussion gave the supporters of the School plenty of food for thought. Mr. McLoskey gave a very finely-worded speech, abounding in arguments, which Mr. McDonald, who followed, found much difficulty in confuting. The latter almost carried away his hearers by logical rhetoric, and by the eloquence with which he expressed his thoughts. Mr. Sullivan adjudicated, and after a kindly criticism of the various speakers, announced that the School had won the debate by 16 points. Considering the fact that one of the speakers of the Old Boys had come wholly unprepared to speak, their performance was, indeed, a meritorious one.

In conclusion, we should like to thank the members of the School for the increased interest they are taking in the Society.



## To the Moon

Diana, whose gay beams of silvery light  
 Destroy the darkness, shining soft and bright;  
 Who mak'st a shimmering pathway o'er the sea,  
 Which, gaily dancing, seems to beckon me  
 To follow o'er its broad and glittering way,  
 And gain that realm of ever-resting day;  
 By thy soft light the little fairies glide  
 Around their mushroom by the river-side,  
 And 'neath their regal queen's imperial eye,  
 Beguile the night with dance and revel high,  
 While happy mortals love to sit and dream,  
 Or idly linger in thy silvern beam.  
 Thou shin'st upon the forest dark and still,  
 Thou hear'st the sound of every gurgling rill,—  
 The jewelled stars, before thy radiant face,  
 Grow dim, and unto thee resign their place:  
 And so thou reignest, Princess of the Sky,  
 Ruling the night from out thy throne on high.

A.C.C.

## The Swimming Carnival

The annual carnival of the Swimming Club was held at Bondi Baths on Wednesday, the 12th of March. The visitors had been anticipating an interesting and brilliant spectacle; nor were they disappointed. Pleasure was predominant, as, in beautiful autumn weather, the first race began, and the sight of six or seven lithe forms cutting through the water was not only spectacular, but exciting. The event of the afternoon, which was productive of most amusement, was the display of "trick swimming" by J. U. Ransom, Esq., B.A. He looked a veritable porpoise as he slowly emerged from the shining water and sunk again mid loud applause. Our sympathies were aroused as he aptly imitated our friend, the drowned cat; these feelings were subservient to wonder as he demonstrated the art of shadow swimming. These, in turn, changed to laughter as he emulated the dog, and completed his interesting performance by smoking under water, the bubbles rising and bursting on reaching the surface. The Old Boys' Race was one of the fastest, but was not keenly contested. The life-saving display showed Mr. D. J. Sullivan's skill as instructor. The musical life buoys caused much amusement, owing to the futile attempts of several competitors to possess the same life buoy. The following are the results of the races:—

RACE.	FIRST.	SECOND.
Beginners' .....	Redford	McGowan
3rd and 4th year H'cap. ..	Wilson	{ Ridley
		{ Robertson
Junior Cadet .....	Oag	{ Laing
		{ Symes
Long Plunge Comptn. ..	Molineaux	Ridley
2nd year Handicap ....	Sherwood	Muir
Diving Competition ....	Jones	Wells
1st year Handicap ....	Ransom	Flemming
Senior Championship ..	Sherwood	Moore
440 yards Handicap ....	Trotter	Small
Junior Championship ..	Alexander	Benson
Old Boys' Championship	Cotten	Perry
Diving for Plates .....	Howie	Greenlees
Back and Breast Champ.	Willan	Colvin
Musical Lifebuoys ....	Price	Middleton
Relay Race .....	Price, Ridley	Benson, Hay
	Magill, Kelly	Hammond, Clarke

## Cricket.

Although the 1st XI. has not been very successful in the G.P.S. Competition, nevertheless we have no cause to regret our entering a competition in which we met the best sports of Sydney's schools. We must express our appreciation of the treatment which we received at the hands of the various teams we met. Our thanks are due to them for their courtesy in allowing us to play the return matches on their grounds.

A noticeable feature of the games was the general all-round improvement of the players, due to the coaching of Mr. Bannerman and the enthusiasm of Mr. Gallagher. Garner stood out as the best player in every department of the game (except wicket-keeping), and captained the team ably, being especially prominent in our many uphill matches.

We may say that it was not so much lack of ability as lack of experience and bad luck which accounted for many of our defeats, and in future seasons the experience gained should stand to the younger players.

### S.H.S. 1ST XI. v. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE 1ST XI.

Played at Hunter's Hill, 19th March, 1913. St. Joseph's won the toss and elected to bat. Mullarkey contributed a useful 40 towards 142. Garner bowled splendidly, securing 1 for 44, and Mathers and Hooke captured 2 for 36 and 1 for 32 respectively. For the School, Mathers (20), Cook (34), and Magill (19 not out) batted best; but the School total only reached 126, St. Joseph's thus winning by 16 runs on the first innings. Following are the scores:—

S.J.C. 1st Innings.				S.H.S. 1st Innings.			
Ryan, b Hooke	..	..	14	Mathers, c and b Ryan	..	..	20
McDonald, c Mathers, b Garner	..	..	1	Cooney, lbw McDonald	..	..	2
Mullarkey, c Garner, b Mathers	..	..	40	Hooke, b McDonald	..	..	12
Deary, b Mathers	..	..	11	Saxby, b McDonald	..	..	1
Read, c Fraser, b Garner	..	..	11	Garner, b Ryan	..	..	2
Thompson, b Garner	..	..	6	Cook, c and b Ryan	..	..	34
McKillop, c Fraser, b Garner	..	..	0	Crane, c Mullarkey, b McDonald	..	..	9
Gillham, c Byrne, b Garner	..	..	4	Byrne, c and b McDonald	..	..	0
Power, c and b Garner	..	..	21	Preston, b McDonald	..	..	0
McClath, b Garner	..	..	0	Magill, not out	..	..	19
Storman, not out	..	..	19	Frazer, st off Reid	..	..	11
Sundries	..	..	15	Sundries	..	..	16

Total .. .. 142

Total .. .. 126

Bowling for S.H.S.—Hooke, 1 for 22; Garner, 1 for 44; Mathers, 2 for 36; Saxby, 0 for 6; Cooney, 0 for 5.

### S.H.S. 1ST XI. v. S.C.E.G.S.

Played at North Sydney, 8th March. Winning the toss, we elected to bat, and soon by steady play the score mounted, until finally we were dismissed for 213. Garner once again topped the score with a fine 53. Cook, Saxby, Crane and Hooke also batted well. North Shore scored 201 (Baxter 93). Garner completed a fine double by securing 9 wickets for 51. Result was a win for the School by 12 runs.

#### S.C.E.G.S.

T. Thompson, b Crane	..	..	29	Morell, lbw, b Garner	..	..	22
J. Thompson, lbw Garner	..	..	3	T. Hall, not out	..	..	1
Orr, c Crane, b Garner	..	..	11	Ewing, lbw, b Garner	..	..	0
Playfair, b Garner	..	..	1	Suttor, lbw, b Garner	..	..	0
Barton, b Garner	..	..	93	Sundries	..	..	8
V. Hall, c Preston, b Garner	..	..	19				
Seaton, st Magill, b Garner	..	..	14	Total	..	..	201



## S.H.S.

Saxby, b Suttor .. .. .	42	Magill, b Suttor .. .. .	8
Preston, b V. Hall .. .. .	9	Martin, b Playfair .. .. .	3
Hooke, b Suttor .. .. .	30	Claremont, b V. Hall .. .. .	4
Garner, c Barton, b Suttor .. .. .	53	Frazer, not out .. .. .	12
Cook, c Suttor, b Hall .. .. .	44	Sundries .. .. .	32
Byrne, b V. Hall .. .. .	0		
Crane, b V. Hall .. .. .	36	Total .. .. .	213

Bowling for S.H.S.—Hooke, 0 for 39; Garner, 9 for 51; Crane, 1 for 27; Martin, 0 for 25; Saxby, 0 for 22.

## S.H.S. 1ST XI. v. T.K.S. 1ST XI.

Played at Parramatta on 29th March. King's School winning the toss, batted on an excellent wicket and totalled 311, Rock, their star performer, contributing 134. The School started disastrously; but Cook, batting brilliantly, brought our total to 86. His score of 41 included no less than 7 fours. Garner again was our most successful bowler, capturing 3 wickets for 89 runs. T.K.S. thus won by 222 runs. Following are the scores:—

T.K.S.		S.H.S.	
Best, c Garner, b Saxby .. .. .	25	Saxby, b Potts .. .. .	0
Lester, c Cook, b Crane .. .. .	30	Preston, b Best .. .. .	2
Rock, run out .. .. .	134	Hooke, c Riley, b Best .. .. .	10
Graham, b Saxby .. .. .	2	Garner, b Potts .. .. .	9
Riley (i), b Garner .. .. .	9	Cook, c Rock, b Best .. .. .	41
Capel, b Preston .. .. .	42	Magill, c Rock, b Riley .. .. .	7
Laycock, b Garner .. .. .	5	Crank, b Best .. .. .	3
Roberts, c Kenniff, b Garner .. .. .	7	Byrne, lbw, b Roberts .. .. .	1
Vickers, not out .. .. .	12	Frazer, b Roberts .. .. .	0
Riley (ii), c Magill, b Garner .. .. .	11	Claremont, c Riley, b Roberts .. .. .	2
Potts, b Hooke .. .. .	10	Kenniff, not out .. .. .	5
Sundries .. .. .	12	Sundries .. .. .	7
Total .. .. .	311	Total .. .. .	86

Bowling for S.H.S.—Garner, 4 for 89; Hooke, 1 for 51; Saxby, 2 for 64; Crane, 1 for 64; Claremont, 0 for 7; Preston, 1 for 24.

## S.H.S. 1ST XI. v. OLD BOYS.

Played at Sydney Cricket Ground on 25th April. Winning the toss, the Old Boys elected to bat; but with the aid of a sodden wicket the excellent bowling of Hooke and Garner soon dismissed them for 57 (Neild 23). The School responded with 8 for 115. Hooke, Magill and Byrne shared the batting honours with 24, 26 and 26 not out respectively. The result was a win for present boys by 2 wickets and 58 runs.

S.H.S.		Old Boys.	
Preston, c Kidston, b Moyes .. .. .	1	Southee, lbw Hooke .. .. .	4
Hooke, c and b Todd .. .. .	24	Saxby, c and b Hooke .. .. .	0
Garner, c Southee, b Moyes .. .. .	2	Fairland, b Garner .. .. .	3
Cook, c McCredie, b Craig .. .. .	7	Craig, b Hooke .. .. .	3
Mr. Gallagher, c Saxby, b Craig .. .. .	1	Neild, b Hooke .. .. .	23
Magill, c Fairland, b Saxby .. .. .	26	McCredie, c Mr. Gallagher, b Hooke .. .. .	3
Crane, c Southee, b Todd .. .. .	5	Back, b Garner .. .. .	1
Byrne, not out .. .. .	26	True, b Hooke .. .. .	3
Claremont, not out .. .. .	13	Kidston, not out .. .. .	0
		Moyes, c and b Hooke .. .. .	7
		Todd, b Garner .. .. .	7
		Sundries .. .. .	3
Total (for 8 wickets) .. .. .	115	Total .. .. .	57

Bowling for S.H.S.—Hooke, 7 for 18; Garner, 3 for 22; Mr. Gallagher, 0 for 14.

## LEADING AVERAGES.

BATTING.					
	No. of Innings.	Not Out.	Highest Score.	Total.	Average.
Cook ..	16	0	67	390	24.37
Saxby ..	16	0	53	385	25.06
Garner ..	19	1	53	418	23.22
Magill..	12	2	27	159	15.9
Hooke ..	14	1	30	189	15.3
Preston ..	15	0	42	187	12.46
Crane ..	19	1	36	218	12.11

BOWLING.			
	No. of Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Garner	78	983	12.6
Crane	12	161	13.41
Saxby	17	343	20.17
Hooke	14	350	25

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## Baseball Club.

This season the Baseball Club has had an influx of new players; our success last year, no doubt, encouraging many new boys to take up this branch of sport. Although we had sufficient players to form three teams, we were only allowed to enter two in the High Schools' Competitions—one in each grade. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a convenient ground for practice, and without practice we cannot hope to achieve good results. Our thanks are due to the School Union, which has placed the Club on a firm footing. It now stands in a better position (financially) than at any other time in its existence.

Results:—

1st IX.

30/4/13 v. Cleveland Street, at Imperial Oval (practice match). Won by S.H.S., 8-7.

21/5/13 v. Cleveland Street (first Comp. match). Lost. This match was played at Erskineville, an indifferent ground. Owing to the wet weather, little practice had been held, and consequently combination was lacking.

28/5/13 v. Fort Street, at Sydney Cricket Ground. Won by S.H.S., 13-9. Fort Street had previously beaten Petersham, the form champion team. This match was played in the wet, and the win must go to the credit of Hooke, who pitched splendidly. Barr (1st base) was also conspicuous.

4/6/13 v. Petersham. Won by S.H.S., 7-6. After struggling for four years, S.H.S. at last succeeded in defeating Petersham after an exciting contest. At the end of the 6th innings Petersham led by 4-3, but in the 7th S.H.S. tallied 4, to which Peto could only reply with 1 in the 8th, and 1 in the 9th. Special mention must be made of Barr's excellent performance at 1st base. Hooke's pitching was again good, and Hain at 2nd base brought off an excellent double play. Back, a recruit from the 2nd IX., showed promise.



### 2nd IX.

- 30/4/13 v. Cleveland Street, at Imperial Oval (practice match). Won, 26-6.
- 21/5/13 v. Technical High School, at Leichhardt—outclassed by a heavier team. Sharp played the position of catcher well.
- 28/5/13 v. Hurlstone, at S.C.G.—again beaten by a much heavier team. Garner mounted the slab in the last two innings, and showed rare control over a greasy ball.
- 4/6/13 v. Cleveland Street. Won by S.H.S., 16-7. Henry at 3rd base was prominent. Jaede was the best performer in the out-field, bringing off a sensational catch at centre field. He was also responsible for 4 runs (including a 3 bagger).

## Tennis Club.

The Cricket season is over, and hence our best players have returned to our Club. Our membership has reached fifty, and we are face to face with the problem of finding accommodation. Two courts at Haberfield, and one at School, are proving totally inadequate for such a number. However, all seem determined to make the best of these unfortunate circumstances, and every Wednesday afternoon is marked by a healthy rivalry amongst the members as to the number of sets they shall be able to play. During this term a court has been marked out in the playground. On Wednesdays it is reserved for beginners, whilst other afternoons it is enjoyed by both masters and boys.

Early in the term, four of our boys met on their own courts, Iona Tennis Club, Ashfield, and succeeded in defeating them. Later the same team gained a decisive victory over the Technical High School at Drummoyne.

In May we entered two teams, A and B grade, in the High Schools' Competitions, but three wet Wednesdays having prevented play, there have only been two matches. The following are the results of the Competition matches:—

A Grade. May 21st.—S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street—

S.H.S., 8 sets 48 games; Cleveland St.,  
0 sets 16 games.

June 4th.—S.H.S. v. North Sydney Intermediate High School—

S.H.S., 8 sets 48 games, N. Sydney, 0  
sets 2 games.

B Grade. May 21st.—S.H.S. v. Cleveland Street—

S.H.S., 8 sets 48 games, Cleveland St.,  
0 sets 17 games.

June 4th.—A bye.

We have still to meet several schools, but are very hopeful of worthily acquitting ourselves in both competitions.

## The Camera Club.

The special work for the half-year began March 17th, and since that date lectures and demonstrations have been held fortnightly, in accordance with the programme drawn up in connection with competition work.

These have been well attended on the whole, and it is pleasing to notice the increased interest displayed by members. In this half-year's work the Club has endeavoured, by gradual instruction, to lessen the endless waste of the beginner, and enable him to produce work with a minimum of failure.

This term we received our enlarger, with which many of the members have made excellent 1-plate prints from  $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate negatives. It might here be mentioned that the enlarger is equally suited to reduction to  $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate-sized negatives with little trouble.

Members are again reminded that the annual competition will take place about the end of August, and we fully expect that everyone interested will exhibit specimens of his work. It is expected that the competition this year will be greatly altered from those of previous years, and we hope that it will impart an extra stimulus to those new members who have not competed before. Unfortunately entrance fees still have to be charged, but this need not influence in any way the entries of enthusiasts.

We all owe our sincere thanks to Mr. Schleicher, who has so willingly devoted much of his time for our instruction.

## Military Notes

At last the Non-Coms.' Exam. is being held; perhaps the chief feature is the keen competition for the positions of 2nd Lieutenant and Corporal. The names of the successful candidates are not yet known, but we hope to be able to publish them next issue.

The present strength of our Companies is 247, to which J Company contributes 114 men and 1 officer; K Company 130 men and 2 officers.

On May 3rd the High School Companies took part in the great march through the streets of Sydney, but unfortunately our brigade was the last to move off, and the Governor-General had left before we passed the Town Hall. However, our steady marching and well-kept lines evoked applause from the spectators lining the route.

Owing to the fact that the musketry course has not yet been completed, we are unable to print the scores.

## Lacrosse Club.

The above Club has so far been very successful, and many of the players have shown fine form. Two teams have been placed in the field, the 1st XII. in particular covering itself with glory (?). V. Paterson in the attack is a star performer, while Porter at point has ably supported the goalkeeper. We hope that the team will soon be able to combine better than they have done.



The 2nd XII. has not been quite so successful, but Thomson at cover-point has defended ably.

Mr. Childs, an old senior grade player, has kindly offered to coach the team, but no convenient ground has been available for practice, consequently he has not been able to accomplish all he would like.

On Wednesday, 4th June, S.H.S. defeated Fort Street by 7 goals to 6. The game was of an even nature, and very fast. Fuller, defence, and Paterson, attack, supported by Jones at centre, played well for the School. As a result of this victory the High School is now leading in the Competition.

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## Football

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This year we have again entered the High Schools' Competition, and have so far acquitted ourselves with a certain amount of distinction.

As only two teams entered the first grade competition, it was decided that there should be a weight limit set, and the competition be called second grade. This action suited us admirably, as our team is decidedly light this year, and we were able to enter our original team in the second grade competition. Our 2nd and 3rd XVs. have both entered the third grade of the same competition. The former are so far undefeated, but the latter have lost one of three matches.

### 1st XV.

Amongst the members of the 1st XV. this season are—

**W. Ridley** (Captain), our centre forward; he shows plenty of dash, and is the mainstay of the forwards; but he doesn't know everything yet.

**J. McKellar** (vice-captain), shows great sureness in his comparatively new position as full back, and is looked upon as one of the most promising backs.

**E. Burrows**, a sturdy and fast forward, who knows the game well, and invariably puts up a good game. His tackling is particularly noteworthy.

**J. Colvin**, a forward who shows great interest in the game, but needs greater sureness in taking the ball.

**D. Cookson**, a player who has recently taken a position in the backs; plays a rattling game, but would improve if he overcame an inclination to run across the field instead of straight ahead.

**R. Cooney** plays a splendid game behind the scrum, and helps the team by his heady play.

**G. Elliott** in his position as breakaway plays an excellent game throughout.

**Fraser**, our other breakaway, plays a very good game, but is not determined enough in ruck-work.

**A. Geoffroy**, a fast and very capable three-quarter, but does not keep his place enough.

**G. Kelly**, our five-eighth, is a player who shows great promise in his tricky passing and general work.

**A. King**, a brilliant wing three-quarter, has shown himself to be an indispensable member of the team.

**M. McCulloch**, our lock-man, and practically a new chum, has improved remarkably of late, but still needs more dash in his ruck work.

**L. MacBride**, a fine forward, with a thorough knowledge of the game, fills his position in the second row very creditably.

**F. Wells**, a good forward, who would improve his game by using his weight more, and generally exerting more energy.

**E. Whiting**, a fast and hard runner; although a very good player, should pass sooner than he usually does.

Games up to date:—

#### 1st XV.

May 21st.—Played and defeated Technical High School at Waverley Oval by 24-0. The game was much more even than the scores indicate.

May 28th.—Played and defeated Petersham High School at Wentworth Park, by 43-0. We had much the advantage in weight and at no time did we look like losing.

June 4th.—Having a bye, we arranged a match with Technical College Wool-Classers. The game throughout was very evenly contested, notwithstanding their great advantage in weight; the final scores were 6-5 against us.

#### 2nd XV.

May 21st.—Defeated Technical H.S. by 33-0.

May 28th.—Defeated Parramatta H.S. by 12-0.

June 4th.—Defeated Petersham H.S. by 46-0.

#### 3rd XV.

May 21st.—A bye.

May 28th.—Defeated Hurlstone at Alexandria, 9-0.

June 4th.—Beaten by Cleveland Street, 8-3.

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## Association Football.

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This season has witnessed the introduction in the School of this grand old scientific game, which has started under the most brilliant auspices, for no fewer than sixty members have been already enrolled, and—still they come! The Club has been under the disadvantage of not having a practice ground, but, in spite of that, the boys have held their own in the two matches that have already been played, making a draw of one goal each against Cleveland Street H.S. and defeating Petersham H.S. by 4 goals to nil. There is no doubt that, with more practice and combination, the team will be a fairly formidable



one, as there are some very capable exponents of the game in the School already and, with the junior team so full of life and energy, the prospects of the game are decidedly bright. The Club is under the supervision of Mr. J. U. Ransom, who has had long experience of the game and, judging from the way Soccer has "caught on," we are looking forward to a most successful season.

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## The Editor's Box.

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R.H.—Your poem good enough to be accepted, but there are several small points which need attending to: For instance, it sounds awkward to say "did find" for "found."

Three Australian Poetesses.—Pleased to know you are poetesses; really, we should never have thought it. Just a few lines to show how well you disguised your poetic abilities:—

"What is that wonderful object over there?

It's Purpur's 'at! I do declare!

And Girlie 'as one two!

They're selling them at Mark Foy's fair.

You can get them for sixpence if you buy—not pinch a pair;—

That is on condition you get them there."

One of the K-nuts.—You should guard against mixing prose, rhyme and blank verse in such an alarming manner.

Constant Reader.—You appear to have mixed your facts. Ethel Iodide is not a famous actress, nor is she a suffragette; she is the "Record" office boy.

Glee Clubite.—As a matter of fact we want a school song; but we don't think you'll write it. Take this hint—a panegyric of one boy, even when that boy is A—c G—y, is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm.

"Brother of 10" wants to know the meaning of 50 or 60 names, most of them (spare our blushes) female. Sorry we have not room to print a dictionary.

"Medico."—Re your questions: (1) We don't know any cure for blushing; perhaps if you never see the persons you mention you may not blush in their presence; (2) Toothache may best be cured by eating a piece of the cover of the lost detention book after each meal; the result, however, may be more painful than the toothache itself.

R.K.—Accepted with pleasure. Hope you will send along more.

Also Accepted: S.S.A., A.L., J.C.C., F.J.S., and one or two unsigned.

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## EXCHANGES.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge, with apologies for possible omissions, the following exchanges:—"The Armidalian" "Aurora Australis," "Cleveland St. Echo," "Glasgow High School Magazine," "Hawkesbury Agricultural College Journal," "Melburnian," "Newingtonian," "Novocastrian," "Petersham High School Magazine," "S.J.C.," "Sydneyian," "Toowoomba Grammar School Magazine," "Wesley College Chronicle," and the "Yellow Dragon."

# SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

## Teaching Staff.

Headmaster: J. Waterhouse, Esq., M.A.  
Deputy Headmaster: G. R. Thomas, Esq., B.A.  
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